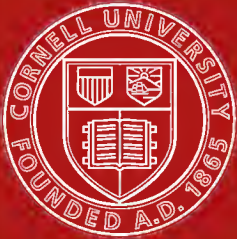




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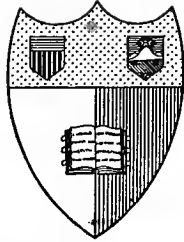


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“ A View on the Connecticut River between  
Shepford and Lyme.”



# The Connecticut River

and the

## Valley of the Connecticut

Three Hundred and Fifty Miles from  
Mountain to Sea

*Historical and Descriptive*

By

Edwin M. Bacon

Author of "Walks and Rides in the Country round about Boston," "Historic  
Pilgrimages in New England," "Literary Pilgrimages  
in New England," etc.

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Illustrated

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**Lindsay Swift**

OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, MASTER OF AMERICANA,  
WHOM IT HAS BEEN MY RARE FORTUNE TO KNOW  
AS HISTORICAL GUIDE AND AS FRIEND.



**I**  
**HISTORICAL**



## Prefatory Note

THE story of the Connecticut River and the Valley of the Connecticut is so mingled with the history of the country, and particularly of the formative periods, that in the proper telling of it much of history must also be related. Accordingly in the following pages there will be found blended with descriptions of the longest river in New England and one of the fairest valleys in the country, narrations of Indian and colonial wars; of the establishment or evolution of democratic government; of the pioneer development of internal improvements and of industries; of the planting and upbuilding of many and varied institutions of learning, colleges, academies, and schools, for higher education — more than on any other river in the world — and withal of the growth and unfolding of the genuine American character. In the study of my subject, besides consulting the various histories, colonial, state, county, and town, bearing upon it, historical monographs, family papers, diaries, and contemporary narrative, I have gone, so far as they were accessible, to original authorities. As a result of this research new readings of popular history have



been made necessary in several instances, and some cherished old legends which have become fixed in literature as historical facts, have perforce been relegated to their rightful places. It is none the less, however, a story full to its last chapter of interest and inspiration, with much of romance, of stirring incident, of thrilling adventure, of the exhibition of heroism, devotion, faith, energy, broad enterprise, large-mindedness, and the true American spirit.

E. M. B.

BOSTON, MASS.

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# The Connecticut River

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## I

### Dutch Discovery and First Occupation

Adriaen Block on the River in 1614 — First of European Navigators to Enter and Explore it — His Sixty-mile Cruise up the Stream in an American Built Yacht — Story of Block and his Voyage along the New England Coast — Action by the States General on his Discoveries — The “Figurative Map” — A Remarkable Coincidence — The Dutch alone Established on the River for nearly Eighteen Years — The first Rapier Thrust between the Dutch and the English.

**I**N the year 1614 Adriaen Block, Dutch navigator, came first of all Europeans upon the Connecticut and explored its lower waters for sixty miles in an American built “yacht.” That was six years before the advent of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and before a single enduring settlement of white men had been effected on the North Atlantic coast. The native Indians called the stream *Quinni-tukq-ut*, or *Quoneh-ta-cut*, the “Long Tidal River.” Block, perceiving a strong downward current a short distance above its mouth, named it *De Versche Riviere*, the “Freshwater River.” Block’s name held with the Dutch who came after him so long as they remained about the River. The English adopted that of Connecticut, a form evolved from the more euphonious and significant Indian name.

Unkind and partisan historians have sought to rob the

Dutch of the credit of the River's first discovery and its opening to civilization. Some have belittled Block's achievement by dwelling upon the unfruitful discoveries, or reputed discoveries, of earlier navigators. Some insist that Estevan Gomez, the Portuguese navigator in the service of Spain, was the true discoverer, when he skirted the coast from Labrador to Florida in 1525. Others are disposed to credit its discovery to Giovanni de Verrazzano, the Florentine corsair, commanding the first North American expedition sent out by the king of France, who sailed the coast from North Carolina to Newfoundland two years before Gomez, and discovered New York, Block Island, and Narragansett Bay. But it is not at all clear that either of these mariners even sighted this River. Verrazzano apparently was quite ignorant of its existence, for he passed Long Island on the sea side. In his letter to the king (the genuineness of which is no longer questioned by most authorities) he records no incident of his voyage between New York and Narragansett Bay. His first mention is of Block Island, to which he gave the name of "Luisa," in compliment to the King's "illustrious mother," Louise of Saxony. As for Gomez, there is little or nothing substantial of record concerning his voyage. Indeed, Professor George Dexter, most thorough of investigators, has shown that it is impossible to determine with certainty in what direction Gomez explored the American coast. His explorations were of no value whatever with respect to our River. While these and perhaps other navigators may have coasted in its neighborhood, it remained virtually unknown to Europeans and untouched by European craft till Block, under the Dutch flag, turned his prow into its placid waters.

Just as to the Dutch, and Henry Hudson sailing under

their patronage, belongs the credit of the practical discovery and opening of the great river of New York, so to the Dutch and Adriaen Block is due the honor of the discovery and occupation of the great river of New England, an achievement as important in its way in the consequences that followed.

That the Dutch were unable long to hold the River after the English pushed in is no justification for filching from them the laurels that they fairly won. Nor was the successful elbowing of them from the fertile lands and the River's trade, by virtue of conflicting claims, warrant for the assumption that they, albeit the first comers, were the interlopers. While it is apparent that the rich intervals of the Valley were lovelier in the Dutchman's eye for the profitable beaver-skins to be gathered here than as the "home and inheritance of his race," he had doubtless come to stay. It is doubtless as true that when the Englishman had once got the "smell of the excellence and convenience of the River," he was bound to possess it whether or no, quieting his conscience with the reflection that it were "a sin to leave uncultivated so valuable a land which could produce such excellent corn." True, too, that the fixed settlement of communities, the establishment of the town, and the organization of government came with the English. But let the Dutch have the credit which is justly theirs for discovering and opening the way; and not the less for carrying themselves on the whole with patience and discretion when their stolid eyes witnessed the pressing of their more rapid competitors upon their preserves.

Adriaen Block was no ordinary mariner. He had made a previous voyage from Holland to Manhattan in or about 1612, in company with another worthy Dutch captain, Hendrich Christiaensen. That was a venture planned by

Christiaensen for observation and trade about Hudson's River. Christiaensen had been in the neighborhood of Manhattan the previous year, when returning from a voyage to the West Indies, and had then determined that his next adventure should be to this region. Thus it was that the scheme with Block was projected. The two comrades came out in a ship presumably chartered by themselves. They remained at Manhattan only long enough, apparently, to take on a cargo of furs and two "passengers." The passengers were natives, sons of "the chiefs there," whom they captured or had enticed to their vessel. Back in Holland the reports which they made of the riches of the new country, with the exhibition of the two Indians,—Orson and Valentine the dusky natives were called,—"added fresh impetus to the awakened enterprise of the Dutch merchants." For now, with the United Netherlands just emerged as an independent nation, the Dutch were leading in maritime commerce. Three merchants of Amsterdam, one of them Hans Horgers, a director of the East India Company, which had fitted out the "Half Moon" for Hudson in 1609, were quickest to act. Two vessels, the "Fortune" and the "Tiger," were equipped, and, placed respectively under the commands of Christiaensen and Block, were despatched forthwith for traffic and exploration in the new region.

This was the voyage, begun in the summer of 1613, that brought Block to his discoveries. Other Dutch merchants almost immediately joined in the adventure, and close upon the "Fortune" and the "Tiger" three more ships were sent out under venturesome captains. These Dutch mariners were all exploring this region at the same time with Christiaensen and Block.

Had not Block's "Tiger" met with disaster, the course

of our history might have been changed. Certainly a different story would have been told. Block was at Manhattan making ready to return to Holland with a full cargo of peltry on board his ship when she suddenly caught fire and was entirely destroyed. Her loss was his opportunity. He at once set about the building of a new craft from the fine ship's timber then abundant on Manhattan. Winter approaching he and his companions put up some rude huts for shelter near the southern point of the island. These were probably the first white men's habitations in New York. The work on the new ship occupied the winter, during which the Dutchmen were generously supplied with food "and all kinds of necessities" by the friendly native savages. In the spring the vessel was ready for launching. She took the water with the name of *Onrust*, — the "Restless," — a fitting title, as it proved, for the animated career in store for her. Her measurements were thus of record: thirty-eight feet keel, forty-four and a half feet upper length, eleven and a half feet wide; and about eight casts or sixteen tons burthen.

Such was the little craft that has sailed into history as the "first American-built yacht." But the "Virginia of Sagadahoc," that "pretty pinnace" of thirty tons, built by the unhappy Popham Colony and launched on the Kennebec of Maine six years earlier, should not be ignored. The "Virginia," to be sure, had no such brilliant record as the "Restless." Her employment was not in gallant adventure, but in the dismal task of conveying a freight of disheartened colonists back to Europe upon the abandonment of an ill-advised settlement. Yet she was the pioneer American yacht, the forerunner of the great ship-building interests on the Kennebec, and should have the head place in the line. The "Restless" has glory sufficient as the "pioneer

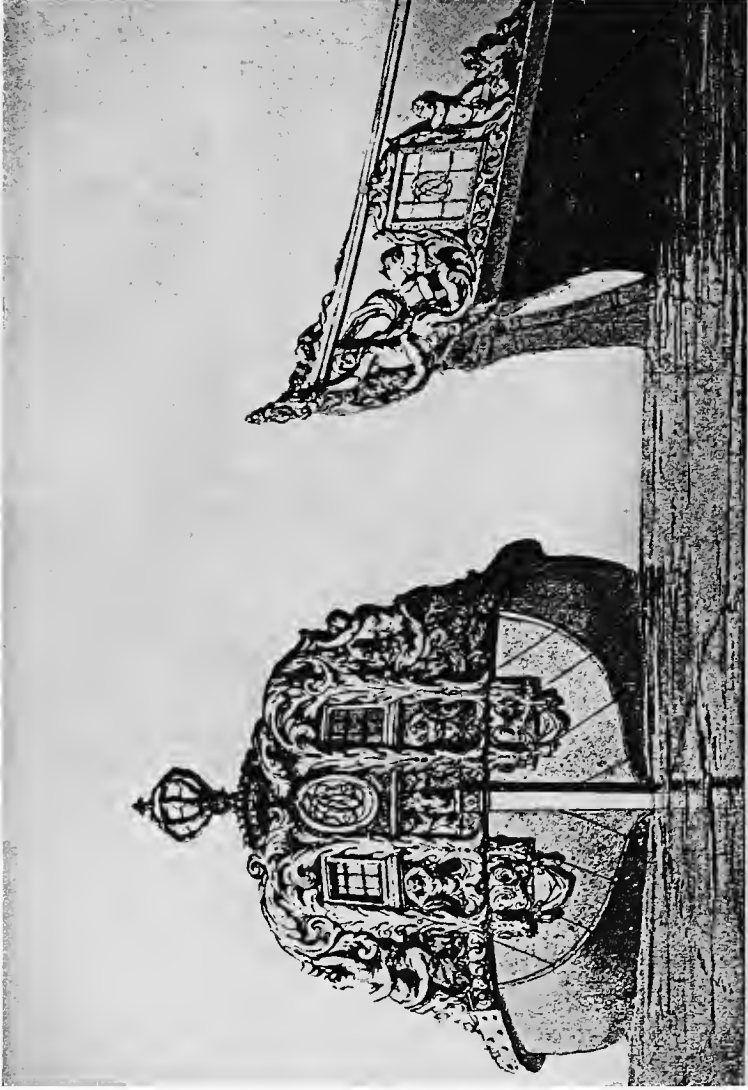
vessel launched by white men on the waters” of commercial New York; the first of American build to sail through Long Island Sound, around Cape Cod, and up Massachusetts Bay, when no white man’s plantation was anywhere in the region; and the first of all craft of white men to enter and explore “The Beautiful River.”

It was a spring day, one of those fragrant days which bloom upon Manhattan in the vernal season, it is pleasant to fancy, when Block embarked with his crew in his “Restless” and pointed her nose eastward. Sailing boldly through the whirlpool of Hell Gate, the first European pilot to make this perilous strait, and giving it its expressive name, he entered the Sound, — the “Great Bay” as he termed it. Cautiously skirting the northern shore, he passed the group of islands off Norwalk, which he called the “Archipelagos.” Farther along he discovered the Housatonic, the “river from over the mountains,” as its Indian name is said to imply, which enters the Sound at the present Stratford. This he described as a “bow-shot wide,” and named it the “River of Roodenberg” or Red Hills. Passing by the bay at the head of which New Haven lies, he coursed on till he came to “the mouth of a large river running up northerly into the land.” Observing here but few natives about the shores, he turned from the “Great Bay” and ventured the unknown stream.

So it happened that this River was discovered and its exploration begun by a Dutchman in an American-built yacht.

Block, as he sailed up the River, made careful notes of stream and shore. He found the water at the entrance “very shallow,” and soon observed the fresh downward current which suggested his name for the River. Follow-





A Dutch Yacht of the Early 17th Century—Yacht of the East India Company, 1630.



ing the winding course, now between greening meadows, now past hilly banks, again by fertile intervals, by forest-fringed shores and through the narrow pass, the explorer saw little of human life till a point which he reckoned as about forty-five miles above the mouth was reached: the first principal bend at the present Middletown. Here Indians became numerous, and he marked their lodges on both sides for a considerable distance up the stream, and learned that they were of the "nation called Seguins," one of the largest of the River tribes. Farther along, at about the present Hartford, and above, he came to "the country of the Nawaas," where "the natives plant maize." At a point on the east side, where is now South Windsor, between the two tributaries, the Podunk and Scantic Rivers, was their fortified village. This was palisaded or paled about for defence against the intruding Pequots, the common enemy of the River tribes, and originally of the Mohican nation of the Hudson River country, who, driven from their old homes by the Mohawks, had invaded Connecticut and planted themselves in seized territory on the Sound shores west of the Thames River.

At this village Block made a landing and had "parley" with the curious people, whom he found friendly and communicative. From them he learned of another nation of savages dwelling "within the land," presumably about the lakes west of the far upper parts of the River, who navigated it in "canoes made of bark," and brought down rich peltry: very practical information to carry back to the trading merchants in Holland. Reëmbarking, our intrepid mariner continued up stream without further incident, so far as his relation indicates, till he reached the Enfield Rapids, through which he could not pass. Here, therefore, his exploration ended, and putting his ship about he re-

turned to the Sound, after exploring practically the entire length of the River in the present state of Connecticut. He never saw the River again.

His voyage continued down the Sound eastward with a succession of important discoveries. He took note, first, of the Thames River, to which he gave the name of "River of the Siccanomos." Here he found the Pequots —Pequatos he termed them — in possession of the country. Observing land across the Sound and making for it, he discovered it to be the eastern extremity of Long Island. He was thus the first to determine the insular character of that great strip of territory. The point, now Montauk, was named "Visscher's Hoeck." Sailing then northeastward he came upon Block Island, Verrazzano's discovery of nearly a century before. Upon this his own name was bestowed, and it remains the sole memorial of his exploits. Next, following Verrazzano's track, he explored Narragansett Bay. Point Judith he named Wapanoos Point, from the Indian tribe whom he found dwelling along the western shore of the bay, and described as "strong of limb" but of "moderate size." Rhode Island he called "Roodt Eijlandt" from its "reddish appearance," through the prevalence of red clay on parts of it. Still onward, he "ran across" the mouth of Buzzard's Bay, by Cuttyhunk, where Bartholomew Gosnold had attempted a plantation twelve years before. Thence he sailed by Martha's Vineyard, and, southward, by No Man's Land, naming the latter "Hendrick Christiaensen's Island," in compliment to his brother mariner; passed through Nantucket Sound; explored the shores of Cape Cod; coasted Cape Cod Bay; glanced perhaps toward Plymouth Harbor; and, entering Massachusetts Bay, explored its primeval shores as far north as Nahant Bay, — the "Pye Bay" of the Dutch navigators.

About Nahant he found dwelling "a numerous people." They were "extremely good looking," but "shy of Christians," and it required "some address" to approach them, — fit forerunners of the latter-day summer dwellers on this choice rocky peninsula reaching out into the sea, which rare "Tom Appleton" of the dead and gone "Boston wits" so artfully renamed "Cold Roast Boston." Salem, also, Block may have approached, for on the Dutch map afterward made in accordance with his narrative its harbor is set down as "Count Hendrick's Bay."

This was the extent of Block's adventure, to which the stock histories give scant attention. Going back to Cape Cod, he there fell in with the "Fortune," Christiaensen, apparently, having been exploring northward from Manhattan. Comparing notes, the comrades determined to return at once to Holland and report upon their discoveries. So Block turned his "Restless" over to Cornelis Hendricksen, a companion of Christiaensen, and the two captains set sail on the "Fortune" for home.

At Amsterdam Block appears to have told his story so well that the merchant traders took instant action to secure the benefits of his exploration. They organized the Amsterdam Trading Company; caused a "Figurative Map" to be prepared from Block's data, if not under his personal supervision; promptly laid this map with an account of the discoveries before the States General; and on the strength of the documentary evidence asked for a trading license in accordance with an ordinance passed a few months before, offering to "whosoever should . . . discover any new passages, havens, lands, or places," the exclusive right of navigating the same for four voyages. The charter for the four voyages was duly executed, their High

Mightinesses giving the company a monopoly of trade in the region described for a period of three years. This instrument bore date of October 11, 1614, and in it appeared for the first time the term "New Netherland" as the official designation of the "unoccupied region of America lying between Virginia and Canada." The sea coast of New Netherland was declared to extend from the fortieth to the forty-fifth degree of north latitude, the Dutch discoveries being defined as lying between these latitudes. On the "Figurative Map" the English possessions under the general term of Virginia are represented as extending southward of the fortieth degree, and the French Canada and Acadia northward of the forty-fifth degree. The intermediate region, which the Dutch now claimed, Block and the other Dutch navigators described correctly as then "inhabited only by aboriginal savage tribes," and yet "unoccupied by any Christian prince or state." This was the first Dutch charter, obtained upon the report of the discoverer and first navigator of our River.

Although the intermediate region was included in the general English claim long set up to vast parts of North America in right of discovery by the Cabots, and although part of it was covered by King James's first Virginia patents of 1606, possession by colonization, held by all to be requisite to complete title by discovery, had not been accomplished within it, the settlement at Jamestown being below the fortieth degree. It is true that at the same time that Block was exploring our River and down the coast, Captain John Smith, with colonization in view, was taking his observations up the coast between Penobscot Bay and Cape Cod. It was certainly a remarkable coincidence, quite a romance of history, that almost at the very moment that the Figurative Map with Block's description was be-

fore the States General at the Hague, Smith's map with the story of his adventures was engaging Prince Charles at London; and that the names of New Netherland and New England should be applied simultaneously to overlapping territories, neither body at the time being aware of what the other was doing. But had the statesmen at the Hague been cognizant of the proceedings at London, they might, as Brodhead (History of New York) says, "justly have considered the territory which they now formally named New Netherland as a '*vacuum domicilium*' fairly open to Dutch enterprise and occupation." Subsequently, however, the New Netherland bounds were more closely defined as between "South Bay," or the Delaware, on the south, and "Pye Bay," or Nahant, on the north. Thus matters remained till 1620, when James of England granted his sweeping Great Patent for New England in America, which embraced all the region extending from the fortieth to the forty-eighth degree of latitude, and between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and so absorbed the territory of the French Acadia and the Dutch New Netherland. In 1621 the Dutch West India Company received their charter from the States General with power to "colonize, govern, and defend" New Netherland. Then the trouble began.

With the issue of the charter of 1614 Adriaen Block disappears from our story. He was named with the other ship-captains in the employ of the Amsterdam merchants for the four voyages authorized; but he did not return to American waters. Lambrecht van Tweenhuysen, one of the joint owners of the lost "Tiger," having become concerned in the Northern Company, chartered earlier in 1614 for the whale fishery in the Arctic Ocean and for the

exploration of a new passage to China, prevailed upon him to take command of some ships for this business. That he sailed for the Arctic Ocean early in 1615 is the last fact concerning him which history records.

And what of the "Restless"? Skipper Hendricksen sailed her in further exploration of the coasts. In 1616 she explored the Delaware and the adjacent shores from that river's mouth to the upper waters, discovering the Schuylkill and other streams. She was also engaged in traffic with the Delaware Indians in sealskins and sables; but she does not appear again on our River, and her ultimate fate is unknown.

The Amsterdam ships coming out under the charter of 1614 were soon here trading in peltry with the River Indians, as well as cruising about Manhattan and the Hudson. Others in the service of the West India Company followed, enjoying a profitable trade. As a rule these Dutch traders treated the natives decently and kept their good will. But Jacob Eelkens, commissary at Fort Orange, smirched the record by a treacherous act. While here in the summer of 1622, trading with the Sequins, he invited their confiding chief to his ship, and when the savage was enjoying Eelkens' hospitality he was seized, and held captive till a handsome ransom in wampum was paid over. This performance so incensed the River tribes that they cut off all dealings with the Dutch till they heard that Eelkens had been removed from his post; as he fortunately was soon after.

For nearly eighteen years after Block's entry Dutch ships only visited the River and cultivated the profitable Indian trade. Neither Pilgrim nor Puritan vessel appeared in its waters till 1631. It was unknown to the Plymouth



men till the Dutch at Manhattan told them of it and invited them hither. "Seeing them seated in a barren quarter" on the Plymouth sands, the Dutch commended the region to them "for a fine place both for plantation and trade," and "wished them to make use of it." This was about the year 1627, when messages of "friendly kindness and good neighborhood" were passing between New Amsterdam and New Plymouth. The Pilgrims' "hands" "being full otherwise" at that time they expressed their thanks for the invitation, and let the matter pass. But at the outset, in these exchanges of courtesies, Bradford was politely cautioning the Dutch against settling or trading within the limits of the patent of New England, while Minuit was as politely asserting their right and liberty under the authority of the States General to settle and trade where they were.

These were the first rapier thrusts, sharp, though given with delicacy on both sides, which opened the struggle for supremacy on our River, in which the English finally triumphed.

## II

### English Occupation

**First Move by the Plymouth Men in 1633 — Banished River Sachems in Plymouth and Boston — Edward Winslow's Preliminary Exploration — Disingenuousness of the Bay Colony Leaders — Their Prospecting Parties in the River Region — Exchange of Letters as to Dutch and English Rights — Affairs Shaping for a Pretty Quarrel — The Dutch "House of Hope" — The "Lords and Gentlemen's" Patent — Entry of the Pilgrims — Ignoring the Dutchmen's Challenge — Van Twiller's formidable Protest.**

**T**HE Pilgrims of Plymouth were the first English to plant on the River, coming in 1633, six years after the Dutch had invited them to the region. Long before, however, the Dutch had repented that invitation, and now, having strengthened their preserves, were fortifying themselves against English intrusion.

The Pilgrims began seriously to consider the move in 1631, after a visit from some of the River sachems who had been banished from their country by the conquering Pequots, and were seeking English aid to their restoration. These sachems appeared in Plymouth early that year and urged the colony to set up a trading house on their territory, promising "much trade" and other advantages. Their proposition was heard with attention, but no assurance of acceptance was then given.

Accordingly the sachems next went up to Boston and solicited the Puritans of the Bay Colony "in like sort." Thus the Baymen first heard of the nature of the rich region. Of their interview Winthrop makes note in his Journal under date of April 4, 1631. The ambassadors appeared

in Boston in state. The chief, the sagamore "Wahginacut," as Winthrop spells him, was supported by two eastern chiefs friendly to the colonists, and "divers of their sannops." The sagamore expressed his desire to have some Englishmen "come plant" in his "very fruitful country," and offered to "find them corn and give them yearly eighteen skins of beaver." He asked to have some men sent back with his party to look over the country for themselves. Winthrop and the council listened interestedly, but like the Pilgrim leaders were non-committal. The governor entertained his savage guests at dinner, and treated them handsomely, but he found it impracticable just then to send any representatives to the River. It was not till after their departure that the governor discovered that "the said sagamore" was "a very treacherous man and at war with the Pekoath [Pequot], a far greater sagamore." So Winthrop apparently dismissed "the incident" as closed, just as the Indians fancied Bradford had done. But the picture of the "very fruitful lands" and the prospect of a bountiful trade ready for profitable harvest were pleasing to the commercial minds of both colonies; and both bided their time.

Meanwhile investigations were quietly made through their own agents. In the summer or early autumn following the visit of the sachems, Edward Winslow sailed into the River with a Pilgrim crew on a voyage of exploration. So impressed was he with the smiling shores that he straightway "pitched upon a place for a house." The Dutch as yet had only a rude palisaded trading post on the River banks, at the point where Hartford now stands. From the fact that there appeared to be no evidence of colonization, coupled with the general claim of the English to the region, Winslow was afterward assumed to have been the

true discoverer of the River. It was the dictum of the commissioners of the United Colonies, in their declaration against the Dutch in 1653, that "Mr. Winslow discovered the Fresh River when the Dutch had neither trading house nor any pretence to a foot of land there."

After this opening voyage Pilgrim ships frequented the River and trade with the natives was pursued by them "not without profit." So matters continued through about a year and a half, or till the summer of 1633, when the Pilgrims had at last become ready to adopt the repeatedly renewed plan of the banished sachems. They were the more speedily moved to this course by reports of the activity of the Dutch in preparations to head the English off the River. From a Plymouth trading pinnace returned from Manhattan it was learned that the Dutch had already procured an Indian title to strengthen their claim, and were about to build a fort to defend it.

A proposal was now made by Plymouth to the Bay men that the two colonies should jointly engage in the trading establishment, and Winslow and Bradford made a pilgrimage to Boston to confer with them upon the matter. The negotiations failed, however, the Bay men advancing various weak objections, and displaying a timidity which must have surprised their humbler brethren at the time, but which after events appeared sufficiently to explain. Let Bradford's and Winthrop's versions of this conference be given in their own words:

BRADFORD'S. "A time of meeting was appointed at the Massachusetts and some of the chief here were appointed to treat with them, and went accordingly; but they [the Bay men] cast many fears of danger &c., loss and the like, which was perceived to be the main obstacles, though they alleged they were not provided of trading goods. But those here [the Plymouth men] offered at present to put in sufficient for both, provided they would become engaged for

the half, and prepare against the next year. They confessed more could not be offered, but thanked them, and told them they had no mind to it. They [the Plymouth men] then answered they hoped it would be no offence unto them [the Bay men] if themselves went on without them, if they saw it meet. They said there was no reason they should; and thus this treaty broke off."

WINTHROP'S. [July 12, 1633.] "Mr. Edward Winslow, governor of Plymouth, and Mr. Bradford came into the bay, and went away the 18th. They came partly to confer about joining in a trade to Connecticut for beaver and hemp. There was a motion to set up a trading house there to prevent the Dutch, who were about to build one; but in regard the place was not fit for plantation, there being three or four thousand warlike Indians, and the river not to be gone into but by smaller pinnaces, having a bar affording but six feet at high water, and for that no vessels can get in for seven months in the year, partly by reason of the ice, and then the violent stream etc., we thought not fit to meddle with it."

So the Plymouth men went in alone. While, however, they were making their preparations, only a few weeks after the Boston conference, two Bay colony expeditions into the River country were under way. In August Winthrop's "Blessing of the Bay" (the first ship built in Massachusetts) slipped out of Boston harbor on a trading voyage to Long Island Sound, purposing also to take in the River; and about the same time John Oldham with two companions set out overland on a prospecting expedition to the Valley. The "Blessing" duly entered the River, and thus was the first Puritan vessel to venture its waters. Thence she proceeded to Manhattan, and presented a "commission" from the governor of Massachusetts to the director of New Netherland, desiring the Dutch to "forbear" building on the River, for "the King of England had granted the river and country of the Connecticut to his own subjects." The company were "very kindly entertained" and "had some

beaver and other things for such commodities as they put off," while the director (now Wouter Van Twiller, the successor of Minit) wrote his reply to the Bay governor. It was a letter "very courteous & respectful as it had been to a very honorable person," but very definite. The director "signified that the Lords the States had also granted the same parts to the West India Company & therefore requested that the English would forbear the same till the matter were decided between the King of England and the said Lords," so that the two colonies might live "as good neighbors in these heathenish countries." The "Blessing" was back in Boston with her report on the second of October. Oldham and his companions had already returned with pleasant accounts of their experience and observations. They had penetrated to a point on the River about where Springfield now is, and had visited a sachem who had "used them kindly" and given them some beaver.

With this information the Bay men rested till the next year. Then, when the Plymouth men had successfully cleared the way, men from the Bay calmly proceeded to occupy the River where the Plymouth men had planted, and afterward "little better than thrust" them "out." These were the after-events which explain the reluctance of the Bay leaders to join the Pilgrims in the proposed partnership, and which led to the unwelcome conclusion so delicately expressed by Savage in his note to the entry in Winthrop's Journal of July, 1633, before quoted: "I am constrained to remark that the reasons in the text assigned . . . look to me more like pretexts than real motives. Some disingenuousness, I fear, may be imputed to our council in stating difficulties to deter our brethren of the humble community of Plimouth from extending their limits to so advantageous a situation." Bradford's terser

comment is that they had a "hankering mind after it" for themselves.

Before the Plymouth men started in affairs about the River had shaped themselves for a pretty quarrel. The Dutch had fortified their position with an Indian deed of lands on either side of the River, which they had procured in June from "Tattoebum," the Pequot sachem who held the territory by conquest; giving in payment for the lands this job lot of articles: "1 piece of duffel 27 ells long, 6 axes, 6 kettles, 18 knives, one sword blade, 1 pr. of shears, some toys, and a musket." They had taken formal possession of the mouth of the River at Saybrook Point, an officer of the Dutch West India Company, Hans den Sluys, in token thereof affixing the arms of the States General to a tree. They had completed their trading house and redoubt where their palisaded post had been, had mounted two cannon, run up the Dutch flag, and given the structure the trustful name of the "House of Hope."

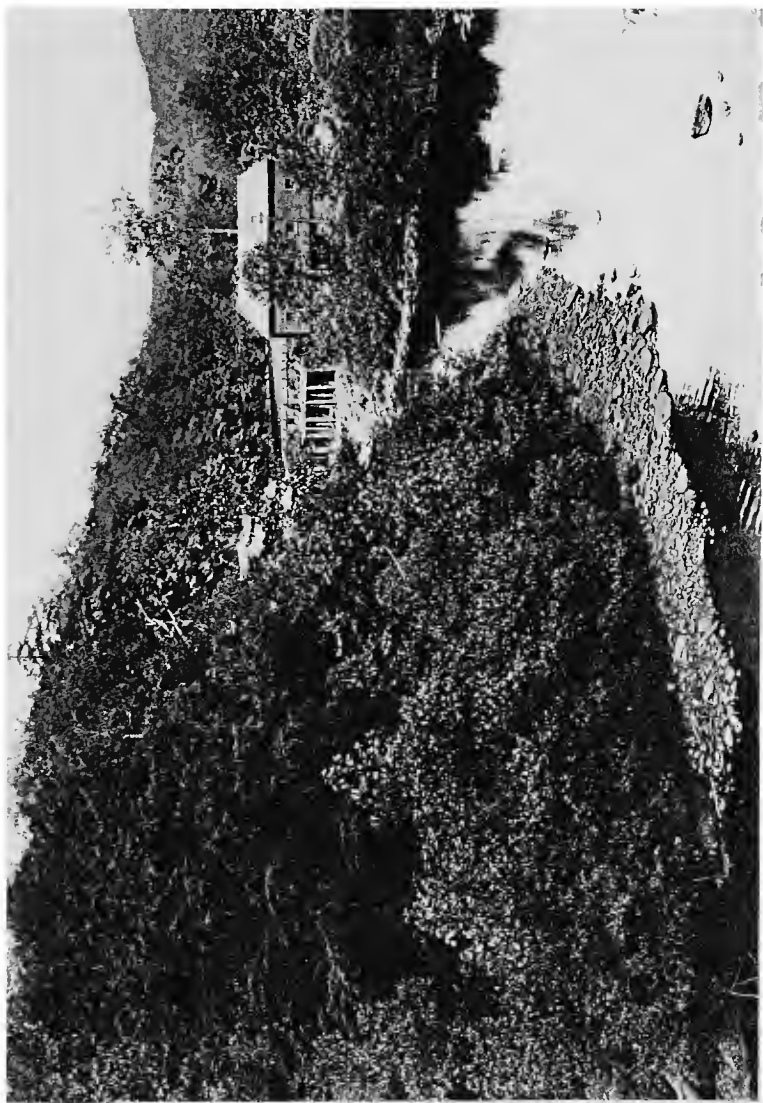
So much the Dutch had accomplished since the early summer under the energetic orders of Wouter Van Twiller, acting under instructions from the home company. Meanwhile in England a movement was developing which was soon to bring a new disturbing factor into the region. In the previous year (March, 1631-2), certain "Lords and Gentlemen" obtained the grant of a great territory extending from Point Judith to New York and west to the Pacific, and reaching back from the New England coast over Connecticut and a part of Massachusetts; and steps were now taking to plant on the River under this charter. This was the instrument, referred to in the histories as the "Old Patent of Connecticut," in which Robert, Earl of Warwick, conveyed the rights to the tract in question, which he had

received from the Plymouth Company in England, to a "syndicate" composed of Lord Say and Sele, Lord Brooke, Lord Rich (the two latter of the family of Warwick), Sir Richard Saltonstall, John Pym, and John Hampden, the great commoner. It was brought about through Sir Richard Saltonstall of the Bay Colony, and resulted directly from the roseate accounts of our River and its fertile lands which Sir Richard, returning to England in 1631, had given to his friends there. The Dutch West India Company early became aware of this grant,—perhaps from Minit, who was detained in England at the time, while on his homeward journey after his recall,—and the activity of Van Twiller was due as much, probably, to a desire to get the Dutch preserves here in readiness for defence against the English Lords and Gentlemen as against the Plymouth Pilgrims.

The Plymouth leaders equipped a "great new bark" for their voyage of occupation, and put the expedition in charge of Lieutenant William Holmes, a resolute man, with an equally resolute crew. In the hold of the vessel was stored the frame of a small house that had been prepared, with "boards to cover and finish it," and other things necessary for its quick erection as against hostile attacks. A goodly store of provisions was also put in. With the ship's company were taken several River Indians, among them "Altarbaenhoot" or "Netawanute," sachem of the territory whither they were bound, whom the Pequot "Tat-toebum" had exiled, and whom they proposed to restore to his domain. From him the Plymouth leaders had previously acquired the lands they were to occupy.

The expedition sailed from Plymouth early in October and reached the River without incident. So also without incident they made the entrance and proceeded up stream





Near Moodus.



to the point where stood the new Dutch "House of Hope," with Jacob Van Curler and a small force in charge. As they came alongside the fort the "drum-beats resounded from the walls, and the cannoniers stood with lighted matches beside the two guns, under the banner of New Netherland." The Dutch commander challenged, with the demand "what they intended and whither they would go." The Pilgrim skipper responded, "Up the River to trade." Van Curler bade them "strike and stay," or he would order the gunners to fire. Holmes retorted that they were under commission from the governor of Plymouth to go up the River to the place for which they were bound, and "go they would." The Dutchmen might shoot, but they must obey their orders and proceed. They would molest no one, but they would go on. And so they did go on, while the Dutchmen "threatened them hard" but "shot not."

Arriving at their destination, at a point just below the mouth of the Tunxis, they landed, quickly "clapt up" their house, and unloaded their provisions. This accomplished, the bark departed to return to Plymouth, and the little band left to establish the plantation proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible. With a palisade erected about their house they were soon in condition to defend themselves against the Dutch if further opposed, but more especially against the greater danger of the Pequot enemies of the sachems whom they reinstated. Thus began the first English plantation on the River, which became Windsor.

The Dutch made only one more warlike demonstration against these virile "Plymoutheans," and this was deferred for some months. First a formal protest was made with an order to quit. Upon receiving Van Curler's report, Van Twiller at once forwarded to him a notification which

was successfully served upon Holmes before the departure of the bark. It was a formidable document, but less dangerous than bullets to both interests :

“The Director and Council of Nieuw Netherland hereby give notice to Mr. Holmes, lient and trader acting on behalf of the English governor of Plymouth, at present in the service of that nation, that he depart forthwith, with all his people and houses, from the lands lying on the Fresh River, continually traded upon by our nation, and at present occupied by a fort, which lands have been purchased from the Indians and paid for. And in case of refusal, we hereby protest against all loss and interest which the Privileged West India Company may sustain.

“Given at Fort Amsterdam in Nieuw Netherland, this XXVth Octob. 1633.”

A written answer was requested from Holmes, but he declined to give it. He would only say that he was here “in the name of the King of England whose servant he was,” and here “he would remain.” All this Van Twiller reported to his superiors in Holland, and asked for further instructions. While he was awaiting them a strategic move was attempted to establish a connection with the tribe living above the Plymouth settling place, about where Westfield, Massachusetts, now is, and head off their trade. Thus were repeated the tactics of the Plymoutheans in planting themselves above the Dutch.

But the move failed through the breaking out of the smallpox among these Indians with great virulence and dreadful mortality. The Dutchmen sent on the mission most wretchedly spent the early winter months in the midst of this havoc. Finally getting away in February, they were kindly taken in at the Plymouth House on their return journey, “being almost spent with hunger and cold,” and here were “refreshed divers days.” For this good Samaritan act those at the House of Hope were most grateful.

But when at length, in the following summer, Van Twiller's instructions had come out, the hostile attitude was resumed.

Then the final demonstration was made. A force of "about seventy men" was sent from Manhattan to dislodge the intruders. The troops approached the English "in a warlike manner, with colors displayed." But "seeing them strengthened," and that "it would cost blood" to make an attack, the Dutch commander "came to a parley" instead. Then he withdrew his force "without offering any violence"; and the Plymoutheans were left in peace.

### III

#### The Pioneer River Settlements

Puritans from the Bay Colony Entering in 1635—Beginnings of Wethersfield and Windsor—Intrusion on the Plymouth Meadows—Governor Bradford's Ineffectual Protest—The Dream of a "New Plymouth" Dispelled—John Winthrop, the Younger, Governor for the "Lords and Gentlemen"—Lodgment at the River's Mouth—Coming of Hooker and his Congregation in 1636—The Old Connecticut Path, The Second Connecticut Trail, and the Bay Path as traced to-day—Beginnings of Hartford and Springfield—Secession of River Towns.

THE year 1635 was a year of events in the Lower Valley. Now the Bay Puritans began to appear in considerable numbers. First came prospectors seeking the sightliest spots for plantation. By July the agent at the Plymouth Trading House, Jonathan Brewster, reported that Massachusetts men were "coming almost daily, some by water and some by land." Following the prospectors, groups and companies prepared to settle arrived.

Earliest among these were folk from Watertown and Dorchester, with a few from Cambridge, then New Towne. Early in November a band of sixty arrived, men, women and little children. They had travelled overland by a compass, a hundred miles through the wilderness, making the autumn journey of two weeks on foot and driving their live-stock, cattle, horses, and swine, before them. Around by water their household goods were brought, in barks from Boston, with provisions for the first winter.

Before the winter had set in three English plantations were established, and a fourth had been ventured, where

but one had been at break of summer. Below the Dutch "House of Hope" a new Watertown had been begun by the Watertown group where now is Wethersfield. Above the Dutchmen, at Windsor, were the Plymouth folk and the settlers from Dorchester cheek by jowl. On the Plymouth Great Meadow the Dorchester leaders were beginning a new Dorchester, ignoring the Pilgrims' claims to the territory, just as the Plymouth men had ignored the claims of the Dutch. Unmindful of protest, they were proposing to allow the Plymouth House one share only "as to a single family" in the distribution of lands. On the same Great Meadow the fourth plantation had been attempted as a foothold under the "Lords and Gentlemen's" patent. This was an undertaking of the "Stiles party," sent out from England by Sir Richard Saltonstall at his personal expense. They were a band of twenty men, one or two accompanied by their families. Francis Stiles, their leader, was a master carpenter from London. He had been instructed to "impale" grounds for cattle, and to prepare a house against the coming of Sir Richard, who never came. The Dorchester prospectors, returning from a view of lands farther up the River toward Enfield Rapids, and finding them here about to begin their work, nipped the scheme in the bud. Saltonstall's right in the premises was denied, and Stiles curtly ordered to "keep hands off." So Stiles prudently "stayed his hands," and reported back to Sir Richard. A small part of his company returned to England in his vessel, which was wrecked on the voyage, but her passengers were saved. He and the others who remained took up lands assigned them in a corner of the Dorchester bailiwick.

Brewster promptly reported home to Plymouth the intrusion of the Dorchester men, and Governor Bradford as promptly entered his protest against these "doings and

proceedings." They were not only intrusions into the "rights and possessions" of the Plymouth Colony, he contended, but were attempts "in effect to thrust them all out"; as it ultimately proved. Brewster early "perceived the minds" of the intruders from their servants' talk, but treated them from the beginning considerately. The first lot of prospectors "had well nigh starved had it not been for this house for want of victuals," he wrote in one of his reports. A later company he had entertained with marked hospitality. He had supplied them with canoes and guides, and had given room to their goods in the Plymouth House. He had even been so generous as to go with them to the Dutch fort, notwithstanding the strained relations between the two houses, to see if he could "procure some of them to have quiet settling" in its vicinage. The Dutch "did peremptorily withstand them": quite naturally, we should say, under the circumstances. Writing before the arrival of the main company, Brewster expressed the hope that their leaders would "hear reason," and rehearsed the chief points of the argument: that the Pilgrims were here first, that they had entered with great "difficulty and danger both in regard of the Dutch and Indians," that they had bought the land, had since held here a "chargeable possession," and had kept the Dutch from further encroaching, "which would else before this day have possessed all and kept out all others." These considerations he trusted would stop them.

But they did not even check them. Winslow went up from Plymouth to Boston and there had a conference with the Dorchester leaders without avail. Negotiations with the Bay magistrates were also fruitless. "Many were the letters and passages" that followed, says Bradford, between the aggrieved and the aggressors. His summary of the



correspondence, disclosing on the one side a curious mixture of piety and greed, is interesting reading.

The Dorchester men started out with the assumption of title to the lands they coveted through an act of Providence. "God in his providence," they wrote, cast them on this identical spot, "and, as we conceive, in a fair way of providence, tendered it to us as a meet place to receive our body now upon removal." The Plymouth men met this sophistry with the blunt retort: "Whereas you say God in his providence cast you &c., we told you before and (upon this occasion) must now tell you still that our mind is otherwise, and that you cast rather a partial, if not a covetous eye upon that which is your neighbors and not yours; and in so doing your way could not be fair unto it. Look that you abuse not God's providence in such allegations." At this the Dorchester men took another tack: "Now, albeit we at first judged the place so free that we might with God's good leave take and use it, without just offence to any man, it being the Lord's waste, and for the present altogether void of inhabitants, that indeed, minded [of] the employment thereof to the right end for which land was created, Gen. 1: 28, . . . therefore did we make some weak beginnings in that good work in the place aforesaid." This reasoning the Plymouth men easily overset with the reply: "If it was the Lord's waste it was themselves [the Plymouth men] that found it so and not they [the Dorchester men]; and have since bought it of the right owners and maintained a chargeable possession upon it all this while, as themselves could not but know. And because of present engagements and other hindrances which lay at present upon them [the Plymouth Colony] must it therefore be lawful for them [the Dorchester men] to go and take it from them?" The hope of the Plymouth Colony to leave

the "barren place where they were by necessity cast," and make a new Plymouth in Connecticut is then frankly stated, and it is pertinently asked, "Why should they [the Dorchester men] (because they were more ready and able at present) go and deprive them [the Plymouth folk] of that which they had with charge and hazard provided and intended to remove to?"

That the Plymouth men had the best of the argument must be admitted; but the Dorchester men had the power. So the old familiar story was repeated, as it is still repeated over and over in our modern days, in which Might, with many pious reflections and pratings of high intentions, overthrows Right and struts off proudly locking arms with Virtue. The Plymouth men would make no forcible resistance. That was "far from their thoughts: to live in continual contention with their friends and brethren would be uncomfortable, and too heavy a burden to bear." Accordingly, for the sake of peace, "though they conceived they suffered much in this thing," they finally concluded to give up the contest and to enter into treaty as to terms for the release of the territory seized. Before undertaking to bargain, however, they insisted that the Dorchester men must acknowledge their right to the territory, else "they would never treat about it." This easy point being freely yielded, with the abandonment of the providential title to the lands as "God's waste," a conclusion was reached "after much ado." The Plymouth House was to be retained by the Plymouth men with a sixteenth part of all the territory that they had bought from the Indians: the Dorchester men to have the remainder, reserving a moiety for "those of New Town" who were coming in, and paying Plymouth "according to proportion what had been disbursed to the Indians."

Thus, Bradford recorded, "was the controversy ended,

but the unkindness not so soon forgotten." The dream of an ultimate abandonment of their "barren place" on the Massachusetts coast for a second New Plymouth in the sweet and fertile region of the Connecticut was forever dispelled from the Pilgrim mind. The hurt was slow in healing. When later two shallows bound from Massachusetts to the River with goods and supplies for the settlers were wrecked on the Plymouth shore, one after the other, and their cargoes in each case strewn along the beaches, were carefully gathered and preserved for their owners by the kindly Plymouth folk, the good Bradford wrote down in his history: "Such crosses they met in their beginnings; which some imputed as a correction from God for their intrusion (to the wrong of others) into the place. But I dare not be bold with God's judgment in this kind."

While these settlements were becoming established up the River on either side of the Dutch post, steps were taking by stronger agents than Stiles of the "Lords and Gentlemen" to secure the River's mouth. On the 6th of October, 1635, there arrived at Boston the ship "Abigail" from England, bringing among her passengers three men of note representing directly or indirectly the "Lords and Gentlemen." These were John Winthrop, Jr., Governor Winthrop's eldest and ablest son, who had been back in England for a twelvemonth; young Sir Harry Vane; and the Rev. Hugh Peter. The latter had joined the younger Winthrop and Sir Harry by boarding the ship in the Downs, after an escape from Holland, where, as the non-conforming minister of the English church at Rotterdam, he was being persecuted by the English ambassador. The younger Winthrop bore a commission from the "Lords and Gentlemen," dated July 15, naming him as "governor of

the River Connecticut with the places adjoining thereunto, for and during the space of one whole year after arrival there," with "full power to do and execute any such lawful act and thing . . . as to the dignity or office of a governor doth or may appertain." By preliminary articles he engaged to repair to the River with "all convenient speed," and to abide there "for the best advancement of the company's service."

This governor's first duty was to engage, upon his arrival at Massachusetts Bay, a force of at least fifty "able men," and to despatch them to erect a fortification at the River's entrance and to build houses. The first houses were to be for their own needs. After these were up more substantial ones were to be erected within the fort, proper "to receive men of quality" who were expected later to come out and make a noble plantation; but who never came. Winthrop the younger was provided with four hundred pounds to meet first expenses; and a few men and some ammunition for his service came out in the "Abigail" with him. Haste being necessary because of reported intentions of the Dutch, he did not wait to gather the full complement of fifty men, but hurried off a force of twenty, under one Lieutenant Gibbons and Sergeant Willard, to occupy Saybrook Point and begin the works. Four days later a "norsey" — a North Sea bark — arrived at Boston bringing Lieutenant Lion Gardiner with a dozen men and "provisions of all sorts" for building a fortification. Lion Gardiner was a Scotchman, an accomplished engineer and master of fortification, who had been with the Prince of Orange in the Low Countries. At Rotterdam, "through the persuasion of Mr. John Davenport [afterward founder of New Haven], Mr. Hugh Peter and other well affected Englishmen," he had made an agreement with Mr. Peter

to enter the "Lords and Gentlemen's" service for a hundred pounds per annum; and he had been despatched in the "norsey" just after Winthrop the younger had sailed. The energetic soldier tarried in Boston only long enough to report to the company's governor. Arriving at Saybrook Point he proceeded at once to plan and erect the English fort, taking for its site the spot where two years before Hans den Sluys had affixed the Dutch arms to a tree. In March of the following spring, Winthrop the younger himself arrived, and the formal occupation was completed.

At these strenuous proceedings above and below their post the Dutchmen were looking out doubtless with astonished eyes and flushed faces. While the Saybrook fort was building an attempt was made to dislodge the English, but it met inglorious failure. The ship sent out from Manhattan for this purpose found two pieces of cannon already mounted on the unfinished structure and ready for action. Confronted by these guns, the Dutch craft, without a demonstration, tacked about and silently sailed back whence she came.

Coincident with the beginnings at Saybrook Point, Sir Harry Vane, the younger Winthrop, and Hugh Peter were at Boston treating with the Bay Colony men, principally the Dorchester leaders, who were moving upon the River, in an endeavor to come to a mutual understanding. Their demands were made with studied courtesy, for they were evidently desirous not to antagonize the new settlements. They asked that the planters should either entirely give place to the Lords and Gentlemen upon full satisfaction for their outlay, or make sufficient room for the patentees. Putting these demands in writing they addressed them to "Our Loving and most respected Friends . . . engaged in

the business of Connecticut Plantation.” They called for “punctual and plain answers” to these direct queries: “(1) Whether they do acknowledge the right and claims of the said persons of quality, and in testimony thereof will and do submit to the counsel and direction of their present governor, Mr. John Winthrop, the younger, established by commission from them to those parts. (2) Under what right and pretense they have lately taken up their plantations within the precinct before mentioned, and what government they intend to live under, because the said country is out of the Massachusetts patent.” “Our truly respected brethren” were desired to take these propositions into their “serious and Christian consideration,” that their “loving resolutions” might promptly be returned to England.

Their “loving resolutions” do not seem to have been forthcoming in documentary form. Nor is there record of any direct replies, formal or otherwise, to these definite queries. Perhaps they were adroitly evaded if not deliberately ignored. At all events the settlers went on as before, continuing their allegiance for the time to the Bay Colony government. In February, 1635-6, came Saltonstall’s protest from England against the treatment of his Stiles party at Windsor, and this also was without result. The protest was couched with the same carefulness that characterized the demands of the company’s representatives in Boston. It was conveyed in a letter to “good Mr. Winthrop,” the younger, rather than as an official communication, lest it should “breed some jealousies in the people and so distaste them with our government.” A desire to cultivate the new settlements as a nucleus of their proposed colony is evident in all the moves of the Lords and Gentlemen. After the receipt of Saltonstall’s letter, Winthrop the younger went

up to Windsor and endeavored unsuccessfully to adjust the differences. As Sir Richard had written, the Dorchester folk had "carved largely for themselves," and it was plain that they meant to hold what they had carved against all comers.

It was fortunate for them, however, and also for the other scattered colonists, that the agents of the Lords and Gentlemen had started in thus early. For the first winter was a cruel one and the Saybrook fortress was a veritable house of refuge for many of the settlers. As early as the fifteenth of November the River was frozen over, and soon heavy snows came. The late autumn arrivals, some from Cambridge, but the most from Dorchester, had not completed their huts and the shelters for their live stock when severe weather was upon them. Some of the cattle could not be got across the River, and were left to subsist without hay in the woods then on the east side. Provisions early became scarce in the settlements. The ships which had started with supplies from Boston were either wrecked or held back by tempestuous storms. So forlorn and wretched became their condition that several bands attempted the perilous journey back to Massachusetts Bay. A party of six who sailed for Boston about the middle of November were wrecked off the coast near Plymouth. Making the shore they wandered for ten days in the wastes of snow. At length, "spent with cold and fatigue," they reached Plymouth, where the kind Pilgrims gave them succor. Another, a party of thirteen (ominous number!), made their way back overland. One of this party was drowned in attempting to cross a frozen stream. The others got through after a painful journey of ten days. But all would have perished had not friendly Indians given them

food and shelter along the trail. By early December a company of seventy, women and children among them, came down the River in the desperate hope of meeting their delayed provision-ship. About twenty miles above the mouth they came upon the "Rebecca," a ship of sixty tons, frozen in the ice, and embarked on her. Soon afterward a warm rain fell which broke the ice and let the ship loose. She set sail with her passengers and proceeded as far as the bar, where she stuck and had to be unladen. The half-starved colonists were received into Saybrook fort and fed and comforted. At length the ship was afloat and reloaded; and again setting sail she finally reached Boston in safety. Of those who remained in the up River settlements many were obliged to live on acorns, malt, and grain through the winter.

With the advance of spring, however, the hardships of the winter were forgotten. As the summer opened, when all was again fair and blooming in the genial Valley, immigration was renewed with greater vigor. Many of the disheartened colonists of the winter returned. Then came larger bands and more important personages from the Bay Colony. On the last day of radiant June, Thomas Hooker and his congregation of a hundred started out from Cambridge (still New Town), almost depopulating that village when they left. Theirs was the pilgrimage through the wilderness which Trumbull, Palfrey, Bancroft and the rest have depicted in their familiar passages,— all drawn from the same source,— the record in the elder Winthrop's Journal, simple, yet effective, and furnishing full outline for the picture:—

"*June 30, 1636.* Mr. Hooker, pastor of the church of New Town and the [most] of his congregation, went to Connecticut. His wife was carried in a horse-litter; and they drove one hundred and sixty cattle, and fed of their milk by the way."



They were a goodly company of fine English stock, splendid material for colonization. Many of them were "persons of figure who had lived in England in honor, affluence, and delicacy, and were entire strangers to fatigue and danger." Yet "the people generally carried their packs, arms, and some utensils," with the cheerful spirit of the true pioneer. With Hooker as leader was Samuel Stone, his worthy associate pastor, or the "teacher" of the church. A fortnight was consumed in their toilsome journey of more than a hundred miles. The way lay along the Indian trail "over mountains, through swamps and thickets," and across rivers "which were not passable save with great difficulty."

This was the Old Connecticut Path, first made known to the Bay Colonists by Indians bringing corn from the Connecticut Valley to Boston. It was the same that the first pioneer, John Oldham, had travelled, that the Watertown band and the Dorchester company had followed. We can trace it to-day through populous cities and towns and rural villages. We may travel parts of it in the sumptuous drawing-room car over the smooth tracks of the modern railroad; parts by trolley lines on highways and by-ways; and the greater part by automobile, or in the more pleasurable carriage with the companionship of horses. Starting from Cambridge, it followed the northerly bank of the Charles River to the centre of Waltham; thence passed through Weston to South Framingham; thence ran southwesterly to Hopkinton; then westerly to Grafton; southerly to Dudley; across the Connecticut state line to Woodstock, and so on, southwesterly, through the wilderness where now are clusters of Connecticut towns, to the River's east bank opposite Hartford. It is not to be confounded with the historic Bay Path, or with the second

Connecticut Trail. The latter was found some years later. Winthrop notes it in his Journal in 1648 as avoiding much of the hill way. It was an upper trail lying all in Massachusetts. Starting from Cambridge or Watertown by the Charles River, it left the Old Connecticut Path at Weston, and ran through Sudbury Centre and Stowe to Lancaster, thence through Princeton, the south part of Barre and the north part of New Braintree to West Brookfield, and thence through Warren and Brimfield to Springfield, — traversed now in small parts by the Massachusetts Central, the old Boston and Fitchburg, and the Boston and Albany Railroads, as a good railroad map of Massachusetts will show. This trail came early to be called the Bay Path. But the colonial highway thus officially designated was not marked out till a quarter of a century afterward — in 1673. It began at Watertown and ran through South Framingham, Marlborough, and Lancaster to Brookfield, where it struck the old trail to Springfield. Three years before the elder Winthrop makes note of the second Connecticut Trail, Winthrop the younger had travelled most of the course of the Bay Path beyond Sudbury. His was a winter's journey in 1645 from Boston to Springfield, Hartford, Saybrook and New London, and he was accompanied only by a servant.

The Hookerites, planting themselves close by the Dutch fort where the first comers from Cambridge were settled, began Hartford, calling it at first Newtown. A month before their arrival William Pynchon, founder of the Massachusetts Roxbury, coming overland with eight companions, had occupied the "Agawam meadows" farther up the River, and begun Springfield, the first east-side settlement.



A Typical River Road.



Now, or by the close of 1636, the English plantations on the fertile River banks numbered five (if the Plymouth Trading House and the Saybrook military seat may be counted), and embraced an English population approaching a thousand in number. The Dutch were a small community, narrowed to their "House of Hope" and the "bouwerie" about it. In scarcely more than two years three of the settlements from the Bay Colony — Hartford, Windsor, and Wethersfield, — had seceded from Massachusetts, and had established the first genuine democracy in America.

## IV

### A Significant Chapter of Colonial History.

The Political Motive that Inspired the dispersion from the Bay Colony to the Valley — Democracy versus Theocracy — Thomas Hooker and John Cotton, Spokesmen for the Differing Parties — The Hookerites' Petition in the Bay General Court — Winthrop's Report of the Unrecorded Proceedings — Alleged and Real Reasons for Removal — Provisional Government for the Valley Plantations — The Independent Establishment — Hooker's epoch-making Sermon — The first Written Constitution — "True Birth of American Democracy" — Hooker's Illuminating Letter : a Colonial Classic.

THE story of the remarkable dispersion from the infant Bay Colony to the Connecticut Valley, with its causes and consequences, has come to be recognized as one of the most significant chapters of the formative period of American history. John Fiske counted the secession of the three Connecticut River towns an event "no less memorable than the voyage of the 'Mayflower,' or the arrival of Winthrop's great colony in Massachusetts Bay."

The story has been variously told, the versions varying according to the narrator's point of view. Fiske restates with cleanest cut directness the controlling motive, above the commercial one, that inspired the immigration. This motive arose from a desire of the minority party in the Bay Colony to secularize and broaden the political power of the community, which power the majority or theocratic party would have the monopoly of the few. The commercial aims of the chief founders of the Bay Colony were but "a cloak to cover the purpose they had most at heart." Says Fiske :

“Their purpose was to found a theocratic commonwealth, like that of the children of Israel in the good old days before their forward hearts conceived the desire for a king. There was no thought of throwing off allegiance to the British crown; but saving such allegiance, their purpose was to build up a theocratic society according to their own notions. . . . In the theocratic state which these leaders were attempting to found, one of the corner-stones, perhaps the chiefest corner-stone, was the restriction of the right of voting and holding civil office to members of the Congregational Church qualified for participation in the Lord’s Supper. The ruling party in Massachusetts Bay believed that this restriction was necessary in order to guard against hidden foes and to assure sufficient power to the clergy; but there were some who felt that the restriction would give to the clergy more power than was likely to be wisely used, and that its tendency was strictly aristocratic. The minority which held these democratic views was more strongly represented in Dorchester, Watertown, and the New Towne than elsewhere. Here, too, the jealousy of encroachments upon local self-government was especially strong. . . . It is also a significant fact that in 1633 Watertown and Dorchester led the way in instituting town government by selectmen.”

Thomas Hooker, that “rich pearl which Europe gave to America,” and John Cotton, “the father and glory of Boston,” perhaps, as Fiske says, the two most powerful intellects to be found in Massachusetts Bay, became the chief spokesmen for these differing parties.

They came out to America on the same ship. Hooker, slipping off from Holland and avoiding the watchmen of the English High Court of Commission who would stop him, boarded the vessel at the Downs. Perhaps their discussion of the great principles of government began during the long summer voyage of seven weeks. Such philosophic debates may have constituted their sober pastime, in the intervals between sermons or expositions, — three a day, morning, afternoon, and in the twilight after supper, — with which they and the other minister aboard, Samuel

Stone, Hooker's associate, beguiled the two hundred passengers. Maybe John Haynes, a conspicuous figure among the company, soon to become governor of the Bay Colony, then of Connecticut, may have had part in these discussions. The ship was the "Griffin," that "noble vessel of three hundred tons burthen," the arrival of which at Boston in September, 1633, with this "glorious triumvirate of ministers," and the choicest freight of emigrants since the coming of Winthrop's fleet, so cheered the colonists here, and "made them to say," as Cotton Mather, the erudite punster, put it in his "Magnolia," that "the God of Heaven had supplied them with what would in some sort answer their three great necessities, Cotton for their Clothing, Hooker for their Fishing, and Stone for their Building."

Perhaps Hooker thus early in the controversy intimated his conviction, which afterward at Hartford he so tersely expressed in that memorable phrase, "the foundation of authority is laid firstly in the free consent of the people." And Cotton may have advanced his thesis, later laid down in his letter of 1636 to Lord Say and Sele, "Democracy I do not conceive that ever God did ordain as a fit government either for church or commonwealth. If the people be governors, who shall be the governed?" However this may be, these great minds were marshalled against each other in the contentions which after their landing almost immediately arose. But it was most decorously conducted. It was a gentlemanly contest, not a wrangle between politicians for ignoble ends. Both were animated by the loftiest motives. It is a sorry mistake to assume that there was rivalry between them. Their souls soared above all rivalries. The presumption that Hooker coveted the pastorate of the Boston church which went to Cotton is far



from the mark. His congregation was already here before him, awaiting his coming at Cambridge, or "New Towne." When he landed from the "Griffin" they "crowded about him with their welcome," and "with open arms he embraced them," answering, "now I live if ye stand fast in the Lord."

Hooker and Stone had been settled with their congregation at "New Towne" a few months before the agitation for removal was begun. It took on at first a plea for more room for farms. In the spring of 1634 the New Towne folk were complaining of "straitness," especially for want of meadow. In May the General Court granted them leave to seek out a new place and promised to confirm it to them, provided their choice were not prejudicial to a plantation already established. Then men were sent out by them to view various sites in regions not remote from Boston. But it was soon apparent that their eyes were fixed on the banks of the distant Connecticut, not surely within the bounds of the Massachusetts patent. In July they despatched a party of six on Governor Winthrop's "Blessing of the Bay," bound for Manhattan, their avowed object being "to discover Connecticut River, intending to remove their town thither." In September their petition for leave to make this removal was before the General Court at a sitting in New Towne.

There is no mention of this matter in the Court records, notwithstanding that it was the main business of the sitting and occupied several days in debate; that it occasioned an adjournment of the court for "a day of humiliation, to seek the Lord," the assistants and deputies being divided on the vote, the magistrates opposing, and the deputies favoring and refusing to yield to the magistrates; that it inspired a great sermon from John Cotton for the magistrates' side at

the reopening of the sitting ; and that it resulted finally in the submission of the deputies, and the apparent acquiescence of the Hookerites in the decision against them. Fortunately Winthrop's invaluable Journal supplies the Court reporter's omission with a succinct account of the proceedings, in which between the lines we read the real motives of the petitioners, and the recognition of them by the magistrates. Many reasons were alleged pro and con :

“The principal reasons for this removal were : (1) Their want of accommodation for their cattle, so as they were not able to maintain their ministers, nor could receive any more of their friends to help them ; and here it was alleged by Mr. Hooker as a fundamental error that towns were set so near to each other. (2) The fruitfulness and commodiousness of Connecticut and the danger of having it possessed by others, Dutch or English. (3) The strong bent of their spirits to remove thither.

“Against these it was said : (1) That in point of conscience they ought not to depart from us being knit to us in one body and bound by oath to seek the welfare of the commonwealth. (2) That in point of state and civil policy we ought not to give them leave to depart, — 1, being we were now weak and in danger to be assailed ; 2, the departure of Mr. Hooker would not only draw many from us, but also divert other friends that would come to us ; 3, we should expose them to evident peril both from the Dutch (who made claim to the same river and had already built a fort there), and from the Indians, and also from our own state at home who could not endure they should sit down without a patent in any place which our King lays claim unto. (3) They might be accommodated at home by some enlargement which other towns offered. They might remove to Merrimack or any other place within our patent. (4) The removing of a candlestick is a great judgment which is to be avoided.

“Upon these and other arguments, the court being divided, it was put to vote : and of the deputies, fifteen were for their departure and ten against it. The governor and two assistants were for it, and the deputy [governor] and all the rest of the assistants were against it (except the secretary who gave no vote), whereupon no record was

entered, because there were not six assistants in the vote, as the patent requires. Upon this grew a great difference between the governor and assistants, and the deputies. They would not yield the assistants a negative voice, and the others (considering how dangerous it might be to the commonwealth if they should not keep their strength to balance the greater number of the deputies) thought it safe to stand upon it.

“So when they could proceed no farther, the whole court agreed to keep a day of humiliation to seek the Lord, which accordingly was done, in all the congregations, the 18th day of this month; and the 24th the court again met. Before they began Mr. Cotton preached (being desired by all the court upon Mr. Hooker’s instant excuse of his unfitness for that occasion). He took his text out of Hag. ii, 4 etc., out of which he laid down the nature and strength (as he termed it) of the magistracy, ministry, and people, viz. — the strength of the magistracy to be their authority; of the people, their liberty; and of the ministry, their purity; and showed how all of these had a negative voice etc., and that yet the ultimate resolution etc. ought to be in the whole body of the people etc. with answer to all objections, and a declaration of the people’s duty and right to maintain their true liberties against any unjust violence etc., which gave great satisfaction to the company.

“And it pleased the Lord so to assist him, and to bless his own ordinance, that the affairs of the court went on cheerfully; and although all were not satisfied about the negative voice to be left to the magistrates, yet no man moved aught about it, and the congregation of New Towne came and accepted of such enlargement as had formerly been offered them by Boston and Waltham; and so the fear of their removal to Connecticut was removed.”

The governor this year was Thomas Dudley, Winthrop serving as assistant in company with Hooker’s friend, John Haynes, William Pyncheon of Roxbury, and the younger John Winthrop. Simon Bradstreet was the secretary, who withheld his vote. These constituted the magistrates. Haynes and Pyncheon were presumably the two assistants who voted with the governor for the petition. Ludlow,

the deputy governor, is supposed to have led the opposing vote of the magistrates.

Over the reasons alleged for removal in place of the weighty ones held back, John Fiske makes merry. The men who put forward the plea that they hadn't room enough to pasture their cattle, "must have had to hold their sides to keep from bursting with laughter!" he exclaims. "Not room enough in Cambridge for five hundred people to feed their cattle! Why then did they not simply send a swarm into the adjacent territory — into what was by and by to be parcelled out as Lexington and Concord and Acton? Why flit a hundred miles through the wilderness and seek an isolated position open to attack from every quarter?"

The expression of the "strong bent of their spirits to move thither," with their practical appreciation of the "fruitfulness and the commodiousness" of the River country, more nearly than the other pretexts voiced the real reasons.

By the following summer (1635) the aspect of affairs had changed, and it soon had to be acknowledged that the Connecticut move was inevitable, although the light-giving "candlestick" had not yet joined the exodus. At the May election, also held at New Towne, John Haynes of the secular party was chosen governor, with the two Winthrops, Dudley, Pynchon, and Bradstreet among the assistants. Immediately, at the same sitting of the General Court, orders were adopted granting liberty to the inhabitants of Roxbury and Watertown to remove themselves "to any place they shall think meet," not prejudicial to any existing plantation; with the proviso, however, that they continue still under the Bay government. At the next sitting, in June, similar leave was granted to the Dorchester folk.

Roger Ludlow had now become as ardent for removal as he had been against it, and he headed the Dorchester emigration, as we have seen. His abrupt change of attitude was brought about, it is assumed, through his loss of the governorship in the May election, to which as deputy he was in the direct line. From this moment he was a powerful Connecticut leader, and became a foremost figure in the infant colony on the River banks.

With the order giving the Dorchester people leave to go cognizance was taken of the Massachusetts jurisdiction over the River country. This appears in a grant of three pieces (cannon) to the communities removing "to fortify themselves withal."

At the court's September sitting the first step for government on the River was taken through an order empowering any Bay magistrate to swear a constable for any River plantation. At the same time further provision for defence was made. It was ordered that two drakes and powder and shot be loaned the settlers from the stock of the towns from which the emigration was making. Finally, in the following March (1636) the court provided a provisional government for the plantations.

This was a government by commission; the commissioners named to "govern the people of Connecticut for the space of a year now next coming." In the "exemplification" of this instrument we see how intimately the Bay men associated themselves in the business with the Lords and Gentlemen, and endeavored to guard their assumed interests in the River:

"Whereas, upon some reason and grounds there are to remove from this our commonwealth and body of the Massachusetts in America, divers of our loving friends, neighbours, freemen, and members of New Towne, Dorchester, Watertown, and other places, who

are resolved to transplant themselves and their estates unto the River of Connecticut, there to reside and inhabit, and to this end divers are there already, and divers others shortly to go, we, in this present Court assembled, on the behalf of our said members, and John Winthrop Jun.<sup>r</sup> Esq.<sup>r</sup>, Governor, appointed by certain noble personages and men of quality interested in the said river, which [sic] are yet in England, on their behalf, have had a serious consideration there[on], and think it meet that where there are a people to sit down and cohabit there will follow, upon occasion, some cause of difference, as also divers misdemeanors, which will require a speedy address ; and in regard of the distance of the place this state and government cannot take notice of the same as to apply timely remedy, or to dispense equal justice to them and their affairs as may be desired ; and in regard the said noble personages and men of quality have something engaged themselves and their estates in the planting of the said river, and by virtue of a patent do require jurisdiction of the said place and people, and neither the minds of the said personages (they being sent unto) are as yet known, nor any manner of government is yet agreed on, and there being a necessity, as aforesaid, that some present government may be observed, we therefore think meet, and so order, that Roger Ludlowe Esq., William Pynchon Esq., John Steele, William Swaine, Henry Smyth, William Phelps, William Westwood, and Andrew Ward, or the greater part of them, shall have full power and authority ” to act in such capacity.

If within the year a “ mutual and settled ” government were formed the commission was to be recalled. But such government must be “ condescended into by and with the good liking and consent of the said noble personages or their agent,” as well as the Bay Colony, without prejudice to the interest of the Lords and Gentlemen “ in the said river and confines thereof within their several limits.” Three of the eight commissioners, Steele, Westwood, and Ward, were New Newtown (Hartford) men ; Ludlow and Phelps were New Dorchester (Windsor) men ; Swayne and Smyth were of the New Watertown (Wethersfield) ; and Pynchon alone stood for Agawam (Springfield). All of

the eight were men of consequence. Ward of Hartford was an ancestor of Aaron Burr, and from him Henry Ward Beecher got his middle name.

With a provisional government thus arranged by Massachusetts the Hookerites at length prepared for their departure. No reversal of the negative vote of the magistrates on their petition of September, 1634, appears to have been made. Nor is there record of any further action at a subsequent General Court. Probably, as historians have observed, the liberty given in general terms in the order of May, 1634, was held to be sufficient. Perhaps the majority of the magistrates now sitting were more friendly than the previous body to the move, but were shy of a vote of record, deeming exclusion from the court minutes of reference to dispersions most prudent, as in the former case of the great debate and negative action. At all events the Hookerites moved away tranquilly, and at peace with the Bay leaders. Haynes did not go at this time, but followed shortly, after he had cleared the way for his successor in the Bay governorship, young Sir Harry Vane.

Whether Hooker and Haynes and the others in their confidence contemplated from the start the setting up of a government of their own, is purely a matter of speculation. If they did they kept their hopes to themselves while they were getting their new house in order.

The provisional government continued serenely through its year, affairs moving without jar. Six public courts convened within the term. All of them were held in the plantations on the west side of the River, although Agawam was within the fold. Four met at Newtown, and one each at New Dorchester and New Watertown. Pynchon was present at only one of the six. Ludlow was a master-

spirit at all. At the last sitting, in Newtown, February 27, 1637, the present names of the west-side settlements were adopted, — “Hateford Town” for Newtown, “Wethersfeild” for Watertown, and “Windsor” for Dorchester. In this action some writers see the first step toward withdrawal from the Bay jurisdiction. Hartford was named for the English Hertford, in compliment, some say, to Samuel Stone, the minister with Hooker, whose birthplace it was; others say to Haynes, whose ancestors were of Hertfordshire. Wethersfield was called after the town in old Essex from the neighborhood of which came John Talcott, a first proprietor and leader in the new settlement. Windsor was obviously suggested by the home of the English sovereigns.

The transition to the independent government was without friction. In its earlier stages it was a sort of natural evolution. The commissioners constituting the old order passed into the new. Five of them, with a single new member, composed the first court held after the expiration of the Massachusetts commission. This sat at Newtown (Hartford), March 28, 1637. The new member was Thomas Welles of Newtown, said by tradition to have been the private secretary of Lord Say and Sele before coming out to America. Twenty years later he was a governor of Connecticut. Welles took the place of William Westwood in the court, but how he was chosen does not appear. The next court was by its composition a definite step nearer independent government, and was distinctly a representative body. It was a General Court, in which the commissioners composing the previous court sat with deputies, or committees, as they were termed, elected by the freemen in each plantation. Although organized primarily to meet an emergency, — arising from the hostility of the Pequots,

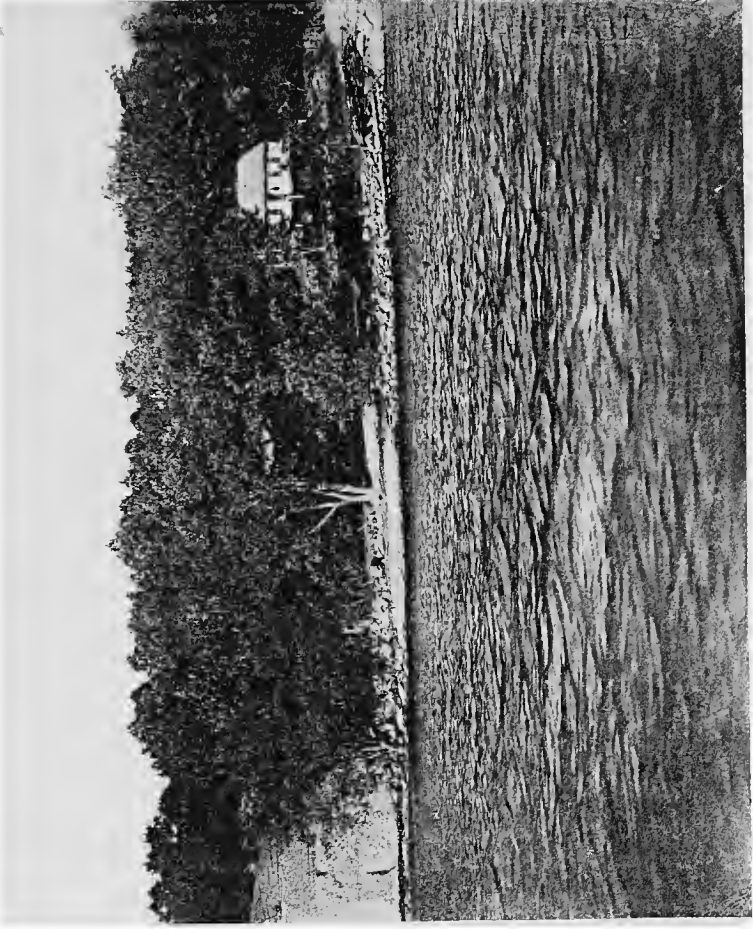


— it fixed itself as a permanent institution in the adoption of this order at the finish of its business: “the General Court now in being shall be dissolved, and there is no more attendance of the members thereof to be expected except they be chosen in the next General Court.” It convened at Newtown on the first day of May, 1637, and continued in existence till February 9, 1637–8. It declared offensive war against the Pequots, and prepared for the campaign. It levied men for the service from the plantations, provided for provisioning them, impressed Mr. Pynchon’s shallop for “the design,” and saw the grim business through. Two months after its adjournment, or on April 5, 1638, a new General Court, similarly constituted, came in, the towns electing their committees in the interim. In this General Court Agawam was represented the same as the other plantations. But its magistrates and committee men, Mr. Pynchon and three others, attended only the first sitting; withdrawing, perhaps, upon the censure of Mr. Pynchon in connection with a corn contract. This was conveyed in an order imposing upon him a fine of “forty bushels of corn for the public,” for failing to be “so careful to promote the public good in the trade of corn as he was bound to do,” in carrying out a contract to supply the west side towns with this commodity.

The plan of government was now maturing, and this court is supposed to have been entrusted with the framing of it. At an adjourned session on the last day of May, Mr. Hooker prepared the way in his epoch-making sermon before the body. This was the discourse in which he enunciated the fundamentals that should be embodied in the Constitution, grounded on his explicit declaration that “the choice of public magistrates belongs to the people of God’s own allowance,” because “the foundation of authority is

laid firstly in the consent of the people." Only the heads of this discourse are extant, but these sufficiently disclose its import. They are preserved in a shorthand abstract in a manuscript note-book of Henry Wolcott, Jr., of Windsor, now in the library of the Connecticut Historical Society, for the successful deciphering of which history is indebted to J. Hammond Trumbull.

Seven months after the May sitting the first of all written constitutions of representative government was completed. Then, on the fourteenth of January, 1638-9, deputies from the towns, assembled in convention at Hartford, adopted the instrument as the "Fundamental Orders of Connecticut." This remarkable early seventeenth century paper, the joint work presumably of Hooker, Haynes, and Ludlow, fashioned, it is pleasant to imagine, in Hooker's Hartford study overlooking our River, stands unique among American documents in being not only the "first written constitution known to history that created a government," but the precedent for the Constitution of the United States a century and a half after. It made no allusion to any source of authority whatever except the towns themselves. It was silent as to any duty to the British or any other crown. As John Fiske further emphasises, it "created a state which was really a tiny federal republic, and it recognized the principle of federal equality by equality of representation among the towns, while at the same time it recognized popular sovereignty by electing its governor and its upper house by a plurality vote, and it conferred upon the General Court only such powers as were expressly granted." It gave the suffrage without ecclesiastical restrictions, to all the freemen admitted to the towns who had taken the oath of fidelity. The requisite for freemanship was simply a majority vote for admittance, by the



Quiet Life by the River's Side.



inhabitants of the town in town meeting. Surely, as Fiske exclaims, and with pride as a Connecticut River man, for he was born at Hartford, "surely this was the true birth of American democracy and the Connecticut Valley was its birthplace!"

On the second Thursday of April following this momentous birth the freemen of the three west-side River towns again convened at Hartford, at a general meeting, and completed their establishment with the election of their chief magistrates. Hooker again preached, delivering the initial Connecticut "Election Sermon." With John Haynes as governor were chosen six others "to assist in the magistracy." Of the six, Roger Ludlow was chosen deputy governor, Edward Hopkins secretary, and Thomas Welles treasurer. The others were George Wyllys, John Webster, and William Phelps. All were foremost men in the three communities. Each, with the exception of Ludlow and Phelps, occupied the governorship in after years. Ludlow and Phelps had served continuously from the establishment of the provisional government. The magistrates constituted the upper house of the General Court.

The secession of the three River towns was now fully established. Agawam had withdrawn from the alliance and had set up a provisional government of her own. A month after the establishment of the Connecticut Constitution her inhabitants entered into a compact with the proviso that "by God's good providence" they found themselves "fallen into the line of the Massachusetts jurisdiction," making Pyncheon their sole magistrate. The Hartford government, however, continued jurisdiction over the plantation, and this, with other proceedings, gave rise to a sharp correspondence between the Bay and the River

leaders. The Bay men had at first been willing that Agawam "should have fallen into the Connecticut government"; but having come into conflict with the River men over the articles for the proposed confederation of the colonies, and the River men holding fast to their amendments, the Bay men resolved to "stand upon" their rights and keep Agawam in their jurisdiction. It seems to have been admitted that Agawam lay within the vaguely defined western bound of the Massachusetts patent. But the Connecticut men justified their course on the action of Agawam in participating in the general election of the spring of 1638. At that election "the committees from the town of Agawam came in with other towns and chose their magistrates, installed them into their government, took oath of them for the execution of justice according to God, and engaged themselves to submit to this government, and the execution of justice by their means, and dispensed by the authority which they put upon them by choice. . . . If Mr. Pynchon can devise ways to make his oath bind him when he will, and loose him when he list; if he can tell how, in faithfulness, to engage himself in a civil covenant and combination (for that he did by his committees by his act), and yet can cast it away at his pleasure, before he give in sufficient warrant more than his own word and will, he must find a law in Agawam for it; for it is written in no law or gospel that ever I read."

Thus wrote Thomas Hooker in that illuminating letter to John Winthrop, senior, in the autumn of 1638, which lay in the archives of Massachusetts unopened and unknown to the historians till its discovery by Dr. Trumbull less than half a century ago, — the most valuable of the several important "finds" of this foremost of Connecticut historical scholars, which have made necessary the rewriting of more

than one passage of our colonial history. It is luminous, especially in the revelation it makes upon another significant matter, — the attitude at the time that Hooker wrote of some of the Bay partisans, — “multitudes” of them is his term, — toward the Connecticut establishment, and their persistent efforts to check emigration to the River towns. Withal in vitality of expression it is a colonial classic, as witness these extracts :

I confess that my head grows gray and my eyes dim, yet I am sometimes in the watch-tower; and if the quære be, Watchman, what is the night, as the prophet speaks, I shall tell you what I have observed, and shall be bold to leave my complaints in your bosom, of what is beyond question. . . . What I shall write are not forged imaginations and suppositions carved out of men’s conceits, but that which is reported and cried openly and carried by sea and land. Secondly, my aim is not at any person, nor intendment to charge any particular with you; because it is the common trade that is driven among multitudes with you, and with which the heads and hearts of passengers come loaded hither, and that with grief and wonderment; and the conclusion which is arrived at from these reproaches and practices is this, that we are a forlorn people, not worthy to be succored with company and so neither with support.

I will particularize. If enquire be, What be the people of Connecticut? the reply is, Alas, poor rash-headed creatures, they rushed themselves into a war with the heathen [the Pequot War of 1637], and so had we not rescued them at so many hundred charges, they had been utterly undone. In all which you know there is not a true sentence; for we did not rush into the war; and the Lord himself did rescue before friends.

If after much search made for the settling of the people and nothing suitable found to their desires but toward Connecticut; if yet then they will needs go from the Bay, go any whither, be any where, choose any place, any patent — Narragansett, Plymouth, — only go not to Connecticut. We hear and bear.

Immediately after the winter, because there was likelihood multitudes would come over, and lest any should desire to come hither, then there is a lamentable cry raised, that all their cows at

Connecticut are dead, and that I had lost nine and only one left and that was not likely to live (when I never had but eight and they never did better than last year). We hear still and bear.

And lest haply some men should be encouraged to come because of any subsistence and continuance here, then the rumour is noised that I am weary of my station ; or if I did know whither to go, or my people what way to take, we would never abide : whereas such impudent forgery is scant found in hell ; for I profess I know not a member of my congregation but sits down well apayd with his portion, and for myself, I have said what now I write : if I was to choose I would be where I am.

But notwithstanding all this the matter is not sure, and there is some fear that some men will come toward Connecticut when ships come over ; either some have related the nature of the place or some friends invited them ; and therefore care must be taken, and is by this generation, as soon as any ship arrives, that persons haste presently to board them, and when no occasion is offered or question propounded for Connecticut, then their pity to their countrymen is such that they cannot but speak the truth : Alas, do you think to go to Connecticut ? Why do you long to be undone ? If you do not, bless yourself from thence ; their upland will bear no corn, their meadows nothing but weeds, and the people are almost all starved. Sill we hear and bear.

But may be these sudden expressions will be taken as words of course, and therefore vanish away when once spoken. Let it therefore be provided that the innkeepers entertain their guests with invectives against Connecticut, and those are set on with the salt, and go off with the voyder. If any hear and stay, then they are welcomed ; but if these reports cannot stop a man's proceeding from making trial, they look at him as a Turk, or as a man scant worthy to live. Still we hear and bear.

That's in New England : but send over a watch a little into Old England ; and go we there to the Exchange, the very like trade is driven by persons which come from you, as though there was a resolved correspondence held in this particular ; as the master and merchant who came this last year to Seabrook Fort related, even to my amazement, there is a tongue-battle fought upon the Exchange



by all the plots that can be forged to keep passengers from coming, or to hinder any from sending a vessel to Connecticut, as proclaimed an utter impossibility.

Sir, he wants a nostril that feels not and scents not a schismatical spirit in such a framer of falsifying relations to gratify some persons, and satisfy their own ends. Do these things argue brotherly love? Do these issue from spirits that either pity the necessities of their brethren, or would that the work of God should prosper in their hands? or rather argue the quite contrary. If these be the ways of God, or that the blessing of God do follow them, I never preached God's ways nor knew what belonged to them. . . . Worthy Sir, these are not jealousies which we needlessly raise; they are realities which passengers daily relate, we hear and bear; and I leave them in your bosom; only I confess I count it my duty, and I do privately and publicly pray against such wickedness; and the Lord hath wont to hear the prayer of the despired.

In time the relations between the two colonies became more amicable, and differences were settled without rancor. The territory of Agawam was at length formally confirmed as within the Bay patent, and she took her place as a Massachusetts town. She had become Springfield in 1641, taking the name of the English town from which Pynchon came. The New England Confederacy became successfully established in 1643. Hooker and Winthrop, notwithstanding their sharp correspondence, remained steadfastly stanch friends. And when in 1647 Hooker died at his Hartford home, Winthrop wrote of him: ". . . who for piety, prudence, wisdom, zeal, learning, and what else might make him serviceable in the place and time he lived in, might be compared with men of greatest note; and he shall need no other praise: the fruits of his labours in both Englands shall preserve an honourable and happy remembrance of him forever."

## V

### The Fall of the House of Hope

Troubled Life of the Dutch among their English Neighbors — Petty Aggressions on Both Sides — De Vries's Observations in 1639 — His Dinner-table Talk with Governor Haynes — A Pleasant Episode of his Visit — Commander Provoost's Strenuous Five Years — A Dramatic Scene at the Fort — Diplomatic Gysbert op Dyck — Peter Stuyvesant at Hartford — The Hartford Treaty of 1650 — A brief "Happy Peace" — Captain John Underhill upon the Scene — He seizes the House of Hope — End of Dutch Occupation.

TO the post of the House of Hope the Dutch clung for fifteen years after the establishment of the Connecticut colony. They were in almost constant broils with their English neighbors. Their domain was repeatedly encroached upon; their field-hands were harassed; their tempers ruffled by all sorts of petty annoyances: the object of all apparently being to drive them from the Valley. They retaliated from time to time, giving the English in their turn just cause for complaint, and they protested and threatened much. Yet they held back from open warfare, restrained, perhaps, by reason of their weakness, for they remained a small and feeble body in an aggressive community, and were backed by the New Netherland government only by words in lieu of men.

The English aggressions became most pronounced immediately upon the setting up of the new colony. In June of 1639, only two months after the first inauguration, the worthy David Pieterzen de Vries, master of artillery in the service of Holland, and an industrious planter of colonies, visited the fort, coming in his yacht on a sum-

mer cruise from New Amsterdam, and found the commissary thus early warm over the situation. The garrison then consisted of only fourteen or fifteen soldiers with the commissary, Gysbert op Dyck. Hartford town was seen to be well started within the Dutch domain, in spite of Op Dyck's protest, and had already "a fine church and over a hundred houses." Some of the English had begun to plow up the reserved lands about the redoubt in defiance of the Dutch soldiers, and when the latter attempted to interfere had "cudgelled" them. Appealed to by Op Dyck, De Vries went into the town, and presented himself to Governor Haynes. He was graciously received and invited to dinner at the governor's house. At the table the conversation turned upon the Dutch grievances. "I told him," De Vries narrates in his journal, "that it was wrong to take by force the company's land which it had bought and paid for. He answered that the lands were lying idle; that though we had been there many years we had done scarcely anything; that it was a sin to let such rich land which produced such fine corn lie uncultivated; and that they had already built three towns upon this River in a fine country." Whether these arguments satisfied De Vries does not appear; but here the record ends, and Op Dyck's tribulations continued as before.

In his narrative of this visit, which lasted nearly a week, De Vries gives us a sketch of the situation of the House of Hope as it then appeared; and he relates an anecdote which illustrates the life of the young River town, his own cleverness in diplomacy, and the tender-heartedness of the colonial dames of that early day.

The redoubt he describes as standing on a plain on the margin of the River, with a creek running alongside of it to a high woodland, "out of which comes a valley which

makes this kill," where the town was built. The anecdote runs in this wise :

Among the incidents which happened while I was here was that of an English ketch arriving here from the north with thirty pipes of Canary wine. There was a merchant with it, who was from the same city, in England, as the servant of the minister of this town, and was well acquainted with him. Now this merchant invited the minister's servant on board the vessel to drink with him ; and it seems that the man became fuddled with wine, or drank pretty freely, which was observed by the minister. So they brought the servant to the church, where the post stood, in order to whip him. The merchant then came to me and requested me to speak to the minister, as it was my fault that he had given wine to his countryman.

I accordingly went to the commander of our little fort, or redoubt, and invited the minister and the mayor [? governor], and other leading men with their wives, who were very fond of eating cherries ; as there were from forty to fifty cherry-trees standing about the redoubt, full of cherries, we feasted the minister and the governor, and their wives also came to us ; and as we were seated at the meal in the redoubt, I together with the merchant, requested the minister to pardon his servant, saying that he probably had not partaken of any wine for a year, and that such sweet Canary wine would intoxicate any man. We were a long time before we could persuade him ; but their wives spoke favorably, whereby the servant got free.

De Vries observed that the Hartford folk lived soberly as a rule. They "drink only three times at a meal, and whoever drinks himself drunk they tie to a post and whip him, as they do thieves in Holland."

Gysbert op Dyck resigned his charge in October, 1640, "disgusted with a post where he was so constantly insulted." The English had now openly denied the right of the Dutch to any land about the fort. "Show your right, and we are ready to exhibit ours." So Governor Hopkins,

Haynes's successor, retorted to Op Dyck's reiterated plea of title through purchase prior to any English settlement here. The English right was now grounded also on purchase, with that of conquest added. In 1635 or 1636 they had secured a deed from Sunckquasson, son of Sowheag, the "chief Sequeen," alluded to in the Dutch claim as the "lord or right owner of the entire River and land thereabouts," who had assented to the Pequots' sale to Van Curler in 1633. Their claim by conquest was through their crushing of the Pequots in 1638. To fortify their claim by purchase they had in July of 1640 obtained from Sunckquasson, or Sequasson, now chief of the tribe, a denial of the assent to the Pequot sale to Van Curler. Brought into the Hartford court, Sequasson had testified that "he never sold any ground to the Dutch, neither was at any time conquered by the Pequots, or paid tribute to them." In the following September the colony further procured from Uncas, since the Pequot overthrow the all-powerful Mohegan sagamore, "a clear and ample deed of all his lands in Connecticut, except the lands which were then planted," the latter being reserved for himself and his people. Meanwhile collisions between the English and Dutch farmers repeatedly occurred, and blows were exchanged. Complaints appear in the later records of many petty encounters, some of which provoke a smile as we peruse them, though grave enough they must have been to the sufferers. There was the case of one Evert Duyckink, a garrison man, who while sowing grain was struck "a hole in his head with a stick, soe that the bloode ran downe very strongly, downe upon his body." Others were beaten off, lamed, with plow-staves. Ground which the Dutch had broken and made ready for seed, was seized in the night-time, and sown with corn by the quick-acting

English, and thenceforward held by them. Standing peas were cut down and corn planted instead. They cut the ropes of a plow and threw it in the river. They blocked up the House of Hope with palisades on the land side. "Those of Hartford sold a hogg that belonged to the honoured companie under pretense that it had eaten of their grounde grass, when they had not any foot of inheritance." Kieft, — Irving's "William the Testy," — now the director of New Netherland, entered stout-worded protests against the aggressive acts, but rendered Op Dyck no other aid.

The next year (1641), however, when Jan Hendricksen Roesen had succeeded Op Dyck, Kieft roused himself to action. In June he arranged to send a force of fifty soldiers and two sloops to fortify the fort, and "to prevent the repetition of such hostility as the English have wickedly committed against our people, and maintain our rights and territory." Johannes La Montagne, the Huguenot physician, second to Kieft in the council of New Netherland, was put in charge of this expedition. But it never reached the River. "It pleased the Lord to disappoint their purpose," they being compelled to "keep their soldiers at home to defend themselves." So the elder Winthrop wrote down in his Journal. The occasion, far from providential to the Dutch, was a cruel rising of the Indians against De Vries's colony on Staten Island. Meanwhile counter complaints were made by the Hartford government of the "insolent behavior" of the men at the fort. They were charged with vending arms and ammunition to the Indians suspected of hostile intentions; with giving "entertainment" to fugitives from justice; with helping prisoners to "file off their irons"; with assisting criminals in breaking goal; with persuading servants to

run from their masters and then sheltering them; with purchasing goods stolen from the English, and refusing to return them. By this time the domain about the fort had been contracted by the English to about thirty acres.

In 1642 David Provoost came to the charge of the fort and held it through five stormy years. During this period the commissioners of the United Colonies took a hand in the controversy between the two contestants, and the matter was carried across the sea for adjustment. But all failed of success, and the relations steadily grew more strained. In 1642 Kieft instituted new retaliatory measures, in issuing a prohibition of all trade and commercial intercourse with the Hartford folk in the neighborhood of the fort. Later on the colony proposed to buy out the Dutch company's interest in the contested land about the fort. The General Court sent delegates to New Netherland to negotiate. Kieft, "after explaining in detail the antiquity of the Dutch title," declined to entertain their proposal. He offered, instead, a lease of the coveted Hartford field for an annual rent of a tenth part of the produce from it, so long as the English occupation should continue. The committee reported accordingly to the court, and there the matter ended.

At length, in 1646, Provoost committed an act of defiance to the colonial authorities which led the commissioners of the United Colonies to address Kieft in formal complaint of the "strange and insufferable boldness" of the Dutch on the River. Provoost's performance was indiscreet, but dramatic, with a chivalrous air and the hauteur of a soldier baited by a petty police, which compels admiration. A captive Indian woman fleeing from her English master had found refuge in the fort, and the magistrates demanded her surrender. The demand being denied or

ignored, the "watch of Hartford" were sent to enforce it. Provoost met them without the fort, and drawing his rapier broke it upon their weapons. Then turning his back upon them contemptuously, he strode off without a word, to his quarters. "Had he been slain in this proud affront," the commissioners exclaimed, "his blood had been upon his own head!" Kieft's reply was an assertion that the Hartford people had deceived the commissioners with false accusations. The wrongs, he insisted, had been committed on their side. For them to complain of the Dutch at Fort Hope was "like Esop's Wolf complaining of the Lamb." As to the "barbarian handmaid" detained by them, "she was probably not a slave but a free woman, 'because she was neither taken in war nor bought with a price'; yet she should not be 'wrongfully detained.'" The commissioners answered expressing themselves as "much unsatisfied" with Kieft's attitude. He could not prove his charge of deceit against the Hartford people, they wrote. Nor was his assumption as to the status of the Indian maid true. She was a captive, taken in war; and she had "fled from public justice, and was detained by the Dutch 'both from her master and the magistrate.'" As "for your other expressions, proverbs, or allusions," the letter closes with fine dignity, "we leave them to your better consideration." Thus the correspondence, conducted on both sides in sonorous Latin, ended, the honors with the English. For, as Brodhead, holding the brief for the Dutch, says, "while justice and equity appeared to be on the side of the Hollanders, the English negotiators showed themselves the better diplomatists, and the reckless Kieft only injured a good cause by intemperate zeal and undignified language."

Upon the recall of "William the Testy" and the in-



coming of "Peter the Headstrong," Gysbert op Dyck was returned to the command of the fort. During the five years interim between his first service and his reappointment he had been a member of Kieft's council at New Amsterdam, and, though the director's friend, had opposed his harsher methods and policy. A man of education and good parts, having withal some skill in diplomacy, he now established more agreeable relations with his neighbors. During this second term, beginning in 1647, there was less of the friction that drove him to resign in disgust before. But the English pressure continued unabated. At length the Dutch limits on the River were definitely defined in the provisional "Hartford Treaty" of 1650, which resulted from the friendly meeting of Stuyvesant with the council of the United Colonies at Hartford, to settle the various long-standing disputes between New Netherland and New England, in the hope of establishing a "perpetual and happy peace." For this convention Stuyvesant made the autumn journey from New Amsterdam in state. The immortal Knickerbocker tells of his suite of the "wisest and weightiest men" of the community, that is to say, men with the oldest heads and heaviest pockets." And how when these "ponderous burghers" departed on this embassy, "all the old men and the old women" of the Manhattoes "predicted that men of such weight, with such evidence, would leave the Yankees no alternative but to pack up their tin-kettles and wooden wares, put wife and children in a cart, and abandon all the lands of their High Mightinesses on which they had squatted." By the arbitrators' decision, however, the Dutch got the little end of the bargain. They were allowed only the land about the fort then actually occupied by them, and marked by certain defined bounds; all the remaining territory that had

been taken into Hartford bounds, on both sides of the River, being confirmed as in the jurisdiction of the English.

The "happy peace" was of short duration. By 1653, when the war between England and Holland was on, and Connecticut, spoiling for a fight with New Netherland, was held back only by the refusal of Massachusetts to join, happy peace was completely shattered. With the reports of a Dutch and Indian plot to destroy the English plantations, and the sharp passages between the commissioners of the United Colonies and Stuyvesant as to his complicity in the alleged plot, an accusation hotly charged and denied, the House of Hope appears to have been quietly abandoned. Then came upon the scene that restless soldier and worldly Puritan, Captain John Underhill, — he whose sword, trained in the British service in the Low Countries, in Ireland and in Cadiz, had been with the Dutch as well as the English in American-Indian wars; a hero of the Pequot war; leader of the "flying army" in the Dutch war against the Indians of Long Island and the mainland; sometime of Boston, disciplined there by the church and confessing with much "blubbing" and little sincerity to "foul sins" against the social code; sometime of Stamford on the Sound; later of Flushing on Long Island under the Dutch; there, when the moment seemed propitious, hoisting the Parliament colors and calling upon the commonality of New Amsterdam to "accept and submit ye to the Parliament of England." Ordered to quit the Dutch province, he fled to Rhode Island; thence, with a roving commission under the seal of the colony of Providence Plantations giving him and William Dyer "full power and authority to defend themselves from the Dutch and all enemies of the commonwealth of England," this robustious hero started out on a little war of his own.

Armed with his commission, Underhill made his appearance on the River one June day, and proceeding to the House of Hope posted this flaming notice on its outer door :

Whereas, By virtue off Commission graunted me by Providence Collonye, authorized by the Councell of State, and I hauinge in the said Commission full power for land service against ye Dutch in these terms following — “It is farther resolved yt Capt. Jo. Underhill shall be Commander in Cheife in ye service against ye Dutch by land & Mr Wm Dyer in Cheife by Water,” — and by virtue of ye sd Commission, and according to Act of Parlyment and wth permission from ye Generall Court of Hartford, —

I Jo Underhill doe seize upon this hous and lands thereunto belonging as Dutch goods claymed by ye West India Company in Amsterdam enemies of the Commonweal of England, and thus to remayne seized till further determined by ye said Court.

Hartford, this 27<sup>th</sup> of June, 1653.

There is no record of the permission from the Hartford government which Underhill claimed to have had. He apparently acted on his own responsibility, and treated the property as his private spoils. For he subsequently twice sold it, giving his personal deed. In less than ten months after his seizure, the Hartford court, ignoring his action, sequestered the property by virtue of its own authority, in this order :

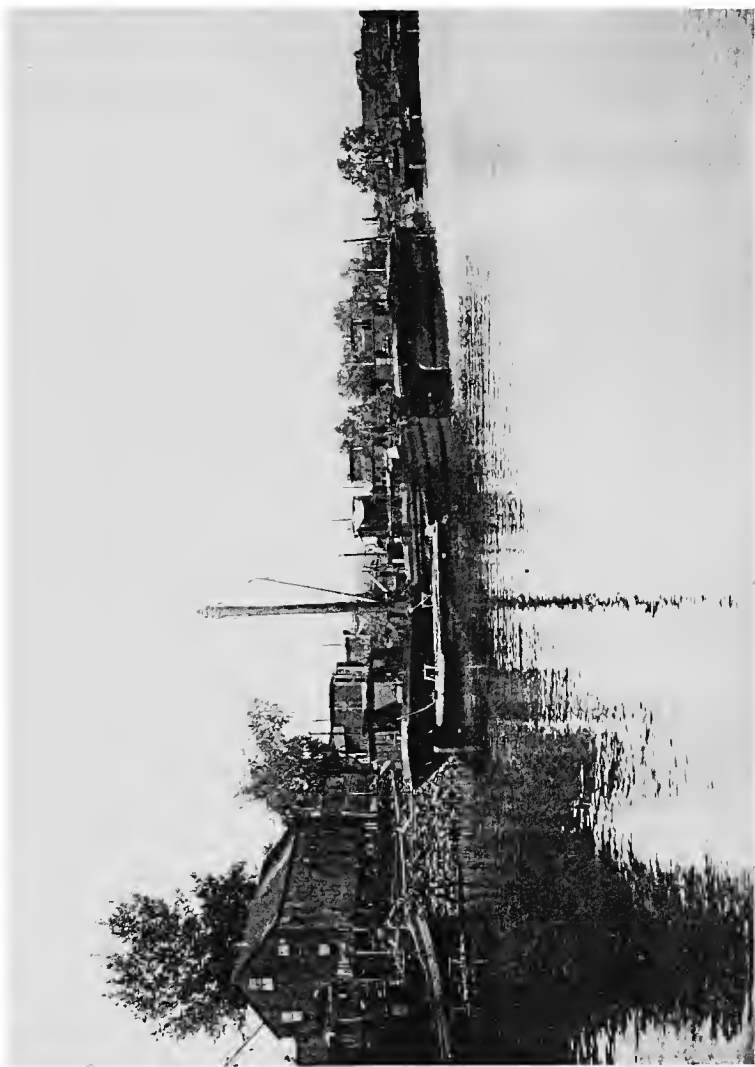
[April session, 1654] . . . Ordered and declared, that the Dutch howse the Hope with the lands, buildings, and fences thereunto belonging, bee hereby sequestered and resarued, all perticular claimes or prtended right thereunto notwithstanding, in the behalfe of the Common wealth of England, till a true tryall may be had of the p<sup>r</sup>mises, & in the meane time this Court prohibitts all persons whatsoever from improving of the premises by vertue of any former title had, made, or giuen, to them or any of them, by any of the Dutch natyon, or any other, without the aprobatyon of this Courte, or except it bee by vertue of power & order rec'd from them for their

soe doing; & whatever rent for any part of the premises in any of their hands, it shall not be disposed off but according to what order they shall receive from this Court or the Magistrates thereof.

In July came the news of peace between England and Holland with the treaty stipulating that each side should hold what it had taken. So the last foothold of the Dutch on the Connecticut was finally broken, and the English colonists were supreme in the River's possession.

The House of Hope and its grounds remained sequestered for a year, or till July, 1655, when Underhill made his second sale. The transaction was in spite of a decree of the Hartford court two months before, refusing a petition from him for permission to sell, his rights in the property being definitely denied. The grantees were William Gibbons and Richard Low, both responsible citizens of Hartford, "distinguished for their probity, enterprise, and good service to the country." Accordingly, it is assumed, the court made no interference with the transfer, contenting itself with the formal record of its own rights in the case.

In the process of time, however, the unceasing River removed what the court left undisturbed. Every vestige of the site on which the House of Hope stood was long ago worn away; and of the house itself the only memorial is a single yellow Holland brick now among the relics of the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford.



Dutch Point, Hartford.  
Near the site of the Dutch "House of Hope"



## VI

### Saybrook Fort

The Saybrook Plantation for Important Colonists who never came—The Questioned Story of the Embarkation of Cromwell and Hampden—Beginnings by George Fenwick—Lion Gardiner's grim Humor—John Winthrop the Younger : a Remarkable Personage—Fenwick's Home on Saybrook Point—Lady Fenwick—John Higginson, the Chaplain—Lady Fenwick's lonely Tomb—The second Saybrook Fort, Scene of an Adventure of Andros in 1675—Beginnings of Yale College at Saybrook—The "Saybrook Platform"—First Book Printed in Connecticut.

SAYBROOK remained the sole foothold of the Lords and Gentlemen on the River lands for five years after the establishment of the Connecticut colony, and then was absorbed in it. Their great project had early faded out. Of the noble company of "persons of quality" with "three hundred able men," for whose coming in 1636 Lion Gardiner had industriously prepared, only two appeared, — George Fenwick and his man-servant. Numerous others of "figure and distinction" had undoubtedly made ready for removal, but circumstances changed their plans. There appears to be fair ground for belief that among them were Sir Arthur Hazlerig, Sir Matthew Boynton, and the commoners Pym, Hampden, and Cromwell. Although authorities widely differ as to this tradition, the lay reader is disposed to accept it, fascinated by its picturesqueness, and for the zest it gives to speculation upon what might have been. Thus the story runs, as evolved by the various writers from the original statement of Dr. George Bates, physician to Charles I, Cromwell, and Charles II respec-

tively. Cromwell, Hampden and the rest were passengers on one of a fleet of eight ships ready to sail, in the spring of 1638, when by orders passed in council the vessels were stayed and all the passengers and provisions put ashore. Subsequently the vessels were permitted to depart, but this company remained behind. Most picturesque is Macaulay's portrayal of this embarkation :

Hampden determined to leave England. Beyond the Atlantic Ocean a few of the persecuted Puritans had formed in the wilderness of the Connecticut a settlement which has since become a prosperous commonwealth. . . . Lord Saye and Lord Brook were the original projectors of this scheme of emigration. Hampden had been early consulted respecting it. He was now, it appears, desirous to withdraw himself beyond the reach of oppressors who, as he probably suspected, and as we know, were bent on punishing his manful resistance to their tyranny. He was accompanied by his kinsman, Oliver Cromwell, over whom he possessed great influence, and in whom he alone had discovered under an exterior appearance of coarseness and extravagance, those great and commanding talents which were afterward the admiration and the dread of Europe. The cousins took their passage on a vessel which lay in the Thames, and which was bound for North America. They were actually on board when an order of council appeared, by which the ship was prohibited from sailing. . . . Hampden and Cromwell remained ; and with them remained the Evil Genius of the house of Stuart.

How wondrously different might history have read had Cromwell got here, and established himself at the mouth of our River !

Fenwick was at this time again in England, having gone back in the summer or autumn of 1636, probably to report to his associates and arrange the proposed emigration. When the new Connecticut government was inaugurated he was still abroad. By midsummer following, however, he had returned, accompanied by his family and a few



others. Then, as agent for the patentees, he set up his independent establishment, and gave the plantation its name of Saybrook, in compliment to Lords Say and Brooke.

Lion Gardiner, who had held the fort with his little garrison and their families from the beginning, now moved with a few of the soldier-farmers to the fair island across the Sound which perpetuates his name. Here, on friendly terms with the Indians, he began the first English settlement within the limits of the present State of New York, calling his island the Isle of Wight. His sturdy wife, whom he had married in Holland, had borne him two children while at Saybrook Fort, the eldest, a boy, being the first white child born in Connecticut. Gardiner was a valiant captain, stout of heart, and sound of head. He was a humorist, too, of a grim sort. When some of the Bay men had spoken slightingly of Indian arrows, he sent them a dead man's rib with an arrow's head, which had shot through the body, sticking so fast in the bone that none could withdraw it. He was firm and just in his dealings with the Indians, faithful to agreements, relentless in warfare. He was a strategist, often circumventing the wily enemy with "pretty pranks," some of which he related in his old age, whereby "young men may learn," that they "may with such pretty pranks preserve themselves from danger; for policy is needful in wars as well as strength."

John Winthrop the younger was now living at his Massachusetts home in Ipswich, concerned in other than Connecticut interests. His dwelling at Saybrook Fort had been confined to a few months or weeks in 1636. He had taken no steps for the renewal of his commission as governor for the Lords and Gentlemen after its techni-

cal expiration in 1637; but the term still held with him. He did not come permanently to reside in Connecticut till 1645 or 1646. Then he fixed his home in the conquered Pequot country, founding New London. At the same time he had a summer lodge on Fisher's Island, off the mouth of Mystic River, in the Sound, which was granted him in 1640, and remained a preserve of the Winthrop family through six generations. He became officially connected with the Connecticut colony in 1651, being that year chosen one of the higher magistrates. He established himself at Hartford when he first became governor of the colony in 1657, after having lived a year or two previously at New Haven. After his first term in this governorship he was deputy governor. Chosen again governor in 1659, he was continued in the executive office by annual election from that time till his death in 1676, a period of sixteen years. He was through his prime Connecticut's foremost man. In culture he surpassed his remarkable father, the first statesman of Massachusetts. "Books furnished employment to his mind; the study of nature according to the principles of the philosophy of Bacon was his delight, for 'he had a gift in understanding and art.'" He was a fellow of the Royal Society of Philosophical Transactions at its foundation in London, when modern science was young. He was "one of the greatest chymists and physicians of his age," the historian Trumbull notes. He was amiable, large minded, and tactful in affairs. He "noiselessly succeeded in all that he undertook," says Bancroft. "God gave him favour in the eyes of all with whom he had to do," was the elder Winthrop's pious testimony. He "inherited much of his father's combination of audacity with velvet tact," was John Fiske's more modern phrasing. When in 1661, upon the

Restoration, he was chosen as the colony's agent to present their petition to Charles II for a charter under the royal seal, "the New World was full of his praises." "Puritan and Quaker, and the freemen of Rhode Island were alike his eulogists; the Dutch at New York had confidence in his integrity." In London, enlisting the powerful influence of those constant friends of the colonies, Lord Say and Sele, now the venerable sole survivor of the noblemen interested in the Lords and Gentlemen's patent, and the Earl of Manchester, now Chamberlain of the King's Household, he accomplished his mission with surprising ease. The king received him and the petition "with uncommon grace and favour." Fixed in history is the statement that the king's good will was won by a clever courtier-like stroke. "Mr. Winthrop had an extraordinary ring which had been given his grandfather by King Charles the first, which he presented to the king. This, it is said, exceedingly pleased His Majesty, as it had been the property of a father most dear to him." So runs the legend. But this is apocryphal. It was the play of the skill of the diplomat rather than the arts of the courtier that achieved his ends. "He knew at once how to maintain the rights and claims of Connecticut and how to make Charles II think him the best fellow in the world," says Fiske. So he secured the charter, which, passing the seals April 20, 1662, confirmed to the Connecticut colony the territory covered by the Lords and Gentlemen's patent, and the right to govern themselves, precisely as they had been doing; and summarily annexed to them the neighboring New Haven colony, much to the disturbance of the latter's theocratic party, but "hailed with delight" by "the disfranchised minority." This was the charter that a quarter century after was hidden from Andros in the

Charter Oak, and the historical duplicate of which, in its frame of wood from the historic tree, is now displayed in the Hartford State House.

Fenwick maintained his independent state of Saybrook till the end of 1644. Then he ceded it to the up-river colony with the jurisdiction of the entire territory claimed under the Lords and Gentlemen's patent, and so *finis* was written to their scheme. Conditions of the transfer were the payment to Fenwick of certain duties on corn, biscuit, beaver skins, and live stock exported from the River's mouth, for a period of ten years. For the jurisdiction right, or the "Old Patent," the colony ultimately paid 1600 pounds sterling; but they never received this patent. Mr. Fenwick stipulated to deliver it "if it come into his power." Its non-appearance is regarded by those who have questioned its existence as pretty fair evidence for their contention. Subsequently, when seeking the royal charter, the colony declared, in their letter to Lord Say and Sele, whose aid they desired, that they had been forced to this purchase through the threat of Mr. Fenwick, then the sole patentee, to impose duties on the people, or sell the patent to the Dutch unless they purchased it. After the sale Fenwick became one of the magistrates of the colony. About 1648, on returning to England, he was made a colonel in the Parliamentary army. He was chosen a member of Parliament, and named one of the "high court of justice" which condemned the king. In the latter body, however, he failed to serve. He died at Berwick, while governor there, in 1657.

Fenwick's home on Saybrook Point was described by Thomas Lechford in 1641 as a "faire house," well fortified. It must have been a gracious household in the

wilderness, bestowing a refined hospitality. Lady Fenwick was a gentlewoman, born Alice Apsley, daughter of Sir Edward Apsley. She was widow of Sir John Boteler when she married "Master Fenwicke," at the time a lawyer of Gray's Inn, and a man of means. With them here as chaplain was the then youthful John Higginson, who had come over in 1629 with his father, Francis Higginson, first minister of Salem in the Bay Colony, and ancestor of the Higginsons in America. He had been a teacher at Hartford, living with Mr. Hooker as "student, helper, and scribe." He was the minister afterward long settled at Salem, where he succeeded his father. His ministry there continued till his death at the great age of ninety-three, which inspired his rhyming eulogist to the elegant lines:—

Young to the pulpit he did get  
And Seventy-Two Years in't did sweat.

After seven short years of pioneer life the gentle Lady Fenwick died, leaving with her husband two little daughters, Elizabeth and Dorothy, both born in the fortified manor house on Saybrook Point. Her grave was made within the enclosure of the fort. For years after a massive memorial of stone in an open field on the spot where the first settlers had lived marked the lonely tomb. When the iconoclasm of our age with its ruthless sweep threatened to scatter her dust, it was removed to a protected place in the old burying ground at the Point, near the graves of seven generations of her descendants. It is related that when the remains were disinterred for this removal "the skeleton was found to be nearly entire," and beneath the skull lay "a heavy braid of auburn hair, which was parcelled out among the villagers.

The first Saybrook Fort stood till 1647, when, in the depth of winter, during a tempestuous night, it caught fire, and was destroyed with all the buildings inside the palisade, the commandant and his family barely escaping with their lives. The following year a new and stouter fortress was erected nearer the River's bank. This was the fort the surrender of which to the government of the Duke of York Andros demanded in July, 1675, when "Captain Robert Chapman and Captain Bull of Hartford so ingeniously defended the rights of the colony," that the enemy was undone without a shot. It is a pretty story, quite like a popular historical romance, in which the scenes move forward with dramatic precision, and the characters appear at the precise moment to produce a thrilling situation.

When the colony had word of the intended invasion, they hastened detachments of militia to Saybrook and New London, for both places were threatened. Captain Thomas Bull commanded the soldiery despatched down the River. While they are yet on their way, the Saybrook folk are surprised by the sudden appearance of Major Andros with an armed force in the Sound, "making directly for the fort." Without instructions from the government as to how they should act in such an emergency, they are for a while inert and gaze helpless upon the sight. But as their surprise abates, "the martial spirit begins to enkindle." The fort is manned and the force within drawn up in battle array. At this critical moment, presto! Captain Bull with his company arrives. Through the next two days the work of preparing fort and town for defence is vigorously pursued, while Andros's ships remain quietly off shore. Now Andros with several of the armed sloops draws up before the fort. The king's flag is



Lady Fenwick's Tomb, Old Saybrook.





hoisted, and formal call for surrender of fort and town is made. Instantly up rises His Majesty's flag on the fort, and Captain Bull's men are seen arranged in warlike order, "with a good countenance, determined and eager for action." Andros dare not fire on the king's colors. So he lies by awaiting reply to his summons. All this day and part of the next his fleet are held off against the fort.

Meantime the Assembly at Hartford, called into session by the critical state of the colony, have been acting. A protest against the invasion has been drawn up with instructions to Captain Bull. He is authorized to propose a reference of the matter in controversy to commissioners who shall meet in any place in the colony that Andros may choose. The instructions have been entrusted to an "express" who is hurrying down the River to deliver them. On the morning of the second day Andros requests admittance on shore and an interview with "the ministers and chief officer." The request is granted, and he comes ashore with his glittering suite. Presto! again: at this very moment the "express" appears. Captain Bull, supported by his own officers and by the officers and gentlemen of the town, meets the major and his officers, at the landing, and salutations are exchanged. Captain Bull announces his receipt that moment of instructions to tender a treaty, with the proposal to refer the dispute to commissioners "capable of determining it according to law and justice." Major Andros rejects the proposal, and forthwith commands "in His Majesty's name, that the duke's patent and the commission which he had received from his royal highness" be read. Captain Bull commands also in the king's name, that he "forbear reading." Andros's clerk attempts to read, when the captain repeats his command, "with such energy and voice and meaning

in his countenance" that the major is convinced "it is not safe to proceed." The reading stayed, the captain informs the major of the address of the Assembly and forthwith reads this document. At its conclusion the major, pleased with the captain's "bold and soldier-like appearance," asks his name.

"My name is Bull, sir."

"Bull? It is a pity that your horns are not tipped with silver."

So ends the parley. The major gives up his design of seizing the fort, and is escorted to his boat by the full body of the militia in the town. Soon after his fleet sails away.

The original palisade extended across the long neck of Saybrook Point and protected the land approaches from incursions of the Indians. Westward of the original fort a generous square was laid out, in which were to be placed the houses of those "gentlemen of distinction and figure," Hazelrig, Cromwell, Hampden, and the others who failed to come out. Some seventy years after, midway between the palisade and the fort, was erected a house of greater note. This was the home of the collegiate school, in which Yale College had its beginning. In this long, low, one-story structure, the embryo university spent its first sixteen years. Although the preliminary steps were elsewhere taken, here in 1701 its corporate life began, and here its functions were exercised till the removal to New Haven was accomplished.

So Yale College was of Connecticut River birth, and the pioneer of the noble line of higher institutions that now occupy its banks through three states, in their number and variety giving the Connecticut a unique

distinction among American rivers as a seat of American colleges.

It was no fault of Saybrook that Yale was not retained on the Connecticut. The decision for removal stirred Saybrook to the core, and roused some of her people even to open resistance. When in December, 1718, three months after the first commencement at New Haven had been held, a majority of the trustees attempted to remove the college library, which was still retained in Saybrook, such opposition was encountered that the aid of the governor and council was invoked. This body came down from Hartford and issued a warrant to the sheriff to seize the books. The officer proceeded to his duty, but found the house where they were kept barred by resolute men prepared to resist him. Summoning assistance, he at length forced an entrance. Then a guard was placed over the property for the night, and its removal to New Haven was set for the following day. In the morning it was discovered that the carts engaged for the transportation had been disabled and their horses turned adrift. New provisions were made, and the new teams started off under the escort of the major of the county. The trials of the movers, however, were not yet over. Along the roads their progress was hindered through the absence of several bridges which had been broken up. They finally reached New Haven, only to find on counting the books that the number was short by more than two hundred and fifty. The missing volumes, says the chronicler, had been "disposed of by persons unknown, together with some valuable papers, in the confusion which arose at the taking of the library, and no discovery of them was made afterward."

Even after the institution had become fully fixed at New Haven the instruction of students was for some time dog-

gedly continued at Saybrook, the youths appearing in New Haven only to receive their degrees. Others obtained their tuition at Hartford; and more at Wethersfield (both of which towns had competed for the college); so that at first more than half of the students of the new Yale were instructed outside of New Haven, and in the River towns, meeting at the official seat of the college only on commencement for their degrees. Indeed, at Wethersfield a commencement was held and degrees conferred on the very day that the first commencement took place at New Haven. The Wethersfield degrees, however, were subsequently ratified at New Haven, and peace succeeded the unhappy discord. As President Clap, in his "The Annals or History of Yale College" (1766), quaintly records: ". . . the Spirits of Men began by Degrees to subside; and a general Harmony was gradually introduced among the Trustees, and the Colony in general. The Rev. Mr. Woodbridge [of Hartford] and Mr. Buckingham [the Saybrook minister: the two chief opponents among the trustees of the New Haven seat] became very friendly to the college and New Haven, and forward to promote all its Interests. The Trustees in Testimony of their Friendship and Regard to Mr. Woodbridge chose him for Rector pro Tempore; and he accordingly moderated and gave Degrees at the commencement Anno 1723."

In the Saybrook College house also met, it is supposed, the synod of 1708 which formed the Saybrook Platform, that strict ecclesiastical code the adoption of which by the Legislature fixed upon Connecticut an established church. Thus Congregationalism, as defined in this document, became the religion of the state by legislative enactment, and held for seventy-six years, making "dissenters" of all not



First Site of Yale College,  
Old Saybrook.



conforming to it. The synod was composed of sixteen members, twelve ministers and four laymen. Eight or nine of the ministers were at the time trustees of the college; and the assembly convened on the occasion of the annual commencement. Thus the association of synod and college was intimate. But although the corporation adopted the code, and theological instruction predominated for some time in the institution, its scope gradually broadened as the years advanced, more in conformity with the plan defined in its charter, — for “instructing youth in the arts and sciences who may be fitted for public employment both in church and civil state.” This synod was the third council, probably, that sat at Saybrook, to attempt the union of church and state, the first assembling in 1668, well before the foundation of the college. Its Saybrook Platform was constructed, formidably, of a Confession of Faith, Heads of Agreement, and Fifteen Articles for the administration of church discipline. The discussions, controversies, and hardships to which it gave rise through the years of its legal establishment have faded into oblivion, and to-day the Saybrook Platform is chiefly interesting as the first book printed in Connecticut, run off in 1710 at New London, on the printing press which was given to the Colony by Governor Gurdon Saltonstall, great grandson of Sir Richard Saltonstall of the Lords and Gentlemen’s project.

A vestige of Saybrook Fort remained till the seventies of the nineteenth century, the dominant note in the quiet landscape at this point of the River. Then all was swept away, together with the old contours of the site, and modern structures, useful but unpicturesque, occupied the place.

## VII

### Early Perils of Colonial Life

The River Settlements of the Colonial Period — Confined to the Lower Valley for a Century — The First Settlers completely environed by Savages — The Various Tribes and their Seats — The Dominating Pequots — Covert Attacks upon the Settlers — Massacre of Captains Stone and Norton with their Ship's Crew. — The Killing of John Oldham off Block Island. — Avenged by Captain John Gallop — The "Earliest Sea-Fight of the Nation" — A Graphic Colonial Sea-Story.

COLONIAL life on the River was confined for a century to the Lower Valley in Connecticut and Massachusetts. Till the middle of the seventeenth century it was narrowed to Windsor, Hartford, Wethersfield, and Saybrook of the Connecticut Colony and Springfield alone in the Massachusetts jurisdiction. Springfield was then the uppermost Valley settlement, at the frontier of the Wilderness. By the close of the seventeenth century only four River towns had been added to the Connecticut Colony, and eight had been formed in the Massachusetts limits. These were Middletown, East Haddam, Haddam, and Lyme in Connecticut, and Northampton, Hadley, Hatfield, Deerfield, Northfield, Westfield, Suffield, and Enfield in Massachusetts. Middletown, when established in 1653, was the first connecting link between the up-river towns and Saybrook. East Haddam, below, on the east side of the River, was begun a decade later; Haddam, on the west side, in 1668; and Lyme the previous year, cut in part from Saybrook. Of the added Massachusetts group, Northampton



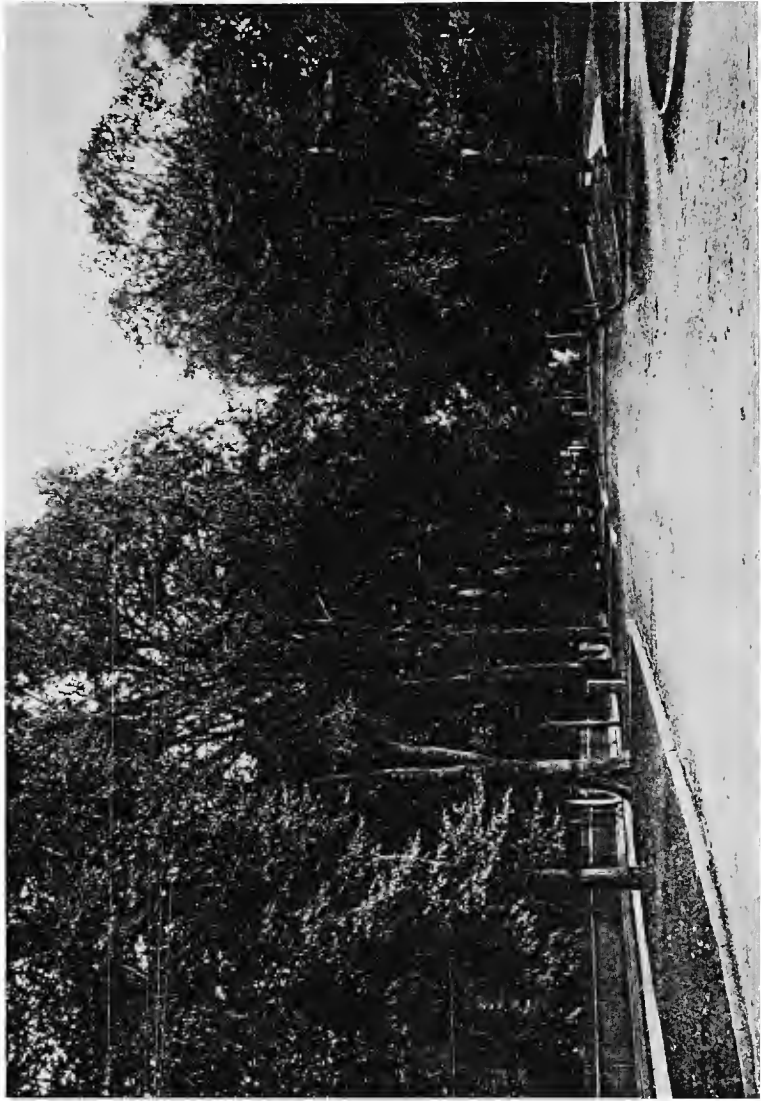
was the chief settlement and was nearly as old as the Connecticut Middletown, having been founded in 1653. Hadley, on the east side, was begun in 1661; Hatfield and Deerfield, on the west side, in 1670 and 1671; and Northfield, at the northern frontier, in 1673. But Deerfield and Northfield were both destroyed in King Philip's War of 1675-76, and Deerfield was not permanently resettled till 1682, while Northfield remained unoccupied till after the opening of the eighteenth century, an attempt at resettlement in 1685 having failed. Westfield, Enfield and Suffield were taken from Springfield's original domain extending over both sides of the River. The first was organized in 1669, the others in 1680 and 1681 respectively, though laid out a decade earlier. Enfield and Suffield passed from the jurisdiction of Massachusetts to the Connecticut Colony in 1752, upon the settlement of years of dispute between the two colonies over the boundary line.

Till well toward the middle of the eighteenth century the Valley above the north Massachusetts line, through New Hampshire and Vermont, for the most part remained the Wilderness. Only the hunter and the trapper, the soldier and the Indian captive borne off to far away Canada, had penetrated its vast solitudes, bringing back — they who did get back — entrancing tales of its beauty and riches. Till 1723 Northfield, embracing its present neighbor Vernon, of Vermont, and part of Hinsdale, New Hampshire, was the outmost English post.

The earliest records of the River are of encounters with the aborigines. Very soon after the English establishment in the lower Valley, tragic conflicts with them arose. When the English first came the Indians of Connecticut were more numerous in proportion to the extent of the territory than in any other part of New England. Neither

wars nor pestilence had so depopulated this region as some other parts of the Eastern country. How completely the savages environed the early River settlers appears when the tribes and their seats are enumerated.

Scattered on both sides between the River's mouth and Windsor were the various native tribes whom the Pequot invaders had vanquished some time about 1630, and whose domains they were holding as conquered territory. These tribes, before their vanquishment, are presumed to have been confederated under Altarbaenhoot, or Netawanute, the banished sachem whom the Plymouth Colony's expedition restored to his seat at Windsor in 1633. They embraced the bands that Block in 1614 described as the "nation called Sequins," with their lodges on both sides of the River at or above the great bend at Middletown; and the Nawaas with their fortified town at South Windsor. When the first English colonists came the Sequins were occupying "neutral ground" in the immediate neighborhood of the Dutch House of Hope. This ground was so called in accordance with the agreement when the Dutch made their purchase from the Pequot sachem, four years before the restoration of Netawanute, that these lands should be exempt from Indian warfare. According to J. Hammond Trumbull, the Sequins were the Indians subsequently called by the English the Wongunks, from their principal seat about the River's bend between Middletown and Portland. Their territory, Mr. Trumbull believes, extended from the north part of Haddam, northerly, on both sides of the River, to some distance above Windsor. The Sequeen chief, probably he who was known to the English as Sowheag, variously designated as "sachem of the Mattabeseck," which became Middletown, and "sachem of Pyquang," where Wethersfield was planted, had his



High Street, Middletown.



“castle” at Mattabeseck, overlooking the broad domain over which in his time he had been lord. At Machemoodus, which became East Haddam, dwelt a numerous sub-tribe “famous for pawaws,” or powwows, and “worshipping evil spirits.”

Above Windsor were the Pocumtucks, the leading tribe, according to George Sheldon, historian of Deerfield, of a powerful confederation occupying and dominating the Valley and its tributaries as far north as Brattleborough, Vermont. Sub-tribes or allies of the Pocumtucks from the region of Windsor up the River were: the Tunxis on the Farmington River, at and near its confluence with the Connecticut; the Podunks, seated near Windsor; the Agawams, whose principal seat was at Springfield, and who claimed the territory on both sides of the River between Enfield Falls and South Hadley Falls; the Warranokes, west of Springfield, with their chief village at the present Westfield on the Agawam, now Westfield, River; and the Naunawatucks, or Nonatucks, situated on both sides of the River at Northampton and Hadley, with their village and their forts, the principal forts being near the mouth of Half-Way Brook, between Northampton and Hadley, and on a ridge between Hadley meadows. The Pocumtucks centered in the Deerfield Valley, and were most thickly settled about the mouth of the Deerfield River in Deerfield, where was their principal fort on what is yet called Fort Hill. Northward were the Squakheags, occupying jointly with the Pocumtucks the territory now of Northfield, Vernon, Vermont, and Hinsdale, New Hampshire, — a fugitive band from the Hudson River, Sheldon is led to believe. They were probably, he says, a fragment of the Mahicans, driven away from their original homes by the Mohawks of the Five Nations in 1610.

The Valley in what are now New Hampshire and Vermont was unoccupied as the seat of any considerable body of natives. It was rather a thoroughfare between contending powerful tribes. Vermont was a beaver hunting ground of the Iroquois, the confederated Five Nations.

The warring Pequots were seated east of the River's mouth, on the coast, chiefly between the Thames and the Mystic Rivers. They were also a branch of the Hudson-River Mahicans, driven out by the Mohawks. Fighting their way to the coast before the coming of Block, they had taken possession of part of the territory of the Niantic tribe on both sides of the Mystic. By the time the English had come these Pequots had subdued and held tributary besides the Niantics and the lower Connecticut Valley tribes, the Block Island Indians, and several tribes upon Long Island. West of the Thames River and north of the Pequots dwelt the Mohegans (as they came to be known after the settlement of the English), an offshoot of the Pequots. Their sagamore was that Uncas who became the staunch ally of the English, and attained great power in colonial Indian affairs which lasted for more than forty years. He was heir apparent to the Pequot sachemdom through the female line, his mother being aunt to Wapegwoot, the reigning sachem at the time of the first English move to the River. Having grown proud, and, it was said, treacherous to the reigning sachem, he had suffered repeated humblings at the chief's hands. Again and again he had been driven from his country, and permitted to return only upon promise of submission. During one of his seasons of banishment, according to J. Hammond Trumbull, he, or some of his people, became connected with the Nawaas up the River. Such was the situation at the beginning of the English settlements.

After Wapegwoot was slain, Uncas had made claim to the Pequot sachemdom, but the "ambitious, cruel, and aggressive" Sassacus (significant name), son of Wapegwoot, was elevated to the place. Under Sassacus were twenty-six minor sachems, or war captains. The Pequot and Mohegan country covered a tract of nearly thirty square miles.

East of the Pequots were the Narragansetts, occupying what became Rhode Island, and then the largest tribe in New England. They were the only Indians in the vicinity whom the Pequots had not subdued, and perpetual war existed between the two tribes. Of the Narragansetts, Miantonomo, a wily fellow, nephew of Canonicus, the chief sachem, was the ruling spirit. In the northeast part of Connecticut and in central Massachusetts were the Nipmucks, scattered in small clans. At Brookfield, Massachusetts, through which the "Bay Path" subsequently ran, were the Quabaugs, classed, Sheldon says, as subjects both of Uncas and the Deerfield Pocumtucks, but finally absorbed by the Nipmucks. The inland Connecticut tribes west of the River were tributary to the Mohawks who had brought their conquests thus far eastward.

While the River tribes generally welcomed the English colonists as possible allies against the Pequots, and, to fortify their friendship, performed at first many acts of kindness toward the newcomers, the dominating Pequots were hostile from the outset. These imperious princes of the soil viewed the English as interlopers whose advance must be checked in a region which had become their own by the right above all others to the savage mind—the right of conquest. Moreover, the Englishmen had defied them by restoring River sachems whom they had conquered to the authority which they had overthrown and the territory which they had made their own. Their hostility was dis-

played not in open warfare, but in covert attacks upon exposed settlers, and in inciting the depending tribes to rapine and murder. Besides these perils from an insidious foe, tribal jealousies and the treacherous Indian nature rendered the situation of the colonists most hazardous at the beginning of their settlements, and they were forced to be perpetually on guard.

So early as 1634, before the greater immigration to the River had begun, an act was committed which led to grave results. This was the murder of the two traders, Captains Stone and Norton, and their ship's crew of eight men, by Indians of a tribe in confederacy with the Pequots.

The mariners were from St. Christopher, West Indies, and had come into the River bound for the Dutch House of Hope to trade. Somewhere above the River's mouth they were met with friendly demonstrations by the Indians, several of whom were known to Captain Stone from previous trading visits. Engaging two or three of them to pilot two of his men to the Dutch House in a skiff, he laid his ship to the shore. The voyagers in the skiff paddled on cheerfully till nightfall, when, hauling their boat against the shore, the two sailors curled up to sleep. So soon as slumber was upon them their guides rose stealthily and killed them both without a struggle. Meanwhile the ship below had been boarded by others of the band whom the crew were entertaining. At length Captain Stone fell asleep in his cabin. At a moment when most of the crew were ashore these Indians silently took the captain's life. Casting a covering over him to conceal their work, they joined the remainder of the band, who fell upon the crew and massacred them all. Captain Norton, however, had escaped them. Pinned in the cook-room he made a long



and resolute fight for his life, which an accident brought to an end. "That he might load and fire with the greatest expedition he had placed powder in an open vessel near at hand." In the height of the action the powder took fire, and the explosion so burned and blinded him that "after all his gallantry he fell with his helpless companions." The plunder which was taken from the vessel was divided between the sachem Sassacus and the head sachem of the tribe to which the band belonged.

It was shortly after this affair that the Pequots sought the Massachusetts Bay government for a league of peace, their messengers bearing gifts to Boston to foster the scheme. The crafty move was in part to offset the possible consequence of their connection with this massacre. Another object was to checkmate the Narragansetts, who were at the time warring fiercely upon them, and with whom the Bay men had friendly relations. Another was to get support against the Dutch, who, in avenging the Pequots' acts, had killed several of their fighting men including a sachem. The Bay men at first would listen to their proposals only on condition that they should agree to deliver up Captain Stone's murderers. But after assurances that all but two of the band were dead and that the survivors if guilty would be punished; and after offers had been made to concede all their rights in the River region to the Bay Colony, and promises had been given to hand over "four hundred fathoms of wampum, forty beaver and thirty other skins" as compensation for the slaughter of the Englishmen, — after these explanations and conditions the Bay men entered into the treaty desired. The articles were drawn up and duly signed. But no hostages were taken to secure the fulfillment of the conditions, and the Pequots never performed a single one of them.

By the summer of 1636 their depredations had been renewed with more vigor. The crowning barbarous act of this season was the killing of Captain John Oldham, the pioneer English trader in the Valley and leader in the planting of Wethersfield. Oldham had been "long out a-trading" in his pinnace, having with him two English boys and two Narragansett Indians; and when off Block Island he was suddenly overwhelmed by a crowd of savages who "cleft his head to the brains." Then they secured his companions and proceeded to remove the plunder from the vessel. Fortunately, while thus busied, they were sighted from a distance by another Englishman cruising off the Sound in a little bark with a crew of one man and two boys. This was Captain John Gallop, the famous first pilot of Boston Harbor, for whom Gallop's Island there is named. He had been up our River and was intending to put in at Long Island to trade, but was forced by a sudden change in the wind to bear up for Block Island. When he espied the pinnace he drew toward it and discovered it to be John Oldham's. The deck was seen to be "full of Indians." He was in hailing distance before they were aware of his presence. Then ensued a gallant chase, finishing with swift retribution upon the chief actors in the tragedy. Cooper, in his *Naval History of the United States*, describes this engagement as "the earliest sea-fight of the nation." Winthrop, senior, gives the tale, — a terse and graphic sea-story in his telling:

So they [the Gallop party] hailed, but had no answer; and the deck was full of Indians (fourteen in all), and a canoe was gone from her full of Indians and goods. Whereupon they suspected that they had killed John Oldham, and the rather, because the Indians let slip, and set up sail, being two miles from shore, and the wind and tide being off the shore of the Island, whereby they drove to-

ward the main at Narragansett. Whereupon they [the Gallop party] went ahead of them, and having but two pieces and two pistols, and nothing but duck shot, they bear up near the Indians (who stood ready armed with guns, pikes, and swords) and let fly among them, and so galled them that they all gate under hatches. Then they stood off again, and retiring with a good gale, they stemmed her upon the quarter and about overset her, which so frightened the Indians that six of them leaped overboard and were drowned. Yet they durst not board her, but stood off again, and fitted their anchor so as, stemming her the second time there, bored her boom [bow] through with their anchor, and so sticking fast to her, they made divers shot through her (being but inch board), and so raked her fore and aft, as they must needs kill or hurt some of the Indians; but, seeing none of them came forth, they gate loose from her and stood off again. Then four or five more of the Indians leaped into the sea and were likewise drowned.

So there being now but four left in her, they boarded her; whereupon one Indian came up and yielded; him they bound and put into hold. Then another yielded, whom they bound. But John Gallop, being well acquainted with their skill to untie themselves if two of them be together, and having no place to keep them asunder, they threw him [last] bound into the sea; and looking about they found John Oldham under an old seine stark naked, his head cleft to the brains, and his hand and legs cut off, as if they had been cutting them off, and yet warm. So they put him into the sea; but could not get to the other two Indians, who were in a little room underneath, with their swords. So they took the goods which were left, and the sails, etc., and towed the boat away; but night coming on, and the wind rising, they were forced to turn her off, and the wind carried her to the Narragansett shore.

The principal contrivers of Oldham's death were found to have been the Block Island Indians with a number of under sachems of the Narragansetts, to whom the Block Islanders were at this juncture subject. But the Pequots were considered as abettors in the affair, since several of the participants fled to them and received their protection. The Narragansett chiefs, Canonicus and Miantonomo, suc-

cessfully cleared themselves from connection with the conspiracy, and aided in the recovery of the two boys, with part of the plunder from Oldham's vessel.

The responsibility was at last fixed upon the Block Islanders and the Pequots, drastic measures were adopted by the Bay Colony government, and the first Pequot War ensued.

## VIII

### The Pequot Wars

First Expedition from the Bay Colony under Endicott — Lion Gardiner's Practical Advice — Plot to Destroy the River Settlements — Tragedies on the River — The Connecticut Colony's Campaign — The "Army" drawn from the Three River Towns — Major John Mason, the Myles Standish of the Colony — Hooker's Godspeed at the Embarkation — Scene on the down-river Voyage — Debate of the Captains at Saybrook Fort — Mason's Master-Stroke — The March in the Enemy's Country — Burning of Mystic Fort — End of the Pequots.

TOWARD the close of August (1636) John Endicott as general, with a force of ninety men, four commanders, and two Indians, was despatched from Massachusetts Bay under a commission, truly termed sanguinary :

“ To put to death the men of Block Island, but to spare the women and children, and bring them away, and to take possession of the Island ; and from thence to go to the Pequods [Pequots] to demand the murderers of Captain Stone and other English, and one thousand fathoms of wampum for damages etc., and some of their children as hostages, which if they should refuse they were to obtain it [them] by force.”

Captain John Underhill was the first named of the four commanders. The troops embarked in three pinnaces, and carried two shallops. The Indians were taken as interpreters.

The expedition made first for Saybrook Fort, where it duly arrived to the surprise of Lion Gardiner, and also to his dismay when informed by the officers of their errand

and of their intention to make the fort their rendezvous. He gave them a soldier's welcome, however, while stoutly discountenancing their adventure. "You come hither," said he, "to raise these wasps about my ears, and then you will take wing and flee away," — which was precisely what happened. When he had seen their commission, at which he "wondered," he entreated them to heed this advice: "Sirs, seeing you will go, I pray you if you don't load your barks with Pequots, load them with corn, for that is now gathered with them ready to put into their barns, and both you and we have need of it . . . . If you cannot attain your end of the Pequots yet you may load your barks with " that " which will be welcome to Boston and to me," — most practical advice, for Connecticut and Massachusetts were then both short of a corn supply. To aid in this part of the enterprise Gardiner agreed to send some men from the fort in his own shallop.

The assault on Block Island took place according to programme, but without the slaughter directed by the commission. As the force approached the island and were disembarking, a little crowd of Indians assembled on shore at a safe distance "entertained" them with arrows; which fell harmlessly against the corslets of all save two, who were pricked on the exposed parts of their bodies. But when the landing was effected the Indians incontinently fled, and not a single one was afterward seen, though two days were spent on the island. Two hastily deserted villages were found, three miles apart, and neighboring acres of corn, some of it gathered and laid in heaps. So, in the absence of men to kill and women and children to capture, all the wigwams were burnt, and much of the corn; all the canoes found were broken up; and trophies were taken, among them "many well wrought mats and delightful baskets."

Returning to Saybrook Fort the fleet lay windbound here for four days. Then the start was made for the Pequot country. The miniature army sailed, strengthened by twelve of Gardiner's men in his shallop, whose especial part was to take off the enemy's corn. As they neared the Thames, then the Pequot River, "multitudes" of Indians ran along the shore shouting tauntingly, "What cheer, Englishmen! What cheer! Do you come to fight us?" The night of their arrival they spent in New London, (then Pequot harbor,) while the Indians kept fires aglow on both sides to prevent a landing under cover of darkness. In the morning a Pequot messenger, — a "grave senior majestic in his bearing," — came out in a canoe and demanded "what they were and what they would have?" Endicott stated their mission. The "ambassador" declared that Sassacus, the chief, was away at Long Island. Endicott bade him inform the other sachems that he would meet them. The Indian lingered debating the matter. The Stone affair, he would explain, was in retaliation for the killing of a sachem and other Pequots by the Dutch, and it was directed by the murdered sachem's son. It did not concern the English. At length he agreed to seek the other sachems, and paddling back to the shore disappeared over the bluff at its edge. Meanwhile the "army" landed and ascended to the bluff. In course of time the messenger returned, and with him some three hundred savages who gathered about the English. The messenger reported that "Sassacus" himself would be back in three hours. So they waited, many of the savages idling with Gardiner's men whom they knew. The three hours passed, and a fourth. Yet "there came none." All this time the people in the Indian villages behind were hurrying their goods into hiding, and their women and children to places of safety.

At length Endicott drew his men into line, caused his commission to be proclaimed, and ordered the messenger back to his sachem with the word that if he would not at once come to parley, the English would fight. Then the wily savage shifted his ground. The sachem would appear if the Englishmen would lay down their arms some paces in their front, where the Indians would lay down their arrows. But Endicott, seeing perhaps in this a pretty stratagem to get possession of their weapons, bade the throng "begone and shift for themselves." They had dared the English to come and fight, and his men were here and ready. Then the Indians all instantly vanished. With colors flying and drums beating, the English took up the pursuit. But not a single Indian was seen again, though arrows rained upon the soldiers from behind thickets and rocks as they advanced. No harm was done them, for their corslets protected them as at Block Island. They kept up a lively fire in the directions from which the arrows came. Reaching a village they burnt all of its wigwams. At sunset they returned to their boats. Next morning they were ashore again, on the west side, burning wigwams and spoiling all the canoes found there; the while not encountering an Indian in the open.

Thus their campaign ended. They did not go back to Saybrook, but returned to Boston by way of the Narragansett country. They had suffered no loss or serious injury to any man of the expedition. According to Gardiner they killed not one of the enemy, but one of the Massachusetts Indians who accompanied them took a Pequot scalp. The Narragansetts, however, afterward told of a small Pequot loss. Gardiner's men returned to Saybrook Fort with a fair cargo of captured corn, after a little scrimmage of their own on the way back with pursuing Pequots, in



which two of the English and more of the Indians were hurt.

And so the wasps were raised about the ears of the River settlers. The Pequots, now enraged, determined to drive the English out. Saybrook fort was soon in almost constant seige. Numbers of the garrison were killed from ambuscades while at work in the fields outside. In one brisk swamp-fight Gardiner was wounded, though saved from severe hurt by his buff coat. A member of a party attacked while harvesting hay was captured and roasted alive. Captives taken in raids were tortured to death in various hideous ways. Navigating the River became so perilous that all boats on entering the mouth were required to come to anchor at Saybrook Fort, and were not allowed to proceed till Gardiner had satisfied himself that they were sufficiently armed and manned. They were not allowed to make landing between the fort and Wethersfield. Small parties in shallops, though armed, were attacked between these points and massacred. Joseph Tilly, master of a small trading vessel from Boston, which he had anchored two or three miles above Saybrook, was "a-fowling" in a canoe with a companion. At the first discharge of his piece a number of Pequots rose from ambush, killed his companion, and seized him for torture. He was tied to a stake and flayed, hot embers were thrust into his flesh, and his fingers and toes were cut off. He died after several hours of suffering, but not a groan escaped him: for this good courage the Indians admired him as a "stout man." Three men coming down the River in a shallop were beset by several Indians in canoes. They fought bravely, but one was killed, the others were taken. Each of the prisoners was cut in twain from the legs to the head,

and the mutilated bodies hung by the neck upon trees by the riverside, "that as the English passed by they might see those miserable objects" of the Indians' vengeance.

By the spring of 1637 the situation was at its gravest. The settlers, feeble in numbers, could "neither hunt, fish, nor cultivate the fields, nor travel at home or abroad, but at the price of their lives. They were obliged to keep a constant watch by night and by day; to go armed to their daily labors and to the public worship." There were grave fears that the Pequots would succeed in uniting the Indians generally against them. Even the Pequots' persistent foe, the Narragansetts, were now disposed to make a truce, impressed by the argument that if the Pequots were destroyed their own ruin would surely follow. Only through the courageous intercession of Roger Williams were they dissuaded, and brought instead to make treaty with Massachusetts Bay. The Pequots' plan of campaign was not open warfare. It was to lie in ambush and shoot the English as they went about their ordinary business; to burn their houses, destroy their crops, kill their cattle and other live stock; to harass and terrorize them. Thus the Indian warriors believed the whites would be forced quickly to leave the country, while they themselves would not be exposed to great hazard.

In February the General Court at Hartford had sent a letter to the Bay Colony representing the dire results of Endicott's expedition, and urging a more effective prosecution of their Pequot war. The same month Major John Mason was sent down to Saybrook from Hartford with twenty men to reinforce the fort, and to keep the enemy at a greater distance. In April following Massachusetts dispatched Captain Underhill to Saybrook with twenty "lusty men well armed" from Boston. The latter were

sent at the charge of the "Lords and Gentlemen." They were "lent" for service, not alone to protect the place from the Indians, but also from the Dutch, who "by their speeches and supplies out of Holland" had aroused a suspicion that they had "some designs upon it." With Underhill's arrival Mason returned with his men to Hartford, where matters had reached a crisis through an attack upon Wethersfield of a most threatening nature.

This assault was made by a band of a hundred Pequots and Wethersfield Indians combined. They had one morning suddenly risen from an ambuscade on the fringe of the settlement, and set upon a number of settlers going to their work in a neighboring field. Nine of the English were killed and two maidens were taken captive. The victors were espied from Saybrook Fort coming down the River in three canoes with fragments of English clothes fluttering from tall sticks, like sails. Concluding from their appearance that they were on some evil course, Lion Gardiner overhauled them with a shot from the fort's "great gun." The ball "beat off the beak head" of one of the canoes, which happened to be that in which were the captive maids. None, however, was hurt; and before another shot could be fired the Indians had drawn the canoes over a narrow beach, and got away.

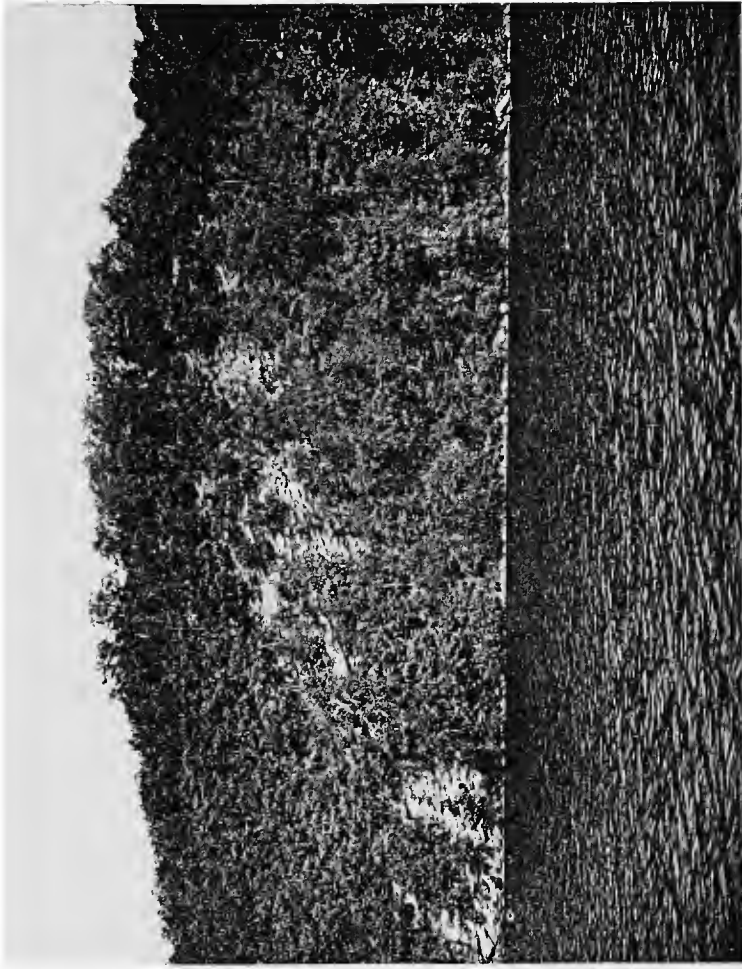
Immediately upon this event the General Court was convened at Hartford, — that first General Court to which the towns sent committees or delegates, — to deliberate on the perilous condition of affairs and to take action for the preservation of the colony. It was fully recognized that the Pequots were "a great people, being strongly fortified, cruel, warlike, munitioned, &c." and the colonists only "a handful in comparison." But the havoc already committed by them, their killing of nearly thirty of the English, their

persistent attempts to unite all the tribes for the extirpation of the English, their constant pursuit in "malicious courses," their "great pride and insolency,"—these acts and threats necessitated the giving of some "capital blow" to so relentless an enemy if the colonists were to survive. Accordingly offensive measures were solemnly declared in formal vote. Thus began the real Pequot War.

An "army" was formed of ninety men drawn from the three meagre settlements of Hartford, Windsor, and Wethersfield; small as it was, the levy took from one-third to one-half of all the able-bodied men in the plantations. Seventy Indians, mostly from the Mohegans, under the sachem Uncas, were joined to this force. Major John Mason was made the chief commander. Mason was one of the great captains of New England, bred to arms in the Dutch Netherlands under Sir Thomas Fairfax. He had come out with the Dorchester company, and was one of the first planters of Windsor. He became to the Connecticut Colony what Myles Standish was to the Pilgrims of Plymouth. He was "tall and portly, but nevertheless full of martial bravery and vigor." So Thomas Prince portrayed him. He was the man for the hour, as events proved.

On the tenth day of May, 1637, these motley troops embarked at Hartford. With them went Samuel Stone, the Hartford "teacher," as chaplain. Thomas Hooker gave them Godspeed in a speech on their going aboard. The savages, he said, "should be bread for them." The "fleet" comprised "one pink, one pinnace, and one shallop,"—the shallop being impressed for the service from Pynchon of Springfield. They fell down the River, destined first for Saybrook Fort.

The passage was slow and halting from contrary winds



A View on the Lower River Banks.



and low water. After several delays from running aground the Indian contingent became impatient, and asked to be set ashore that they might make their way afoot, promising to rejoin the company at the fort. Their request was granted, but with some misgivings, for their loyalty was not assured. When nearing the fort the fleet came upon Captain Underhill, who had rowed out to meet them. At the moment the chaplain was "at prayer in the midst of the soldiers," the hearts of all being "perplexed," fearing treachery in their Indian allies. Underhill silently brought his boat alongside and awaited the close of the unwonted scene on the still River. Then he cheered all mightily with the news of the arrival of the allies and of a great exploit by them as a pledge of their fidelity. He told how upon reaching the fort they were for instantly falling out in search of Pequots lurking in the neighborhood; how it being "the Lord's day" they were held back till the next morning; how they then sallied forth, and presently returned triumphantly bringing in five gory Pequot heads and one wretched prisoner who had been a spy on the garrison for Sassacus. Lion Gardiner in his later "History" gives a different version of this affair. According to his story, the Indians were sent on the adventure by himself to test their loyalty. A band of Pequots had passed near the fort in a canoe the night before, and Uncas was told that if he would send twenty of his men after them and "fetch them dead or alive" he could remain with Mason's company; "else not." However, be the details as they may, the performance was accepted by all the English as a "special providence," and brought them much relief.

A gruesome sequel to this affair was the disposition of the prisoner-spy. Uncas and his men insisted upon executing him according to the manners of their ancestors.

The English, in the circumstances in which they were, did not judge it prudent to interpose. Kindling a large fire, the Indians violently tore him limb from limb. Then cutting his flesh in pieces they handed it from one to another and devoured it, singing and dancing the while round the fire. The bones and parts that were not consumed in this dreadful repast were "committed to the flames and burnt to ashes."

Mason's "army" was detained at Saybrook Fort, wind-bound, for three or four days. The time was occupied by the officers, — Underhill and Gardiner and the others, — in discussing a plan of campaign. Gardiner marvelled, as he had "wondered" when the Bay men came upon their venture, that so hazardous a design should be attempted with such an inadequate force. Underhill acquiesced in his views. Both declared that they would not join in the expedition unless they "that were bred soldiers" from "their youth up" could see some likelihood of doing better than the Bay men had done. At length it was arranged that twenty of Mason's force should be sent back to Hartford to guard the River settlements, and that their places should be taken by Underhill's "lusty men."

Next the manner of attack was warmly debated, and in this Mason proved the better strategist of the group. He was for a land attack in the rear by way of the Narragansett country. It was known that the Pequots kept a constant guard upon the Pequot River, hard by their stronghold, expecting attack at that point; that their numbers were great, and that they were well supplied with guns; and he reasoned that being on land and swift of foot they might impede a landing there, while if approached and attacked from the rear they might be surprised in their manœuvres; and at worst the English would be on firm



land as well as they. The particulars of the Pequots' strength and preparedness had been learned from the two Wethersfield girls, who fortunately were now at Saybrook Fort, restored by the Dutch, who had retaken them from their captors, "a very friendly office and not to be forgotten," as Mason generously recorded, regardless of the strained relations between the Dutchmen and the English.

The other captains and Mason's principal men long stood out stoutly against his plan as involving too great dangers in an extended march through a hostile wilderness, and too long a campaign. A more speedy despatch of their business was deemed necessary that the yeomen might get back to their farms. Withal it was contrary to the terms of their commission, which expressly enjoined the landing of Mason's forces at Pequot (New London) harbor. And moreover this order was backed by a supplementary letter of instructions from the magistrates. At length, neither side yielding, Mason proposed that the question should be left to the prayers of the chaplain for decision. It was a master-stroke, for it is reasonable to assume that he knew his chaplain. The proposition meeting the approval of all, Mr. Stone was sought aboard the pink, and importuned to "commend" their business "to the Lord that night." Mr. Stone promised his prayers, and all retired to await the result. Bright and early the next morning the chaplain came ashore to the major's chamber, and informed him that the night of prayer had "fully satisfied" him that they should sail for Narragansett. Thereupon the council was reconvened, and the astute major's plan was adopted without further ado. All, seemingly, were assured in their Puritan minds, unvexed by theological doubts, that it had divine indorsement in direct response to their chaplain's petition.

Mason, disciplined soldier that he was, frankly pointed out, in his Narrative of after years, the hazard of such departure as his from the definite instructions of official superiors, and justified it only on the ground of necessity. "I declare not this," he wrote in his quaint way, "to encourage any soldier to act beyond their commission, or contrary to it: for in so doing they run a double hazard. There was a great commander in Belgia who did the States great service in taking a city; but by going beyond his commission lost his life. His name was Grubben-dunk." If, however, a war is to be managed by judgment and discretion, "the Shews are many times contrary to what they seem to pursue: whereof the more an Enterprize is dissembled and kept secret, the more facile to put in Execution: as the Proverb, the farthest way about is some times the nearest way home." So, — and here he struck a note which has been echoed by many a trained captain since his day, — "in Matters of War those who are both able and faithful should be improved, and then bind them not up into too narrow a Compass. For it is not possible for the ablest Senator to forsee all Accidents and Occurrents that fall out in the Management and Pursuit of a War. Nay, although possibly he might be trained up in Military Affairs; and truly much less can he have any great Knowledge who hath had but little experience therein."

Mason's campaign, under all the circumstances, was the most remarkable of colonial wars. The expedition set sail on a Friday for Narragansett Bay and arrived at their port toward evening of Saturday. There they kept Sunday aboard their boats. High winds obliged them to remain off shore for two days longer. After sunset of Tuesday a

landing was effected, and Mason with a guard marched up to the chief sachem's wigwam, where the chief was met. With the formality dear to the Indian heart the captain explained their appearance in arms in the sachem's country and stated their desire only to pass through it to the Pequot land. The English doubted not his acceptance of their coming, "there being love betwixt himself" and them, since their object was to avenge themselves, "God assisting," upon his own enemies, as well as theirs, for the "intolerable wrongs and injuries" that had been done. The chief approved their design, but "spake slightly" of them in saying that he thought their numbers too weak to deal with this enemy, who were "very great captains, and men skilful in war." Mason, however, let the slight pass, for the free thoroughfare desired was attained.

Early the next morning, leaving their vessels under protection, the overland march was begun, along Indian trails. That day eighteen or twenty miles were made, and "Nay-anticke" (Niantic) was reached, where was a fort of another Narragansett sachem, Miantonomo, on the Pequot frontier. The Indians here appeared haughty and carried themselves "very proudly." They would not permit Mason's men to enter their fort. This lofty attitude was met with prompt and effective action. A guard was posted about the fort and all were imprisoned within their own stronghold, warned that none should stir out under peril of his life. And none did. Thus, also, they were prevented from discovering the little army to the foe. That night the English quartered serenely near the fort, no "hostile" venturing to disturb them. The following morning several of Miantonomo's men came forward to enlist in the expedition, and soon others were encouraged to join. Gathering into a ring, one after another made "solemn protestations

how gallantly they would demean themselves, and how many" of the enemy "they would kill." At eight o'clock the march was resumed with some five hundred of these Indians added to the line. A toilsome tramp of about twelve miles brought the invaders to the Pococatuck River, between the present Westerly and Stonington, at a ford where they were told the Pequots usually fished. Now the Narragansetts who had so boasted of their prowess began to show fear, and many turned back homeward.

Three miles farther on the army came upon a field newly planted with Indian corn. At this evidence that the enemy was nigh, a council of war was held. The Narragansetts still remaining informed them of two Pequot forts, both almost impregnable. It was resolved to assault both at once. But learning that they were a long march apart, the English were constrained to accept the nearest; "much grieved" thereat, because the farther one was the stronghold of Sassacus, whom they were impatient to fight. Moving now "in a silent manner," the march was continued for about an hour into the moonlit night. Then coming upon a swamp between two hills, in the present town of Groton, they pitched their little camp, much wearied with hard travel. "The rocks were their pillows," yet "rest was pleasant." Their sentries, posted at some distance forward, "heard the enemy singing at the fort, who continued that strain till midnight with great insulting and rejoicing," for, having seen the pinnacles sail by them some days before, they believed that the English were "afraid and durst not come near them."

Soon after daylight the men were roused. "Briefly commending themselves and their design to God," they were prepared immediately for the assault. Only two miles more were to be covered before the enemy were met.

Reaching the foot of a hill, Mason was told that the fort was on its top. Now the remnant of the Narragansett allies had faded from sight.

The fort consisted of a long palisade strengthened with trees and brushwood, elevated above the Mystic River, near its head. There were two entrances. Within were clusters of wigwams occupied by the families of the braves and containing their stores. It was decided to force both entrances at the same time. Accordingly the army was divided, Mason leading one division, Underhill the other. Again "commending themselves to God," the advance was silently begun. When Mason's band had approached within a rod of the entrance chosen for their attack, a dog was heard to bark inside the fort. Then a startled Indian cry rang out, — "Owanux! Owanux!" which is, 'English! English.' Rushing up, the force opened fire through the palisade; then, wheeling, fell upon the entrance, the bulky Mason at the head clambering over brush breast-high which blocked it. The surprise was complete. The fighting men were in heavy sleep prolonged by their night's feasting and dancing when the English were upon them. Dazed by the suddenness of the onslaught, they caught up their weapons for defence, but too late. Encountering no Indian at the entrance, Mason strode forward to the first wigwam. Entering, he was beset by a number who had been here concealed watching his movements and ready "to lay hands on him." A hot fight ended in their vanquishment; one Indian was killed, the others fled. The captain then passed beyond into the lane or street, and followed it toward the end where Underhill's division had entered, the Indians between them scattering and shooting their arrows as they ran. Then "facing about," he marched "a slow pace"

back along the lane, much blown by his exertions. Near the entrance he observed "two soldiers standing close to the palisade with their swords pointed to the ground." Joining them he declared that the enemy could never be killed off in that way; "we must burn them!" And rushing back to the wigwam that he had first entered, he seized a firebrand and applied it to the dry mats which served as covering. Instantly the tent was ablaze, and the flames ran fiercely through the enclosure.

"When [the fire] was thoroughly kindled the Indians ran as men dreadfully amazed. And indeed such a dreadful Terror did the Almighty let fall upon their Spirits that they would fly from us and run into the very flames, where many of them perished. And when the Fort was thoroughly fired, command was given that all should fall off and surround the Fort which was readily attended by all. . . . The fire was kindled on the northeast side to windward; which did swiftly overrun the Fort to the extreme amazement of the enemy, and great rejoicing of ourselves. Some of them climbing to the top of the Palisado, others of them running into the very flames; many of them gathering to windward lay pelting at us with their arrows, and we repayed them with our small shot. Others of the stoutest issued forth, as we did guess to the number of 40, who perished by the sword . . . .

"Thus were they now at their wits end, who not many hours before exalted themselves in their great pride, threatening and resolving the utter ruin and destruction of all the English, exulting and rejoicing with songs and dances. But God was above them, who laughed his enemies and the enemies of His People to scorn, making them as a fiery oven: Thus were the Stout Hearted spoiled, having slept their last sleep and none of their Men could find their Hands: Thus did the Lord judge among the Heathen, filling the Place with dead Bodies!

"And here we may see the first judgment of God in sending even the very night before this Assault 150 men from their other Fort to join with them of this place, who were designed, as some of themselves reported, to go forth against the English at that very in-

stant when this heavy stroke came upon them, where they perished with their fellows. And thus in little more than one hour's space was their impregnable Fort with themselves utterly destroyed to the number of 600 or 700, as some of themselves confessed. There were only 7 taken captive, and about 7 escaped. Of the English there were 2 slain outright, and about 20 wounded."

Such is the pious report of the valiant captain. Women and children perished in the flames, or in the slaughter. No quarter was given. "Bereaved of pity and without compassion," the English struck the frenzied creatures down as they attempted to escape the awful fire. "Great and doleful," said Underhill in his narrative, "was the bloody sight to the view of young soldiers, to see so many souls lie gasping on the ground, so thick you could hardly pass along." It was a cruel and barbarous thing. But no more cruel and barbarous was it than the warfare that "Christian" peoples of our own "enlightened" times have waged upon foes we term savages, and probably not so fiendish, in the execution, as the fate which awaited the white men had the Pequots been successful in their own stratagems.

With the destruction of the fort the fighting was not ended. The army, again on the move, headed in the direction of Pequot harbor, where their vessels left at Narragansett Bay were to meet them. But there was no certainty that the boats would be there. As they marched their way was beset by perils. Somewhere, perhaps in their path, was the other fort whose warriors might at any moment be upon them. Several members of the little force were detailed to carry the wounded, and others their heavy arms, so that only about forty were available for action. Their ammunition was running short. All were weary from the recent conflict. The remaining Indian contingent, save Uncas and his men,

were of little service to them, but rather a hindrance. They had proceeded only a short distance when the officers held a consultation as to what course to pursue. At this moment, from the high land overlooking the water, their vessels were espied sailing "before a fine gale of wind" into Pequot harbor. As they were rejoicing at the sight they saw the enemy from the other fort coming up the hill slope, three hundred or more strong. Immediately Mason led out a file or two and advanced upon them, "chiefly to try what temper they were in." They were soon scattered. Much elated, the army marched on, some of the allies now taking the burden of the wounded in place of their comrades, thus leaving the latter free for action. Shortly the routed Indians were again encountered. They had come upon the ruined fort and the ashes of its inmates and had been thrown into great rage by the sight. Then they had turned about and started back for the English, leaping down the hill like a whirlwind upon them. Underhill held the rear of the marching army. When they had come within musket range his men faced about and poured a volley into the shouting horde. Some were killed; the rest were made "more wary." Thereafter they hovered around the column, darting in and out of cover, from behind trees and rocks, firing their arrows much at random. So a running fight was kept up to within two miles of the harbor, with but slight hurt to the armored English. Here the enemy "gathered together" and left them; while with their colors flying the victors marched to the hill-top adjoining the harbor. Seeing their vessels riding at anchor below, "to their great rejoicing," they hastened to the water-side and "there sat down in quiet."

The homeward journey was made overland, the wounded being conveyed by water. With the fleet met in



Pequot harbor was Captain Patrick of the Bay Colony, who had come out in a bark from Boston with forty men. Some altercation took place between him and Captain Underhill; and Captain Mason was nettled at Patrick's intimation that he had come to their relief, thinking they were being pursued by the enemy. Matters, however, were amicably arranged; and the return to Saybrook Fort was made without further incident, Patrick accompanying Mason on the march through the woods. Reaching the east side of the River, the army were "nobly entertained" by Captain Gardiner with a salvo of "great guns." The next morning they were transported across to the fort, where the gallant Gardiner extended further courtesies to them. Then they sailed back to their up-River homes, and there were received "with great triumph and rejoicing, and praising God for his goodness" in crowning them with success and restoring them with so little loss.

Note was made of various "special providences" in escapes from death by the Indians' arrows. A unique case was that of Lieutenant Bull, who "had an arrow shot into a hard piece of cheese, having no other armour": upon which Captain Mason shrewdly remarked that it might "verify the old saying, 'A little armour would serve if a man knew where to place it.'"

But the war was not yet over. The crippled Pequots were now to be destroyed as a tribe. Soon after Mason's army had departed from their country they abandoned their remaining fort and their lands, scattering in bands. A few sought refuge with depending tribes. The great body turned toward Manhattan. Sassacus and seventy or eighty of his best warriors took the route to the Hudson. The flight had scarcely begun when the English

were hunting them down. News of the exploit of the Connecticut force, carried to Massachusetts Bay by an Indian runner sent out by Roger Williams at Providence, had roused the Eastern colonies. At once the Bay men despatched their main army, recruited for this war, to the scene of action. The Plymouth Colony also engaged to send an expedition, with Lieutenant Holmes as leader. Meanwhile the River government had promptly taken steps to occupy the Pequot country. On the 23d of June the court at Hartford ordered that thirty men, "out of the three River plantations," be sent to "sett down" therein, to "maintain our right that God by conquest hath given us." A fortnight or three weeks later the Bay force appeared in Pequot harbor in a little fleet. It consisted of one hundred and twenty men, under Captain Israel Stoughton, with John Wilson, first minister of Boston, as chaplain. Almost simultaneously the Hartford Court ordered forward a new company of forty men, under Captain Mason, for "further prosecution of the war." This force immediately made a junction with Stoughton at Pequot harbor. Along with Mason went Ludlow, Haynes, and other principal men of the River towns for counsel. Miantonomo, the Narragansetts' sachem, and two hundred of his warriors, also came to the encampment. Uncas and his men, too, were on hand.

Then pursuit of the wretched fugitives began. Encumbered by their women and children, and scantily provisioned, their flight was slow. One band, half-famished and miserable, were come upon by the Bay men in a secluded swamp in Groton. Of a hundred taken, the women and children, eighty of them, were reserved for bondage; while the men (except two sachems saved for a while because they promised to track Sassacus) were "turned into



A Seaward Look across the Marshes, Saybrook.

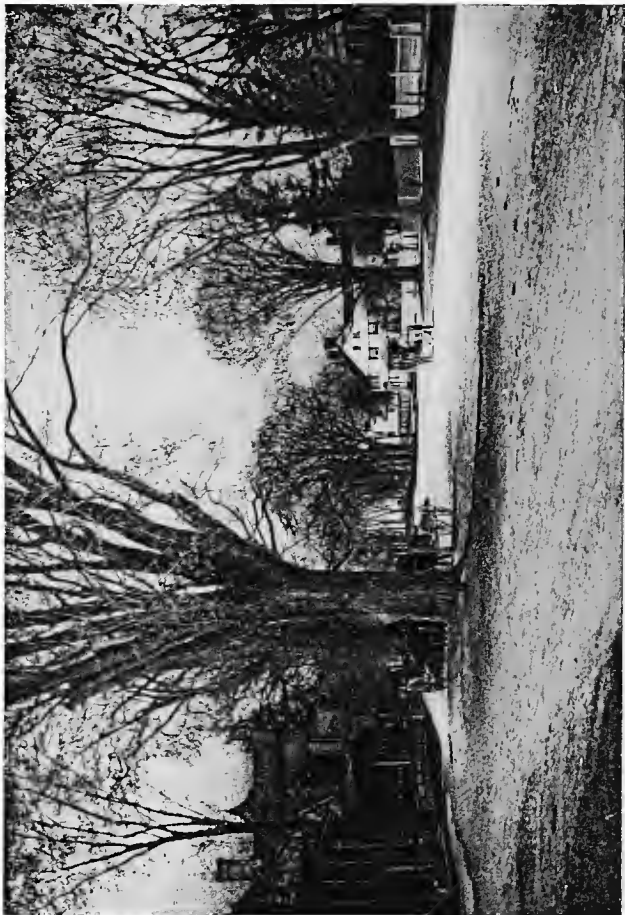


Charon's ferry boat under the command of Skipper Gallop," and "despatched" in the sea. The pursuit was followed westerly through the shore woods, the vessels sailing along the Sound as the troops marched. Our River was crossed to Saybrook Fort. A few miles beyond, at Menunketuck, now Guilford, the captured sachems were beheaded. The name, "Sachem's Head," still borne by the Point which here reaches into the Sound, denotes the place of their execution. At Unquowa, now Fairfield, beyond the Housatonic's mouth, the final battle took place, the fiercest of all. This was the "Great Swamp Fight" in which Sassacus and his braves were encountered, with two hundred Indians of the neighborhood. The English won, but Sassacus with many of his warriors escaped, and fled to the Mohawks. After this fight the troops returned, while the Mohegans and Narragansetts kept up the chase of scattered bands, repeatedly bringing in to Hartford and Windsor in triumph gory heads of the slain. Sassacus met his fate at the hands of the Mohawks soon after joining them, and his scalp was sent to Hartford. In September, Ludlow, Pynchon, and several others journeyed overland to Boston, carrying a piece of the dead sachem's skin and a lock of his hair; and these they displayed before the Bay leaders as "a rare sight and a sure demonstration of the death of their mortal enemy." Then a great day of thanksgiving and prayer was held in the three colonies.

The captured Pequot women and children were distributed among the troops. Of those taken to Massachusetts some were sent to the West Indies and sold as slaves. The remnant of the tribe at length surrendered, and were amalgamated with the Mohegans and the Narragansetts. Their surviving chief men, through whom the surrender

was made, came to Hartford and humbly offered to be servants to the English. Only about two hundred adult males are said to have been left after eight hundred or more had been killed or taken. Their tribal name was blotted out. They were never more to inhabit their country. They were to pay an annual tribute to the Connecticut Colony, their lands were divided between Connecticut and Massachusetts. The Pequot River subsequently became the Thames. Captain Mason was made "public military officer" of the plantations, and the train band was instituted.

This complete crushing of a great and domineering tribe by a handful of Englishmen had a salutary effect on all the other New England Indians, and while troubles with them were not wholly banished from the River towns, no open war was again had for nearly forty years. It cleared the country along Long Island Sound for settlement, and colonization at points above and below the River's mouth almost immediately followed.



The Heart of Old Saybrook.





## IX

### Philip's War in the Valley

The Direful Conflict of 1675-1676 Centering in the Massachusetts Reach — Philip of the Wampanoags — The frontier River Towns — Hadley the Military Headquarters — Gathering of the Colonial forces — The "Regicide" Goffe perhaps a Secret Observer of the Spectacle — The apocryphal Tale of the "Angel of Deliverance" — First Assault upon Deerfield — Northfield Destroyed — Fatal March of Captain Beers toward Northfield — The Ambuscade on "Beers's Plain" — Ghastly Sight meeting the Gaze of a Relief Force — A Sunday Attack upon Deerfield.

**I**N the autumn of 1675 the theatre of the so-called King Philip's War was transferred from the Narragansett country to the Connecticut Valley, centering about the frontier settlements of the Massachusetts Reach. This war was begun the previous summer with the outbreak of the Poconokets, or Wampanoags, led by Philip, or Metacomo, son and second successor of that Massasoit who welcomed the Pilgrims at their coming, and soon engaged the tribes of interior Massachusetts and involved all the New England colonies. While Uncas and his Mohegans, with the minor tribes within the jurisdiction of the Connecticut Colony, remained faithful to and fought together with the whites, almost every town in the Valley was endangered, and the whole region felt the effect of the conflict of nearly a year's duration, direful to the colonies and ruinous to the tribes.

The Indians of this war were a far more formidable enemy than the Pequots thirty-eight years before. Their weapons were no longer confined to the arrow, the tomahawk, and the scalping knife. The "lust of gain" on

the part of white men had supplied many of them, in defiance of prohibitory laws, with firearms, powder, and shot. They fought, as before, with stealthy surprise and from ambush, but with a much greater familiarity with the methods of the English. They had lived closer to the colonists, generally in amicable relations, and had thus become intimate with their homes and their customs, and they knew the most vulnerable points of attack. The English armies brought into the field were also vastly different from the bands of yeomanry, intrepid though they were, who had overwhelmed the Pequots. They included troops of horse and infantry, enlisted in the several colonies, all under experienced officers, — none, however, abler or braver than Mason, Underhill, and Stoughton of the Pequot War. The Connecticut forces raised in the River towns were sometime under Major Treat, Mason's successor as military chief of the colony; but at the outset Major John Pynchon of Springfield, son of the founder, William Pynchon, was the chief commander.

The war was shifted to the Valley upon the scattering of Philip and his warriors by the "Swamp Fight" at Tiverton, Rhode Island, in July, and their flight to the Nipmucks' country in central Massachusetts; and upon the siege and burning of Brookfield by the Nipmucks in August, just before Philip's arrival at their rendezvous. The conflict, impelled at the outset by the "impulse of suspicion on the one side and passion on the other," was now assuming what the colonists had feared and expected to prevent by the crushing of the Wampanoags in their own country, — the proportions of a general Indian uprising.

That Philip had been plotting in secret the union of tribes for such an uprising had repeatedly been charged;

but evidence of a deliberate conspiracy was wanting. The haughty chieftain had grieved at the steady curtailment of the dominions of the tribes, repenting with others the "alienation of vast tracts by affixing a shapeless mark to a bond"; had been among the first of the chiefs to foresee the danger of extermination; and had resented the English claim to jurisdiction over his people. Suspected of hostile intentions, he had suffered the indignity of being compelled to surrender his English firearms, and to enter into certain stipulations with the Plymouth Colony. Accused of failing to fulfil these stipulations, he had been sentenced to pay a heavy tribute. The earlier opening of war upon him by Plymouth had been prevented only through the interposition of the Bay Colony magistrates, to whom he appealed, and his acknowledgment of the unconditional supremacy of the Plymouth Colony. At about this time he had as a sort of secretary or counsellor a "Praying Indian," one of the converts to the Englishmen's religion and sometime a teacher in the Indian village at Natick, near Boston, who had apostatized and fled to him. Subsequently this Indian, reclaimed through the efforts of the good apostle, Eliot, reported that he was engaged anew in a hostile plot. Thereupon he was summoned to submit to another examination, and the wrath of his fighting men was thus aroused. The informer was waylaid and killed. Three of Philip's men, accused of the assassination, were taken by the Plymouth authorities, tried by a jury composed one-half of Englishmen, the other half of Indians, convicted on slender evidence, and hanged. The young warriors of the tribe, panting for revenge, retaliated with attacks upon Swansea. At once the alarm of war spread through the colonies. "Thus was Philip hurried into his 'rebellion,' and he is reported to have wept as he heard

that a white man's blood was shed. . . . Against his judgment and his will he was involved in war." So Bancroft records. Some other historians, assuming that Philip's plans were to spring the war a year later, account for these tears in his distress at the premature outbreak. The argument of Bancroft appears the more reasonable. "For what chance had he of success? The English were united; the Indians had no alliance. . . . The English had towns for their shelter and safe retreat; the miserable wigwams of the natives were defenceless; the English had sure supplies of food; the Indians might easily lose their precarious stores." The Wampanoags' country had become narrowed to the neck or eastern shore of Narragansett Bay; the Narragansetts, ultimately brought into the conflict, were hemmed in on the western shore. Other tribes were drawn into the war for similar reasons. "The wild inhabitants of the woods or the seashore could not understand the duty of allegiance to an unknown sovereign, or acknowledge the binding force of a political compact; crowded by hated neighbors, losing fields and hunting grounds . . . they sighed for the forest freedom which was their immemorial birthright."

At the beginning of hostilities in the Valley, Northfield and Deerfield were the frontier settlements on the River northward, the former but two years old, the latter scarcely four. Brookfield, about thirty miles back from the River, with the forest intervening, was the nearest settlement eastward. Lancaster, on the Nashua River, about twenty-five miles northeast of Brookfield, was the next frontier Bay settlement. On the west of the River frontier towns was the almost unbroken wilderness extending to the Hudson. Westfield, ten miles west of Springfield, was the re-



A River Fishing Camp—Camp Wopowog, near East Haddam.



motest plantation on this side. Early in the conflict both Northfield and Deerfield were abandoned, leaving Hatfield, Hadley, and Northampton the frontiers.

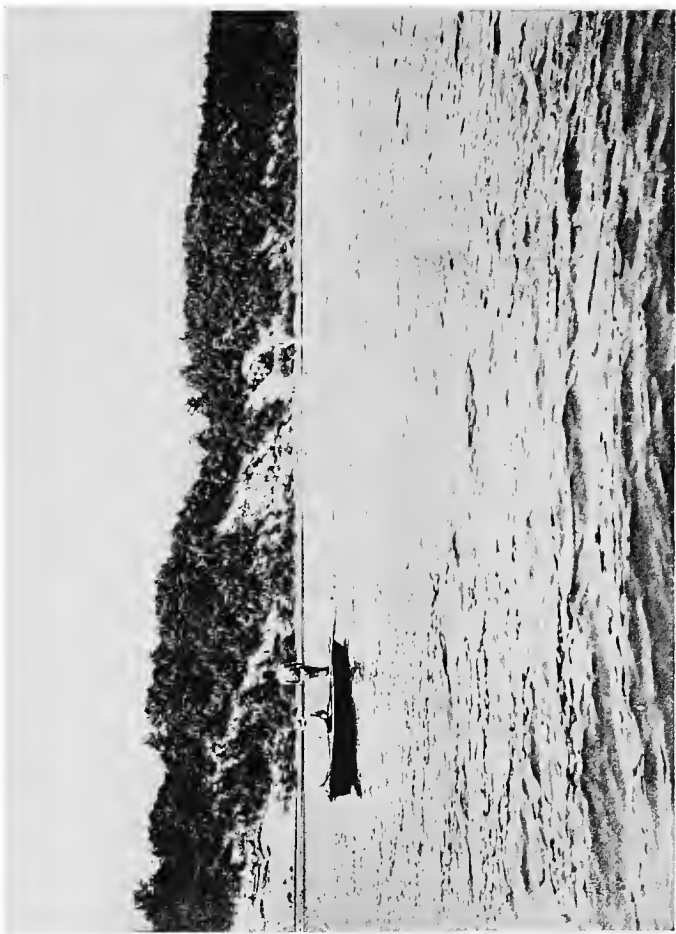
Hadley became the headquarters of military operations in the Valley, and in late August and early September of 1675 the little town of five hundred inhabitants was alive with the coming and going of soldiers. There were at one time and another during these months, Major Treat with a hundred or more Connecticut troops; Captain Appleton of Ipswich, eastern Massachusetts, commanding Bay men; Captain Thomas Lothrop of Beverly, with his choice company, the "Flower of Essex," all "culled" out of the towns belonging to that county, Salem, Danvers, Ipswich, and the rest; Captain Richard Beers of Watertown, near Boston, with his company of foot and horse; Lieutenant William Cooper with Springfield men; Captain Samuel Moseley of Boston, who had commanded a privateer in the waters of the West Indies; and a body of friendly Mohegans under a son of Uncas. The higher officers established themselves at the parsonage, where Parson John Russell and his competent wife provided generous hospitality during the campaign, drawing "divers barrels of beer, and much wine," and setting forth a bountiful table.

Looking out, perhaps, upon this martial scene from his place of concealment in the minister's house, and, also perhaps, longing to have part in it, was the "regicide," Goffe, one of the three of the body of judges who condemned Charles I to the block, who had escaped to New England upon the restoration of the Stuarts in 1660, and, finding refuge in Connecticut, had been shifted from place to place by their steadfast friends when the agents of the crown were after them.

We say perhaps, for there is not a scrap of trustworthy

record associating the old Cromwellian warrior with this momentous time, although he was then concealed in the house of the Hadley minister. The story of his miraculous appearance among the people of Hadley when, at a Fast Day service on the first of September, the meeting-house where they were gathered was suddenly surrounded and attacked by a body of Indians; of the leadership of the venerable stranger, with flowing white locks, and quaint garb, in the rout of the enemy; and of his as miraculous disappearance immediately afterward, leaving the awed people with the conviction that "an angel from God had delivered and saved them";—this thrilling story, which Scott, Hawthorne, and Cooper, historians, poets, story-writers, and orators have woven in tale and verse and impassioned passage, must be dismissed as pure romance. Reluctant as is even the bloodless historical investigator to abandon it as a substantial historical fact, for there is no more inspiring tradition in the annals of New England, it falls to pieces with the simple search of the records. George Sheldon, the Deerfield historian, has applied this cold test with fatal results. He found the legend published for the first time in Hutchinson's *History of Massachusetts* eighty-nine years after the "event," and based upon an unauthenticated anecdote. It is given in connection with Hutchinson's account of the wanderings of the "regicides," derived from Goffe's diary covering their adventures for six or seven years. No mention of such an incident appears in this diary, and Hutchinson relates it solely as "an anecdote handed down through Governor Leverett's family." From this and this only the legend evolved in print and gained with each narrator till it reached the dignity of an accepted fact of history. Not a hint of it is given by the contemporaneous historians of the Indian wars,





Sturgeon Fishing.



nor does it appear in the relations of Connecticut Valley families.

And from a record as slender has developed the circumstantial story of the attack on Hadley at the date given. Hubbard in his authorized history of the Indian wars makes no allusion whatever to an attack here at that time. Nor does Solomon Stoddard, the minister of Northampton, mention it in his letter to Increase Mather, minister of the Second Church in Boston, under date of September 15 (old style), wherein he gives a minute account of the events of the preceding three weeks in the Valley towns. Increase Mather alone has this statement in his history of the wars: "On the first of September 1675 one of our churches in Boston was seeking the face of God by fasting and prayer before him; also that very day the church in Hadley was before the Lord in the same way but were driven from the holy service by a most sudden and violent alarm which routed them the whole day after." Hutchinson, the next narrator, nearly a century later, repeats Mather's statement, but enlarges the "alarm" into an "attack." Then thirty years after Hutchinson comes President Stiles of Yale, in his *History of Three of the Judges of King Charles I*, elaborating the "attack" into a battle about the meeting-house, and adding the "angel" part to the "true story" of Goffe's appearance, "told," he says, at the time he wrote, "in variations in various parts of New England." So the wondrous tale grew to its perfection.

On that first day of September (O. S.) Deerfield was violently attacked and burned; and in this affair Sheldon reasonably sees the occasion of the Hadley "alarm" which Mather recorded. Some latter day historians and writers have fitted the Goffe tradition to a date nine months later, or June 12, 1676, when the Indians really did fall upon

Hadley, as Hubbard relates in detail. But this theory Sheldon shatters as completely as he destroys the tradition, by massing these unquestioned facts: that June 12, 1676, "was not a Fast Day; the inhabitants were not assembled in the meeting-house; the attack was made upon a small party who had fallen in an ambuscade; it was made early in the morning; the town was not in a defenceless position," for five hundred Connecticut men under Major Talcott had recently arrived, joining others already in the village, so that no Cromwellian leader or "angel" was necessary for its deliverance.

Sheldon's refutation of this cherished tradition was published thirty years ago. But still the tale is told; and the credulous stranger is confidently shown the spot where the "battle" about the meeting-house was fought under the lead of the mysterious captain who appeared "like an angel from heaven." The stranger shall see, however, a genuine landmark in the site of the parsonage which sheltered the mysterious captain.

The war was precipitated in the River towns by an attempt to disarm a band of the local Pocumtucks and others who had made a pretense of friendliness, but were suspected of intention to join Philip's allies concentrating in the woods between Hadley and Northfield; by pursuit of them when they fled from their fort in Hatfield and were actually on the way; and by a fight with them in a swamp south of Sugarloaf peak, from which they escaped. This encounter occurred on one of the last days of August, and engaged Captains Lothrop and Beers with their men. Earlier small garrisons had been posted at Northampton, Hatfield, Deerfield (then Pocumtuck), and Northfield (then Squakheag). The fight under the shadow of Sugarloaf

was followed by the first overt act, the attack upon Deerfield of September 1 (O. S.). In this affair the settlers had barely time to reach the garrison houses before these shelters were besieged. They were successfully defended, but the force was too weak in numbers to sally out and drive the enemy. So the savages were able to plunder and burn several houses and barns before they left.

On the very next day, September 2 (O. S.), the outpost of Northfield was attacked. This infant settlement then comprised a collection of log huts, the central one being the meeting-house, surrounded by a stockade and fort. The enemy surprised the settlers when they were about their daily work. Some were cut down in their houses, others while coming from the meadows. Eight were killed. The rest, men, women, and children, crowded into the fort, whence they witnessed the slaughter of their cattle, the destruction of their grain, and the burning of the few houses outside the stockade. The following day, unaware of this attack, and supposing that the "hostiles" were now all on the west side of the River, Captain Beers was despatched from Hadley with thirty-six troopers and a supply train of ox-carts, to secure the Northfield garrison.

Theirs was a fatal journey ending in the first crushing disaster of the campaign in the Valley.

The post was in the wilderness thirty miles distant from Hadley. The way to it lay along the east side of the River through a forest almost continuous, marked by rough wood-paths or trails, where now are the towns of Sunderland, Montague, and Erving. At night the command bivouacked in a pleasant spot above Miller's River. The next morning, leaving their horses under guard, they continued on foot with the supply wagons, having no thought of danger in their path. So they marched on unguard-

edly to a point within about two miles of their destination. Here, in a swampy ravine, the enemy were awaiting them in an ambushade. They fell into the snare without a moment's warning, and a considerable number were instantly slain. The survivors scattered; but, soon rallied by Captain Beers, they made a stand on the side of a hill above the ravine. This ground was bravely held against an overwhelming force till the captain fell. Then the remnant broke, and, leaving the carts and their wounded behind, fled back through the forest to Hadley. Of the thirty-six troopers of the command only sixteen escaped. Three taken prisoners were said to have been burned at the stake on the battlefield.

The ground where the trap was sprung is now known in Northfield as "Beers's Plain," and the hill where the captain fought to his death is to-day "Beers's Mountain." It is an eminence in the range which extends on the east side of the town. Here, on the south side, is the captain's grave. Both Beers's Plain and the grave are now suitably marked by tablets. Beers was an officer, we are told, of sterling valor, and a public servant of "approved patriotism and usefulness." At the time that he fell he was a member of the Massachusetts General Court, where he had represented his town for thirteen years. He had been in this Squakheag country five years before as a member of a prospecting party. So, as the local historians remark, he was among the first of Europeans to see this beautiful and fertile tract, and one of the first to be buried in its soil.

Two days after the Northfield disaster, when the survivors had returned to camp with their story, Major Treat with a hundred dragoons hastened up to succor the Northfield force and settlers, and to take them off if any

remained. Coming upon the ground of the fight, the troops were startled and most "solemnly affected" by the spectacle of a row of twenty ghastly heads of the dead soldiers stuck upon poles set up near the roadside; and one awful figure hanging from the bough of a tree by a chain hooked into the under jaw, having the appearance of being thus suspended while yet alive. The "doleful sight" quickened their steps. Reaching the garrison the people were found safe inside the stockade where they had been confined for five days. The bodies of the slain still lay on the meadow where they fell, and a detachment was detailed to bury them. In the midst of this pious duty the men were surprised by a volley from neighboring bushes in which Indians had been skulking, and Major Treat was hit by a spent ball. In fear of a general attack the work was abruptly stopped, with only one body buried, — that of Sergeant Wright of Northampton, the commander of the garrison, — and preparations were hastened for departure. At dusk all were hurried off with what they could carry. On the fearsome return march, constantly apprehensive of some deadly surprise in the sombre woods, they were cheered by an unexpected meeting with Captain Appleton coming up with an additional force. He would have them turn back and with the combined forces give the enemy chase. But the strain had been too much. The "greatest part" advised "to the contrary." So the march was resumed, and Hadley at length reached.

After the English evacuation the Indians burned what was left of Northfield, the fort, and the houses. In subsequent periods of the war, the place was a rendezvous of the River tribes consorting with Philip.

With the abandonment of Northfield, Deerfield became

the outermost town. It was now a weak hamlet of a few settlers, much exposed by their situation to the enemy. At the outbreak of the war its inhabitants, according to Sheldon, numbered about one hundred and twenty-five, of whom only twenty-five or thirty were men. The houses were scattered the length of the present Deerfield Old Street, the pride of the beautiful town. Three of the houses were fortified with palisades. These were the garrison houses or forts. The principal one was the "Stockwell Fort" on Meetinghouse Hill, the natural centre of the town, where it is now the Common with its monuments. This was the house of Quintin Stockwell, where the minister boarded. The other two garrison houses were north and south of it. In both these directions the road dropped from the hill into a quagmire, which was covered with a causeway of logs. On three sides of the village were the deep open meadows spreading north, south, and westward to the virgin forest. From the hills on the east and west every movement in the Valley town could be observed by the Indian spies. So the post was a difficult one to defend. The outlet to the other settlements was by way of Hatfield, the nearest plantation, on the south.

On September 10 (O. S.), shortly after the return from Northfield, Captain Appleton was sent up to garrison Deerfield with his men. Two days later, on a Sunday, the place was again attacked. The preparations for the assault were stealthily made while the soldiers were collected with the settlers in the Stockwell Fort at the Sunday service. In the swamp north of Meetinghouse Hill an ambush was laid to cut off the men of the north garrison upon their return. After the service, as a body of twenty-two were crossing the causeway, they were fired upon from this ambuscade. Only one was wounded, however, and all





Salmon River, East Haddam, Idling to the Connecticut.



managed to retreat to Stockwell's. Then, turning to the north, the enemy intercepted the one sentinel in the north fort, and he was "never afterward heard from." Appleton rallied his men and sallying from his cover succeeded in driving the savages from the village. But before this was accomplished the north fort had been set on fire, much of the live stock had been killed or captured, and provisions and other spoils had been taken to the Indian rendezvous on Pine Hill, north of the Street.

An "express" carried the news of this affair to Northampton, and by Monday night a party of volunteers, with some of Captain Lothrop's company, arrived to the town's relief. The next morning the combined forces under Appleton's lead marched up to Pine Hill, but to no purpose, for the savages had fled. That night Captain Moseley was despatched from Hadley to strengthen the Deerfield garrison.

Now approached "that most fatal day, the saddest that ever befel New England," as Hubbard wrote, — the day of the disastrous "Battle of Bloody Brook."

## X

### The Battle of Bloody Brook

Slaughter of the "Flower of Essex" at South Deerfield while Convoying a Provision Train—The Sudden Attack from Ambush by a Swarm of Braves—Many of Captain Lothrop's Men idly gathering Grapes by the Brookside when the Warwhoop rang out—Desperate After-fight by Captain Moseley—Memorials of the Battle—The Legend of "King Philip's Chair"—Destruction of Deerfield.

**T**HIS was the calamitous engagement at Bloody Brook, in South Deerfield, less than a week after the Sunday raid upon the Deerfield garrison, in which were miserably slaughtered the "Flower of Essex," surprised by a body of nearly a thousand of the enemy in ambush.

Captain Lothrop had volunteered his command to convoy a provision train laden with a quantity of threshed wheat from Deerfield to the headquarters at Hadley. This was to be added to the stores for the supply of the forces now concentrating at Hadley preparatory to the undertaking of aggressive operations in the field, in accordance with new orders from the council of war at Hartford, issued after the Northfield affair. With eighty of his picked men Lothrop had reached Deerfield without hindrance, and was on the return march to Hadley with the train of ox-carts with Deerfield men as drivers, when the trap was sprung.

The procession, headed by the troops with the string of carts following, had filed through Deerfield Old Street, passed up Bars Long Hill, and proceeded slowly and

carelessly along the old Hatfield road, then the narrow Pocumtuck Path through the primeval woods. "Confident in their numbers, scorning danger, not even a vanguard or flanker was thrown out" by the captain. From the top of Long Hill the path, as Sheldon in his Deerfield history definitely outlines it, lay through the dense forest for a mile and a half; then approached on the left a narrow swampy thicket trending southward, through which the brook crept sluggishly; then skirted this swamp another mile to a point where the brook narrowed and turned to the right; here crossed the brook diagonally, leaving the marsh on the right. The soldiers had reached thus far and halted on the other side of the brook while the teams behind were slowly dragging their heavy loads through the mire. So care-free were they that many of them put their guns in the carts and left the path to gather the luscious grapes then in abundance on the wayside. These "proved dear and deadly grapes to *them*," says Mather. For close by, as Sheldon pictures, "the silent morass on either flank was covered with grim warriors prone upon the ground, their tawny bodies indistinguishable from the slime in which they crawled, or their scarlet plumes and crimson paint from the glowing tints of the dying year on leaf and vine. Eagerly, but breathless and still, they waited the signal." The hidden mass of near a thousand comprised Nipmucks, Philip's Wampanoags, and the local Pocumtuck clans, led by the sachems who had directed the surprise at Northfield. Suddenly the fierce war-whoop rang in the ears of the astonished Englishmen, and a murderous volley burst from the morass.

A considerable number dropped at the first fire. Lothrop held to the theory of fighting Indians in their own way. Quickly recovering from the surprise, he apparently directed

his men to take to the cover of the nearest trees and pick off the enemy, each singling out his man, after the Indian mode of warfare. At the first assault the "godly and courageous commander" himself fell fighting, leaving the command without a head. Almost immediately they were surrounded. And so the fine, brave fellows, "none of whom was ashamed to speak with the enemy in the gate," were miserably crushed by overwhelming numbers, and finally sank, "one great sacrifice to the tomahawk." Only seven or eight escaped the dreadful onslaught. Of the Deerfield men who had charge of the carts as teamsters, seventeen in all, none survived.

Captain Moseley, ranging the woods in another direction with sixty men, heard the firing and hastened to the scene. When he arrived the massacre was complete, and many of the victors remaining on the field were stripping the dead and plundering the carts. Charging into the disorganized mass, he drove them from their prey. Some of the eastern Indians among them recognized him, and as they stood off with the rest dared him to combat. "Come, Moseley, come," they shouted derisively, "you seek Indians, here's Indians enough for you!" With his force in a compact body he at once "swept through them, cutting down all within the reach of his fire." Thus he fought for five or six long hours, checking all attempts of the Indians to surround his men, or get at the wounded. Still he was unable to rout them or keep them long off their rich plunder. At length, when about to withdraw from the unequal conflict, relief suddenly came. Major Treat appeared with a hundred Connecticut soldiers, and a band of Mohegans led by a son of Uncas. Treat had been marching up from Northampton, and on the way had heard the firing. Following the sound he came upon the

conflict. With his arrival the enemy broke. They were pursued through the woods and swamps till nightfall ended the chase. Moseley's loss in the day's engagement was slight.

The united forces marched back to Deerfield with the wounded, and spent the night there. The next morning, Sunday, they returned to the field to bury the dead. Scouts were sent out and sentinels posted to prevent a surprise while the work was in progress. A common grave was dug some rods from the fatal morass, and here the "Flower of Essex" were buried with a soldier's tribute.

The spot where the attack began was marked with a little wooden monument by the settlers who came in after the close of the war, and the sluggish stream was given the crimson name it has since borne. A century and a half later, the common grave of the slain was identified and marked by a flat stone, which one may now see in a front yard close to the sidewalk of the South Deerfield main street. At the same time the present monument, a shaft of stone, was erected to mark the battlefield. This monument stands near the edge of the morass in which the Indians formed their ambuscade. It was at the laying of the corner-stone, on the 30th of September, 1835, that Edward Everett delivered his oration on the Battle of Bloody Brook, passages from which school-boys of past generations have eloquently declaimed. To the same occasion, Mrs. Sigourney, the "bard of Hartford," contributed a poem. At subsequent observances of the anniversary the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, nephew of the first orator, and William Everett, the orator's son, contributed poems which survive in the literature of the Valley. The modern electric car, thundering through the peaceful village, between Deerfield and Hatfield and Northampton

below, skirts the scene of "Bloody Brook," and passes close by the quaint monument inscribed with its story.

On the face of South Sugarloaf, in a recess in the cliff below a great shelf of rock jutting out from the front, is the sheltered "King Philip's Chair," whence, as runs the tradition of the Valley, the great chieftain beheld the affair at the brook, of his planning. But as Sheldon, best of authorities, asserts, "there is no evidence that Philip was present, and the probabilities are against it." Still the place and the legend survive, and doubtless will survive, fixtures in history, unscathed by the assaults of iconoclasts. The spot is most sightly and commands a superb sweep of view. In the little village the sanguinary name of the tragic brook is preserved in local titles; most conspicuously appearing on the inn with its vine-covered double front piazzas. Standing back from the pleasant main street, it bears some resemblance to the country tavern of simpler days than these, which we term and sometimes welcome as old-fashioned.

While Captain Moseley and Major Treat were on the battle-ground with their men engaged in burying the dead, Deerfield was having another experience with the enemy. A lot of them were passing by the garrison in an attempt to return to the prey at the brook. As a challenge they hung up in sight of the garrison some English garments probably taken from the bodies of the slain in the battle. But Captain Appleton frightened them away by the clever and not uncommon stratagem of causing his trumpeter to sound a call as if summoning troops in reserve. Three or four days later Deerfield was finally abandoned. The troops were ordered back to Hadley, and the inhabitants were scattered in the several





Salmon River.  
"By mossy bank and darkly waving wood."



towns below. Shortly after the Indians wholly destroyed the settlement.

The eventful month of September closed with a series of sporadic attacks in various sections. On the 26th (O. S.) Major Pynchon's farmhouse, barns, and crops on the west side of the River opposite Springfield were burned. On the 28th two Northampton men, "Praisever Turner and Uzackaby Shackspeer," were killed, when outside that village to cut wood. "The Indians cut off their scalps, took their arms, and were gone in a trice." On the 30th (O. S.) Pynchon wrote from Hadley to Governor Leverett in Boston, "We are endeavoring to discover y<sup>e</sup> enemy, dayly send out scouts, but little is effected. We find y<sup>e</sup> Indians have their scouts out. . . . We are waiting for an opportunity to fall upon y<sup>e</sup> Indians if the Lord please to grant it to us." The war councils were planning a general movement to clear the Valley of the enemy. It was proposed to regain the Northfield post and establish headquarters there for the Connecticut troops. The commissioners at Boston were arranging to send out a flying army of a thousand men.

At the same time Philip's chieftains were planning a wider campaign. The settlement at Springfield was marked next for destruction. The "hostiles," now in alliance with the Springfield Indians, were gathering in force in a hiding place about six miles from the town, ready at the word to spring on their foe.

## XI

### The Burning of Springfield

With Pledges of Fidelity the Agawam Indians concoct a "Horrible Plot" — Bands of Philip's Warriors secretly admitted to the Indian Fort on the Outskirts of the Town — A Night Alarm — Early Morning Attack upon Messengers Riding out to Reconnoitre — The full Pack soon upon the Village — The People crowding the Garrison House — A wild Scene of Havoc with the Town in Flames — Major Pynchon's Forced March from Hadley to its Relief — Grave After-events.

THE Springfield or Agawam Indians had been the staunchest friends of the English. At the outbreak of Philip's War they had made pretentious display of their loyalty, and were implicitly trusted by the colonists. Wequogan, their chief, had given hostages for their fidelity who were quartered at Hartford under slight guard. On October 3 (O. S.), the pledges were renewed with much show of sincerity while they were secretly plotting a rising. The following day, under orders, but against his judgment, Major Pynchon started off with the garrison for the headquarters at Hadley, thus leaving the town entirely unprotected. The only other troops in the immediate region were Major Treat's command at Westfield, back from the West side of the River. Just before Pynchon's departure Wequogan had cunningly withdrawn his hostages from Hartford; and after nightfall, when the troops were all gone, some three hundred of Philip's warriors were secretly admitted to the Indian fort.

This fort was on Long Hill, about a mile south of the

centre of the settlement. It is supposed to have stood on a plateau at the head of a ravine which extended from the top of the hill. Its presumed site is now pointed out on the way to Longmeadow. Springfield then spread along the west side of a single thoroughfare, now the Main Street, running north and south less than three miles, each house-lot extending from the street to the River. It comprised not over forty-five dwellings. Chief among these was Major Pynchon's house, standing just north of the present Fort Street. His was the only brick house, the others being wooden, mostly with thatched roofs. It was the principal one of three fortified houses: the other two situated near the southerly end of the single street. The minister's house stood near the head of the present Vernon Street. The principal landing place on the River was at the foot of Elm Street, off the present Court Square.

The rising was timed for early morning of the 5th (O. S.). But most unexpectedly the scheme was divulged the night before, delaying its execution a few hours. The disclosure was curiously made at Windsor twenty miles down the River. A friendly Indian, Toto by name, domesticated in the home of Oliver Wolcott there, had become possessed of the secret, and "it stirred the very depths of his nature." His agitation was so intense as to disquiet the family. Urged to tell what troubled him he finally let out the whole "horrid plot." Immediately Wolcott despatched messengers on horseback, one to warn Springfield, the other to inform Major Treat at Westfield. The swift rider for Springfield entered the town at midnight, and roused the villagers with his startling tale. All fled with their portable belongings to the garrisoned houses. Pelatiah Glover, the minister, removed his "brave library," one of the best in the Valley, to the Pynchon house.

The night wore on without event, and the morning opened peacefully. No sign appeared of a hostile movement, nor a single threatening Indian. Therefore the people felt assured that the night alarm was a false one, and most of them prepared to return to their own homes. The minister set the example and carried his library back to the parsonage. Meanwhile Lieutenant Thomas Cooper, who for some reason had remained in the village, started off for the Indian fort, to learn the situation there. He had discredited the Windsor report and was firm in the belief that the Agawams were true. He had long been on friendly terms with the tribe, and for a quarter of a century had been a familiar figure among them. With him went Thomas Miller, the town constable. The two men rode their horses at a brisk pace down the town street and toward Long Hill. A quarter of a mile beyond the most southerly house they entered the woods which then skirted the settlement. Suddenly shots came from an ambuscade. Miller was instantly killed. Cooper fell from his horse mortally wounded. But being "an athletic and resolute man," although nearing sixty, he contrived to pull himself up into the saddle again. Turning his horse he dashed back at full speed to give the alarm. A horde of savages leaped from their ambush and ran after him, firing as they ran. He was hit by another ball, and had barely reached the Pynchon house when he expired.

Soon the whole force of "hostiles" from the fort were upon the settlement. The inhabitants again managed to get under cover of the fortified houses, and from the loopholes looked out upon a wild scene of havoc. They saw their unguarded homes and their barns filled with winter stores plundered and set afire; and shortly nearly the whole town in flames. The trusted chief, Wequogan, was

seen to be the "ringleader in word and deed." Another sachem loudly proclaimed that he "was one who had burned Quaboag [Brookfield] and would serve them the same way." Shots were exchanged between the Indians and the men in the fortified houses, and several of the assailants fell. One savage was using as a shield a large pewter platter taken from a dwelling, which marked him as a target. He received a mortal wound from a bullet smashing through it. Of the townspeople one woman was killed. She was the wife of John Matthews, the drummer, who had gone off with the garrison soldiers. Five others were wounded, one mortally. Within a short time thirty-two of the forty-five dwellings were in ashes. The minister's house went down with his "brave library." All the barns, twenty-four or twenty-five of them, were in flames. Major Pyncheon's grist and corn mills were burned. Most of the corn in the town stored for the winter was consumed.

Early in the forenoon Major Treat with his Connecticut troops reached the west side of the River. Five brave men left their cover, probably the Pyncheon house, to help his command across. Though pursued by twenty Indians they got a boat to the opposite shore. It was quickly filled with some of Treat's soldiers, but the Indians on the east bank held them at bay, and they durst not venture over. Relief, however, was hastening forward from another direction. Major Pyncheon, informed of Toto's story by a messenger sent out at the midnight alarm, was hurrying back from Hadley with two hundred men. Major Appleton was with them as second in command. Marching so rapidly that all were put "into a violent sweat," they arrived upon the scene at mid-afternoon. Till their approach the devastating work had gone on practically unchecked. But when they entered the burning town the assailants had

all vanished. Their spies had signalled the coming of the soldiers by "hoops [whoops] or watchwords." Now Major Treat's force came across the River and joined Major Pynchon's men eager to give chase to the enemy. Scouting parties were at once sent out, and the woods were scoured. But not a brave was discovered. Their fort was deserted, and no trace of a new rendezvous could be found. Their tracks pointed in various directions manifestly with the design of throwing pursuers off the track. It was a masterly retreat, planned, as was the attack, later historians conclude, by Philip. It is assumed that he returned with his clan and part of the Pocumtucks to the Narragansetts' country, with a new plan to involve that tribe in the war; while the other bands worked their way back to their fastnesses about the deserted Deerfield and Northfield. The number engaged in the Springfield attack was given by the messenger to Pynchon as five hundred; the Springfield Indians, warriors, women, and children, numbered about two hundred.

Now of the upper River towns only Northampton, Hadley, and Hatfield remained undespoiled, and the Connecticut towns below were imperiled. Two days after the fall of Springfield an alarm was raised in Glastonbury by the discovery of "hostiles" hovering about its neighborhood. They were probably of Philip's band on their way to the Narragansetts. Major Treat was then ordered back to Hartford for the protection of the lower towns. All was anxiety throughout this region. To stimulate the Mohegans to greater activity the Hartford government offered liberal bounties for scalps of the "hostiles" brought in. Men in the threatened towns went out in large parties to harvest the late crops, and to store the grain in safe places,



while provision was made for the security of the women and children.

In ruined Springfield a strong disposition was manifest to abandon the place. This Major Pynchon deplored, for its desertion would encourage the "insolent enemy" and "make way for giving up all the towns above." Governor Leverett at Boston took a similar view. It "would be a more awful stroke that hath such a consequence as to break up a church and town," he wrote. But he could only advise that the matter be left "to the Lord, directing you on the place." Pynchon, sorely disturbed, asked to be relieved of his military command, his own and the townspeople's affairs requiring his undivided attention. The request was granted, and Captain now Major Appleton succeeded him as commander-in-chief. Pynchon repeated his plea for the constant garrisoning of all the towns. The sack of Springfield was an awful instance of the result of the withdrawal of a guard. The Bay council, however, still clung to the policy of combined operations in the field. But no town was again left wholly unprotected. Major Appleton left a good guard at Springfield, under Captain Sill, when he marched back to headquarters at Hadley. At Northampton Captain Sully was stationed with a small body; and Captain Moseley at Hatfield. So Springfield was not abandoned; the "awful stroke" that its desertion would entail was averted; and the settlement slowly recovered from its affliction.

With the advance of October, however, affairs grew steadily graver in the River towns and to the westward. The enemy appeared to be threatening nearly every settlement from Hartford to the frontier. Immediately upon his return to Hadley Major Appleton sent out scouting

parties to seek the enemy's hiding places. On the 15th (O. S.) he himself marched out with almost his entire force, bound for Northfield, his scouts having learned that they were collected there. But when two miles on the way word came that Moseley's scouts had reported great numbers assembled about Deerfield. Accordingly he changed his course and crossed the River to Hatfield. Thence a night expedition to Deerfield was attempted. Early on the march the report of a gun and distant Indian shouts warned the vanguard that the movement was discovered. So a hurried return was made to secure the defenceless towns. Next evening an urgent call for help came to headquarters from Northampton, which was threatened; at the same time Moseley reported the enemy within a mile of Hatfield.

That night Moseley made a reconnoissance, but without result. He discovered, however, through an Indian captive, a great plot. A simultaneous attack upon Hatfield, Hadley, and Northampton had been planned, and a large body of Indians were in the scheme. This captive was a poor old squaw who had been taken at Springfield after the burning. The record of her cruel treatment is one of the great black blots on the annals of colonial warfare.

On the margin of a letter to the governor at Boston reporting this plot, Captain Moseley wrote: "The aforesaid Indian was ordered to be tourne in peeces by dogs & shee was so delt withall." What was the woman's crime, if any other than association with a treacherous foe, that brought upon her such an awful fate after she had divulged her important information and so put the English on guard, no record tells. Nothing in contemporary papers is found in mitigation of such a barbarous act by civilized men. The grim postscript to the Indian fighter's letter appears

alone in the documents. The historian of Springfield declines to believe that the evil deed was done by order of the English. He would more readily accept a story that the squaw had returned to her people and suffered death for serving the colonists. But Moseley's postscript too definitely fixes the act on the whites. We know that dogs were employed in colonial Indian warfare. At the outset of this war the use of bloodhounds was proposed to hunt the enemy down. Later Parson Stoddard of Northampton, ordinarily kind of heart, earnestly urged this measure upon Governor Dudley, justifying it on the ground that the savages were like wolves in their conduct, and should be dealt with as wolves. Subsequently, in 1706, in Queen Anne's War, the Bay General Court offered bounties for raising and training war-dogs, and established the rank of hunt-sergeant for the military officer having charge of packs of hounds in ranging the woods for Indians.

At about the same time that Moseley learned from the captured squaw of the proposed combined attack upon the three frontier towns, the Hartford government was startled by word from Andros in New York of a plot for a general uprising of all the Connecticut Indians. Five or six thousand of them, Andros wrote, designed "this light moon" to attack Hartford and points westward so far as Greenwich. Thereupon Hartford and the other places indicated were fortified and troops were raised for defence. Thus this plot, if it existed (and the historians generally accept the report as true), was frustrated.

From another direction came a definite report of Philip's new schemes in the Valley campaign. Roger Williams, writing from Providence to Governor Leverett at Boston, told of hearing of Philip's great design,—to draw Captain Moseley and others "by trayning, and

drilling, and seeming flight," into "such places as are full of long grass, flags, sedge &c. and then environ them round with fire, smoke, and bullets." "Some say," he added, "no wise soldier will be so catcht."

But several of Moseley's mounted scouts were just so "catcht." It was in a manœuvre preceding an attack in force upon Hatfield, according to the plan which the captive squaw had divulged to Moseley. On October 19 (O. S.) at noon, fires were observed in the woods about Sugar-loaf, and the troopers sent out to reconnoitre. Two miles from the town they fell suddenly into a trap for which the fires were the bait. Six were killed, and three taken prisoners. Only one escaped, and he was an Indian. Galloping back to Hatfield, he gave the alarm, which was repeated to Major Appleton at Hadley.

The attack upon Hatfield followed at about four of the October afternoon. It was met in unexpected fashion. Major Appleton coming over had taken a post at the south end of the town; Captain Moseley occupied the middle; and Captain Poole the north end. The enemy began the assault from all quarters. But at each point they were checked by the English fire, and their every attempt to break in upon the town was resisted. The contest continued hotly for two hours. Then Major Treat coming up from Northampton with a force of Connecticut men, the finishing blow was given, and the enemy broke and fled. Their loss had been considerable, while that of the English was light. Three of the English were carried off as prisoners. One of these unhappy men was afterward horribly tormented and at length put to death. "They burnt his nails, and put his feet to scald against the fire, and drove a stake through one of his feet to pin him to the ground."

The Hatfield experience was a great surprise to the Indian war-chiefs, and changed their plans. Instead of further efforts to wipe out the towns by direct attack with large bodies, it was decided to break up into small bands and harass the settlements, kill, pillage, and burn as chance offered. During the next fortnight this course was pursued to some extent. In Northampton several houses and barns were burned. A few days later a group of farmers gathering crops in the Northampton meadows were fired upon and three killed. Two days before, Major Pyncheon and several companions, returning to Springfield from Westfield, were caught in an ambush. Three were shot down; the rest escaped. Later a band were again prowling about Hatfield, but approaching soldiers frightened them off.

With the opening of November the woods for ten or twelve miles roundabout were scoured by troopers, but no enemy were found. They were now gone into winter quarters, mostly northward and westward. The campaign for this season was ended in the Valley, to be renewed the next spring. By mid-November the army withdrew from headquarters, leaving garrisons in each of the towns.

## XII

### The Rising of the Narragansetts

Canonchet drawn into Philip's War — Flight of his Tribe toward the Valley — Ravages of Frontier Towns on the Way — The great Indian Rendezvous about Northfield — Attacks upon Northampton, Hatfield, and Longmeadow — Death of Canonchet : A Hero of his Race — The Great Falls Fight : An English Victory followed by a Disastrous Rout. — A Chaplain's Experience — Final Attacks upon Hatfield and Hadley — End of Philip's War — Death of Philip, deserted and betrayed — Results of the War to the Colonists.

**F**IVE days after the burning of Springfield Philip reached the Narragansett country, "loaded with spoils from the English." Less than four weeks later the colonies declared war against the Narragansetts. The "young prince" of this tribe, Canonchet, son of Miantonomah, had as yet committed no overt act of hostility, but he was under suspicion and believed to be yielding to Philip's influence. He had, indeed, broken the treaty of neutrality forced from him at the beginning of Philip's War by the commissioners of the colonies "with a sword in their hands," in defiantly sheltering and refusing to surrender fugitive "hostiles." But this had been done openly, and with the emphatic declaration that he would not give up a Wampanoag, not even "the paring of a Wampanoag's nail." The colonial councils determined upon a winter's campaign in the hope of crushing the tribe with a quick stinging blow, when they were least prepared to parry it. For the winter was the Indians' hibernating season; and the frozen swamps made their fastnesses

more accessible to beseigers. Accordingly an army of a thousand men, one-half of them troopers, was immediately levied, and set in motion for this adventure. Five companies under Major Treat were Connecticut's quota. Early in December Major Treat left the Valley with three hundred Connecticut troops and half as many Mohegans. Major Appleton was appointed commander-in-chief of the Bay forces. Governor Josiah Winslow of Plymouth, son of the first Governor Winslow, was named chief of the combined army.

Meanwhile the people of the Valley towns were living in a continual state of uneasiness. Attack from below, by way of the Narragansett country, was constantly feared. The season was largely spent in fortifying houses and in building stockades around the towns. The palisades were simple constructions of cleft wood, designed to break the force of a sudden assault rather than to serve as substantial defences, though, as after events showed, they did effectively fill the latter purpose.

The upper route eastward by the Bay Path was early closed by the hostile Nipmucks, and tidings from the new seat of war were received only through the soldiers in the Narragansett campaign. News therefore of the outcome of the expedition travelled slowly to the River towns. At length they learned of the downfall of the Narragansett stronghold in the "Great Swamp Fight" of December 19 (O. S.) in what is now South Kingston, Rhode Island, and of the scattering of the broken and infuriated tribe through the woods northward into the Nipmuck country, just as the Wampanoags had been shattered and dispersed with the opening onslaught of Philip's war. In this second and greatest "Swamp Fight" all the horrors of the Pequot massacre were repeated with the storming of the Indian

fort. The wigwams, "at least five hundred in number," were set afire, and many old warriors, women, and children perished in the flames; the winter's stores were consumed; and of four thousand Indians estimated to have been in the fort, nearly two-thirds were killed, burned, or captured. But the English losses also were heavy, with six captains among the slain.

There soon followed the news of the junction of the surviving Narragansetts with the Nipmuck "hostiles" and a remnant of Philip's men; then startling reports of ravages of frontier Massachusetts settlements on the road to Connecticut. In February came the destruction of Lancaster, with the slaughter of most of the men of its fifty or sixty families, and the capture of the women and children, including Mrs. Rowlandson, the minister's wife; ten days after, the partial destruction of Medfield, farther eastward; the next day, the attack upon Weymouth, nearer Boston. Five days later followed the first attack upon Groton; after an interval of a week, a second assault, and four days later a third, so disastrous that the town was deserted. At the opening of March the enemy were again gathered in force in the Valley, this time northward, at the chief rendezvous at Squakheag, where had been Northfield, and whose territory included the present Vernon, Vermont side, and Hinsdale and Winchester, New Hampshire.

Major Thomas Savage of Boston was now sent up from the east with companies of foot and horse to join with the Connecticut forces in again protecting this frontier. In a fortnight hostilities had reopened in the Valley.

A formidable spring campaign had been planned by the Indian chiefs in council in the northern camps. Sheldon gives the scheme in fullest detail. The Pocumtucks



and Wampanoags, with new allies,— young warriors from the Mahicans and the Mohawks of the west, and some Indians from Canada,— were to rendezvous at Squakheag and thence sweep down upon the Valley towns in large bodies, while the Nipmucks and Narragansetts were simultaneously to ravage the Bay frontiers eastward, so heading off aid from that quarter. Thus the Valley was to be speedily cleared of the English. With this accomplished, headquarters were to be established about Deerfield, “ the non-combatants collected, the fields planted with Indian corn, and a winter’s stock of fish laid up from the abundance of the streams.” The victors were to be under the protection of the French, who were to come down from Canada and settle among them in place of the English. With the driving of the English from the Valley the “ traitorous Mohegans ” would be annihilated. This great scheme, however, the too artful Philip spoiled through his overreaching diplomacy. After the Narragansetts had been drawn in he bent his energies to embroiling the fierce Mohawks. He had so far reconciled them with the Pocumtucks whom they had fought, that they agreed to join in warring against the Mohegans ; but they would not consent to fight the English. Thereupon the cunning diplomat, with the unscrupulousness that has sometimes distinguished the modern kind, played his trump card. Secretly causing a number of Mohawks to be killed, he accused the English of their murder. But the result which he counted upon failed to follow, through an extraordinary happening. One of the victims, supposed to be surely dead, revived, and reaching his people reported the true circumstances of their undoing. Enraged at the trick, the Mohawks fell upon the tribes in the Pocumtucks’ camp, killing and capturing many. Thus an old enemy was newly aroused instead of

won as an ally, and the union of all the clans in a common cause made impossible. After the Mohawk attack Philip and the discomfited Pocumtucks fled to the Squakheag rendezvous, which they reached toward the close of February.

There were now in the Squakheag camps, Canonchet, — young, able, haughty, tall and commanding, with the “well-knit form of an athlete”; twelve hundred of his Narragansett warriors and their sachems; bands of Nipmucks; Philip and the chief men of his tribe; the survivors of the Pocumtuck confederation; a few western volunteers; some Abenakis from the east and north; and a number of the apostate Christians from the Bay towns of “Praying Indians” — those “pious lambs” who “proved the worst wolves of the whole bloody crew.” Canonchet was the real leader.

Such were the swarms collected and making ready for action when on March 2 (O.S.) Major Savage’s forces joined those of Major Treat at Brookfield. In Major Savage’s command again came Captain Moseley, now with a company of infantry. Major Treat had three or four companies, foot-soldiers and troopers. After a few days spent in beating the woods about Brookfield on the trail of the Narragansetts, but meeting none, Major Savage moved up to Hadley, and Major Treat to Northampton. Captain William Turner of Major Savage’s forces, was stationed with his company at Northampton; and Captain Moseley at Hatfield.

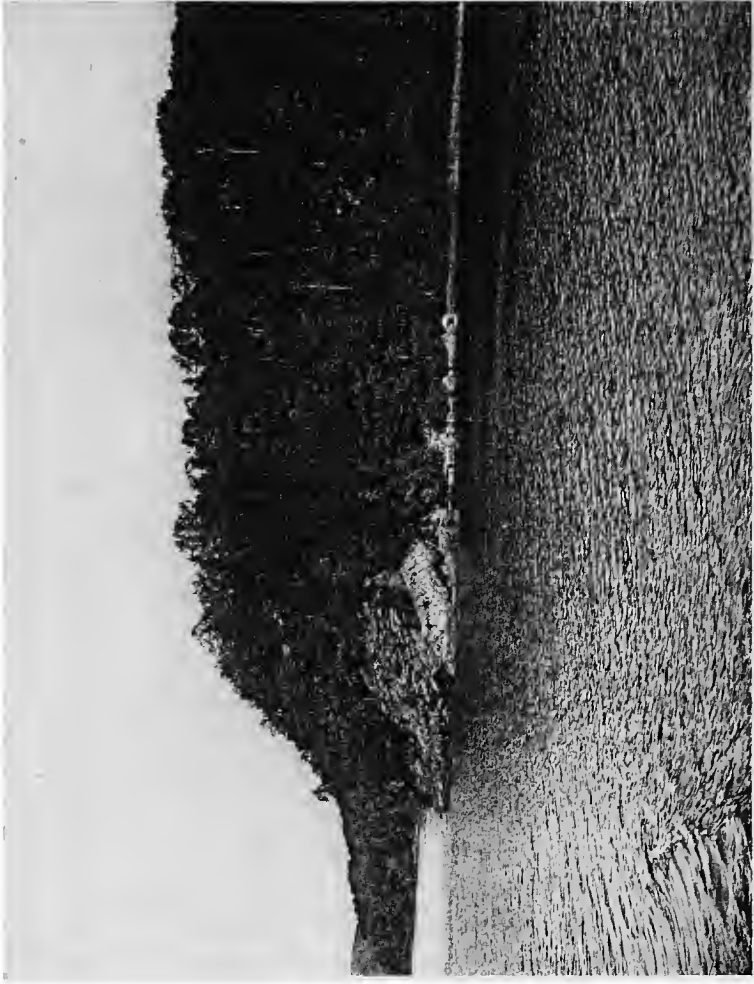
Unaware of these later movements, and so believing the River towns to be free from troops, two days after Canonchet’s arrival at Squakheag the council of chiefs convened, and ordered the opening of the campaign with an attack upon Northampton.

The night before the departure of the force was given up to a great war-dance by the braves, while the women prepared the supplies for the expedition. Just before day-break on the morning of the 14th (O.S.) the enemy arrived at the sleeping town, behind the line of palisades erected in the winter. Noiselessly the palisades were broken in three places and through the gaps thus made the hordes crept in. At daylight they began the assault by firing the houses. Ten were ablaze before the garrison was fairly aroused. Then, to the amazement of the assailants, the troops of Major Treat and Captain Turner were upon them. Attempting to scatter, they found themselves "as in a pound." Panic stricken, they rushed pellmell for the gaps by which they had entered, and, under a galling fire, tumbled through and incontinently fled. Next they made for Hatfield, expecting to find that settlement an easier prey. But here they were again confounded by encountering Captain Moseley, who gave them a warm reception and speedily drove them off. Angered by these repulses, they now planned a night surprise upon Northampton. At about two o'clock on the morning of the 16th (O.S.) they stealthily crept up to the town from two directions. But the sentinels discovered their approach and gave the alarm. So this game was lost and they instantly vanished. The main body returned dejectedly to the Squakheag camps taking with them the little plunder that they had secured, mainly horses and sheep; while small bands remained behind to hover about the outskirts of the town and harass the people whenever and wherever chance offered.

The failure of the Northampton expedition, with the discovery of troops again in force in the Valley, gave a radical turn to affairs at Squakheag. Philip moved his camp from

the west side of the River to the east side where Canonchet's councils were held. A few days later five hundred Nipmucks were sent down to Deerfield to guard the Indian frontier there. Discontent began to manifest itself in the Squakheag camps. This feeling was soon heightened by news of the failure of an expedition to Canada for powder in exchange for captives taken at Lancaster. The expedition had been intercepted on the way by Mohawks, and two of the Pocumtucks in it were among the killed. Upon Philip alone was charged the new enmity of the Mohawks, and the disposition to desert him gained threatening headway. The exhaustion of the winter's stock of provisions and the lack of seed for planting added to the distress of the situation. Canonchet advised the occupation of the Deerfield meadows for a general planting-place. Of seed there was a plenty in the "barns" (excavations in the earth for storing provisions) at Narragansett, and he engaged himself to go and obtain a supply of it. With an escort of thirty reluctant volunteers, for there was no glory and much peril in the adventure, he started at once upon this mission. He was never more seen in the Valley.

While these things were going on in the Indian camps the marauding bands, shifting hither and thither in the country below, were committing frequent depredations about the lower Valley towns. To prevent surprises by them, the war council at Hartford devised a system for the continual guarding of the settlements. The night watch in each town was required to call up its inhabitants every morning, "an hour at least before day," who were to arm and stand upon guard at assigned posts till the sun was half an hour high. Then their places were to be taken by the wardens; while two mounted scouts, one at each end of the town, were to spend the day in scouring the



Tree-clad Rocky Point.



neighboring woods. At this time the roving enemy toward the eastward were creating fresh alarms in Bay Colony towns, and also in Plymouth Colony. On the 17th of March (O.S.) Warwick, Rhode Island, was burned. So alarming was the situation becoming that the Bay Colony war council advised Major Savage to desert all the Valley towns except Springfield and Hadley, and to concentrate his strength at these points, "the lesser towns to gather to the greater." This advice was sent out from Boston on the 20th (O.S.).

Within a week a series of assaults upon widely separated communities happened on a single day. This was the 26th of March, a Sunday. In the Valley there was a raid upon Windsor; the plantation of Simsbury, newly formed from the west side of Windsor, was burned; and villagers of Longmeadow, next below Springfield, were cruelly assailed. To the eastward, Marlborough in the Bay Colony was burned; and in Plymouth Colony a company of Scituate soldiers were massacred in ambush near Rehoboth.

The Longmeadow affair was the most distressing of the events in the Valley on this direful day.

The people attacked were in a cavalcade on their way to meeting at Springfield for the first time since the winter had set in, for the road through the woods was now deemed safe, no "hostiles" having been seen for some time in the vicinity. There were sixteen or eighteen men with their women and children in the party, under a military escort. All were on horseback, the women and children riding on pillions. Two of the women hugged infants to their breasts. The company were jogging along placidly through the wintry woods, strung out in a straggling line, when suddenly the rear was surprised by an attack from a

neighboring cover at the foot of Long Hill, where the road crosses Pecowsic Brook. At the first fire one man, John Keep, and a maid were killed, and two men were wounded. The two women with the infants,— John Keep's wife, Sarah, the other not named in the accounts,— were captured and carried off into the woods. Leaving the captives to their fate, the escort rushed the cavalcade forward to a point of safety in Springfield. Then the men returned to the scene of the attack but no trace of the assailants and their captives could be found. Major Pynchon also sent out a mounted party of searchers from Springfield; and the next morning sixteen men from Hadley, sent down by Major Savage, joined in the hunt. At length the tracks were struck, and soon after the party were discovered. As the pursuers approached, the culminating scene of the tragedy was enacted. The Indians seized "the two poor infants and in the Sight of both the Mothers and our Men, tossed them up in the Air and dashed their Brains out against the Rocks, and with their Hatchets knocked the Women, and forthwith fled." Such was Major Savage's report. The place being rocky with a swamp just by, the pursuers could not follow with their horses, and the savages made good their escape. Poor Mrs. Keep died from her wounds and horror at the fate of her babe. The other woman lived and gave a report of what the captors had told of the enemy's condition and plans, which proved of value to the war councils. The assailants were all Indians of the Agawam tribe who had lived at Longmeadow before the burning of Springfield, and their victims were old neighbors. When it was found how small their numbers were, the escort of the cavalcade came in for sharp censure for running from instead of after them. The council at Boston characterized the



captain's conduct as "a matter of great shame, humbling to us." And it inspired this couplet :

"Seven Indians, and one without a Gun,  
Caused Captain Nixon and forty men to run."

Through April the enemy were comparatively inactive in the Valley, and did their greatest mischief in ravaging eastward in the Bay Colony, and in Plymouth Colony. Early in the month Major Savage was recalled with the larger part of his force by the Bay council, leaving Captain Turner in command at headquarters in Hadley, with small garrisons at Hatfield, Northampton, and Springfield, to guard the inhabitants while at their occupations. Major Treat and his troops were drawn off to protect the lower Connecticut Colony towns. Meanwhile the government at Hartford was advancing overtures for peace with the enemy in the Deerfield and Squakheag camps, which overtures had been begun at the close of March.

While negotiations were pending, runners brought to the Squakheag camp from the Narragansett country the crushing news of the capture of Canonchet and his execution there. This sharply changed the current of things. Within a week followed word of the slaughter of several counsellors and sachems near the place where the chieftain had been taken, which intensified their confusion.

Canonchet, it appeared, had been seized at the Pawtucket River, Rhode Island, on the second of April, by Connecticut troopers with a band of Mohegans led by Oneko, and had been executed the next day by an Indian's hand. He had succeeded in his mission, and, despatching his escort on the return journey with the coveted planting seed, had tarried behind to follow later with the fighting men of the tribe who were now in that region. The attacking party

surprised him in camp with only six or seven sachems on the bank of the Pawtucket. He fled from the overwhelming numbers, and casting aside his blanket and the silver-laced coat which the Bay leaders had given him as a pledge of friendship, sprang into the river. But slipping somehow, he fell, and his gun, wet in the fall, became useless. So one of Oneko's Indians, who had plunged in after him, effected his capture with ease.

The dignified bearing and the splendid nerve of the fallen chief marked him for the first rank among the heroes of his vanished race. The first of the English to approach and question him was a youth of twenty-one, — Robert Stanton, son of the interpreter with the troops. "But the chieftain haughtily repelled his advances: 'You too much child: no understand war. Let your chief come, him I will answer.' He was offered his life on condition of his submission; but, 'like Attilius Regulus,' the offer was refused. He was then sentenced to die. 'I like it well,' was the reply. 'I shall die before my heart is soft, and before I have spoken anything unworthy of myself.'" His only request was that he might be saved the indignities of torture, and his executioner might be Oneko, whom he acknowledged as a fellow prince. He was taken to Stonington and there beheaded by the son of Uncas, who had been the executioner of his father — Miantonomo — thirty-three years before. His head was sent to Hartford.

With the news of Canonchet's fall the Pocumtucks were ready to throw up their hands and "to seek peace with the head of Philip." Thereupon the cautious Philip moved with his followers across country eastward to the fastnesses of Mount Wachusett, in Princeton, and established a new rendezvous there. Passacus, the dead Canonchet's successor as chief of the Narragansetts (he was a brother of Mianto-

nomo, and had been regent for twenty years during the minority of Canonchet) took charge of the disorganized masses remaining in the River camps. Toward the close of April their scouting parties were again skulking about the towns and taking off horses and cattle. As the spring advanced, with the opening of the fishing season, food became more plentiful, and confidence was restored among the "hostiles." Camps were now scattered along the River at the various fishing points as far north as the confluence of the Ashuelot, in Hinsdale.

The principal fishing place was at the head of the rapids on the right bank of the River, known then as the Great Falls, now Turner's Falls. Another important one guarded the ford of the Deerfield below. While throngs were fishing and drying fish to store in the "barns," others were planting. On the twelfth of May (O. S.), Passacus, learning from his scouts that large herds of stock had been turned into the Hatfield meadows to feed, sent out a raiding band, and that night some seventy or eighty head of this cattle were run off, to the great loss and indignation of the people.

A week later came the "Great Falls Fight," with an English victory followed by a disastrous rout.

From Thomas Reed of Hatfield and two Springfield lads, by name Edward Stebbins and John Gilbert, who had been captives of the Indians and had escaped, it was learned that the enemy "were carrying themselves unguardedly," on account of their knowledge of the withdrawal of troops from the frontier towns. Thereupon the people of these towns, glad to avenge themselves for the taking of the Hatfield cattle, "and other preceding mischiefs," at once raised a volunteer force to join with the garrison troops in an assault upon the Great Falls camp. Thus were assembled

a little company of one hundred and forty-one, composed of the garrison men and volunteers from Hadley, Hatfield, Northampton, Springfield, and Westfield, under Captain Turner, the commander at Hadley. The Rev. Hope Ather-ton of Hatfield joined as chaplain.

On the 18th all were marshalled on Hatfield Street, well mounted, and at sunset were ready for the start. After a prayer by the chaplain the cavalcade moved off. Guided by Benjamin Waite and Experience Hinsdell, they made their way cautiously up the Pocumtuck Path; past the gruesome scene of the Battle of Bloody Brook; along the edge of Deerfield; across Deerfield River above the guarded ford; two miles through the unbroken wilderness; across Green River and along the present Greenfield main street, on to a plateau north of Mount Adams of the Greenfield hills. Here, within about a mile of their destination, they halted to dismount and make the remainder of the distance on foot. Leaving their horses with a guard, they resumed their march across Fall River, up an abrupt hill, and out upon a slope, below which lay the sleeping camp at the head of the Falls.

It was now a little before daybreak. The night before the Indians had held a great feast, warriors, women and children, all gorging themselves with rich salmon from the River, and fresh beef and new milk from the Hatfield raid. During the festivities fishers were out in canoes spearing salmon by torchlight, till a sudden shower extinguished their torches. The same shower had covered the frontiersmen's advance. The revels had been carried long past midnight, and when the satiated throng lay down to sleep, not a sentinel was posted, not a scout was abroad. As silently as they had come, the attacking party approaching the camp at the rear, pressed up to the wigwams and

thrust their guns directly into them. At a given signal all fired. Many of the inmates were killed in their sleep. The unhurt, awakened in terror, cried out "Mohawks! Mohawks!" imagining their old enemy upon them; and fled wildly hither and thither. Numbers leaped into the River and, carried over the falls, were drowned. Others rushed for the canoes and were shot down as they paddled or floated away. Others attempted to hide about the River's bank and were ruthlessly put to the sword. The slaughter was indiscriminate, women and children falling with the rest. The wigwams were burned, and provisions and ammunition destroyed. Two forges that had been used in mending arms were demolished, and "two great piggs of lead" for making bullets were cast into the River.

This was the extent of the victory. To this point it was complete, with scarcely any loss to the English and with ruin to the Indians. But the victors tarried too long on the scene; then scattered unwisely. Thus fresh Indians from other camps — on the opposite bank and at Smead's Island below the Falls — were given time to come up and gather about them. Drawing off in disorder they rushed for their horses with the new horde at their heels. A band of twenty chasing some loaded canoes up the River were left behind when the retreat began. They fought their way back to their horses but were surrounded while mounting. One of them, Jonathan Wells, a youth of sixteen (the story of whose adventures and hairbreadth escapes is an oft told romance of the wars in the Valley), managed to break away, though sorely wounded. Catching up with the main body he urged Captain Turner to turn back to their relief. The Captain could only reply, in the desperate strait of his shattered command, "Better save some than lose all." Their two guides differed as to

the safest route to take on the retreat. So the command broke up into bands, some following Waite, some Hinsdell, others taking a third course. Those who followed Hinsdell were all lost with him in a swamp. Throughout the dense forest the fleet-footed enemy "hung like a moving cloud on flank and rear" of the fugitives. Turner, enfeebled by sickness, became exhausted, and was shot down while crossing Green River. With his death the lead devolved upon Captain Samuel Holyoke, an intrepid young soldier of Springfield. Displaying great courage, fighting with vigor when his horse was shot under him, he brought something like order into the demoralized ranks. But the enemy kept up the pursuit through the Deerfield meadows and along the length of Deerfield Old Street.

When finally Hatfield was reached and the force was mustered, nearly a third were missing, and two of those present mortally wounded. Six of the missing straggled in later, worn and disheartened. The others were dead. The chaplain, Mr. Atherton, was of the latest to come in. He had been unhorsed and would have surrendered to the Indians; but they would not receive him, running off scared by his parson's garb whenever he approached them to give himself up. They thought he was "the Englishmen's God."

A month after the retreat a band of English scouts ranging the woods discovered the body of Captain Turner and gave it burial. A few years ago what was believed to be Turner's grave was found on the bluff west of where he fell, and marked by a tablet. Earlier the Great Falls had become Turner's Falls in remembrance of him. The scene of the Falls Fight is also marked by a monument.

The destruction of the Great Falls camp bore heaviest

upon the Pocumtucks. Their power was now broken beyond recovery. "From this time and place," says Sheldon, "they pass into oblivion."

The immediate result of this fight was the formation of guards and scouts from the militia of the towns systematically to cover the frontiers. The system was established none too soon, for on the 30th of May the enemy reappeared in force at Hatfield, presumably to avenge the Great Falls affair.

Another hot fight here ensued. Seven hundred warriors comprised the attacking swarm. At first they had their own way, driving the few townspeople inside the stockade, burning and pillaging houses and barns outside the pale, and running off cattle. But soon, in the height of the looting, "twenty-five resolute young men," crossing from Hadley in a single boat, and fighting off a crowd who attempted to prevent their landing, charged upon the marauders with signal effect. The gallant twenty-five fought their way up to the front of the fort, where, hardest pressed, five of them fell. The others were saved by the Hatfield men who sallied out to their relief. Then, after more desperate work, the Indians ran. Meanwhile a band had made an ambush on the Northampton road to head off reinforcements who might appear from that direction, while another guarded the Hadley crossing. The latter band prevented the crossing of a relief force who had come from Northampton by a roundabout way through Hadley. When the enemy fled the town they withdrew up the River driving the whole Hatfield stock of sheep before them.

With one more assault hostilities in the Valley region came to an end. This was the attack of June 12 upon Hadley.

The Bay Colony authorities, after they had succeeded in redeeming a number of the English captives, among them Mrs. Rowlandson, but had failed in efforts for peace, since the Indian negotiators "did but dally," at length joined with the Connecticut government to force Philip from his stronghold at Wachusett, and to drive the enemy still remaining in the Valley. \* Two "armies" were ordered to come together at Brookfield or at the Hadley headquarters. Captain Samuel Henschman with four hundred horse and foot was ordered up from the Bay; while Connecticut sent forward Major John Talcott with two hundred and fifty troopers and two hundred Mohegans under Oneko. Talcott set out from the military rendezvous at Norwich, Connecticut, on June 2; and Henschman started from Concord, Massachusetts, three days later. Talcott reached Brookfield first. He arrived on the 7th, "having killed or captured seventy-three Indians on the way." Not venturing alone to attack Wachusett, he pushed on to Hadley, which he reached next day. Establishing himself at Northampton, he sent down to Hartford for ammunition and supplies. These arrived on the 10th, convoyed by Captain George Dennison (he who had been one of the captains at the capture of Canonchet) and his company. There were now at or about headquarters in Hadley five hundred and fifty men. Captain Jeremiah Swain, who had succeeded Captain Turner, was in command of the Hadley garrison. Captain Henschman was daily expected, when the combined forces would number upward of a thousand. Upon his arrival they were immediately to push up to Deerfield, where Major Talcott had been told were collected five hundred warriors. The main body of "hostiles," however, were apparently farther up the River at a place provided by Passacus after the Great Falls fight. It is



presumed that they were aware of Henchman's march from the east, but ignorant of the movements of Talcott and Dennison, and that the assault upon Hadley was to forestall Henchman's arrival here.

For this assault seven hundred warriors swooped down from Passacus's new headquarters, and were before the town on the morning of the 12th. Strong bands were ambuscaded at the north and south ends of the town, and awaited the movements of the townspeople. Two men who had left the stockade contrary to orders fell among the ambushed band at the south end and were killed. Thus this band were discovered to the garrison, and Captain Swain instantly sent a force out after them. While they were engaged with the garrison soldiers, the band at the north end sprang from their ambush. Rushing toward the stockade they found it lined with soldiers and Mohegans, and amazed, fell back in disorder. On the retreat some of them tarried to plunder a house, when it was struck by a missile from a small cannon. This was a weapon strange and awful to them, and they came "tumbling out in great terror." All were now on the run. The soldiers chased them for two miles northward. Disheartened by the repulse and the discovery of troops returned to the Valley with Indian allies, the fugitives reached their headquarters to find that in their absence their camp had been sacked by Mohawks and fifty of their women and children left dead in the ruins. This was the final blow, and they scattered aimlessly in the wilderness.

Henchman arriving two days after the Hadley assault, on the 16th the forces moved up the Valley to scour both sides of the River. Talcott's division took the west side; Henchman's the east side. As they marched no Indians were seen. Deerfield was deserted of the five hundred said

to have been there. At night both divisions met at the Great Falls, drenched by a cold northeaster. The storm continued through the next day and night, spoiling much of their provisions and ammunition. Then they returned to Hadley, leaving scouts farther to range the woods.

Now the "hostiles" were reported to be all in a continual motion, shifting gradually, some working toward Wachusett, others towards Narragansett, while Philip and his followers had left Wachusett for their old country, bent on whatever mischief they could do along the way. So the armies marched off, Henchman to the eastward, and Talcott to Hartford, leaving Captain Swain again in command in the Valley with the garrison men. Shortly after scouts from the Hadley garrison went up to what it now Greenfield and destroyed a deserted Indian fort on Smead's Island, with a stock of provisions in the "barns," thirty canoes, and a hundred wigwams. A month and a half later Swain received orders to collect the soldiers from all the garrisons "and march to Deerfield, Squakheag, and the places thereabouts, and destroy all the growing corn, and then march homeward." The carrying out of these orders on August 22 was the final act in Philip's War in the Valley.

The finishing strokes, with the passing of Philip, were given in the Narragansett country where the war had begun. While the scouting parties were at their work along the River, Major Talcott with Connecticut troops, in conjunction with the Bay and Plymouth forces, was in that region driving the enemy. By July, Philip and the remnant of his Wampanoags had reached his old lair at Mount Hope, deserted by all of his allies. The Narragansetts were scattered. The Nipmucks were drifting toward Maine and

Canada. The broken Pocumtucks were mostly working westward to find refuge with the Mohicans. A small band of refugees fled to the Hudson. By Governor Andros's order they were secured, but their surrender at the demand of Connecticut refused. Lest others following might return with recruits, scouts ranged the woods about the lower Valley towns, while guards protected the people at their work in the fields. Late in July a body of several hundred refugees passed near Westfield going westward. The garrison soldiers gave chase, but they kept their way, taking "a southwest course as if to cross the Hudson at Esopus, to avoid the Mohawks." Three weeks later another band of two hundred crossed the Connecticut at Chicopee on a raft and disappeared beyond Westfield. They were overtaken at the Housatonic, and a number killed or captured. The rest got away also to the westward. These bodies of refugees were finally absorbed in the Mohicans.

On the day that the orders went out to Captain Swaine at Hadley to destroy the corn (August 12), Philip, at last driven to bay by the great Indian fighter, Captain Benjamin Church, — his ablest braves slain, deserted, betrayed, bereft by the capture of his wife and only son, crying in his grief, "My heart breaks, now I am ready to die," — fell, and his head was carried in triumph to Plymouth on the day appointed for a public thanksgiving, there long to be exposed on the battlement of Plymouth fort. His boy, the last of the Massasoit race, was sold as a slave in Bermuda.

The proud Wampanoags and the prouder Narragansetts had now suffered the fate of the Pequots. The Nipmucks also were broken up and had migrated north and west with the few surviving Narragansett warriors who had escaped capture. The treatment of the captured to the last was relentless. "Death or slavery was the penalty for all

known or suspected to have been concerned in the shedding of English blood." Many chiefs were executed at Boston and Plymouth on the charge of rebellion. Many captives not killed were distributed among the colonists as "ten-year servants."

The sum of the war's results to the colonists was grave. Of the able-bodied men in the colonies affected, one in twenty had been killed or died of wounds, and the same proportion of families had been burnt out of their homes. At least thirteen towns had been wholly destroyed; others had been sorely damaged. More than six hundred houses, near a tenth part of New England, had been burned. "There was scarcely a family in which some one had not suffered." Six hundred men, most of them in the prime of life, and twelve tried captains, had fallen on the battle-field; more, surviving the conflict, bore scars of their desperate encounters. The cost of the war, in expenses and losses, reached a total of half a million dollars, truly "an enormous sum for the few of that day."

The group of Valley towns that had suffered the greatest hardships slowly recovered from the ravages of this war. With the advent of spring immediately following the close of hostilities an attempt to resettle Deerfield was made. This ended tragically. Later settlers effected a permanent lodgment, and it again became the frontier town, so to remain for a third of a century, except the interval of five years during which Northfield was occupied.

But Indian affairs continued unsettled. The hostile Valley clans, though expelled and scattered, were not subdued, and roving bands coming down from the north repeatedly harassed the upper towns till the French and Indian wars broke upon the Valley.

Still life at this period was not all sombre in the River towns. There were various mild diversions, chief among them the lecture days and training days. Not a little cheeriness was mixed with the perils of the River folk. Recalling their manners and their ways of living as the seventeenth century was closing, Roger Wolcott remarked the "simplicity and honesty of the generality." Their blemishes he observed to be too much censoriousness and detraction. "And as they had much cyder many of them drank too much of it."

## XIII

### The Sack of Deerfield.

The Settlement, again the Outpost, repeatedly raided in the early French and Indian Wars—The first Captives marched to Canada from Deerfield and Hatfield—Knightly Quest of two Hatfield Men—Bootless raid of Baron de Saint-Castin—Motive of de Vaudreuil's Expedition resulting in the Sack—Deerfield as it appeared before the Onset—Completeness of the Surprise by De Rouville's Army—The Palisades scaled over Snowdrifts—Scene at the Parsonage—Siege of the Benoni Stebbins House—Start of one hundred and twelve Captives for Canada.

**D**EERFIELD, as the outpost in the Valley from the time of its reoccupation by permanent settlers in 1682, had borne the brunt of the Indian raids upon the River towns during King William's War of 1690–1698, and in Queen Anne's War of 1702–1713, till the second year of the latter war, when the Marquis de Vaudreuil, French governor of Canada, sent out a midwinter expedition directly for the destruction of this "frontier of the Boston government." It was the awful work of that expedition, in the burning of the town, the massacre or capture of nearly all its inhabitants, and the marching of one hundred and twelve captives, the minister with his flock, three hundred miles over the ice and snow to Canada, which has become familiar in history and legend as "The Sack of Deerfield."

More than a quarter of a century earlier some Deerfield settlers had formed a part of the first of all bands of captive whites to be taken on this cruel journey through the wilderness, along which so many in subsequent parties fell



Door of the "Ensign Sheldon House," with its "Hatchet-Hewn Face."

Relic of the sack of Deerfield, February, 1703/4.





by the way, less through exhaustion and exposure than from the Indians' tomahawk and scalping knife.

The story of the captives' march that followed the Sack of 1703-4 is but a repetition, on a larger scale and with more tragic detail, of the story of the first one of 1677.

The party of 1677 comprised twenty-eight men, women, and children. They were Hatfield and Deerfield folk, captured by a band of refugee Pocumtucks and a single Narragansett, who had come down from Canada under a Canadian chief, in September of that year, — the year after the close of Philip's War. The Deerfield portion were survivors of a group of a half-dozen settlers, led by Quintin Stockwell, of "Stockwell Fort," destroyed in Philip's War, who had ventured the resettlement of the town in the preceding spring. The raiders, unaware of the venture at Deerfield, had first fallen upon Hatfield, supposing it to be the outmost settlement. The truth was discovered to them by the Deerfield camp-fire at twilight, after they had pillaged Hatfield and were starting up river on their return march, with their captives and plunder. Creeping down from the woods on East Mountain, they completely surprised the camp as supper was preparing. Though valiantly resisting the sudden assault, the little group of settlers were crushed by the superior numbers that surrounded them. Four of the six, with a Hatfield boy who happened with them, fell into the enemy's hands and were joined to the other captives on East Mountain. The Hatfield captives were composed of broken families, mostly the women and children. Of the full company of twenty-eight beginning the northern march, three or four fell by the way. John Root of the Deerfield group and the Hatfield boy, Sammy Russell, — who had lost his mother and younger brother in the slaughter at Hatfield, — were early

killed by their captors; and later a little Hatfield girl, Mary Foote, was killed, probably, like the boy, for straggling. Benoni Stebbins, of the Deerfield group, managed to escape early in the journey, and got back to Hadley with the first authentic news of the destination of the captives. Quintin Stockwell weathered the journey with much distress from wounds which he had received in the fight at Deerfield, and was subsequently ransomed. "Old Sergeant Plympton," — not so very old, being under sixty, — another of the Deerfield group, who had served with Captain Moseley in Philip's War, was burned at the stake after the arrival in Canada. A woman captive was forced to lead him to the fire, we read, though the stout-hearted fellow approached it not only unflinchingly but "with cheerfulness." Three wintry months were consumed on this first march, on which long halts were made at Indian camps far up the River; and at its end the captives were scattered in French and Indian villages.

A rescue party composed of soldiers and volunteers from Hatfield and the towns next below had hurried out in pursuit of the raiders, but after a bewildering chase for nearly forty miles up the Valley without result they returned disheartened. The wily foe had doubled on their tracks, and crossed and recrossed the River, so confusing all traces. Then followed a knightly quest by two Hatfield men, Benjamin Waite and Stephen Jennings, whose entire families were among the captives. Armed with papers from the Bay council authorizing their expedition, and with letters from the Bay governor to the French governor and to a great Indian sachem, making overtures for the redemption of the captives, the two men started off on their lonely pilgrimage in the desolate season of December. After extraordinary exertions and grave perils, these adventurous

men met with the fullest success. Their families were restored to them, and finally, through the help of Frontenac at Quebec, the ransom of the whole party was effected. The reader of the narrative which Hubbard gives of this quest will be disposed to agree with him that it would have afforded "Matter for a large Fiction to some of the ancient Poets." It was, as he says, unparalleled by "any attempt of that nature since the English came into these parts." Other similar and heroic pilgrimages followed in after years, the record of which ennobles the annals of New England colonial wars.

For most of the time between the break-up of Quintin Stockwell's camp and the return of permanent settlers the fruitful plantation of Deerfield lay "a wilderness, a dwelling for owls and a pasture for flocks." The reoccupation in the spring of 1682 was effected by a handful of former settlers who had been scattered in the towns below. They were enabled to set up their few houses and rehabilitate the old fort unmolested till the opening of King William's War. Of that war the most threatening event in the Valley was an assault by an expedition of French and Indians from Canada, sent out against Deerfield in the autumn of 1694, under the Baron de Saint-Castin. He was that fiery young Frenchman, Jean Vincent, who, coming out in the first regiment of regular troops sent over by the French government to Canada, afterward settled among the Indians of the Abenakis at Pentagoet, now Castine, on Penobscot Bay, and allied himself with their chief, Madockawando, whose daughters he took for wives, and became to the clan as their tutelary deity. Castin had accomplished the long march from the north undiscovered, skilfully eluding the English scouts then ranging the woods,

and had led his force down from East Mountain, intending to attack Deerfield at the north gate and take it by surprise, when a boy in the meadows chanced upon the creeping foe. The boy was shot before he could give the alarm, but the report of the gun gave it in his stead. At the signal the townsfolk hastened within the stockade, and the men took position for defence, drilled as they had been for just such a sudden attack. The school-dame and her flock of children were the last to get under cover. As they were rushing to the gate they were chased and fired upon; and they had barely reached it, with bullets whistling about their ears, when the general assault began. It was of short duration, for the stockade was successfully defended and the enemy were discomfited. Then they were "driven ignominiously back to the wilderness."

The Deerfield upon which Vaudreuil's expedition of February, 1703-4 fell had grown to embrace forty-one houses and two hundred and sixty-eight inhabitants. It was built as now along the length of the plateau of the Town Street. Fifteen of the forty-one houses were within the line of the stockade, twelve north and fourteen south of it. Meetinghouse Hill is now marked by the monument which commemorates the settlers and the men of the Civil War, and stands in the Common midway on Deerfield Old Street, within the lines of the old fort. The minister's little house, forty-two by twenty feet, with a lean-to, and his barn, both of which the town had built for him, stood back on the Common, where is now the academy. Benoni Stebbins' and Ensign John Sheldon's houses, important features in the Sack of the town, stood nearby to the northward. An inscribed tablet on the Common, beneath old elms, marks the site of the former; and a few rods

above a similar tablet marks that of the latter. The Sheldon house at the time of the Sack was the largest in the place. These three houses were a group by themselves twelve or fifteen rods from the houses on the east and south.

Grave apprehensions of trouble, based on reports of the enemy's movements, had been felt some time before it came, and the townsfolk had all been living inside the fort. In the previous May the council at Boston had provided a guard for the town, and the soldiers composing it were quartered among the inhabitants. Two were latterly assigned to the minister's house, one of these being John Stoddard, son of the Northampton minister, who afterward, as Colonel John Stoddard, became the chief military man in the Valley. In October, the minister, John Williams, sent to Governor Dudley at Boston a particular account of the distress of the town under the dangers to which it was exposed. The townspeople, he wrote, had been "driven from their houses and home lots into the fort," where were then but ten house-lots. Similarly wrote Solomon Stoddard, the Northampton minister. "Their houses are so crowded, sometimes with soldiers, that men and women can do little business within doors, and their spirits are so taken up with their dangers that they have little heart to undertake what is needful for advancing their estates. . . . Sometimes they are alarmed and called off from their business, sometimes they dare not go into their fields; and when they do go, they are fain to wait till they have a guard." Almost the only communication between the houses, according to another account, was by passages underground from cellar to cellar.

Such was the little village within the rude walls of the picketed fort on the night before the attack, on the last of

February. When that night closed down Sheldon counts two hundred and ninety-one souls here. Of these, he finds, twenty were garrison soldiers; two were visitors from Hatfield; three, Frenchmen from Canada; one, a friendly Indian; and three, negro slaves. The rest were the townspeople, of all ages, "from Widow Allison of eighty-four years, to John, the youngling of Deacon Trench's flock, of four weeks." In the minister's house with him were his family, — his wife Eunice, a daughter of Eleazer Mather, the earlier Northampton minister, and seven of their eight living children, with two negro slaves, a maid and a man, — and the two soldiers as guard. In the Stebbins house were three families and a guard. In the Sheldon house, — the ensign's family, and his newly married son with his bride, born Hannah Chapin of Springfield, whose wedding journey had been a winter's trip from Springfield to this house on horseback, the bride riding a pillion behind the groom. Outside, the snow lay heavily on the meadows, and piled in drifts against the stockade.

Vaudreuil's expedition was undertaken ostensibly in aid of the Abenakis of Maine, in response to an appeal from some of these Indians for help to revenge upon the English a real or fancied wrong suffered at their hands; but more particularly in the hope of embroiling the English with the Abenakis and breaking their treaty of peace. As de Vaudreuil reported after the Sack, "Sieur de Rouville's party, My Lord, has accomplished everything that was expected of it; for independent of the capture of the fort, it showed the Abenakis that they could truly rely on our promises; and this is what they told me at Montreal on the 13th of June when they came to thank me." A side motive which Sheldon discloses in his ingenious brochure, *New Tracks in an old Trail*, was the French

governor's desire to secure the person of Parson Williams to hold for the exchange of Captain Baptiste, the French prisoner in Boston, to whom the minister makes a passing allusion in his *Redeemed Captive*, as Captain Battis, who was a more important personage, at least to de Vaudreuil, than appears in the histories.

The expedition was carefully planned and abundantly equipped for the journey down and back to Canada. It was composed of two hundred French soldiers, and one hundred and forty Indians, part French Mohawks, or "Macquas," probably, Sheldon says, in civilized dress, and part Abenakis, in native costume. Hertel de Rouville, the commander, was an officer of the line, leader six years before of the attack upon Salmon Falls Village, in New Hampshire, and afterward, in 1708, leading in the pitiless massacre at Haverhill, Massachusetts. Second in command was his brother, Lieutenant de Rouville. The soldiers were provided with snowshoes, and came down the Valley with little difficulty over the crusted snow and the frozen River. An extra supply of snowshoes and moccasins was brought for the use of the captives they expected to take. Provisions were conveyed on sleds, some drawn by dogs, as far as the mouth of West River, at the present Brattleborough. Here the sleds and dogs were left with a small guard, and the rest of the way was made with scant supply of food in the packs which each man carried. Before the end of the march the band were obliged to subsist on such game as the Indian hunters could kill. As the town was approached the French soldiers were half starved and on the brink of mutiny.

The party were made ready for the assault under cover of night on the bluff overlooking North Meadows, a mile and a half northwest of the fort. Crossing Deerfield River

on the ice near Red Rocks, a halt was again made till spies had gone forward and learned how affairs stood in the village. All about the fort was found in deep quiet; even the watchman was asleep. Tradition tells that the wearied sentinel, while on his beat in the depth of the night, had heard from one of the houses "the soft voice of a woman singing a lullaby to a sick child," and leaning against the window of the room where the child lay to listen to the song had himself dropped asleep under "the soothing tones of the singer." Moving cautiously across North Meadows and down to the village, the invaders stole upon their prey. It was now two hours before daybreak. Easily scaling the palisades over the snowdrifts against them, at the northwest corner of the stockade, De Rouville's men were inside and scattered among the houses before a soul was aware of their presence. The surprise was complete. The roused sentinel discharged his gun and gave the cry of "Arms!" before he was overcome, but the alarm was drowned in the din that instantly arose. The signal for general attack was an assault by twenty of the Indians upon the minister's house, the French soldiers meanwhile "standing to their arms and killing all they could that made any resistance."

What befel the minister's household, and how pluckily if not recklessly the parson displayed his mettle, his own narrative best portrays :

They came to my house in the beginning of the onset, and by their violent endeavors to break open doors and windows with axes and hatchets, awakened me out of sleep; on which I leaped out of bed, and, running towards the door, perceived the enemy making their entrance into the house. I called to awaken two soldiers in the chamber, and returning toward my bedside for my arms, the enemy immediately broke into the room . . . with painted faces and



hideous acclamations. I reached up my hands to the bedtester for my pistol, uttering a short petition to God for everlasting mercies for me and mine on account of the merits of our glorified Redeemer, expecting a present passage through the valley of the shadow of death. . . . Taking down my pistol, I cocked it, and put it to the breast of the first Indian that came up. But my pistol missing fire, I was seized by three Indians, who disarmed me, and bound me naked, as I was in my shirt, and so I stood for near the space of an hour. Binding me, they told me they would carry me to Quebec. My pistol missing fire was an occasion of my life's being preserved; since which I have also found it profitable to be crossed in my own will. . . . I cannot relate the distressing care I had for my dear wife, who had lain in but a few weeks before; and for my poor children, and Christain neighbors. . . .

The enemy fell to rifling the house, and entered in great numbers into every room. I begged of God to remember mercy in the midst of judgment; that he would so far restrain their wrath as to prevent their murdering of us; that we might have grace to glorify his name whether in life or death; and, as I was able, committed our state to God. The enemies who entered the house . . . insulted over me awhile, holding up hatchets over my head, threatening to burn all I had; but yet God, beyond expectation, made us in a great measure to be pitied. For though some were so cruel and barbarous as to take and carry to the door two of my children and murder them, as also a negro woman; yet they gave me liberty to put on my clothes, keeping me bound with a cord on one arm till I put on my clothes to the other; and then changing my cord, they let me dress myself, and then pinioned me again. Gave liberty to my dear wife to dress herself and our remaining children. About sun an hour high we were all carried out of the house for a march, and saw many of the houses of my neighbors in flames, perceiving the whole fort, one house excepted, to be taken. . . . Upon my parting from the town they fired my house and barn."

The one house excepted — of those in the upper part of the fort — was the Ensign Sheldon house. Its stout door was hacked with axes and cut partly through, but could not be broken in. Through a slit bullets were shot at

random, and the ensign's wife was killed while sitting on a bed. The son and his bride jumped from a window of the east chamber in which Mrs. Sheldon was killed. Hannah, spraining her ankle in the fall, and unable to escape, unselfishly urged her husband to fly to Hatfield for aid. This he did, "binding strips of a woolen blanket about his naked feet as he ran." She was taken captive. Entrance to the house was at length effected by a back door, and those of its inmates remaining were captured. The ensign's little two-year old daughter tradition says was taken to the door and her brains dashed out on the door-stone. The house was set on fire as the Indians were leaving, but was saved from destruction. It remained for nearly a century and a half, a landmark of the tragedy known as the "Old Fort." The battered front door, supported by the original door-posts — and with a print portrait of de Rouville tacked upon its frame — is preserved in Memorial Hall hard by, with other relics of the Sack.

About the Benoni Stebbins house the fiercest battle was fought, and here the tide was turned against the enemy. Attacked later than some of the other houses, its inmates had some time to prepare for defence. The women in common with the men armed themselves, and stood with their guns behind the windows ready to meet the first onslaught. When it came the Indians were driven back with loss from the well directed fire. A second assault by a stronger force was alike repelled. A short respite was permitted the besieged while the enemy was capturing, killing, and plundering at other points. Then the enemy came in force upon them, nearly the whole army, — the French soldiers now taking a part, — and surrounded the house. Bullets rained upon it from every quarter. The brave garrison sent out well-aimed shots in return. Several

more of the enemy fell, among them young Lieutenant de Rouville. In desperate attempts to set fire to the house a Macqua chief and several of his men lost their lives. This chief was the one against whose breast Parson Williams had pressed his cocked pistol when seized in the parsonage. At length the assailants were driven to cover, — in the Sheldon house, which they now held, and the meeting-house. From these shelters the attack was renewed. Still the garrison held out, and the besiegers were kept at bay till relief appeared. This came from a party of thirty men on horseback from the towns below who had hastened up in response to the alarm spread by young Sheldon, and by the smoke of the burning town. The siege had continued for three hours. Seven men and a few women in an unfortified house had successfully opposed “so great a number of French and Indians as three hundred,” — the figures are Parson Williams’s. Truly, as Sheldon the historian exclaims, “in all the wars of New England there is no more gallant act recorded than this defence.”

Only one of the defenders was killed ; but he was the leader, — Sergeant Stebbins. One of the fighting women, Mrs. Hoyt, was wounded ; and also one of the two soldiers who had been stationed in the house as guard. When the relief party arrived a portion of the besiegers had withdrawn and were busied in collecting plunder, in killing the settlers’ stock, in securing provisions for the return march, and in taking captives to the rendezvous. A rush was made on those continuing the siege, the others were scattered, and all driven “pell mell out of the north gate, across the home lots, and North Meadows.” The Stebbins house freed, the men of its valiant garrison joined in the chase, while the women and children ran to the cover of Captain Jonathan Wells’s fortified house outside the fort. The Stebbins house

was accidentally burned after its inmates had left. The chase, joined in also by Captain Wells and fifteen other Deerfield men with some garrison soldiers, was hotly continued for about a mile, without order, each man fighting on his own hook. As the pursuers warmed up, coats were thrown off, then waistcoats, jackets, neckcloths. Captain Wells, fully alive to the danger of such a headlong pursuit of an Indian foe, tried hard to check it, but in vain; and at length the pursuers ran directly into the "inevitable ambush." Nine were killed, the others fled back in a panic.

At night, when the number of men gathered in the village from other towns had increased to about eighty, an immediate renewal of pursuit and attack was urged. But the difficulties in the way made successful result appear out of the question. The snow was three feet deep and impassable without snowshoes; and of these there was scant supply. It was probable that the enemy could not be caught up with and attacked before daylight. If the approach of a rescue party were discovered they might and probably would at once massacre the captives. Such reasoning finally prevailed, and the scheme was reluctantly abandoned. During the following day Connecticut men, from farther down the River, began to arrive, coming in small parties, on horseback, till by nightfall the total of able-bodied men present had increased to two hundred and fifty. Pursuit again was proposed. Now, however, the weather had changed; a warm rain had begun to fall, softening the snow and ice, and rendering travel hazardous. So this second plan had to be given up. Meanwhile the dead lying in the village were buried (in a common grave in the old graveyard on Academy Lane, leading along the lower side of the Common); and remnants

of the property of the remaining inhabitants left by the despoilers — strayed cattle, hogs, and sheep — were collected. Then a garrison of thirty or more men was formed under Captain Wells, and established in his fortified house ; and those from other towns returned sadly to their own homes. There remained of Deerfield folk twenty-five men, with as many women, and seventy-five children, forty three under ten.

Of the town's two hundred and sixty-eight inhabitants before the Sack, all but one hundred and twenty-six were either killed or in the hands of the enemy on the cruel march of three hundred miles through the wilderness.

After the Sack the few survivors left in Deerfield resolved to abandon the place. But Colonel Samuel Partridge, the military commander in the Valley, forbade them to leave. Soldiers were brought in from below and it was made a military station. The able-bodied men of the village were impressed as soldiers in the queen's service and the non-combatants were sent off to the lower towns. The impressed men were to labor in the fields by turns three days out of five. This was done at the peril of their lives, for the woods "were full of lurking Indians watching chances for spoil," and raids were of frequent occurrence. The enemy also continued at intervals to swoop down from Canada in force upon the frontiers. Near the middle of May following the Sack, Pascommuck, a fortified outlying hamlet of Northampton, was surprised by a band of French and Indians led by Sieur de Montingy, and the whole lot of settlers there, thirty-seven men, women, and children, were captured and hurried off on the march for Canada. A company of horsemen speedily in pursuit caught the enemy not far on their up-river journey, but

with direful results; for the approach of their pursuers "caused them to nock all the Captives on the head save five or six. Three they carried to Canada with them, the others escaped; and about seven of those nocked on the head recovered, ye rest died." The leader of the pursuers, Captain John Taylor, of Northampton, was killed.

Captain de Montingy had been sent down by de Vaudreuil, after the triumphant return of Hertel de Rouville, ostensibly to avenge some English wrongs upon a northern tribe, in pursuance of de Vaudreuil's original policy of fostering the savage flame against the English; and upon his return with the report of this slaughter, which "wonderfully lifted up" the Indians "with pride," de Vaudreuil resolved "to lay desolate all the places on the Connecticut River" at a single stroke. To this end he sent forth an army of seven hundred Indians and one hundred and twenty-five French soldiers under Captain de Beaucours, with several Jesuits in the train. "This army went away in such a boasting and triumphing manner," wrote Parson Williams upon witnessing the departure during his captivity, "that I had great hopes God would discover and disappoint their design." They were disappointed, and they "turned back ashamed." De Vaudreuil's inadequate explanation of the failure of the expedition, made in his home report, was that "a French soldier deserted within a day's journey of the enemy," whereupon a panic "seized the minds of our Indians to such a degree that it was impossible for Sieur de Beaucours to prevent their retreating." Sheldon's more reasonable view is that they probably found the River towns too much on the alert for a surprise, and they had "no stomach for an open attack." They doubtless also were affected by accounts of the performance of a scouting party, composed

of Caleb Lyman of Northampton and a few Connecticut Indian allies, twenty miles below the general Indian rendezvous of Cowass on the Great Ox-bow of the River in Newbury, Vermont side. This was the destruction of an Indian camp and the indiscriminate scalping of its occupants, women with the men, which brought about the abandonment of Cowass and the flight of its Indians Canada-ward. But so long as this army hovered about the frontiers its scouts harassed the outlying towns below Deerfield, as far down as Springfield.

Deerfield ceased to be the frontier town after the close of Queen Anne's War, Northfield becoming the outermost settlement in 1714, when its long deserted lands were permanently reoccupied.

## XIV

### The "Redeemed Captive's" Story

Journey of the Deerfield Band as described by Parson Williams — His last Walk with his Wife — Their tender Parting — The Gentle Lady soon Slain — Her Grave in the Old Deerfield Burying-ground — Other Captives Killed on the Hard March — The Minister's Faith in the Practical Value of Prayer — The first Sunday out : Service of Sermon and Song — Canadian experiences — The Minister's Wrestlings with the "Papists" — Fate of his Children — A Daughter becomes a Chief's Wife — The "Lost Dauphin of France."

OF the march of the Deerfield captives of 1704, its hardships, perils, and tragedies, we have the minutest particulars in the minister's unique account in his "Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion," supplemented by the journal of his son Stephen, then a lad of about eleven. The forlorn company were gathered together and prepared for the march at the rendezvous at the foot of the mountain where the enemy had made ready for the attack upon the town. More than half of the one hundred and twelve, Sheldon says, were under eighteen years of age; forty of them not over twelve, and twelve under five. One of the latter, a "suckling child," was killed before the march began. All were provided with moccasins in place of their shoes. As they ascended the bluff the unhappy band gazed back at the smoke of the fires, beholding "the awful desolation of Deerfield." Twenty-two of them were to fall under the cruel tomahawk, or perish from exposure or hunger on the march. Two were to have the good fortune of escaping. Only sixty were to return to their friends.





The "Redeemed Captive's" son,  
Stephen Williams.  
Minister of Longmeadow for sixty-six years  
(1716-1782).



The rest were to adopt Indian or French habits ; some were to intermarry with their captors ; some to enter the Catholic religious orders in Canada.

"We travelled not far the first day," runs the minister's narrative. "When we came to our lodging-place the first night [in a swamp on Greenfield meadows] they dug away the snow and made some wigwams, cut down some small branches of the spruce-tree to lie down on, and gave the prisoners something to eat ; but we had little appetite. I was pinioned and bound down that night ; and so I was every night whilst I was with the army. Some of the enemy who brought drink with them from the town fell to drinking, and in their drunken fit they killed my negro man. In the night an Englishman made his escape ; in the morning I was called for, and ordered by the general [Rouville] to tell the English that if any more made their escape they would burn the rest of the prisoners." The minister's "master" thus far on the march — one of the survivors of the three Macquas who had first seized him in the parsonage and who held him as their especial prize — would not permit him to speak with any of the prisoners. But on the morning of the second day he passed to his other "master," who was so lenient as to give him the blessed privilege of walking for a while with his wife when they overtook the poor lady dragging her weak limbs through the trackless snow. Then follows this pathetic passage :

"On the way we discoursed of the happiness of those who had a right to a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens ; and God for a father and friend ; as also, that it was our reasonable duty quietly to submit to the will of God, and to say, 'the will of the Lord be done.' My wife told me her strength of body began to fail, and that I must expect to part with her ; saying she hoped God

would preserve my life, and the life of some if not all of our children with us; and commended to me, under God, the care of them. She never spake any discontented word as to what had befallen us, but with suitable expressions justified God in what had happened. We soon made a halt, in which time my chief surviving master came up, upon which I was put upon marching with the foremost; and so made my last farewell of my dear wife, the desire of my eyes, and companion in many mercies and afflictions. Upon our separation from each other we asked for each other grace sufficient for what God should call us to do. After our being parted from one another she spent the few remaining minutes of her stay in reading the Holy Scriptures."

Poor lady indeed! but rich in sweet virtues and simple faith. Very soon after this exalted parting she came to the death she had foreseen. In crossing Green River, through which all were compelled to wade, "the water being above knee-deep, the stream very swift," she fell prostrate in the chilling current. Weakened pitifully by her fall, she staggered but little beyond when "the cruel and bloodthirsty savage who took her slew her with his hatchet at one stroke." The place where she thus fell is close to the upper line of Greenfield at the foot of the Leyden Hills, and is now marked by a monument erected by the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association of Deerfield. Word of her fate reached the minister while he was resting at the top of the hill below which she was slain:

"No sooner had I overcome the difficulty of that ascent but I was permitted to sit down and be unburdened of my pack. I sat pitying those who were behind, and entreating my master to let me go down and help my wife; but he refused and would not let me stir from him. I asked each of the prisoners, as they passed by me, after her [and so got the awful tidings of her taking off]. And yet such was the hardheartedness of the adversary that my tears were reckoned to me as a reproach. My loss and the loss of my children

was great; our hearts were so filled with sorrow that nothing but the comfortable hopes of her being taken away in mercy to herself from the evils we were to see, feel, and suffer under . . . could have kept us from sinking under at that time. . . . We were again called upon to march, with a far heavier burden on my spirits than on my back."

Subsequently Deerfield men ranging this country after the sad procession had long passed, found the body of Eunice Williams, and bringing it back to the village gave it decent burial in the old graveyard near the common grave of the earlier victims of the Sack. To-day her grave is seen beside that of her husband, under boughs of arborvitæ, with a headstone thus inscribed: "Here lyeth the Body of M<sup>rs</sup> Eunice Williams, the Vertuous & desirable Consort of the Rev<sup>nd</sup> M<sup>r</sup> John Williams & Daughter to y<sup>e</sup> Rev<sup>nd</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Eleazer and M<sup>rs</sup> Esther Mather of Northampton. She was Born Aug<sup>t</sup> 2, 1664, and fell by the rage of y<sup>e</sup> Barbarous Enemy March 1, 1703-4. Prov: 31, 28. Her Children arise up & Call her Blessed." Under forty years of age, the gentle lady had been the mother of eleven children, six of whom survived her.

The march continued along the west side country following an Indian trail northeasterly, through the present Massachusetts towns of Leyden and Bernardstown, and Vernon over the Vermont line, to Brattleborough and the mouth of West River, when the Connecticut's frozen surface was taken. The camp for the second night was set in Bernardstown. Before the company were halted for this night two more had been killed,—an infant at the breast, and a little girl. Mr. Williams had also been threatened by an Abenaki who talked with his master about taking his scalp. But the master promised him that he would not be killed. At this camp a more equal dis-

tribution of the captives among the Indians was made, while the minister and others, stripped of their good clothes, which the Indians sold to the French soldiers, were obliged to don the Frenchmen's coarser and dirtier garments. From Stephen Williams they took the "silver buttons and buckles which I had on my shirt." While here also the captives had a fresh alarm. Observing several of the savages peeling bark from trees, and acting strangely, they apprehended that some of them were to be burned. But the minister calmed their fears with the assurance that he was "persuaded that" God "would prevent such severities." As it happened these severities were not resorted to, but another unhappy woman, who "being near the time of her travail was wearied with her journey," was killed.

From the rendezvous at the mouth of West River, where the sleds with the teams of dogs were taken, the march up the Connecticut was made with greater haste, for a thaw threatened the break-up of the ice. Several of the children were drawn by the Indians on the sleds with their wounded and their packs. For some hours the company travelled through slush and water up to the ankles. Near night Mr. Williams became very lame, from an ankle which he had wrenched not long before his capture. And now there came to him one of several experiences on the journey that satisfied his believing soul of the practical value of prayer: "I thought, and so did others, that I should not be able to hold out to travel far. I lifted up my heart to God, my only refuge, to remove my lameness and carry me through with my children and neighbors if he judged it best; however, I desired God would be with me in my great change if he called me by such a death to glorify him; and that he would take care

of my children and neighbors, and bless them: and within a little space of time I was well of my lameness, to the joy of my friends who saw so great an alteration in my travelling." Others, however, were less fortunate. For the next day the speed was so great that four women became tired out and they were forthwith slain. Stephen's diary records of this time, "they killed near a dozen of women and children, for their manner was if any loitered to kill them."

On the first Sunday of the tragic journey Bellows Falls had been passed and the mouth of Williams River reached. Here the whole company rested for that day, and the minister was permitted to hold that Christian service under the wintry sky, with the dusky heathen girding his shattered congregation, which is commemorated in this river's name. Mr. Williams rose grandly to the occasion. He prayed with his stricken people, and preached them a sermon, taking for his text "Lam. 1. 18: 'The Lord is righteous, for I have rebelled against his commandments: hear, I pray you, all people, and behold my sorrow: my virgins and my young men have gone into captivity.'" Then, at the call of the Indians to "sing us one of Zion's songs," he and the congregation bravely lifted up their sad voices in a familiar hymn; and some of their dusky auditors were fain to upbraid them because "our singing was not so loud as theirs." Mr. Williams reflects mournfully upon the difference between the Indians' and the Papists' treatment of them in respect to freedom of worship. "When," he writes, "the Macquas and Indians were chief in power we held this revival in our bondage, to join together in the worship of God, and encourage one another to a patient bearing the indignation of the Lord till he should plead our cause. When we arrived at New France we were for-

bidden praying one with another, or joining together in the service of God." But their revival had no influence upon the policy of their captors. On the next day's march two women becoming too faint to travel were despatched. The day following occurred another pathetic parting, with an exhibition of the wonderful fortitude as well as faith of the women of this captive band :

"In the morning before we travelled one Mary Brooks, a pious young woman, came to the wigwam where I was and told me she desired to bless God who had inclined the heart of her master to let her come and take her farewell of me. Said she, 'by my falls on the ice yesterday I injured myself causing a miscarriage this night, so that I am not able to travel far : I know they will kill me to-day ; but,' says she, ' God has (praise be his name !) by his spirit, with his word, strengthened me to my last encounter with death,' and so mentioned to me some places of scripture seasonably sent in for her support. 'And,' says she, 'I am not afraid of death ; I can through the grace of God cheerfully submit to his will. Pray for me,' said she, at parting, 'that God would take me to himself.' Accordingly she was killed that day."

At the mouth of White River, now White River Junction, Hertel de Rouville broke up the company into small parties who continued the journey in different directions. The party to which Mr. Williams with his children, other than Stephen, was attached followed the valleys of the White and Winooski rivers, Lake Champlain, the St. Lawrence, and Sorel rivers, to the French village of Chambly, fifteen miles below Montreal, being a little over a month on the march. Stephen Williams was carried with the band that continued up the Connecticut and into the Coös country. After months of wandering, they struck across to the Winooski and made their way to Chambly and the Indian fort of St. François above, which was





White River Junction, and West Lebanon, New Hampshire Side.



reached in August. The hardships of the minister's party were but little relaxed through the remainder of their journey. Early on the way another child, a little girl of four, was killed, her Macqua master finding the snow too deep for him comfortably to carry both the child and his pack. Still there were some worthy exhibitions of savage kindness. The minister's children fared exceptionally well. The youngest daughter, Eunice, aged seven, was "carried all the journey, and looked after with a great deal of tenderness." The youngest boy, Warham, four years old, was "wonderfully preserved from death; for though they that carried him or drew him on sleighs were tired with their journeys, yet their savage cruel tempers were so overruled by God that they did not kill him, but in their pity he was spared, and others would take care of him; so that four times on the journey he was thus preserved till at last he arrived in Montreal." So also the elder son, Samuel, and the eldest daughter, Esther, "were pitied so as to be drawn on sleighs when unable to travel." Mr. Williams himself was occasionally helped along by his master. The latter made a pair of snowshoes for him, and the first day of wearing them he travelled twenty-five miles. Along one of the hard passages, when he was foot-sore, the master relieved him of his pack by drawing it with his own heavy one on the ice. One day they travelled from forty to forty-five miles. On the lake the devout minister had another "wonderful experience" of the miraculous efficacy of prayer, as he could not doubt:

"When we entered on the lake the ice was rough and uneven which was very grievous to my feet that could scarce bear to set down on the smooth ice on the river. I lifted up my cry to God in ejaculatory requests that he would take notice of my state and some way or other relieve me. I had not marched half a mile before there fell a

moist snow about an inch and a half deep, that made it very soft for my feet to pass over the lake to the place where my master's family was. Wonderful favors in the midst of trying afflictions!"

At length arriving at Chambly, Mr. Williams was hospitably received into a French gentleman's house and thankfully enjoyed once again the luxury of a civilized table and rest at night on "a good feather bed." The greater part of the other captives had arrived before him and were distributed among the Indians. His four children, who before the end of the journey had been separated from him, were, all but little Warham, in or about Montreal, in the Indians' hands. Warham had been bought by a French gentlewoman in Montreal as the Indians passed by. Nothing was at this time to be learned here of Stephen's fate. Later taken up to Montreal, Mr. Williams was placed under the guardianship of the governor, by whom he was held for exchange for Captain Baptiste. So far as it related to his "outward man" the governor's treatment of him was "courteous and charitable to admiration." He was as a guest in the governor's house. He was provided with clothing as became his station, given a place at the governor's table, and "a very good chamber" for his living room. The governor also exerted himself to get the minister's neighbors out of the hands of the savages, and especially to redeem his children, in which latter efforts the governor's lady lent her kindly aid. All the children were ultimately redeemed excepting the daughter Eunice, whom the Macquas would not give up at any price. So she remained permanently with them, growing early to their ways and customs, losing her native language and religion, becoming a Catholic under the teaching of nuns in her girlhood, and in time marrying a Caughnawaga chief who adopted her name of Williams. Young Stephen suffered



White River Junction and Lebanon Bridge, at High Water.



many hardships and some romantic adventures, though "wonderfully preserved" through his long months of Indian life, during a time of "famine whereof three English persons died." He became skilful in the arts of the Indian hunter, and an adept in woodcraft. He was finally ransomed, and rejoined the father in the village of Château Riche, fifteen miles below Quebec, after a separation of more than a year.

But while the minister's "outward man" was so comforted by his treatment by the governor and other Frenchmen, his heart was torn by the miseries of his captive people through the Jesuit schemes to force them into "Popery." He too was in constant battle in defence of his orthodoxy. Every art was employed to win or entrap him into the Romish fold. He was cajoled, threatened, reasoned with, badgered incessantly, the pressure tightened with his unbending resistance. Once, at Quebec, when the intendant offered to collect all the captives and his children together with him, and secure him "a great and honorable pension from the king every year," large enough for his and their "honorable maintenance," if he would become a Catholic, his spirited reply was, "Sir, if I thought your religion to be true I would embrace it freely; . . . but so long as I believe it to be what it is, the offer of the whole world is of no more value to me than a blackberry." Earnestly entreated by his lordship to accompany him in his coach to the great church on a saint's day, he replied, "Ask me anything wherein I can serve you with a good conscience, and I am ready to gratify you, but I must ask your excuse here." Shortly before his redemption, when he had been in Canada for two years, the "superior of the priests," remarking his now ragged clothes, told him that his "obstinacy against the Catholic religion prevented their

providing him better" ones. "It is better going in a ragged coat than with a ragged conscience," he retorted.

He was denied intercourse with the other captives lest he should hinder the work of proselytism. But ways of communicating with them, and of sustaining them in their resistance were found. For the comfort of those who secretly visited him, he drew up, in his "solitariness," some "sorrowful, mournful considerations" on the situation, in verse of "a plain style," although he was "unskilled in poetry," — as the opening lines attest:

"The sorrows of my heart enlarged are,  
 Whilst I my present state with past compare.  
 I frequently unto God's house did go,  
 With Christian friends his praises for to show;  
 But now I solitary sit, both sigh and cry,  
 Whilst my flock's misery think on do I."

When the negotiations for the exchange of prisoners were finally completed the tussle with the French priests was at its sharpest. "I cannot tell you," the minister writes, "how the clergy and others labored to stop many of the prisoners. To some liberty, to some money and yearly pensions were offered if they would stay . . . Some younger ones were told if they went home they would be damned and burnt in hell forever, to affright them. Day and night they were urging them to stay . . . At Montreal especially all crafty endeavors were used to stay" them. But the minister corralled most of the lot, and fifty-seven took passage on the homeward bound ship with him. This vessel sailed from Quebec in October, 1706, and in a month reached Boston. With Mr. Williams came two of his children, — Samuel and little Warham. Stephen had returned a year earlier, with Colonel William Dudley,



Governor Dudley's son, who had gone out with proposals for an exchange of prisoners. Esther, the eldest daughter, had preceded Stephen, having been brought home by Ensign John Sheldon with two of the latter's children and Mary (Chapin) Sheldon, his young daughter-in-law.

Ensign Sheldon had made the first expedition for the redemption of the captives, and the first of three undertaken by him, quests as knightly as those of Waite and Jennings a quarter of a century before. On this first trip, made in the winter season, on snowshoes, by way of Albany and the lakes, he had two companions: Captain John Livingstone of Albany as pilot, and young John Wells of Deerfield, who had lost a sister in the Sack, and whose mother was among the captives. Ensign Sheldon himself had four sons and daughters in the captive band, and his dead wife's brother with a large family. He carried proposals from Governor Dudley to Governor de Vaudreuil, but this mission was successful only in the ransom of part of his family and Esther Williams, and the return with him of Captain Courtemanche as a commissioner for the French side in the negotiations for exchanges. His second trip, again with Young Wells and another in Livingstone's place, made in the late winter of 1705-6, was more successful, for it secured the ransom of forty-three captives, the greater number of them Deerfield folk, who returned with him by ship from Quebec. His third pilgrimage was in the spring of 1707, and resulted in the return of seven captives, by the overland route, with an escort by Monsieur de Chambly, a brother of Hertel de Rouville.

When Parson Williams returned from his captivity and came back to Deerfield, in December, 1706, the place was yet little more than a military post. The minister's resto-

ration to them, however, put new heart into the few townspeople, and something of the old town life was renewed. The town at once voted to build a new house for the minister, as "big as Ensign Sheldon's," which we have seen was the largest in the place; and before the close of his first year back at home he was comfortably settled in the new parsonage with his children (save Eunice) again about him, and with another wife. The new house was placed on the site of the old one, and there it remained for more than a century and a half, the homestead, after the minister's day, of generations of Williamses, and after them of another old Deerfield family. Then it was moved off a few rods westward, to make way for the academy; and here it still stands, facing the minister's original home-lot, with an end on Academy Lane, a landmark protected with jealous care by its fortunate possessor. On the edge of the green which it fronts an inscribed tablet gives the passer the data of the home-lot and of the two houses. The minister's second wife, to whom he was married in September after his home-coming, was a cousin of the martyred Eunice, and, like her, a granddaughter of the Rev. William Warham, first minister of the Connecticut Windsor. She was Abigail, widow of Benjamin Bissel of Hartford, when she married the minister.

Of Eunice Williams's children in the new household, three of the sons became ministers, and the daughter a minister's wife. These sons were put through Harvard College, graduating respectively, Eleazer in 1708, Stephen in 1713, and Warham in 1719. Eleazer, the eldest, was absent at school at the time, and thus escaped capture in the Sack. He became the settled minister of Mansfield, Connecticut, in 1710, and remained there till his death in 1742. Stephen, three years after his graduation, was settled at

Longmeadow, down the River, and, in charge of that parish, spent his long life, which closed in his eighty-ninth year. He was a chaplain in the army in three expeditions of the later French and Indian wars. Warham was minister in Waltham, eastern Massachusetts, and died in that office in 1751, after twenty-eight years of service. Of his children three daughters married clergymen, and a son became a minister, professor, editor, and historian. He was Samuel Williams, LL.D., author of the first history of Vermont. Samuel, Eunice Williams's second son, became town clerk of Deerfield. He returned from captivity speaking the French language fluently; and for this reason, in the latter part of Queen Anne's War, being then also a soldier, he was assigned to escort a party of French prisoners overland to Canada. He died early, — in 1713, — never quite recovering from the hardships of his captivity. Esther, Eunice's daughter, married a minister of Coventry, Connecticut.

Eunice, the daughter who remained with the Indians and married an Indian chief, was afterward found, but could not be induced to return to civilized life. Every effort to redeem her had failed, though strong influences had been exerted for her recovery. When, as chaplain in the expeditions of 1709 and 1711, Mr. Williams returned to Canada, the hope of rescuing her was strong in him; and again when, in 1714, he and Captain John Stoddard were there as commissioners to treat for the return of prisoners, this hope was uppermost in his mind. Negotiations for her ransom were instituted by officials at Boston and at Albany; but all to no purpose. The father never reached her. Years after, Stephen Williams, having found her, induced her to visit him at his home in Longmeadow. She came in her Indian garb, bringing her husband and a

train of grave-visaged Indians. She greeted her brother with affection; but she was firmly attached to the life of the forest, and civilization had no attractions for her. Her party would not lodge in her brother's house, but occupied during their stay a wigwam, which they set up in the orchard behind the parsonage. This incident of her visit has been related by a great-granddaughter of Stephen Williams: "One day my grandmother and her sisters got their Aunt Eunice into the house and dressed her up in our fashion. Meanwhile the Indians outside were very uneasy; and when Eunice went out in her new dress they were much displeased, and she soon returned to the house begging to have her blanket again." She lived to a great age, dying in her forest home after the close of the Revolution. Two of her great-grandsons, John and Eleazer Williams, spent some years of their boyhood in Longmeadow, receiving their education under "Deacon" Nathaniel Ely, who had married a granddaughter of Stephen Williams. One of them, Eleazer, became a minister and a missionary among the western Indians. He attained a greater notoriety in his later life through his acceptance of the claim that he was not of Indian blood, but of royal French, — the real "lost dauphin" of Louis XIV and Marie Antoinette.

He was that claimant over whom controversy waged warm fifty years ago, and good men became heated to angry invectives against each other. Older readers will recall the circumstantial story of the Rev. John H. Hanson in his papers, "Have We a Bourbon among Us?" and "The Bourbon Question," published in the *Putnam's Monthly* of 1853, which opened the dispute, and his subsequent book, "The Lost Prince," restating the story, and with not a little skill dealing with the critics and ridiculers of the claim. They will recall also the battle of the

pamphleteers for and against the claim which continued after the death of the claimant in 1858. And lately the story has been revived for modern readers in an English publication, based almost entirely upon Dr. Hanson's book, but with slight if any consideration of the strong evidence adduced by his contemporaries against his theory. The basis upon which the Williams claim was made principally to rest was in three propositions: the alleged declaration of his identity as the dauphin made to him by the Prince de Joinville at Green Bay, Wisconsin, in October, 1841, upon the occasion of de Joinville's second visit to America, with the request that he should sign an abdication of the throne, which he declined to do; of Williams's remarkable likeness to the Bourbons, and particularly to Louis XIV in feature and figure; and of the appearance upon his person of a scar, at the exact point indicated where it should be, showing the mark of a crescent-shaped lancet which the Duchesse d'Angoulême had said, when she rejected the claim of Naundorf, would be found on her brother, made by the surgeon at the time of his inoculation, for the purpose of identification. Against these assumptions or declarations, counter evidence was brought (with the documents assuming to attest the death of the real dauphin in the Temple) to show that the fabric had been principally erected on Williams's "say so"; that there was nothing substantial in support of the tale of the secret bringing of the dauphin to America and his sequestration with the Iroquois chief, the reputed father of Eleazer; that the likeness of Eleazer to the Bourbons, if not largely imaginary, had no significance; that he had the pronounced marks of the half-breed; that his Indian birth was sufficiently authenticated; and that his head was turned by stories of his "royal origin" told him by some French officers. The last words in the

controversy were said in *Putnam's Magazine* in 1868, against the claim, by the Rev. C. F. Robertson, afterward bishop of Missouri, who was the literary executor of Eleazer ; and for the claim, by the Rev. Francis Vinton of Brooklyn, afterward of Trinity Church, New York. In Dr. Vinton's statement were related incidents which he had not been allowed to publish during the life of the persons concerned, the principal one being an astonishing recognition of Williams as a Bourbon by Prince Paul William, Duke of Wurtemberg, in Mr. Vinton's Brooklyn church on a certain Sunday in 1853, when Williams was assisting in the service ; while Dr. Vinton clinched the whole matter, at least to his own satisfaction, with the declaration that he himself had seen the identifying mark of the crescent on the back of Williams's shoulder. Widely differing characters were given Eleazer by the contending partisans. Certain soldiers, General Cass and General A. E. Ellis among them, who knew him and ridiculed his "claim," declared him to have been a vain deceiver and dissembler. The Episcopal ministers defending his cause pictured him as a simple-minded man, devoted to his missionary work, a loyal Indian leader in the War of 1812, abashed rather than elated by the notoriety of the "claim." Perhaps the truth lies between the two. But the claim to the French principedom has passed into oblivion, a closed romance of history.

Parson Williams's second wife bore him five children. The eldest of them, Abigail, named for the mother, became three times a wife. The fourth child, Elijah, developed into an important man in the last two French wars. In the "Old French War" of 1744-48, as captain, he had charge of scouting parties from Deerfield to cover the frontier on the north and west. In the final war, 1755-63, he was a major and assistant commissary, with headquarters

in Deerfield. He was also a judge, a civil engineer, a representative in the General Court, and town clerk and selectman for a quarter of a century. Like his elder half-brothers, he was college bred, graduating from Harvard in 1732, and receiving an A. M. degree in 1758. He married first a Dwight of Hatfield, and second a Pynchon of Springfield. His son, also Elijah, Harvard 1764, and an A. M. Dartmouth 1773, a lawyer by profession, was a Tory in the Revolution and served as a captain on the British side. He had a hard time with the "Liberty Men" when he came home to arrange some business matters, but he managed to escape with his life.

The story of this remarkable Williams family has been enlarged in this chapter because it is the story of so many of the sturdy stock of early New England.

Parson Williams died in the summer of 1729, in his sixty-fifth year, and was buried in the old graveyard by the side of the martyred Eunice. Abigail Williams survived him a quarter of a century. When she died, at the age of eighty-one, she was buried by the minister's side. The three gravestones with their inscriptions are the first to be sought by the traveller as he enters this serene enclosure on the meadows. In near neighborhood are the graves of Ensign and Hannah Sheldon. In a corner of the yard is the mound beneath which was the common grave of the victims of the Sack, marked "The Dead of 1704."

In Memorial Hall are displayed against the walls of an upper room inscribed tablets commemorating each of the captives of 1704. In the library of the Pocumtuck Memorial Association, housed in other rooms, is preserved the manuscript of Stephen Williams's journal of the march of the captives.

## XV

### Upper River Settlement

Northfield the Outpost in 1714—Fort Dummer at the present Brattleborough  
The Pioneer Upper Valley Town—The “Equivalent Lands” — “Number 4” at the present Charlestown—Father Ralé’s War—Gray Lock—  
Scouting-parties of River Men—Chronicles of their bold Adventures up  
the Valley—Schemes for new Townships—The “Indian Road”—Six Up-  
river Town Grants—The Massachusetts-New Hampshire Boundary Dis-  
pute—The Old French War—Abandonment of the new Plantations—  
Heroic Defence of “Number 4”—Story of a Remarkable Siege.

THE plantations in the Valley above the north Massa-  
chusetts line were few and precarious till the close of  
the last French and Indian War with the conquest of  
Canada in 1760. None in the region was attempted till  
after Father Ralle’s (or Ralé’s) War of 1722–1725. At  
the end of Queen Anne’s War there was no English lodg-  
ment on the River beyond Greenfield, then Green River  
Farms, a district of Deerfield. The following year, 1714,  
Northfield, now permanently reestablished, became the  
frontier town. Its territory at this time extended above  
the present Massachusetts line, and embraced parts of  
Hinsdale and Winchester, now in New Hampshire, and  
Vernon over the Vermont border. With its forts and  
fortified houses it remained a strategic point of impor-  
tance through the succeeding border wars. During Father  
Ralé’s War the English military outpost was advanced up  
the west side of the River above Northfield with the erec-  
tion of Fort Dummer at what is now Brattleborough, Ver-  
mont. With the close of that war Fort Dummer became



a truck-house for trading with the again peaceful Indians coming down from Canada, and soon a slender settlement, mostly of traders, grew up about it. This was the pioneer settlement of the Upper Valley. It was the nucleus of Brattleborough, chartered and named some years later, the first English township in what is now Vermont. It remained the only Upper Valley settlement till or about 1740.

Fort Dummer was erected by the province of Massachusetts, which then claimed jurisdiction northward up the River forty miles above the present state line, eastward as far as the Merrimack River, and due west indefinitely. The fort was designed for the protection of all the north-western frontiers of Massachusetts and Connecticut. It was ordered at first to be garrisoned by "forty able men, English and Western Indians," friendly Mohawks. They were to be employed in scouting up the River and its tributaries Canada-ward, and easterly above Great Monadnock, to sight the enemy approaching any of the frontier towns. The fort was placed on a section of the "Equivalent Lands" above Northfield, which extended along the west bank of the River between the present limits of Brattleborough, Dummerston, and Putney. The "Equivalent Lands" comprised four parcels of unoccupied tracts in different localities, one hundred and seven thousand seven hundred and ninety-three acres in all, that Massachusetts had transferred to Connecticut when the boundaries between these two colonies were determined in 1713, as an "equivalent" for certain townships (among them Enfield and Suffield on the River) previously in the Massachusetts jurisdiction, but falling southward of the defined line, which Connecticut granted to remain with Massachusetts. Thirty years after, these townships, complaining of Massachusetts

taxation and assuming to have been originally within the Connecticut charter, again shifted to Connecticut of their own motion. Shortly after the acquisition of the "Equivalent Lands," or in 1716, Connecticut sold them in a lump at public vendue in Hartford and gave the proceeds to Yale College. They were bid off by a group of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and London capitalists, who got them for a little more than a farthing an acre. The purchasers making a partition of the lands the parcel above Northfield fell to four Massachusetts men. These were William Dummer, then lieutenant-governor and acting-governor of the province, William Brattle of Cambridge, and Anthony Stoddard and John White of Boston. Hence the name of the fort for the lieutenant-governor, and of the township, subsequently established, for the Cambridge nabob.

The site selected for Fort Dummer is in the southeastern part of Brattleborough, and the locality is still known as Dummer Meadow. It was built under the supervision of Colonel John Stoddard of Northampton, Parson Stoddard's son, the soldier who was in Parson Williams's house at the time of the Sack of Deerfield. Lieutenant Timothy Dwight, also of Northampton, later a judge, the ancestor of President Timothy Dwight of Yale, had immediate charge of the work ; and he was the fort's first commander. It was constructed of hewn yellow pine timber, which then grew in great abundance in the neighborhood, laid horizontally nearly in a square. The longest side was presented to the north. Within, built against its walls, were the "province houses," the habitations of the garrison and other inmates. Its equipment comprised four "patereros," light pieces of ordnance mounted on swivels, with small arms for the garrison. It had a

“great gun,” but this was used only for signals to summon aid or to announce good tidings. It was a stout structure, and believed to be proof against ordinary assault. But in October following its completion (1724) it was attacked by a band of seventy Indians and four or five of the garrison were killed or wounded. Subsequently a stockade was built about it composed of square timbers twelve feet long set upright in the ground. The stockade inclosed an acre and a half of ground. This fort, with “No. 4,” later erected up the River at Charlestown, New Hampshire side, was the chief northern military outpost till the conquest of Canada.

Father Ralé’s War, though mainly a rising of the tribes east of the Merrimack, and in the province of Maine, led by the Jesuit enthusiast and backed by the French Governor de Vaudreuil, broke into the Valley in side assaults by Canadian Indians incited by De Vaudreuil’s emissaries. All the towns in the Massachusetts Reach were imperilled, and deadly assaults by small bands from ambuscade upon workers in the fields were frequent. It was the method of this enemy to come stealthily down the River in considerable numbers, and make camps at convenient and secluded spots near the towns. Thence spies would be sent out, and upon their reports of unguarded points, small bands would issue forth to take scalps and captives. In one of his reports Colonel Samuel Partridge of Hatfield, then the rugged military commander in the Massachusetts Reach, though bearing a weight of seventy-eight years, wrote, “the enemy can and sometimes do lie in wait two months about a town before they kill or take, as some of them have acknowledged.” They were Indians of the St. Francis tribes living at the confluence of the St. Francis and St. Lawrence Rivers, and the Caughnawagas

established near the northerly end of Lake Champlain. The leader of their most daring expeditions was Gray Lock, so called from the color of his hair, whose name survives in the majestic Graylock mount of the Berkshire Hills, in North Adams. Gray Lock was an old Warranoke chief who, previous to King Philip's War, had lived on the Agawam (Westfield) River. Upon the dispersion of the tribe he had gone to the Mohawk country. He was well known to all the River towns as a wily warrior. Now an old man, he is pictured as noble in aspect like the height that bears his name. At this time his seat was on the shore of Missisquoi Bay, where he had erected a fort and had collected numerous followers. After the war had opened, Governor Dummer and the captains of the Valley had endeavored with gifts to win him and some of the Caughnawaga chiefs to the English side. But they were too late. The French had got their presents in first. Gray Lock himself managed to dodge the English messengers, always happening to be away from his camp when they called. He took the war-path in the summer of 1723, and he was the terror of the Valley to the end.

To head off Gray Lock's and other expeditions, and to watch and ward the north and western frontiers while the main theatre of hostilities was kept in the eastern country, was the part of the Valley towns in this war. Accordingly the chief operations were those of scouting parties into which many of their lusty young men were pressed. The chronicles of those scouting adventures, in the terse journals of the leaders, furnish fine material for colonial romances. They tell of silent marches through the unbroken wilderness, along treacherous Indian trails; of winter travelling over the ice of the River or along the forest paths on snowshoes, constantly apprehensive of Indian



The Great Ox Bow—Newbury, Vermont Side.



ambuscades ; of magnificent endurance, courage, and nerve. While, acquainting themselves with the region, these men marked the way for the plantations that eventually followed.

Much of the scouting was in the woods and over the heights between Northfield and Bellows Falls on both sides of the River ; and in this reach the pioneer Upper Valley settlements were afterward attempted. But several parties of rangers penetrated the Valley far above into the rich Coös country. More than one crossed to Lake Champlain, and pushed close to the Canadian borders. The leaders had thus early become familiar with the various northern trails through previous expeditions. Chief among them, by virtue of age and experience, was Captain Benjamin Wright of Northfield. He had done bold work along these trails in Queen Anne's War. The son of one of the settlers from Northampton killed at the destruction of Northfield in Philip's War, he had been a mortal enemy of the savages from that time, when he was a boy of fifteen. He was the first of English scouts to lead a "war-party" up to the Indian rendezvous of Cowass on the Great Ox Bow in Newbury, Vermont. That was in 1708, in the depth of winter, the "war-party" comprising a few Deerfield men and friendly Indians travelling on snowshoes. It was an expedition to discover the rendezvous and the plans of "hostiles" supposed to be in force there. It failed in the latter respect, for when the place was reached the Indians had flown. The expedition of Caleb Lyman of Northampton, in the summer after the Sack of Deerfield, referred to in a previous chapter, was an attempt to discover the same rendezvous, but Lyman fell short of the goal by about twenty miles. By the summer of 1709 Captain Wright had advanced his scouts to within forty miles of Chambly. In the last summer of Father Ralé's

War he headed a band of volunteers who penetrated the wilderness farther than any previous English force had reached. Captain Thomas Wells of Deerfield was another of the veteran scouts of this war who led bands of savages far up the Valley. In the spring of 1725 he reached the Canadian frontiers with a company hastily recruited from Deerfield, Hatfield, and Northampton. Making note of its richness in passing, he afterward profited as a proprietor in one of the new townships.

But the most effective work, in that it opened the region that first was settled, was accomplished by the scouts sent out from Fort Dummer, who ranged the country systematically between Northfield and the "Great Falls," — the Bellows Falls of to-day. These rangers were mainly directed by Captain Josiah Kellogg, then commander at Northfield. He was a returned Deerfield captive, experienced in the ways of the Canadian Indians from having lived their savage life. When captured at the Sack of Deerfield he was a boy of fourteen (native of Hadley), and in the distribution of captives he fell to a Macqua who took him for his own. He lived the free forest life for ten years, acquiring meanwhile, with the skill of the hunter and trapper, a knowledge of French and of the language spoken by the northern tribes and by the Mohawks. Thus after his return to civilization he became of great value to the colonial leaders as an interpreter in their Indian councils. From the time of his return to his death in 1757 he was almost constantly employed in public service on the frontiers. The journals of his scouting bands sent out in the winter of 1724-25 tell their story with vividness and brevity. Some scaled the mountains — the wild Wantastequat, opposite Brattleborough, and Kilburn Peak by Bellows Falls — and spent long winter



nights on the summits "to view morning and evening for smoakes" of the enemy. Others scoured the woods on both sides of the River, crossing below the Falls and making a circuit of the country. Others pushed up West River, then steering northward, struck Saxton's River and followed that stream to its mouth in the Connecticut.

The scouting was kept up for a while after the close of Father Ralé's War with "Lovewell's Fight" at what is now Fryeburg, Maine, and the death of De Vaudreuil in Canada, which "broke the mainspring" of the Indian campaign. Vigilance in the Valley was still necessary, for Gray Lock continued on the warpath, he having refused to join in the treaty of peace with the Eastern Indians. Sometime in 1726 he was actually on the way with a hostile party, which he had collected about Otter Creek, to fall upon the River towns. He expected to catch them unguarded, and was turned aside only by word from his scouts that a fighting force yet remained at Fort Dummer.

Meanwhile, however, movements for new settlements had already begun. Quick upon the ratification of peace petitions for grants of lands above the northern and western frontiers showered upon the General Court at Boston; and soon the government was moving to establish new townships. First the Court made provision for a "careful view and survey" of lands between Northfield on the Connecticut and Dunstable (Nashua, New Hampshire), on the Merrimack, ten miles in width, preliminary to marking out townships. A scheme at this time contemplated three lines of townships, "in a straight and direct course," one up the Connecticut, one up the Merrimack, and the third in the Eastern country, or Maine, between the Newichawannock (part of the Piscataqua River) at Berwick, and Portland, then Falmouth. The survivors of the Indian wars

and the families or heirs of those that had fallen were to have first preference in land grants issued. In January 1727-8, the Court authorized an exploration of the region between the northern frontiers and Canada. One party was "to march up the Connecticut River to a branch thereof called Amonusock [the Ammonoosuc] and up the same, and round the White Hills, and down Androskoggin River to Falmouth, observing the distance of rivers, ponds, and hills." Another party was to discover the country between the Connecticut and Lake Champlain. Later, traders explored the "Indian Road," — by way of the Connecticut, Black River at the present Springfield, Vermont side, Otter Creek, and Lake Champlain, — the route usually taken by the Indians coming down from the north to the Truck House at Fort Dummer. The diary of a journey made in 1730 by one of these traders, — James Cross of Deerfield, — describing the course of this Road and the country about it, was laid before the government. The messages of the Massachusetts governor, now Belcher, repeatedly urged measures to advance the settlement of ungranted lands. At one time he advised the employment of "a good number of hunters" to travel the woods on the frontiers and so gain a knowledge of them that would contribute to the future quiet of the country.

But the plan for lines of towns northward moved slowly. The Council non-concurred with the House in some of the details upon its periodical appearances through several years. In the interim a few grants were issued to individuals, soldiers and others; and to petitioners for townships close to the established frontier towns. Two of these township grants were in the Valley. One was issued in 1732, to Colonel Josiah Willard, afterward commander at Fort Dummer, and sixty associates, for what became

Winchester, east of Hinsdale, New Hampshire side. The other, given out in 1734, went to the survivors and heirs of the dead of Captain Turner's company in the "Falls Fight" (Turner's Falls) of 1676, for the establishment of "Falls Fight Township," which evolved into Fallstown, and ultimately Bernardston (for Governor Bernard), west of Northfield.

At length, in January, 1735-6, the Court and Council came to an agreement for a line of towns between the Merrimack and the Connecticut and set the machinery in motion to carry out this project. A survey was ordered of the lands between the two rivers from Rumford (now Concord, New Hampshire) to the Great Falls (Bellows Falls), twelve miles broad, or north and south; and provision was made for the distribution of this territory into townships of the then regulation size of six miles square. Also, the lands bordering the Connecticut south of Bellows Falls, on the east side to Colonel Willard's town (the later Winchester), and on the west side to the "Equivalent Lands," were to be resolved into similar townships. The result of these measures was the plotting of twenty-eight townships between the two rivers; and two on the west side of the Connecticut. In November, 1763, at a meeting of petitioners for grants, called to assemble in Concord, Massachusetts, grantees were admitted to four plotted townships on the east side of the Connecticut and two on the west side, designated by numbers, those on the east side being numbered in sequence going up stream, and those on the west side, going down stream. The next step was taken a month later when a grantee in each group was appointed to call first meetings of the several proprietors for organization. Thomas Wells of Deerfield was named to organize the proprietors of Number 4, the uppermost east side township,

among whom were several other Deerfield men, and their first meetings were held in Hatfield. The others generally met in eastern Massachusetts. Number 1 west side was organized in Taunton.

Thus were started, but not yet settled, the up-river townships that became Chesterfield, Westmoreland, Walpole, and Charlestown on the New Hampshire side; and Westminster and Putney on the Vermont side. The terms upon which these and other township grants were made are interesting to recall. Each grantee was required to give bonds in forty pounds as security for the performance of the conditions named. The grantees were to build "a dwelling-house eighteen feet square and seven feet stud at the least on their respective house-lots; fence in or break up for plowing, or clear, and stock with English grass, five acres of land; and cause their respective lots to be inhabited within three years from the date of their admittance." Also within the same time they were required to "build and finish a convenient meeting-house for the public worship of God, and settle a learned orthodox minister." Each township was divided into sixty-three rights: sixty for the settlers, and the other three, one for the first settled minister, one for the second settled minister, and the third for a school.

Scarcely a foothold had been effected in these new River townships when the climax of the boundary dispute between New Hampshire and Massachusetts was reached by the king's decree which shifted them all outside the jurisdiction of Massachusetts and made necessary readjustment of the titles. By this decree, March 5, 1739-40, which established the line as it now runs, Massachusetts lost all of the new townships marked out between the two rivers, and on either side of the Connecticut above North-

field, together with a large amount of unoccupied land that lay intermixed, and a vast tract on the west side of our River. New Hampshire on the other hand was given a far greater domain than she had ever claimed, her new bounds embracing a territory more than fifty miles in length, and extending due west, above the new north Massachusetts line, to "his majesty's other governments," which was assumed to take in all of the present Vermont, and northward to the province of Quebec. Then the royal province of New Hampshire was reinstated under its own governor, and in July, 1741, Benning Wentworth, son of the previous Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth, and an opulent merchant of Portsmouth, received the king's commission as governor-in-chief, empowered to grant townships, in the king's name, in the new territory which the province had acquired.

For a few years after the shifting of jurisdiction the proprietors of the new River townships continued under their Massachusetts charters, while little groups of settlers ventured on their lands. In 1740, at about the time of the boundary decision, three families from Lunenburg, north of Lancaster, Massachusetts, toiled up the River with their supplies and began the east-side settlement of Number 4, which became Charlestown. The next year, John Kilburn, originally of Wethersfield, Connecticut, left Northfield with his family, and started the plantation which became Walpole. Not long after, a pioneer was at Number 1, — Chesterfield. He planted, perhaps, near a preserve of five hundred acres granted to Governor Belcher in 1732, partly in the limits of this township, and embracing West Mountain, or Wantastequat, and long after known as "The Governor's Farm." In 1741, also, a family or two had moved up from Northfield to Number

1 on the west side, — Westminster, — where was already one rough log-house set up by pioneers two years earlier. By 1742 a few families from Lancaster and Grafton, in central Massachusetts, had made a clearing on "Great Meadow" in Putney, beside the "Equivalent Lands," and had here built a fort.

Then, in 1744, after eighteen years of comparative security and quiet, the Indians were again on the war-path with the outbreak of the "Old French War," or "Cape Breton War" (1744-1748), and most of these settlements were abandoned, the settlers falling back to the refuge of Fort Dummer and of fortified Northfield. There now remained above Fort Dummer on the west side only the small fort on Putney Meadows; and on the east side, Kilburn's slender holding, together with a fortified block-house at Walpole; and the remote settlement of a few families at Number 4 with a fort erected the previous year.

The brunt of the enemy's raids down the Valley in this four-years' war was sustained by Number 4 as the outermost post; but, as in the previous war, the older towns of the Massachusetts Reach suffered much from the stealthy foe. As before, many of the heads of families were drawn from their regular occupations for defensive work or for army service, and many of the lusty young men exchanged the prosy toil of the farm and field for hazardous but exhilarating and promisingly profitable adventure, — for large bounties were offered for captives and scalps, — with ranging parties in the Wilderness. The war opened with the Valley gravely exposed, since Massachusetts and New Hampshire were at strife growing out of the boundary matter, and union of action in protecting the River frontiers was impossible. New Hampshire, indeed, bluntly



Site of the Historic Fort "No. 4," of the French and Indian Wars, Charlestown.





refused to take over the charge of the forts which had come into her jurisdiction, and would make no move to protect the River settlements above the new boundary line. "The people" here, her Assembly declared, "had no right to the lands which by the dividing line had fallen within New Hampshire." There was no danger, the Assembly concluded, and shrewdly, that the forts would want support, since it was certainly "the interest of Massachusetts, by whom they were erected, to maintain them as a cover to her frontiers."

The Indians who now again took the war-path were fully acquainted with the condition of affairs. They were aware of the state of the forts; knew the lay of the towns with their farms and fields, and the customs of the English. Those who had come down to trade at the Fort Dummer Truck House had been free to hunt and to rove at pleasure. "They lived in all the towns and went in and out of the houses of the settlers, often sleeping at night by the kitchen fire." At the Truck House six Indian commissioners from the northern tribes had been maintained by the Massachusetts government for ten years, receiving regular pay and rations. At the first threatening note of war they suddenly left.

Fort Dummer, however, happened to be in good condition, and the defences at Northfield were soon strengthened. In addition to these a cordon of forts was erected from Fort Dummer over the mountains to the New York line. Of this series Fort Shirley in Heath, Fort Pelham in Rowe, and Fort Massachusetts in Adams (then East Hoosick), scant settlements along the north Massachusetts line westward, were built by the province of Massachusetts. Others completing the chain, fortified block-houses, in Vernon (then part of Northfield), Bernardston (Falltown),

Colerain, and Charlemont, were erected at town or individual charge. At Greenfield and Deerfield new defences were also set up, or old ones strengthened, when "mounts," towers for watch-boxes, were ordered built on the fortified houses. Fort Dummer and Fort Massachusetts stood out the strongest posts on this part of the frontier; whereas, between Fort Dummer and Number 4, thirty miles up the River, there remained only the slight structure at Putney. On the east side, at Keene, then Upper Ashuelot, east of Westmoreland, were also some slight defences. Colonel John Stoddard of Northampton was again at the front, charged now with the general superintendence of the defence of these frontiers, with Colonel Israel Williams of Hatfield as second officer. The headquarters of command were at Northampton and Hatfield, and Northfield was the depot of stores and headquarters of service, soldiers rendezvousing here, with scouting and ranging parties. Captain Josiah Willard was in charge of Fort Dummer, and Captain Phineas Stevens was early at Number 4. Captain Stevens became the "hero of Number 4" in this war. He was a soldier of exceptional skill, fertile in resources, and was familiar with the methods of Indian warfare, for he had been in his youth a captive among the St. Francis tribe, taken with a brother, at Rutland, Massachusetts, in Gray Lock's first raid of Father Ralé's War.

Number 4 was now a plantation of nine or ten families living in log houses grouped near together for mutual protection. Before the outbreak of the war quite a number of Indians were here in friendly association with the settlers. They had taken part in the festivities at the erection of the first saw-mill when all the inhabitants had a dance on the first boards that were sawn at the mill. With the opening of hostilities they disappeared, but were known to

be lurking in the neighborhood ready to swoop upon the settlement at the first opportunity, or to join attacking forces coming down from the north. The surrounding country was "terribly wild," with no English posts of consequence nearer than Fort Dummer and the settlements on the Merrimack thirty-three miles off as the crow flies. Still during the first year the place escaped molestation, while the handful of townspeople held the fort, and scouting parties from down river occasionally ranged the region about it. The few depredations of that year were committed lower in the Valley, the single tragic one at the Putney fort, when one Englishman was taken captive, and another, coming down the River in a canoe, was slain.

But in the spring of the second year, 1746, when the French planned the destruction of the frontier forts while the English were mainly engrossed in the invasion of Canada, Number 4's tribulations began. Late in March Captain Phineas Stevens, having been employed in other parts, returned with forty-nine men to save the fort from falling into the enemy's hands; and arrived just in time, for a force of French and Indians under Ensign De Niverville was then close upon it. On the 19th of April a few of De Niverville's Indians, watching the settlement from ambush, waylaid three men on their way to the grist-mill with a team of four oxen, burnt the mill, and capturing the men marched them off to Canada. Others of De Niverville's red men hovered about the place for some time, making no open attack, but constantly harassing the settlers and soldiers. One morning in May several women going to milk the cows, under the protection of a guard, were attacked by eight of them concealed in a barn, and one of the guard, Seth Putnam, was killed. As the Indians were scalping their victim the guard rallied and routed them.

A few days after, twenty of a troop of horse who had arrived to reinforce the fort, loitered out to see the place where Putnam was killed, and were caught in an ambush. Captain Stevens rushed men from the fort to their aid, as they were fighting against odds, when the assailants fled, but not before a number of the troopers had been killed or captured. In June several of the men of another troop of horse, come to relieve the first troop, also fell into an ambush almost immediately upon their arrival, when in the meadows after their horses. They fought the foe off, however, without serious hurt. At length in July the fort was besieged for two days. Through the rest of the summer it was blockaded and all were obliged to take refuge within the pickets. So close was the investment that one man incautiously stepping out was killed within a few feet of the fort. At night a soldier crept to this dead comrade with a rope, and the body was secretly drawn into the enclosure and buried. In August the investing enemy destroyed all the horses, cattle, and hogs in the settlement and soon after apparently withdrew.

In the autumn, weary with watching, and fearful of the dangers of the forest when winter set in, all evacuated the place and fell back to the lower settlements. Meanwhile in August an army of eight hundred of the enemy under General Rigaud de Vaudreuil (son of the late Governor de Vaudreuil and subsequently himself governor) had operated on the lower frontiers, taking Fort Massachusetts, after which a detachment had raided Deerfield with a loss to that much-enduring town of five men killed and one more of the many carried into captivity.

Number 4 lay deserted till spring, when in March, after the snow had gone, Captain Stevens again returned, now with thirty rangers. He found the fort uninjured and

received a joyous welcome from two inmates that he encountered — an old spaniel and a cat left behind at the evacuation. Making things comfortable and strengthening the defences, he awaited developments, for attacks were threatened at different points on the frontiers. Before the close of March Captain Eleazer Melvin of Northfield, famous among the scout leaders of this war, came up with sixty rangers, but they were soon off on scouting expeditions.

On the 4th of April the enemy appeared. It consisted of a body of trained French soldiers and Indian warriors, variously estimated at from four hundred to seven hundred, led by General Dabeline, an experienced captain. They made an ambuscade near by, and their presence was scented by the dogs of the garrison. Then followed the siege of which Captain Stevens was the hero.

Rising from their ambush, General Debeline's men began the attack with a furious assault upon all sides of the fort. But Captain Stevens and his thirty men stood firm each at his post, and beat them back with sharp plays of musketry. Five full days the siege lasted, and "every stratagem which French policy and Indian malice could invent was practiced to reduce the garrison," but without success. Says the captain's crisp report to Governor Shirley:

"The wind being very high, and everything exceedingly dry, they set fire to all the old fences, and also to a log house about forty rods distant from the fort, to the windward, so that in a few minutes we were entirely surrounded by fire — all which was performed with the most hideous shouting from all quarters, which they continued in the most terrible manner till the next day at ten o'clock at night, without intermission, and during this time we had no opportunity to eat or to sleep. But notwithstanding all these shoutings and threatenings, our men seemed to be not in the least daunted, but

fought with great resolution, which undoubtedly gave the enemy reason to think that we had determined to stand it out to the last degree."

Fire-arrows were also discharged, which set several parts of the fort ablaze. But some of the soldiers, while others were fighting, had dug trenches at the bottom of the stockade, and through these they passed with buckets of water and extinguished the flames. Eleven such trenches were dug, so deep that a man "could go and stand upright on the outside and not endanger himself." Thus they were enabled to wet all the outside of the fort, and keep it so, which they did through the five nights of the siege. The fire-arrows failing to accomplish their purpose the besiegers filled a cart with fagots, and setting them on fire, a number of Indians began rolling this fiery engine toward the timbered structure. Suddenly, however, it was checked in its course, the besiegers calling a cessation of hostilities till the next morning, proposing then to come to "parley."

At this parley General Debeline promised that if the fort were immediately surrendered and the men should lay down their arms and march out, they should all have their lives, and liberty to take sufficient quantity of provisions to supply them on their way as prisoners to Montreal. But before Captain Stevens could reply the French officer broke in with the threat that upon refusal he would "immediately set the fort on fire and run over the top, for he had seven hundred men with him." "The fort," said he, "I am resolved to have or die. Now do what you please, for I am as easy to have you fight as to give up." This the captain, undaunted, met with the quiet remark that inasmuch as he was sent here to defend the fort it would not be consistent with his orders to give it up unless he was

better satisfied that the Frenchman was able to perform what he had threatened. "Well," the other retorted, "go into the fort and see whether your men dare fight any more or not, and give me an answer quick, for my men want to be fighting." Without further words the captain did as he was bid. Assembling his men he "put it to vote which they chose, either to fight on or resign; and they voted to a man to stand it out as long as they had life." So, the captain's report continues, "I returned the answer that we were determined to fight it out. Then they gave a shout, and then fired, and so continued firing and shouting till daylight next morning."

At about noon of this day the last stage was reached. Calling out "Good Morning," the besiegers advised a cessation of arms for two hours, and another parley. Two Indians came with a flag of truce in place of the commander. The proposal now was that "in case we would sell them provisions they would leave and not fight any more." To this the captain made shrewd answer. He could not sell them provisions for money, for that would be "contrary to the laws of nations"; but "if they would send in a captive for every five bushels of corn" he "would supply them." The messengers retired to report to their general, and pretty soon after, "four or five guns were fired at the fort and they withdrew, as we supposed, for we heard no more of them."

So ended this remarkable battle of seven hundred against thirty, with the complete discomfiture of the seven hundred. Of the besiegers many were slain; while the besieged suffered no loss in killed, and but two were wounded. The record of their valorous defence reads like a story of prowess in the old heroic days. Said the orator on a commemorative occasion in the village that has

evolved from "Number 4," lying now "peacefully in its fertile savannahs," — "except for that self-immolation, I cannot see that the prowess of Leonidas and his three hundred is worthy of higher admiration than that of Stevens and his thirty."

An "express" carried the news of the battle to Boston with Captain Stevens's report, which was received with high satisfaction by the governor and council. His gallant defence also won for the captain the admiration, expressed in the gift of "an elegant" sword, of Sir Charles Knowles of the British Navy, then in Boston. In consideration of Sir Charles's generosity the knightly sailor's name was subsequently bestowed upon the settlement, — as Charlestown. One might without prejudice hold that the soldier who saved the fort rather than the knight who rewarded the act was the more entitled to this distinction.

One more attack was made on Number 4 in this war. That was in the spring of 1748, after a few of the settlers had returned and were living within the stockade with the soldiers. The men of the garrison were without snowshoes, and so helpless in pursuit. This fact being learned by the enemy, a party of twenty Indians came down the Valley in the deep snow and ambushed near the fort. Their most serious assault at this time was upon a bunch of eight men going to the forest to cut wood. One they killed, and another they took into captivity. The one killed was a son of Captain Stevens.

Indian depredations continued in the Valley for some months after the peace, reached in October, 1748, but not proclaimed in Boston till May, 1749. Notwithstanding the dangers, however, the settlers were returning to the new townships, and by the following year most of them



were reoccupied, to be held till the renewal of hostilities four years later in the final French and Indian War.

In 1751 the proprietors of the townships on the east side of the River above Northfield applied to New Hampshire for new grants in place of their Massachusetts charters. Accordingly in 1752 Governor Benning Wentworth issued charters for Chesterfield, Westmoreland, and Walpole; and for Charlestown in 1753. In 1752, also, he gave out charters for Westminster and Rockingham on the west side; and in 1753, for Hinsdale, and for the west side towns of Brattleborough, Dummerston, and Putney.

This was the beginning of the "New Hampshire Grants."

## XVI

### The "New Hampshire Grants"

Governor Benning Wentworth's great Scheme of Colonization — Collision with New York over his Grants for Townships on the present Vermont Side of the River — Captain Symes's Plan for laying out the Coös Country killed by Indian Threats — A great Powwow at "Number 4" — Captain Powers's Exploring Expedition — Interruption of Wentworth's Scheme by the Outbreak of the last French and Indian War — Settlers again fall back on the Fortified Places — The River Frontiers now Established.

G OVERNOR Benning Wentworth's scheme of colonization at the outset contemplated the occupation of the "Coös country" of the Upper Valley, and of the domain on the west side of the River now embraced in Vermont. He was stimulated at the close of the Old French War promptly to move on the Coös lands through apprehension that the French, who had already begun to encroach upon territory claimed by the British crown, would step in and possess this valuable region. His motive in hastening to establish footholds in the country west of the River was evidently to sustain the questioned extent of New Hampshire's bounds westward to twenty miles east of the Hudson, in line with the west bounds of Massachusetts and Connecticut.

The initial move was in the western domain, when, in January, 1749, the governor made a grant for a township at its tip end, which became Bennington, so called in allusion to his own Christian name. This act brought him into quick collision with New York, and then began the bitter controversy over the "New Hampshire Grants"



A River Island—Chase's Island, Looking North.



which lasted for forty-two years with its attendant troubles in border towns on both sides of the River.

The dispute opened, however, most politely, with a diplomatic correspondence between the governors of the two provinces. This was begun by Governor Wentworth in November following his Bennington grant, when he acquainted Governor Clinton of his commission from the king with his instructions to make grants of the unimproved lands within his government to intending settlers; and asked a statement as to the exact eastward bound of the New York province, "that he might govern himself accordingly." To this Governor Clinton replied, under date of April, 1750, with the opinion of his council that the bounds of their province extended eastward quite to the Connecticut, citing in evidence the letters-patent of Charles II to the Duke of York, which expressly granted "all the lands from the west side of the Connecticut River to the east side of Delaware Bay." Governor Wentworth made answer, the same April, that this opinion would be entirely satisfactory to him "had not the two charter governments of Connecticut and Massachusetts-Bay extended their bounds many miles to the westward of said River." He then announced that, in accordance with the opinion of his council, he had, before his excellency's letter had come to hand, granted one township in the territory in question, presuming that his government was "bounded by the same north and south line with Connecticut and Massachusetts-Bay before it met with his Majesty's other governments." With the assurance that it was far from his desire "to make the least encroachment or set on foot any dispute on these points," he would ask to be informed by what authority the Connecticut and Massachusetts governments claimed so far to the westward as they had

settled. In the meantime he should "desist from making any further grants on the western frontier" of his government that might have "the least probability of interfering with the government of New York." Governor Clinton responded, in June, with the information that Connecticut's claim was founded upon an agreement with New York in or about the year 1684, afterward confirmed by King William; and that Massachusetts presumably possessed itself of the lands west of the River "by intrusion, and through the negligence of this government have hitherto continued their possession." He expressed surprise that Governor Wentworth had not waited for his previous letter before making a grant in this territory, and remarked that he had reason to apprehend that the same lands or part of them, had been already granted in New York. If it were still in Governor Wentworth's power to recall his grant his "doing so would be a piece of justice to the New York government." "Otherwise," Governor Clinton significantly observed, "I shall think myself obliged to send a representation of the matter to be laid before his Majesty." Governor Wentworth replied anticipating the other's move with the statement that his council were "unanimously of the opinion not to commence a dispute with your excellency's government respecting the extent of the western boundary of New Hampshire, till his Majesty's pleasure should be further known." Accordingly he should make a representation to the king, taking it for granted that Governor Clinton's government would acquiesce in the king's determination of the question. As to his grant, it was impossible now to vacate it, "but if it should fall by his Majesty's determination in the government of New York it would be void, of course." In July Governor Clinton wrote approving the reference to the king, and

proposed an exchange of copies of each other's representations. In September Governor Wentworth assented to the latter proposal.

So the issue was joined. And here the matter rested till after the last French and Indian War, 1754-1763, the intervention of which prevented any determination of it by the crown. But bold Governor Wentworth had gone right on issuing his grants west of the River, and between the springs of 1751 and 1754 he had given out grants for thirteen townships on that side.

The move into the Coös country began upon a quite ambitious plan matured in the spring of 1752. In March Captain William Symes of North Hampton, New Hampshire, sent a memorial to Governor Wentworth offering to raise a company of four hundred men to explore the region, and cut a road from Number 4 to the Cowass meadows sixty miles above, with a view to its settlement, his men to have four townships.

From Captain Symes's memorial the plan developed. It was proposed to lay out a line of townships between the two points, one on each side of the River, and opposite to each other; to erect in each township a stockade with lodgments for two hundred men, encircling a space of fifteen acres; and to set up in the middle of this space a "citidel" to contain the public structures and granaries, and large enough to receive all the inhabitants and their movable effects in case of invasion or other necessity. To render these new plantations inviting to settlers it was provided that they should have courts of judicature and other civil privileges among themselves. They should be under strict military discipline, so that each plantation would be at once a settlement and a military post.

Toward the end of spring a party were sent up to

“view the meadows of Cowass” and survey the proposed townships. But before work had begun a delegation of six warriors of the St. Francis tribe appeared at Number 4 and asked for a conference with Captain Phinehas Stevens who remained in charge there. They had come from their tribe to protest against the movement, and did so with alarming vehemence. “For the English to settle Cowass was what they would not agree to.” The land was theirs, and if its occupation were attempted “they must think that the English had a mind for war.” If that were so, they would “endeavor to give them a strong war.” There were “four hundred Indians now a-hunting on this side of the St. Francis River,” and if the English scheme were not abandoned they at Number 4 might “expect to have all their houses burnt.” This interview Captain Stevens reported by an “express” to Captain Israel Williams at Hatfield, who in turn reported to Governor Shirley at Boston; and Governor Shirley lost no time in communicating it to Governor Wentworth at Portsmouth. The threat was sufficient. The design was discouraged, and it was relinquished as “under the circumstances impracticable.”

Trouble, however, followed close upon the Indian protest. Their blood was up, and roving bands, perhaps from the four hundred hunters, were committing petty depredations here and there. Preparations, too, were making for the next French and English struggle. In the spring of 1754 Governor Wentworth heard reports that the French had actually begun a settlement in the Coös country, and were building a fort there. To ascertain if these reports were true he sent out another expedition. This comprised a company mostly of soldiers under Captain Peter Powers, of Hollis, New Hampshire, a “brave and experienced officer.” They started from Rumford (Concord) and followed





An Island View—Near Hanover.



the course of the previous party, striking the River at the present Piermont, next south of Haverhill. Thence they marched up the Valley alongside of the Fifteen-Miles Falls, through the Lower and into the Upper Coös, as far as Northumberland, at which point it had been said the French had placed their fort. No fort was found, nor any sign of a settlement. But there were significant evidences of a recent Indian encampment on the River side, and of the making of canoes. They returned as they had come, unmolested, but Indians were close on their heels.

Then, soon after, Indian hostilities were openly threatened with the outbreak of the last French War, and plans for warfare took the place of colonization projects.

Again the few up-river plantations were mostly abandoned, their settlers falling back upon the fortified places about the Massachusetts line. Number 4, now Charlestown, however, retained its inhabitants, increased at this time to about thirty-two families; and at Walpole the Kilburn family remained, with Colonel Benjamin Bellows, the township's chief proprietor, and some farm hands also there. New Hampshire as before would afford no protection for her River frontiers, and Massachusetts at first proposed to confine her defences to her northern line, thus leaving all the posts above exposed. Later, however, the holding of Number 4 from the enemy being of first importance, Massachusetts undertook its maintenance, reporting New Hampshire's dereliction to the king. As affairs grew graver New Hampshire made slight provision for the defense of Walpole, ordering a handful of men there to Colonel Bellows's charge, moved to this action, doubtless, by Colonel Bellows's associate proprietors in the township, — Colonel Theodore Atkinson, the province secretary, and Colonel Josiah Blanchard of Dunstable (Colonel

Bellows's brother-in-law), both influential men in provincial affairs.

New Hampshire's attitude in this matter of River protection was not as censurable as would appear. It was due not so much to indifference, or to assurance that Massachusetts would have to care for her own protection, as to the fact that her abilities were taxed to the utmost in furnishing troops for the Provincial army at the fighting line on the Canadian border.

## XVII

### The Last French War in the Valley

“Number 4” and the Charlestown Settlement constantly Imperilled — Capture of the Johnson Family the Morning after a Neighborhood Party — Mrs. Johnson’s graphic “Narrative” of their March to Canada and After Experiences — On the Second Day out she gives Birth to a Daughter — Fortunes of the Willard Family — The Johnsons after their Return from Captivity: a Remarkable Record — Attacks on the Lower Frontiers — The gallant “Kilburn Fight” at Walpole — Cutting out the “Crown Point Road” from “Number 4” — Exploits of Robert Rogers’s Rangers.

CHARLESTOWN as the outmost post, with no settlement within forty miles of it, again bore the brunt of war, and throughout the troubled period, 1754–1760, suffered many hardships, while raids upon its inhabitants were the most frequent and tragic in the Valley. Lying in the line of march of the colonial troops of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire passing to and from the Canadian points about which this war centered, it was a constant military rendezvous, and wore the aspect more of a military camp than of a peaceful farming community.

It received the first sharp shock of the outbreak suddenly, on a late August morning of 1754, when a band of Indians, who had stealthily entered the town, burst into the house of Captain James Johnson, seized the seven inmates, just roused from slumber, and hurried them all off, together with a neighbor, on the dread march to Canada.

The story of the adventures of these captives, as told in Mrs. Johnson’s “Narrative,” is in incident and pathos second only to that of “The Redeemed Captive” of Deerfield.

The Johnson farm was then the most northerly place on the River. The substantial log house stood at what is now the north end of the village main street on the east side, about a hundred rods above the fort. The nearest habitation was Captain Phineas Stevens's block-house on the meadows. Captain Johnson was a leading townsman and a considerable trader in the Valley. Mrs. Johnson was a daughter of Lieutenant Moses Willard, a first settler with the Farnsworths, his half-brothers; earlier, with his kinsman, Colonel Josiah Willard, he had been a grantee of the lower township of Winchester. The Johnson household comprised Captain Johnson and his wife Susanna, then a young matron of twenty-four, their three children, Sylvanus, Susanna, and Polly, aged six, four, and two respectively; Mrs. Johnson's sister, Miriam Willard, a maid of fourteen; and two "hired men," Ebenezer Farnsworth and Aaron Hosmer. The settlers of the village had been uneasy for some time over reports that the Indians were out for their destruction, but discovering no signs of evil in the neighboring woods, they were going about their affairs as usual.

The evening before the attack there had been a party of several neighbors at the Johnson house, gathered to welcome Captain Johnson home from a trading trip down in Connecticut, and to look over the choice things he had brought back with him. The time had been spent "very cheerfully" with watermelons and flip till midnight, when all the company left except a "spruce young spark" who lingered a while longer to "keep company" with Miriam Willard. At length the household had retired with "feelings well tuned for sleep." So they rested "with fine composure" till sunrise, when a loud knock was heard on the outer door. This was the peaceful summons of Neighbor

Peter Labaree, who had come to begin a day's work at carpentering by appointment with the captain. Then —

Mr. Johnson slipped on his jacket and trousers and stepped to the door to let him in. But by opening the door he opened a scene — terrible to describe. "Indians! Indians!" were the first words I heard. He sprang to his guns, but Labaree, heedless of danger, instead of closing the door to keep them out, began to rally our hired men up stairs for not rising earlier. But in an instant a crowd of savages, fixed horribly for war, rushed furiously in.

They had been lying in ambush near the house, and as Labaree was entering sprang up and pushed by him.

I screamed [the Narrative goes on] and begged my friends to ask for quarter. By this time they were all over the house; some up stairs, and some hauling my sister out of bed. Another had hold of me, and one was approaching Mr. Johnson, who stood in the middle of the floor to deliver himself up. But the Indian supposing he would make resistance and be more than his match, went to the door and brought three of his comrades, and the four bound him. I was led to the door fainting and trembling [she was then with child and within a few days of her time]. There stood my friend Labaree bound. Ebenezer Farnsworth, whom they found up chamber, they were putting in the same situation. And to complete the shocking scene, my three little children were driven naked to the place where I stood. On viewing myself I found that I too was naked. An Indian had plundered three gowns, who, on seeing my situation, gave me the whole. I asked another for a petticoat, but he refused it. After what little plunder their hurry would allow them to get was confusedly bundled up, we were ordered to march.

They were halted a few rods beyond the house, behind a rising ground, that the plunder might better be packed. While in the midst of this work an Indian, sent back presumably to fire the house, returned on the run. Aaron Hosmer, who had hidden in the house and escaped capture, had given an alarm to the fort and a chase by the soldiers

was feared. At this report the march was resumed in a panic. Mrs. Johnson was grasped by two savages, each at an arm, and rushed along through the thorny thickets. The loss of her shoe soon inflicted cruel cuts on her bare foot. The three men-prisoners with arms bound, and also Miriam Willard and the terrified children, were similarly conducted by their hideously painted masters.

So they proceeded for three miles, when a halt was made for breakfast, the danger of pursuit being apparently passed. It was learned afterward that no rescue force had been sent out, for Lieutenant Willard had dissuaded Captain Stevens from despatching one lest the Indians, if attacked, should massacre the captives. The sylvan table was set forth with viands taken with the other loot from the house,—bread, raisins, and apples,—but the prisoners had no stomach for the repast. While the meal was in progress a riderless horse was sighted approaching, which the prisoners soon recognized as “Old Scoggin,” Captain Stevens’s horse. An Indian raised his weapon to shoot him, when Captain Johnson interceded. By gestures he plead that the beast be spared for the “white squaw” to ride, Mrs. Johnson’s condition having become pitiable. Accordingly “Old Scoggin” was caught instead of slain, and Mrs. Johnson was mounted upon him on a saddle of bags and blankets. Her bleeding feet were covered with moccasins provided by her Indian “master,” and with Labaree’s stockings which that knightly soul had stripped from his own bruised feet and “presented” to her.

Thus they jogged on for seven miles when preparations were made to cross the River to the west side. Rafts of dry timber being constructed, Mrs. Johnson was put upon one of them, while her husband swam at its end and pushed it along; and Labaree swam the horse across. It being





Windsor Bridge, Windsor—Mount Ascutney in the Distance.



now late in the afternoon, a stop was made at the landing place for a supper of porridge cooked in Mrs. Johnson's kettles, which the Indians had brought with their plunder. After supper six or eight more miles were covered, Mrs. Johnson again riding the horse. The encampment for the night was established under the trees in Wethersfield below Ascutney's graceful height. When the prisoners lay down for rest they were ingeniously bound so that escape was impossible. "The men were made secure in having their legs put in split sticks, somewhat like stocks, and tied to the limbs of trees too high to be reached. My sister . . . must lie between two Indians, with a cord thrown over her, and passing under each of them. The little children had blankets, and I was allowed one for my use."

All were roused before sunrise, and after a breakfast of hot water gruel only, the signal "whoop" for the renewal of the march was sounded. Mrs. Johnson was lifted upon the horse, and Captain Johnson assigned to march by her side to hold her on, for she was now too weak to proceed unaided. When the procession had travelled on for an hour or two her supreme moment came:—

I was taken with the pangs of child-birth. The Indians signified that we must go on to a brook. When we got there they showed some humanity by making a booth for me. . . . My children were crying at a distance, where they were held by their masters, and only my husband and sister to attend me,—none but mothers can figure to themselves my unhappy posture. The Indians kept aloof the whole time. About ten o'clock a daughter was born. They then brought me some articles of clothing for the child, which they had taken from the house. My master looked into the booth and clapped his hands for joy, saying "two monies for me, two monies for me!"

I was permitted to rest for the remainder of the day. The Indians

were employed in making a bier for the prisoners to carry me on and another booth for my lodging during night. They brought a needle and two pins and some bark to tie the child's clothes, which they gave my sister, and a large wooden spoon to feed it with. . . . In the evening I was removed to the new booth.

The spot where this birth took place, and the site of the previous night's encampment, were identified in the town of Cavendish nearly half a century afterward, when the child had herself become a mother of children, and two inscribed stones were set up to indicate them. These tablets may yet be seen by the side of the main road leading from Wethersfield through Cavendish to Reading. The actual birthplace is said to be about half a mile from the road, in the northeast corner of Cavendish.

At sunrise of the morning following the child's birth Mrs. Johnson was roused with the others, and when the usual breakfast of meal and water was over, she was shifted, with the infant at her breast, to the litter which the Indians had prepared. The march was then taken up, the men captives bearing the litter, Miriam Willard and the boy on Scoggin, and the two little girls each on the back of her master. When only about two miles on the way the wearied litter-bearers, weakened by the scant fare that had been their portion, broke down under their load. Thereupon the Indians by signs indicated that Mrs. Johnson must ride the horse or be left behind. Preferring this alternative to a miserable death alone in the forest, she was lifted to Scoggin's back in place of Miriam and the boy, while the kindly Labaree took the infant. In this order the party again started off at a "slow mournful pace." Once an hour the almost exhausted woman was taken from the horse and laid on the ground to rest. Thus her life was preserved through her second day of new

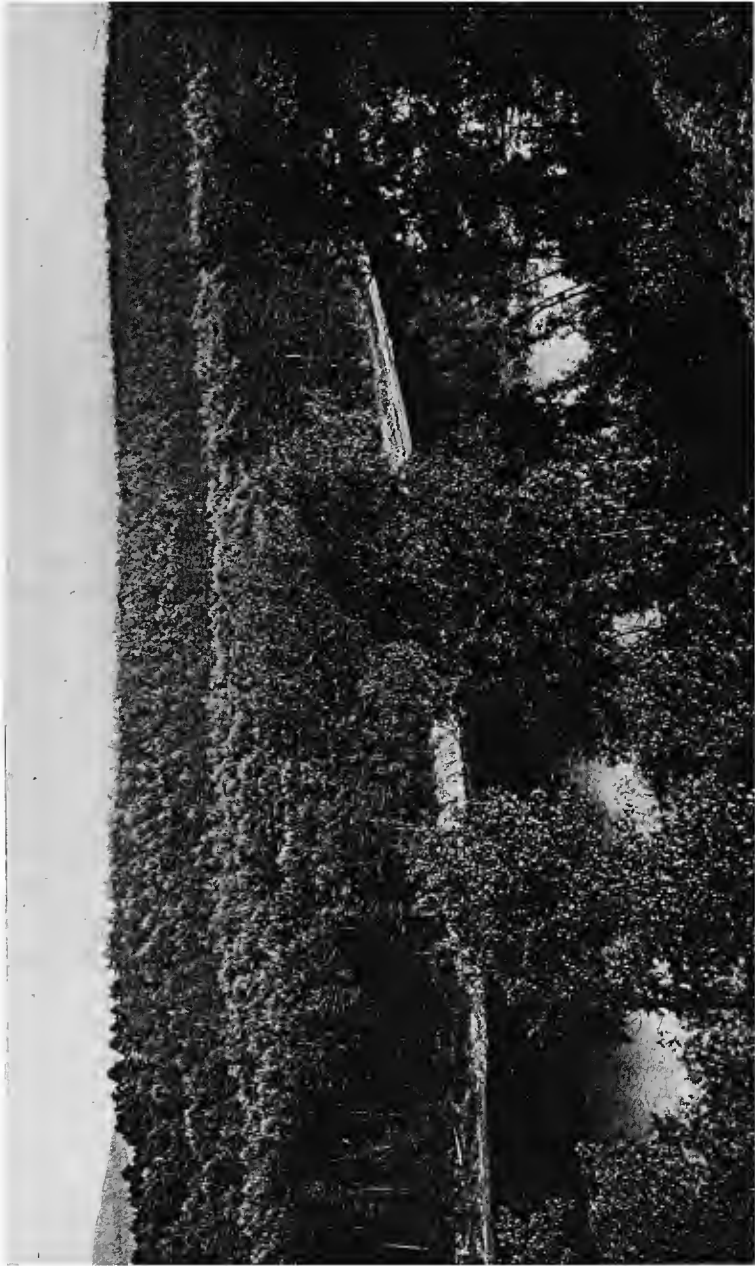
motherhood. That night the party bivouacked at the head of Black River Pond. The supper, mainly of gruel, was enriched with the broth of a hawk which one of the Indians had killed. Through the next day, opening chill and foggy, they plodded on across miry plains and over steep and broken hills. Labaree still carried the infant and nourished it with occasional sips of water gruel. The next day was like its predecessor, "an unvaried scene of fatigue."

Now famine threatened the party. Two or three hunting bands sent out returned without game, and the last morsel of meal was gone. It was determined to sacrifice faithful old Scoggin. Accordingly at dusk of this day the horse was shot, and a few minutes after his flesh was broiling on the embers of a fire which the Indians had made with the help of punk that they carried in horns. While the hungry savages gorged themselves with these horse-steaks they offered the best parts to the captives, an act which "certainly bordered on civility." And, says the narrative, "an epicure could not have catered nicer slices, nor in that situation served them up with more neatness." For Mrs. Johnson and the babe a broth was made, "which was rendered almost a luxury by the seasoning of roots." After this novel supper "countenances began to brighten; those who had relished the meal exhibited new strength, and those who had only snuffed its effluvia confessed themselves regaled. The evening was employed in drying and smoking what remained for future use." The next morning's breakfast was a feast of soup made from the pounded marrow-bones of old Scoggin and flavored with "every root, both sweet and bitter, that the woods afforded." Each of the captives partook of as much of the soup as "his feelings would allow."

At the start of this day's march Mrs. Johnson was obliged to walk. Her master tied her petticoats with bark "as high as he supposed would be convenient for walking," and ordered her to fall in line. "With scarce strength to stand alone" she stumbled on for about half a mile, with her little boy and three Indians, lagging behind the rest. Then losing power to move further, she dropped in a faint as one of the Indians was raising his hatchet over her head. Upon her return to consciousness she heard her master angrily assailing the savage for attempting to kill his prize, and saw how her life had been spared.

Restarting, Captain Johnson helped her along for a few hours. Then faintness again overcame her. Another council was held while she lay gasping on the ground. At length her master cut some bark from a tree and made a pack-saddle for her husband's back, and to this she was lifted. They marched onward the rest of this day, Captain Johnson staggering under his load, his bare feet lacerated by the rough path. Labaree still kept the infant. Farnsworth carried one of the little girls, and the other rode as before on her master's back. Miriam Willard, strong in her young girlhood, walked easily, keeping pace with her lusty master. That night the Indians made more horse-broth for supper. Another booth was built for the exhausted mother. Next morning she found herself greatly refreshed from a good night's sleep.

But further peril was in store for her. On this day's march she was made to ford a beaver-pond. When half way over, "up to the middle in the cold water," her strength failed and she became stiffened and motionless. Her husband was sent to her relief. Taking her in his arms he carried her across, and on the bank a fire was built at which she was warmed back to life. For the rest of this



Pine Grove on the River's Bank, near Hanover.





day she again rode on the pack-saddle on her husband's back. Labaree still carried the infant and sustained her little life with bits of the horse-flesh which he would first chew and then put in the baby's mouth. On the afternoon of this day the party halted for a lunch of broiled duck, two savages sent out on a hunting scout having brought the fowl in as their sole bag. One of the branches of Otter Creek was then forded. In the passage Labaree, tripping in the swift current, nearly lost the infant. As she was floating down stream he saved her by catching a corner of her blanket and pulling her in. On the opposite bank proofs of the Indians' sagacity were found. On their journey down from the north they had killed a bear at this point. The entrails had been cleansed and filled with the fat of the animal, and suspended from the limb of a tree. Beside the tree also lay a bag of flour and some tobacco: all stores for use on the return journey. Now quite a sumptuous feast was set forth. The flour was made into a pudding with the bear's grease for a relishing sauce, and a rich broth seasoned with snake-root was prepared. The tobacco was shared with the men captives, and they derived what comfort they could in their sorry condition from an after-dinner smoke. With the close of the next day, however, famine again threatened, and the following morning's breakfast was of the scantiest. Still they were pressed on painfully till nightfall. Then at last the cruel tramp ended with their arrival at East Bay, on Lake Champlain. After supper from a ground-squirrel and some broth, all embarked in canoes for the voyage across the lake to Crown Point.

Fortune was now kind to them for four days. The French commander received them with much show of hospitality. They were provided with "brandy in profusion,

a good dinner, and a change of linen." Mrs. Johnson's children were all decently clad, and the infant was so decked out in French raiment that her Puritan mother could not recognize the "strange thing." But on the fourth day their miseries were renewed with their return to their masters and the start on another journey. All were crowded in one little vessel and so made the passage to the St. John's fort, a hard voyage of three days. At this place they were politely entertained by the French commander as at Crown Point. The next morning they were off for Chambly. That night Mrs. Johnson lodged on a bed for the first time since her captivity. Next morning all were off in canoes for Sorel. On their arrival at nightfall, a kind friar took them into his house. The good monk cheered them in the morning with a relishing breakfast and "drank their better healths" in a brimming tumbler of brandy. That day they reached their destination, — the Indian village of St. Francis, — where their masters belonged.

Their arrival here was signalled by a whirlwind of "whoops, yells, shrieks, and screams." With their masters they were made to "run the gauntlet" between a double line of braves and squaws. But no hard blows were suffered, each receiving only a slight tap on the shoulder. Now they were finally separated, each master taking his prizes to his own quarters. Eventually all but the little boy, Sylvanus, were sold to Frenchmen. Mrs. Johnson's master being a hunter, exchanged her with much formality, for the boy whom he wanted to attend him on his hunting excursions. Her new master was the son-in-law of the grand sachem, and she with her infant was adopted into his family. The others were early taken to Montreal and sold there. Fortunately for them their purchasers

were all "persons of great respectability." Captain Johnson fell to a leading man. Susanna, the eldest of the two little girls, was bought by three affluent French maiden ladies; and Polly, by the Mayor of Montreal for his wife's pleasure. Miriam Willard passed to good hands, being taken into the influential Du Quesne family. Labaree and Farnsworth both found easy masters, though they chafed as bondsmen.

Such was the situation of these captives when Captain Johnson was given a leave of absence on parole to return to New England for cash for their redemption. Before he started Mrs. Johnson and the babe had been bought by the Du Quesnes and were in Montreal near the others. Later, little Polly was traded for and restored to the mother. While at Montreal the infant was baptized and was given the names of Louisa, for Mme. Du Quesne, and Captive in token of the circumstances of her birth.

The *Narrative* goes on with details of the life in captivity which extended through four years or more. Among other trying experiences there were prison hardships for Mrs. Johnson and her husband in Montreal and Quebec, for he broke his parole through detention in Massachusetts, curiously enough, as a suspected spy. So his lines were doubly hard. Mrs. Johnson with Captive and Polly was the first to be released. She got back to the Valley by the roundabout way of Europe, taking ship from Quebec for England. Captain Johnson was redeemed in the spring of 1758. Early the next summer he joined the expedition against Ticonderoga at the head of a company, and soon afterward met his cruel fate, being killed in action. The same summer Sylvanus was restored to his mother. He was brought back to the Valley by Major (afterward General) Israel Putnam. He came with the redeemed

Howe family, — Jemima Howe, the “Fair Captive” of Humphrey’s Life of Putnam, and her children, who were captured at Fort Bridgman in Hinsdale, the year after the taking of the Johnsons. Sylvanus’s four years of savage life had given him all the characteristics of the Indian. He could speak no English and only a little French, but in the language of the Indians was perfect. He could bend a bow and wing an arrow, and could brandish a tomahawk with the best of the braves. By degrees his Indian habits wore off. But to the day of his death, and he reached the age of eighty-four, he retained his attachment to the simple life of the forest. His latter years were spent in Walpole, and he was an expert salmon fisher about Bellows Falls. Susanna came back in the summer of 1760. She returned with her kinsfolk, Joseph Willard and family of Lancaster. These Willards, father, mother, and five children, had been captured at their home a few months earlier, and, taken to Canada, had reached Montreal only a few days before its surrender. Susanna was now quite a cultivated young woman, for the good sisters Jaisson had provided her a “polite education.” She did not know her mother when they met, and could speak no English.

Mrs. Johnson returned to Charlestown in the autumn of 1759 and resumed her life on the same spot from which she and the rest had been taken. Three years later she married John Hastings, a worthy first settler at No. 4, and reared a second family of children. By her two marriages she had fourteen children in all. She lived to the age of eighty, and could count thirty-nine grandchildren. Of the daughters who had been in captivity with her, Susan married Captain Samuel Wetherbee, afterward an active soldier in the Revolution, and became the mother

of fifteen children, among whom were five at two births. Polly married Colonel Timothy Bedell of Haverhill, up the River, who became a captain of rangers in the Revolution, and later a major-general in the New Hampshire militia. Though dying at the early age of thirty-seven, Polly bore several children. Captive married Colonel George Kimball of Charlestown. In 1798 they removed to Lower Canada and there the remainder of her life was spent. She had four children. Miriam Willard married the Rev. Phineas Whitney, minister at Shirley, Massachusetts, for upward of half a century. She lived but seven years after her marriage, however, and left no children.

Labaree and Farnsworth both returned to Charlestown and resumed the farmer's life which they pursued in peace till they reached old age. Labaree escaped from bondage and suffered many hardships on his way back through the wilderness. Farnsworth was redeemed. Labaree upon his return took up a tract of three hundred acres two miles north of the village, and became the most northerly settler on the River in New Hampshire. He lived to the age of seventy-nine. Farnsworth took a farm in North Charlestown, and here was his home till his death in his seventy-eighth year.

So peacefully closes this romance of real life, only one of the many which the records of the Valley disclose abundant in thrilling detail and rich in "atmosphere."

In the old burying-ground of Charlestown the traveller may see a monument to the memory of Mrs. Johnson and her fellow captives. It was set up with quiet ceremony thirty-five years ago by descendants of the Johnsons and of worthy Peter Labaree.

The summer of 1755 was marked by raids of Indians

from Canada swooping down the Valley to and below the Massachusetts line. They had become emboldened by the failure of the expedition of this season against Crown Point, and by the belief that the frontiers were more than usually exposed. About midsummer alarming news came to the Valley. Five hundred Indians were said to be collecting in Canada for an expedition to exterminate the whole white population along the River. Shortly before, Philip, a St. Francis sachem, had appeared in one village after another with friendly demonstrations and the pretence of need of provisions. It was afterward learned that he was a spy, to ascertain the state of defence.

The most serious raids, presumed to have been in connection with the plan of extermination, were toward the close of the summer. On their down journey the marauders crossed the River to Charlestown, slaughtered a lot of the settlers' cattle, and carried off the flesh. Shortly after a band appeared below Bellows Falls at Walpole. Two settlers, Daniel Twichell and John Flynt, back on the hills getting out timber for oars, were attacked and killed. One was scalped; the other cut open and his heart taken out and laid in pieces on his breast. This event made "a solemn impression" on the scattered settlers. They imagined that Twichell's spirit hovered over them crying for vengeance on the savages. A rock in the River off the Walpole meadows where he used to fish with un-failing success was given his name, and good luck came to the after-fishers at Twichell's Rock.

Another band, or perhaps the same one, appeared at Hinsdale and attacked a group of workers in the woods. Two were killed, a third escaped. A few days later, in the same settlement, Caleb Howe, Benjamin Gaffield, and Hilkiah Grout were ambushed while returning from the

fields. Howe was killed. Gaffield was drowned in attempting to cross the River, and Grout escaped. The assailants made for Bridgman's Fort in which the families of these men were living. It was now dusk. Hearing footsteps and supposing their husbands were returning, the women opened the gate to receive them. Instead the savages with a whoop rushed in and captured them all. Fourteen women and children were thus taken, among them Jemima Howe, "The Fair Captive," Caleb Howe's wife, and her little ones, and marched to Canada.

Then came the attack in force upon Walpole and the siege of John Kilburn's house, with "Kilburn's Fight," of August 17, the most remarkable conflict in the Valley of this war. Here is its animated story, with a side story of the clever stratagem of Colonel Bellows outside the Bellows Fort.

The attacking party is said by the historians to have numbered fully four hundred. The Kilburn household embraced but six persons. These were John Kilburn, the master, a virile man of about fifty; his wife Ruth, a sturdy young matron; their son John, in his eighteenth year; their daughter Hetty, a fine strapping girl; and one Peak, presumably a farm helper, with his son, about young John Kilburn's age. The dwelling was a stout log-house surrounded by palisades. It stood above the meadows under the shadow of Falls Mountain, now Kilburn Peak, named for its hero. It was about a mile and a half distant from Colonel Bellows's fort.

At about noon Kilburn and Peak and the two youths were returning home to dinner from their work in the field, when one of them discovered the red legs of Indians among some alders, "as thick as grasshoppers." Quietly but rapidly gaining the house where Mrs. Kilburn and

Hetty, unaware of danger, were preparing the noon meal, they bolted the door and made ready for defence. In a few minutes they saw a line of savages crawling up a bank east of the house. As the red men crossed a foot-path one by one, one hundred and ninety-seven of them were counted by the group within. About the same number, it is said, remained in ambush near the mouth of Cold River and later joined in the fight.

Meanwhile, or earlier, an attempt had been made by part of the band to waylay and cut off Colonel Bellows and thirty of his men who were at the mill about a mile east of Kilburn's. In this enterprise, however, they were thwarted by the colonel's ingenious tactics. He and the men, each with a bag of flour on his back, had left the mill and were on their way to the Bellows Fort when their dogs began to growl, thus betraying the neighborhood of Indians, though none was seen. Thereupon the colonel directed the men to throw off the bags, get down on all fours, crawl to a rise of land near by, and upon reaching the top spring to their feet all together, give one whoop, then instantly drop again out of sight in the sweet-fern that covered the bank. This manœuvre had the expected effect in drawing the savages from their ambush. At the sound of the whoop, believing themselves discovered, the whole body rose from the bushes among which they had lain in a semi-circle around the path which the colonel's men were to have followed. At their showing the hidden party fired a volley, and this so disconcerted them that, without a shot from their side, they darted back into the bushes and disappeared. Then the colonel's party took the shortest cut for the fort, and there prepared for a siege. But none came.

The Fight at Kilburn's was preceded by a demand for



surrender and its scornful refusal. It was made by Philip the spy whom Kilburn had sheltered on his previous visit, and supplied with flour, flint, and other provisions. Coming forward to a protecting tree, Philip cried :

“Old John! Young John! I know ye! Come out here. We give you good quarter.”

“Quarter!” vociferated Kilburn “in a voice of thunder.” “You black rascals begone, or we’ll quarter you!”

Upon this defiance Philip withdrew to the ambush, and ten minutes later the war-whoop rang out as if “all the devils in hell had been let loose.” The assault was signalled with a rush. Kilburn got the first fire, and believed that he saw Philip drop. A shower of bullets fell upon the house, and the roof became a “perfect riddle-sieve.” While the main body was engaged in the assault others were butchering the cattle and destroying the grain. The little garrison kept up an almost incessant fire through the small portholes, picking off the savages as they appeared in the open with the precision of sharpshooters. For greater convenience they poured their powder into their hats. The women loaded the guns. There was fortunately a spare set, so that when one got hot from frequent firing another was ready. The hot ones were cooled by the housewife in a trough of water in readiness to serve their turn again. After a while the stock of lead ran short. Then Hetty stretched blankets in the upper part of the roof to catch the enemy’s balls which penetrated one side of it and fell short of the other. These the two Amazons immediately ran into new bullets, and before they were cool the men had fired them back to the enemy. At the height of the fight a few venturesome savages approached close to the house and attempted to batter down the front door; but the marksmen within cut them off at each

attempt. Most of the time, however, the enemy fought from behind logs and stumps.

The siege continued through the afternoon and till sundown. Then the assailants began gradually to withdraw, and by dusk all had departed carrying their wounded with them. It is supposed that they went directly back to Canada. At all events the campaign of extermination was abandoned, and this was the last raid of a large body of Indians in force in the Valley.

The Kilburn garrison marvellously weathered the Fight with only one member hurt. Peak, exposing himself at a port-hole, received a ball in his thigh. In spite of the wound he kept on fighting. But lacking surgical aid the poor fellow died on the fifth day after. Kilburn survived to a green old age, attaining his eighty-fifth year. Through and for some time after his day the homestead was retained on the same spot, and he lived to see his fourth generation here enjoying "the benefits of a high civilization." A century or so after his death professors and students of Amherst College frequenting Falls Mountain fittingly gave it the name of Kilburn Peak to perpetuate this brave man's memory. The site of the Fight is to-day one of beautiful Walpole's most notable landmarks.

While the assault upon Walpole was the last raid of the Indians in force, roving bands continued to infest the frontier River towns till close on to the end of the war, killing or capturing groups of settlers at their work and committing various depredations. As before, Charlestown was the main sufferer. On a summer day in 1756 a band swept into the settlement and waylaid Lieutenant Moses Willard, the father of Mrs. Johnson, and his son. Mr. Willard was killed, and the young man escaped, fleeing to



View from Kilburn Peak, near Bellows Falls, looking South—Kilburn Peak Side at the Left.



the fort with a spear which the Indians had flung at him sticking in his side. The same season, Winchester and Hinsdale below were visited. In the spring of the next year, 1757, a band of Indians and French soldiers again came upon Charlestown, and at a time when only a handful of men were in the fort. Three groups of settlers out for their day's occupations were attacked. It was the morning of the 19th of April, historic date of after years. One group was going to the mill; another to a maple sugar camp in the woods; the third was on a hunting trip. The men bound for the mill were first waylaid and the mill was burned. Next those at the sugar camp were intercepted, and lastly the hunters. Five were taken off to Canada and sold there as usual. One of them was Deacon Adams of the town church. Only two survived their captivity. These were David Farnsworth, another of the Farnsworth family of first settlers, who escaped, and Thomas Robbins, one of the hunting party. The next summer a band ambushed Asahel Stebbins's house, killed him and captured his wife. With her they also took off Isaac Parker. The same season the lower Valley region about the Massachusetts line was once more raided. At Hinsdale Captain Moore and his son were killed, the rest of his family captured, and their house burned down. These were the last raids into the valley settlements.

After the spring of 1757 Number 4 was under the jurisdiction of the king's officers. The fort thereafter was the rendezvous of various colonial regiments, and a headquarters of rangers. Shortly after the raid of April 19 a new regiment of New Hampshire men, raised to join in another Crown Point expedition, rendezvoused here. This was Colonel John Goffe's famous regiment which, placed at the rear of the troops leaving Fort Henry after the

capitulation to Montcalm, was so seriously cut up in the treacherous massacre by Montcalm's Indian allies.

The closing performances in the Valley of this war were the cutting of the Crown Point Road from Number 4 to Crown Point, and the daring exploits of the companies of rangers principally under the brothers Stark, John and William, and the redoubtable Robert Rogers.

The cutting of the Crown Point Road was a remarkable achievement. The Road properly began on the west side of the River where is now Springfield, Vermont, starting at the landing-place of "Wentworth's Ferry," near the mouth of Black River, whence it proceeded along the old Indian trail through the woods and over the mountains. Wentworth's Ferry, named for Governor Benning Wentworth, crossed the River from a point about two miles above Number 4: or a little above the present bridge, over which the Charlestown and Springfield trolley line runs. It was used for the transportation of troops and supplies from the establishment of Number 4 through the Revolution. The Crown Point Road can to-day be traced in Springfield from the River bank. A monument set up by the townspeople some years ago marks the place where it crosses the present river road. Upon it, or close by, the first settlers of Springfield established their homesteads. It followed the right bank of Black River to the present township of Ludlow, the route there taking to the mountains.

The project of building this Road originated with the Massachusetts government. So early as the spring of 1756 an order was passed in the General Court at Boston for an examination of a route by "the directest course" from Number 4 to Crown Point, and Colonel Israel Williams of Hatfield was particularly charged with this duty. In the

following summer Lord Loudon took similar steps for a military road from the Connecticut, and obtained from Colonel Williams a topographical sketch of the country, compiled mostly from reports of officers of scouting parties. But nothing further was done at this time owing to the numbers of hostile Indians infesting the region. The project was not renewed till 1759, when General Amherst had succeeded to the command and victories had come to the English side.

The first cutting was on the west side of the Green Mountains. This was made in the summer of 1759, under the direction of General John Stark and Major John Hawkes. The link between Number 4 and the mountains was built the following summer. This work was done by Colonel John Goffe and his renewed regiment of eight hundred New Hampshire men. They had first opened a road from the Merrimack to the Connecticut, clearing a mere bridle-path from their starting point as far as Keene, New Hampshire. They arrived at Number 4 in June. Crossing the River they first built a large blockhouse close by the ferry landing and enclosed it in palisades, as a protection in case of trouble. They were forty-five days in cutting the Road to the foot of the mountains. At every mile they set up a post, and twenty-six of these mile-posts had been placed when the mountains were reached. Their baggage was carried as far as the mountains on ox-teams; then pack-horses were employed. Along the way they occasionally saw the trails of Indians, but none dared molest them. Such was the speed with which the work was despatched that the Road was completed in ample season for the regiment to participate in the final expedition against Montreal.

Of the exploits of the rangers, that of Robert Rogers

and his band in the destruction of St. Francis, the stronghold of the St. Francis Indians, was the most difficult and perilous, and the greatest in importance and consequences. This sanguinary affair occurred in October, 1759, soon after the cutting of the upper part of the Crown Point Road. It was the most spectacular performance of the war in this region, and its story has served as the frame for many a tale of adventure.

Major Rogers was at Crown Point when he received his orders from Amherst to proceed to the attack. He was to remember "the barbarities committed by the enemy's Indian scoundrels on every occasion where they had had opportunities of showing their infamous cruelties toward his Majesty's subjects." He was to take his revenge, but, "although the villians have promiscuously murdered women and children of all ages," he was to kill or hurt no woman or child.

At the start Rogers's company consisted of two hundred men, but this number was reduced by various calamities to one hundred and forty-two before he reached his destination. From Crown Point they rowed in batteaux up Lake Champlain to Missisquoi Bay, — Gray Lock's old site. Here the boats and provisions were left with a guard, and the march into the lonely wilderness begun. After two days' marching the guard left at Missisquoi overtook them with the alarming report that a force of three hundred French and Indians had seized the boats and provisions and were on their trail. They only pressed on the more rapidly.

On the twenty-second day after leaving Crown Point they were within three miles of the village. It was sighted by a lookout who had climbed a tall tree. At dusk they halted in the forest on the outskirts of the village. When night had fallen Rogers with two of his men, each disguised as Indians, entered the village and passed through it undis-



covered. They found the people at a festival celebrating a wedding, all unconscious of danger in their neighborhood.

Rogers determined to make the attack before daybreak when the village would be in slumber. He divided his force into three sections and posted each to advantage. At three o'clock the order was given to advance silently and quickly. The surprise was complete. As Rogers wrote in his journal, "the Rangers marched up to the very doors of the wigwams unobserved, and several squads made choice of the wigwams they would attack. There was little use of the musket. The Rangers leaped into the dwellings and made sure work with the hatchet and knife." Two-thirds of the Indian warriors were slain. When the day dawned a horrid sight met the gaze of the assailants which gave an "edge" to their fury. It was the spectacle of more than six hundred scalps of their countrymen, trophies of former barbarities, elevated on poles and waving in the air. They set fire to all the wigwams but three which they reserved for their own use as headquarters. Many women and children perished in the flames, although none was deliberately killed. Valuable spoil was taken, for the village had been enriched with the plunder of the frontiers and the profit of sales of captives. It also had a church, which some French Jesuits had erected, adorned with plate. Here were a silver image of the Virgin Mary weighing ten pounds, crosses and pictures, wax candles shedding their soft light over the altar; and in the belfry a bell brought from France. The invaders took off the silver image, and of the other treasures all that they could conveniently carry, together with quantities of wampum, mattings and clothing, and two hundred guineas in gold. Only one of the invaders was killed,—an Indian of the friendly bands in Stockbridge, Massachusetts; and seven were wounded, one of them an officer.

The work of destruction complete, Rogers, without waiting for rest, reassembled his men and ordered the retreat, for attack from the pursuers in their rear was feared. With them were started on the march five Englishmen whom they had found prisoners in the village, and about two hundred Indian captives. The route determined upon was by way of Lake Memphremagog, the Coös country, and the Connecticut to Number 4. In anticipation of a return by this route, Amherst had ordered supplies sent up from Number 4 to the mouth of the lower Ammonoosuc at Barnet. It was a march of hardship from the start, and before long it became tragic.

They kept in a body for eight days, obliged meanwhile to let their prisoners go, for their provisions were almost exhausted. Then they divided into three parties and scattered, each party under an experienced leader, to make for the rendezvous at the Ammonoosuc's mouth as best they could. Rogers and the men with him were overtaken by the enemy and twice attacked. Several were killed, or taken captive. After much suffering from cold, footsore, and hunger, the remnant of his party first reached the rendezvous. But here to their horror were no provisions; only the embers of a white man's fire indicating the recent presence of friends. It afterward appeared that supplies had been duly forwarded according to Amherst's order, but that the officer in charge, after waiting two days and fearing an attack, had hastened back to Number 4, taking them with him; an act for which he was deservedly censured. Rogers's only hope now being to get to Number 4 for succor, he constructed a raft of dry pine trees, and with two companions embarked upon it to float down our River. Of this perilous voyage Rogers's own account is the most graphic:

The current carried us down the stream in the middle of the river where we kept our miserable vessel with such paddles as could be split and hewn with small hatchets. The second day we reached White River falls, and very narrowly escaped running over them. The raft went over and was lost; but our remaining strength enabled us to land and march by the falls. At the foot of them Captain Ogden and the Ranger killed some red squirrels and a partridge, while I constructed another raft. Not being able to cut the trees I burnt them down, and burnt them at proper lengths. This was our third day's work after leaving our companions. The next day we floated down to Watoquichie [Water-Queeche] falls. . . . Here we landed, and Captain Ogden held the raft by a withe of hazel bushes while we went below the falls to swim in, board and paddle it ashore; this being our only hope of life, as we had not strength to make a new raft. I succeeded in securing it; and the next morning we floated down within a short distance of Number 4. Here we found several men cutting timber who relieved and assisted us to the fort.

Immediately upon their arrival a canoe was despatched up the River with provisions for those left at the rendezvous; and two days later Rogers returned with two more canoes laden with supplies for the other parties if they should appear. The few survivors subsequently arrived in a pitiable condition. They had subsisted on such small animals as they could kill, with roots, nuts, birch-bark, their leather straps, and their moccasins.

The war ended with the Valley at last freed from its traditional foe. Number 4 remained through the Revolution a frontier fort of importance. To-day its site is marked by a boulder erected by the town. And "Number 4" traced in the green of the neat park opposite the railway station greets the eye of the traveller as he alights from the train.

## XVIII

### The War of the Grants

Land-Fever following the Conquest of Canada — Prospecting in the rich Upper Valley — Winter Surveys for Tiers of Towns on both Sides of the River — Great Activity of Wentworth's Grants-Mill — Wholesale Issue of Charters — Form of these Instruments — The Gauntlet again Thrown Down to New York — Sharp Tilts between the Governors — The King's Order declaring the River the Boundary Line — Conflicts with New York Officers and Courts over West Side Titles — Rise of the "Green Mountain Boys."

UPON the assurance of tranquillity following the conquest of Canada and the scattering of the Indian tribes, schemes for the occupation of the Valley's upper reaches were immediately renewed. Northward beyond the English outposts — Charlestown on the Connecticut and Salisbury on the Merrimack — still lay the unbroken wilderness, save a few spots of cleared land and the cuttings in the woods made for military purposes.

Soon speculators, adventurers, and prospective settlers were pressing for footholds in this vast rich region, and a veritable land-fever set in. By spring of 1761 Governor Benning Wentworth was prepared to start up his operations in New Hampshire grants on a larger and bolder scale than before. Now his project embraced three tiers of townships on either side of the Connecticut. Upon the completion of a new survey he was issuing his charters with astonishing rapidity. This survey had begun in the spring of 1760, but was not finished till the next year. Joseph Blanchard of Dunstable, working on the ice in the bleak month of March, carried it from Charlestown as far



The Bend—Two Miles North of Hanover.



as the Lower Coös. Hubartes Neal finished it to the Upper Coös, above the Fifteen-Miles Falls. Stones or stakes were set up or trees marked on the River's banks, six miles apart, to indicate the corners of the proposed townships, each to be six miles square. From the plan of this survey, deposited in the land office at Portsmouth, then the seat of the New Hampshire government, Governor Wentworth took the courses and distances for his charters. These often indefinite and inaccurate marks led to various heated disputes over boundaries between townships.

Sixty township grants were turned out during the summer and autumn of 1761. Before the close of 1763 the impressive total of one hundred and thirty eight had been reached. These grants extended up the Valley on the east side of the River as far north as Northumberland, and on the west side to Maidstone. They also reached across the present Vermont westward to an imaginary line assumed to be twenty miles east of the Hudson, and above the Hudson to Lake Champlain. Thus the gauntlet was again thrown down to the province of New York.

Wentworth's charters were all of one form. Each township was divided into shares, generally sixty-eight in number. One share was reserved for the first settled minister,—the orthodox one; one for a glebe for the Church of England; one for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, established in England; and one for a school; while five hundred acres, accounted as two shares, Wentworth reserved for himself. As soon as fifty families were become actual residents on a grant the township was to have liberty of holding a weekly market and town fairs semi-monthly. All pine trees within a township fit for masts in the royal navy were to be preserved for the king, and none of them was to be cut or

felled without a royal license. One shilling "proclamation money" for every hundred acres settled or possessed was to be paid yearly after the expiration of ten years from the date of the charter.

To several of the earlier townships Wentworth gave the names of the ducal house of Lancaster; and that of the family manor of the Wentworths in England — Bretton Hall, at Bretton, County York — subsequently appeared in Bretton Woods, which became the town of Carroll, at the base of the White Mountains. In these acts, and in other circumstances, local historians see evidence of an intention to erect an American baronage in this fair region.

The grants-mill ran on merrily without check, and with accumulating profits to the thrifty governor, till the close of 1763. Then New York again took action. Lieut. Governor Cadwallader Colden issued his proclamation (December 28, 1763) reasserting the validity of the claim of New York to the territory west of the river; formally assuming jurisdiction over it; and commanding the sheriff of Albany County to make returns of the names of all persons who had taken possession therein under New Hampshire titles. Governor Wentworth responded with a counter proclamation (March 13, 1764), pronouncing the Duke-of-York grants to be obsolete; justifying the claim of New Hampshire to a bound as far westward as the bounds of Massachusetts and Connecticut; assuring the settlers that the crown would confirm his grants as issued should the jurisdiction be altered; exhorting them not to be intimidated; and ordering the civil officers to exercise jurisdiction as far westward as the grants had been established and to "prosecute all disturbers of the peace."

Meanwhile New York had made two shrewder moves, and these ultimately gave her the game. One was the



quiet despatching of a "representation" of the matter from her point of view to the Lords of Trade and Plantations in England; the other, an express application to the crown for a declaration of the boundary line. The king acted accordingly, and under date of July 20, 1764, he declared "the western banks of the River Connecticut to be the boundary line between the said two provinces."

The settlers on Wentworth's west side grants at first accepted the king's decision with equanimity, for they assumed that their titles were confirmed, as Wentworth's proclamation had assured them they would be were the jurisdiction changed. But the term "to be" in the decision proved a stumbling-block by which they were wofully tripped. New Hampshire interpreted this phrase as "designed to express the future and not to refer to the past." New York construed it as "a declaration not only of what was to be for the time to come, but of what was and always had been" that province's eastern limit. In accordance with this construction New York declared all the west side New Hampshire grants illegal, and ordered the settlers to surrender their charters and take out new titles from her.

Thus the War of the Grants began. The west side settlers were thrown into much distress. Obtaining the new grants involved more fees and other expenses which they could ill bear. Some, however, complied with the demand without friction. Others protested, but finally bought their lands a second time. More refused, and defied the New York officers. Actions of ejection were begun in two counties which New York set up, one on each side of the Green Mountains. The actions were of course decided in favor of New York. Associations were formed among the resisting settlers against the New York officers and courts. So arose the "Green Mountain Boys."

The settlers also appealed their case to the crown, and at length, in 1767, the tables were turned on New York, when a royal order was obtained forbidding her governor to regrant lands covered by the New Hampshire title until the king's further pleasure in the matter should be made known. Notwithstanding this inhibition, however, Lieutenant-Governor Colden persisted in his policy of aggression, and the settlers continued their resistance. At the same time Governor Wentworth was keeping up the issue of his grants, confining them, however, since the king's order of 1764, to the east side of the River. Such was the situation when the Revolution came.

Benning Wentworth withdrew from the governorship in 1766, — virtually superseded though permitted to resign, for in the latter years of his administration of a quarter of a century he had succeeded in pleasing neither king nor people, — and then began the reign of his broader, abler and courtlier nephew, John Wentworth, last of the royal New Hampshire governors. Governor John continued the issue of grants on the line of Governor Benning's operations, but with far less speculative energy, and with an eye more to the prosperous establishing of plantations than to his own emolument. It was Governor John whose persuasion and generous aid brought the Rev. Eleazer Wheelock to the Upper Valley and established Dartmouth College on the Beautiful River's bank. By him the subject of the college was first introduced to the Earl of Dartmouth, his intimate friend; and Dartmouth's patronage in the venture was due directly to his influence. But Governor Benning, while in office, gave the land, the tract of five hundred acres, upon which the college was erected. After the death of Benning, in 1771 (leaving the bulk of his estate to his

youthful wife, lowly but lovely Martha Hilton, the "Lady Wentworth" of Longfellow's poetic fiction), the New Hampshire Council determined that the reservation of five hundred acres for himself in each of his charter-grants did not convey the title to him. So these reserved portions were offered to private settlers who quickly took them up.

The settlers on the grants along the River emigrated for the most part up from the Connecticut Colony; the others were principally from Massachusetts. Those on the grants west of the Green Mountains were also largely from Connecticut, with a considerable number from Massachusetts and a few from Rhode Island. Coming from these colonies and imbued with the spirit of local self-government, they had little in common with New Hampshire and its centralized system; less with New York. Accordingly, thus isolated in the wilderness, they set up their townships upon a system of local government which, although fashioned after that of the Connecticut and Massachusetts town, became in its development so much more democratic as practically to convert each township into an independent republic.

The Green Mountains separated the grants into two distinct sections, and constituted a formidable barrier to mutual intercourse. Differences other than geographical also existed between the two sections, sufficient, ultimately, in the midst of the Revolution, to produce two separate and diverse schemes of state-making. These schemes came to be pressed by two parties, the Bennington and the College parties, so called respectively. The former were directed from the political centre west of the mountains in Bennington, the latter from the seat of Dartmouth College.

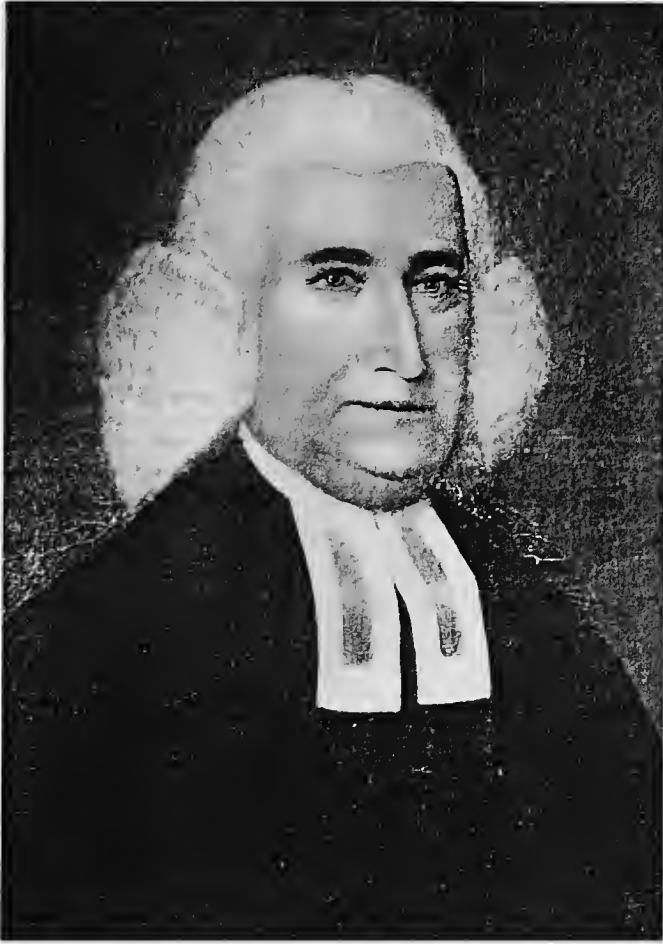
With the planting of the college, the College party shortly developed, forwarding their scheme for a state on the grants.

## XIX

### Dartmouth College and "New Connecticut"

Rival Schemes of State-Making — College Party versus Bennington Party — Germ of the College Party: Wheelock's Fixture of Dartmouth in the Upper Valley — Character of the Pioneer Settlements here — The College District the Political Centre — "Dresden" and College Hall — Secession of East Side Towns — Notable State Papers by the Dresden Statesmen — Erection of the State of New Connecticut at Westminster — Substitution of Vermont for New Connecticut — The Constitutional Convention at Windsor — Vermont Launched "amidst the Tumults of War" — Short-Lived Union with East-Side Towns.

**T**HE rival schemes of state-making ripened with the Revolution. That of the College party originally contemplated the union of all of the New Hampshire grants on both sides of the River and east of the Green Mountains, in the state of New Connecticut, with the seat of government at the college seat in Hanover or its neighborhood. The Bennington party's scheme comprised the establishment of the grants west of the River and on either side of the mountains, as an independent district. The Bennington party were animated primarily by the hostility to New York growing out of the bitter contest over the Wentworth charters, coupled with their aversion to the still existing system of centralization in that state, abhorrent to their democratic spirit. The College party reached their idea of a new state "through a calm and unimpassioned process of reasoning, in which apparently expediency played a leading part," as John L. Rice tersely puts it in his brochure on the movement. It was the contest so familiar in



Eleazar Wheelock (1711-1779),  
Founder of Dartmouth College.  
From an old painting.



our day between the practiced politicians and the "literary fellows," with the customary result. Although mighty with the pen, the "men of thought were no match for the men of action," as the event proved. Nevertheless they maintained a skillful warfare, produced some exceedingly able papers, and kept affairs astir in the Upper Valley for more than six years. They created a schism on both sides of the River, which baffled the other party, and moved bluff Ethan Allen to arraign them with more vigor than regard for the rules of orthography as "a Petulent, Pettefoging, Scribling sort of Gentry that will keep any government in hot water till they are thoroughly brought under the Exertions of Authority."

The germ of the College party was in Eleazer Wheelock's final selection of the Upper Valley for the location of Dartmouth College, evolved from his "Moor Indian Charity School," begun fifteen years before (1754) upon its charter by the crown in 1769. On the grants then occupied in the region there were among the few settlers a number of men of means and culture, several of them graduates of Yale and Harvard, who were zealous in public matters, and had been directly instrumental in leading Wheelock here. With or soon following him came more of similar stamp, and these united with the others in making the college almost immediately a centre of political influence.

Between most of these new settlements there was a strong community of interests, for their settlers had largely come from neighboring towns in eastern Connecticut. The grantees of four of them — Lebanon, Hanover, Hartford, and Norwich, on either side of the River — were townsmen of the Connecticut Lebanon, where Wheelock's Indian School originated, and of its neighbors, Windham and Mansfield. These four grants were intentionally grouped

together by their proprietors, and their charters were issued on the same day — July 4, 1761. They were the first of the new crop of Wentworth grants, and the first chartered in this part of the Valley. Their names were taken from the old Connecticut towns, with the single exception of Hanover, which was named for the parish of Hanover, then a part of the Connecticut Norwich. Lyme, chartered only four days after the first four, and named for old Lyme of the lower Valley, was also settled by eastern Connecticut folk. So were Hartland on the west side, granted two days after Lyme, Thetford, west side, granted the following August, and Orford, east side, in September. The other towns of the group, Cornish and Haverhill on the east side, granted respectively in June and May, 1763, and Newbury, west side, in August, were settled by Massachusetts stock; hence the names of Haverhill and Newbury for the old Essex towns of that colony.

Hanover was the geographical as well as the political centre of this group. That section of Hanover in which the college was placed was early set apart as the College District, and was put under the jurisdiction of President Wheelock, who was appointed a civil magistrate for its government. It comprised a territory three miles square immediately surrounding the college. After a few years the town sanctioned its incorporation under the name of Dresden, and as such it maintained a separate organization for some time. The significance, if any, of the name of Dresden does not appear. Here the College party centered in College Hall.

The initial tilt of the Dresden statesmen was against the New Hampshire Provincial Congress of 1775–1776, meeting at Exeter. The issue turned on the assumed right of each incorporated town to representation in that body



and in the legislature that succeeded it. The basis of representation which the congress had adopted was numerical, arrived at approximately by grouping the smaller towns in classes and assigning to each class a single representative. Thus Grafton County, which included the new settlements on the east side of the River, was accorded but six representatives in a body of eighty-nine members. Hanover was in a class with five other towns. Designated the chief town of its class, Hanover duly received a precept for an election to the congress to convene at Exeter in December, 1775. The selectmen refused to hold a meeting and sent the precept back with no return on it. The other classes, though dissatisfied, complied with their precepts and sent delegates. So the Hanover class was alone of Grafton County unrepresented.

At the session, however, President Wheelock's son John, then a young man of twenty-one, four years graduated from the college, and already experienced in affairs, appeared as the agent of the unrepresented class with a petition for a change in the law by which its six towns should have for the present two representatives. This petition was urged especially on the ground that a proper representation was most necessary in "this unsettled, critical, and interesting day." But the congress accorded it scant consideration, even treating it with "something like contempt." Naturally the dissatisfaction increased, and when in due course a second precept was received it was ignored more pointedly than the first one. The issue was brought to a crisis by the act of the last congress, that of January, 1776, perpetuating the objectionable basis of representation in the frame of government, or "temporary constitution," adopted prior to the transformation of the body into a Council and House of Representatives.

At once the College party asserted themselves. In April circular letters were sent out from "Dresden" to the committees of safety of various towns, calling them together for conference and action. On the thirty-first of July a convention of them from eleven towns assembled at Dresden to take up the matters of grievance. They comprised representatives of the six towns in the Hanover class and of the east side River towns northward, — Lyme, Orford, Haverhill and Bath. The result of their deliberations was practically a declaration of independence of the Exeter government.

No record of this assembly remains beyond the printed Address "to the people of the several towns throughout the Colony." The College Hall in which the proceedings were held was the rude structure built up from Eleazer Wheelock's first one-story dwelling, and used in part for commons, and in part jointly by the college and the townspeople for chapel, meetinghouse and public hall. It is only conjectured who constituted the leading factors. Presumably chief among them were Bezaleel Woodward, Eleazer Wheelock's brother-in-law, at the time a tutor in the college, afterward the professor of mathematics, and Colonel Elisha Payne of Cardigan (now Orange, east of Lebanon), a trustee of the college, just appointed by the Exeter government a judge of the New Hampshire court of appeals, at a later period chief-justice of Vermont. Probably among the dignitaries occupying the platform, that rostrum "of bass-wood planks hewn with an axe" from which great thoughts were uttered in the brave youth of Dartmouth, was Eleazer Wheelock. And doubtless young John Wheelock was an active participant. Woodward is generally assumed to have been the author of the Address; though Rice intimates that the hands of both Woodward and Payne were in its composition.

It was indeed a remarkable document coming out of the wilderness. Disregarding what had been done at Exeter, it opened with the bold declaration that "the important crisis is now commenced wherein the providence of God, the Grand Continental Congress, and our necessitous circumstances call upon us to assume our natural right of laying a foundation of civil government within and for this Colony." The Exeter scheme of representation was skilfully discussed with this virile conclusion :

"Our assertion holds good : (viz.) That no person or body corporate can be deprived of any natural or acquired right without forfeiture or voluntary surrender, neither of which can be pretended in this case : Therefore they who espouse the argument are necessarily driven to adopt this principle : (viz.) That one part of the Colony hath a right to curtail or deprive the other part of their natural and acquired rights and privileges, even the most essential, without their consent. . . ."

Summing up the case it was asserted that since there was "no legal power subsisting in the Colony for the purpose for which it is now necessary there should be : it is still in the hands of the people." Accordingly the people were called upon "to exercise the rights and privileges they have to erect a supreme legislative court for the Colony in order to lay a foundation and plan a government in this critical juncture of affairs." As for the issuers of the address :

"we are determined not to spend our blood and treasure in defending against the chains and fetters that are forged and prepared for us abroad, in order to purchase some of the like kind of our own manufacturing ; but mean to hold them alike detestable."

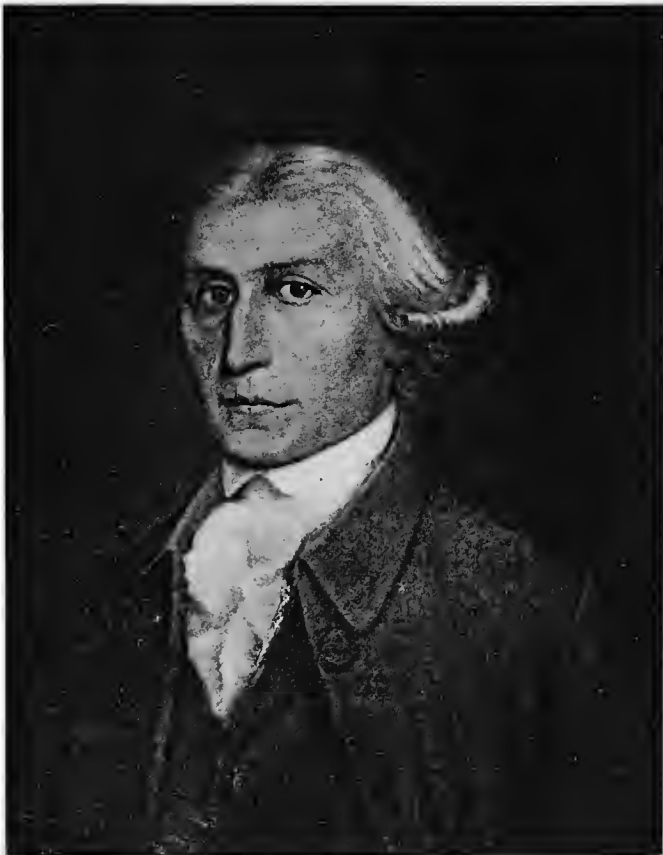
Towns concurring in the sentiments of the Address were asked to communicate with Bezaleel Woodward, as "clerk of the United-Committees." How generally they

responded is indicated by a letter of President Meshech Weare of the Council of New Hampshire to the state's delegates in the Continental Congress. Writing from Exeter under date of December 16, 1776, he refers to the Address "fabricated, I suppose, at Dartmouth College," as having had, "with the assiduity of the College Gentlemen," such an effect "that almost the whole county of Grafton, if not the whole, have refused to send members to the new Assembly which is to meet next Wednesday."

Meanwhile the Bennington party on the west side of the River and west of the Green Mountains had been antagonizing New York and were now pushing their scheme of an independent state.

In January, 1775, several towns west of the mountains had organized in opposition to New York at a convention held in Manchester, twenty-five miles north of Bennington. Three months after, in April, the committees of safety of towns east of the mountains convened at Westminster on the River and took similar and more definite action. The latter body voted a petition to the king "to be taken out of so offensive a jurisdiction and either annexed to some other government or erected and incorporated into a new one." The towns represented in this convention were all of Cumberland county, one of two counties into which New York had divided her claimed territory between the mountains and the River; Cumberland embracing the country south of a line touching the River above Windsor, the other county, Gloucester, taking in the towns north of that line.

The affair at Lexington and the Concord Fight eight days after the Westminster convention "rendered any petition to the king inexpedient," as the chroniclers of the time with unconscious humor record. No further definite move was made till the opening of 1776, when in January,



John Wheelock (1754-1817), Son of Eleazar Wheelock,  
Second President of Dartmouth College.



a convention of the committees of a majority of the towns west of the mountains met at Dorset, the next town north of Manchester, and advanced matters a point or two. The weightiest act of this body was the preparation of an address to the Continental Congress remonstrating against further submission to New York, with a petition that the people on the grants be permitted to do duty in the Continental service as a district by themselves. In May Congress offset the petition with a recommendation that the protestors remain under New York till the end of the war with assurance that their case would not be prejudiced by such action.

This rebuff acted as a stimulus rather than a check to the leaders. In June all the towns on the grants west of the River were called to another Dorset convention for July, and this body, assembling only a few days before the meeting of the College party at Dresden, resolved that "application be made to the inhabitants of said grants to form the same into a separate district." Since only one delegate was present from the east side of the mountains a committee was appointed to visit the Cumberland and Gloucester county towns and endeavor to secure their cooperation. During the summer this committee came into the Valley and met the various town committees at conferences at Windsor, Thetford, and Norwich. At the Norwich conference John Wheelock appeared from Hanover and surprised the Dorset committee with the proposition that the east side towns which the College party represented be included in the movement. The conference broke up without action on the proposition. Nevertheless the wedge had been inserted.

The result of the committee's canvass was the appearance of ten delegates from the towns between the mountains

and the River at the next convention, also held at Dorset, in September. But none appeared from the Gloucester county towns. Accordingly, another adjournment was taken to October, to allow for further missionary work. In order more effectually to conciliate the Gloucester towns, it was arranged that the October sitting should be at Westminster on the River. When, however, the day arrived the people of the territory were too agitated over war preparations, the defeat of the American naval force on Lake Champlain, and the apprehended attack on Ticonderoga, to give attention to civic projects. Consequently only a few delegates appeared, and, without action on the vital question, the body again adjourned.

At the next session, January 15, 1777, held in the Westminster Court House, the scheme was finally carried through, and the declaration of independence of New York was at length proclaimed with the formal setting up of the new state. Gloucester county was now represented, and of the committee of five named to draft the declaration, two were River men — Ebenezer Hoisington of Windsor, and Jacob Burton of Norwich. The entire territory of the grants on the west side of the River was declared by unanimous vote to be “a separate, free, and independent jurisdiction or state,” and the College party’s name of “New Connecticut” was chosen for it.

By this time the College party had succeeded in detaching upward of forty New Hampshire towns from the Exeter government, and the “United-Committees” were industriously disseminating their doctrine. The Exeter government had made repeated attempts to allay the spirit of discontent, but to no purpose. On the third of January, 1777, the Assembly named a committee, with President Weare at the head, to visit Grafton county and “entreat



the people to consider the consequences of such internal discords and divisions among ourselves" at this critical time. The move was met by a new circular letter emanating from the United-Committees, presenting a plan of campaign to the freeholders. "We proceed to observe," ran this spirited document, "that the declaration of independency [by the American colonies] made the antecedent form of government of necessity null and void; and by that act the people of the different Colonies slid back into a state of nature, and in that condition they were to begin anew." Therefore the freeholders and inhabitants were enjoined to adhere to these two important points:

"(1) That you give not up an ace of the right that the smallest town has to a distinct representation if incorporated.

"(2) That as the present Assembly is unconstitutional, being the same virtually as before the declaration of independency, they do dissolve themselves, after having notified each corporate town to form a new body that may fix on a plan of government which can be the only proper seal of your concurrence in independency. Thus you will act a consistent part, and secure your palace from being pilfered within while you are filling up the breaches that are made without."

The local committees met President Weare and his committee at Ordway's tavern in Lebanon, on the thirteenth of February. It was a notable assembly with twelve towns represented, and Eleazer Wheelock present as a spectator. But the discussion was fruitless. The very next day the United-Committees met and the plan of union with "New Connecticut" was advanced. Still the scheme was prudently kept in abeyance till after the adoption of the plan of government for the new state.

On June 4, the Westminster convention reassembled by adjournment in the Upper Valley, at Windsor, with an

increased representation from the River towns, and made provision for a constitution for the new state. The drafting of the instrument was assigned to a committee instructed to report at a "constitutional convention" composed of newly elected delegates, to meet also at Windsor, on the second of July. At the June meeting another act, engineered through by the Bennington party, was of greater significance in the game between the parties. This was the substitution of Vermont for New Connecticut as the name of the new state. The reason given for dropping the name of New Connecticut was its previous application to a district on the Susquehanna River, and the inconveniences that might arise from "two separate districts on this continent" bearing the same name. The real motive was evidently the desire of the Bennington party now to rid themselves of the symbol of a union with the College party's venture and consequent conflict with New Hampshire.

However, undismayed by this check, the Dresden statesmen moved onward with their plans. A week after the June Windsor convention the United-Committees met at the house of Captain Aaron Storrs in Hanover and adopted an Address to the Exeter Assembly embodying their ultimatum. The disaffected towns were willing to unite with New Hampshire on these principles only: liberty to the inhabitants of every town to elect at least one representative; the fixing of the seat of government as near the center of the state as conveniently might be; and the submission of the matter of further establishing a permanent plan of government to an Assembly "convened as aforesaid, and for that purpose only." A committee was appointed to present the Address at Exeter, but the pressure of war affairs prevented their doing so at this time.

The new Vermont "constitutional convention," called for July 2, assembled at Windsor on that date in the heat of Burgoyne's advance, several of the delegates coming direct from service with the militia in the field. The business, therefore, was of necessity hurriedly despatched, yet with no lack of formality and deliberation. The attendance was small but influential. Many of the delegates had been members of the June convention. The proceedings began in the meeting-house, where that convention had sat, but a removal was soon made to the village tavern. Here all the important acts of the little body were performed, and in commemoration of them and of subsequent sittings of the General Assembly in its "large room," the building came to be called "Constitution Hall." It yet stands, or a remnant of it — off the street leading up from the present railroad station — but long ago shorn of its glory and reduced to humble service as a wheelwright's shop.

The story of this convention, which so fairly launched Vermont "amidst the tumults of war," is one of the most animated of the many romances of the beautiful Valley.

Before opening their business the delegates gathered in the meeting-house and listened to a "convention sermon." The preacher was the Rev. Aaron Hutchinson of Pomfret, adjoining the Vermont Hartford on the River, a man of unique distinction in the community. He was a classical scholar of high rank, a preparer of youth for college, and it was his custom to teach Latin and Greek while at work in the fields, his pupils being required to follow him as he followed the plow. With other remarkable talents he possessed a prodigious memory. It was said of him that he "often went through the whole pulpit service without opening a book of any kind, appointing and reciting the hymns, as well as quoting the scriptures, with entire reliance

on his memory, and without mistake." The theme of his convention sermon was "A well-tempered self-love a rule of conduct toward others." It was delivered extemporaneously, after a horseback ride from his distant home on the hot July morning. It was afterward put into type, and a copy of it is treasured by the Vermont Historical Society. Following the sermon came a prayer. Then a Watts hymn, "The Universal Law of Equity," was sung; and then the assembly arose and all blended their stalwart voices in the Doxology.

The proceedings in the tavern hall had barely started when an "express" broke in upon them with an alarming message from Colonel Seth Warner at Rutland. It announced the advance of Burgoyne upon Ticonderoga and called for assistance. "I am at this moment," the despatch wound up, "a going to mount my horse in company with Colonel Bellows for Ticonderoga." The business in hand was instantly dropped and measures put in operation for hurrying forward men and provisions to the beleaguered post. Orders went out to start on the march what remained of the militia not already with the officer commanding the Continental Army there. A fresh express was hastened off to Exeter with a copy of Warner's message to the New Hampshire Assembly, then also in session, and a letter from the convention detailing what they were doing in the emergency, with the suggestive observation that "every prudent step ought to be taken for the relief of our friends" at the front.

These exciting matters disposed of, the regular business was resumed by the members with fine composure. The draft of the constitution was taken up and considered paragraph by paragraph through nearly four days' sittings, or till the eighth of July. Then came another and more

startling interruption which threw the body into confusion. An express direct from the field clattered up to the tavern, bringing a message from General St. Clair which announced the fateful events of the evacuation of Ticonderoga on the morning of the sixth, the British pursuit of the retreating Americans, and the attack on the morning of the seventh upon Warner at Hubbardton, the disastrous result of which was not known at the time of writing.

In the line of the triumphant enemy's march were the homes of many of the members, and the first impulse, strong especially in the delegates from the western towns, was immediately to adjourn and fly to the common defence. As they were debating, suddenly there broke upon the town a furious thunderstorm which compelled all to keep the tavern's shelter for a time. While they waited they continued their work, and the interval was sufficient to enable them properly and fully to complete it. The constitution as finally fixed was rapidly read and adopted unanimously; an election was ordered for December when representatives should be chosen to the first General Assembly, which was appointed to meet at Bennington in January; a committee was named to procure a supply of arms for the new state; and a Council of Safety was instituted to administer its affairs till the state should be duly organized. Then in the clearing of the storm the delegates, their civic work done, immediately scattered for the work of war.

The constitution was modelled after that of Pennsylvania, Benjamin Franklin's work, and was a pretty close copy. But the delegates added to the first section of the declaration of rights that clause, all their own, which gave Vermont the distinction of being the first of the American states to abolish slavery by constitutional act. Thus to the Connecticut Valley is to be credited another great step in democracy.

The College party, after the issue of their "ultimatum" in June, remained inactive during the rest of this troublous summer of 1777. But in October, at a meeting in John Payne's tavern at Hanover, they appointed a new committee to lay that document before the Assembly then in session at Exeter. In November the Assembly made reply. The existing government and representation, it was agreed, were "far from perfect," but would answer for "the present purposes of our grand concern" — the war; the Assembly were in "full sentiment" that so soon as the circumstances of the war would admit, a free and equal representation of the people should convene and form a permanent system. Though conciliatory, this failed to satisfy. At the next session, which began in December, the Assembly took another tack. It was now proposed that the towns should, if they saw fit, at the next ensuing election instruct their representatives to call a constitutional convention, to be chosen by a full and free vote, at once to frame a permanent form of government.

These concessions were more effective, and perceptibly weakened the College statesmen's hold on their constituents. In this emergency they again resorted to the printing press. Their issue at this time, bearing date of January 6, 1778, was the now rare pamphlet entitled, "Observations on the Right of Jurisdiction claimed by the States of New York and New Hampshire over the New Hampshire Grants (so called) lying on both sides of Connecticut-River: In a Letter addressed to the Inhabitants of said Grants." The essay presented a concise historical statement of the origin of the jurisdiction, with a masterly argument in support of the right and the "expediency" of the grants on both sides of the River to unite under one government. It was so skillfully framed as to apply either to a union of the east side

towns with the new Vermont, or to an independent confederation of east and west side towns whose centre and capital should be "Dresden." So the way was cleared for action.

Now followed a series of bold moves and counter-moves which kept the community on both sides of the River in a lively state of commotion for a considerable time.

The Vermont constitutional convention reassembled again at Windsor in a brief session on December 24, and on account of the war troubles postponed the election called for that date to the first of March, 1778, and advanced the day of meeting of the first Assembly to the twelfth of March. The place of meeting was also changed from Bennington to Windsor, perhaps through the influence of the College men. A month before the day appointed for the coming in of this Assembly the United-Committees met in Cornish, at Moses Chase's house, and evidently considered the details of a scheme of union with the new state of all the New Hampshire towns between the River and the line of the Mason Grant, twenty miles east of it. To the eleven towns originally constituting the United-Committees' constituency five had been added, three of them River towns — Cornish, Piermont, and Lyman.

When on March 12 the new Assembly convened the United-Committees were in session conveniently across the River at Cornish, primed for action. Promptly upon the organization of the state in Windsor's "Constitution Hall" with the election of officers, they sent over a delegation bearing a petition for the admission of their sixteen east side towns, and all others on the grants east of the River that might be desirous of such union; with the allegation that the sixteen were "not connected with any state with respect to their internal police." The proposition was

received with marked disfavor by the Bennington party, and they brought about its rejection a day or two after by a decisive vote. But at this the representatives from most of the west side River towns threatened to withdraw and unite with the east-siders in forming a new state. Thereupon the adverse vote was rescinded, and the Assembly finally referred the decision of the question to the people.

The popular vote was taken by towns after the adjournment of the Assembly, and reported at the next session, which met at Bennington the following June. Forty-seven towns made returns. Thirty-five favored the union, twelve opposed it. The Bennington party protested that the towns had voted under a misapprehension, and charged the College party with having wilfully spread the impression that New Hampshire was indifferent to the movement. The Benningtonians were also at a disadvantage, since the larger part of the towns west of the mountains had been abandoned at the time of Burgoyne's advance and were not yet in condition to vote. The opposition, however, accepted the situation, and on June 11 the sixteen east side towns were formally admitted into the Vermont fold. Notification was also made to the contiguous towns that they would be similarly received upon a vote of the major part of their inhabitants in favor of union.

The College party now began to exercise a directing hand in the further shaping of the state. On June 15 Dartmouth College was taken under the patronage of Vermont. President Eleazer Wheelock was commissioned a justice of the peace, and Bezaleel Woodward was appointed one of the judges of the superior court "for the banishment of tories &c." With the College statesmen's plans at last apparently prospering, this session adjourned, the next Assembly to meet again at Windsor, in October.



During the interval between these sittings, however, moves were made by the opposition which were to turn the game.

Shortly after the adjournment of the Bennington session the United-Committees met in Orford, at the house of Colonel Morey, and prepared a series of instructions for the conduct of the east side towns that had accepted the union with Vermont. They were to obey all military orders emanating from Vermont, but were to coöperate with the New Hampshire militia in all matters pertaining to the common defence. A letter was also despatched to President Weare announcing the separation of these towns from New Hampshire; and, with a suavity under the circumstances sublime, expressing the hope that an "amicable settlement may be come into at a proper time between the State of New Hampshire and those towns on the grants that unite with the State of Vermont relative to all civil and military affairs transacted in connection with the State of New Hampshire since the commencement of the present war to the time of the union, so that amity and friendship may subsist and continue between the two states." But the studied courtesy of this communication instead of softening incensed the Exeter party, and their batteries were turned hotly beyond the College party against the new state.

The hostilities warmed up with the sending in August of two stirring letters from President Weare, one to the New Hampshire delegates in the Continental Congress, the other to Governor Chittenden. In the letter to the delegates he told caustically of the action of the "pretended State of Vermont" in extending "their pretended jurisdiction" over the Connecticut and "taking into union, as they phrase it," the towns belonging to New Hampshire;

and he urged the delegates to endeavor to induce Congress to interfere, otherwise the sword might have to decide the matter. To Governor Chittenden, whom he addressed not in that gentleman's "magistratical style," since Vermont had not been admitted into the confederacy of the United States, he represented the assumption that the sixteen towns were not connected with any state in respect to their internal police, to be "an idle phantom, a mere chimera." The "town of Boston in Massachusetts, or Hartford in Connecticut," he indignantly declared, "might as naturally evince their being unconnected with their respective states as these sixteen towns their not being connected with New Hampshire." He besought Mr. Chittenden to exert his influence to undo the work.

Upon the receipt of this letter the Vermont governor convoked the council, and at the instance of the Bennington party, Ethan Allen was despatched upon a semi-official mission to Philadelphia to "ascertain in what light the proceedings of Vermont were viewed by Congress." Allen arriving in Philadelphia in September, found the delegates from New Hampshire and New York combined in a common effort to crush the new state. He succeeded in winning over the New Hampshire delegates by entering into a compact with them, under which he stipulated to use his influence to dissolve the union with the towns east of the Connecticut, they agreeing, if this were done, to break with New York and assist Vermont in procuring the recognition of Congress. Then he hastened back to plan for carrying out his part of the bargain as speedily as possible.

When the Assembly convened in Windsor for the October session, representatives from ten of the sixteen east side towns appeared and took their seats. The College party were sufficiently strong to elect Bezaleel Woodward,

who sat for Dresden, as clerk of the House. On the second day Ethan Allen's report was put in. It was emphatic in the expression of his conviction, from what he had heard of the disapprobation of the union with "sundry towns east of the River Connecticut," that unless the state immediately receded from such union, "the whole power of the confederacy of the United States of America" would join to annihilate Vermont. Congress, he confidently asserted, was ready to concede her independence provided no claim was made to jurisdiction east of the River.

With this report President Weare's August letter to Governor Chittenden was taken up and the union was under consideration in committee of the whole, joined by the governor and council, for nearly a fortnight. The Bennington party bent their energies to break it, while the College party ably sustained it. Of a committee appointed to outline a plan to "lay the foundation" for an answer to President Weare, the College party had the majority. They carried through a report announcing the Assembly's determination "in every prudent and lawful way to maintain and support entire the state as it now stands"; and coolly proposing to the Exeter government a plan for establishing the Mason line as the boundary line between New Hampshire and Vermont. The report made provision for the drafting by a sub-committee, which they named, of a "Declaration," setting forth the political state of the grants on both sides of the River from the time of their original issue.

To this point the Bennington party had been outmanœuvred by the College statesmen. But the day after the adoption of the report (October 21) the Benningtonians succeeded in executing a flank movement which brought affairs to a crisis with the advantage on their side. This

movement was the defeat of the College party's measure for erecting the east side towns into a county by themselves, or annexing them to one of the west side counties. Thus these towns were summarily deprived of the exercise of any jurisdictional power, and denied the same "privileges and immunities" enjoyed by the other towns of the state, as guaranteed them by the act of union. Thereupon their representatives bolted. Entering a formal protest against the proceeding on the ground that it violated the Vermont constitution and "totally destroyed the confederation of the state," they all walked out from the Assembly. And with them went the representatives of ten border towns on the west side, two members of the council, and the deputy or lieutenant governor, Colonel Joseph Marsh of the Vermont Hartford. So the Assembly was left with barely a quorum, but the Bennington party in full control.

The Bennington party artfully interpreted the protest and withdrawal as virtually a dissolution of the union, thus accomplishing their object. The next day, October 23, was devoted to much writing of messages to outside authorities. Governor Chittenden and Ethan Allen prepared letters to President Weare, while the "Protesting Members," as the bolters designated themselves, drew up a presentation of their side to the president of Congress. Governor Chittenden's letter represented the Assembly's vote on the county matter as actually a resolve that "no additional exercise of jurisdictional authority be had by the state east of Connecticut River for the time being." Colonel Allen wrote more spiritedly. The union, brought about "inadvertently by influence of designing men," was in his opinion now entirely dissolved, and he hoped the New Hampshire government would excuse the "imbecility" of Vermont in entering into it. He had punctually discharged his

obligation with the delegates in Congress for its demolition. Now he looked to New Hampshire to complete the bargain by acceding to the independence of Vermont, "as the late obstacles are honorably removed." Both of these letters were despatched to Exeter by Ira Allen, Ethan's able and more diplomatic younger brother, well up to the measure of a great statesman. The letter of the "Protesting Members" to President Laurens was intended mainly to forestall possible acknowledgment of Vermont with her eastern boundary at the River. It was forwarded by John Wheelock, now made Colonel, for service in the war, and virtually accredited by the protestants as their agent to Congress.

On the twenty-fourth the few representatives left in the Assembly finished up the remaining business, and after making provision for ascertaining the sense of the people upon the subject of the union, adjourned to meet next at Bennington in February (1779). On the same day the Protesting Members, now organized after the manner of the United-Committees, were planning to assemble a convention at Cornish on the ninth of December (1778) of delegates from all the towns on the Grants.

A brave move was now to be made by the scholars in politics. The purpose of this convention was practically to take measures for the formation of a new state of the towns on both sides of the River, and to supplant Vermont.

## XX

### The Play for a State

The College Party's Strategic Moves — New Hampshire extending Jurisdiction over Vermont's Territory — Clashes in West Side River Towns between Vermont Officers and "Yorkers" — Ethan Allen and his "Green Mountain Boys" on the Scene — A Trial in Westminster Court-House — Congress and the Contesting Interests — New Combinations in the Valley — Ira Allen's clever Capture of a Convention — East-side Towns again united with Vermont — Disturbances in River border Towns — Final Move of the Benningtonians — Passing of the College Party.

TO prepare the way for their Cornish convention of December, 1778, and the supplanting of Vermont by a new state in the Valley, the College statesmen issued a new address, the most elaborate of all their essays. This was the famous state paper, "A Public Defence of the Rights of the New Hampshire Grants (so called) on Both Sides of Connecticut-River to Associate Together and form themselves into an Independent State." It was deliberately put forth as the "Declaration" called for in the report adopted by the October Vermont Assembly before the bolt of the "Protesting Members," and purported to be the work of the "major part of the committee appointed for that purpose." The "major part" comprised the bolting College party leaders.

Questionable as the manner of putting it forth may have been, it was a document ranking with the ablest state papers of the period, and it has become of distinct historical value.

It discussed with lucidness the fundamental principles

of free government which the republican statesmen of that day were advancing in the colonies. It marked sharply the distinction between the charter governments of Massachusetts and Connecticut and the government of New Hampshire by royal commission, upon which distinction from the beginning the College men had grounded the right of the grants to stand out from New Hampshire when the king's authority was thrown off. Unlike Massachusetts and Connecticut, whose people were "held together and united by Grants and Charters from the king conferring both landed property and jurisdiction, which the king could not constitutionally alter," New Hampshire, outside the Mason Grant, "never owned an inch of land or farthing of property. Neither could they even as much as grant a town incorporation; nor had they right or voice in the matter. In short, they never were a body politic in any legal sense whatever; nor anything more than a number of people subjected to the obedience of the king's servant (the governor) in such way as his commission prescribed." With the Declaration of Independence the royal commission became "a mere nullity." When the power of the king was rejected and ceased to operate, —

"the people made a stand at their first legal stage, viz., their town incorporations, which they received from the king as little Grants or Charters of privileges by which they were united in little incorporated bodies with certain powers and privileges which were not held at the pleasure of the king (as those commissions were) but were perpetual. These the people by universal consent held sacred; and so long as they hold these grants so long do they hold themselves subjects of government according to them; and as such must and do they act, and transact all their political affairs. Hence it is that the major part of one of those towns have a right to control the minor part. . . . Consequently they will remain so many distinct corporations until they agree to unite in one aggregate body. . . . as

much as the thirteen United States were before they entered into a confederacy.”

Thus President Weare's assertion that the seceding sixteen towns could no more claim to be unconnected with any state than could Boston in Massachusetts or Hartford in Connecticut, was met and answered. Other arguments of the Exeter government were as successfully controverted, and the Defence concluded with these alternative propositions to New Hampshire: to unite all the New Hampshire Grants in one state by themselves, or to annex the whole to New Hampshire. The adoption of either would be likely to bring the seat of government to the Valley and the College neighborhood and thus realize the desires of the College party.

When the Cornish convention assembled at Samuel Chase's house on the appointed day, it appeared that twenty-two towns were represented. Eight of these were towns west of the River. All were the most populous and influential in their respective counties. The only record of the proceedings is a series of resolves as adopted, printed at the back of the pamphlet containing the "Public Defence." These resolves, however, sufficiently indicate the radical nature of the action taken. They approved the "Public Defence" and adopted its principles. They rejected the line of the River, arbitrarily fixed by the king in 1764, as a boundary between separate jurisdictions. They assumed that the Vermont Assembly's act of October 21 on the county matter effectually destroyed the Windsor constitution, and involved the dissolution of the Vermont confederation of towns. They provided that the towns not represented in the convention be requested to join the body in proposals to New Hampshire for the settlement of the



boundary line between that state and the grants at or near the Mason line. Should the Vermont towns not agree to this, then efforts would be made to induce New Hampshire to claim jurisdiction over the entire grants provided a plan of government was adopted agreeable to the views of the people on them. Meanwhile, the resolves significantly closed, till one or the other of these proposals should be accepted, the "United Towns," as the combination was now styled, would "trust in Providence and defend themselves."

The Bennington party moved energetically to thwart these schemes. Ira Allen, who, as he wrote, "providentially happened" at the Cornish convention, immediately sent an account of it to President Weare in a letter from Windsor, with his assurance that the incoming Assembly of Vermont would not countenance an encroachment on the State of New Hampshire, and the intimation that any attempt on New Hampshire's part to extend her "ancient jurisdiction" west of the River would be resisted. He had already issued from Dresden, the heart of the College party, an address to the west side people recounting the reasons which should determine them to adhere to the Vermont government as then constituted. The Dresden leaders of the "United Towns" as sedulously pursued their cause, exerting their best endeavors to bring the same west side towns to their propositions.

The Benningtonians, however, easily won, and when the General Assembly came in at Bennington, February 11, 1779, a clear majority of the representatives were found to be instructed to vote for recession from the union with the sixteen east side towns. Accordingly the matter was taken up with the first business, and on the second day a committee had reported and the Assembly had voted

formally to dissolve "said union" and make it "totally void, null and extinct."

With this action the committee of the Cornish convention were driven to the alternative of inducing New Hampshire to assert her old jurisdiction over all the grants as before the royal decree of 1764, and so wipe out Vermont. This proposition was immediately pushed, notwithstanding its conflict with the theory, all along so stoutly maintained, in justification of the secession of the sixteen towns. In March General Bailey and Captain Davenport Phelps at Newbury, as a sub-committee, or agents, embodied the proposal in a skilfully drawn petition to the Exeter government. Later, in March, Ira Allen, appearing at Exeter with Governor Chittenden's report of the dissolution of the union, found the project making dangerous progress there. Strong efforts were exerted to head it off, but without success. It however entered the House in a mutilated form. The committee to whom it had been referred reported that the state should lay claim to the jurisdiction of the whole of the grants lying westward of the River, but "allowing and conceding, nevertheless, that if the honorable Continental Congress" should permit them to be a separate state, "as now claimed by some of the inhabitants thereof by the name of Vermont," New Hampshire would acquiesce therein. Meanwhile, until the dispute were settled by Congress, New Hampshire should exercise jurisdiction only so far as the western bank of the River. Action on this report was prudently reserved till the following session in June, and the Cornish committee were requested to collect in the interim the sentiments of the people west of the River in town-votes on their proposition. Accordingly the Cornish committee proceeded industriously to canvass the Vermont towns through handbills and circular letters sent out from Dresden.

These moves naturally incensed the Bennington party and they were put to their mettle to offset them. At the same time other perils which threatened Vermont's existence engaged the Benningtonians. Massachusetts had now joined Vermont's opponents with a claim to a part of her territory. In April and May lively events on the River border of Cumberland County added a new impulse to the controversy with New York.

In this quarter a strong minority party, in which were included some of the foremost men of means and influence in the towns, had steadfastly resisted the authority of Vermont, remaining loyal to New York. They had formed their own committees of safety and in the spring of this year (1779) a militia company had been organized among them with officers commissioned by Governor Clinton of New York. When, in April, the Vermont board of war directed a levy of men for service in guarding the frontier, certain of these townsmen, known to be active friends of New York, refused their quota. Clashes followed between the recruiting officers and these "Yorkers." An act in Putney especially incensed the "Yorkers." A Vermont sergeant there levied upon some cows belonging to delinquents and posted them for sale. Before the appointed day a rescue was effected by a band of a hundred men under a New York commissioned colonel. On the fourth of May representatives of the malcontents met in convention at Brattleborough to confer on the situation. Among other acts an appeal was forwarded to Governor Clinton for protection in their persons and properties from the repeated assaults of the Vermont partisans. In the meantime the Vermont government had acted aggressively in directing Ethan Allen to march into the county to assist the sheriff in the execution of his orders.

Promptly the doughty warrior appeared on the scene with his "Green Mountain Boys." Forty or more of the "Yorkers" against whom warrants, signed by Ira Allen, had been issued, charging "enemical conduct" in opposing the authority of Vermont, were arrested and taken to Westminster, where they were closely packed into the rough little jail. Among them were the militia officers in Brattleborough, Putney, and Westminster, from colonel to captains, who had received their commissions from New York. Their trial took place in the Westminster Court House, — tavern, jail, and court-house combined,— the same that was the scene of the first outbreak of an organized body of "liberty men" more than a month before Lexington and Concord; and where the declaration of independence of the grants was first proclaimed: the site of which, on the old King's Highway in this pastoral town, overlooking the limpid River, is now marked by an inscribed boulder. Ethan Allen's impetuous attempt to stampede the court was an enlivening incident of this affair. The prisoners were finally condemned as rioters and fined in various sums.

Governor Clinton replied to the Brattleborough petitioners with good assurances, and the recommendation that the authority of Vermont should in no instance be acknowledged "except in the alternative of submission or inevitable ruin." At the same time he wrote to the president of Congress, now John Jay, announcing that matters on the grants were fast approaching a serious crisis which "nothing but the interposition of Congress could probably prevent." Congress acted so far as to appoint a committee to visit the grants and endeavor to promote an amicable settlement of all differences. Only two of this committee, however, made the visit, — the Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon of New Jersey, president of Princeton, and Samuel J. Atlee,

of Pennsylvania,— and their several conferences at Bennington were without result.

Such was the situation when the June session of the New Hampshire Assembly came in at Exeter, and the measure reported in April was finally to be acted upon. Ira Allen again appeared for the interests of Vermont, while the Cornish committee were represented by Professor Woodward and Colonel Peter Olcott, Woodward's west side neighbor of Norwich. The Cornish men's canvass had been unsatisfactory, for only a few of the Vermont towns had made returns; but this failure was attributed to the work of "emissaries" of the Bennington party, who, it was charged, had intercepted and destroyed many of their circular-letters. The April proposition went through, and thus formal claim was laid to the whole of Vermont conditionally. The measure was assumed to be aimed against New York and in fact friendly to Vermont, since it left her free to achieve her independence with the consent of Congress. But the Bennington party received it with suspicion as calculated sooner or later to vex Vermont, as it so proved, while the College party recognized in it virtually a defeat of their move.

Yet these able and persistent statesmen took "heart of hope," and were soon again found playing a leading hand.

In September Congress was moved to another step toward a settlement of the differences. The three claimants — New York, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts — were advised to pass laws expressly authorizing Congress to determine the whole case; and this done, they were invited, together with the people on the grants "who claimed to be a separate jurisdiction," to send agents to Philadelphia for a hearing on a specified date. New York and New Hampshire passed the enabling acts, but Massachusetts

did not ; while Vermont appointed a committee empowered to vindicate her right to independence.

This was the College party's opportunity for another apparently shrewd move. Although the invitation to the people on the grants claiming to be a separate jurisdiction was intended definitely and only for Vermont, the College party cleverly construed it to include themselves. Accordingly, at a convention held in Dresden in November, they deputed Professor Woodward and Colonel Olcott to attend the hearing as agents for the "United Towns." They now claimed to represent "the greater part of the towns in the northern district" of the grants "on both sides of the Connecticut River and between the heights of land on the two sides." At this stage the College party were prepared to join with New York in a plan to fix the boundary at the Green Mountains. If New Hampshire persisted in her course they might ultimately realize their hope of a separate state in the Valley.

On the first of February, 1780, the date appointed for the hearing, the several interests were all represented at Philadelphia. But the subject was not then moved because of a deficiency in the Congressional representation. A succession of postponements followed till the latter part of September, when at length the constitutional quorum were present. While Vermont had steadily denied the authority of Congress to adjudicate upon the controversy, and had issued her ringing "Appeal to the Candid and Impartial World" with its announcement of her determination not to surrender her liberties to the arbitrament of "any man, or body of men under Heaven," her agents — Ira Allen and Stephen Rowe Bradley, of Westminster, the author of the Appeal — were conspicuous at the fore. As prominent also were Bezaleel Woodward and Peter Olcott

for the College party. Luke Knowlton of Newfane, west of Putney on the River, bearing credentials from Governor Clinton, was active for the Cumberland County party loyal to New York, with instructions to support all the claims of New York. Although Messrs. Woodward and Olcott were not accorded full official recognition, Congress permitted them to present a written argument against any division of the grants with separate jurisdictions by the line of the River.

The hearing continued through a week and then came to an abrupt end with indefinite postponement of further consideration of the subject. On the last day the Vermont agents, having "perceived that in attempting to decide upon the controversy between New York and New Hampshire, Congress was adjudicating upon the very existence of Vermont without condescending to consider her as a party, assuming that she did not in any sense possess the attributes of sovereignty," withdrew and filed a written remonstrance. They could no longer "sit as idle spectators" and witness the efforts to "intrigue and baffle a brave and meritorious people out of their rights and liberties." After their withdrawal, General Sullivan, New Hampshire's agent, "proceeded to state evidence tending to prove" that the grants were all within that state, and that "therefore the people inhabiting them had no right to a separate and independent jurisdiction." The sudden termination of the hearing at this point was found to be due mainly to a disagreement in the New Hampshire delegation over their instructions from the Exeter government upon which General Sullivan had proceeded. Sullivan himself was really in accord with Colonel Olcott, and apparently with Luke Knowlton, on the plan for fixing the boundary at the Green Mountains.

Although this unexpected turn once again disconcerted the College men's plans, they received it with complacency, and returned to the Valley prepared for new combinations. The Benningtonians, angered by the pertinacity exhibited by the claiming states, and hopeless of any immediate recognition of Vermont, proceeded to develop a policy which would convince her opponents of the wisdom of yielding "to power what had so long been denied to the claims of justice." So Slade in the *Vermont State Papers* phrases it, to indicate, in part, the secret negotiations now under way ostensibly to detach Vermont from the United States and annex her to the king's dominion in Canada, but really to force her recognition by the states; and, in part, the adroit manœuverings of her astute leaders which shortly resulted in the expansion of her jurisdiction into the distant territory of the chief claimants.

So the parties shifted and the situation shaped itself for the next move, one of large consequence, in which the superior skill of the practiced politician over that of the literary statesman was demonstrated with dramatic and with dazing effect.

This move at its inception had for its ultimate object the union in one political body of all the inhabitants on both sides of the River between Mason's Grant on the east side and the Green Mountains on the west, — the original scheme of New Connecticut contemplated by the College Hall convention of 1776. It made its start from Cumberland County, the party there, so long adhering to New York, wearied with their experiences, being now ready to withdraw from her. The initiative was taken on the thirty-first of October, when a convention met at Brattleborough and named delegates to join others to be appointed from Gloucester County and the east side Grafton County,



and devise measures to bring about such a union. A week later the delegates for these three counties met on the east side, at Charlestown, and decided before going any further with the scheme to take means for ascertaining more fully the sentiment of the several towns upon it. In another week a convention of delegates from the east side towns south of Charlestown, which comprised the New Hampshire Chester County, together with committees from the three counties previously moving, assembled at Walpole and took definite action in perfecting a plan for a general convention of representatives of all the grants at Charlestown in the following January (1781). While the Cheshire County men were loyal to New Hampshire they had the same repugnance as the upper River leaders to a boundary at the River, and were impatient with the halting course of the Exeter government. Their hope was strong that the movement now begun would bring the issue to a conclusion, with the establishment of New Hampshire's jurisdiction definitely across the River.

The Charlestown assembly was the largest and most important of the series of state-making, or state-attempting, conventions in the Valley. And here the play of the politicians was the shrewdest and boldest, beautiful in its audacity.

Upon the appointed day, January 16, forty-three towns on both sides of the River appeared by their delegates in the Charlestown meeting-house. The College party had the organization. At the opening of the game the partisans of three of the four interests — the College party, the Exeter government, and New York — were practically united for present purposes upon the scheme of a boundary at the Green Mountains, with all the grants east of the ridge in the jurisdiction of New Hampshire and all west

of it attached to New York. Vermont was not yet represented, and she was counted out of the reckoning. But Ira Allen was on the way, post haste, under appointment from the governor and council with *carte blanche* to take whatever measures in its interest his "prudence should dictate." He had also provided himself with credentials as a member from one of the towns. When he arrived the convention had been in session two days, and everything was going the way of the combined interests. He did not take his seat or produce his credentials. Instead, he put in his work among the members in the lobby with energy and tact, to undo what had been so far accomplished and to bring the convention to his side. A committee assigned to shape the business had reported for the union with New Hampshire, and their report had been adopted by a strong majority. Allen and his aids secured a recommitment of the report over night, ostensibly for verbal corrections and to be "fitted for the press." The next morning Vermont was found to be at the fore, with the game in her hands. A majority of the committee had been induced to reverse the report, which now provided for the union with Vermont of all the territory lying west of the Mason line; and the delegates had been so turned about that the revised report was adopted by an almost unanimous vote.

How Allen with his few Benningtonian aids performed this legerdemain history does not tell. Allen's own secret report narrates that he informed some "confidential persons" that the governor and council and other "leading characters" on the west side of the mountains were now for extending Vermont's claim of jurisdiction to the Mason line, and that "if the convention would take proper measures" he was authorized to give assurance that the

Assembly would extend such claim at their approaching session in February, notwithstanding the dissolution of the union with the sixteen towns three years before. He made note of the fact that an influential number of the delegates were members of the New Hampshire Council and Assembly; and he was pardonably jubilant in his observation that "the friends of New Hampshire were much pleased with their work and well enjoyed the night" during which he was engaged in working his scheme.

General Benjamin Bellows, of Walpole, who as head of the committee had made the first report, and ten others of Cheshire County, entered a remonstrance against the final action and withdrew from the convention. They were ready, they said, either to join New Hampshire or set up a new state between the heights of land on both sides of the River; but they could not join Vermont. After their withdrawal the convention appointed a committee to confer with the Vermont Assembly at the February session, and then adjourned, next to assemble in the meeting-house at Cornish, on the day of the Assembly's meeting across the River at Windsor.

Thus again, as in 1778, at Cornish and Windsor, negotiations for the union of the east and west side grants in one political body were successfully carried out; now, however, on a larger scale than before and under differing conditions.

First, a committee from the Convention at Cornish crossed over to the Assembly at Windsor and formally presented their proposition. This committee the College party dominated with Colonel Payne of Lebanon as chairman, and Professor Woodward as a member. At the same time the Assembly received a petition from eleven towns in the northeast part of New York, near the Hudson,

also for admission to Vermont. Both communications were met with a resolve laying jurisdictional claims over all of the territory east and west of the River to the Mason line on the one side and the Hudson on the other; with this proviso, however: that jurisdiction be not exercised "for the time being." Subsequently the articles of union were agreed to, and mutually confirmed by Assembly and Convention, to take effect when ratified by two-thirds of the interested towns. Then both bodies adjourned to await the action of their respective constituencies.

Upon reassembling in April, again at Windsor and Cornish, the return showed a ratification of the union by a requisite number of towns. Accordingly it was immediately consummated by the admission to seats in the Assembly of representatives of thirty-four towns east of the River. Among these new members appeared Professor Woodward and most of the other leaders of the College party.

Thus the original sixteen east-side towns controlled by the College party, with eighteen others in their company, became again constitutional members of the State of Vermont. And for a time things went on swimmingly. At the April session of the Assembly new counties were created in the place of the old ones, courts established, militia organized east of the River, and other measures taken to cement the new union. At the next session, held in June at Bennington, the eleven seceding New York towns toward the Hudson were admitted on similar terms to those east of the Connecticut. These annexed districts were designated respectively the Western Union and the Eastern Union. At this session Professor Woodward, and Jonas Fay and Ira Allen of the Benningtonians, were named as a committee to attend upon Congress and make

a new application for the admission of Vermont, with authority, in the event of success, to take seats as delegates from the state. In September or October Colonel Payne was chosen lieutenant governor of the state. In October the Assembly met for the first and only time on the east side of the River, — at Charlestown, — with the College party now in full swing.

While the Bennington party had kept to the letter of Ira Allen's promises at the Charlestown convention in January, still they had so manoeuvred as to retain the power in their hands. They had fostered the union as a necessity to preserve and maintain the life and independence of Vermont, but the right of dissolving it remained with the state. The extension of her jurisdiction east and west over the whole of the grants was, in fact, only a claim or claims not to be exercised if disapproved by Congress. The Benningtonians were prepared to relinquish both claims if opportunity should come in that way to attain their great desire — the recognition of the sovereignty of their state at all hazards. So they "bided their time" and observed with satisfaction the rising tumult against the combination.

New Hampshire, now roused, was pressing her delegates in Congress to secure her claim to Vermont's territory, while at home she was taking measures for the defence of her invaded jurisdiction. In many of the east-side towns an active minority were resisting the authority of Vermont, and collisions were frequent between the officers and partisans of the two governments. These conflicts were most serious in Cheshire County. At one time the New Hampshire county sheriff, Colonel Enoch Hale of Walpole, when attempting to release from the jail in Charlestown some townsmen of Chesterfield who had been taken for resisting

a constable, was himself seized and incarcerated; and his case became a *cause célèbre* in the Upper Valley. In retaliation, a Vermont county sheriff, Dr. William Page of Charlestown, was clapped into jail at Exeter, by order of the New Hampshire legislature, upon his appearance there as one of three commissioners sent over by the Vermont government to endeavor to settle local disputes. During the controversies threats of raising the militia were made by both states, and civil war in the border towns was imminent. At a critical stage orders for marching the militia of Vermont into the warring district were actually issued, but fortunately were countermanded when peaceful negotiations intervened.

In August Messrs. Woodward, Fay, and Allen were in Philadelphia on their mission pressing Vermont's renewed claims upon Congress. On the twentieth, Congress acted to the extent of a declaration making conditions as an indispensable preliminary to the state's recognition. These conditions were the relinquishment by Vermont of all demands to lands or jurisdiction on the east side of the west bank of the Connecticut, and west of a line twenty miles east of the Hudson: in other words, her abandonment of the Eastern and Western Unions. With this definite proposition the committee appeared at the Assembly that convened at Charlestown on the eleventh of October.

One hundred and two towns were represented at this sitting, thirty-six of them east of the River. The members assembled under disquieting circumstances, for reports were abroad that New Hampshire troops would attempt to prevent the meeting. In fact a regiment had marched into Charlestown a few days before and quartered at the fort. Shortly after there arrived three hundredweight of powder, six hundredweight of balls, and a thousand flints.

Meanwhile, at Cornish, Colonel Chase of the Vermont militia had ordered his captains to muster their companies in readiness for any emergency. All this had an ominous look. No trouble, however, arose, although the soldiery remained in the town for some time. Probably the gathering of Colonel Reynolds and his men here at this juncture was quite independent of the Assembly's meeting. They had been enlisted under a requisition for recruiting the Continental army, and were on their way to service; but their presence may have served to influence the Assembly's leaders to prompt and uncompromising action on the questions at issue which marked this sitting.

The report of the Philadelphia mission was the subject of discussion for four days. The offer of definite terms by Congress as an "indispensable preliminary" was considered, and so treated, as a virtual engagement to admit the state to the national confederation upon her acceptance of the terms. Notwithstanding the alluring inducement, the Assembly determined to hold fast to the Eastern and Western Unions, and to decline to submit the question of the independence of Vermont to the "arbitrament of any power whatever." On the last day of the session the members were cheered by the arrival of an express with great news. The announcement was made and duly recorded, "That on the 19th inst. the proud Cornwallis had unconditionally surrendered with his whole army to the illustrious Washington."

With the engineering of this Charlestown session the College party's leadership ended. Their star was about to fall and forever.

In the interim between the adjournment at Charlestown and the next sitting of the Assembly, called for January 31 (1782) at Bennington, various forces were

diligently at work, and the Bennington party were shrewdly manoeuvring. When the time for this mid-winter meeting came great plans had matured. The gathering of representatives was comparatively small, few if any from the River region having arrived; for it was the worst season for travel in that primitive day of rough roads, or of no roads at all in the passes through the hills. Before the close of February the work at Charlestown had been undone with the adoption of a resolution accepting the terms of Congress. All claims to territory without the bounds named in the terms were now formally relinquished, and the Eastern and Western Unions completely dissolved. This accomplished, agents were hurried off to Philadelphia, under secret instructions, confident of at last gaining the coveted recognition, the assumed stipulated price having been fully met. How they failed even to receive consideration of the matter at this time, how nine more years elapsed before the state was admitted, and how Vermont bravely developed during this period as an independent republic — all this is another story.

The College party, however, did not tamely pass from the stage.

Only two days after the final vote dissolving the Unions, leading members of the Assembly from east of the River reached Bennington. Immediately they prepared and sent out a call for a convention of the excluded River towns to meet at Dresden in March, and devise measures "relative to the settlement of animosities . . . in order for an honorable union with New Hampshire." This convention duly met at Colonel Brewster's Hanover inn, and named a committee to apply to the New Hampshire Assembly for the re-admission of the seceders upon certain terms covered by fifteen articles carefully drawn

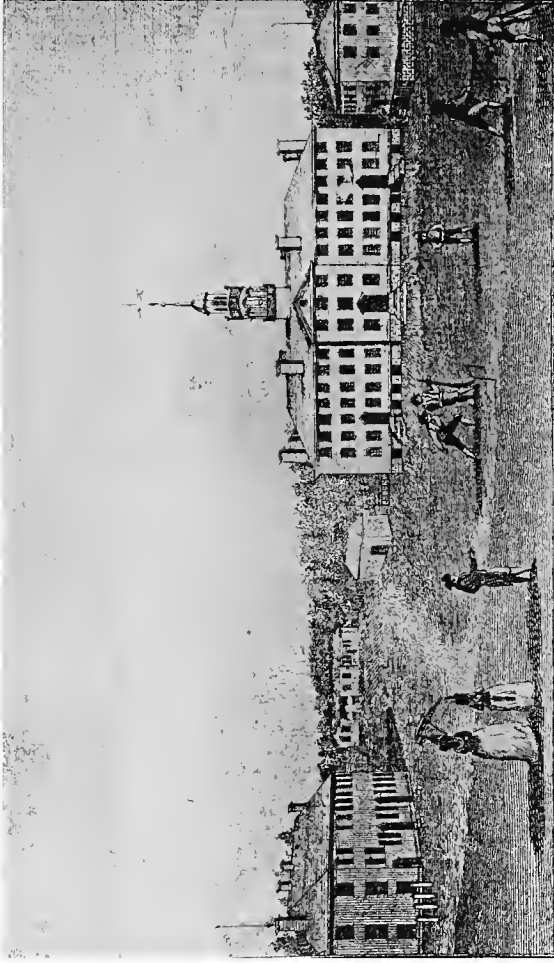


by the College statesmen. But New Hampshire now had the wayward towns at her mercy. The Assembly refused to accept any but unconditional submission.

In May five River towns on the west side — Hartford, Norwich, Moretown (Bradford), and Newbury,— through their committees meeting at Thetford, also petitioned for admission to New Hampshire. Thereupon the Assembly expressed the willingness of the state to extend her jurisdiction to the Green Mountains, provided the “generality of the inhabitants thereof should desire it,” and that New York should settle a boundary-line upon the mountains — thus absorbing Vermont. Nothing came of this. In due time the boundary between New Hampshire and Vermont was permanently fixed at the west bank of the River. Thus New Hampshire possesses the River’s bed.

With the final reabsorption of the east side towns by New Hampshire the College statesmen returned to their books and their professional work. They played no more at state-making or state-guiding. Occasionally they reappeared on the political horizon concerned in such issues of local import as questions of taxation, when their skilful pens were again employed in shaping argumentative memorials. The Assembly of Vermont continued to come to the Valley for frequent sittings — mostly at Windsor, meeting once at Westminster and once at Norwich — till the close of 1785; and in the autumn of 1789 the New Hampshire legislature assembled at Charlestown, when Governor John Sullivan and the council were grandly entertained at Abel Walker’s tavern, where Governor Chittenden with his council had “put up” seven years before. But the college men had slight interest in these goings on.

Bitterness against the College party still continued to be cherished by the dominant party in New Hampshire for years after. It was carried into the generation that followed, when it culminated in 1815 in the attempt to wrest the control of the College from the corporation established by the royal charter, and vest it in the legislature ; the setting up of the rival " Dartmouth University " by the side of the College ; and the waging of the hot Dartmouth Controversy, finally settled by the United States Supreme Court with the decision for the College, — a story which moved a Dartmouth orator to advise the inscription above the door of the institution : " Founded by Eleazar Wheelock : Refounded by Daniel Webster."



*A front View of DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, with the CHAPEL, & HALL.*  
1790.

Dartmouth College in 1790.  
From a print in the *Massachusetts Magazine*, 1800.



II  
ROMANCES OF NAVIGATION



## XXI

### An Early Colonial Highway

The River an important Thoroughfare through Colony Times — The first White Man's Craft on its Waters — Dutch and English Trading Ships — William Pynchon the first River Merchant — Prosperous Traffic in Furs, Skins, and Hemp — The earliest Flatboats operating between the Falls — Seventeenth Century Shipbuilding — River-built Ships sent out on long Foreign Voyages — The Rig of the Flatboat as developed by Colonial Builders — System of Up-River Transportation in the latter Colonial Period — Lumber Rafts — Early Ferries.

ALL through colonial times the Connecticut was a highway of importance for pursuits of trade and of war. At first its navigation by the white man's craft was confined to the sixty miles between the River's mouth and the head of tide-water below Enfield Falls. Soon after the coming of the English colonists, however, the flatboat, or scow, was contrived which could run the Enfield rapids at high water, and then navigation extended to Springfield. Above commerce was carried on only through the Massachusetts Reach by means of canoes or rafts or flatboats between the falls, till the middle of the eighteenth century. But long before that time the craft of the white hunter and trapper, the frontiersman, the scout and the soldier had navigated the far northern reaches; while the Indians, the River's first navigators, were paddling its sinuous length in their bark canoes and dugouts on fishing or hunting expeditions, or on predatory incursions against the New England frontiers. And during the tragic years of the French and Indian wars it was the great military thoroughfare.

The year 1633, with the establishment of the rival Dutch and Pilgrim trading houses, is usually given as the date of the opening of the River to commercial navigation. But in this statement no account is taken of the presence of Dutch trading vessels here for a decade before. It were closer to the record to say that in 1633, when English ships first came in and began to compete with the Dutch for its trade, the River was opened generally to navigation. Very soon the English were in successful competition with their rivals, and their little vessels were taking out rich cargoes of the Valley products, mostly to port at Boston for shipment to England. The Dutch ships carried their cargoes to New Amsterdam generally for shipment to Holland; and it is said that some of them sailed direct from the River to the home ports. The earliest Dutch craft in the River have been described as "yachts," small sloops and periaguas. The earliest English vessels of record were barks, lighters, pinks, pinnaces, and shallops.

Although the Plymouth men were the first English traders in the River with their "great new bark" and other ships, the Bay Colony men were "close seconds," as we have seen. William Pynchon, with his foundation of Springfield in 1636, was the first to establish a systematic River business. He had then the advantage of exclusive privileges, being one of those to whom the standing council of Massachusetts Bay farmed out all trading with the Indians in beaver and other furs for a specified term. To facilitate transportation between Enfield rapids and the Springfield settlement, Pynchon built a storage warehouse on the shore below the falls which gave its name to Warehouse Point. Here was the up-river landing of his first trading shallop (the same that was later impressed for the Pequot War). After the Pequot War the River's navigation to Warehouse



Point increased, and trade became profitable to the colonists, especially the Pynchons — William and Major John, his son, who succeeded him.

The earliest traffic was in furs, skins, and hemp brought in by the Indians. Major Pynchon and his associates sometimes sent out in a single ship to England, a thousand pounds' sterling worth of otter and beaver skins. The beaver trade remained for a considerable time in the hands of Major Pynchon and a few merchants in the lower towns to whom the Connecticut court committed its exclusive charge. An abundance of beaver then inhabited the lower streams which flow into the River. Many beaver and other skins were also brought down the River by the Indians from the distant west and north. Major Pynchon's account books, which are preserved in the Springfield City Library, covering a period of thirty years from 1650, give interesting details of the River's early trade and shipments. During that time the major packed, mostly in hogsheads, many thousand beaver-skins, worth about eight shillings sterling a pound in England. Other skins shipped by him were of the grey and the red fox, the muskrat, the raccoon, the marten, the fisher, mink, wildcat, and moose, the latter skins weighing from twelve to twenty-five pounds each.

When the flatboat was first employed on the River is not definitely known, but it was probably very early in use, working between Warehouse Point and Springfield. The first flatboats were built by the earliest Springfield colonists, and men soon became skilful in running them over the rapids. Later on there were Hadley and Northampton boats and boatmen in regular service. As settlements advanced up the River above the Massachusetts line, larger flatboats were operated between the various falls, the

freight being unloaded at the foot of each fall, and transported around it on shore by teams, — ox-teams at first, — to be reloaded on the boats above. Thus a definite and remunerative occupation in addition to farming was afforded the dwellers near each fall. Warehouse Point was the place of transhipment of freight from sloops to the flatboats through the colony period, and afterward till the opening years of the nineteenth century. The erection of the first Hartford bridge across the River, in 1809, obstructed the passage of the larger sloops, and then Hartford became the principal port of transhipment.

The canoes first used for River service were fashioned after the Indian dugouts, from trees cut on the River's banks. It was early found necessary to protect "canoe trees" from spoliation, and orders were passed by Springfield, and probably by other settlements, prohibiting the felling of such trees within the bounds of the plantation without general consent. These canoes, used in crossing from shore to shore or in passing between the settlements, as well as for freighting, and mingling with the graceful birchen craft of friendly bartering Indians, must have brightened the River about the lonely plantations. But there could have been no more heartening sight than the spectacle, in the spring of 1638, of the fleet of fifty Indian canoes sweeping down from the Indian village of Pocumtuck (Deerfield), all heaped up with luscious corn, for the relief of the lower River towns impoverished by the Pequot War of the previous year and in danger of starvation. "Never was the like known to this day," wrote chivalrous Captain John Mason in his history thirty years after.

Many of the seventeenth century vessels in the River's navigation were built on its lower banks, from native

timber. Among the first were ketches, pinks, and shallops. A policy for the encouragement of shipbuilding was very early adopted by the Connecticut Colony. Before the middle of the seventeenth century Hartford men were sending out River-built ships on distant voyages, freighted with the products of the Valley to be bartered for the commodities of foreign parts, all sorts of necessities for a new country, among them much "rumme" and occasional wines. These vessels, says a local chronicler, were sent forth "on to Boston, Newfoundland, New York, Delaware, Barbadoes, Jamaica; or, occasionally, to Fayal and to the Wine and Madeira Isles." By 1666 vessels on the stocks were exempted from taxation. In 1676 Hartford had among her craft a ketch of ninety tons; and Middletown, a ship of seventy tons. By 1680 ships, ketches, and pinks of from fifty to eighty tons, with smaller sloops and barques, were navigating the River to Hartford and Warehouse Point.

The flatboats as developed by the colonial builders were generally provided with a square mainsail set in the middle of the craft and extending some feet each side of it, and a topsail which was useful only before the wind. Three sails were sometimes carried, the third sail rigged above the topsail in very light winds. When the wind was unfavorable these boats were propelled by poling, or "snubbing" along shore, with "setting poles." The poles were of white ash from twelve to twenty feet long, with a socket-spike in the lower end. The polers came to be called spike-pole men. They worked one on each side of the smaller boats and three on each side on the larger. The operation was slow and laborious. Each poleman, placing the spiked end of his pole firmly on the river bottom and pressing the head of the upper end against his

shoulder, walked from the front of the boat to the mast-board, shoving with all his force as he walked. The inside oarsmen worked with the shorter poles. The captain did the steering in the stern, in the smaller craft using a wide-bladed oar. The poling was the hardest kind of labor. Each season great thick callouses as large as the hand were raised on the front of the polers' shoulders, lacerated and bloody at the beginning of the work. The boats were flat-bottomed and drew only from two to three feet of water. The freight carried was packed around the central mast.

Before the close of the colony period the system of transportation above tide-water by flatboats between the successive falls and by teams on shore around them, had been advanced many miles northward to meet trade demands or supply the necessaries of life to the developing up-river settlements on the "New Hampshire Grants" and the growing northern country. At the approach of the Revolution the head of boat navigation had reached the then new village of Wells River, in the Vermont Newbury, lying in the deep narrow Valley at the confluence of Wells River and our stream, the unusual picturesqueness of which to-day invites the traveller as he gazes down upon it from the Wells River Junction of railways. The flatboats of that time, bringing up miscellaneous cargoes of merchandise, with iron, salt, molasses, and much rum, were returned down river laden with shingles, potash, and other products of the region, for Hartford and below. Rafts of lumber were also piloted down, in "boxes," sometimes sixty feet long and a dozen feet wide. Many men were engaged directly or indirectly in the River service. Passengers as well as merchandise were occasionally transported up the riverway on the freight boats. Household goods were also carried up for new settlers.



A Typical Chain Ferry.



There being no bridges at any point across the River till after the Revolution, the ferry was an important institution in the advancing settlements and the ferryman a useful and important personage. The chain ferry, still seen at intervals along the River, was early in use, succeeding the canoe and the raft ferry.

## XXII

### Locks and Canals

The first River in the Country to be Improved by Canals — The Initial Charter issued by Vermont in 1791 — First Work in the Massachusetts Reach — Locking of South Hadley Falls in 1795 — A Remarkable Achievement for that Day — Unique Features of the Construction — The System as Developed Northward — Wells River Village Head of Navigation — River Life then Animated and Bustling — Improved Types of Freight-Boats — Schemes for Extending the System with great Rival Projects — Final crushing Competition of the Railroads.

VERY soon after the close of the Revolution, when internal improvements were planning in various parts of the new nation, large schemes were formulated by Connecticut Valley men for increasing the navigability of the River northward by means of a system of canals around the principal falls ; and by 1795, before the establishment of similar enterprises elsewhere in the country, the first work in a projected series was finished. Thus the Connecticut was the first river in America to be improved by canals. It has the further distinction of having been navigated above tide-water, during its career of activity, more than any other river in New England.

The institution of the canal system was stimulated in part by the rivalry between the seaport towns of Massachusetts and the lower River centres of Hartford and Springfield for the control of the trade of northern New England. With the substitution to an appreciable extent of unobstructed up-river navigation during the open seasons for the cumbrous system of part water and part land



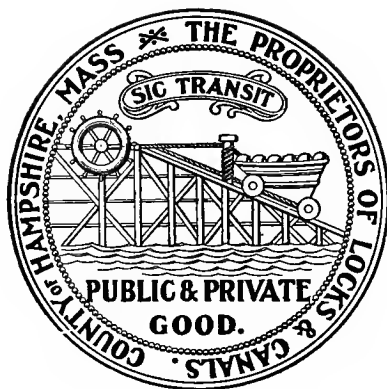
carriage, the lower towns, brought commercially nearer to the upper country, would gain a distinct advantage. Accordingly their merchants and shippers were quick to encourage the scheme, and moneyed men stood ready to invest in the undertaking, new and untried in the country as it was, as soon as its feasibility was demonstrated to their satisfaction.

The first charter for a canal, however, came from the north. It issued in 1791, with the virile acts of the first legislature of the finally admitted state of Vermont, sitting at the Vermont Windsor. It was granted to two upper-Valley men of affairs — General Lewis B. Morris of the Vermont Springfield, and Dr. William Page of Charlestown, opposite, as “The Company for rendering the Connecticut River Navigable by Bellows Falls.” But early in the next year, 1792, before this company had become established, Massachusetts chartered “The Proprietors of the Locks and Canals on the Connecticut River,” for the purpose of making the stream “passable for boats and other things,” from the mouth of Chicopee River throughout the state; and this corporation put the first work through.

The Massachusetts proprietors contemplated at the outset the locking of the two great falls in the Massachusetts Reach, — the South Hadley and Turner’s Falls. It was a strong organization composed of men of leading in several lower Valley towns, principally Springfield, Northampton, and Deerfield; with a few of Berkshire. In the list one observes such representative central and western Massachusetts names as Worthington, Lyman, and Dwight of Springfield; Strong and Breck of Northampton; Williams and Hoyt of Deerfield; Moore of Greenfield; Sedgwick of Stockbridge. John Williams of Deerfield, a great-grandson of the “Redeemed Captive,” was largely instrumental in its promotion. Capital from Holland, at that time the

financial centre of Europe, was brought into the enterprise, and Mr. Williams was associated with Stephen Higginson of Boston, the merchant grandfather of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, as agent of the Dutch firms investing. Routes for both canals were marked out and surveyed in the summer of 1792, while at the same time surveys were making for another company proposing a canal from Boston to the Connecticut at Deerfield,—a plan which developed no further. The South Hadley work was the first to be completed.

The construction of this initial enterprise, the germ of the great hydraulic works of Holyoke to-day, was a remarkable achievement of that time. Its builders, with no precedent in the country to follow, were obliged to execute it largely on original lines. Benjamin Prescott of Northampton, in after years a superintendent of the arsenal at Springfield, was the supervising engineer. Most of the way the cutting was through solid red slate rock, and proved costly. The canal began at a point by the South Hadley end of the present great dam, and extended two and a half miles along the River's trend northward, entering the River above a wing dam projected obliquely outward. The capacity of the waterway was equal to the transportation of boats or rafts forty feet long and twenty feet wide. The style of machinery provided for propelling craft through was unique. As described by Dr. Josiah G. Holland a half-century ago: "At the point where boats were to be lowered and elevated was a long inclined plane traversed by a car of the width of the canal and of sufficient length to take on a boat or a section of a raft. At the top of this inclined plane were two large water-wheels, one on either side of the canal, which furnished, by the aid of the water of the canal, the power for elevating the



Seal of the Proprietors of Locks  
and Canals.

Showing the contrivance first used at  
South Hadley for passing boats.



car and for balancing and controlling it in its descent. At the foot of the inclined plane the car descended into the water of the canal, being entirely submerged. A boat ascending the river and passing into the canal would be floated directly over and into the car, the brim of the latter, of course, being gauged to a water level by its elevation aft in proportion to the angle of the inclination of the traverse way. The boat being secure in the car, the water was let upon the water-wheels, which by their common shaft were attached to the car through two immense cables, and thus, winding the cables, the boat passed out into the canal above. The reverse of the operation . . . transferred a boat, or the section of a raft, from above downwards."

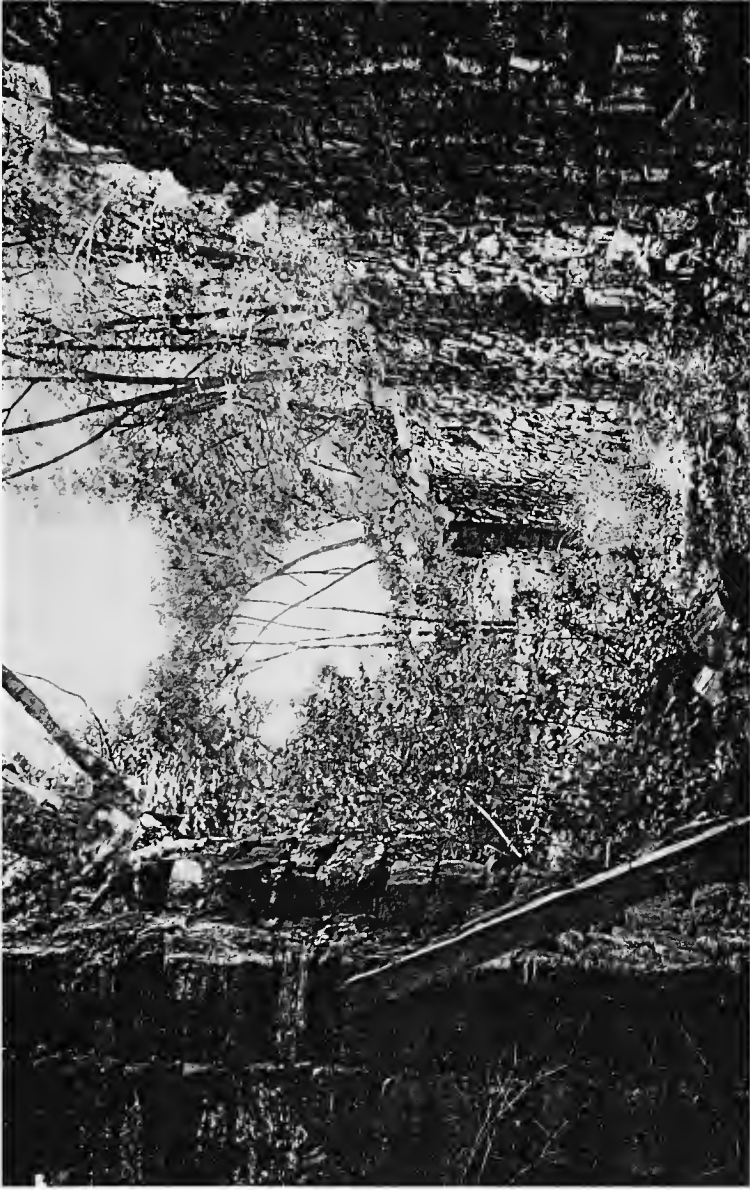
The completion of the work and the successful passage of the first boat through the canal, in 1795, were matters for great congratulation to the proprietors. But the outlook was not all rosy for them. The expenditure had been much heavier than anticipated,—an assessment of over eighty thousand dollars on the shares of the stock was large for those modest days of financiering,—and profits were uncertain. Litigation, also, followed the erection of the first dam, since it was so built as to set the River's water back for some miles, thus flowing the Northampton meadows, and causing an epidemic of intermittent fever. The structure was condemned as a nuisance, and all but the oblique section had to be torn down. This trouble scared off the Dutch investors, and they sold out their holdings at a sacrifice. The stock ultimately came to be held by a few hands, and thereafter was profitable. Meanwhile commerce through the canal had steadily increased, and the lowering of the bed for deeper water was imperative. This work was undertaken with funds raised by a lottery authorized by the Massachusetts General Court of

1802, the system still in favor then for aiding the construction of quasi public works as well as for building bridges and turnpikes. The deepening was accomplished by 1805, with other improvements, among them the substitution of the simple lock system for the device of car and cable.

The Turner's Falls canal was opened for service in 1800. Its completion fell to a second company, "The Proprietors of the Upper Locks and Canal on Connecticut River," incorporated in 1794, when the interests of the original corporation were divided, the lower work being all that it could comfortably carry. The stockholders in the two corporations, however, were practically the same. This canal was about three miles in length, extending from the junction of the Deerfield with the Connecticut, to a point just above the present dam at Turner's Falls, and had ten locks.

The works at Bellows Falls were the third in chronological order, the canal here being ready for business in the autumn of 1802. This was a short canal, as compared with the Massachusetts concerns, and had eight locks. The company incorporated by Vermont to build it subsequently obtained a charter from New Hampshire. Dr. Page of the original corporators executed the work as civil engineer; but the capital came from England. It was furnished by a wealthy Londoner, Hodgson Atkinson, who never saw the works, for he never came to America. The property remained in the Atkinson family for seventy-four years. Hence the name of Atkinson applied to one of the present thoroughfares in the picturesque village of Bellows Falls.

Two small upper canals next built completed the system northward. One of these was at Water-Queeche, now Sumner's Falls, midway between the towns of Hartland



Remains of the Old Olcott Falls Locks, New Hampshire Side.  
Two miles north of White River Junction.





and North Hartland on the Vermont side. The other was about three miles above White River Junction, where now is the Vermont village of Wilder. The latter work made it possible for boats to approach Barnet, Vermont, at the foot of the Fifteen-Miles Falls, two hundred and twenty miles above Hartford. Although early chartered, first by Vermont in 1794, and afterward by New Hampshire, these northernmost canals were not in operation till after 1810.

The five sets of works now established constituted the canal system through a large part of the period of the greatest activity on the River above tide-water, for the sixth of the series — the Enfield canal around the lowest falls, — was not opened till 1829, a decade only before the advent of the railroad in the Valley, which changed speedily the whole aspect of things.

The River life was most animated after the introduction of the canal system through the first third of the nineteenth century. Numerous towns along the River's banks in the upper states, now serene and retired with the dignity of a prosperous past, were then brisk and bustling places. The River became a main artery, and the turnpike the land-thoroughfare between the seaboard and the northern country, with the river-boat, the stage-coach, and the great goods-wagon as the popular means of transportation. The landings established at various points along the River were then the favorite gathering-places for leisurely townsmen and villagers to "see the boat come in," as the rural railway station in after years became at "train time." Then was the day of the "River gods," a term applied to expert handlers of boats and masters of transportation, as well as to the Valley political leaders. The men then in the River service were "the stoutest, heartiest, and merriest" in the

Valley. When the boats were speeding under a spanking breeze and there was rest from poling, their songs echoed over the River banks: and some of them were glorious singers. Marvellous tales are told of their wondrous strength. There was one "Bill" Cummins, who was wont jauntily to "lift a barrel of salt with one hand by putting two fingers in the bung-hole, and set it from the bottom timbers" of a boat "on top of the mastboard."

As traffic increased, or after the opening of the Enfield Canal, larger freight-boats were constructed. The perfected type was a flatboat of stout oak, averaging seventy feet in length, twelve or thirteen in width at the bow, ten at the stern, and fifteen at the mast, which stood about twenty-five feet from the bow. In the stern was a snug cabin. The mast was high, rigged with shifting shroud and forestays, a topmast to be run up when needed, the mainsail about thirty by eighteen feet, and the topsail twenty-four by twelve feet. The capacity of this class of boat was from thirty to forty tons. Smaller boats, generally built in the Upper Valley, were of about twenty-five tons burden. These were without cabins. The captain and crew of the larger type lived on board during the voyage north and return; the crews of the smaller craft boarded at farmhouses along shore. The passage was made only in the daytime, the boats being tied up to the shore at night. The upward course naturally occupied the longer time, the length varying with the wind. The average time was twenty days for the up-trip from Hartford to Wells River, and ten days down to tide-water. Sometimes the voyage up and return was made in twenty-five days. Between Hartford and Bellows Falls the round trip averaged about two weeks. The downward voyage from Bellows Falls usually occupied three days, Northfield being made the



Olcott Falls Dam of to-day, Olcott.



first day, Springfield the second, and Hartford the third.

At several points helpers had to be employed beside the crews of polemen. About Bellows Falls particularly difficulties were not infrequently encountered which profited the pockets of the dwellers in the neighborhood. When a strong south wind was blowing boats coming down stream after leaving the canal became entangled in the eddy of the River at this point, the contrary currents being much stronger then than now. A rope running through a ring on a post, which was set into the River at the south end of the eddy, was provided, by which a boat could be pulled into the outward current by helpers. One "Old Seth Hapgood," who lived near by, was for years especially active in this work, keeping a pair of oxen in readiness for it. Hitching his team to one end of the post-rope, the other end of which was fastened to the boat, he would bestride the "nigh" ox, drive out into the River as far as possible, and tug into the proper current. It became a common saying among River men that "Old Seth Hapgood prayed every morning for a south wind." At Enfield Falls, on the up voyage, as many men as there were tons of freight on board were required to pole a boat over the rapids except when the wind was favorable. Only about ten or twelve tons could be carried over, the excess of cargo being carted around by wagons, and reshipped at Thompsonville, five miles above Warehouse Point. The extra polers were called "Fallsmen." It required about a day to make the passage.

Barnet, ten miles above Wells River village, was the *ultima thule* of navigation, the Fifteen-Miles Falls barring all boat progress beyond that point. But Wells River village remained the practical head of the river transportation. With the opening of the upper canals larger amounts

of goods began to be brought up to this depot and distributed thence by wagons and carts farther up country. The records of a storage warehouse here, from 1810 to 1816, quoted by the historian of Newbury, show that towns sixty miles north received their supplies in this way. The cost of transportation fluctuated with the circumstances attending it, and the changing rates of the canal tolls. In the early twenties the combined tolls between Hartford and Wells River averaged four dollars a ton. The added expense of extra help on the up voyage and pilotage down, brought the average total cost to nearly six dollars a ton each way.

Still the River transportation business grew and continued profitable to the boating companies and the lower River towns; and for a considerable period they controlled the best of the the up-country trade during the boating seasons, though competitors from other directions were pressing in. Till the eighteen-twenties the chief competition was with the eastern seaport towns, connected with the north by way of the Middlesex Canal from Boston to the Merrimack River, built largely by Boston capital, and opened in 1803. By this way freight was transported up the Merrimack to Concord, New Hampshire, without breaking bulk, and thence teamed north. Through transportation rates, however, were higher than by way of Hartford and our River. Projects were early conceived for extending the eastern system to the upper Connecticut by canals from the Merrimack, but none was carried beyond the making of surveys for routes. The first survey was from the mouth of the Contoocook in Concord to the mouth of Sugar River in Claremont, made in 1816. The last, made eight or nine years later, started from the Pemigewasset, at the town of Wentworth, and reached the Connecticut at



The Modern Olcott—"Wilders."





Haverhill, near the Wells River head of navigation. Other surveys of the later period from the east were for canals projected from Dover, New Hampshire, and Portland, Maine.

Meanwhile competition from the nearer seaboard had threatened the lower River transportation centres. A move had been made by New Haven to divert the trade to her port through a canal connecting New Haven with the River at a point above Hartford. This was the blow direct to Hartford's interests. Her merchants and allied business men combined to parry it with a larger enterprise. Then ensued a warm campaign under the impulse of which greater projects developed.

The New Haven scheme began with the projected canal from tide-water at New Haven to Northampton. The counter enterprise of Hartford comprehended the locking of the Enfield Falls, getting control of the existing canals above, and improving the River's whole navigable course up to Barnet. The New Haven project was embodied in "The President, Directors, and Company of the Farmington Canal," a Connecticut corporation chartered in 1822, empowered to build from New Haven to the Connecticut state line at Southwick, Massachusetts; and in "The Hampshire and Hampden Canal Company," chartered by Massachusetts the following year, to complete the work from Southwick to Northampton. The Hartford design was organized in "The Connecticut River Company," chartered in 1824, first by Connecticut, then by Vermont and New Hampshire, to "improve the boat navigation through the Valley of Connecticut River from Hartford toward its source."

The forces thus arrayed were soon in strenuous rivalry, and the popular talk of the Valley became all of canals

The next year, 1825, the flowering season of canals in other parts, was full of action. In the middle of February a great convention of two hundred delegates from the principal towns assembled at the Vermont Windsor and adopted a memorial to Congress for aid in schemes of upper River improvement. Less than ten days after, Massachusetts was moving for a canal from Boston Harbor to the Connecticut and on to the Hudson. During the summer surveying parties were diligently at work up and down the River. A United States engineer sent from the War Department in prompt response to the Windsor memorial, was engaged upon surveys from the region of the upper headwaters down to Barnet; and from Barnet toward Canada, for routes for a canal to Lake Memphremagog. Simultaneously, Holmes Hutchinson, an engineer who had been employed on the Erie Canal, was making a careful survey from Hartford up to Barnet, at the instance of the Connecticut River Company. While these surveys were under way the negotiations of the Connecticut River Company for the purchase of the existing canals were progressing. In the autumn this company issued a public memorial, outlining an elaborate series of improvements, based on Hutchinson's report, and moved for a broader charter to carry out the entire work. Accordingly the Vermont Assembly passed an act subject to confirmation by the three other states concerned, which provided for a board of commissioners, three for each state, to promote the Connecticut River Company with sufficient capital, for the purpose of making good the River's navigation from Hartford to Barnet.

The next year, 1826, New Hampshire and Connecticut confirmed this act, the latter state, however, with a proviso protecting New Haven's interests in the Farmington and

Northampton canal. Earlier the report of the United States engineer's survey had appeared; also the reports of the surveys for the proposed Boston canal to the Connecticut and the Hudson; all of which excited much interest in the Valley. One of the Massachusetts surveys covered a route entering the Connecticut at the mouth of Miller's River. Another, made by General Epaphras Hoyt, of Deerfield, was carried through the Turner's Falls canal across the River to Sheldon's Rock, and thence followed the west bank of the Deerfield River up to the present Hoosac Tunnel, where the mountain was to be cut through, and Troy reached by the Hoosick River.

While these various plans were developing, the New Haven canal party had been broadening their scheme. This now also comprehended a system to Barnet. In June of 1827, Governor Clinton of New York, "the great mogul on canal matters," was brought into the region in the interest of this project. With General Hillhouse and other solid New Haven men he made a tour of inspection from the then partly completed Farmington canal to the upper country, following pretty closely the line of the proposed extension. All along the way, — at Northampton, Deerfield, Greenfield, Brattleborough, and above, — distinguished civilities, dinners, with toasts, public receptions, "ovations," marked the progress of the explorers, and great expectations were aroused. During the same summer United States engineers, sent at the instance of the governor of Vermont, were again in the Valley surveying, this time to determine the practicability of canal connection between the River and Lake Champlain. The next year, 1828, the New Haven plans had so far matured that authorization was obtained for the Hampshire and Hampden Company to extend the system from Northampton

to the Massachusetts north line, at Northfield. Finally, in 1829, the scheme was perfected in charters obtained from Vermont and New Hampshire establishing "The Connecticut River Canal Company," empowered by the former state to build from its south line, at Vernon, to Barnet and thence to Lake Memphremagog; and by New Hampshire, from its south line, at Hinsdale, to the mouth of Israel's River, at Lancaster: thus making provision for a navigable canal from the tide-waters of Long Island Sound to the Canada line. When these acts were secured the New Haven system had just been finished to Westfield, fifteen miles short of Northampton, and the event celebrated by the launch of a fine new canal-boat in the basin.

At the same time, however, the Connecticut River Company had made a greater advance with the completion of the Enfield Canal throughout. This accomplishment was marked by a gayer celebration. It was, too, a more momentous affair in the Valley, since it included a demonstration by the first steamboats built for regular service on the River above tide-water. The manœuvres of these little steam-craft, indeed, constituted the chief feature of the occasion. One of them, the "Vermont," having her paddles at the stern, came down from Springfield with a party of celebrators from up-river and sailed triumphantly through the length of the canal to the foot of the rapids. There she was met by the "Blanchard," which had come up from Hartford with another party. "The stockholders present, with others from Hartford, Springfield and the neighboring towns, then went on board the 'Vermont' and two other boats [flatboats] towed by horses, and set sail for the head of the falls. The boats were one hour and ten minutes passing through the canal, a distance of five and a half miles, including the detention at the locks.

At this place, after an exchange of friendly salutations, the gentlemen from Springfield parted from the company and proceeded on their passage home to Vermont. After a short time spent in examining the excellent and substantial construction of the Guard Lock, the rest of the party returned in the boats down the canal to the foot of the falls." "It is almost superfluous to add," the reporter remarks in closing his decorous account, "that the excursion was attended with a high degree of interest, and the party returned home much gratified with the scenes they had witnessed."

The work fully merited the commendation it received. It was built for water-power as well as for navigation, the corporation wisely recognizing the water-power as a valuable part of the franchise. It comprised a wing dam at the head of the falls reaching to the middle of the River; a long pier extending down from the lower end of the dam parallel to and a hundred feet from the west bank, so raised above the River as to form a basin and safe entrance to the guard lock; a high breast-wall of solid masonry at right angles to the pier, extending toward the bank, and there united to the guard lock; twelve sluices through the breast-wall with sliding gates, for the free advantage of water for hydraulic purposes; and at the lower end of the canal, three locks of masonry, each of ten feet lift, separated by wide pools in which ascending and descending boats could pass each other. Sixteen boats loaded with merchandise passed through the canal on the opening day; and soon the fine boats of the larger type, which now could pass around the rapids, were built and added to the River's fleet.

A few years later the New Haven system was completed to Northampton, and there it stopped. Nothing was done

under the Vermont and New Hampshire charters. Nor did the Connecticut River Company carry their scheme beyond the Enfield Canal. The day of canal and river transportation was passing with the steady approach of the era of railroads. Spirited efforts for the sustenance of the fading system were made to the last. In the autumn of 1830 another convention was held at the upper Windsor to foster it. Delegates were present from each of the four states, and various measures to this end were adopted. Congress was again invoked for aid in completing the schemes for clearing the channels. A plan for relays of steam freight and passenger boats at the series of locks to quicken transportation was developed. Subsequently the system of towing strings of flatboats by steamers was instituted.

At the height of these efforts the first charter for a railroad in Vermont was granted. In the early eighteenth-forties railways were building in the Valley. Within a few years the new system had so extended that competition was hopeless. Then all the canals, save that at Windsor Locks, were abandoned for traffic, and transformed to use for manufacturing purposes. So ended this chapter of great endeavors in the closed history of the up-stream commerce of the Beautiful River.



Entrance of the Enfield Canal at Windsor Locks.





## XXIII

### Steamboats and Steamboating

Connecticut Valley Inventors of the Steamboat — Claims of John Fitch and Samuel Morey to Priority over Fulton — Morey's tiny Steamer on the River — First Steamboats in Regular Service — Gallant Efforts for Steamboat Navigation to the Upper Valley — Triumphant Progress of the Pioneer "Barnet" up to Bellows Falls — The "Ledyard's" Achievement in Reaching Wells River — A Song of Triumph by a Local Bard — The last Fated Up-River Enterprise — Steamboating on the Lower Reaches — Dickens's Voyage in the "Massachusetts" — End of Passenger Service above Hartford.

ON a wall of the entrance hall of the State House at Hartford is a bronze portrait in bas-relief with this inscription: "This tablet erected by the State of Connecticut commemorates the genius, patience, and perseverance of John Fitch, a native of the town of Windsor, the first to apply steam successfully to the propulsion of vessels through water."

Two hundred miles up the River, in the Vermont village of Fairlee, is deposited the model of the engine of the first American steamboat propelled by paddle-wheels, invented by another Connecticut Valley man, — Captain Samuel Morey of Orford, opposite on the New Hampshire side, — and launched on our River.

Fitch's first steamboat was in successful operation more than twenty years before Fulton's "Clermont" was put on the Hudson; Morey's fourteen years before. Fitch made his original experiments in Pennsylvania, and his first boat plied the Delaware. Morey's first boat was directly associated with the Connecticut, for on its waters it was conceived and constructed as well as operated.

For both of these Connecticut Valley inventors claims of priority over Fulton in discovering the principles developed in his boat were defended by ardent advocates with vigor if not asperity in the controversy which followed Fulton's achievement; and the facts of record well sustain their contention. Without disparaging the fame of Fulton as the earliest to combine and utilize certain principles in the construction of the practically useful steamboat, to Fitch and Morey, independently of each other, may fairly be accorded the honor of having originated the idea, and to Morey the credit of inventing the mechanism which Fulton applied. To Fitch is ascribed the distinction without question (for James Rumsey's claim to priority Fitch completely disproved) of having first exhibited in American waters a steamboat propelled by movable paddles. From Morey, before Fulton, dispassionate examiners of the record trace the development of steamboat propulsion by paddle-wheels. In their judgment, the title bestowed upon him of "the father of steamboat navigation in America" is fully warranted.

While Fitch's achievements, attained elsewhere, are commemorated in the lower Valley by virtue of its having been his birthplace, in the Upper Valley, where it was developed, Morey's invention is held in closer remembrance, though yet unmarked by public memorial. Fitch's steam craft had been sailing the Delaware some time before Morey's experiments began, but there was no competition or intercourse between them. They were working in different fields, and on different lines. Both were remarkable characters, but with few qualities in common except that of inventive genius. Morey was a farmer, a man of affairs, and a speculator in scientific matters. Fitch was an artisan, possessed of much mechanical ingenuity. Leaving

his home in the Valley at twenty-five, and pushing westward, he employed his talents in various pursuits before making his essays in steamboat construction. He had been a journeyman watchmaker in New Jersey; a gunsmith for the American forces during a part of the Revolution; an itinerant vendor of watches and clocks, and a deputy surveyor for Virginia.

When Fitch conceived his great idea, which came suddenly to him, as he afterward related, he was "ignorant altogether that a steam-engine had ever been invented," and "the propelling of a boat by steam was as new as the rowing of a boat by angels." That was in the spring of 1785. During the following summer he succeeded in fashioning a rude engine in a blacksmith shop with the help of the workmen there; and by autumn he had completed drawings and models of a steamboat which he presented to the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. The next year his first crude boat was on the Delaware. Upon its showing and his declarations he then secured from New Jersey the exclusive right for fourteen years of constructing and using all kinds of water-craft "impelled by the force of fire or steam," on all the navigable waters of that state. The next year similar rights were obtained from the states of New York, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. These further franchises were secured probably upon the exhibition of his second and more perfected boat, the trial trip of which in August of that year was witnessed by members of the convention for framing the Federal Constitution, then in session in Philadelphia, and other public men. This boat was forty-five feet long, twelve feet beam, with an engine of twelve-inch cylinder, and six oars, or paddles, on each side. Raising funds through the sale of a map of the Northwest

Territory, which he drew and engraved himself, and interesting a few men of means in the hazard of a stock company, he now proceeded to build a larger boat and of different pattern. This was sixty feet long, eight feet beam, and had paddles at the stern. Its trial trip was on a run of twenty miles. The best time made was only three miles an hour, and the performance discouraged the stockholders. After a while, however, they rallied, and Fitch produced another boat, encouragingly named "The Perseverance." Although an improvement on its predecessor, its average run per hour was only ten minutes better. So the "Perseverance" was also pronounced unsatisfactory. Immediately Fitch set to work upon the construction of a boat with larger machinery. This took the water in April, 1790, and great was the joy of the indomitable inventor when it displayed a speed of eight miles an hour! "Thus has been effected by little John Fitch and Harry Voight," he exclaims, "one of the greatest and most useful arts that has ever been introduced into the world; and although the world and my country do not thank me for it, yet it gives me heartfelt satisfaction." The principle upon which this boat worked lay in the application of the cranks to twelve oars, suspended perpendicularly from an elevated frame, and making a stroke upon the water similar to the paddle of a canoe. During the summer of 1790 it was run as a regular passenger boat between Philadelphia and Burlington.

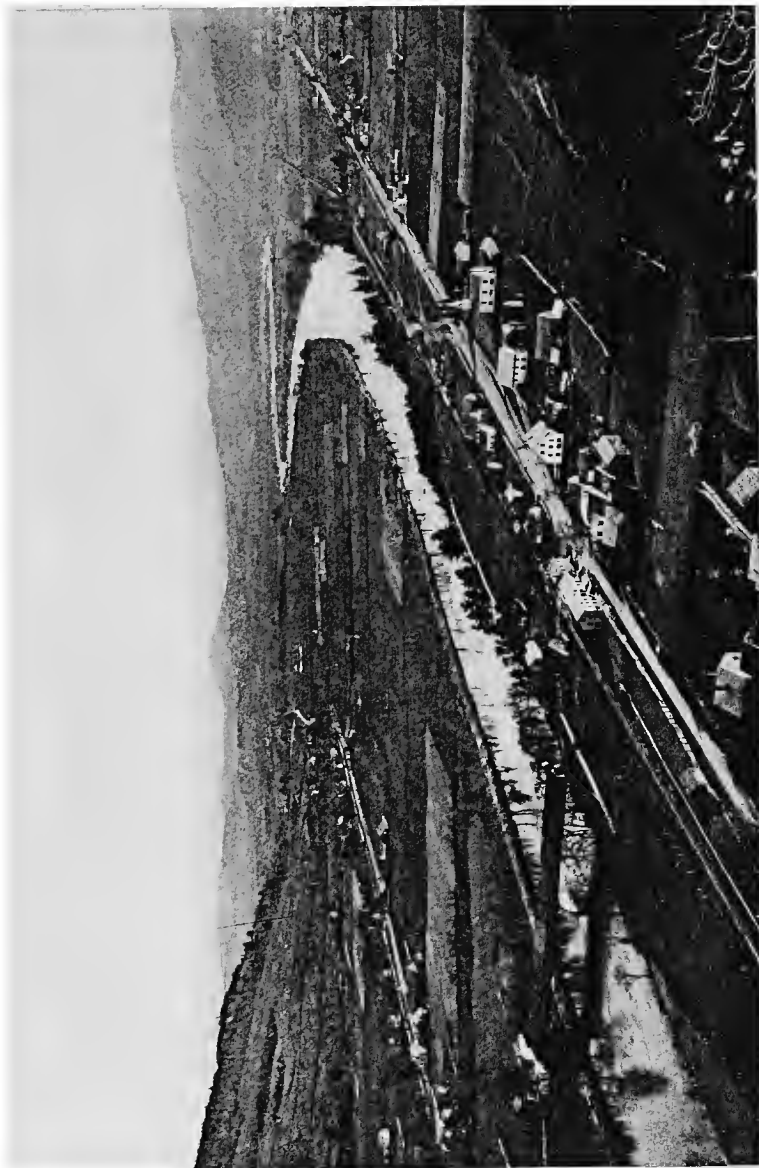
Fitch now felt assured of success, and after obtaining a United States patent he planned a boat large enough to carry freight, with the intention of sending it to New Orleans for navigation on the Mississippi. But when the machinery was nearly completed a storm broke the boat from its moorings and drove it on an island. This was a

final blow to the stock company. The stockholders refused to put out more money; and since the inventor's own resources were exhausted, the enterprise had to be abandoned. A few years later Fitch was in France, at the solicitation of Aaron Vail, a former stockholder, and at that time United States consul at L'Orient, who believed that Fitch's steamboat could be profitably introduced abroad. But it was the time of the French Revolution, and the requisite pecuniary aid could not be obtained. Then leaving his papers and specifications with Mr. Vail (which Fulton when later in France making his studies was permitted to examine), Fitch went to London, whence he returned to America, working his passage as a common sailor. Coming back to his birthplace in the Valley he made his home for a while with his kindred at East Windsor. Still intent upon his invention, he soon contrived a rude steamboat out of a ship's yawl moved by a screw propeller, which was given a trial in New York on the old "Collect" (the large pond where is now the "Tombs") with Chancellor Livingston, the patron of Fulton, among those on board. Next drifting to Bardston, Kentucky, his last attempt was in the model of a steamboat only three feet long sailed on a neighboring stream. Then in the summer of 1796, worn and wearied with misfortune and hardship, he died by his own hand in the village tavern. He left a bundle of papers in a sealed packet to the Franklin Library of Philadelphia, to be opened thirty years after his death. They were found to include a memoir together with a detailed account of his experiments. From these documents the story of his work has been drawn.

Morey's experiments were begun in 1790, the year of Fitch's highest achievement. For a decade before Morey

had devoted much time to experiments on light and heat, and in studies connected with mechanics. His aim now was to improve the steam-engine, particularly for application to propelling boats by means of paddle-wheels. The result of his efforts was an engine and machinery of his own construction set in a tiny boat large enough only for himself and a single companion. When all was completed the trial trip was made up and down the River between Orford and Fairlee. This took place on a summer Sunday in 1792 or 1793, while the people were at meeting, to avoid notice. The boat was run for some miles up the River against the current to a point near the present bridge between the two towns, and down again to lower Orford, working successfully in all its parts. After some improvements in the machinery, and several more satisfactory trips over the same course, astonishing to the people, the invention was considered sufficiently matured for exhibition to the outside world.

Accordingly Captain Morey took the model to New York and there built a new boat to demonstrate his principle. During three successive summers he tried many experiments in modifying the engine, and in propelling. He had frequent interviews with Livingston and Fulton, and freely explained his mechanism, in which they became much interested. Called back to his home by domestic affairs, the boat was brought to Hartford, as a more convenient place for working, and here he ran her on the River in the presence of many persons. Having at Orford made sundry improvements in his engine, he returned to New York and applied the power to a wheel in the stern. By this means the boat was propelled at the rate of about five miles an hour. A trip was made to Greenwich, on the Sound, and back, with the brothers Livingston



The River between Fairlee and Orford.  
Scene of the trials of Morey's first steamboat, 1792-93.





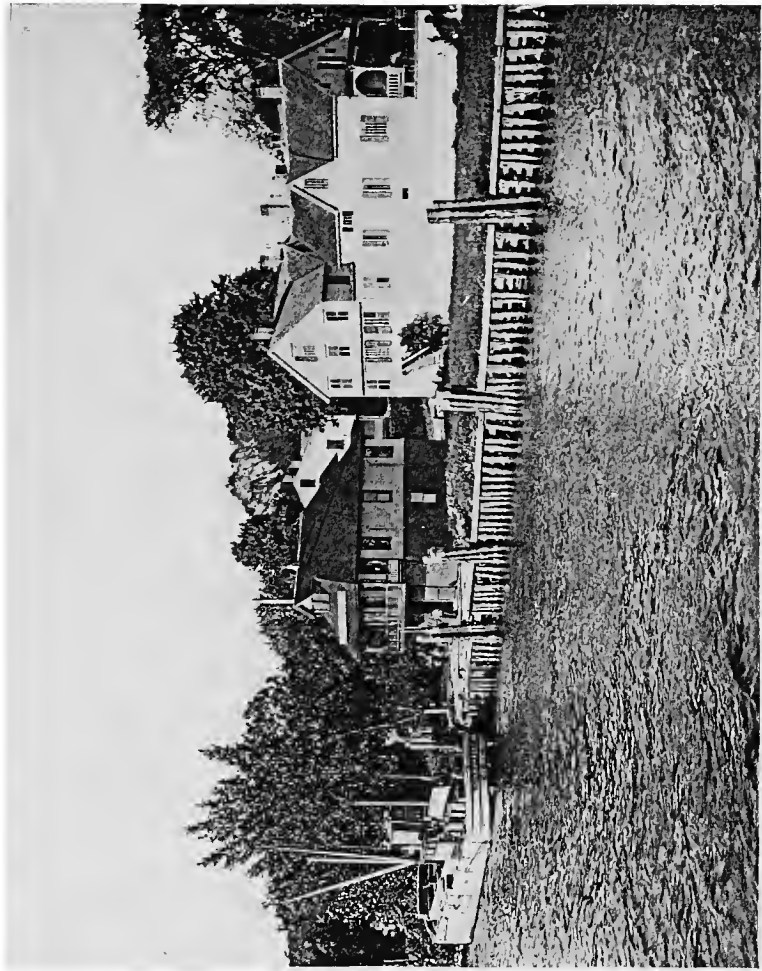
and others then interested in steamboating as passengers, all of whom expressed "very great satisfaction at her performance and with the engine." But greater speed was desired, and under the encouragement of Chancellor Livingston, and the promise of a considerable sum, provided he should succeed in making a boat run eight miles an hour, — the speed attained by Fitch's boat in 1790 — Morey continued his exertions through the following summer. Going to Bordentown on the Delaware in June, 1797, he there devised the plan of propelling by means of two wheels, one on either side, and accomplished his object. This plan comprised the shaft running across the boat with a crank in the middle worked from the beam of the engine with a "shackle bar," — the same mode in principle as that afterward used in the large boats put on the Hudson. Morey's boat thus equipped was "openly exhibited in Philadelphia." "From that time," to quote directly from a statement of Morey's made in 1818, of which the foregoing is a summary, "I considered every obstacle removed, and no difficulty remaining or impediment existing to the construction of steamboats on a large scale, and I took out patents for my improvements. The notoriety of these successful experiments enabled me to make very advantageous arrangements with Dr. Allison [the Rev. Burgess Allison, one of the chaplains of the lower house of Congress] and others, to carry steamboats into effectual operation; but a series of misfortunes to him and others concerned soon after deprived them of the means of prosecuting the design, defeated their purpose, and disappointed my expectations. But I did not wholly relinquish the pursuit, from time to time devising improvements in the engine."

Morey felt keenly the loss of the honor and the emoluments of his invention, and believed to the end of his life

that he had been unjustly deprived of them. He never had any doubt but that he had a right to take out a patent for the application of two wheels to a steamboat (which antedated Fulton's patent by several years). At "much labor and expense and the employment of years devoted to the pursuit," he wrote, he had "actually succeeded, so that nothing was wanting to carry this mode of navigation into effect but pecuniary means"; and it seemed to him "peculiarly hard" that "the originator of these improvements by which Messrs. Livingston and Fulton were enabled principally to succeed, should have had his right overlooked and himself excluded from the very waters [New York] where many of his experiments were made."

Happily, however, these slights of fortune did not embitter Morey's latter years. He continued the genial philosopher and practical student of useful arts. Sketches by reminiscent contemporaries present him a fine figure of a man. "He was a size larger than Daniel Webster," says one. "He loved sports and was ahead of all, whether in hunting, ball-playing, or any of the sports of the day." He could shoot a deer on the full run, and hawks on the wing. He was philanthropic, generous, just-minded, "tender-hearted and humane." "His frown would frighten any man, but his smile was peace." A pleasing picture, is it not, of old-time stalwart manhood, full rounded? But the long Valley abounded in such characters. Morey's father, Colonel, later General Israel Morey, a founder of Orford, and a leader in the College Party in the "Play for a State," as has been seen, was of the same type.

Captain Morey spent the last seven years of his life in Fairlee, and died there in 1843. It has long been a tradition in the village that his original boat was sunk in Fairlee Pond (now Morey Lake and a favorite little sum-



Middle Haddam Landing.



mer resort); but all efforts have failed to discover any trace of it. The most systematic search was made some years ago by a committee of the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society. The conclusion expressed by an Orford friend of Morey, — Dr. Willard Hosford, his physician, — that the original boat was “worked up for firewood,” and that the traditions concerning it have clustered about a later boat built by him which is known to have been filled with stones and sunk in this pond, was apparently accepted by this committee.

The first steamboats in regular service were put on the lower River, in or about 1824, to ply between Hartford and New York, with various landings below Hartford. These were the “Oliver Ellsworth,” named for the celebrated Connecticut jurist, born in Windsor, and the “Macdonough,” for Captain Thomas Macdonough, the “hero of Champlain” in the War of 1812, who, after winning his laurels, had lived in Middletown. Both were commodious boats for that time, with berths (staterooms were a luxury of a later day) for sixty passengers. For navigation above tide-water the first steamer made her debut in 1826. She was the “Barnet,” so called felicitously, as her sponsors felt, in their confidence that she would successfully reach the *ultima thule* of the River’s commerce at Barnet, Vermont.

The story of the “Barnet’s” efforts and of the gallant dashes for the unattainable of those which came after her, in which the mettle of the Valley men of action was persistently exhibited against most untoward conditions, constitutes another animated and picturesque chapter in the closed history of up-river navigation.

The “Barnet” was a venture of the Connecticut River

Company primarily to demonstrate the feasibility of steam navigation in the upper waters, and so influence legislation that the company were seeking. She was hastily built, at New York, and equipped only sufficiently for her special purpose. She was of the "wheelbarrow" pattern, with an extreme length of seventy-five feet, and a width of fourteen and a half feet; and her draft in the water was less than two feet. The "Macdonough" towed her from New York through the Sound, and she reached Hartford at the close of November. A week later, undeterred by the lateness of the season, she was started on her up-river voyage for distant Barnet, with a "barge" in tow containing officers of the company and their guests.

Great was the interest of the people who gathered on the banks to witness her departure. As she gallantly steamed toward Warehouse Point fusillades of musketry greeted her from both sides of the River. The noise of the exhaust steam from her engine was heard a great distance off. All went well till the Enfield rapids were struck. Here wind and tide, and a heavily laden flatboat coming down stream, presented a combination of obstacles which she could not overcome, and she was brought to a standstill. So she returned with her company ingloriously to Hartford.

A day or two after, however, when her machinery had been strengthened, a second start was made with the same company. This time the falls were successfully passed, thirty fallsmen assisting, poling from scows lashed on each side of the steamer. Then she moved on to Longmeadow and Springfield at "a good rate." At Springfield she was welcomed with "true neighborly kindness." The populace thronged to the landing, leaving the streets deserted. In the court of common pleas a lawyer was arguing a cause



Rock Landing



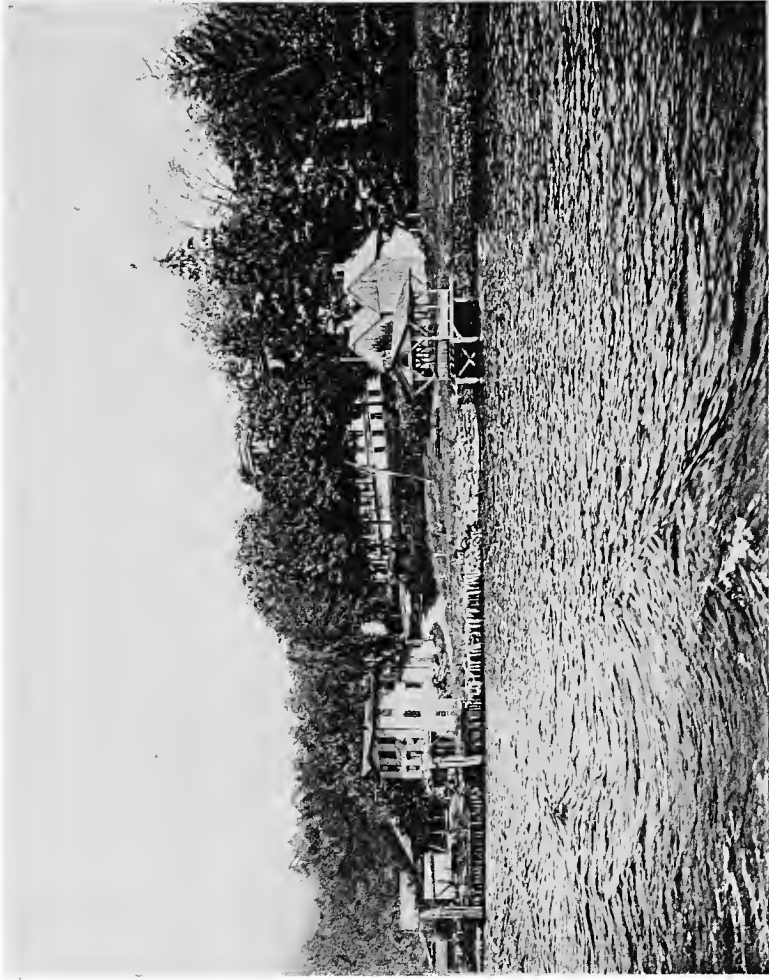


before well filled chairs when word came of her arrival. Instantly the court-room cleared of all save judge, jury, speaker, and opposing counsel. Salutes were fired, the town bells were rung, and the "Barnet's" party were entertained over night with joyous hospitality. The next morning the voyage was resumed, and the boat ascended the River with increased speed. At Willimansett Falls the enthusiastic people drew her over these rapids. The next day she passed easily through the South Hadley canal. At Northampton a "thousand persons," "many of whom had never before seen a steamboat," were assembled on the then new bridge and the adjoining banks. As she steamed up to the town a flag was hoisted on the bridge, salutes were fired, and the people wildly huzzahed. That night she remained at Northampton, while her company were given a public supper at the tavern, and congratulatory speech was exchanged. At the close of the following day the mouth of the Deerfield was reached, and here a turn was made into that river for a run up to "Cheapside," in Deerfield. At the turn the citizens of Montague, assembled on the Connecticut's bank near the bridge, fired a salute, which the "Barnet" returned. As she neared Cheapside landing the people of Deerfield gave her thirteen guns, to which she responded with double the number. Sunday was spent at Cheapside. On Monday the voyage was continued. Greenfield was passed, and Northfield and Brattleborough, with demonstrations at each place. At length Bellows Falls was reached amid more cannon-firing and peal of bells. It was recorded with pride that from Northampton up to this point the advance, against a strong northwest wind, had been at the rate of five miles an hour, except when passing the rapids! After exhibiting her powers in the eddy at the foot of the rapids, to the

admiration of the assembled people on either shore, she ran gaily into the lower lock of the canal. Here a committee of the villagers formally received her company with warm speech of welcome, to which a fervid response was made. Then company and hosts marched up to the Mansion House, a fine country inn, and there, joined by other choice men of the village and neighboring towns, "sat down to an elegant dinner." Toasts followed the repast, the announcement of each accompanied by the roar of cannon. The crowning toast was to "The town of Barnet: May she speedily be gratified by the sight of her first-born."

But this felicity never was hers. For the triumphal voyage ended at Bellows Falls, the little craft being too wide to pass through the locks here. The return trip was made in a leisurely way, and back at Hartford the completion of the cruise was celebrated with a grand supper at John Morgan's Coffee House and more toasts and speeches. Then the "Barnet" was laid up for the winter. And so ended her brief active life. She sailed no more, and at length was broken to pieces.

The "Blanchard" and the "Vermont" were the "Barnet's" successors. These were stancher craft, and high hopes were entertained of their performances. Both were built on the River,—at Springfield; and their builder, Thomas Blanchard, was an ingenious Springfield mechanic, then employed in the United States arsenal. The "Blanchard" was launched in the summer of 1828; the "Vermont" in May the following year. The "Blanchard" was a side-wheeler, and could carry sixty or more passengers. Although she could run the Enfield rapids under favorable conditions, she was practically little better than the "Barnet" to overcome them. She did not venture far



East Haddam, Upper Landing.



up river. The "Vermont" was constructed on a different plan. She was seventy-five feet long, fifteen wide, and drew only one foot of water; while her wheel was astern far enough to work in the dead water. After displaying her powers in several trips between Springfield and Hartford, she set out with a hundred passengers for the up-river goal.

The voyage occupied the season between August and October. Like the "Barnet" her progress was marked by enthusiastic demonstrations on shore, the discharge of cannon, the ringing of bells, with joyous receptions at the various stopping-places. She passed the limit of the "Barnet's" voyage easily in October, going comfortably through the Bellows Falls locks. Thence she steamed up to Windsor, and later on to the locks of Water-Queeche. But farther she could not go. The same insurmountable obstacles here confronted her that the "Barnet" had met below. These locks were too narrow for her. So this second attempt failed of full success. The "Vermont" returned to Windsor, and in November made the voyage down stream, arriving below in season to participate in the celebration of the completed Enfield canal. For a brief season she was run between Bellows Falls and Windsor. Subsequently she was put into regular service on a Springfield and Hartford line, in company with the "Blanchard." Then arose a lively competition between these steamboats and the stage lines running on each side of the River.

Another little Springfield-built steamer, constructed for the purpose, made the third attempt to reach Barnet from Hartford. This was the "Ledyard," named for John Ledyard, the famous Connecticut-born traveller, who in 1770, when a student at Dartmouth, astonished the Valley with his voyage from Hanover to Hartford in a canoe

which he had fashioned from a great tree. The "Ledyard" venture was made in the summer following that of the "Vermont." Under the skilful handling of her captain, Samuel Nutt, a successful boat-builder of White River Junction, she advanced as far as Wells River village. Thus she was the next to cover the course of Captain Morey's pioneer steamer between Orford and Fairlee forty years before. This victorious passage beyond the bounds of her predecessors inspired a song of triumph from a local poet, culminating in these choice lines :

"'Tis gone, 'tis gone, the day is past  
And night's dark shade is o'er us cast ;  
And further, further, further still  
The steamboat 's winding through the vale,  
The cannon roar o'er hill, through dale.  
Hail to the day when Captain Nutt  
Sailed up the fair Connecticut !"

But here, within ten miles of the goal, the "Ledyard" came to grief. She stranded on a bar just above the mouth of the Ammonoosuc. A long rope was hitched to her, and a line of lusty river-men and others, wading in the stream, tugged hard to haul her over. But to no purpose. So this adventure ended. The "Ledyard" returned to Springfield and became employed in the less ambitious service of tugging freight boats in the Massachusetts Reach.

The scheme of relays of steamboats to cover the distance from Hartford to Wells River in sections between the canals, as advised by the Windsor convention of 1830, now matured. "The Connecticut River Valley Steam Boat Company" put on a fleet of light-draft boats, each built in the section which it was to cover. Three were assigned to the sections below Turner's Falls. The "Wil-



Deep River Landing.





liam Holmes" was built at Bellows Falls for the run between Turner's Falls and that point; the "David Porter," at Hartland, Vermont, to ply between Bellows Falls and the Sumner's Falls locks; and the "Adam Duncan" at White River Junction, to cover the upper section. They were simple affairs, costing to build and equip less than five thousand dollars each. The scheme proved disastrous after a single season of operation. The first year closed with a balance against the company, and assessment on the shares. The following year the company failed. The "William Holmes" was operated for a year or two longer between Bellows Falls and Charlestown, with occasional excursions farther north, but without profit. At length she was stripped of her machinery and her hull cast on the River's bank. There it lay rotting for a number of years, and finally disappeared, carried away by a freshet. The "Adam Duncan" met her fate on her second trip. This was a Fourth-of-July excursion to Hanover. During the passage the connecting pipe between the boilers burst, causing the steam and water to escape. One of the passengers jumped overboard and was drowned. The boat was hauled ashore, stripped of her machinery, and abandoned.

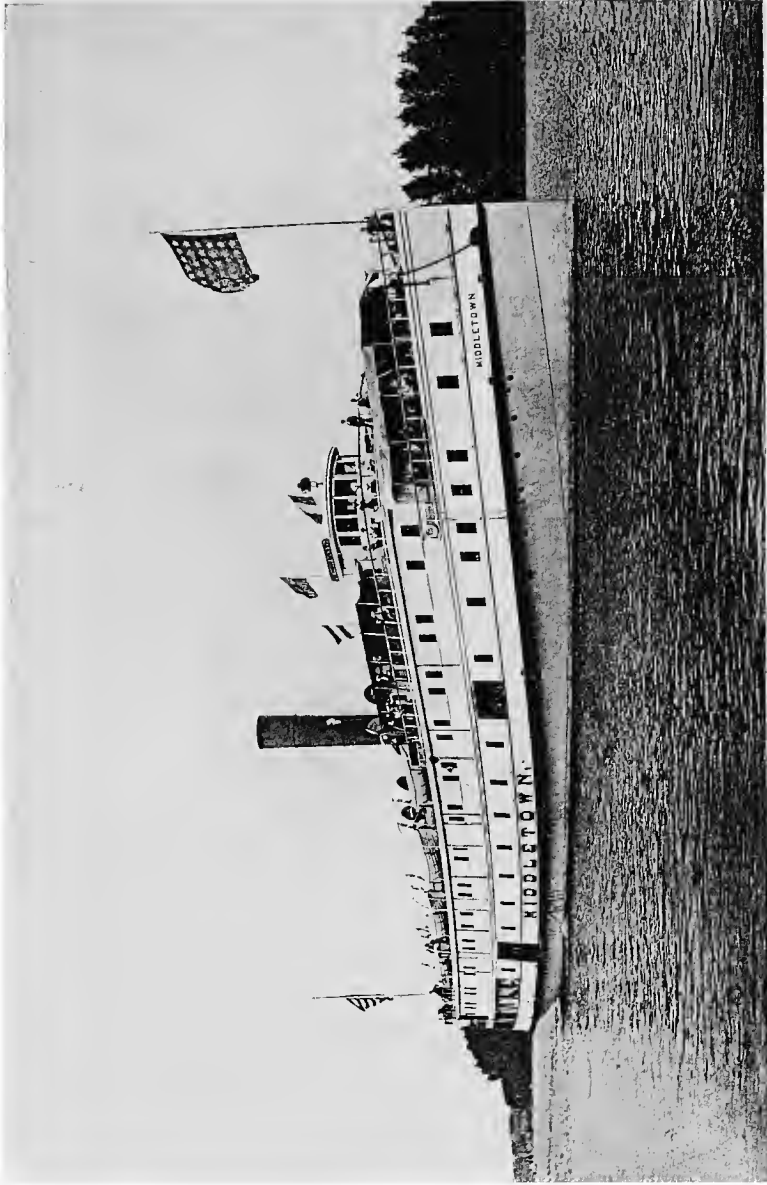
With the melancholy failure of this enterprise, up-river steamboating came to an end. Thereafter the service, except for freight boats, was confined to the Massachusetts Reach, till it was superseded by the railway: then to below the head of tide-water. The line between Springfield and Hartford and intermediary points flourished till the opening of the railroad between these two cities in 1844, when its career ended. During its period of greatest activity several steamers were added to its "fleet," in pattern superior to the original "Blanchard" and "Vermont." There were the "Massachusetts," with her deck-cabin and

double engine, the most complete steamboat that had yet been seen on the River above Hartford; and the "James Dwight," the "Agawam," the "Phoenix," the "Franklin," all in high favor for one excellence or another.

But crude and primitive they yet were, and so they appeared to the travelled eye. It was the "Massachusetts" that Dickens, making the passage in February, 1842, drolly describes in those *American Notes* which vibrated so harshly on the then sensitive national nerves :

"I omitted to ask the question, but I should think it must have been of about half a pony power. Mr. Paap, the celebrated Dwarf, might have lived and died happily in the cabin, which was fitted with common sash-windows like an ordinary dwelling-house. These windows had bright-red curtains, too, hung on a slack string across the lower panes; so that it looked like the parlour of a Lilliputian public-house, which had got afloat in a flood or some other water accident, and was drifting nobody knew where. But even in this chamber there was a rocking-chair. It would be impossible to get on anywhere in America without a rocking-chair. I am afraid to tell how many feet short this vessel was, or how many feet narrow; to apply the words length and width to such measurements would be a contradiction in terms. But I may say that we all kept the middle of the deck lest the boat should unexpectedly tip over; and that the machinery by some surprising process of condensation, worked between it and the keel: the whole forming a warm sandwich, about three feet thick."

Slight as was their draught, these little steamers often encountered difficulties in their runs. It was not uncommon to resort to extraneous aid in shoal places. "I have often seen Captain Peck, of the 'Agawam,'" says one narrator of reminiscences, "when the water was exceedingly low, step over into the River at Scantic bar, and with a lever lift up the boat and carry her over the sand into deeper water beyond."



Modern Steamboating on the River—"The Hartford Line."



When the Springfield and Hartford service was abandoned this "fleet" had become reduced to four steamers. One of them was sold and taken to Philadelphia, the others went to Maine and were put on the Kennebec. The "Blanchard" had become a freight towing boat some time before. The "Massachusetts" had been burned in 1843 at her wharf in Hartford. The freight towing business continued to thrive for some years longer, with regular daily service between Hartford and Springfield, Northampton, South Hadley, and Greenfield; and up-river, as freight offered, to Brattleborough and Windsor, Vermont.

Below, from Hartford, steam propellers remained longer in service. These craft first appeared on the River in 1844. They superseded the earlier packets fitted for both passengers and freight, which sailed between the same ports, notably New York and Boston. The packets were generally fine vessels. Those of the Hartford and Boston line, established after the close of the War of 1812, consisting of topsail schooners, with cabins handsomely finished, are described as especially fine. Gradually the propellers were superseded or transformed into tugs for towing freight-barges, sometimes in strings.

The head of all navigation is now Holyoke, the work of United States engineers in improving the channel making it possible for boats drawing four or five feet to pass above Springfield. But the steamboat service ends at Hartford, and is confined to the "Hartford Line," evolved from the pioneer establishment of 1824, plying down-river to the Sound and New York.



III  
TOPOGRAPHY OF RIVER AND  
VALLEY





## XXIV

### “ The Beautiful River ”

Winding down its Luxurious Valley 360 Miles to the Sea— Almost a Continuous Succession of Delightful Scenery — The River's Highland Fountains— The four Upper Connecticut Lakes — Topography of the Valley — The bounding Summits — The River's Tributaries — Historic Streams entering from Each Side — The Terrace System — Charming Intervals with deep-spreading Meadows — The Panorama in Detail from the Headwaters to Long Island Sound — Fossil Footprints of the Lower Valley.

“ THIS stream may perhaps with more propriety than any other in the world be named the Beautiful River. From Stuart to the Sound it uniformly maintains this character. The purity, salubrity, and sweetness of its waters; the frequency and elegance of its meanders; its absolute freedom from all aquatic vegetables; the uncommon and universal beauty of its banks, here a smooth and winding beach, there covered with rich verdure, now fringed with bushes, now covered with lofty trees, and now formed by the intruding hill, the rude bluff, and the shaggy mountain,—are objects which no traveller can thoroughly describe, and no reader can adequately imagine.” “Beauty of landscape is an eminent characteristic” of the great Valley through which the River flows. “I am persuaded that no other tract within the United States of the same extent can be compared to it with respect to those objects which arrest the eye of the painter and the poet. There are indeed dull, uninteresting spots in considerable numbers. These, however, are little more than the discords which are generally regarded as necessary to perfect the harmony. The beauty and grandeur are here more

varied than elsewhere. They return oftener; they are longer continued."

So wrote Timothy Dwight in his *Travels in New England*," of the Connecticut River, the greatest of New England streams, a century ago. His picture with modern touches delineates "The Beautiful River" to-day.

Springing from a mountain pool and highland rivulets on the ridge of the great Appalachian chain which separates the waters of New England and Canada, the Connecticut winds and curves and bows its gracious way, with here a dashing fall and there a sweep of rapids, down its long, luxurious Valley, through four states, three hundred and sixty miles to the sea. River and Valley in their great sweep from the headwaters to Long Island Sound, though changed in aspect through the building up of towns and cities along the way, and the intrusion of other practical but not always æsthetic works of man, constitute "almost a continuous succession of delightful scenery" now as in President Dwight's time. The predominating beauty of the River is sweet and winsome, rather than proud and majestic. It has its grand moods, but these are brilliant flashes which serve to enhance the exquisiteness of its gentler mien. The Valley's charm is found in the frequency and magnitude of the fertile meadows or intervals, — intervalles of common speech, — off-spreading from the River's sides; the procession of splendid terraces rising between intervening glens; and the continuous mountain frame, comprised in the irregular outline of trap and sandstone ranges on either side, interrupted only by the entrance of tributary streams.

From its mountain fastnesses the River "loiters down like a great lord," as Dr. Holmes has imaged, "swallowing up the small proprietary rivulets very quietly as it goes,



Fountains of the River.  
The Upper Connecticut Lake.



until it gets proud and swollen, and wantons in huge luxurious oxbows . . . and at last overflows the oldest inhabitants, running in profligate freshets . . . all along the lower shores.” In its downward course it flows between New Hampshire and Vermont to their southern bounds; crosses the length of Massachusetts between the “heart of the Commonwealth” and the beautiful Berkshire region; and passes on the eastern side of Connecticut state to the finish.

The Valley’s bounding summits on the east are the mountain area of the Appalachian system which extends through New Hampshire, embracing the White Mountain range, and passes in the spurs and ridges of that range through Massachusetts and Connecticut toward Long Island Sound; and on the west, the extension of the Appalachian system through Vermont in the Green Mountains — their eastern chain continuing in the Berkshire Hills and the lesser highlands of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Between these primary ranges on either side the Valley expands and contracts, varying greatly in breadth in its sweep from north to south from less than twenty miles to upward of fifty.

In its passage between the upper states the River drains about three-tenths of the area of New Hampshire, and four-tenths of Vermont, or a total of sixty-eight hundred square miles in both states. Twenty or more tributaries come to it from the bounding summits in New Hampshire, and a dozen from the Vermont side. On the outer sides of these summits rise other rivers of historic interest from their use in connection with the Connecticut as waterways and trails between Canada and New England during the French and Indian wars. At the north, on the Canadian side of the highland where our River rises, is the source of

the St. Francis River, which crosses to the St. Lawrence. On the northwest, in upper Vermont, the Clyde rises in the Green Mountains and meets the St. Francis through Lake Memphremagog. Two miles from the Clyde is the head of the Nulhegan, which flows to the Connecticut. Joined by a carrying place these two streams formed the connecting link of an early canoe-way for predatory incursions from Canada through this River upon the New England frontier then far below. South of Lake Memphremagog rises the Barton River, which, with a carry to the Passumpsic, that empties into the Connecticut thirty miles below, constituted a link in another trail by way of that lake. Farther down on the west slopes of the Green Mountains heads the romantic Winooski, — so named by the Indians from the growth of wild onions on its banks, — more commonly the Indian River in colony times, which formed a trail between Lake Champlain and our River, through the White River, most frequented in the French and Indian wars. Farther south rises Otter Creek, also flowing to Lake Champlain, the longest stream in Vermont, which constituted the early “Indian Road” connecting with the Connecticut by way of Black River at the present town of Springfield, Vermont, or by the West River, lower down, at Brattleborough.

The fountain-head of “The Beautiful River” is hidden in the primeval forest, in a remote and solitary region, at the extreme northern point of New Hampshire, near the top of the mountain ridge that marks the Canadian line. It is a mountain pond, or miniature lake, of only a few square acres, lying less than eighty feet below the summit of the elevation known as Mount Prospect, and twenty-five hundred and fifty-one feet above the sea. Surrounded by

dense growths of evergreen, the region is rarely penetrated. “Almost the only sound that relieves the monotony of the place,” says Joshua H. Huntington in the *Geology of New Hampshire*, “is the croaking of the frogs; and this must be their paradise.” This pool is the uppermost of four basins which constitute the River’s headwaters, and bears the prosaic name of Fourth Lake. Its outlet is a silvery rill, tumbling along the mountain-side, and flowing down to a second lake half a mile directly south of the Canadian bound. This lake lies at a height of twenty hundred and thirty-eight feet. In prosaic fashion also it is denominated Third Lake — or sometimes Sophy Lake. It is a lake in fact, with an area of three-quarters of a square mile, set in the heart of the mountain forest. On all sides except the south, where is its greatest width, the hills rise almost from its shore. Beside the growth of spruce, firs, and cedar of immense size about it, Professor Huntington remarks its subalpine vegetation. From its outlet, at the southeast corner, the highland stream, now of somewhat larger growth, flows southward to the next basin, Second Lake, six and a half miles below. On its way, five miles or so from Third Lake, the growing stream receives a tributary from the east, also rising near the Canadian boundary, nearly as large as itself. Second Lake, a romantic piece of water, two and three-quarters miles in length, and at its widest a little more than a mile, with shores of graceful contour, deserves a happier name. Its height above the sea is eighteen hundred and eighty-two feet. Near its northern border it receives, besides our highland stream, two tributaries, coming one from the northeast, the other from the northwest. Its forest-framed outlet is on the southwest side. Thence our stream proceeds southwesterly four miles to the fourth basin, First or Connecticut Lake, increasing

in beauty as it goes. Twenty rods down from Second Lake the young River drops in a little fall of eighteen feet. Then it descends gradually for a while with here and there deep eddies. Then it grows more rapid, and then for half a mile it dashes between precipitous rocky walls in a series of wild cascades. Then it moves on with gentler flow. Then again with swifter current, and with added volume from two tributary brooks coming down from north and west, it enters the basin.

Connecticut Lake, chief of the River's headwaters, lies sixteen hundred and eighteen feet above sea-level. Picturesquely irregular in outline, its shores in large part with forest fringes broken by green intervals, it is a handsome lake of fine proportions, as becomes a progenitor of so fair a stream. It extends four miles in length, has a breadth at its widest of two and three-quarters miles, and contains nearly three square miles. The neighboring hills are thick with deciduous trees, particularly the maple mingled with the spruce and fir. In the autumn, while the trees are aglow with their rich tints, the heights are often white from the frozen mist that clings to the spears of the evergreen foliage; and so a rare picture is presented, embracing, as Professor Huntington limns it, the blue waters of the lake, the belt of deciduous forests with their gorgeous colors, the dark bands of the evergreens, and the snow-white summits. From the shape of Connecticut Lake Timothy Dwight called it "Heart Lake." But his name did not hold. More poetical and yet more fitting were it called "Metallak," so perpetuating the name of the last of the Abenakis, "the final hunter of the Coo-ash-ankes over the territory of his fathers," in which it lies.

Now full formed the River emerges from the rocky outlet of this limpid basin, falling abruptly about thirty-





Fountains of the River.  
First, or Connecticut, Lake—Mount Magalloway at the Left.



seven feet. For the first two and a half miles of its course it is almost a continual rapid, averaging perhaps ten rods in breadth. Then it drops into a more tranquil mood and glides gently along for some four miles, winding west and southwest. Then, and with a sweeping bend in the upper part of the township of Stewartstown (the Stuart of Timothy Dwight's writing), receiving along the way two fair-sized tributaries and lesser streams, it flows again more rapidly to the meeting of the bounds of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Canada. Here, joined by another tributary, Hall's Stream, which comes down from the north and makes the west bound of New Hampshire and Canada, it swings into its long serpentine course, separating New Hampshire and Vermont, southward, through romantic country.

From Connecticut Lake to the meeting of the bounds, or, more exactly, to the mouth of Hall's Stream, at Canaan, Vermont, a distance of about eighteen miles, its descent is set down as five hundred and eighty-three feet. Accordingly at this point its height above the sea is ten hundred and thirty-five feet. Thence the drop becomes very gradual for fifty miles, to the point where the upper section of the Upper Valley ends— at the head of the Fifteen Miles Falls, in Dalton, New Hampshire side, — the descent being only two hundred and five feet in all.

Following the River's downward course from source to mouth the terrace system distinguishing its banks is of first interest. These formations of modified drift, shaped during the formative geological period by action or contraction of the River and incoming tributaries, occur in spaces or “basins” separated by ridges, through which the River has cut or deepened gorges, or connected by the

highest terraces. The terraces rise from the River in successive magnificent steps, three, four, five, and sometimes more in number: the lower consisting of the rich alluvial meadows or intervals; the highest being, as the geologists define, remnants of ancient flood-plains annually overflowed by the glacial river at the end of the Champlain period, as are the alluvial meadows now, and varying in height to two hundred feet above the River's present surface.

Dr. Edward Hitchcock, the third president of Amherst College, and first of all geologists to explore the River scientifically, enumerated twenty-two of these terrace-basins from the headwaters to the Sound.

We cannot do better than follow his lines in a rapid survey through their course of the features of the River and the Valley.

Five "basins" are defined in the upper section of the Upper Valley. Along this entire reach, below West Stewartstown and Canaan, the fertile intervals extend on both sides, varying from a half-mile to a mile or more in width. The terraces in the first basin are most developed at the end, in West Stewartstown, and opposite in Canaan. In the narrower second basin, extending only about five miles (to Leamington, Vermont side, and Colebrook, New Hampshire side) some terraces appear of unusual height. At Leamington, Vermont's Monadnock, extending to the River, uplifts its green crown. In the third basin, also short (from Colebrook to Columbia, or Bloomfield, Vermont side), two tributaries, the Mohawk River and Sims's Stream, enter the River from New Hampshire. The fourth basin (from Bloomfield to Guildhall, Vermont, and Northumberland, New Hampshire), with a length of eighteen miles, exhibits a beautiful succession of terraces, particularly fine at Guildhall. Near the northern bound of this

basin, the Nulhegan River, part of the uppermost Indian route to Canada, comes in from Vermont at a point below the town of Brunswick ; and at the south end of the basin, the Upper Ammonoosuc, from the New Hampshire side, at Northumberland. The fifth basin, another short one (Guildhall to Lunenburg, Vermont, and Lancaster, New Hampshire), advances into the old Coös country, so called by the Indians from the crookedness of the River passing through : the “ Garden of New England,” as characterized by Major Robert Rogers, with a soldier’s eye for beauty, when he penetrated the then primitive region with his Rangers in the French and Indian war times. Lunenburg and Lancaster on their terraced banks are approached through broad meadows, the channel at length widening and gliding with a placid surface. In its meanderings by Lancaster the River’s drop is said to be less than two feet in a flow of some ten miles. As illustrative of its twistings in this lovely reach, the local historian tells how in hunting days a sportsman might, at one point, “ stand in New Hampshire, fire across Vermont, and lodge his ball in New Hampshire again.” On the Lancaster line, Israel’s River, rising in cataracts in the White Mountains, empties into the stream ; and at Dalton, just below Lancaster, is Israel’s companion, John’s River, having started from the mountain town of Jefferson, through which Israel’s also flows : both named for old-time hunters, Israel and John Glines, brothers, each of whom had a hunting-camp on them.

South of Lancaster the base of the White Mountains pushes the channel twenty miles westward. The Gardner Mountains range, crossing the Valley, and occupying the angle of the bend at Dalton, makes the Fifteen-Miles Falls, over twenty miles in length. These rapids, beginning at

Dalton in a great eddy, continue through the long romantic passage excavated by the River, to Monroe, New Hampshire side, and Barnet, Vermont, finishing at Barnet in a pitch of a few feet, known as McIndoe's Falls, from a Scotch lumberman established here among the earliest settlers in the region. From the head of the rapids, or from the mouth of John's River, the descent is rapid, three hundred and seventy feet in twenty miles. The altitude of the foot of McIndoe's Falls above the sea is four hundred and thirty-two feet.

The Fifteen-Miles Falls, heading the lower section of the Upper Valley in New Hampshire and Vermont, occupy the sixth and seventh of Dr. Hitchcock's basins. From their foot this section of the Valley is comparatively level, and again with a southerly course. About a mile below McIndoe's Falls the Passumpsic River empties into the stream from its picturesque run down the Vermont hills. From the mouth of the Passumpsic to the Massachusetts line, a direct distance of one hundred and eighteen miles, our River's flow is one hundred and thirty-seven miles, with an average descent of two feet to the mile. The Fifteen-Miles Falls separate the old Coös country into the Upper and Lower Coös.

Below McIndoe's Falls the hills recede and the broad alluvial meadows again intervene and form the particular features of the eighth basin, which extends from McIndoe's Falls to South Ryegate, Vermont side. In the succeeding five basins (Ryegate to Norwich, Vermont, and Hanover, New Hampshire) a succession of intervals, rising terraces, and mountain views delight the eye. These basins comprise a distance of about thirty miles. The terraces are especially marked in the upper part, at Newbury and Bradford, Vermont, and Haverhill, New Hampshire; and

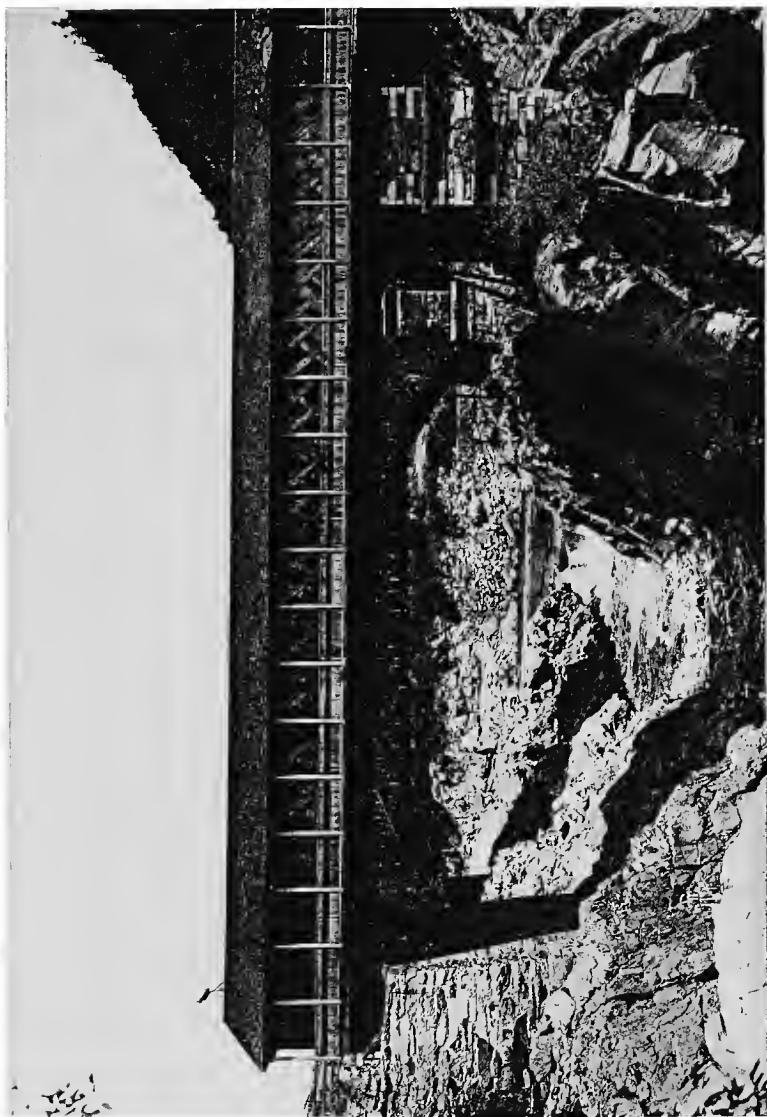
at the lower end in Hanover, providing Dartmouth College with a beautiful seat. The most extensive intervals are between Newbury, Vermont, and Haverhill, New Hampshire side, and between Bradford, Vermont, and Piermont, New Hampshire, — the region of the Lower Coös. Within this reach they are at greater breadth than at any other point in the Valley. At Newbury Wells River enters the stream; at Bradford, Wait's River; and just above Haverhill (from Bath), the Lower Ammonoosuc: all important tributaries. Between the mouths of Wells and Wait's Rivers the intervals spread from half a mile to a mile in width, the River twisting through them in Haverhill and Newbury in little and great oxbows. East of Haverhill, Moosilauk, the southwest extension of the White Mountains, towers four thousand seven hundred and ninety feet above the River. The hills back of Haverhill rising in procession to this rugged peak appear in full view from the opposite banks of Newbury. Midway between Haverhill and Hanover, Mount Cuba, in Orford, trending toward the River, with an altitude of two thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven feet above the sea, enriches the landscape.

Features more varied characterize the fourteenth basin, which extends from Norwich to Mount Ascutney, in Wethersfield, Vermont, the highest elevation lying wholly in the Valley. Between Hanover and the railroad centre of White River Junction are the Upper White-River Falls, at “ Wilder's,” splendid as a spectacle and practical as the motive-power for great paper-mills, transforming wood pulp into newspaper stock. At White River Junction the White River, the largest stream in Vermont on the east side of the mountains, produces as it enters some interesting terraces. At Lebanon, on the New Hampshire side, the Mascomy River comes in; and below, from the

Vermont side, the Quechee, or Otto Quechee, at North Hartland: both contributing to the Quechee or Sumner Falls, two miles down from its mouth. Terraces beautify the banks of Lebanon and North Hartland, and of Cornish and Windsor on either side below. The triple-crowned Ascutney finishing this basin, sweeps close to the River, a graceful cone, independent of any range, and rising three thousand one hundred and sixty-eight feet above the sea. From near its top down quite to its base three deep valleys course, in size resembling one another, whence comes its Indian name, which signifies "three brothers." The next two basins, extending between Ascutney and Bellows Falls, about twenty-five miles, show terraces in fullest form at the upper part, most notably in Wethersfield, the little village south of Ascutney's base, North Charlestown, New Hampshire side, and Springfield, Vermont. Four tributaries enter in these reaches; Sugar River, at Claremont, and Little Sugar, at North Charlestown, from New Hampshire; and Black River at Springfield and Williams River at Rockingham, from Vermont,—the latter the historic junction where, three miles above Bellows Falls, the "Deerfield captives" of 1703-4 held their first Sunday service; in commemoration of which the river was afterward named for John Williams, the minister.

At Bellows Falls the aspect changes and the loitering stream becomes a foaming torrent in a narrow strait. Here Kilburn Peak, rising abruptly twelve hundred feet and pressing close on the east side, and steep hills crowding in on the west side, bound this gorge, through which the River, not more than forty rods in width, hurries in whirling rapids with spirit and dash. Entering with a plunge at the brink over a ledge of gneiss which cuts the current into two channels, it rushes and leaps in zigzags to a grand





McIndoe's—Below the Fifteen-Miles Falls.



finish in a great eddy nearly fifty feet below. It is an animated spectacle indeed, but scarcely meeting the exuberant description of Samuel Peters, the romancing historian of Connecticut, a hundred and more years ago, who told of the tops of the bounding hills “ intercepting the clouds,” and of the water consolidated by pressure and swiftness “ between the pinching rocks to such a degree of induration that an iron bar cannot be forced into it ” ! The village of Bellows Falls perched on “ the island ” and the steep west banks, its terraces among the highest in the Valley, adds to the charm of the surrounding landscape. The blemishes in the picture, from an æsthetic point of view, are the factories crowding on the River’s edge below the gorge. These, however, are endurable blemishes, for they bring employment, comfort, and wealth to this favored town. The first bridge that ever spanned the River was built here. This great feat was accomplished in 1785, and gave added distinction to the place.

In the next basin, extending to Brattleborough, seventeen miles, the River resumes its tranquil flow. In this reach terraces are beautifully developed along the first five miles of Westminster, adjoining Bellows Falls. From the Westminster side Saxton’s River enters the winding stream; and at Walpole, opposite, Cold River, after flowing around Kilburn Peak. The intervals here broadening on both sides give these rural towns a lovely river fringe. As Brattleborough is approached the Valley again narrows till it becomes almost a defile, and at this elevated terraced town the River passes through another gorge. This strait is made by the closing in of the precipitous Wantastiquet Mountain, thirteen hundred and sixty feet high, on the New Hampshire side, and of the west-side hills culminating in the crest of the Green Mountains. Toward either

end of the village, north and south, two tributaries join the River but a mile apart, thus producing some remarkable and complicated terraces. These tributaries are West River, of considerable size, and Whetstone Brook, a brawling stream, both in picturesque setting. Attractive terraces also appear north of Wantastiquet, on the New Hampshire side, in Chesterfield opposite Brattleborough and Dummerston. Far across the Valley, twenty miles off on the eastern bound, grand Monadnock, in the charming hill town of Dublin, is discerned rising in majestic isolation to its altitude of more than three thousand feet.

The eighteenth basin, beginning at Brattleborough, extends past the remainder of New Hampshire and Vermont and penetrates Massachusetts for twenty miles or so. Terraces reappear numerous in the northern part of Vernon, the lowest Vermont town; and along Hinsdale, the New Hampshire town opposite Vernon. At Hinsdale the Ashuelot, the last New Hampshire tributary, enters the River with a royal sweep, having cut its narrow channel through mountain ranges. To the mouth of the Ashuelot, within four miles of the Massachusetts line, our River has coursed from its source two hundred and eight miles, with a descent from Connecticut Lake of fourteen hundred and twelve feet. At this point the River lies two hundred and six feet above the ocean level. Its whole length in New Hampshire, following its principal bends, is in round figures two hundred and thirty-six miles, the distance in the direct course being two hundred and one miles.

At the Massachusetts line the primary mountains crowd down, again narrowing the Valley. Across this state the Valley's stretch from north to south is nearly fifty miles, with a varying but averaging width of about twenty miles.



Bellows Falls Dam.



It broadens toward the south and narrows at the southern end as at the north, between close-pressing hills.

The River enters Massachusetts meandering in long graceful curves through the border town of Northfield, the east-side village rising from the meadows in broad terraces, a picture of quiet beauty as seen in the summer sunshine from the car windows of a railroad train on the opposite bank. The eighteenth basin continues a few miles farther down, ending at the mouth of Miller's River, the first Massachusetts tributary, which flows into the stream in the southeast corner of the west-side town of Gill. Westward of this basin, rising in high ridges between Gill and the adjoining town of Greenfield, a range of greenstone appears, which, trending southward, enters the Valley and extends along its central parts through Massachusetts, twice crossing the River; and thence continuing in the chain that, lower down, cuts across the State of Connecticut and terminates in West Rock, at New Haven. This interior mountain range, with the River's magnificent curves and superb ox-bows and frequent meanders between deep meadows and terraced banks, diversifies the scenery and gives to much of the Valley in Massachusetts a charm of its own distinct from the beauties of other parts.

Through this region, extending from Northfield across the two states to New Haven, where the River had its earlier outlet in the Sound, lie the “new red sandstone” formations in which were found, some sixty years ago, between the strata of the bed, those marvellous fossil footprints of ancient bipeds, the discussion of which by savants of that time gave a great new zest to geological research in the Valley. Ages back, they say, before the globe was fit for man, these strange creatures roamed the shores of the estuary which then was here, and left their impress in

the mud clay, the rock in its plastic state, on the slopes and shallow bottom when the tide was out. So Dr. Hitchcock, first to examine scientifically and describe these triassic tracks, recorded. Huge birds were they, as he portrayed, four times as large as the African ostrich. They reached in height twelve feet and more, in weight four hundred to eight hundred pounds, and had a stride of from thirty to sixty inches. With them were other gigantic races, for the high temperature which then prevailed was seemingly favorable to a giant-like development of every form of life. The footprints, thousands of which Dr. Hitchcock examined, were found in the bottom of the Valley in places scattered between Gill, in Massachusetts, and Middletown, in Connecticut, a linear distance of about eighty miles. Dr. Hitchcock's theory was that the colossal birds passed over the surface in flocks, as indicated by rows of tracks found in certain localities, among them the southeast part of Northampton. Farther research disclosed traces of quadrupeds, frogs, and salamanders. From all these footprints Dr. Hitchcock constructed this animated spectacle of the menagerie of the primeval Valley :

“Now I have seen in scientific vision an apterous bird some twelve or fifteen feet high — very large flocks of them, — walking over its muddy surface followed by many others of an analogous character, but of smaller size. Next comes a biped animal, a bird, perhaps, with a foot and heel nearly two feet long. Then a host of lesser bipeds, formed on the same general type ; and among them several quadrupeds with disproportioned feet, yet many of them stilted high, while others are crawling along the surface with sprawling limbs. Next succeeds the huge Polemarch, leading along a tribe of lesser followers, with heels of great length, and armed with spurs. But the greatest wonder of all comes in the shape of a biped batrachian with feet twenty inches long. We have heard of the Labyrinthodon of Europe, — a frog as large as an ox, but his feet were





At the Head of the Massachusetts Reach—Northfield; the Dwight L. Moody Institutions on the  
Left Bank.



only six or eight inches long,— a mere pigmy compared with the Otozoum of New England. Behind them there trips along, on unequal feet, a group of small lizards and Salamandridæ, with trifold or quadtrifold feet. Beyond, half seen amid the darkness, there move along animals so strange that they can hardly be brought within the types of existing organizations. Strange indeed is the menagerie of remote sandstone days; and the privilege of gazing upon it, and of bringing into view one lost form after another, has been an ample recompense for my efforts though they should be rewarded by no other fruit.”

“ No doubt,” afterward remarked the later New England geologist, Professor Charles W. Hitchcock, Dr. Hitchcock’s son, in his *Geology of New Hampshire*, the wonderful birds who left these marks “ built their nests among the jungles of New Hampshire, from whence they emerged in search of food.”

The nineteenth basin extends from the Miller’s River junction in Gill to the conical peak of Mount Toby, or Mattawampe, in Sunderland, east side, in which the interior range reappears at its first crossing of the River. At the beginning of this reach of only eight or ten miles the River’s course is sharply turned to the northwest. Thus it runs for about a mile between picturesque banks. Then bending westerly it flows in that direction for two miles, through a “ horse race ” and “ the narrows,” Gill lying on the north and the town of Montague on the south. In the narrows it turns again abruptly northward. After a mile or so in rapids it plunges over a rocky precipice at Turner’s Falls. Then making a great semi-circle, or bow, of three miles in extent, it resumes its southward way, and so approaches the basin’s end. Along this roving course numerous terraces appear on either side, some of considerable extent. Greenfield on its hills lies on the north and west of the great bow. At the upper bend Falls River,

course down the side of Greenfield from the north, enters the stream. Next south of Greenfield beautiful Deerfield lies, back of a deep strip of meadow extending the town's full length, while the symmetrical stretch of Deerfield Mountains continues the interior range from the Gill and Greenfield ridges. At the town's north end Deerfield River empties into our stream, having come down from the Green Mountains and the Berkshire Hills through its own rich valley, bringing along with it Green River from Greenfield, which it receives near its mouth. At the south end, or in South Deerfield, the bluff Sugarloaf peaks, in which the Deerfield chain culminates, stand out boldly, with Mount Toby looming high on the opposite side of the River.

In the twentieth basin the Valley widens, and here the striking characteristics of the terraces are their width. Along the plains and over the rising banks spread on either side the historic towns of Hadley and Hatfield; Amherst back of Hadley, and Northampton, the "Meadow City," fair seats of colleges. Opposite Northampton, in South Hadley, the River circling through the splendid gorge between, Mount Holyoke lifts its graceful front. Here the interior range makes its second crossing, and attains its highest elevation in Mount Tom, on the Northampton side, eleven hundred and twenty feet above the sea. Thence the slopes of this range, called in this part the Holyoke range, trend southward with the River's course to the lower Massachusetts line. At Northampton, Mill River, a pretty feature of the rural city, joins the stream.

The twenty-first is the longest of all the basins, its extent being fifty-three miles through the remainder of Massachusetts and across Connecticut state to Middletown, with a varying width of from three to ten miles. In the Massachusetts part the River has an average width of



The Straits—Below Middletown.



twelve hundred feet, and expands to the greatest breadth before the Connecticut state line is met. All along this reach the terrace system is finely developed, although the terraces do not average high. The highest reach is the gorge terrace south of Mount Holyoke, two hundred and ninety-eight feet above the sea. Below Mount Holyoke South Hadley Falls break the River's course. On the west side lies the busy mill city of Holyoke, with its remarkable hydraulic works. On the east side again, below South Hadley, Chicopee, also a city of mills, occupies the River's banks. Just above the city the Chicopee River with its branches, — bringing the waters of Swift, Ware and Quaboag rivers from the eastward, — contributes to our stream by several mouths. Next below, the city of Springfield rises on a succession of terraces. Here another Mill River enters the stream, on its downward course furnishing water-power for the United States arsenal, and passing through lower portions of the city. On the opposite bank is West Springfield, with the Agawam or Westfield River, flowing down from the Berkshires, emptying into our river by two mouths. Next appear the rural towns of Agawam on the west, and Longmeadow on the east, both extending to the Connecticut State line. From either side several picturesque brooks drop into the River along the way. The most important of these, Pecowsic and Longmeadow Brooks, enter respectively at the north and the south parts of Longmeadow township.

At Springfield the River has descended to a point only forty feet above the sea-level. Here and from Holyoke above it has become of sufficient depth to float vessels of considerable size. At Longmeadow it has its greatest width, for a mile or more expanding to twenty-one hundred feet from bank to bank.

Crossing the Connecticut State line the Enfield Dam is soon reached. Thence the course is through the Enfield Rapids for five and a quarter miles, over a rocky bed, in parts between bluff banks, to Windsor Locks. Part way down King's Island, its west side a rock bluff, divides the channel. Opposite Windsor Locks, on the east side, is Warehouse Point, the landmark of earliest colonial times, which happily has retained its old name. Below Windsor Locks lies "ancient Windsor," now in three towns on either side of the River. At East Windsor the Scantic River joins our stream; at South Windsor, Stoughton's Brook and Podunk River; and at Old Windsor, the Tunxis, or Farmington River, the latter, the principal tributary in this state, having its rise on the east slope of the Green Mountains, and approaching its mouth through the Talcott range, part of the Valley's west bounding summits in this region. Over the plains and hills next below old Windsor spreads the "Charter City" of Hartford, with the tall yellow dome of the State Capitol high above the mass of roofs, glistening in the sun. Here Park River, the "Little River" of earlier days, contributes to the stream. Opposite, on the east side, lies East Hartford, connected by a bridge with the parent city.

In the reach, ten miles in length, from the foot of Enfield Rapids to Hartford, the River has run with slight curvatures directly south, averaging fifteen hundred feet in width, through intervals from a third of a mile to a mile wide, which are overflowed in seasons of freshets. Below Hartford the course becomes more irregular. Here the changes in the River's bed, constantly going on through the wearing of the alluvial banks on the bends, are especially marked. Along by old Wethersfield the River is said now to flow diagonally across the bed it had two centuries ago,





Looking toward The Straits.



through the shifting of the clay and sand forming its banks from one part of a bend to another; an island of more than a mile in length that then divided the channel having completely disappeared in the process. In another section, six miles below Hartford, the same authority (Charles L. Burdette in the *Memorial History of Hartford County*) states that in a quite recent period, within twelve years of his writing (1885), the River was moved its whole width to the eastward. Between Old Wethersfield and Glastonbury, on the east side, great bends are now made in the crooked course. At South Glastonbury Roaring Brook drops into the stream. From the south end of Wethersfield the course resumes the southward direction and continues between fertile intervals close backed by hills, alongside the towns of Rocky Hill and Cromwell on the west, and Portland, with its quarries, on the east. Then another sharp turn is made, and the stream swings with a long sweep southwestward to Middletown, receiving in this generous bend another tributary, Sabethe River, from the west.

The last basin, from Middletown to the Sound, extends, by the River's winding way, about thirty-eight miles. At Middletown the River is half a mile in width, winding yet in “delightful prospects,” as Timothy Dwight found it. Below Middletown the primary mountains again close in, making a deep ravine through which, with occasional small openings of meadows, the River courses, eastward, south, and southwestward, to its finish. From the bend in which Middletown lies the run is directly east for about five miles. In this reach the River makes the “Straits,” a narrow pass through high ranges, of about a mile in length, in which the stream is contracted to a breadth in places of but forty rods. Below, at Middle Haddam, a sharp turn is taken

southward. So the course continues for about three and a half miles, when another bend is made eastward, between Haddam on one side and East Haddam on the other. At East Haddam, Salmon River, the last tributary of note, enters from the hills in a little cataract. From East Haddam the course takes a generally southeastward direction, with numerous windings, to the Sound. Along the way, in the upper parts between hilly banks sloping downward to the River, old towns of historic flavor are passed on either side. Between Essex and Old Lyme the channel broadens perceptibly; and again at the mouth by Old Saybrook.

The entrance to the Sound is marked picturesquely as well as practically by a dazzling white lighthouse on Saybrook Point, and another at the end of a jetty from the same west side.



The Promontory—Above Saybrook.



## XXV

### Along the Upper Valley

The Romantic Region about the Connecticut Lakes—Pioneer Upper Settlements—Story of a Forest State of the Eighteen-Twenties and Thirties—At the Valley's Head—Upper Coös Towns—Old Trail from Canada to Maine—The Country of the Fifteen Miles Falls—Lower Coös Towns—About the Great and Little Ox-Bows—Dartmouth College and its Surroundings—Between White River Junction and Old "Number 4"—Historic Towns of the Lower Reaches to the Massachusetts Line.

FROM the "witness monument" on the elevated plateau of the "Great Divide" that marks the boundary between the United States and Canada, all the territory lying between the New Hampshire-Maine line on the east, marked by Mount Carmel (3,700 feet) lifting a shapely head, and the New Hampshire-Canada line on the west, made by Hall's Stream, and extending southerly to the first great bend of the Connecticut, constitutes the township of Pittsburg, a generous area of three hundred and sixty square miles. Sections of considerable size are splendid woodland, a paradise of hunter and sportsman, not yet all spoiled by the wide-sweeping operations of the lumbering concerns which control large tracts of it. Streams and ponds abound enticing to the fisherman and angler. In the settled parts are roomy farms, while about the Connecticut lakes are favorite summer camping places. The lower lake is the chief of the popular resorts with the pleasant inn of Metalak Lodge on the north shore. The lovely intervals on the River's sides begin with the Valley about two miles below the lower lake, and thence their green breadths continue for some five miles as the stream flows. Again below

Beecher's Falls in Canaan, on the Vermont-Canada bound, and West Stewartstown opposite, they sweep luxuriantly.

For the leisurely explorer of the country of the River's headwaters, West Stewartstown station is the proper stopping-place on the railroad which comes up the River banks along the New Hampshire side. Here the rural Pittsburg stage is in waiting to cover the remaining eighteen miles to Connecticut Lake. But the ideal way to make this part of the journey is behind a pair of those gay little Morgan horses which Vermonters breed so successfully. And with such a team the start should be made from the Canaan house in Canaan, a friendly inn with a sportsman-like flavor, on the terrace above the bridge from West Stewartstown.

Pittsburg was the original "Indian Stream Territory" which has a record as an independent republic as late as the eighteen-thirties. The region was a magnificent Indian hunting-ground and lay unexplored till 1787, when a party of Canadian surveyors penetrated it. Shortly after it was drawn into the limits of New Hampshire by a survey of 1789. Then two former Rangers journeyed up to it from the Lower Coös on a prospecting trip. They came upon the broad intervals at the mouth of Indian Stream late in September when the bordering woods in autumn ripeness were flaming with gorgeous hues, and were enraptured. After a month of hunting and trapping in the game-filled forests, they returned bearing rich spoil and flattering reports. The next summer, joined by a few others, they came up again to attempt a settlement; and "pitches" were made on the meadows. As winter approached, however, all went back to the Lower Coös. Thereafter only hunting parties roamed the country till about 1796, when





A Logmen's Houseboat.



the permanent settlement was promoted by other Valley-townsmen who had obtained a deed of the whole territory from a local Indian chief — an up-country King Philip.

At that time the region was in dispute, and many regarded it as a sort of *terra incognita* wholly outside of the jurisdiction of either New Hampshire or Canada. In the wake of the permanent settlers came troubled debtors and persons of easy morals who sought the remote district untrammelled by awkward laws as an asylum from pressing creditors or from punishment for crime. But the settlers themselves were of worthy stock. They cleared large farms up the River's sides and on the north of Connecticut Lake; built comfortable homes; and reared great families. Despite the mixed character of the community, affairs moved tranquilly for the first thirty years without any fixed system of local government, a mild form of vigilance committee law sufficing for the treatment of flagrant offences against the common peace. Then disorganizing features developed and the need of a local government of some sort for mutual protection became apparent; and accordingly, in the spring of 1829, the independent state was set up as "The United Inhabitants of the Indian Stream Territory." It was a unique political establishment, one of the smallest and most democratic in history. The "Centre School-House" was sufficient for the assembly of all the people at its inauguration. At the outset the "United Inhabitants" asserted their independence of both the United States and Great Britain. The frame of government comprehended three departments, representative, executive, and judicial. The representative department comprised the entire voting population, each member directly representing his own interests. The executive department was termed the "supreme council," and con-

sisted of five persons, to be chosen annually. The judicial department was composed of justices of the peace elected by the people in their municipal capacity. The supreme council constituted a court of last appeal. Trial by jury was provided, the jury to consist of six persons. A code of laws was adopted at the first meeting of the legislative branch. A military company of forty men was formed for protection against "foreign invasion" and domestic violence.

This forest state with its novel government continued in fair working order for about five years. Then it fell to pieces. With no jail it could only resort to punishment by fine or by banishment. It lost the power to enforce the execution of its laws. Finally "treason crept in" and its destruction was complete. This was in 1835. Chaos followed. The people divided into two opposing parties, one invoking the protection of New Hampshire, the other of Canada. New Hampshire assumed a quasi jurisdiction over the territory by sending officers into it to serve processes issued by her courts. The Canada party resisted them. The sheriff of Coös County came up and appointed a resident deputy sheriff. At the same time he gave assurances of the protection of New Hampshire to all who were loyal to her, warning all others of the "consequences of treasonable acts." Shortly after a county magistrate of Lower Canada appeared with promises of the protection of Great Britain to all favoring Canadian jurisdiction, and with the added advice to the Canada party to resist the "encroachments" of the New Hampshire authorities. Several of the Canada party fortified their houses and armed themselves. Soon the gage was thrown down and war opened.

It was a short and decisive campaign of a single fight.



Breaking up a Log Jam.



On a certain crisp October morning the New Hampshire deputy sheriff awoke to find his house surrounded by a company of armed men from Canada headed by a Canadian sheriff, together with a band of the local Canada party. The deputy was seized on a Canadian warrant and hurried off on foot toward Canada. News of the capture was quickly spread to the River towns below. By noon a hundred or more mounted men had collected from the lower border towns, Clarksville, Stewartstown, Canaan, and Colebrook, variously armed with implements of warfare ranging from murderous farm tools to the regulation weapons of the militia. Immediately the improvised army started in hot pursuit. The invaders were overhauled a mile beyond the Canada line, and there fought. The skirmish, in which a few were hurt but none was killed, ended with the rescue of the prisoner and the inglorious rout of his captors. The rescued deputy was brought back to the safe haven of the country store at Canaan, and then the "army" quietly melted away. Subsequently the militia of the border towns were called to the assistance of the Coös County sheriff, but no further outbreak occurred. Peace came with the final establishment of the jurisdiction of New Hampshire. The more aggressive of the Canada party moved over the border, and those who remained accepted the situation philosophically. In 1840 the "Indian Stream Territory" disappeared from the map, and Pittsburg, with sixty ratable polls, took its place. The town of to-day has a permanent population of less than seven hundred.

Now lumbering and agriculture are the principal industries of this pleasant region. The Connecticut lakes and the three west-side waterways, — Perry's, Indian, and Hall's Streams, — are the chief reservoirs for the masses

of logs harvested west of the lakes which go down in the annual "drives" to the various paper and lumber mills below along the River's length into the Massachusetts Reach. Millions of feet of lumber are driven down each year, and logging gangs of hundreds of hardy men work in the woods in winter and on the drives in the spring.

Clarksville, next below Pittsburg, on the River's first great bend, occupies the extensive "Dartmouth College Grant," made to the college by the New Hampshire Legislature in 1789. Its fertile river-side lands and fringing forests lay unbroken, except by a single settler, till as late as 1820, when two or three Dartmouth students ventured a speculation with a purchase of ten thousand acres of the grant. When the settlement was incorporated, in the fifties, it took the name of Benjamin Clark, the college men's leader, a direct descendant from the Plymouth Clarks of the "Mayflower." It is a community now of a few hundred inhabitants, given to agriculture and lumbering.

Stewartstown and Canaan are closely related, not only by the bridge which has long connected them, but historically and socially. The pioneer settlers of both were from the same towns down the Valley, and neighborly interests were maintained from the start. The grantees, however, were of different stock. Stewartstown and the two east-side townships next below, Colebrook and Columbia, were originally grants made by Governor John Wentworth, in 1770, to a company of Englishmen composed of Sir John Colebrook, Sir James Cockburn, and John Stewarts of London, and John Nelson, of New Grenada; Canaan, with her neighbors Leamington and Bloomfield (first Minehead), were earlier granted by Governor Benning Wentworth, to New Englanders. Stewartstown was named for Mr. Stewarts; Colebrook was given Sir John's name;





Junction of the Ammonoosuc, Wells River, and the Connecticut—Woodsville, New Hampshire Side.



and Columbia was Cockburn Town till 1811, for Sir James. The honor of having some of their names thus perpetuated was all that the English patentees got out of these grants. None of the lot was settled till several years after the Revolution. They are pleasant towns now, cultivating fertile farms, excellent dairies, and some manufactures; and with outlying parts rich in attractions to the sportsman. Canaan is most interesting as a place of great fine stock-farms. All cultivate the "summer resort" trade, and cultivate it handsomely.

As the Valley proceeds below Stewartstown and Canaan on its luxurious way down between the two states, Vermont's Monadnock in Leamington and Bowback in Stratford, flanked by the more eastward cones of Stratford's Percy Peaks, enrich the landscape. To Bowback is added the distinction of being the highest mountain in all the Valley immediately adjoining the River, except Ascutney ninety miles farther down.

Stratford, with Brunswick and Maidstone, opposite, marks the northern extremity of the rich Coös region as the pioneers knew it. Thence it sweeps down the Valley in unbroken beauty through its stretch of a hundred miles. That part between these north towns and the Fifteen-Miles Falls is now, as then, in the nomenclature of the Valley, the Upper Coös; the reach from the head of these singing rapids to Lebanon and Hartford next below the seat of Dartmouth, is still the Lower Coös. Wells River Junction is the gateway for the traveller to the Upper section, and White River Junction to the Lower portions of this lovely mountain-hedged "Garden of New England."

Of the Upper Coös, Stratford, Northumberland, and

Maidstone were the outposts of the Valley in the Revolution. At Stratford was the foremost of the three outer forts, the other two being at Northumberland. Through Maidstone passed the old Indian Trail from the Canada camps of the St. Francis tribes to the Penobscots in Maine, which was still used in the Revolution. This trail entering the Valley by the Nulhegan River and meeting the Connecticut at Brunswick, came down through the settled part of Maidstone, and here taking the River struck the opposite bank at Northumberland, whence the Upper Ammonoosuc was followed to the eastward. Parts of this old trail and bits of the landmarks of the Revolution are yet indicated to the interested visitor by local antiquarians. Stratford was settled principally from the Connecticut Stratford on Long Island Sound, and given that town's name a year or two before the Revolution. Maidstone and Brunswick were also grants to Connecticut men, but were eventually settled from Massachusetts. They are small rural communities with pleasant villages. Northumberland is the oldest of this group, dating from 1762. Some of their scenery is wild, and all is beautiful. Those on the New Hampshire side are lumber manufacturing places. All invite an increasing summer population.

In Lancaster and in Guildhall and Lunenburg on the Vermont side are found rare combinations of scenic charms. Crossed by Israel's River at its fall to the Connecticut, with great intervals bordering both rivers, with terraces sloping gradually up to low-browed hills, and the whole completely encircled by mountains, Lancaster's natural features are exceptional even in this beautiful region. Add to these attractions of situation the neat town itself, its broad streets shaded by elms, some of which were set out by early settlers gifted with an unusual eye for beauty



The Little Ox Bow—Haverhill, New Hampshire Side.



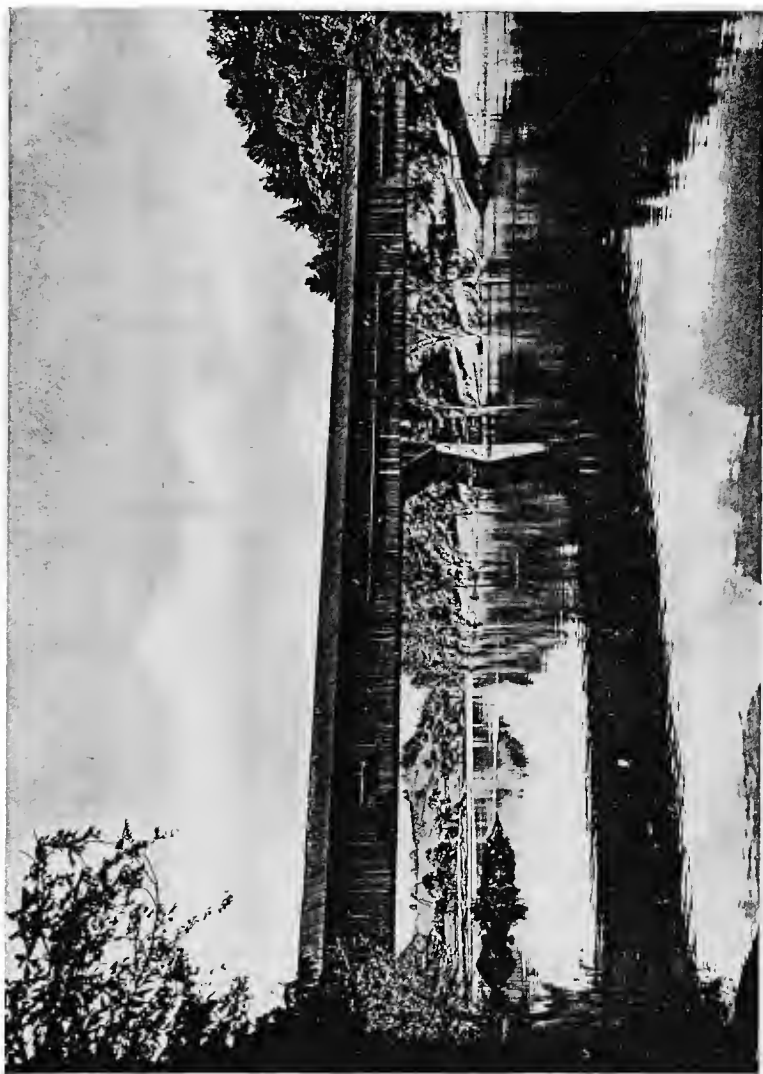
united with utility, and the engaging picture is complete. The principal part of the town lies back on the first terrace above the Connecticut's deep intervals. The encircling mountain scenery, in view from the village, or seen to greater advantage from the easily accessible Mount Pleasant, one of its three hills, embraces the range of the White Mountains; the Percy Peaks in Stratford, with the other northwest heights, in earlier days called the "land pilot hills" because of their service in guiding cross-country hunters to the Connecticut; westward the Green Mountains; and in the near neighborhood, the Lunenburg range.

Lancaster occupies the "Upper Coös Meadows," upon the richness of which Rogers's Rangers dwelt so eloquently in their accounts of the north Valley country. The first-comers, about 1763, were an uncommon band of strong characters. At their head was the promoter, David Page, from Petersham, earlier of Lancaster in Massachusetts. His lieutenants were two stalwart young men, also from Petersham, Emmons Stockwell and Edwards Bucknam, both in their early twenties, who had previously roamed the country, one as a ranger in Rogers's company, the other as a hunter. The others were David Page's son and his daughter Ruth, a girl of eighteen, the only woman in the band, and a few heads of families from the Massachusetts Lancaster and Lunenburg. Stockwell and the younger Page came up ahead to take possession of the grant. Blazing a track through the forest all the way from Haverhill, forty miles below, for the guidance of those who were to follow, they arrived in the autumn and subsisted through the winter on hunting and fishing. The site of their "pitch" is yet shown in an old cellar-hole. In the spring "Governor" Page arrived with the rest, and a drove of twenty head of cattle. Before a year

had passed Emmons Stockwell and Ruth Page made a pre-wedding journey of fifty miles down the Valley on horseback to find a minister to solemnize their marriage. Later Edwards Bucknam married Page's other daughter, Susanna. The Stockwells and the Bucknams for years led in the material and social progress of the settlement, and both reared large families, the Stockwells fifteen children, the Bucknams ten. Ruth Stockwell was the perfected woman pioneer. She was "a woman of action, full of courage and hope." She could handle a gun as easily as a broom, was a good shot as well as a good cook, more than once bringing down her bear. Lancaster has long been a shire town, and a highly cultivated community. The fine influences of the days when the old Lancaster Academy was at the height of its prosperity still remain, while the busy mills give the town importance as a manufacturing centre.

Lunenburg and Guildhall were begun at the same time as Lancaster, the first comers and their followers making clearings on both sides of the River. The intervals were then heavily wooded and millions of feet of magnificent pine timber were rolled into the river to get rid of it. Splendid material also for masts for the king's navy was here, but none apparently was reserved for this purpose as the town charters required. At all events his Majesty never got any of it. The settlers must have fared well despite their remoteness from bases of supplies. The woods were rich in game, and the River teemed with salmon. At the head of the Fifteen-Miles Falls, south of Lancaster, salmon, some weighing forty pounds, were easily caught at night with torch and spear. Lunenburg and Guildhall are now fruitful agricultural towns, with well tilled farms and rich creameries.





"Dartmouth College Bridge"—Between Norwich, Vermont side, and the College Town.



The rapids of the Fifteen-Miles Falls through their long gradual descent, as the River flows, of nearer thirty miles from the start in the "great eddy" to the finish in the romantic "pitch," should be followed along the river roads by carriage, or on horseback as the pioneers followed them. The railroad here winds away from the River to accommodate the town-centres which lie back over the hills. From Lancaster, starting at the Lancaster House on "The Street," it is a long summer afternoon's drive or ride through enchanting country. The objective point should be on the Vermont side at East Barnet, where, below the "pitch," the Passumpsic enters, and the River, again widening, is dotted by the "seven islands" to which at low water twice seven and more are added, hindering the great log drives coming down stream, and taxing the skill of the loggers in their passage. Downward from Lancaster the river roads on both the New Hampshire and the Vermont sides run for the greater part close beside the rapids; sometimes crossing an interval fringed with trees and bush, sometimes cutting into small woods through which the tumbling waters sparkle and sing, and constantly in a panorama of varying beauty. On the New Hampshire side the way lies through South Lancaster, Dalton with the Dalton mountains rising eastward, and Littleton with the range of low Littleton hills, to a lower village where the River is crossed by the bridge to Lower Waterford. On the Vermont side, crossing from Lancaster by the South Lancaster bridge, it passes through rural parts of South Lunenburg and Concord to the succession of Waterford villages. Through the Waterfords to East Barnet the upland is taken and then the lower plain, with the River in constant view, and across it the procession of hills, the Gardner range back of Monroe (named for Parson

Gardner, one of the grantees of Bath in which they rise), and the distant White Mountains. At East Barnet the railroad again comes to the River's side, and follows it down to Wells River Junction and below.

Barnet, its dream of a busy mart at the head of steam-boat navigation long past, enjoys now a life of serenity in the profitable culture of dairy farms, some maple-sugar making, and some prosperous manufactures. From its situation at the turn of the River southward again and at the junction of two tributaries, each making a picturesque approach, the villages of the township look out from their terraces upon a succession of expansive views. The township has its historic landmark in Round Island at the mouth of the Passumpsic in East Barnet, supposed to be the place to which the provisions were brought up from "Number 4" for the relief of Rogers's Rangers on their return from the St. Francis campaign of 1759, and then taken back before Rogers and his starving companions arrived. Something yet remains of the Scotch flavor which the early settlers imparted to the town. For Barnet, like its neighbor Ryegate, was begun by emigrants from Scotland, in and about 1773, sent out by the "Scotch-American Company of Farmers," composed of farmers living in or about Glasgow.

Haverhill and Newbury, embracing the Lower Coös Meadows, — the rich "Cowass" tract about the "Great Ox-Bow" most beloved by the Indians — rival Lancaster and Lunenburg in beauty of situation. Wells River Junction is a part of Newbury, and alert, citified Woodsville, opposite, of Haverhill. Newbury and Haverhill occupy the slightly terraces back from the River with the meadows about a mile in breadth between. Through the intervals the River flows at an average width of about five hund-



Dartmouth College—The Campus.



red feet, allotting to Newbury much the larger part of the meadows. In its gentle run the stream takes a straight course for some distance; then bending and doubling it touches the Newbury terrace; then stretches luxuriously toward the hills of Haverhill. In its enclosure of the Ox-bow meadows, not over-described by the local historian as of "wondrous beauty and fertility," it makes a circuit of nearly four miles and returns within half a mile of the starting point. Through the intervals it has repeatedly changed its channel. In more than one place portions of land have been detached from one town and added to the other, and so shifted from Vermont to New Hampshire, and vice versa.

When these towns were begun, only a dozen years before the Revolution, a growth of splendid pine covered the plain where now stands Newbury village, and on the New Hampshire side a "mighty forest" stretched back over the hills from the expansive interval to distant Moosilauke. The River abounded in salmon, the brooks in trout, and the forest in game. Before the townships were actually chartered a few pioneers were already on the ground, the first families coming upon rough river-craft or afoot through the forests along trails marked by blazed trees. The settlements were promoted by four officers of Colonel Goffe's regiment at the conquest of Canada — Colonel Jacob Bailey of Newbury in Massachusetts, Captain John Hazen of the Massachusetts Haverhill, Lieutenant Jacob Kent and Lieutenant Timothy Bedel, — who united in the project when passing through the fertile region on their way home from the war. Both charters were secured in 1763, dated the same day. Colonel Bailey identified himself with the development of Newbury, Captain Hazen with that of Haverhill.

Both towns early became important points on the River. Haverhill was foremost among the numerous bidders (which included nearly all of the young and ambitious Upper Valley towns) for Dartmouth College in 1769 when Eleazar Wheelock was casting about for a situation. The town offered him a generous domain in North Haverhill overlooking the interval; and so assured of its acceptance were the subscribers that they had a surveyor employed to lay it out for college purposes, when to their astonishment and dismay the prize went to Hanover. It was a hard blow; but a quarter of a century after, in lieu of a college the Haverhill Academy appeared and shortly developed into a feeder of the lost Dartmouth. When stage-coaching was at its prime, Haverhill Corner, the chief village of the township, had become a bustling centre, for The Corner was a place where the stages of the great "through lines" between the seaboard and the north "laid up" over night. Then big cheery taverns were here and life was animated with the comings and goings of many travellers. Sometimes the nabobs of that day, travelling the road in their grand private equipages, added a dash of gaiety to the scene about the taverns. The road, too, was enlivened by the passage up and down of great merchandise wagons. Newbury also enjoyed a period of animation as a centre of the River transportation before the competition of the railroads. It, too, had its day of cheerful taverns, and the now quiet village thoroughfare bustled with life. Educational institutions of importance were then here, among them the Newbury Seminary. The old seminary building yet remains, an example of the plainer type of the New England academy of the early nineteenth century.

Picturesqueness is the prevailing note of these towns as they appear to-day. Along the serene streets here and





Dartmouth College—Dartmouth Hall.



there, fronted by graceful elms, the visitor comes agreeably upon fine specimens of those spacious mansions, survivals of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, which characterize and dignify the older River towns throughout the long Valley. Especially fine is the "Colonel Thomas Johnson house" on the Ox-Bow, Newbury side, the white oak frame of which was raised on the day that the news of the Battle of Lexington reached Newbury, whereupon the workmen immediately left to join the army at Cambridge. Most interesting, also, is the white group about the square at Haverhill Corner. One of these houses is an old-time inn remodelled, the "Bliss Tavern" of genial memory. In Newbury the present-day inn is an enlargement of another old tavern dating from soon after the Revolution. Both towns, with their fine interval and upland farms, their dairying, maple sugar making, and manufacturing concerns, continue to be comfortably prosperous. Several of the larger farms have descended from father to son through the generations from the first settlement.

Of the towns along the remaining reach of thirty miles to White River Junction, each has its own distinct charm either in setting or environment. The villages and farms of Piermont, next below Haverhill, and Bradford below Newbury, spread picturesquely over terraces in the heart of tranquil landscape. Orford and Fairlee next below occupy beautiful openings, with sweeps of green interval broadening on the Orford side, the River flowing gently between in a graceful curve. The Street of Orford, overlooking the interval, is dignified by a succession of old white mansion-houses bespeaking the quiet elegance of former days. Fairlee's Street, backed by a rugged cliff at the upper end, is markedly neat. From the bridge connecting

the two towns one may look down upon the scene of the trials of Morey's steamboat in the seventeen-nineties. Lyme and Thetford, adjoining Hanover and Norwich, are larger villages than their neighbors above, having some manufacturing in parts, but an outlying pastoral country.

The Hanover of to-day, though small in population outside the college colony, has an urban air and a distinction finer and rarer than would have been conferred upon it had those seventeenth century "Dresden statesmen" won their play for a state and transformed the college-town into a capital, only to mix politics with learning. As it is, Hanover is the college town preëminent in the Valley, its classic shades undefiled by distracting elements. Lying half a mile back from and above the River, and a mile distant from the railroad on the Vermont side, the town is approached most agreeably by the regular stage—a genuine old-time Concord coach,—which meets all trains at the Norwich-Hanover station. The way from the station crosses an old stout-timbered covered bridge, mounts an abrupt rise from the River-bank, winds along college-flavored streets, and on to the finish with a grand swing of the coach up to the portal of the Wheelock Inn on the College Plain.

The assemblage of college buildings of varied dates and architecture around and about the deep elm-shaded Green, constitutes a dignified and inspiring spectacle. Among the stately structures the sites of Eleazar Wheelock's humble beginnings are definitely traced. Here is the place of his first log hut in which the college was started by the moving up of the Indian school from old Lebanon in Connecticut; here the second and ampler president's house, still preserved in the frame of the Howe Library; here the spot where the first Commencement was held, in August, 1771, in the open air. There were on that memorable



Dartmouth College — The College Inn and the College Club, from the Campus.



occasion four candidates for the degree in arts, the stage was a platform of rough-hewn boards ascended by an inclined hemlock plank. The histories tell of Governor John Wentworth's presence with a retinue of forty fine gentlemen from Portsmouth, and how an ox was roasted whole on the Green and served to the populace with a barrel of rum, at the governor's expense. Notwithstanding this magnificent outlay, at the commencement dinner next day at the president's house some of the governor's fastidious friends were shocked at the crudeness of the feast for the lack of proper table furnishings, and because the college cook lay asleep from over-indulgence in the holiday bottle. Moor Hall marks the site of the first building for the Moor's Indian Charity School, the nucleus of the college. The colonial College Church dates from 1796. The new Dartmouth Hall of 1905-06 reproduces the Old Dartmouth Hall, begun in 1784, from timbers hewn from great trees on its site, and the centre of the cherished old-time college group, till its lamentable burning in 1904. In Wilson Hall are seen portraits of Eleazar Wheelock and his successors in the college presidency; of Samson Occum, the Mohegan, Wheelock's first pupil in the old Lebanon school, that wonderful Indian who, sent to England in the interest of Wheelock's work, aroused such enthusiasm among the clergy and nobility by his preaching, and raised the English and Scotch funds of twelve thousand pounds, headed with the king's subscription; the Earl of Dartmouth, for whom the college was named in compliment to his headship of the London trustees of the English fund; of Daniel Webster, the "re-founder"; and of other worthies identified with the college's growth. In College Hall, the most elegant of the modern buildings, with its grand semi-circular porch and terrace, commanding a full view over the Campus, its

tastefully embellished interior, with great dining-hall, club-rooms, billiard and pool rooms, is seen the modern college club-house in perfection. In a favored spot east of the central grounds is found the fine athletic field. Beyond, in the College Park of sylvan charm, is the classic tower, near which the seniors on class-day gather to smoke the "pipe of peace" after the old Indian fashion. On the River bank are the boat-houses for the college men's fleet of canoes. On the crest of the bank, north of the bridge, and near "Webster's Vale," stood the pine from which in 1773 John Ledyard fashioned his canoe, a "dugout" fifty feet long and three feet wide, for that pioneer voyage of his down the River's length to old Hartford, with a bearskin for covering, a shelter of willow twigs at one end of the craft, dried venison for provisions, and Ovid and the Greek Testament for companionship: one of the first navigators of the Upper Connecticut of the Caucasian race, and one of the most romantic and original manifestations of the Dartmouth spirit, which has since so conspicuously pervaded Dartmouth men, as this epitome of his extraordinary career, contributed by a distinguished alumnus, strikingly exhibits: —

John Ledyard, born at Groton, Connecticut, 1751. Enters Dartmouth College 1772. While a freshman absents himself for three months without leave in rambling among the Indians of Canada and the Six Nations. Leaves the college in a canoe made with his own hands and descends the Connecticut alone to Hartford. A sailor before the mast, goes to Gibraltar and the Barbary Coast, returning by the West Indies. Appears in London and there meets Captain Cook, then about to sail on his voyage round the world, who appoints him corporal of marines. On this expedition is absent for four years, visiting the South Sea Islands, China, Siberia, the western coast of North America, twice entering the Arctic Seas in quest of the Northwest passage. Returns to America, publishes his travels,





Dartmouth College—Looking down from the Tower in the College Park.



and endeavors to enlist merchants in commerce with the East. Is next seen in Spain and in Paris, there meeting Thomas Jefferson, then American minister at the Court of France, whom he impresses with his project for the exploration of the territory between the Pacific and the Mississippi which twenty years later was traversed by Lewis and Clark, under the auspices of Mr. Jefferson, then President. Unites with John Paul Jones in an undertaking to establish trading-posts on the Northwest Coast, there to traffic in furs, which fails for want of adequate capital. Determined to explore western North America, presents himself at St. Petersburg, and from the Empress Catherine secures a passport across her dominions to Behring Strait. Reaches Yakutsk on the Lena, when he is recalled because of the jealousy of Russian fur traders and under guard sent back to the confines of Poland where he is dismissed with the command never again to enter the Empire. Resolves to explore Africa and while fitting out his caravan dies at Cairo, 1788, at the age of thirty-seven.

In college he was a favorite with his fellow students, not unduly diligent in study, facile in acquisition, impatient of discipline. Elsewhere he was distinguished for his kind and lovable disposition, his unselfishness and philanthropy. He foresaw and foretold the commercial future of western North America and the East. His was the Dartmouth spirit.

In the country about Hanover are delightful drives. Across the River in Norwich the roads out from that village lead to pleasant parts with fair off-reaching prospects. In the centre of Norwich was long the seat of Norwich University, developed from Captain Alden Partridge's military school in 1834, whence graduated some famous men-of-arms in their day. Below in the Vermont Hartford township are the beautiful Olcott Falls; and Lebanon, on the New Hampshire side, is replete with charms.

These two towns, marking the south bound of the Lower Coös region, are the largest in population of all the towns in the Valley's sweep from the north, yet of rural

proportions; Hartford counting about four thousand and Lebanon five thousand inhabitants.

Within the twenty-five miles' reach between White River Junction and the old frontier post of "Number 4," Charlestown, in the last French war, the four Vermont towns of Hartland, Windsor, Wethersfield, and Springfield, and the New Hampshire Plainfield, Cornish, and Claremont, lie placid and prosperous all, while Ascutney rises in its noble outlines, the central landscape feature of this part of the Valley.

Windsor remains the historic town of this group. Along its broad elm-lined older streets is retained not a little of the architecture of the period when Windsor was the first town in Vermont in importance and wealth. That was through the first third of its history from the closing eighteenth century, when it was distinguished as a town of learning and refinement (a distinction it has never lost), eminent for its bar, and for men of leading noted for their high public character. The principal dwellings then erected were of the commodious colonial type, often square and white, set in ample grounds, amid large and handsome gardens, an example of which is seen in the old Evarts mansion on the main street. The principal inn was then a hospitable public house with spacious pillared porch and a great arched ballroom the grand feature within. The old inn has gone and the traveller must lament its passing in the absence of an adequate tavern in the town of to-day. The historic landmarks, besides the old "Constitution house" in which Vermont was born, include the South Church, remodelled from the meeting-house where the state-making convention first met. Various literary institutions flourish in the town unharmed by the sombre



John Ledyard, the Traveller.

“One of the most romantic and original manifestations of the  
Dartmouth spirit.”



influence of the Vermont State Prison in its fairest part. Cornish and Plainfield, on the hills across the River, are now distinguished as summer seats of art and literature. For scattered about the neighborhood of fascinating Blow-me-down Brook, which separates these towns on its run to the River, is planted the summer colony of metropolitan artists and writers, the Nestor of which, as the first comer, is Augustus St. Gaudens. Sculptors, painters, etchers, decorators, principally of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, constitute this colony, together with a few penmen, as Norman Hapgood and Winston Churchill, and some members of the other professions. Their dwellings are of gaily varying fashions: some modelled after Italian and Spanish villas; some, old farm-houses made over—Augustus St. Gaudens's was a tavern; others, quite stately country seats, being the residences of the more plutocratic penmen; all in beautiful natural settings. The plantation lies secluded five miles off by the river roads from the covered bridge connecting Cornish with Windsor, whence the Cornish stage makes its one trip a day.

Claremont and Springfield, the latter opposite Charlestown and connected by an electric-car line (the northernmost yet in the Valley) with the railroad, now on the east side, crossing the River at Windsor, are both manufacturing centres of note, with deep farms fringing on their intervals and terraces. Claremont utilizes the water-power of Sugar River; Springfield's principal establishments are about the falls of the beautiful Black River. While both towns have lovely natural attractions, the chief one of Springfield, comprised in the deep narrow valley back of the main village through which the Black River makes approach to the Connecticut, is unique. Owing to Governor Benning Wentworth's fondness for complimenting

his noble friends, Claremont derives its name from that of the English country seat of Lord Clive. Springfield repeats the name of the Massachusetts Springfield. Charlestown, with its greater wealth of historical associations, and its tranquil rural aspect, particularly invites the summer sojourner. Along its broad main street, only a few rods back from the railroad station and park displaying "Number 4" lettered in the greensward, are numerous historic homes; and its agreeable institutions include a well-equipped memorial public library. The site of old Number 4 is properly indicated with other landmarks of the history-making epoch in which Charlestown had so leading a hand; and delightful walks and rides in the country round about abound.

Between the gorges at Bellows Falls and at Brattleborough, twenty miles apart, in the reach where the Valley again expands luxuriously, Walpole, Westmoreland, and Chesterfield are placed picturesquely on the River's east banks, with Westminster, Putney, and Dummerston on the west side. From the rugged heights of Bellows Falls Village, and the abrupt slopes of Kilburn Peak opposite, the lovely meadows of Walpole and Westminster immediately outspread. Bellows Falls Village is the business heart of Rockingham and the second place for population in the Vermont-side line through the Valley, Brattleborough holding the first place. The towns between are now charming villages with outlying farms treasuring pleasant memories of an active past. Walpole, for a brilliant period in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, had especial fame for its society of wits to which the whole region round contributed. Chief of them was "Joe" Dennie. "delicately made, needy of purse, but





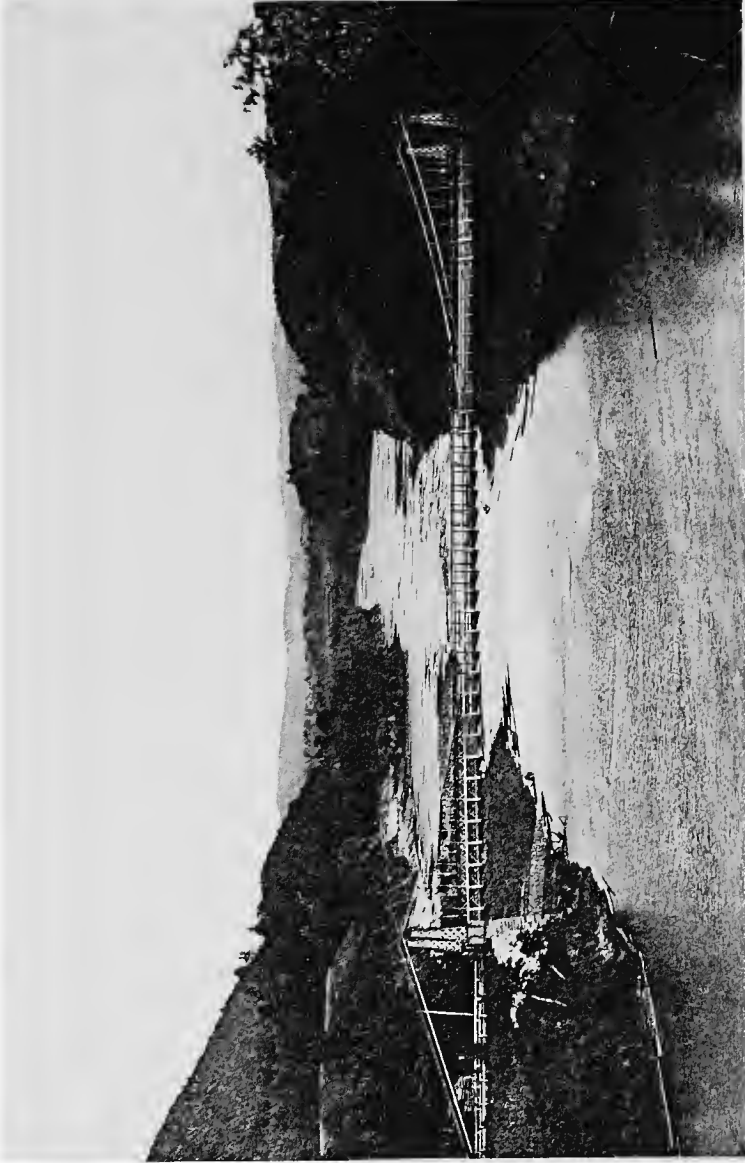
Dartmouth College—The Rollins Chapel.



usually dressing in pumps and white stockings," who edited the *Farmers' Weekly Museum*, which Isaiah Thomas began here in 1793, and afterward *The Portfolio* in Philadelphia, and whose writings in Walpole won him the sobriquet of the "American Addison." Another was Royal Tyler of Brattleborough, in his sedate after-years chief-justice of Vermont, wit and poet, and author of *The Contrast*, the first American play to be acted upon a regular stage by an established company of players, — at the old John Street Theatre in New York, in 1786. Others were clever young men, some of whom became great lawyers. The late Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows, of fragrant memory, in his chronicles of the Bellows family in Walpole beginning with Colonel Benjamin Bellows, the founder, tells how these roystering Walpole wits converted the village tavern into a sort of literary pandemonium, in which fine scholarship, elegant wit, late card-playing, hearty eating, and hard drinking mingled in a very fascinating complication. The literary flavor yet lingers about the mellow town, and it is still a favorite summer abiding-place of literary folk ; but the convivial spirit has forever departed. So, too, have gone with the old days the bibulous customs, when in a single year forty-eight hundred barrels of cider were made and all drunk here, an average of three barrels to each man, woman, and child then in the town ; and at the tavern feastings punch flowed as freely as water.

Brattleborough, spreading over its four irregular terraces and intervening dells, with the deep background of gradually-rising hills and the foreground of Wantastiquit lifting a precipitous cliff above the winding River, fitly heads the Upper Valley's final reach to the finish at the Massachusetts line. No town on the River is more attractively set. Its pleasant streets, abundantly shaded, mount

the terraces, here and there with steep ascent, dip into the vales, and cross broad plains. Comfortable dwellings, often embowered in trees, not infrequently with gardens, or with lawns to the sidewalk edge, line the thoroughfares and byways. It was for its romantic beauty together with its salubriousness, that, half a century and more ago, during the prosperous vogue of the "water-cure," Brattleborough was selected for the most extensive establishments of this class, when numerous professional persons, scholars and authors, were attracted to the place and mixed water with literature. Its charm of situation and environment also, more than its happening to be the home of his wife's forebears, brought Rudyard Kipling to abide here for a period, and attempt the life of a literary country gentleman. At his picturesque seat, — "The Naulahka," — he wrote his *Captains Courageous*. Other masters in art as in literature have had the good fortune to have been born here or in Chesterfield across the River. Among these are the Mead family, — Larkin Goldsmith Mead, the sculptor, born (1835) at Chesterfield, but spending his boyhood in Brattleborough, and modeling here that colossal snow image of an angel which got his name into the newspapers and brought him his patron; his younger brother William Rutherford Mead, the architect, born in Brattleborough (1846); their sister, Elinor G. Mead, who became the wife of William Dean Howells; and their cousin, Edwin Doak Mead, born in Chesterfield (1849), essayist, lecturer, reformer, philanthropist, and civic leader. The painter William Morris Hunt (1824–1879) and his younger brother the architect, Richard Morris Hunt (1828–1895) too, were natives of Brattleborough, but when they were boys the family moved to New Haven. Brattleborough is favored by some æsthetic industries, notably piano and organ



Suspension Bridge, near Brattleborough.



making, together with manufactures of such utilities as hosiery, power pumps, and brass castings. It has various literary institutions, with one of the best public libraries in the Upper Valley, generously endowed by a Brattleborough citizen; a pleasing "opera house"; and a public park favored by handsome trees, and with a lookoff over an exquisite interval deep down below the plain which it occupies. Old Chesterfield, on the upland back from the River, is a serene agricultural town now, with a rich past upon which its natives love to dwell. Through the first half of the nineteenth century its Chesterfield Academy, as Edwin D. Mead, of the distinguished alumni, has sufficiently shown, was only second in importance to Exeter among New Hampshire academies.

Vernon and Hinsdale mark the end of the Upper Valley attractively. Hinsdale is the larger and a manufacturing town; Vernon the smaller, given mostly to agriculture. In Vernon, in the village cemetery, is the grave of Jemima Howe, the "Fair Captive." South Vernon has a pungent flavor as a place of cider-mills.

## XXVI

### The Massachusetts Reach

Northfield's attractive Seat at its Head — The Dwight L. Moody Institutions — Landmarks of the Indian Wars — Clarke's Island and its Spectre Pirate — Rural Hill Towns below Northfield — Beautiful Greenfield — Turner's Falls — Historic Deerfield — Rare Deerfield Old Street and its Landmarks — Picturesque Sunderland and Whately — Old Hatfield and Hadley — The Russell Parsonage and the "Regicides" — "Elm Valley": a fine Type of the Colonial Farm-seat.

WITH its white and neat villages beautifully dotting the symmetrical slopes backed by mountain ranges on both sides of the River, and the lofty buildings of its Dwight Lyman Moody institutions the most conspicuous features of the landscape, Northfield picturesquely heads the Valley's reach of fifty miles across Massachusetts, as is fitting for the upper gateway to a region in which picturesqueness is the dominant note throughout. The Moody institutions give an evangelical tinge to the town of to-day, which but softens its varied attractions to the worldly eye. Interesting and impressive as practical monuments of the crowning endeavor in the life-work of a good man, whose object in founding them here in the place of his birth was to help the poor in purse but not in spirit to help themselves to a useful education, these institutions now embrace the Northfield Seminary for young women, comprising the group of academic buildings which occupy the main estate in East Northfield; and the Mount Hermon School for young men, with handsome buildings and a generous campus for athletic games, on the west bank of the River



below the Seminary plant. The other attractions of the old town are found in the comfortable aspect of the tree-embowered streets; the mountain drives about the surrounding country; and the numerous historic spots. Beers's Mountain with Beers's Hill at its southwest foot, reminiscent of Captain Richard Beers and King Philip's War, lies in East Northfield on the range of highlands forming the background of the town. Captain Beers's grave, marked with the memorial stone, is seen on the southwesterly spur of Beers's Hill. Beers's Plain, also marked, where Captain Beers and his men were surprised from the ambush, was the site of an Indian village. To the eastward lay the "Great Swamp," by the side of which, according to Mrs Rowlandson's narrative, the horde of two thousand Indians made their camp for a night in March, 1676.

Clark's Island, in the River off the upper end of Pine Meadow, has its legend of Captain Kidd and his hidden treasure. As the tale runs, the captain and his men, despite the falls and other obstructions which repelled less venturesome skippers, sailed their pirate ship up from the Sound till they reached this secluded spot. Here they landed a heavy chest of gold; dug a deep hole and lowered the chest into it; covered the whole with earth and stones; and then in the good old-fashioned pirate's way, selecting one of their number by lot, despatched him and placed his dead body on top of the heap, that his ghost might forever after guard the treasure from avaricious fortune-seekers. The spectre pirate seems to have been faithful to his trust if we are to believe the old dames' stories of the awful fate that befell the would-be harvesters of the fabled gains of his master, the bold — and maligned — corsair.

Erving, below East Northfield, perpetuating the name

of a merchant of Boston, John Erving, who bought its territory in the middle of the eighteenth century, is a rural hill town, devoted to agriculture among its hills and to considerable manufacture along Miller's River, which waters its southern side. Gill, opposite, having the Connecticut on two of its sides and on another side the tributary of Falls River, is also largely a hill town enjoying extensive landscapes from its highest elevations, and with spreading intervals on the River's borders. It was part of Greenfield till 1793, when it was set up as an independent town and took its name from Moses Gill, a worthy Massachusetts lieutenant governor next succeeding Samuel Adams. Gill Village, the oldest hamlet, occupying a hill-framed plain, or what an artist has described as a twisted hollow, is agreeably assembled about a central green.

Greenfield, at the turn of the great curve where the River again trends southward, is the upper railroad centre of the Massachusetts Reach. In beauty and character of situation it does not belie its name. With its frame of green hills varying in contour, its two local streams meandering through verdant parts, — Falls River coursing along the upper eastern border to the Connecticut, Green River winding to the Deerfield, — and its fine fringes of green intervals, it is veritably a town set in green fields. The central part spreads over an elevated plain, marked by broad beautifully shaded streets, the Main Street double-lined with elms; by numerous old-style commodious dwellings and spacious grounds surrounding them, often adorned with large gardens; and by public buildings of various styles and dates denoting an important past with an active present, for Greenfield has been the shire town of Franklin County since the creation of this county in 1811. The several historic spots are suitably marked by monuments,



Deerfield Old Street, 1671-1906.



placed through the efforts of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, an excellent historical society inspired by Mr. George Sheldon, the historian of these parts. The most interesting of them are in the "North Parish," — the place where Captain Turner was slain on the retreat in the Great Falls Fight, and the scene of the massacre of Eunice Williams on the direful march of the Deerfield captives.

Turner's Falls, now a place of important manufactures, with the water-power about the Indians' great fishing place utilized by a dam and canals, is a half-hour's trolley-car ride, or pleasanter drive from Greenfield centre. The falls lie near by a romantic region. The site of the Falls Fight is marked by a monument at Riverside, in Gill township. Montague, south and east of the Falls, with its ambitiously titled upper village of Montague City, was the "Hunting Hills" of Sunderland famous the country round in colonial days for its big game. When it became a district of Sunderland, in 1754, it was given the name of Captain William Montague, the commander of the "Mermaid" at the taking of Cape Breton. It dates as a separate town from the opening of the Revolution. Montague City was christened shortly after the construction of the canal of the Upper Locks company in 1793, with the fond hope of the speedy development of a little metropolis here.

Deerfield, on the plain beneath the Deerfield mountain range, owes much of its natural charm to the Deerfield River, entering from the Deerfield valley at the south end and flowing northward, then eastward, through deep level meadows to its union with the Connecticut. The historic features of the village all cluster about the delectable Deerfield Old Street. On the central common where the monument stands within the lines of the palisaded fort of 1689-1758, are the marked sites of the Benoni Stebbins

house which, at the Sack of 1704, that band of "seven men besides women and children" so valiantly held against the assaults of three hundred, and the Ensign Sheldon house, the stout door of which with its "hatchet-hewn face," now in neighboring Memorial Hall, "still tells the tale of that fateful day." On the lane by the side of the common, opening the "Old Albany Road," is seen Parson Williams's second house, well preserved, on the original minister's-lot. Farther down is the ancient burying-ground on the meadows, with its graves of victims of the Sack and of various town worthies.

As interesting, and more, perhaps, is the succession of venerable mansions and humbler dwellings along Deerfield Old Street under the boughs of its noble elms, each with a story or a romance to tell. On a knoll above the street-way is Deerfield's Old Manse, with its ancient wing, the latter dating back to 1694 and one of the few houses that escaped burning in the Sack. At that time it was the home of Samuel Carter, his wife, and their six children. Wife and children were all seized by the Indians — one child was killed, the rest were marched off with the captives to Canada. One was redeemed and got back to Deerfield; two were afterward known to have married Indians. The mansion dates from 1768, when it was built, attached to the little old house, by Joseph Barnard, the estate then having been long in the Barnard family. After Joseph the mansion was occupied by his son Samuel for a score of years, and a pretty incident of Samuel's time was a wedding here on a December Sunday morning, in 1792, before church service, when the three lovely daughters of the house, all "dressed in sky-blue gowns," were married to three gallants of Greenfield. In 1807 the Rev. Hosea Hildreth, then preceptor of the Deerfield

Academy, leased the mansion, and it was the birthplace of his son Richard Hildreth, the historian. It became the manse with its occupation later, in 1807, by the Rev. Samuel Willard, nephew of President Willard of Harvard, his *alma mater*, upon his coming to the pastorate of the Deerfield parish, as his first settlement. It remained his home for more than half a century, with the exception of seven years spent in the Old Colony town of Hingham, with which he had affectionate associations, for there in 1808 he married his wife, "the lovely Susan Barker," as he recorded in his diary. Rare distinction was conferred upon the manse by the gracious hospitality, scholarship, and refinement of the minister and his family. Channing, Parkman, the remarkable father of the historian Parkman, Emerson, and Holmes were among the throng of welcome guests who crossed its generous threshold.

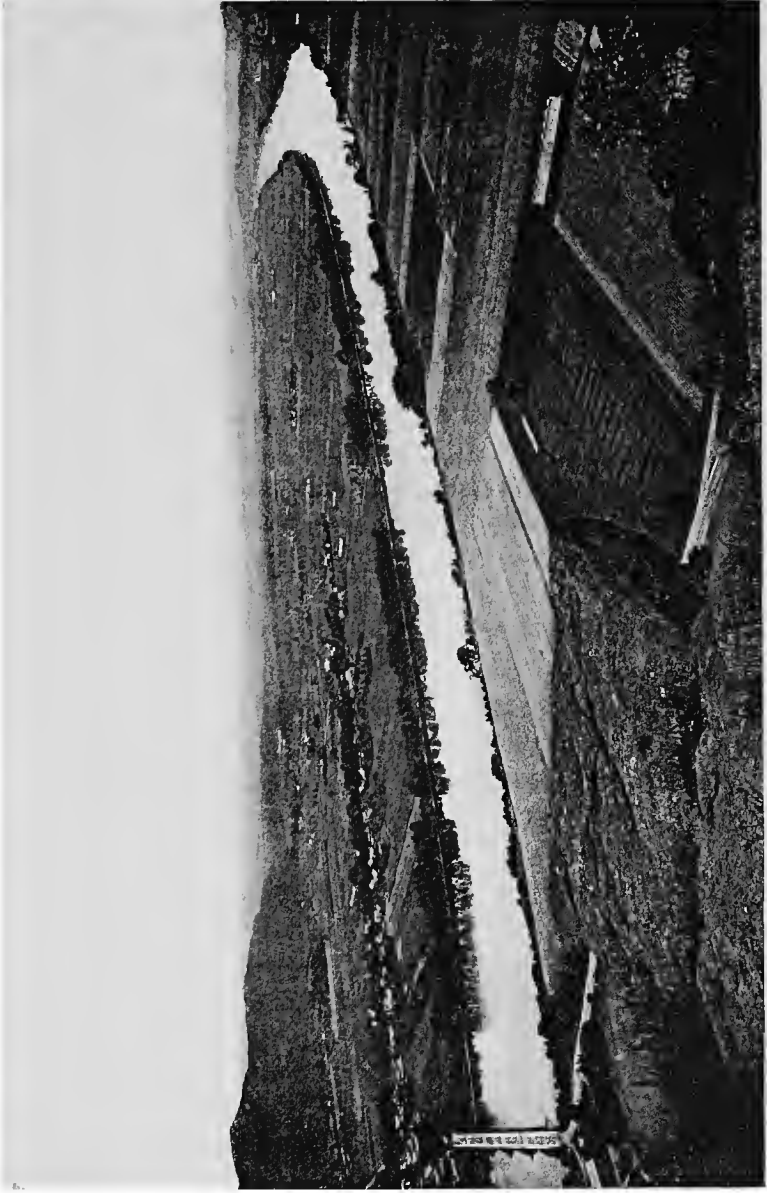
Another dwelling that survived the Sack is the "Frary house," with the date of 1698 painted on its chimney. This was at one time a tavern, and the local guide makes note of its doubtful honor in having harbored Aaron Burr for a night. Of other old estates marked by tablets arresting the visitor's attention is the Sheldon homestead, dating back to 1708 and handed down from sire to son to the present generation. In the lane, beside the Common, is "the little brown house on the Albany Road," the story of which Mr. Sheldon has told in his fascinating idyl, — where long lived that remarkable genius Epaphras Hoyt, scientist, military expert, antiquarian, philosopher, high sheriff; and his father before him, David Hoyt, one of the Deerfield captives; where, under Epaphras Hoyt's tutorial direction, his nephew Edward Hitchcock, afterward Professor and President Hitchcock (born on the adjoining homestead, son of Deacon and Mary Hoyt Hitchcock) made youthful

ventures into astronomy and other high learning; and where Hitchcock, yet a boy, was inspired to his fervid tragedy of 1814, *The Downfall of Bonaparte*, which was produced with great eclat in the Deerfield meeting-house, and for its swelling rhetoric had a rare vogue with young declaimers in New England towns. Other interesting houses are associated with artists of fame. At the south end of Deerfield Old Street is the J. Wells Champney house, with an old-fashioned box-bordered front garden, which was Champney's principal studio from the eighteen-seventies through the remainder of his life. Farther south, at "The Bars," is the Fuller homestead, where, in the spreading gambrel-roofed house embowered in elms and maples George Fuller was born and lived a large part of his life and where his masterpieces were conceived.

Memorial Hall, established in the old Deerfield Academy, and a monument to the devotion of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association to thorough and accurate historical research, should be reserved till the finish of the round of Deerfield "features" and its collections leisurely examined. Nor should the exhibits of the society of arts and crafts, in which Deerfield particularly excels, be ignored.

South Deerfield, on the plain west of Sugarloaf, is called the commercial end of the town, but beyond the gentle hum of a factory or two, a touch of animation about the bunches of country stores, and the sociable piazzas of the inn with the sanguinary name, it appears to the casual visitor as serenely unbusied as Deerfield Old Street. After a stroll over the field of the "Battle of Bloody Brook," through which the brook glides sluggishly as of old, a glance at the quaint monument in the little park, then at the stone slab in the front of a neighboring house that marks the grave of many of the "Flower of Essex," it is the





Looking down from Sugarloaf, South Deerfield—Sunderland across the River.



customary thing to make the easy ascent of Sugarloaf and gaze upon the expansive panorama of winding river and valley, meadows and terraces, and distant hill and mountain.

Sunderland, on the east side of the River facing Sugarloaf and extending southward to Hadley bounds, and Whately on the west side reaching to Hatfield, are both farming towns, both cultivating to some extent Connecticut Valley tobacco, and Sunderland making a specialty of onions. Sunderland's village clustered about Sunderland Street, beautifully shaded by maples, spreads along the interval backed by hills rising northward to Mount Toby, on whose ledges are those "Sunderland parks" of giant maples, cascades and glens, which Charles G. Whiting depicts with the touch of a Thoreau. Whately's village lies on upland above the meadows with a background of hills of steep and rugged sides. Sunderland dates back to 1718, when it was cut mostly from Hadley and given its name in honor of Charles Spencer, earl of Sunderland. Whately, in Hatfield bounds till 1771, received the name of Governor Hutchinson's friend, Thomas Whately, then under-secretary to Lord Suffolk.

Old Hatfield and Hadley opposite are fairly in the heart of the Massachusetts section of the Connecticut Valley tobacco belt, and here tobacco farms and barns are the commonest sights. On the neat Hatfield plantations one may follow the art of tobacco growing and curing quite agreeably. Most of these farms lie on the fertile meadows bordering the River. The prevailing note of the Hatfield of to-day is neatness and thrift. The town seems to be perpetually smartened up to make its prettiest appearance before strangers. Hatfield Street, the broad and beautiful thoroughfare along which the first settlers

planted, and through which in those cruel old Indian days the savages so frequently swept in devastating raids, still remains the town's centre. The present village is the "Hatfield Street" of the original settlers. Scattered among the modern structures on either side of the old thoroughfare are ancient houses dating back to "first days." Here and there with the maples that line the Street mingle aged elms. The homesteads on the Street, to which Hatfielders point with the fondest pride, are those that belonged to the philanthropic Smiths, — "Uncle Oliver" and his nephew Austin, who from small beginnings, the former in the country store, amassed large fortunes, large for their days which knew not "high finance," and bequeathed them to the public good. Oliver founded the Smith Charities from which a group of eight Valley towns benefit, and Austin's fortune, through the beneficence of his sister Sophia, went to the foundation of Smith Academy in Hatfield for the equal training of both sexes, and Smith College in Northampton for women. Some town antiquary will identify the site of the house where lived Colonel Samuel Partridge (1645–1740) the powerful colonial leader of the Valley in affairs of war and politics, whose life continued active almost to its end in his ninety-fifth year. Here too was the scene, in the meeting-house, of the three-day's August convention, immediately preceding the "Shays's Rebellion" of 1786, when fifty towns were represented and the formidable list of twenty-five "grievances" against the state government was drawn up.

Hadley, on the meadow-bordered peninsula formed by the River's great loop westward and back again, centres about the original Town Street, now West Street, stretching from bank to bank of the River, upon which the first home-lots fronted and which became the scene of animated

happenings with the muster of the yeomen soldiery in the Indian wars when Hadley was the military headquarters. The mellow old street is exceptionally broad, and its roadways border a deep strip of green or common in the middle embellished with a double row of venerable elms. Now it wears the tranquil air of retirement from a well-spent life. Old dwellings line its sides, some hard weathered, some interesting examples of colonial architecture, displaying the high-boy scroll above the front door; the more modern houses and other structures being for the most part on adjacent streets.

The most interesting of all the old town's landmarks, — the site of Parson John Russell's house in which the "regicides," Whalley and Goffe, were secretly harbored for so many years, and beneath which the ashes of one if not of both are supposed yet to lie, — is now covered by the hotel at the corner of West Street and Academy Lane. Sheldon, who has done so much for true history in clearing up the story of the regicides here, by separating fact from fable, would have a suitable memorial erected at this spot to the chivalric minister whom he justly terms the "greatest hero of Hadley." It is Sheldon's belief that the ashes of Whalley, who was buried under the kitchen cellar of the parsonage, still rest in an undiscovered grave somewhere beneath the hotel, notwithstanding the circumstantial relation of the finding of his bones some years ago (which Sheldon believes were the remains of an Indian buried here years earlier); and that Goffe, who, according to the evidence of various historical writers, died in Hartford and was buried there, really died in the Russell house and was entombed by the side of his older associate and father-in-law. Sheldon also reasons from shreds of evidence, some of which have escaped other investigators or have been

slighted, and which he pieces together in an effective whole, that Goffe might have been spirited away to Hartford some time early in King Philip's War, during the confused and congested condition of Hadley when it was the headquarters of troops, and that he might have remained concealed there (as he is known to have been for an indefinite period) till his infirmities had increased and he seemed bereft of most of his earlier friends, when he made his secret way back to Hadley to die under the shelter of the friend who never failed him for a moment.

The meeting-house of Parson Russell's time stood in the middle of the green, opposite the parsonage. Its lineal descendant is seen in the First Church, of early nineteenth century model, on Middle Street. In near neighborhood is Hopkins Academy, the successor of the grammar school established by the town in or about 1667, by means of its part of the fund bequeathed for various educational purposes by Edward Hopkins, second governor of Connecticut. The school became the academy nearly a century ago, and is reminiscent of the schooldays of some famous Hadley boys. Another excellent institution, the gift of a townsman, is the public library. These interest in their different ways; but the æsthetic visitor lingers most fondly about the frequent colonial mansions under the Hadley elms which give the ripe town its distinctive character. One regrets the loss by fire in recent years of the homestead at the north end of West Street which was the birthplace of General Joseph Hooker, whose sobriquet of "Fighting Joe Hooker," so deprecated by him, clings permanently to his memory. In another part of the town, however, yet remains the choice Huntington homestead, "Elm Valley," birthplace of the late Bishop Frederic Dan Huntington of Central New York, and one of the finest



“Elm Valley” — The Porter-Phelps-Huntington Homestead, Hadley.  
“One of the finest types of the Colonial Farm Seat in the Valley.”



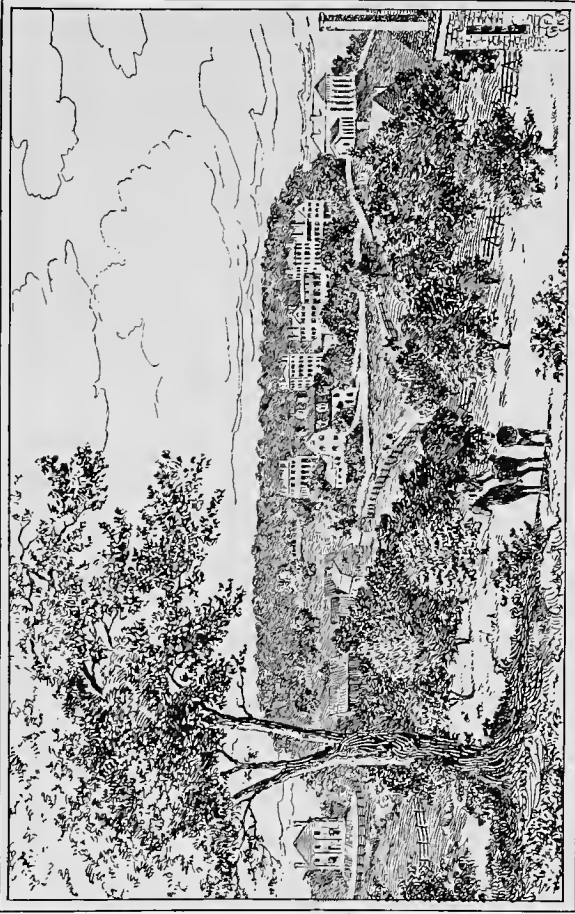


types in the Valley, of the colonial farm-seat the history of which reaches back to the middle of the eighteenth century, with family records illustrating the best of the old-time New England life.

This is, properly speaking, the Porter-Phelps-Huntington homestead. It occupies a rarely beautiful spot two miles north of old West Street, in the north village. The original farm was taken up and the house built by Bishop Huntington's maternal great-grandfather, Captain Moses Porter, in 1752, when there was no dwelling in Hadley township north of West Street, and the nearest houses were across the River in Hatfield village. Captain Porter was allied to one of the families first settling in Hadley, and, a young farmer, had just married Elizabeth Pitkin, who came of a pioneer Hartford family, and whose mother had been the third wife of Parson Russell of Hadley. Only three years afterward Captain Porter went north with his Hadley company in the French war, leaving his young wife and their child, a second Elizabeth, alone at the homestead. In her letters to her husband in camp the lonely wife passed lightly over her perils on the isolated farm when Indians prowled about the house, at night often "showing their savage features at the windows." Captain Porter was early captured and killed near Lake George. Upon his loss the widow bravely took the direction of the farm, and carried it on successfully till Elizabeth Porter had grown up and had married Charles Phelps of an early Northampton family. Then began the Phelps regime under which the homestead was enlarged, and the farm bounds so expanded as to include nearly the whole of Mount Warner, where were great sheep pastures and rich woodland. As time passed on Squire Phelps with his growing family gave distinction to the place. Dr. Dwight

in his "Travels" makes especial allusion to its exceptional character. Visiting the homestead on a May day in 1798, when he enjoyed its hospitality at "tea," Dr. Dwight was particularly charmed with the daughter of the house, — a third Elizabeth, then nineteen and blooming, and upon his return to New Haven he discarded cleverly on her virtues to one of his favorite young tutors. This was Dan Huntington, native of Litchfield, Connecticut (his mother a descendant of Adrian Scrope, alias Throop, one of the "regicides"), a Yale graduate and an ordained minister, about to "settle" in Litchfield. Six months after Dr. Dwight's visit the young minister preached at Hadley one Sunday, and also "took tea" at the Phelps homestead. Then on New Years' day, 1801, Dan and Elizabeth were married in the "Long Room" of the homestead, before a grand party of relatives. After a dozen years spent in the Litchfield parsonage, and two or three more with a parish in Middletown in the Lower Valley, the Huntingtons, now with a quiver full of younglings, returned to live permanently at the homestead. So, in 1816, began the Huntington regime. Frederick Dan was born in the ancestral home in 1819, the eleventh and last child of the family, and youngest of seven sons. The place as developed from Captain Porter's beginning and through the Huntington regime, is thus pleasantly sketched in Miss Arria S. Huntington's *Under a Colonial Roof-tree* :

The house was originally of ample size. Its main structure bore the same features as to-day, except that the gambrel roof was added the next century. . . . A broad hall with an open stairway leading to the floor above divided good sized rooms on either hand, a parlor bedroom and the "Long Room" only used for state occasions. Another hall at a right angle led to the little door-yard filled with lilacs and syringas. This south entrance had its flagged walk, and



Round Hill, Northampton, in the Eighteen-thirties (the period of Cogswell and Bancroft's Round Hill School for Boys here).  
From an old print.



small gate opening into a large space where carriages drove up. The front door, with its big brass knocker, was seldom used; the grass grew close up to the steps of the white porch. In a wing at the rear stood a huge chimney occupying space enough for a small room, with great fireplace and ovens. Another large chimney was erected when the present kitchen, cheese-room, &c., were added. An enclosed piazza with seats along the sides, known as the "stoop," extended along the whole western length of the house. In harvest time a long table was set there for the reapers. All through the summer the churning, washing and other household work was there carried on. At nightfall it afforded a grateful retreat after the labors of the day. To those of later generations it has been a favorite social gathering place at that hour. . . . Through the stillness we may hear the tread of horses' hoofs crossing the bridge by the mill a mile away. The clear notes of the thrush sound from the trees along the shore.

Over the threshold of this ancestral house were carried the three Elizabeths in direct succession, at the close of their long lives, to their last resting-place in the Old Hadley burying-ground. And here the bishop, whose summer home it had been throughout his life, died, in July, 1904, full of years like his father before him, and was buried with his kindred in the village graveyard.

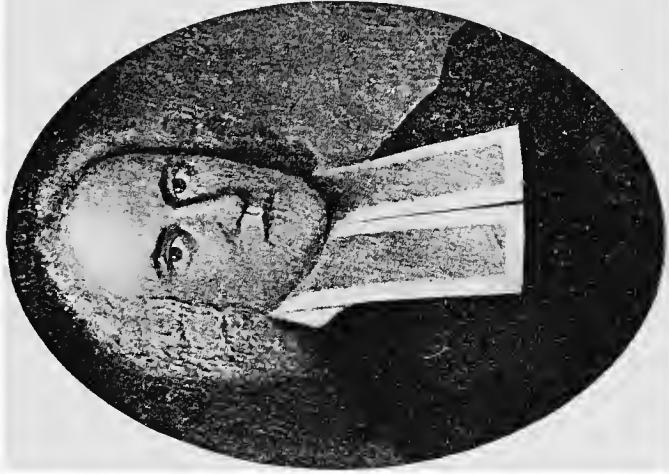
## XXVII

### Cities of the Massachusetts Reach

Northampton, the "Meadow City"—Its Crop of Exceptional Men—The Dwights and the Whitneys—Sites of Jonathan Edwards's Home and Pulpit—Scenes of the Ely Insurrection and of Shays's Rebellion—Smith College—An Educational Centre—Mounts Tom and Holyoke—Holyoke, the "Paper City"—Its great Hydraulic Works—Chicopee and its notable Manufactures—Springfield, the "Queen City"—Beauty of its Setting—Its choice Institutions—The United States Arsenal—Scene of the overthrow of Shays's Rebellion.

**N**ORTHAMPTON is the uppermost city of the Valley, yet with all its metropolitan dignity it remains the "queen village of the meads fronting the sunrise and in beauty throned," as when Holland wrote. Citified structures have indeed replaced many of the rural buildings of the town; the Smith College establishment has developed to impressive proportions; and a municipal theatre has become an assured institution; nevertheless an exquisitely refined village atmosphere still pervades the place, the municipality sits as superbly as the town on the terraced banks, and the great deep level meadows unspoiled still fringe the River coursing through the lovely vale between Mounts Holyoke and Tom.

It has produced, with other fine things, a rare crop of exceptional men. First in importance were those three remarkable town ministers one after another, — Eleazar Mather, Solomon Stoddard, and Jonathan Edwards. Next, the political "River gods," the three men, following John Pynchon of Springfield and Samuel Partridge of Hatfield, who were in succession the Western Massachusetts leaders



Jonathan Edwards.  
From a portrait of 1740, the most authentic  
portrait existing.



Wife of Jonathan Edwards.  
From a portrait of 1740.





in the colony, the province, and the state: Colonel John Stoddard, Major Joseph Hawley, a powerful influence with Samuel Adams and John Adams in the pre-revolutionary moves, and Caleb Strong, governor of the commonwealth for eleven years, including the period of the war of 1812. Then there were the three Timothy Dwights. The first, Colonel Timothy (born in Hatfield, 1694), son of Judge Nathaniel and Mehitable Dwight (she a daughter of Samuel Partridge), who, moving from Hatfield to Northampton soon after their marriage, began the Northampton line of Dwights; a lawyer of "great respectability," a judge, a military man, and a squire in the town. The second, Major Timothy, Colonel Timothy's son (born at Fort Dummer, 1726, when his father was stationed there), married in 1750 to Mary Edwards, one of Jonathan Edwards's daughters, when she was but sixteen, a merchant, civil officer, judge, and a tory at the Revolution. The third, Doctor Timothy, Major Timothy's son (born in Northampton, 1752), the eldest of seventeen children, eight of them sons, theologian, poet, author, and president of Yale. Also, Dr Timothy's brother Theodore (born in 1765), one of the "Hartford Wits," secretary of the Hartford Convention of 1814, and later its historian. Then the Whitneys, related to the Dwights, a family eminent for scholarship, beginning here with Josiah Dwight Whitney (born in Westfield, 1786), a merchant and son of a merchant, grandson of a sterling New England minister, and on the maternal side great-grandson to a Hatfield Dwight — Captain Henry, brother to Judge Nathaniel. Coming to Northampton at twenty-one to keep a country store as a branch of Jonathan Dwight & Sons, his kinsfolk, after eight years' apprenticeship in their main Springfield store he married first Sarah Williston, of the Valley Williston family, notable in

educational work, and second, Clarissa James, of the Northampton Lymans on the maternal side, and had in all thirteen children, nine living to maturity and remarkable for varied intellectual attainments. Of Sarah Williston Whitney's offspring were Professor Josiah Dwight Whitney (born 1819), the eminent geologist in whose honor the highest mountain in the United States, outside of Alaska, is named, Professor William Dwight Whitney (born 1827), as eminent as a philologist and Sanskrit scholar, and Maria Whitney (born 1830) sometime professor of modern languages in Smith College. Of Clarissa James Whitney's: James Lyman Whitney (born 1835), bibliographer, and dean of American librarians by virtue of his forty years' service in the Boston Public Library, and Henry Mitchell Whitney (born 1843), former professor of English at Beloit College, Wisconsin. The head of the family had the satisfaction of recording in his autobiography, written down in a family "Fact Book," that he had been able to give all of his nine children a liberal education, although obliged to help his seven brothers and sisters from the death of his father, when he was but twenty years old. After twenty-six years of mercantile life he became a banker, cashier for fourteen years and for one year president of the Northampton bank, in those primitive days of finance receiving an annual salary as cashier of from one thousand to twelve hundred dollars, and as president, six hundred dollars. His creditable life closed at eighty-two. The Whitneys, like the Dwights, were devotedly attached to the interests of Yale College.

Other families of leading were the Pomeroy's, most conspicuous among them General Seth Pomeroy, the "gunsmith of Northampton" at the siege of Louisburg, and a soldier of the Revolution, entering the conflict at



The Jonathan Edwards Elm, Northampton: in front of the Whitney house on the site of the house of Jonathan Edwards.

The Whitney family grouped about the tree : at the spectator's right, Professor Josiah Dwight Whitney, the geologist ; in front of him, seated, his wife ; next to him, James Lyman Whitney, the bibliographer ; at the left of the ladder, Professor William Dwight Whitney, the philologist ; at his right, his wife ; between them, Miss Maria Whitney, professor of modern languages ; in the tree above the ladder, Henry Mitchell Whitney, professor of English literature ; at the spectator's left, Edward Baldwin Whitney, son of William D. Whitney, former assistant Attorney General of the United States.



sixty-nine with the ardor of youth; the Lymans, putting forth soldiers, lawyers, and judges; the Ashmun and Bates families, distinguished by United States senators. Here also George Bancroft, then in his twenties, and a schoolmaster with his friend Dr. Cogswell at their Round Hill School of lofty ideals, began his "History"; Dr. Josiah G. Holland spent part of his youth and later made the place the scene of his *Kathrina*; and here George W. Cable established his northern home of "Tarryawhile."

Along the picturesquely irregular streets which proceed from the centre over and around the terraces "with no very distant resemblance to the claws of a crab," as Dr. Dwight described them, is an unusual number of old dwellings with histories, and the sites of other historic structures. Naturally the site of Jonathan Edwards's home, with the elm, survivor of the two which he planted in front, is first sought. Here is now the Whitney homestead, built by Josiah Dwight Whitney in 1827-28, in place of the then dilapidated Edwards house, and identified with the youth of his scholarly sons and daughters. Next south of the Edwards house was the mansion of Major Timothy Dwight, in which Dr. Dwight and his brother and sisters were born. Here Madam Mary Edwards Dwight long reigned, a strong, almost imperious personality, vigorous of mind, inheriting much of her father's intellectual superiority, though small of stature, — in her young womanhood so small and dainty that Dr. Dwight related, "her husband (who was as much above the medium height as she was below it) would sometimes carry her around the room on his open palm held out at arm's length."

The Stoddard house in which Parson Stoddard lived through the greater part of his long ministry of fifty-seven years (1672-1729), and the grander gambrel-roofed addi-

tion that his son, the colonel, subsequently erected, making the older house an ell, are still to be seen on well-named Pleasant Street, in the "Hinckley place," but separated, the minister's house being set off as a stable, and the colonel's addition embodied in the present dwelling. Parson Stoddard put up his house here in 1684. He lived first in the Mather parsonage, which he occupied upon his marriage to Esther Mather, his predecessor's widow. This house stood on the west corner of Main and Pleasant Streets. Here was born Eunice Mather, who became the wife of Parson Williams of Deerfield, and the "martyr of the Sack of 1704." Esther Mather-Stoddard outlived Parson Stoddard for seven years, attaining the age of ninety-two. He died at eighty-six, two years after his grandson, Jonathan Edwards, had become his colleague.

The pulpit has gone with the old meeting-houses from which Jonathan Edwards preached for twenty-three years (1727 to 1750) and laid the foundation of his fame as one of the great metaphysicians of his age; from which he led those soul-straining revivals described in his *Narrative of Surprising Conversions*, and whence he was finally so ruthlessly dismissed, the culmination of the tremendous theological controversy over his change in the test for the communion, making this rite the end rather than the means of conversion,—the controversy heightened doubtless by his plain speaking from the pulpit on the morals of the youth of his congregation, which hit some of the elders. But in the present First Church, the successor of the earlier meeting-houses on the same site, is seen a memorial tablet displaying his figure in relief, and fittingly inscribed, which was set up on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his dismissal, a tardy recognition of his fame and worth.



Smith College—College Hall.  
From photographs by Katherine E. McClellan, Northampton.





The Court House is on the site of the Court House of the Revolutionary period, the scene of the first public step in the agitation begun in the closing year of the Revolution for relief from the burdens of debt and taxes oppressing the people, and culminating four years later in the Shays's Rebellion. Northampton also was the scene of the opening act of that rebellion; and here, too, after it was finally crushed, the last acts in the Valley were performed: the trial of a bunch of the captured leaders, when six were convicted of high treason and sentenced to death, and seven found guilty of stirring up sedition were variously sentenced; the subsequent pardon of four of the six condemned to the gallows; the issue of warrants for the execution of the other two; and their reprieve as the nooses were dangling above their necks.

To stop the machinery of law was the first intent of the demonstrations throughout the whole period of these insurrections. Courts and lawyers were warred against because the former were used to enforce the collection of debts and taxes, and the latter under the sanction of the courts compelled payments. With the courts stopped it was argued that radical reforms would immediately follow. Back of the acts of the mob were conventions of delegates from the people which proceeded in accordance with the prescribed order of popular assemblies, and formulated the various grievances for presentation to the General Court in the ordinary way. But in these conventions demagogues vied with soberer-headed leaders for control, and when they gained it inflamed the passions of the malcontents to violent action. While many of the grievances enumerated were endorsed by men of standing in the community, and their efforts were exerted to secure relief and reform through wise legislation, most of this

class could only condemn and resist the high-handed policy that would force these ends at the behest of the mob. In the conflicts that ensued there was much parleying between the "insurgents" and the representatives of law and order, for neighbors, friends, and acquaintances were arrayed on either side.

In the initial Northampton affair, which occurred in April, 1782, the "insurgents" assumed to act under the authority of a convention held in Hatfield the previous March, which resolved that "there be no County Court of the Sessions of Peace." Their leader, Samuel Ely, of Conway, the town next west of Deerfield, was an unlicensed preacher, who "possessed the spirit and so far as his slender abilities would permit, the arts of a demagogue in an unusual degree." Such was Dr. Dwight's characterization of him, and his performances would seem to warrant it. On the day set for the opening of this court in Northampton for the April term, Ely appeared with a number of followers from various places, and haranguing a crowd that assembled before the Court House, incited them against the court. Nothing further, however, was then attempted. Eight days later he reappeared with a larger following. Armed with a club, again before the Court House, he addressed this crowd, closing with an exhortation to "come on, my brave boys, we'll go to the woodpiles and get clubs enough to knock their grey wigs off!" They "came on" accordingly, and for some hours swarmed threateningly about the Court House; but a guard at the doors barred the entrance. Ely himself was early arrested, and, at once arraigned before the court which he was attempting to close, was bound over for trial by the Supreme Judicial Court to convene at the same place in May. So ended this demonstration.



Smith College—The Students' Building.



In the following May, when the Supreme Court had come in and Ely's case was reached, an armed mob gathered to attempt his release and to break up this court. The scheme was checked by the presence of militiamen held in reserve. Ely pleaded guilty and, sentenced to imprisonment for six months, with other penalties, was taken to Springfield to be lodged in the jail there. In June a band of a hundred or more "resolute men," mostly from the towns above Northampton, set out to free him. A couple of hours after they had marched through Northampton "with great steadiness and good order," fifty Northampton "law and order" men were off to frustrate the design. But before they reached Springfield the mischief was done. The jail had been broken open with axes and cleavers and the rescuers were triumphantly returning northward with their man. Colonel Elisha Porter, of Hadley, the county high sheriff, appearing on the scene, got out a force in pursuit. They were overtaken at South Hadley and a bloodless skirmish ensued. Then both forces encamped for the night in the open. Next morning the "insurgents" stole away and made for Amherst. A detachment sent out from Hadley caught them on their flank and another and livelier skirmish took place, resulting in several broken heads. Thereupon both sides came to parley, when it was agreed that all should repair peaceably to Northampton and endeavor there to adjust matters. Meanwhile Ely had managed to slip off. The Northampton conference resulted in an arrangement by which Ely was to be given up, and both sides were to unite in a petition to the General Court for measures of relief. Since Ely had fled and therefore could not be delivered, three hostages were given for his return. When the hostages were placed in the town jail the tumult broke out anew. Suspicious that they were

being held really for punishment as insurgent leaders, the mob raised a clamor for their release, with threats to burn the town if the demand was not instantly complied with. That night the jail was guarded by volunteers. The following day more malcontents came in from neighboring towns. Now Colonel Porter called out the *posse comitatus*. While they were gathering, Reuben Dickinson of Amherst, a strong insurgent leader, having a band of three hundred men at Hatfield, captured a squad marching down from Deerfield. Then he headed toward Northampton and soon a messenger brought to Porter a proposal from him for a conference one mile above the town. Porter declined. He had invoked aid from the towns down the River, and two hundred men were marching up from Springfield. Dickinson, with his force augmented, resumed his march. At about dusk he was before the town with his ultimatum : the release of the hostages within half an hour or an attack. Porter refused, but was ready to enter into any "reasonable agreement." Dickinson prepared for action, when another messenger appeared with a proposal from Porter for a meeting between the lines. This he accepted and the two came together with others from both sides. After a conference the conferees visited the jail. The hostages were found to be comfortably quartered and quite content. They had been treated fairly they declared, and earnestly advised a cessation of attempts for their release till the conditions of the bond were fulfilled. This put a new face on the affair. Their excellent advice was taken and the insurgents withdrew.

Thus this insurrection ended without serious damage to either side. In due course Ely was surrendered, the hostages released, and all the conditions of the bond met. Ely was taken to Boston and detained for some time as a



Smith College—Seelye Hall.  
From photographs by Miss Katherine E. McClellan, Northampton.





government prisoner. He did not appear again in the insurrection. A committee of the General Court, with Samuel Adams at the head, came up to inquire into the situation, and endeavor to ease it. At the November session of the General Court pardon was granted to all the insurgents, with the single exception of Ely. But little was accomplished toward redressing the grievances.

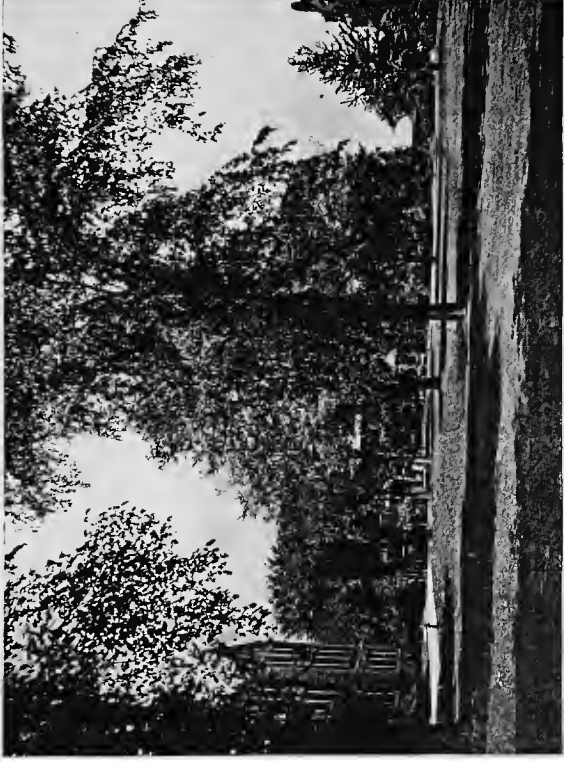
The opening act of Shays's Rebellion was more successful than the Ely raid. The demonstration was made in August, 1786, four days after the convention of fifty towns at Hatfield, at which the formidable list of grievances was adopted. It was to prevent the sitting of the Court of General Sessions. The insurgents — or "regulators," as the participators in the Shays's Rebellion called themselves — were said to number fully fifteen hundred. They were armed some with muskets, some with bludgeons, others with swords. They paraded "with drums beating and fifes playing," and held possession of the Court House till midnight. Then, their design accomplished with ease, they quietly dispersed.

The scenes were next shifted to other parts of the commonwealth, those in the Valley centering about Springfield. The last acts in Northampton took place in the spring and summer of 1787. The trial of the bunch of captured leaders was held before the Supreme Judicial Court sitting in the meeting-house, and continued through twelve April days. The execution of the two of the six condemned to death who were denied a pardon, — Jason Parmenter of Bernardston and Henry McCulloch of Pelham, — was first appointed for the twenty-fourth of May, and the gallows were got ready for them; but on the twenty-third they were reprieved for four weeks. On June 21, the fateful day, no further reprieve being looked

for by the populace, crowds flocked into the town, some from quite distant parts, to witness the promised spectacle.

First came the march of the prisoners with their military guard from the jail on Pleasant Street to the meeting-house, there to suffer the then customary infliction of a public sermon to the condemned. Since the edifice would hold but a fraction of the assemblage, the prisoners and the troops were lined up in the street in front and the services were conducted from one of the windows. There was a prayer by one parson, the Rev. Enoch Hale of Westhampton, and the sermon by another, the Rev. Mr. Baldwin of Palmer. The preacher's text was from Romans vii, 21: "I find then a law that, when I would do good, evil is present with me." These services over, the solemn march was resumed, and the procession moved slowly along the thronged streets to Pancake Hill, the soldiers escorting the high sheriff and his deputies, and the prisoners under a double guard. At the foot of the gallows positions were taken, and when apparently the final moment had come and the multitude were agape with expectation, the high sheriff stepped forward and produced the reprieve. It was a great disappointment to many in the audience, as was recorded in more than one diary of the day. However, the prisoners were returned to the jail, and hopes were indulged by the disappointed that the spectacle was only postponed. But they were respited two times more, and finally were pardoned with the convicted leaders in other parts.

The original buildings of Smith College occupied the homesteads of two judges which formerly stood side by side, with fine mansion-houses set in gardens. Here the college, founded by a maiden lady with her fortune of three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars, on broad



Smith College—View across the Campus.



and definite lines of her own devising, was begun in 1874 with a single building for collegiate purposes, and a few comfortable dwellings for students' homes, instead of the usual dormitory, grouped about it, the second strictly woman's college then established in the country. Now the institution, with a property value of nearly two and a quarter millions, comprises a cluster of nine college buildings and thirteen dwelling-houses, spreading over beautiful estates in the heart of the city, and contributing largely to its importance. Meeting with fine competence Miss Maria Smith's design, as expressed in her will, to provide an education "suited to the mental and physical wants of women," and equal to that afforded to men, "not to render the sex any the less feminine but to develop as fully as may be the powers of womankind," Smith continues admirably to maintain a foremost position in her sphere which she took at the beginning. The youngest of the establishments in this favored educational centre, — which includes, within a radius of seven miles of Northampton, Amherst College at Amherst, the Massachusetts Agricultural College at North Amherst, Mount Holyoke College at South Hadley, and Williston Seminary at Easthampton, — Smith ranks with the highest. Kindred but independent institutions are the Home Culture Clubs, established in handsome and well equipped houses of their own, a generous and practical enterprise of Mr. Cable for the wholesome betterment of the community. Also several free libraries of excellent standard endowed by prosperous citizens.

In the rural section of the city called "Paradise" are choice homes, among them Cable's "Tarryawhile" on the banks of Mill River, the stream which flows through the city — a picturesque feature in the landscape, and upon

the placid waters of which the Smith girls row and paddle their light canoes. Farther out on Mill river is the district of Florence, now a centre of silk manufacture, which was early begun in the Valley. In the late eighteen-thirties, when the wild "mulberry speculation" swept through the land, with the accompanying disastrous efforts at silkworm culture, this hamlet was one vast mulberry-leaf nursery, a single cultivator, Samuel Whitmarsh, having some five hundred acres planted with mulberry trees. In the forties the place was selected for the third attempt in New England at the establishment of a Fourierian "community" (following those at Brook Farm and at Hopedale). It was a joint stock concern under the title of the "Northampton Association of Education and Industry"; and committed to no creed, its adherents were facetiously dubbed "Nothingarians."

Mounts Tom and Holyoke are both accessible by cars, and afford from their summits enchanting views. The prospect spread out from Mount Holyoke constitutes the more extensive panorama over the rich alluvial Valley. In it the observer has "the grand and beautiful united, the latter, however, greatly predominating" to-day, as sixty years ago, when President Hitchcock first adequately described it in his *Sketch of the Scenery of Massachusetts* included in his official geological reports. The changes made in the decades only heighten its distinguished charm. Looking down upon the lovely plain a thousand feet below, now as then the object that "most of all arrests the attention of the man of taste," is the River, winding its way "majestically yet most beautifully." Mount Tom is now a public reservation, and it is kept ever fresh in current literature by Gerald Stanley Lee, through his chapbook outdoor magazine "devoted to rest and worship, and to a little look-off



Smith College Commencement, 1905, Ivy Day.  
From a photograph by Miss Katherine E. McClellan, Northampton.





on the world." The tradition of the naming of these heights as first printed by Dr. Holland in his *History of Western Massachusetts*, is dismissed by the later historian of Northampton, James Russell Trumbull, as a "fanciful and poetical legend," since he finds the origin of "Mount Tom" in doubt, while "Mount Holyoke," although evidently perpetuating the memory of the pioneer Elizur Holyoke, of Springfield, is not mentioned in the Northampton records before 1664. Holland's legend is so picturesque, however, that it will stand in popular history :

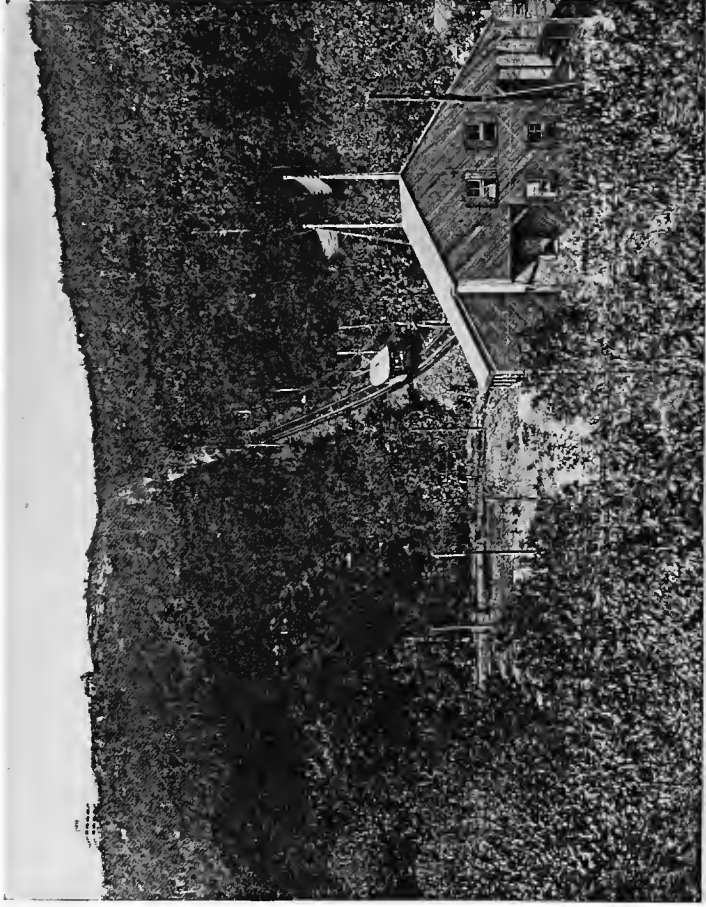
. . . . Some five or six years after the settlement of Springfield, a company of the planters went northward to explore the country. One party, headed by Elizur Holyoke, went up on the east side of the River, and another, headed by Rowland Thomas, went up on the west side. The parties arriving abreast at the narrow place in the River below Hockanum, at what is now called Rock Ferry, Holyoke and Thomas held a conversation with one another across the River, and each then and there gave his own name to the mountain at whose feet he stood. The name of Holyoke remains uncorrupted and without abbreviation, while that of Thomas has been curtailed to simple and homely 'Tom.'

Amherst and South Hadley were both parts of Old Hadley till 1775. Both are properly dominated by their colleges: Amherst on its commanding hill overlooking lovely views along the Valley, and Mount Holyoke College on its elevation equally rich in prospects. The two historic institutions have a sentimental relation: for Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke Seminary, and a pioneer in the higher training of women, was a pupil at Amherst during its first years, when it was coeducational.

In Holyoke on the west side of the River and Chicopee on the east side we are within the original limits of Springfield. So late as 1850 what is now the "Paper City" was

a precinct of rural West Springfield (itself a part of Springfield till 1774); and Chicopee had been only two years set off from Springfield as a separate municipality. Holyoke, at about the time of its incorporation, was a place of farms, one small cotton mill, and a few houses, and was known as "Ireland Parish," a name suggestive of Irish origin; which it was, for the first settlement of this territory was begun, prior to 1745, by a venturesome family of Rileys. Chicopee was a more ancient plantation, the hamlet having been started within four years of Springfield's beginning. The pioneers here were Henry and Japhet Chapin, two of the four sons of Deacon Samuel Chapin, one of Springfield's "first men," whose effigy appears in St. Gaudens's statue of "The Puritan," in Springfield. These Chapin brothers had numerous offspring, and Holland states that for a long period almost the entire population living in the present territory of Chicopee were their descendants or connections. It was Japhet's daughter Hannah who became the bride of young John Sheldon of Deerfield and went so heroically through the cruel experiences of the Sack of 1704.

Holyoke was created with the development of the water-power of Hadley Falls on a systematic scale, undertaken in the late eighteen-forties. The utilization of this power had begun a couple of decades earlier when a Hadley Falls Company erected a wing-dam to supply power to a single cotton-mill. The larger promoters came in with plans fully matured for the establishment at once of an important manufacturing centre. First the necessary lands were obtained from the farmers by an affable and shrewd agent, who was careful not to declare the real object of the purchase; and finally a new Hadley Falls Company, with Perkinses, Lymans, and Dwights, names



The Railroad up Mount Tom.



conspicuously associated with New England manufacturing development of that day, among the corporators, duly appeared for business. The construction of a dam completely across the River was completed in the autumn of 1848, the greatest water-power then known to history. On the day appointed for its inauguration throngs gathered on the river-banks and the neighboring bluffs to see the show. They witnessed instead a catastrophe. The story is full told in these despatches telegraphed to the head office in Boston :

- 10 A. M. Gates just closed ; water filling behind dam.
- 12 M. Dam leaking badly.
- 2 P. M. Stones of bulkhead giving way to pressure.
- 3.20 P. M. Your old dam's gone.

The huge mass of lumber, stone, and earth had been wrenched from its foundations, and rushed pell-mell down stream on the great wave, rolling over and over, and breaking into fragments.

In the following spring a second structure was planned on a more scientific basis, and the building of it begun under the direction of a West Point-trained engineer. This work proved as brilliant a success as the first a dismal failure. Upon its completion, in October, 1849, a greater throng than on the previous occasion gathered to witness its test ; and when it was seen to withstand the pressure effectually, and the water at full head "poured down the perpendicular face in an unbroken sheet," a great cheer from six thousand throats mingled with the music of the fall. With this achievement Holyoke's actual beginning dates. The town full-fledged was incorporated in March, 1850, and Holyoke was taken for its name as a proper compliment alike to the worthy Elizur Holyoke and to the

neighboring mount. By 1851 the new Hadley Falls Company had two good-sized cotton-mills running. Two years later the pioneer paper mills were established. The following year more and larger cotton mills were added to the increasing groups of factories. Then came a temporary halt in the town's progress with the hard times of 1857, and a financial crisis in the affairs of the Hadley Falls Company. After, however, that corporation had been succeeded by the Holyoke Water Company, composed of the same class of manufacturing developers, a period of expansion set in which has continued unchecked. By 1873 the town had become a city. It is now the third in population of the River cities. It obtained its title of the "Paper City" by virtue of its fine paper-making concerns which early outnumbered any other single class of manufactures in the place.

But chief of all the numerous things interesting in this now highly developed manufacturing centre are the perfected hydraulic works. The present dam, a twentieth century affair, erected in 1904, is a splendid construction of solid masonry. He who will have statistics is told that it is ten hundred and twenty feet long between the abutments, thirty-eight feet high, fifteen feet thick five feet below the crest, and thirty-four feet wide at the base. There is the great gate-house under which springs the water that generates from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand horsepower; with the twelve huge gates operated within the house by a water-wheel. And finally there is the grand canal system: the receiving canal, stone-walled, running from the bulkhead of the dam; the first or upper level canal, extending through the heart of the city for a mile and a quarter; the second level, paralleling the first, then, sweeping around, following generally the River bend;



The Dam at Holyoke.





and the third level, carrying its water to many mills in the south part of the city along the River bank. The city's streets are laid out in relation to the canal system. There are public squares, parks for the people, and pleasant residential parts in the highlands.

Chicopee is an older manufacturing centre than Holyoke as well as an older settlement. When it was yet the Chicopee precinct of Springfield it comprised a succession of manufacturing villages along the Chicopee River. Mills appeared with the early utilization of the power of the Chicopee and its tributaries. Iron-works, established at the close of the Revolution, were the earliest industries at Chicopee Falls, and to supply the furnace bog ore was taken from the neighboring river banks. Following the iron work came paper manufacture. The fuller development of the water-power began in the eighteen-twenties with the incorporation of a water-power and manufacturing company. Then cotton factories made their appearance. In these enterprises were Dwights and Chappins, associated with other large-minded Springfield and Boston men. A little later a concern which had been manufacturing edge-tools in the town of Chelmsford since 1791 moved to Chicopee Falls, and began making swords for the United States government. This was the beginning at Chicopee of the interesting works where so much American statuary has been turned out in bronze and where other bronze works of art are made. In the eighteen-thirties the manufacture of bronze cannon was begun at these works; in the fifties, machinery for the Springfield and Harper's Ferry arsenals.

Springfield has long been celebrated as the seat of the oldest United States Armory, of highly developed industries, and of the *Springfield Republican*. It has been the

commercial centre of the Valley in Massachusetts since the day of William Pynchon the founder, and has steadily maintained its supremacy as the metropolis of inland Massachusetts, rivaling Hartford below. It has been prolific in men of force and intellectual capacity. Its charms as a city are its uplands commanding broad views of the superb sweep of the River at this point; wide, shaded streets; noble elms in the older parts; trim lawns; a multitude of comfortable, home-like dwellings; a generous area of parks; a happy blending of town and country; no dismal tenement blocks; the blessings of light and air open to all, and with them more of the conveniences of city life than are to be found in most American cities of seventy thousand inhabitants. This is the attractive picture which the *Republican* has drawn in one of its descriptive articles. Add to it a fringe of romantic outlying country, with a rich historical background, and the sketch is indeed that of "a pleasant place in which to visit or to make a home."

The city is built on what was a sandy plain back and above the meadows which bordered the River, and on a series of terraces terminating in a plateau two hundred feet above the River's level, and stretching off for several miles to the eastward. The business centre is yet on and about the single long street of the original settlement, now Main Street, parallel with the River. The older residential parts occupy the rising ground above the main street, on streets running parallel with it, or following "free and pleasing curves"; and in other directions overlooking the Valley. The once beautiful River front is spoiled through its occupation by railroad tracks and structures of unlovely industries. But all this is now to be reformed through the reclamation by the city of the whole front, and its



Holyoke—Looking North from the City Hall.



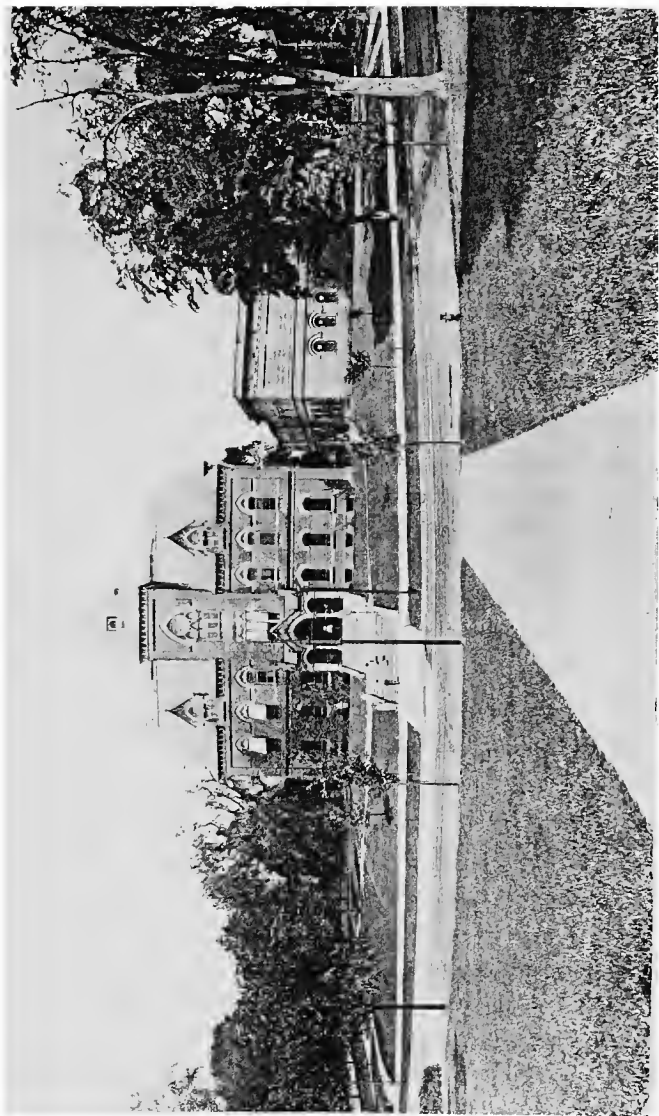
transformation into a splendid riverside parkway and drive. This really magnificent project involves, among other clearances, the shifting of the railroad tracks across the River to the west side, and the building of great new bridges.

Four bridges now span the River within the reach of two and a half miles. Three of them are highway bridges, of which the most picturesque and the least convenient is the "Old Toll Bridge," — a toll-bridge in name only now. The others, modern iron structures, afford the best views up and down the River at present to be had at the water front. The "Old Toll Bridge" is a successor of the first bridge built in the Massachusetts Reach, which was erected in 1805 after years of agitation and considerable ridicule of the scheme by local wiseheads. "Parson Howard talks like a fool," ejaculated one town leader when the minister was advocating it in 1787. "Gentlemen, you might as well undertake to bridge the Atlantic," solemnly declared another when the project was maturing. A fund to meet its cost was raised by a lottery. Its completion was the occasion of a great celebration, and on the Sunday following the event Parson Lathrop of West Springfield preached a sermon upon it, the pious theme of which was the "convincing evidence" that the structure suggested of "the existence and government of a deity, and also of the importance of civil society and of a firm and steady government."

Court square is the historical centre. Here clustered the meeting-house, the taverns, the court-house, the stocks, and the whipping-post of colonial days. And here was the scene of the later outbreaks in the Valley of Shays's Rebellion, followed shortly after by the "battle" back on Armory Hill, which practically overthrew that insurrection.

The first of these demonstrations, in September, 1786, was directed against the Supreme Judicial Court to prevent its sitting, and thereby head off the indictment of insurgent leaders by the grand jury which reported to this court. The insurgents were now a little army, well organized, and containing many old soldiers of the Revolution. Daniel Shays himself, a farmer of Pelham, the town next east of Amherst, had been a captain in the Continental army, conspicuous for personal bravery at Bunker Hill and at Stony Point. The government men were prepared for their coming, and when they arrived they were confronted by a military force in possession of the court-house, commanded by General William Shepard of Westfield, a Revolutionary officer of excellent record. These opposing forces faced each other for three days, and a conflict was averted only through the forbearance of the leaders on both sides. Under General Shepard's protection the court was enabled to sit through the three days, but its sessions were merely formal. No meeting of the grand jury took place and consequently no indictments issued. So the victory was practically with the insurgents. Meanwhile they had executed various "bold measures" before the court-house. When a rumor winged among them that they would not be permitted to march by the building, they announced their intention of so doing "forthwith." Accordingly, with military precision and muskets loaded for action, they marched and countermarched directly beneath the court-house windows; but the government men declined to take up their challenge.

The next demonstration was in December and was short and decisive. Shays with other leaders unexpectedly marched into the town and, assembling several hundred malcontents, proceeded to occupy the court-house and post



City Library and Art Museum, Springfield.





guards at the entrances, before a body could be organized for resistance, thus preventing a session of the court of common pleas. Their object effected they marched off.

The "battle" on Armory Hill came in January. The insurgent leaders had determined to concentrate their forces at Springfield and try the issue with the capture of the Federal arsenal. Luke Day, a West Springfield leader, had collected there a well-drilled force of four hundred men ready to cross the River on the ice. At Chicopee was Eli Parsons, a Berkshire leader, with a similar force. Shays was to march from the eastward with the main army of twelve hundred men. Anticipating these movements, General Shepard with eleven hundred militiamen had taken possession of the arsenal and had planted a cannon commanding the approaches from the Boston road, — the old Bay Path. General Benjamin Lincoln, chief of an army recently raised by the state to quell the rebellion, was making a forced march up from Worcester over the snowy roads with a body of infantry, horse, and artillery. Shays's plan was to reach Springfield ahead of Lincoln and seize the arsenal before Shepard could be reinforced. The first part only of his programme was successfully carried out. When he had reached Wilbraham, the town next east of Springfield, he despatched a message to Day requesting his coöperation in an attack on the next day, the twenty-fifth. Day wrote that he would be ready for the twenty-sixth. This reply was intercepted\*with the arrest of the messenger and went to Shepard instead of to Shays. Shepard also got word of Shays's movements by Asaph King, a deputy sheriff, who brought the news from Wilbraham, post haste, pushing on horseback through the snowdrifts and across fields, — the Paul Revere of this rebellion.

Toward the close of the twenty-fifth, Shays with his

army was sighted slowly toiling along the snow-covered Boston road. At this time part of Shepard's troops were posted back in the village, on the main street, to hold Day in check. Shays's army approached in battle array, marching in an open column by platoons. Shepard sent out messengers to ask "what he was after." The reply came back: "Barracks, barracks, he would have, and stores." Shepard retorted that "he must purchase them dear if he would have them." When within two hundred and fifty yards of the arsenal Shays came to a halt. He was warned not to march any nearer "on his peril." At this the march was instantly resumed, Shays leading his men with a confident air, supposing that Day was coöperating from the west side. Shepard ordered his artillery to open fire. The first two shots were aimed to overshoot them. Still they pressed on. Then the fire was directed straight through the centre of the column, and they broke into the utmost confusion. Shays made a gallant but vain attempt to rally them. Three lay dead in the snow in the road, and one mortally wounded. The proud army retreated precipitately, not stopping till Ludlow was reached, ten miles away. On the following day Shays, with his force reduced by two hundred who had deserted, succeeded in making a junction with Parsons at Chicopee. The next day General Lincoln arrived with his troops. Then, after only a brief show of opposition, all the insurgent forces were routed. Fleeing up the Valley they made their hard way to Amherst and thence to Shays's hometown of Pelham. Hadley became Lincoln's temporary headquarters. The crushing of the rebellion was not fully accomplished till some months later, but the insurgents were finally clear of the Valley. Shays after his pardon lived peacefully till his death in old age, his home latterly



The Springfield Home of George Bancroft.



being in Sparta, New York. It was the alarm which this rebellion occasioned in the country at large that led Jefferson to the expression of his theory as to the wholesomeness of periodic revolutions: "Calculate that one rebellion in thirteen states in the course of eleven years, it is but one for each state in a century and a half. No country should be so long without one."

The Armory and Armory Square are now at the finish of a beautiful walk of half a mile up broad State Street lined with magnificent trees. Midway are the City Library and the Art Museum, admirable institutions nobly set; and along the side street by the Library grounds are some houses interesting from their literary associations: notably the house in which George Bancroft lived during his three years' residence in Springfield (1835-38). The arsenal as it appears to-day, with its impressive line of buildings set back in handsome grounds, is the growth of a century. It developed from the works for repairing arms carried on through the Revolution when Springfield was a depot for military stores.

West Springfield and Agawam, to which the bridges across the River lead, and Longmeadow, connected by a trolley line, are intimately associated with Springfield, part of which they originally were. They remain rural towns of much beauty, each with its rich historic background.

## XXVIII

### The Lower Valley.

Enfield and Suffield at the Connecticut State Line— Windsor Locks and Warehouse Point— Site of Pynchon's Warehouse of 1636— Ancient Windsor to-day and its Landmarks— Charms of the East-Side Windsors— A Romance of the Colony— Roger Wolcott and his Homestead— Birthplace of Jonathan Edwards— Timothy Edwards and his Remarkable Family— Modern Hartford: Yet a "Gallant Towne"— Its Historic and Literary Landmarks— Trinity College.

**E**NFIELD on the east side and Suffield on the west side, at the point where the River again narrows, at the Connecticut state line, naturally mark the north bound of the Lower Valley. Both are charming in situation yet markedly unlike in physical features. Enfield's surface is generally level above the River; Suffield spreads over a succession of broken ridges. Enfield has a busy manufacturing centre in Thompsonville, where are long-established carpet-making works, and where power-presses and other important things are produced. It is yet the abiding place of the Enfield Shakers, whose society dates back to 1788, and their neat colony on their own lands in the northeast part of the town is unique. But the community is fading out, and finis is likely soon to be written to its history. Suffield remains principally an agricultural town much devoted to tobacco culture.

Windsor Locks was the Pinemeadow of old Windsor and assumed its present name upon the establishment of the Enfield Canal. Now it is a busy manufacturing centre, with substantial paper mills, silk mills, and other factories. Warehouse Point, connected with Windsor Locks by a

suspension bridge, is within the bounds of East Windsor. The place of William Pyncheon's warehouse of 1636 is fixed by the local antiquaries as "probably about fifty rods below the present ferry landing."

In old Windsor we find to-day a small town with a great past, charming in its maturity. The central village preserves the lines of the original settlement. The tree-fringed Palisado Green is the historical centre. Here and in its neighborhood, on either side of the Farmington River, were the home-lots of the pioneer settlers, — Roger Ludlow, who lived in his Windsor stone house for five years, and then founded Fairfield on the Sound, John Warham, the minister, Henry Wolcott, the magistrate and ancestor of magistrates, John Mason, the first captain of the colony, and the rest. At the mouth of the Farmington is the site of the Plymouth Trading House, with the neighboring "Plymouth Meadow" still holding the old name. About the Green remain a gambrel-roofed mansion or two of the period, in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, when Windsor merchants were prosperously engaged in foreign commerce and the town was a port of entry. But Windsor's proudest landmark is the "Ellsworth mansion," originally the home of Chief-Justice Oliver Ellsworth, one of Connecticut's two great revolutionary and constitutional statesmen. It is on the homestead lot of the emigrant Josias Ellsworth, dating back to 1665, and is within the tract upon which Francis Stiles attempted to make a foothold for the "Lords and Gentlemen" in 1655, when the Dorchester men elbowed the "Stiles party" off the "Great Meadow." Judge Ellsworth occupied this mansion at the height of his fame, and here, with his gracious wife, a great-granddaughter of Henry Wolcott, dispensed an "elegant hospitality." Washington and Lafayette were among

his intimate guests. The spectacle of Washington in this family circle "delighting the judge's children . . . by singing to them the 'Darby Ram'," which Dr. Stiles presents in a footnote to his *Ancient Windsor*, reveals another feature of the real George Washington.

East Windsor and South Windsor, on the east side of the River, were included in the "Windsor Farmes" of early colonial times. South Windsor is especially interesting from its associations with the Wolcott and the Edwards families. Here lived the greater part of his long life of eighty-nine years that picturesque character in Connecticut colonial history, Roger Wolcott, born in 1679, who, "never a scholar in any school a day" of his life, rose through his genius and self-culture to early distinction in affairs, and to such achievements in *belles-lettres* as to mark him for first place in the line of Everest's *Poets of Connecticut*. And here, in 1703, Jonathan Edwards, the metaphysician, was born.

Roger Wolcott's father, Simon Wolcott, was a pioneer in the settlement of "Windsor Farmes," moving across from old Windsor, in about 1680, to a domain below the mouth of the Scantic River. He was the youngest son of Henry the emigrant, and his marriage to Martha Pitkin was a romance of the colony. Martha Pitkin was a sister of William Pitkin of Hartford, attorney-general and treasurer of the colony. Handsome, accomplished, and twenty-two, she had come out from London to visit her brother, intending to return. But her beauty and accomplishments "put the colony in commotion," and it was resolved that she should be detained through a suitable marriage; the "stock was too valuable to be parted with." So the wise heads gravely set about to discover the most suitable young men to pay court to her. The choice, after due delibera-





A Connecticut Valley Tobacco Farm.



tion, fell upon Simon Wolcott, then a widower (his first wife, a girl of eighteen, had died a month after their marriage) and living on his own estate in Windsor; and to the joy of the matchmakers he succeeded in securing her hand. They were married in 1661. The first fifteen years of the married life of the London beauty were passed on a frontier farm up the Farmington River, where she bore her husband eight children. Then came King Philip's War, when the family were driven off by hostile Indians and the farm destroyed. At this depressing period, when they were back in Windsor village to make a fresh start, Roger, the ninth child, was born. Simon died seven years after the move to Windsor Farmes, and two years later Martha became the wife of David Clarke, sometime secretary of the colony, and returned to old Windsor with her younger children. Of her nine Wolcott children seven lived to maturity. The daughters all married well, and the sons became men of leading, established at the "Farmes" on their own estates, along the winding path which developed into the broad tree-shaded town "Street."

Roger Wolcott took up his permanent residence here in 1702 upon his marriage to Sarah Drake, his second cousin. He was now twenty-three and had been in his "own business" for three years. He had learned to read English and to write when he was twelve, and at fifteen had begun work as a weaver's or clothier's apprentice. Within two years after his marriage he had his land cleared, his house and farm buildings all up, his farm running profitably, and had become a man of affairs in the community. His house being finished in the year of the Sack of Deerfield, that gruesome scene was depicted among its wall "decorations" — a rude painting extending above the dark wood wainscot of the "front room." Panels in

other rooms displayed paintings of animals and men. Here Roger and Sarah Wolcott lived "joyfully together" for forty-five years, bringing into the world a family of sixteen children, of whom thirteen lived full lives, and making this house one of the distinguished homes of the Lower Valley. Starting into public life when he was twenty-eight, Roger Wolcott served successively as town selectman, representative in the General Court, councillor, county court judge, superior court judge, chief justice on the superior bench, and finally governor of the colony. He was also a soldier in colonial wars: at thirty-two, in the expedition of 1711 to Canada; at sixty-six commander of the Connecticut troops in the affair of 1745 against Cape Breton; and major-general, second in command of the united colonial forces at the conquest of Louisburg. His last years were spent serenely in retirement, largely devoted to literary pursuits, at the home of his eldest daughter, wife of Captain Roger Newberry, in old Windsor. His narrative and descriptive poem on Connecticut was of this period, but his first ventures into verse were of much earlier date, his little book of *Poetical Meditations* appearing in 1725.

The "Windsor Farmes" homestead remained for some time after Roger Wolcott's day, a landmark on the "Old Governor's Road" which led up from the landing of "Wolcott's Ferry" crossing to the Plymouth Meadow. An old stone-walled well is now pointed out as upon its site.

The Timothy Edwards house, birthplace of Jonathan Edwards, stood some distance south of East Windsor Hill. It was an unusually substantial dwelling for the time of its erection, 1696-97, having been built for Timothy Edwards by his father, a prospering merchant in Hartford. As described in Stoughton's *Windsor Farmes*, it was a

two-story structure of fine timber, narrow and long, with a porch and door in the middle of the front. It occupied a slight eminence from which the land sloped toward a brook at the foot of a steeper hill, then crowned with a forest of primeval trees. It was in the groves of this hill that Jonathan, the boy of seven or eight, during a period of fervid religious revival, built his tent for secret prayer with his mates.

Timothy Edwards was in his way as remarkable a man as his son. He was of the third generation from William Edwards the founder of the family in America, settled in Hartford in 1645, and the next year married to Agnes Spencer, widow of William Spencer, an earlier settler. Whether the father of William Edwards was Richard Edwards, a London clergyman of the Established Church in Elizabeth's time, as has been assumed, or a clergyman at all, is in doubt. All that is definitely known is that his mother, when the Widow Anne Edwards, married John Cole in England, and that she came out to America with him and her son and step-children. William became a merchant in Hartford. He died before 1672, leaving only a son, Richard. Richard married first Elizabeth Tuthill of New Haven. From her he was divorced in 1691, when he married Mary Talcott of Hartford, a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Talcott. He had six children by each wife. Timothy Edwards was his eldest son by Elizabeth Tuthill, born in Hartford in 1669. Upon the cause of the divorce of Timothy Edwards's parents light is thrown in Mr. Stoughton's *Windsor Farms*. The branch of the Tuthill (or Tuttle) family from which Elizabeth Tuthill came was erratic to the degree of insanity:

Mrs. Richard Edwards's brother was found by the colonial court guilty of murdering a sister, and another sister was found guilty of

killing her son. Both of these persons would undoubtedly have been found insane by a committee '*de lunatico inquirendo*,' but a plea of insanity was little favored by the early courts, and indeed in his case was not urged. The brother was executed, but the sister, through the confusion arising at the time in the administration of colonial affairs, escaped the penalty of the law, there being in point of fact no government that could lawfully execute her, owing to trouble growing out of Sir Edmund Andros's administration.

Timothy Edwards displayed none of the erratic tendencies of his unfortunate mother, whatever they may have been. Some of them, however, are said to have cropped out in his youngest daughter, Martha, who married into the Tuthill or Tuttle family; a branch other than her grandmother's. She is said to have possessed a "very peculiar disposition," and a "refractory spirit," and to have given her husband, a good honest parson, an "unquiet life." Ample explanation of the vigor of the erratic peculiarities occasionally outcropping in the Edwards race, and, after their restraint by the strong will of Jonathan Edwards, renewed in his son Pierpont and his grandson Aaron Burr, which have been the subject of ingenious speculation by numerous writers, Mr. Stoughton suggests will be found upon physiological grounds by a study of the branch of the Tuthill line whose blood was transmitted to the Edwards line by the union of Richard Edwards and Elizabeth Tuthill.

Timothy Edwards's pastorate at the "Windsor Farmes" settlement was his first and only one, and lasted sixty-three years. Upon his first preaching as a candidate in 1694, he married Esther Stoddard, the Northampton parson's daughter, and granddaughter of John Warham, Windsor's first minister. She was a woman of rare intellectual force and refinement of character. The parsonage

was built before the meeting-house, and within it the minister's ordination services, in 1698, were held, followed by an unusual spectacle — an ordination ball. It remained the home of Timothy and Esther Edwards through his ministry, ending with his death at eighty-nine. Esther Edwards survived him thirteen years, reaching her ninety-ninth year. Their children, all born in the parsonage, were eleven, all girls save Jonathan, who was the fifth child. The girls grew to be exceptionally tall maidens, each six feet in height, which led their father to speak of them jocularly as his "sixty feet of daughters."

In this rare household Jonathan Edwards developed early a prodigy of learning. All the girls were well grounded in Latin, and several of them in Greek. The parsonage was an educational workshop, and the minister was a leader in his generation in promoting the higher education. He is said to have fitted some fifty boys for Yale. Sometimes the learned elder daughters assisted him in the preparatory school. Jonathan was studying Latin at eight years of age, and at thirteen was in Yale. His graduation at seventeen with the highest honors testified to the thoroughness of the father's training.

Jonathan Edwards's life in the parsonage practically closed with his graduation from college. He began to preach in his nineteenth year, and was twenty-four when he became established in Northampton, first as a colleague of his Grandfather Stoddard. Of his ten sisters three became ministers' wives. The parsonage remained till the early nineteenth century.

Other pleasant old estates of South Windsor still in the families who established them, are those of the Stoughtons and the Grants. The first Stoughton here was Captain Thomas, son of Thomas, a leading man in the Old

Windsor settlement. He was a brother-in-law of Timothy Edwards, having married Timothy's sister Abigail for his second wife. The first Grant here was Matthew, a son of Samuel Grant of Old Windsor, the ancestor of General and President Grant. Down close to the East Hartford border of South Windsor is the birthplace of John Fitch, the steamboat inventor; and in the near neighborhood Eli Terry, the originator of the cheap "Yankee clock" industry of Connecticut, was born.

The Windsors now are centres of importance in the Connecticut tobacco "belt." It is interesting to hear that the first cigars made in this country were produced in South Windsor, and by a woman, thus reversing the custom of the original tobacco growers, the Indians, who held the plant too sacred for their women to handle. She was a Mrs. Prout, a South Windsor farmer's wife. According to the tobacco historian of the United States Census, her enterprise was begun in 1801. Soon other farmers' wives joined her, and their product was peddled from village to village in wagons. The earliest brands in the market and lingering for more than half a century were "Long Nines," reminiscent of juvenile experiences of old smokers of to-day past the fifties. The "Windsor Particular" was also an early brand. Later on the "Clear New England Cigar" was a familiar Connecticut product. The tobacco now grown in the Valley is the wrapper leaf exclusively.

To modern Hartford fittingly applies Samuel Maverick's characterization of the Hartford of the mid-seventeenth century. It is now as then "a gallant Towne and many rich men in it." Setting forth its advantages in material things, one local writer dwells upon its wealth, "greater in proportion to its inhabitants than any other city in the country." He apparently overlooks the rich Boston suburb





The Connecticut State Capitol and Bushnell Park, Hartford.



of Brookline, but that is a town, not a city. Another, more engagingly, presents it as a place of "comfortable homes, of beautiful parks, of lovely drives," where "wealth, comfort, and refinement combine to make life almost ideal in its possibilities." The reasonableness of this view impresses itself upon the visitor as he strolls along the cheerful thoroughfares and observes the city's outward aspect; the more so if it be his pleasure to cross the thresholds of some of its comfortable homes. If his approach be by railroad, as he reaches the street below the station his eye will at once be charmed by an elegant park directly across the way, rising symmetrically to a height crowned with the ornate state capitol. Along the business streets and in the heart of the city he will note the interesting blend of old-time and modern architecture. He will find notable libraries and literary institutions, with the intellectual flavor that attaches to a college town. The city's wealth comes through its association with large and varied manufactures, and great insurance interests centering here. Its refinement is an inheritance from a succession of cultivated generations.

City Hall Square, the heart of the city, and the older streets toward the River front, retain generally the lines of the colonial town. Main Street, back from the River and running parallel with it, has evolved from the "Road from Sentinel Hill to the Palisades," the first town way, originally finished with a fort at either end. The Square was the first "Meeting-House Yard" or Green, the centre of the colonial town. State Street, opening from the east side, was the first "Road to the Landing" on the River. Front Street, nearer the River front, was the first main travelled road connecting Wethersfield, Hartford, and Windsor. City Hall Square, with Main Street and its neighborhood

below to Park River, comprises the historic ground. Park River, — most commonplace of names, — is the “Little River,” or “The Riveret” of the first settlers, meandering through the city and emptying into the Connecticut at the Dutchmen’s old preserve of Dutch Point.

City Hall Square is of first interest. On its east side stood the little meeting-house before which, in the open air, the freemen of the colony adopted that first written constitution of 1639. The open space where now many lines of trolley cars centre, was the popular gathering-place on all public occasions in colony times. Here the freemen assembled yearly to elect the colonial governor and other public officers. Here Captain John Mason’s Lilliputian army for the Pequot War were lined up, and thence marched down to the Landing and embarked with Hooker’s godspeed. Here was the rendezvous of the Connecticut soldiers for King Philip’s War. Here in 1687 Andros was received with much show of courtesy, when, as governor of New England, he came with his councillors, his guard, and his trumpeters, to demand the colonial charter which Captain Joseph Wadsworth afterward hid in the “Charter Oak.” Here, a half-dozen years later, when Governor Fletcher of New York came to assume command of the Connecticut militia, assigned him by the crown, the same Captain Wadsworth, with the Hartford trainband lined up, defied him, drowned his proclamation with the roll of the drums, and threatened to “make the sun shine through him” if he further interrupted their exercises. In after years here were celebrated victories of the French and Indian War and of the Revolution. The City Hall, facing the Square, a structure of late eighteenth century architecture, was originally the State House. Begun in 1794, it was two years in building, from slow-coming funds raised in part



Main Street, Hartford.



through a lottery. Its chief interest lies in its having been the place where the Hartford Convention during the War of 1812 assembled.

In and about the Square are also found landmarks of early literary Hartford. Here was the printing office of Joel Barlow's weekly gazette, *The American Mercury*, begun in 1784, to which the "Hartford Wits," of whom he was one, contributed. And Barlow's bookstore, where together with books, rum, teas, coffee, pepper, sugars, and English goods, were sold his *Vision of Columbus*, first published in Hartford in 1787, and his Psalm Book, an adaptation of Watts's Version. In near neighborhood was the home of John Trumbull, the author of *M'Fingal*, the epic of the Revolution, and chief of the "Hartford Wits," where the club often met. With Trumbull and Barlow contributing most to the club's effusions were Dr. Lemuel Hopkins, the "bludgeon satirist"; Richard Alsop, of Middletown, poet of gentler pleasantry; Colonel David Humphreys; Theodore Dwight, senior; and Dr. Elihu H. Smith, of Wethersfield. Their serial political satires,—*The Anarchiad*, *The Echo*, *The Political Green House*,—produced in the period immediately following the Revolution, and foremost in its literature, appeared first in the weekly journals published here and in New Haven. Near the old State House was printed Theodore Dwight senior's *Connecticut Mirror*, begun in 1809. This was the gazette which afterward John G. C. Brainard, "the gentle poet of the Connecticut," edited through five years, from 1822 till shortly before his death at only thirty-two. Slighting its politics, he gave it a distinct literary flavor with his own writings. On Main Street, a little north of the Square, was the office of the *New England Review*, which the poet George D. Prentice first edited, and after him John G.

Whittier, whom he most generously introduced to its readers. Prentice was Connecticut born, versatile, polished, debonair, his fame afterward blooming in Kentucky in his Louisville *Journal*. Whittier came to his editorial chair at twenty-two in Quaker homespun fresh from the Amesbury farm. With many associates, Whittier made lasting friendships during the less than two years of his Hartford life, — between 1830 and 1832. Of his circle was Frederick A. P. Barnard, then a young instructor in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, whom, when president of Columbia a half-century after, Whittier recalled in his dedication of *Miriam* :

“The years are many since, in youth and hope,  
Under the Charter Oak, our horoscope  
We drew thick-studded with all favoring stars.  
Now with gray beards, and faces seamed with scars  
From life’s hard battle, meeting once again  
We smile, half sadly, over dreams so vain.”

Another was Lydia Huntley Sigourney, that most voluminous of early American women writers, then at the height of her popularity, whose verses and “moral pieces,” eventually filling more than sixty volumes, were produced before the acceptance of women to full fellowship in art and letters. This is the keynote of the lines which Whittier wrote after her death in 1865 for the tablet placed by her pew in Christ Church, on upper Main Street :

“She sang alone, ere womanhood had known  
The gift of song which fills the air to-day;  
Tender and sweet, a music all her own  
May fitly linger where she knelt to pray.”

Unlike Brainard, Whittier proved an active and industrious political as well as literary editor, for he was a born





Old State House, Hartford, now City Hall.  
Place of the sitting of the Hartford Convention during the War of 1812.



politician. Forty-two of his poems first appeared in the *Review*. Of the existing newspapers, the *Times* is reminiscent of Gideon Welles, who for the first thirty years of his long, active life was associated with it as its principal political writer. Welles was a native of the Valley, born in Glastonbury in 1802, and was in direct line from the colonial governor, Thomas Welles. The *Courant* is most pleasantly associated with Charles Dudley Warner, whose connection with it, in the ideal dual capacity of proprietor and editor, covered almost the whole period of his essays in literature.

Below the Square historical landmarks thicken. On the east side of Main Street the site of "Zachary Sanford's Tavern," where the affair of the charter in 1687 was enacted during the night session of Andros debating his demand with the Assembly, is covered by a church. The place where the Charter Oak stood, on the Governor Wyllys homestead lot, is seen on Charter Oak Place, east of Main Street, marked by a tablet. The tree survived till 1856, when its venerable trunk was prostrated in an August gale. It is said to have measured twenty-one feet in circumference at a height of seven feet from the ground; and honest Hartfordians aver that twenty-one persons could stand together in its great hollow. The charter remains, a precious document. The "historical duplicate," as the term is, for there were two copies, may be seen in the State Library in the capitol, enclosed in a carved frame, part of which is of wood of the tree. The "historical original copy," with the original "charter box," is in the Wadsworth Athenæum, a possession of the Connecticut Historical Society. The wood of the oak is preserved in countless small articles, and a few large ones. Captain Wadsworth, despite his valiant acts, seems

afterward to have occasionally fallen under discipline, for it is recorded that in 1706 he was fined five shillings for "hot headed remarks in court and hasty reflections on the judges."

The castellated front of the Wadsworth Athenæum occupies the site of a famous Hartford house. This was the Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth mansion, where Washington and Rochambeau had their first conference in September, 1780. The Athenæum was founded through the liberality of Colonel Jeremiah's son, Daniel Wadsworth. Established more than sixty years ago (1842), its scope has expanded to embrace the chief literary institutions of the city. Here, now under one roof, are gathered the Library and Collections of the Connecticut Historical Society (founded in 1825), the Watkinson Library of Reference, the Hartford Public Library; the Hartford Art Gallery and Art Society School; and a Bird Collection of the Hartford Scientific Society. The library of the Historical Society ranks with the best in New England in early American history, and is the depository of many valuable manuscripts of historical material; while the cabinets are rich in objects illustrative of American history and prehistoric archæology. The Watkinson Library admirably supplements the Historical Library. It was founded by David Watkinson, a successful merchant, and an active member of the Historical Society, who died in 1857 leaving liberal bequests to these institutions. The rooms which they occupy have a delightful bookish atmosphere. On the green in front of the Athenæum the statue of Nathan Hale, the young and comely American spy, whose last words of regret that he had but one life to give to his country are familiar, or ought to be, to every schoolboy, deserves a passing glance.



The Charter Oak, Hartford.



The old Centre Church, nearly opposite the Athenæum, is the lineal descendant of the first meeting-house. It dates from 1807, and in its interior design as well as its façade preserves the architecture of its day. Back of this meeting-house is the burying-ground of colonial times in which are the graves of Hooker, and of other governors, and a plain central monument to the memory of the first settlers. The site of Hooker's house is on Arch Street, below the Athenæum.

In Bushnell Park, with its crowning State Capitol, is the city's show of out-door art. Observe that this park of beautifully undulating territory, the central feature of a system of parks of unusual extent and variety for a city of Hartford's proportions, is in large part reclaimed from an unsightly waste, edged with dismal, unsavory buildings. Its creation and development, with its setting of to-day, are due to the foresight and perseverance of Horace Bushnell, the great preacher and great citizen of Hartford, for whom it was named when he died in 1876; and it stands a very useful memorial of his quickening influences in civic matters through his forty years of lofty citizenship here. The work of the landscape architect here displayed is as worthy as that of the sculptor.

The capitol occupies the original site of Trinity College which was removed to make way for it. Trinity's present seat is on as slightly a ridge about a mile distant. Here its range of buildings, of a refined architecture, occupy the side of a beautiful green. It is almost forgotten now that Trinity began as Washington College, which grew out of warm religious antagonisms and local rivalries when Connecticut had two capitals. When in 1823 the charter for the college was granted, Hartford celebrated the event with bell-ringing, cannon-firing, and bonfires, for it saw in

the project a rival to Yale. By a prompt and generous subscription to its endowment fund Hartford secured the establishment of the institution from other competitors for it, and the new Washington College was duly set up as "a tower" of defence for the Episcopal Church then centered here, against "the inroads of New Haven heresy." It became Trinity College in 1845, upon petition of the alumni. All the antagonisms and rivalries long ago vanished. As President Hadley of Yale remarked at the installation of President Luther in 1904: "We breathe to-day an atmosphere which helps toward breadth of view and largeness of tolerance; which makes us seek for points of contact and coöperation instead of for points of divergence and antagonism." The Theological Seminary of the Congregationalists, founded a decade after Trinity, remains in the heart of the city.

The walk from Bushnell Park westward up Asylum Hill and along Farmington Avenue, beautified its length by handsome trees, is a favorite with many visitors on account of the association of this attractive part with the latter-day Hartford literary group, notably Harriet Beecher Stowe, Warner, and Clemens, who dwelt for some years in close neighborhood here. The Warner and Clemens places, on the avenue, are easily recognized from the frequent published descriptions of them, — the Warner house in a frame of woodland, the "Mark Twain" house on a knoll backed by an oak grove; and the path between the estates worn by the two constant friends. The Stowe place also adjoined "Mark Twain's," on the farther side, facing Forest Street. Out of Forest Street was the "rambling Gothic cottage" of Isabella Beecher Hooker which Clemens first occupied when he came to live in Hartford in 1871. Opposite was Warner's earlier home, the "little red-brick





Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Arch, Hartford.



cottage embowered in green," associated with his *My Summer in a Garden*, and *Backlog Studies*.

Beyond and westward lies picturesque West Hartford, backed by the Talcott mountains, where the neat culture of market gardens is the chief industry. Across the River East Hartford is given more largely to tobacco-growing.

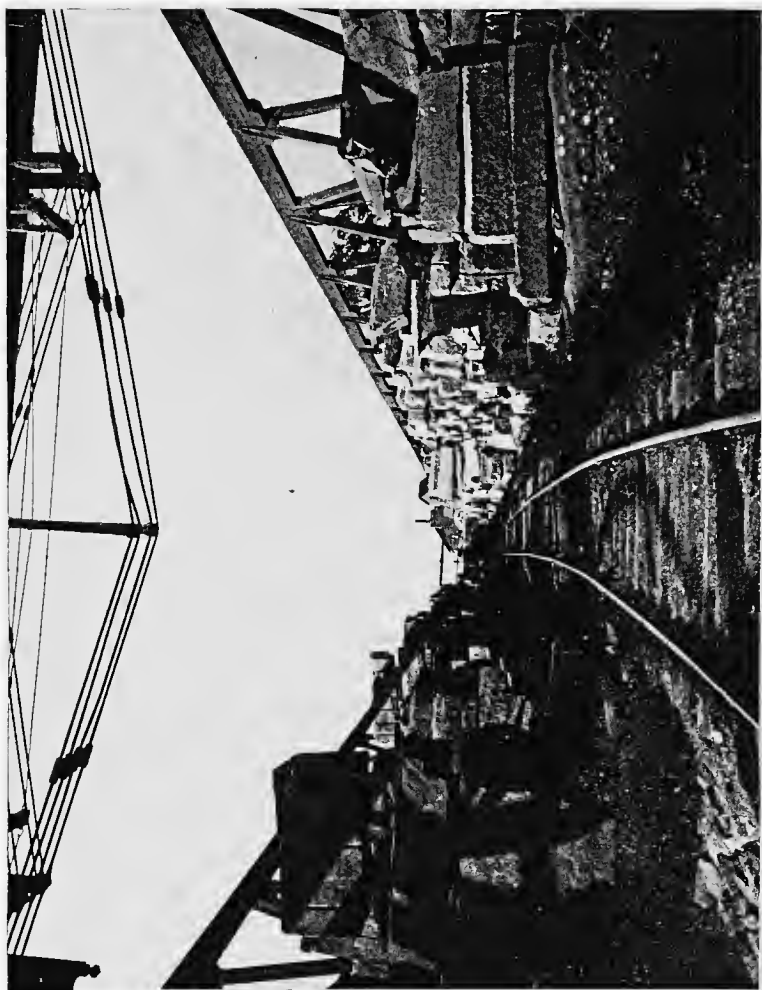
## XXIX

### Hartford to the Sea

Down the River by Steamboat — Old Dutch Point — Wethersfield back from the Meadows — The Glastonburys — Rocky Hill and Cromwell — Portland and Middletown at the Great Bend — The College City — Wesleyan University and Berkeley Divinity School — John Fiske in Middletown — The Straits — The Chatham Hills — Historic Mines — “The Governor’s Gold Ring” — The Lymes and the Haddams — The Field Family — Brainard the Missionary to the Indians — Essex — At the River’s Mouth.

THE steamboats of the “Hartford Line,” for lower-river landings and by the Sound to New York, sail from the site of the ancient Landing in Hartford, at the foot of State Street. On the way to the pier one will observe a few old warehouses suggestive of the West India trade of ships that have passed. But he must imagine the old wharves lined with vessels, “often three or four deep,” when Hartford was the head of sloop navigation; the heaps of hogsheads of sugar, rum, and molasses covering them; the fleet of flatboats loading for the up-river voyage. Quiet now pervades the River front. Occasionally a fussy tow-boat or a string of slow-moving freight barges ruffles the river surface. A low-cut pleasure steamer for excursions may enliven the scene; and gayety is added by trim naphtha launches. The Sound steamboat appears quite a leviathan among this river-craft. She glides off from her dock in the late afternoon with a gentle movement as if reluctant to disturb the prevailing serenity, and as gently proceeds on the down-river course.

From the vantage of the upper deck the eye takes in



The Portland Quarry.

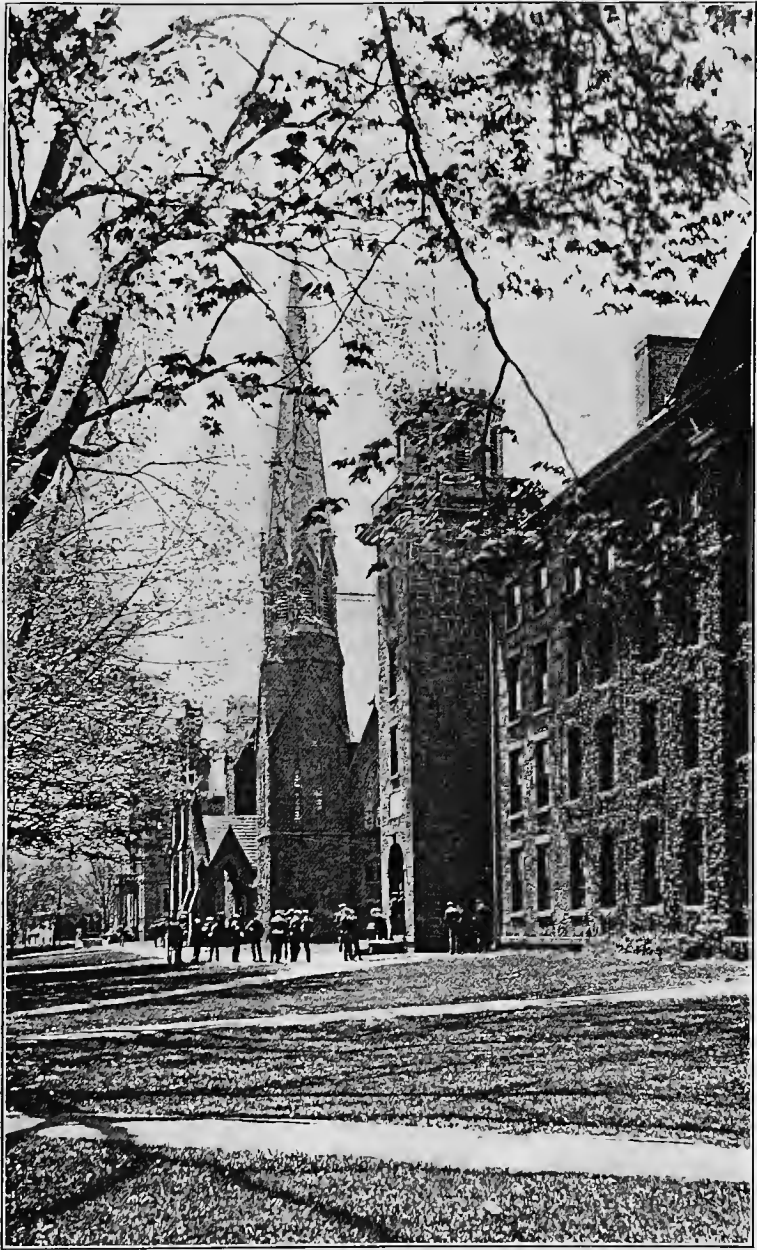


both sides of the River as the steamer placidly drops down stream. Old Dutch Point appears occupied by the yard and ways of the transportation company which operates the Hartford Line; and where meadows were are the works of the great Colt manufactory of fire-arms and murderous guns. Leaving the city behind, the passage soon winds between low green banks with spreading meadows backed by highland. The steamer feels her way cautiously along the narrow channel, and approaches the long bend from Wethersfield Cove, on the west side, in Wethersfield, and Keeney's Cove, on the east side, in Glastonbury, which occupy portions of the old bed of the River in colonial times.

The Wethersfield Landing is one of the oldest on the River. The old town lies back from the meadows, a small community now, engaged somewhat in manufactures and more in agriculture. Its tranquil elm-shaded streets, broad greens, and numerous old houses of colonial types are its features that most charm to-day. Visitors a century and more ago were particularly impressed with its culture of the onion. Brissot de Warville in his *New Travels in the United States of America Performed in 1788*, Kendall in his *Travels through the Northwestern Parts of the United States in the Years 1807 and 1808*, and others, made note of the vast fields in Wethersfield uniformly covered with this pungent bulb, and cultivated almost entirely by women and girls. Kendall remarked that "Wethersfield has a church built of brick, and strangers are facetiously told that it was built with 'onions.' On explanation it is said that it was built at the cost of the female part of the community, and out of the profits of their agriculture." Their labor was easy and was performed with feminine nicety. For, as Kendall further observed, "the fair onion-growers

unite with their industry a laudable care of their beauty; . . . in the field their dress, which is contrived for protecting them from the sun, often disguises every lineament of the figure." De Warville bore similar testimony, and remarked with true Gallic gallantry: "New Haven yields not to Wethersfield for the beauty of the fair sex. At their balls during the winter it is not rare to see an hundred charming girls adorned with those brilliant complexions seldom met with in journeyings to the South, and dressed in elegant simplicity." And the mischievous Peters, in his romancing "history" of Connecticut, in 1781 wrote, "It is the rule with [Wethersfield] parents to buy annually a silk gown for each daughter above the age of seven till she is married. The young beauty is obliged in return to weed a patch of onions with her own hand." The culture of the onion continues, but tobacco, leeks, and garden seeds now contend with it for supremacy in the products of the Wethersfield farms. Of the colonial mansions still remaining, chief in interest are the "Webb" and the "Deane" houses. The former was "Hospitality Hall," where met the military council of May, 1781, when Washington "fixed" with Rochambeau their plan of campaign. The assembling of the important personages that comprised the council, — Washington, Rochambeau, Generals Knox, Duportail, and the Marquis de Chastellux, Jonathan Trumbull, Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth of Hartford, and Colonel Samuel B. Webb of Wethersfield and a member of Washington's personal staff, — was a great social as well as military event in Wethersfield. The sittings took place in the large parlor of this mansion. The host of "Hospitality Hall" was then Joseph Webb, Colonel Samuel's elder brother. The mansion was built by their father, Joseph Webb, a prosperous young merchant, in 1752 or





Wesleyan University—"College Row."



1753. He died a few years later, at only thirty-five, and his widow married Silas Deane. Four years after the lady died, whereupon Deane took a second wife, a granddaughter of Governor Gurdon Saltonstall. Then the "Deane house," which Deane had previously erected adjoining the Webb place, began its hospitable career. Here Deane was living in affluence when he entered public life. How he became a confidant of Washington and was sent out as secret diplomatist and commercial agent to France is familiar history. At that time he was one of the foremost men in the Revolutionary cause. Subsequently came his trouble and contentions with Arthur Lee, his losses through his ill treatment by Congress, and finally his melancholy death abroad, "a martyr to the cause of America." Washington was a guest at the Deane house in June, 1775, when on his way, with General Charles Lee, to take command of the army at Cambridge. In the Revolution Wethersfield vessels engaged in privateering, and one of the earliest privateers in commission was a brigantine built here and sent out by Silas Deane's brother, Barnabas. She carried a battery of eight guns and a crew of forty-four men.

At the end of the long bend the steamer makes the Glastonbury Landing. This old town, dating from 1680, and taken from Wethersfield's territory, lies back from the River with a fringe of hills. Several of the estates along "The Street," lined by noble trees planted before the Revolution, are held by lineal descendants of the first settlers. The founders coming from the neighborhood of Glastonbury in England gave the place their old home name. It is a town now of varied manufacturing interests, with tobacco the chief agricultural staple. The manufactories utilize the water-power of several brooks that course through the town, contributing to its scenic attractions.

South Glastonbury, the next landing, at the end of another bend of the River, is as fair as the upper village. Here Roaring Brook, most picturesque of the town's streams, empties into the River. Once the Glastonburys were shipbuilding places, and had their part in the West India trade. An old-time ferry connects South Glastonbury with Rocky Hill on the west side, which also was originally a part of Wethersfield.

From the Glastonburys and Rocky Hill the steamboat follows the River's graceful windings between green banks, in a charming region, with the townships of Cromwell on the west side, and Chatham and Portland on the east. Then the broad sweep is made to the Portland Landing, and to Middletown opposite, at the upper turn of the Great Bend. Below Rocky Hill the banks become more permanent in appearance, showing less of the river's wash than above. Cromwell has the hills from which brown stone is quarried. Portland is the quarrying place particularly of freestone. From the hills here freestone has been taken out since early colony days. The first quarry was opened on the water's edge where the stone rose high and hung shelving over the River. Portland was then a part of the territory of Middletown, as were Chatham (from which Portland was taken) and Cromwell. Once shipbuilding was a gallant industry here as well as quarrying. During the Revolution and the War of 1812, the Portland or Chatham shipbuilders launched some fine frigates and privateers. Later they turned out packets. The first packet to sail from New York for Texas was built here in 1836. Afterward all the packets of the New York and Galveston line, begun in 1847, came out of Portland shipyards.

As the steamer draws up to the Middletown Landing the little city rises pleasantly to view in the twilight.



Wesleyan University—North College.  
Destroyed by fire March 1, 1906.



Beauty of situation is but one of the charms of Middletown. John Fiske's delineation of a decade ago holds good to-day. "In the very aspect of these broad, quiet streets with their arching trees, their dignified and hospitable, sometimes quaint households, we see the sweet domesticity of the old New England unimpaired." In the social life of the place, as he says, there has always remained "something of the courtliness and quiet refinement that marked the days of spinning-wheels and knee-buckles." Much of this has been due to its institutions of learning, "much also to the preservation of old traditions and mental habits through sundry strong personalities the saving remnant of which the prophet speaks." If the visitor on a radiant summer morning ascends by gently rising cross-streets from Main Street parallel with the River, to High Street on the terrace a hundred and sixty feet above, and bends his gaze riverward, an enchanting landscape opens to his view. An amphitheatre of rare natural beauty spreads out before and around him. The River with its graceful bend, and broadening in front of the city to perhaps half a mile, appears a silvery stream sweeping eastward, and presently in a narrowing course, framed in delectable hills. And if later one drives northward from the city's centre up the Valley, the spectacle which John Fiske has so felicitously pictured may be enjoyed :

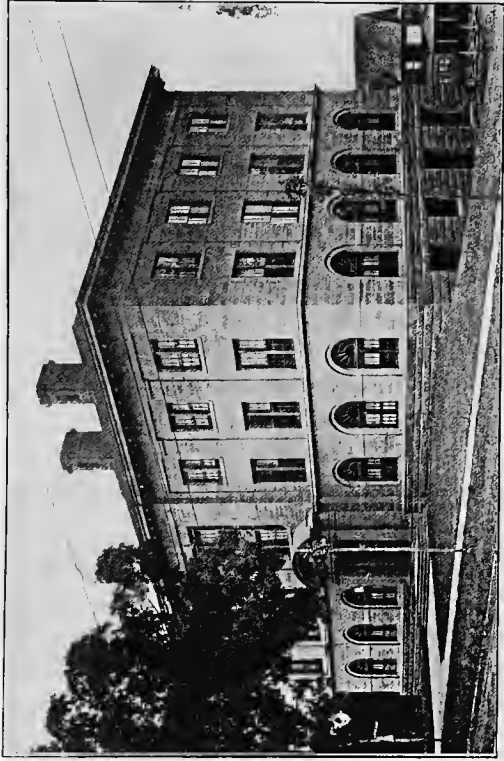
"About eight miles north of Middletown as the crow flies, there stands an old house of entertainment known as Shipman's Tavern, in bygone days a favorite resort of merry sleighing parties, and famous for its fragrant mugs of steaming flip. It is now a lonely place; but if you go behind it into the orchard and toil up a hillside among the gnarled fantastic apple-trees, a grade so steep that it almost invites one to all fours, you suddenly come upon a scene so rare that when beheld for the twentieth time it excites surprise. I have seen few sights more entrancing. The land falls abruptly away

in a perpendicular precipice, while far below the beautiful River flows placidly through long stretches of smiling meadows such as Virgil and Dante might have chosen for the Elysian fields."

Early Middletown comprised two hamlets separated by wide stretches of meadows and designated respectively the "Lower Houses" and the "Upper Houses." The present city, in its central part, constituted the "Lower Houses," and the olden part of what is now Cromwell the "Upper Houses." These quaint terms held for more than a century and a half from the first settlements, or until 1851, when the "Upper Houses" became Cromwell. The point where Middletown was begun by the original settlers of 1650 is near the heart of the present city. The spot is seen marked by a rough boulder, a bronze plate in the stone's face recording the data of the town's beginnings. It overlooks the River and the nearer railroad, and is overshadowed now by a Catholic institution which fronts the ancient burying-ground where the Puritan settlers sleep. The boulder placed close to the graveyard fence marks the Green of the first town centre. In the burying-ground, with its memorials of the early settlers, is seen the monument to Commodore Macdonough, the "hero of Lake Champlain" in the War of 1812, whose associations with Middletown were through his marriage and home here after his laurels were won. His death occurred at sea.

Among modern structures on the Main Street a plain stone building of official aspect with the sign "Custom House" on its front is the relic of Middletown's departed commercial importance. At one time in the latter eighteenth century Middletown outran Hartford, and was the principal port on the River, much engaged in foreign trade. Early in that century it had begun shipbuilding, and the "cheerful music of the adze and hammer" were heard in its





Wesleyan University—Wilbur Fisk Hall.

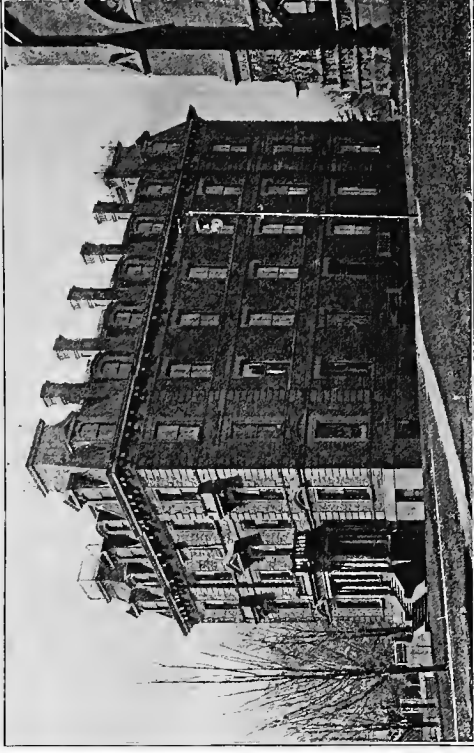


shipyards for long after. At the opening of the Revolution it is said that more shipping was owned here than anywhere else in Connecticut. John Fiske recalls a distinct nautical flavor about the place so late as the decade before the Civil War. Meanwhile manufacturing had become permanently established. By the middle of the nineteenth century mills were numerous on the brooks and streams tributary to the River, producing various small wares,—ingenious and very useful “Yankee notions” peculiar to Connecticut manufacture,—with machines and machinery. Then Middletown, at its bi-centennial, was described invitingly as a rural city where “wealth, satisfied with objects that impart refinement and rational enjoyment, must ever delight to dwell.” Now its industrial statistics show a broader variety of manufacture, yet it remains the wholesome rural city with the added refinements of riper years, where all of its community as well as “wealth” must find it good to dwell.

Wesleyan University, which with the Berkeley Divinity School gives the city the academic atmosphere, has been identified with Middletown from the foundation of the institution in 1831, the first established college of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the country. Its career started in the buildings of Captain Partridge’s “American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy,” which had removed to Middletown from Norwich, Vermont, in the Upper Valley, in 1824. Designed to “educate the mind and body together,” under military discipline, the academy had given a certain tone to the town, with its soldierly instructors and uniformed cadets, many of whom came from the South. But after five years it returned to Norwich, and its buildings were for sale when the projectors of Wesleyan were looking about for a location. This

opportunity to acquire ready made college halls, together with a liberal endowment fund which Middletown citizens subscribed, brought the institution here. As time went on, and the college expanded to university proportions, new buildings were added, and along the broad college green on beautiful High Street, College Row arose fair and stately as it appears to-day. The Protestant Episcopal Berkeley Divinity School, although founded in Hartford, has also been identified with Middletown from its establishment as a chartered institution. Credit for its existence and its growth to its present proportions belongs and is generously given to Bishop John Williams (of the Deerfield Williams family), fourth bishop of Connecticut, who organized it as the theological department of Trinity after he had become president of that college in 1849, and who was its active head from the beginning till his death in 1899. The main building, once a commodious mansion house, constitutes a dignified central piece to the college plant.

Other mansions pleasantly placed along the River banks disappeared or were despoiled with the occupation of the water-front by railroads and its consequent transformation. One of these was the boyhood home of John Fiske. From his study window the view that "used to range across green pastures to the quiet blue waters" became obstructed by an embankment and a coal-wharf. This was the house of Fiske's maternal grandmother, where he lived from less than a year after his birth in Hartford (March, 1842) till at eighteen he entered Harvard in the sophomore class. It was in this old family mansion, browsing much in its excellent library, that he exhibited that marvellous precocity which astonished his tutors: at six, taking up the study of Latin; at seven, reading Cæsar,



Wesleyan University—Orange Judd Hall of Natural Science.



and for entertainment, Rollin, Josephus, and Goldsmith's *Greece*; at eight, delving into Milton, Bunyan, and Pope, having already absorbed all of Shakspeare; at nine, beginning Greek; before eleven, devouring more history, Gibbon, Robertson, Prescott, and most of Froissart; in his twelfth year, writing from memory "a chronological table from B. C. 1000 to A. D. 1820, filling a quarto blank book of sixty pages"; by thirteen, taking up mathematics, teaching himself music, and singing in the church choir; at fifteen, beginning German; at sixteen, keeping his "journal" in Spanish, and reading various other modern languages; at seventeen, beginning Hebrew and dipping into science. With all this amazing reading and study, "averaging twelve hours daily twelve months in the year, before he was sixteen," he was no pedant, but a genuine youth, devoted with ardor to out-door sports and life, taking long walks and rides in the country round about, and boating on the River. He was Edmund Fiske Green till his thirteenth year. His father, Edmund Brewster Green, was a native of Delaware, and his mother, Mary Fiske (Bound) Green, of Middletown. Edmund Brewster Green had been a student at Wesleyan, class of 1837, and had met Mary Bound in the social life of the town. He became a clever journalist, and at one time was private secretary to Henry Clay. He died young, at thirty-seven, when editing a paper in Panama, in 1852. Edmund Fiske Green became John Fiske, by act of the Legislature, when his mother married Edwin W. Stoughton, the New York lawyer, of the Valley Stoughton family. He took the name of his maternal great-grandfather, John Fiske, a man of force and character in Middletown, for half a century the town clerk.

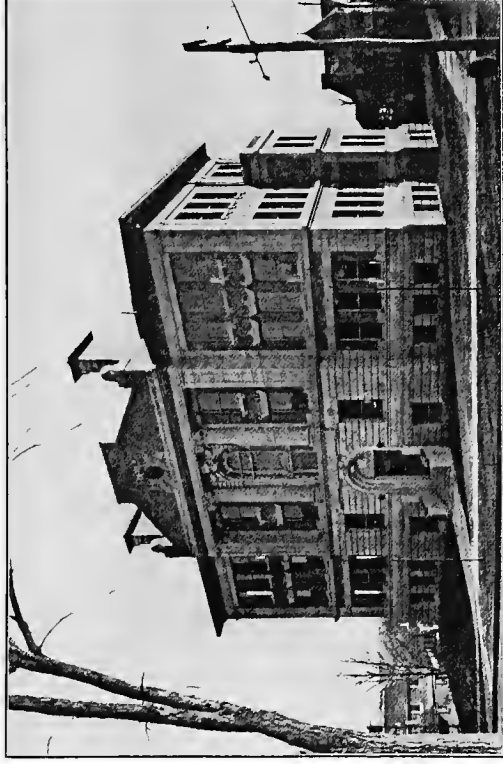
The home of the poet Brainard, for a little time in

Middletown, was also near the water-front. Brainard came to Middletown in 1819 and opened a law office, having reluctantly adopted the profession of his father, Judge Brainard, of New London. He proved an indifferent lawyer, given more to letters than to briefs. Several of his minor poems were written in his clientless office on Main Street. At length he abandoned his profession, when he went up to Hartford to edit the *Mirror* and engage exclusively in the hazardous literary life.

From Middletown Landing the steamer floats down the River, now sweeping eastward beside the Chatham hills. As the channel narrows below Middletown and takes its wayward course among the shoals, the pilot's skill comes into good play. At times the bow of the boat seems about to pierce the River's bank on one side and the stern to scrape the shore on the other side; but she glides onward with the ease of a canoe. About two miles out from Middletown Landing the romantic pass of "The Straits," where the River cuts boldly through the range of hills, is approached, and its gentle aspect changes to quite a majestic air. In a deep and narrow channel it swiftly flows for a mile's length between rocky banks rising to heights of from four hundred to eight hundred feet.

On the rugged north hills are historic mines, in localities yet picturesque. One, near the head of The Straits, was the "Old Lead Mine" worked by foreigners before the Revolution, and then seized by the Connecticut government, supplying large quantities of lead for the colony's use through the war. Another, beyond and above the end of The Straits, was the older and more romantic "Governor's Gold Ring." This was the place of the early investigations of John Winthrop the younger, for mineral





Wesleyan University—Scott Laboratory of Physics.

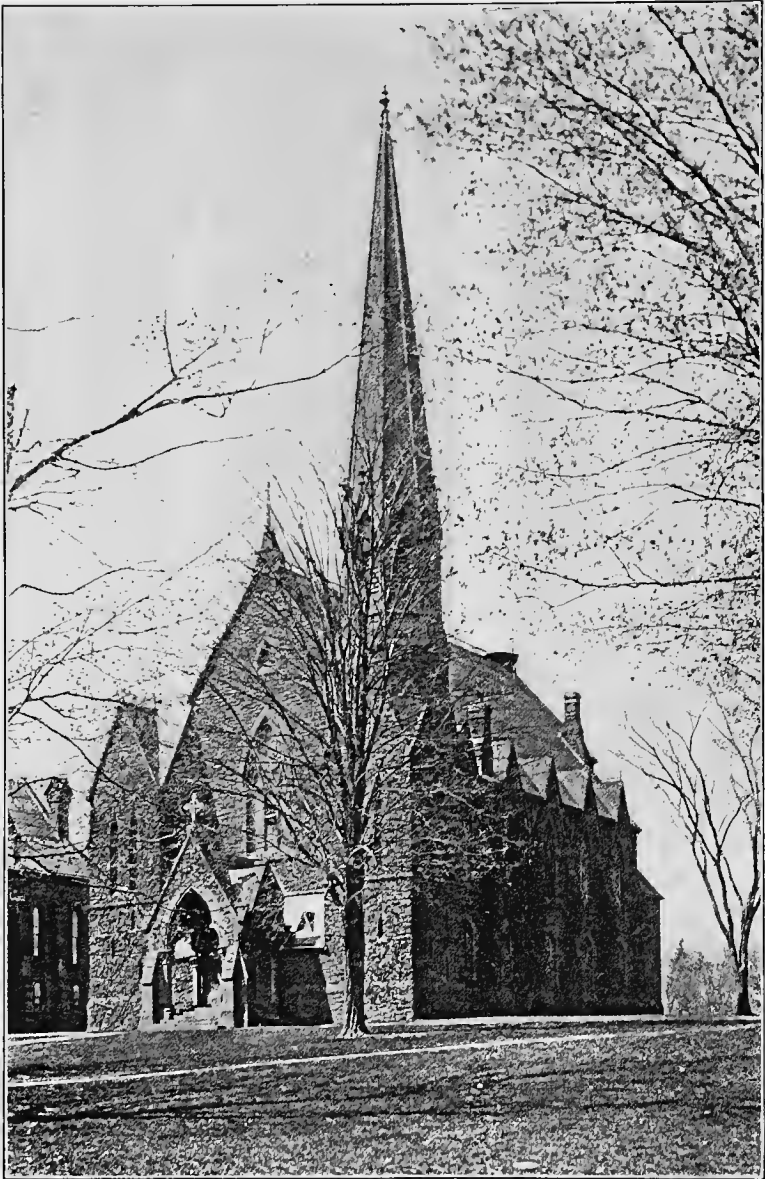


wealth. Its site is on Great Hill, on The Strait Hills range, in the precincts of Cobalt, a village romantically set, which takes its name from the old cobalt mines of the region, north of Middle Haddam Landing. The "Governor's Gold Ring" was in the reservation which in 1661 the town of Middletown granted to "our much honoured Governor, Mr. John Winthrop," for the encouragement of his projects for the discovery of mines and minerals, and the setting up of works for their improvement. Here, then a lonely and dangerous wilderness, this intrepid colonial scientist used to resort, accompanied only by his servant, often spending three weeks at a time in roasting ores or assaying metals. Although no "finds" of great value rewarded him, the colonists gave the place its glittering name from their impression that he had actually obtained gold sufficient at least to be made into rings.

Night falls during the passage of The Straits, and the remainder of the steamboat's voyage is made in darkness. It is enlivened, however, by the play of the steamer's searchlight upon the banks as the several landings are approached. Thus at intervals a series of pleasant landscapes are thrown up to view as on a canvas. Middle Haddam Landing, in Chatham, appears at the end of the River's long eastward sweep and its turn southward again. Next Rock Landing, in East Haddam, is disclosed in the mellow light. Then East Haddam Landing; and Goodspeed's, in Haddam; Hadlyme; Deep River, in Chester; Hamburgh, in Lyme; Essex Landing; Lyme Landing; and finally Saybrook Point.

The Haddams have various attractions, scenic and historical. Shipbuilding, from the splendid timber grown among the hills, was a brisk industry on their river-fronts during and after the Revolution. East Haddam is espe-

cially charming in parts. Salmon River coming down from the highland and here dropping into the Connecticut beautifies the landscape. This tributary was in the old days a rich salmon-fishing place, and so got its name. In East Haddam, Nathan Hale, "the American spy," began his modest career as a schoolmaster a few years before the Revolution, and the little house in which he taught has been preserved by the Sons of the Revolution. In old Haddam the visitor is directed to a number of interesting landmarks. Haddam was the birthplace of David Dudley Field and Stephen Johnson Field, justice of the United States Supreme Court, the elder of the four remarkable Field brothers (Cyrus West Field and the Rev. Henry Martyn Field having been born in Stockbridge, in the Berkshire hills). Their sister, Emelia, who became the wife of an American missionary in Turkey, and the mother of another United States Supreme Court judge, Mr. Justice Brewer, was also born here. Their father, the Rev. David Dudley Field, distinguished in his walk as minister and town historian, was minister of the first Haddam church for many years. Beginning in 1804 he was twice settled here, before and after his pastorate in Stockbridge. The memory of the family is kept fresh in the town through the gift, by Dr. Field's sons, of the Meeting-house Green and Field Park adjoining the site of the old church where their father preached so long. An earlier minister of the Haddam church was the Rev. Aaron Cleveland (or Cleaveland), great-great-grandfather of ex-President Cleveland. He was the minister from 1739 to 1746. Subsequently he went to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and while there became a Church-of-England man. He obtained Episcopal ordination in England, and returning to America under appointment as a missionary, he began his labors in Delaware.



Wesleyan University—Memorial Chapel.



He died in Philadelphia in 1757, at the home of his old friend, Dr. Benjamin Franklin. He was a man of unusual physique, "tall, well proportioned, and powerful." When a student at Harvard he outranked his college mates as the best swimmer, skater, and wrestler.

Other pious sons of Haddam were the brothers Brainard — David and John — eighteenth century missionaries to the Indians. David Brainard was that flame of piety, the ardor of whose labors among the Indians, emulating the work of John Eliot a century before him, burned out his young life in his thirtieth year; and whose journals, published in 1749 with a memoir by Jonathan Edwards, became a classic of missionary literature. The house where he was born, in 1718, stood back from the River on an elevation commanding a fine prospect; and near by were the beautiful groves and sweet fields where, when a child, "sober and inclined to melancholy," he wandered alone, and wrestled with his imagined "vileness" for peace with an awful God. He became affianced to Jerusha, the youngest daughter of Jonathan Edwards, but their union was sacrificed to his missionary work. She gave up her life in her care of him through his long lingering illness of consumption, her death occurring scarcely four months after his, in her eighteenth year. He died at Jonathan Edwards's house in Northampton, in October, 1747, and was buried in the old Northampton burying-ground. "Eight of the neighboring ministers, and seventeen other gentlemen of liberal education, and a great concourse of people" attended his funeral, Jonathan Edwards preaching the funeral discourse.

Essex is interesting as an old-time shipbuilding place, where war-ships were built in the Revolution, and where in the War of 1812 the British cornered a number of

American vessels and destroyed them. Boat-building and sail-making are still carried on here to some extent, but manufacturing long since became the foremost industry. The town was a part of Old Saybrook till the middle of the nineteenth century.

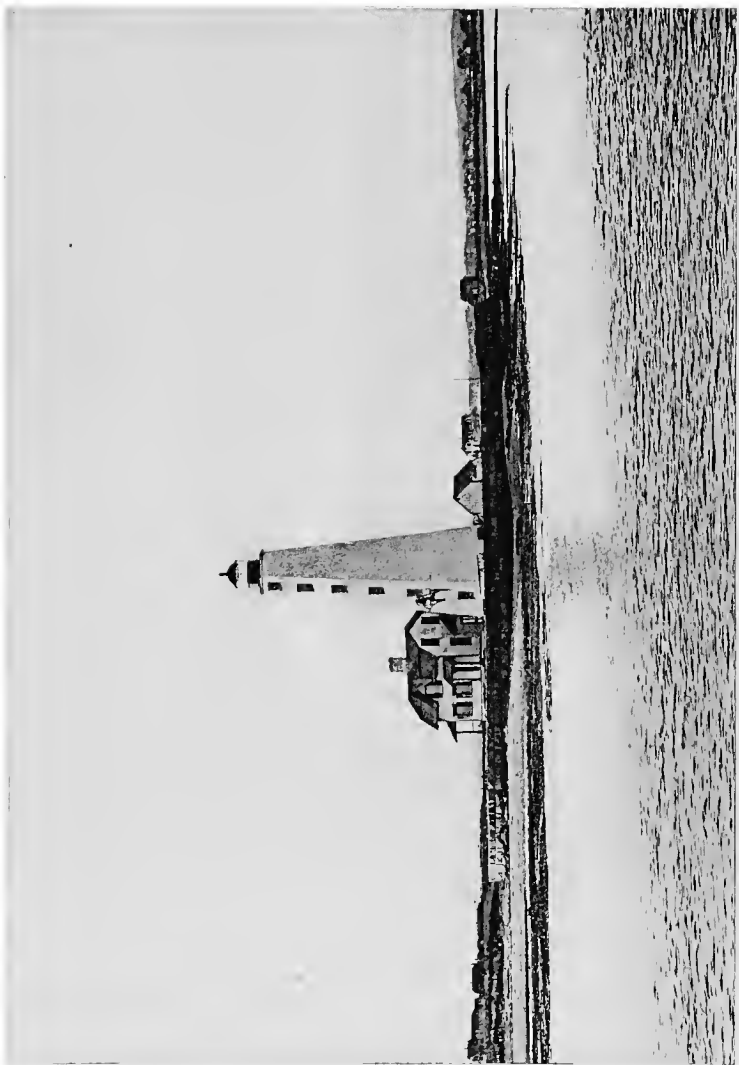
From Saybrook Point the steamer continues her night-voyage out into the Sound, and on to New York. The traveller confining his journeyings to the Valley therefore disembarks at this last River landing, and finds shelter for the remainder of the night at a Saybrook inn. The next morning, instead of leaving the Valley at Saybrook Junction, he might well return to Hartford by railroad and depart at that central point for the world at large. Thus he may make a leisurely finishing trip, with "stop-overs" at the pleasant places passed on the down-sail after nightfall.

Thus we have followed the course of the "Beautiful River" of which the poet whose name is most closely associated with it sings:

From that lone lake, the sweetest of the chain  
That links the mountain to the mighty main,  
Fresh from the rock and swelling by the tree,  
Rushing to meet and dare and brave the sea —  
Fair, noble, glorious river! in thy wave  
The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave;  
The mountain torrent with its wintry roar,  
Springs from its home and leaps upon thy shore.

It was Dr. Dwight's observation a hundred years ago, that the inhabitants of this Valley then possessed a common character, and in all the different states through which it extends resembled each other more than their fellow citizens living on the coast resembled them. This similarity





Saybrook Lighthouse at the River's Mouth.

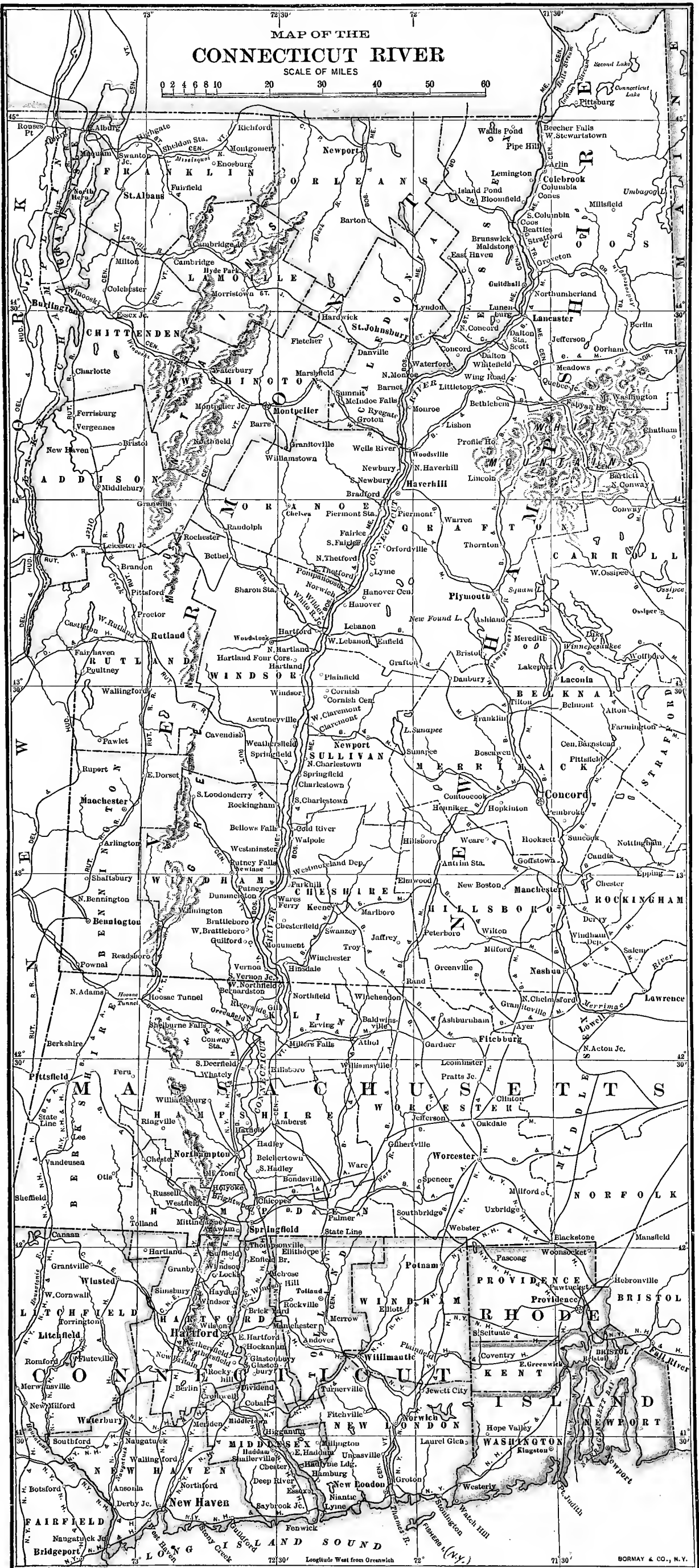
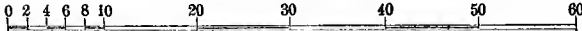


he found to be derived from their descent, their education, their local circumstances, and their mutual interests. "People," he sagely remarked, "who live on a pleasant surface and on a soil fertile and easy of cultivation, usually possess softer dispositions and manners . . . than those who from inhabiting rougher grounds acquire rougher minds and coarser habits. Even the beauty of the scenery . . . becomes a source of pride as well as of enjoyment." So it appeared that there was no tract in which learning was more, and more uniformly, encouraged, or where sobriety and decorum were more generally demanded or exhibited. "Steadiness of character, softness of manners, a disposition to read, respect for the laws and magistrates, a strong sense of liberty blended with a strong sense of the indispensable importance of energetic government," were all predominant in this region.

These original traits survive, but not unchanged. The smoothing hand of time has passed over both people and landscape, softening a rugged feature here and there, removing some asperities, replacing with the beauty of cultivation the wilder beauty of nature in the rough; and yet leaving both to the inhabitants and to the scenery those picturesque qualities which, we hope, will forever be associated with the Valley of the Connecticut.

# MAP OF THE CONNECTICUT RIVER

SCALE OF MILES





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## A

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