



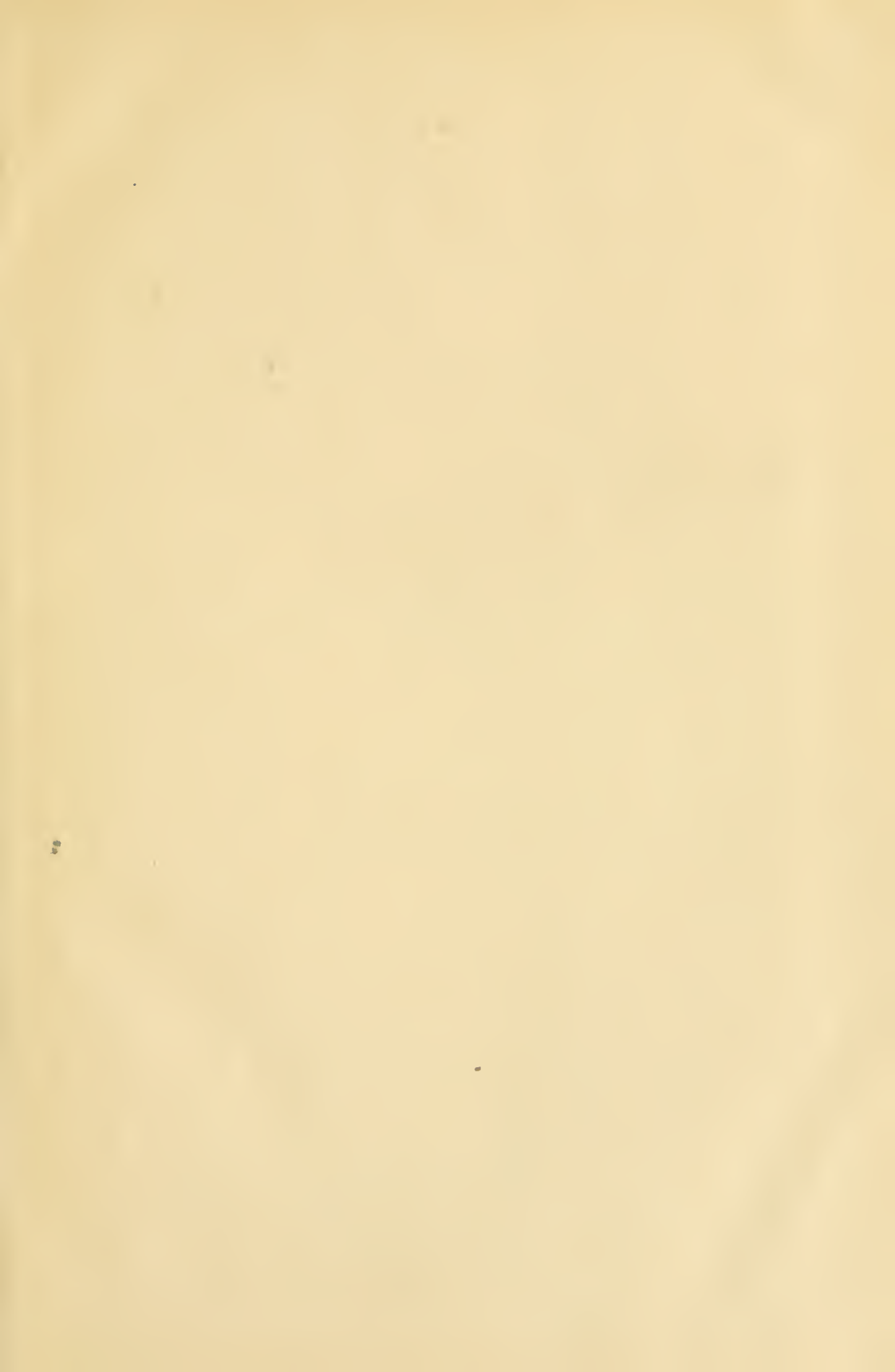


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THE  
CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE.

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AN ILLUSTRATED BI-MONTHLY.



---

Devoted to Connecticut in its Various Phases of History, Literature, Picturesque Features, Science, Art and Industry.

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VOL. VI.

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JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1900.

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HARTFORD, CONN.

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Hartford, Conn.

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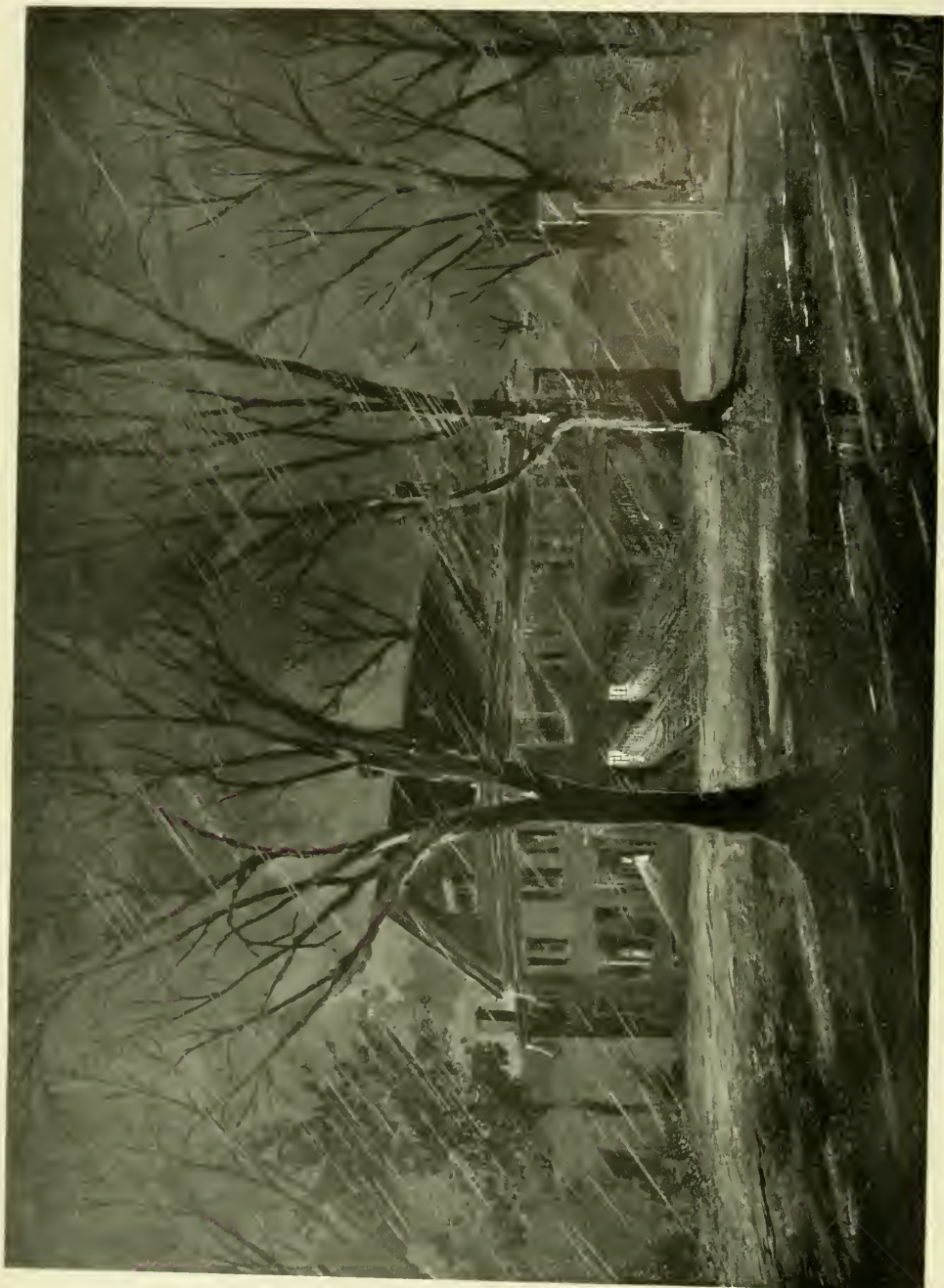
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“THE OLD GRANARY INN, STOOD, WARD, AND BEE, IN 1840.”



# THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE.

VOL. 6.

JANUARY, 1900.

NO. 1.

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## GLIMPSES OF SOUTHINGTON, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY ELISHA R. NEWELL.



Since the pilot guides the vessel in his care from Long Island Sound into New Haven harbor, his eye ranges northward in search of one of his landmarks twenty-five miles away,

until it rests upon a precipitous bluff which forms the southern terminus of the range of volcanic hills which crosses the state of Connecticut from north to south. This is the West Peak of the Hanging Hills and forms the southern terminus of the Mount Holyoke range, one of the most striking volcanic formations to be found in the New England states. These Hanging Hills, as they have been appropriately named, form the natural southeastern boundary between Southington and Meriden.

West Peak, the highest cliff of these hills, was, until about seventy-five years ago, crowned by another rock of considerable size which extended several feet into the air, forming its pinnacle. Viewed from a certain point in the road below, near Pratt's Corners, its crest bore a striking resemblance to a cat's head. David Pratt, now eighty-five years old, a descendant of one of the early settlers who located near that spot, relates the story of the destruction of this picturesque feature of the cliff and its almost tragic ending, as he witnessed it, one fourth of July, while working with his father in the fields below. "The rock," he says, "either through the action of the frost or in the process of crystallization, had opened a seam in a slanting direction in the lower part of the rock. A party from Meriden who came over on a fourth of July frolic, brought with them a supply of blasting powder for the purpose of blowing off the lower part of this rock, and as the seam referred to had become partially filled with earth and small stones, it was deemed best to explode a few pounds of powder in it to clear the



Five miles to the westward and running nearly parallel to the trap dyke before referred to, is a range of hills of an entirely different character, consisting of granite, gneiss, and mica schist. These hills rise to the height of about seven hundred feet, and form the natural western boundary of this town, which was formerly a part of Farmington. This range, also of igneous formation, dating at a period "whereof no man knoweth," has been and probably will continue to be a puzzle to geologists. It is a continuation and forms a part of the Green Mountain range. Flowing through nearly the center of this picturesque valley lying between these hill ranges winds the river Quinnipiac, once a favorite fishing stream of the Indians who roamed up and down the valley. In the north western corner of the town and adjoining Bristol, lies that beautiful gem of nature set in emerald, Compounce Lake, ever suggesting repose, rest.

crevice and prepare the way for a larger charge. The person selected to light the fuse connected with the powder, was supposed to have plenty of time to escape before the charge exploded. But "The best laid plans of mice and men, gan aft agley." In attempting to get away after he lighted the fuse he stumbled and fell. Mr. Pratt thus gives the sequel; "We heard a shout from the top of the rock, and looked up in time to see the air full of dust and stones, and the men and women scattering in every direction. The rock and man had both gone over the cliff. After a while some of them came back and went up to the edge of the precipice, and there they found the man suspended by the tail of his coat, which had caught the branch of a dry tree as he went over the brink, which saved him from going down on to the rocks below."



JARED LEE.

Nearly in the center of the southern half of the town on an east and west line and not one fourth of a mile apart, are the three lakelets of somewhat mysterious origin, Black, Lily and Podunk, all apparently fed by springs, and two of which have no visible outlet. Eight mile river rising in Bristol to the north of Compounce Lake, and flowing in a southeasterly direction uniting with the Quinnipiac at Plantsville, and Misery

turous spirits from the Hartford Colony, who were exploring the surrounding wilderness, and were anxious to learn what lay beyond the hills to the westward, climbed to their brow, and, emerging from the forest, looked down upon the green valley at their feet through which the Tunxis winds its sinuous course, and from the borders of which ascended the smokes of the Indian lodges. Nor was it strange that, in eager excitement, they promptly



THE REV. WILLIAM ROBINSON HOUSE.

Brook rising in the northeastern part of the town, and flowing to the southwest uniting with that river near the Cheshire line, compose its two principal tributaries. These mountains with the lakes and rivers form the principal topographical features of Southington.

It must have been with a thrill of delight akin to that which animated the bosom of DeSoto as he first gazed upon the "Father of Waters," that the adven-

returned to tell the glad news of the discovery of the fertile meadows, so highly prized by the early settlers, nor that they should take prompt measures to possess them. So promptly did they move in this matter, that within a year of its discovery, the settlement of Tunxis, now Farmington, had begun. Nor was it strange that as the rich alluvial meadows were quickly taken up by the earlier comers, or were purchased as an invest-

ment by those who did not change their residence from the Hartford colony, that the later colonists turned their attention to the wilderness to the southward, attracted perhaps to some extent by the beauty of the "hanging" or "blue hills" which were ever in sight. Doughty men and true were these early settlers of Tunxis, which then included not only Southington, or Panthorn, as it was then

what is now the town's home for her indigent citizens. At that time this section of the town was a veritable hunters' paradise. In the woods were found deer, wolf, lynx, bears and wild cats, and the streams abounded in fish. Beaver were also common and traces of their work may be seen even now in the remnants of a dam which they constructed across a section of Misery swamp, and which has



MAIN STREET.

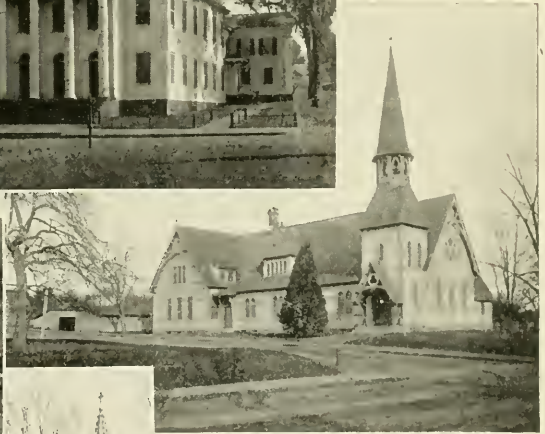
called, but also Bristol, Waterbury and Wolcott.

It was about the year 1696, that Samuel Woodruff, a son of Matthew Woodruff, one of the original eighty-four proprietors of the Tunxis lands, came here from that place, and ingratiating himself with the Indians in this vicinity, lived among them, tradition says, for two years before removing his family here. He built a house in the eastern part of the town near

always been known as "Beaver dam."

This Samuel Woodruff, who is supposed to have been the first white settler in Southington, is represented as of great physical size and strength, of a good natured disposition, and always on excellent terms with the Indians. It was only a short distance from his home that the first rude fort or stockade was built, which enclosed a well of water, the site of which is still to be seen, the well being covered

with a large flat stone. The door of the old fort is still in existence, in possession of Stephen Walkley. The site of the fort is marked by a tall ancient white pine. This fort, and two or three others in different parts of the town was built probably



as a protection against the incursions of the Mohawks, who were a terror both to



THE ISAAC BURRITT PLACE.

the white settlers, and to the local tribes of Indians, who seldom molested the whites.

After Samuel Woodruff with his family, had immigrated, and, by right of squatter sovereignty established themselves here, settlers from Farmington and other places distributed themselves in other parts of the town. Prominent among these appear the names of Gridley, Lee, Barnes, Newell, Clark and others. The Clarks came from North Haven and settled to the westward of and not far from West Peak, and it was owing to this fact that this location has ever since gone by the name of Clark's Farms. Queen street, now North End, was the first hamlet, and the names of Gridley, Root, Frisbie and Newell are familiar in the ancient history of this street. The Curtisses and Lees were assigned land in what is now the



THE CLARK HOMESTEAD—CLARK'S FARMS.

center of the town, and the Newell and the Lewis families were among the early settlers of the south end of the town.

It was about the year 1724 that the first Ecclesiastical Society, then called the Panthorn Society, was formed, which was about four years previous to the organization of the church, over which Rev. Jeremiah Curtiss was settled as the first pastor Nov. 31, 1728. The first meeting house, a modest affair about thirty-two by forty feet, was erected on the beautiful site now known as Oak Hill Cemetery, probably on top of the hill near where two large oak trees stand, although there are indications that point to a location further to the south.



THE JESSE OLNEY PLACE.

For the first twelve years in the ministry of Mr. Curtiss, harmony and prosperity marked its steady growth and progress. The parish was increasing in numbers and material resources, but about the year 1740 trouble arose upon the subject of revivals, Mr. Curtiss and his friends opposing the methods of Whitfield, and a faction led by Deacon Jared Lee, favoring them, the controversy became so bitter that it nearly rent the church in twain. A modern poet in describing it says with some truth :



THE HIGH SCHOOL, AND LEWIS ACADEMY.

“The church in fragments soon was rent,  
Parson and deacon both intent  
To gain a striking victory  
O'er his relentless enemy.  
Many hard names by each were called,  
While church and people stood appalled ;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Each one his own sweet will admired,  
And each against his foe conspired.”

Such are the glimpses we get of this first church quarrel of nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, and which finally resulted in the dismissal of Mr. Curtiss in

1755. Of him it is said, “He was intensely conscientious, not a stain of any kind rests upon his memory.”

It is not our intention in this brief article to give a history of this nor of the other churches in this town, but only to call attention to one or two of the pastors that followed.

The fifteen year's quarrel was over ; a valiant minority had sustained Mr. Curtiss until the time of his dismissal, but now when the pastoral relation had been dis-



R. A. NEAL.

Amiable and of a sociable nature, he was interested in the young, and until he met with these financial losses and his wife became an invalid, his home was the center of social attraction to the parish. His two or three negro servants were so well fed that "to live like Chapman's niggers" became proverbial, and is used to this day, though many are ignorant of its origin. He retired after a pastorate of eighteen years. The latter part of his life was clouded by a series of misfortunes and trials from which it seemed impossible for him to escape, and which were aggravated by the treatment he received from the people of his earlier ministry. Of the pastors who followed him, Rev. William Robinson was probably the most noted. Senior tutor at Yale College, he was called five years after the dismissal of Mr. Chapman, when coldness, division and decline had wrapped the church

solved, the people desired peace and it was thought to be a favoring Providence that soon united them upon Rev. Benjamin Chapman, who was of the more conservative type of revivalists. By his unaffected piety and amiable manners he won over to himself the friends of Mr. Curtiss, and at the same time satisfied those who had been anxious for more radical religious measures, and for several years everything ran smoothly; but as in the pastorate of his predecessor, troubles arose owing to the chronic discords of the people, which finally caused Mr. Chapman to retire from the pastorate. The Revolutionary war came on and in some way his estate became involved, resulting in a large loss of property.



SOUTHTON SCHOOLS.

in spiritual stupor. For a time he declined the call, but the persistence of the society, backed by the recommendation of President Stiles of the college, at length prevailed, and January 13, 1780, he was ordained minister over the church in Southton, and for more than forty





JESSE OLNEY.

years he was the presiding spirit here, and under his prudent and judicial management the church regained to a considerable extent its former estate. One who followed him says: "I have stood by his grave with friends and remarked, 'here lies a great prophet of the Lord. He went in and out before the people of Southington for forty years and they never knew him. They don't know him to-day.'"

The late Hon. Romeo Lowrey, than whom there is no better authority, says: "He was one of the great men in an age of great men." Roger Whittlesey, Esq., says, "He taught the people of Southington how to live."

After his settlement here as pastor of the church, finding that his meagre income was inadequate for the support of his family, he turned his attention in a new direction, and began early to depend for support upon the cultivation of the soil; and with his sound judgment and habits of industry, order and economy, he achieved phenomenal success, so that

in ten years after his settlement he had in his possession a farm of one hundred and fifty acres, including what is now the Potter farm and the land south and west of Lily Pond, forty hives of bees, a hundred cows, and several yoke of oxen.

It was due in a great measure to the efforts of the Rev. David L. Ogden, who succeeded to the pastorate after the retirement of Mr. Robinson, that the present church was built. The second meeting house, which was built in 1757, and stood near and a little to the north of where the Soldier's Monument now stands, having become somewhat dilapidated and hardly capable of meeting the increasing needs of the growing church; the land upon which it stood was deeded to the Congregational Society by Deacon Jared Lee. The transfer was made Nov. 12, 1752, when he deeded to the society for "forty pounds money a parsell of land containing one acre, to sit a meeting house upon;" and, in another deed of the same date, "for twelve pounds old tenor money a strip of land on which to build Sabbath Housen." This strip was on the east side



THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

of the road and included the land, probably now covered in part by the Town Hall and the present Congregational Church building, which was completed in 1830.

The Baptist Church was constituted in 1739, but had no corporate existence until the close of 1793. The first minister, Rev. John Merriman, came here from Wallingford, in 1751-2, and died in 1784,

The first Baptist meeting house was erected in 1792 on the site of the dwelling house now occupied by Dr. W. G. Steadman. The second, in which they now worship, was built in 1833.

The corner stone of the St. Thomas R. C. Church building was laid about 1861, and it has since been greatly enlarged and improved. The present officiating priest is Rev. P. J. Dorlan. This



BIRTHPLACE OF REV. JOSEPH H. TWICHELL.

aged 93. In the little ancient cemetery to the southwest of Wouxs Springs Cemetery, in Marion, may be seen the plain red sandstone slab that marks his grave, with this inscription :

“THE REV. JOHN MERRIMAN,  
Died on Feby. 17, 1784,  
in the

\* 90th year of his age.”

“He was a Calvinistic Anti-pedo Baptist Minister.”

church is the largest of any in the town and is constantly increasing in numbers and influence.

Prominent among the leading citizens of the town in its early days is the name of Jared Lee. Coming here from Farmington colony about the year 1734, he soon took a prominent position in church and public affairs. He was appointed one of the deacons of the church, was

\* Error, the records show he was born in 1691.

commissioned captain of the Second Company and the same year was appointed by the General Court a justice of the peace for the parish of Southington, an office which he held until 1786, holding weekly court for twenty-five years. A portion of his dockets are still in existence, being in the possession of his great-grandson, Leonard Lee, of Kenosha, Wis. He was a representative to the General Court, 1754-60-61. At a meet-

pleasant village of Milldale, which is dependent in a great measure for its present prosperity on the building up of the bolt industry by the Clark Brothers, while just above them on the same stream is the extensive carriage hardware works of the Atwater Manufacturing Co. Here in this village dwelt Isaac Burritt, the brother of Elihu, the learned blacksmith, and who himself was no mean scholar. Tall and lank with an awkward gait, he



THE ALLEN BARNES PLACE.

(Birthplace of Mrs. Charles Goodrich [Martha Barnes] first missionary to the Sandwich Islands.)

ing called in 1779 to take steps to organize the town of Southington, "Jared Lee, Esq., was made moderator as a tribute of respect, being the most prominent man in the town" (Town Records). He filled so many positions of trust that the people called him, "All Southington."

In the southern part of the town, lying on both sides of the Quinnipiac and adjoining Plantsville on the north, is the

presented a quaint almost picturesque appearance. Like his brother he made the most of his opportunities for acquiring knowledge, and for many years was a teacher here and in adjoining towns in our public schools. He was a ready speaker and was frequently called upon to address public assemblies. He united with the Congregational Church in this place, in 1834, and for over fifty years he

never missed attending church a single Sabbath, whatever the weather might be, not infrequently in the winter starting out with shovel in hand, and digging his way

of Plantsville, who in his day was one of the foremost business men of the place. At the celebration of the ninety-fifth birthday of Mrs. Sarah H. Smith, a widow



THE RESERVOIRS.

through the snow drifts to get there. For over forty years he was the teacher of the adult bible class in the church. He married Nancy, a daughter of Selah Barnes,

of a Revolutionary soldier, who at that time (August, 1871), was not only the oldest person in town, but the only Revolutionary pensioner in the state, it is said,



CAPT. AND MRS. ANSON MATTHEWS.

Mr. Burritt made an address in which he quaintly said, "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy." (Sixteen to one.) He died at Milldale, Jan. 7, 1888, at the age of 79.

Martha Barnes, an elder sister of Mrs. Burritt, married Rev. Charles Goodrich, and these two were the first missionaries sent out to the Sandwich Islands, Mrs. Goodrich being the first white woman who ever set foot on those distant shores.

Those who pass through the quiet and almost drowsy hamlet of Southend, find it difficult to picture it as the busiest and most thriving part of the town. But such it once was, and manufacturing of various kinds was carried on there. Foremost among these manufacturers was Capt. Anson Matthews, whose failure in business about 1830 was due, it is said, to the questionable practices of some of his agents. He married Lydia Carey Montague, of Simsbury, their marriage being solemnized by Governor Treadwell, of Farmington. They had twelve children, all of whom reached maturity. In the palmy days of Southend, a large portion of the wealth and social prestige of the town was on this now quiet street.

It was on the lower end of this street that Capt. Solomon Fisk lived, whose name is connected with the huge piece of trap rock, a relic of the glacial period, standing near the road between Southington and Meriden. The tradition is that Capt. Fisk, who was returning from a barn raising on East Street, where he had imbibed too freely, came to this rock, and supposing it to be an inn, tried to gain admittance. Not succeeding he threatened dire evil to the inmates if they did not let him in, pounding vigorously on what he supposed to be the door. The rock has ever since been called Capt. Fisk's tavern.



NEWELL ROCK—"CAPT. FISK'S TAVERN."

Southington, like many other towns in this state, may be classed as a thriving manufacturing town. The extensive factories of the Peck, Stow & Wilcox Co., Southington Cutlery Co., H. D. Smith & Co., Blakesley Forging Co., Atwater Mfg. Co., Clark Bros. & Co., L. D. Frost, Ætna Nut Co., and the paper bag manufactory Co., which turns a car load of

passed from earth. Of these the first named, considering his lack of opportunities in early life for obtaining an education is perhaps the most remarkable, as illustrating what energy, untiring industry and Yankee push can accomplish. For many years he was president of the Peck, Stow and Wilcox Co., The Ætna Nut Company and Rolling Mill Works, The Southington Cutlery Co., and the Southington National Bank, and was interested in and president of several smaller concerns.



ROARING BROOK FALL.

paper into paper bags each day, are the most important, though they do not exhaust the list.

Among the more prominent names of those connected with the building up of these industries, may be mentioned the names of R. A. Neal, O. W. Stow, and Henry D. Smith all of whom have now

Southington has produced a goodly list of noted men, among whom may be mentioned Rev. Edward Robinson, D. D., LL. D., Rev. Levi Hart, D. D., Hon. C. C. Langdon, Hon. Romeo Lowrey, Rev. Rollin H. Neale, D. D., Gad Andrews the historian of Southington, and Jesse Olney, who though not a native of this town, for many years made it his home, reared his family here, and here "suffered for righteousness sake." His series of school books were known throughout the United States and were among the most popular ever published.

Though naturally inclined to conservatism, Southington is taking its place among the progressive towns. New and improved buildings, both public and private have been recently built. Excellent schools, a free public library which has just been established, improved macadamized roads, an abundant supply of pure water from mountain streams, tramway accommodations not excelled by any in the state, connecting with adjoining towns and cities and the summer resorts of Compounce, West Peak and Hubbard Park, make it convenient and desirable as a place of residence.

## JOHN REED.

1633--1730.

BY CHARLES E. BENTON.

NO more striking group stands out on the pages of seventeenth century history than Cromwell's officers. The subject of this sketch was one of these, and was deeply marked with the strong will and high toned moral character so peculiar to that cluster of selected men. He was from Cornwall and is supposed to have belonged to that large family of Reeds in Dorsetshire, one of which, Col. John Reed, is mentioned in Parliamentary Records as having held the Castle of Poole against the King's troops in 1649.

Born and raised in the tumult of that upheaval in behalf of wider freedom, it is not surprising that he caught the full force of its spirit and became, as says the record, "a soldier at the age of sixteen," and rendered important service to the cause. A souvenir of this service, which his descendants would hold priceless could they now recover it, the sword he wore, was preserved in the family in this country for more than a century, but was finally lost sight of.

With the collapse of the commonwealth, and probably on that account, he came to America; though tradition, ever ready to meddle in private affairs, has something to say about an elder brother's interference in matrimonial plans. He settled first in Providence, R. I., in 1660, where he married Ann, widow of Francis Derby, who became the mother of his children. He was probably a man of

means, and in 1684 he came to Norwalk, Conn., having purchased a large tract of land there.

Establishing himself in the western part of the town, he built his house on a little rise of ground on the eastern side of Five Mile river, north of the old post road and nearly two miles from Long Island Sound, and about four miles westerly from what is now the city of South Norwalk. The locality became known as "Reed's Farms." His wife died here and he married again, this time also a widow, a Mrs. Scofield, of Stamford. He died at the age of 97 and was buried in his own field; I have seen persons who well remember the grave marked by unwrought stones.

The late Newton Reed, author of *The Early History of the Town of Amenia, N. Y.*, spent considerable effort in learning the history of this ancestor and his descendants. Through his efforts there was, in 1886, a suitable granite tablet, an illustration of which is given herewith, erected at the grave, the expense of which was defrayed by some of John Reed's descendants. The last descendant of the name who resided on the homestead place, Mr. Walter Reed, of Darien, sold it about ten years ago, reserving however, the plot containing the grave.

Of the life of this early ancestor history is not as explicit in some respects as we might wish, but such records and family

traditions as we have indicate that the greatness of the man was not a one sided greatness, but that the unusual age to which he attained was but one indication of a strength of character, shared alike by physical, mental and moral faculties. He had been an iconoclast in the revolution, but now in peace, realizing its greater victories, he became a conservator of the social organism. One act is worth noting in this connection. In this first house he arranged a large upper room in which he invited the ministers of the neighboring parishes to alternate in holding services, and the tradition still survives in the neighborhood that these were the first Christian services in the vicinity. Such a record of a time when sectarian narrowness of understanding was much more prevalent than it is at the present time, indicates a broad and wholesome mind.

His descendants number many thousands, probably tens of thousands, and the large preponderance among them of stability and force of character, and of sterling mental and moral qualities, indicate that they have inherited a goodly heritage.

The family of John<sup>1</sup> Reed was as follows :

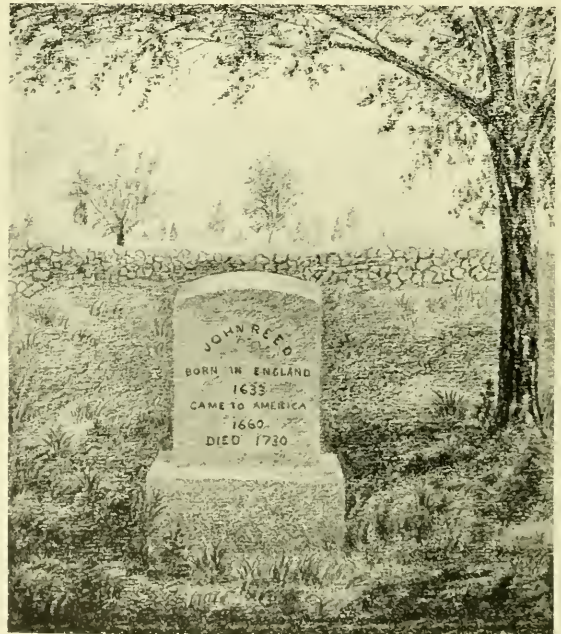
John, m. Elizabeth Tuttle ; Thomas, m. Mary Olmstead ; William ; Mary, m. David Tuttle ; Abigail, m. — Crozier. Of this family John had ten children, Thomas had nine, (the Reeds of Sharon and Salisbury, Conn. are mostly descended from him,) and Mary had seven.

John<sup>2</sup> Reed had children as follows :

Ann, m. Eliakim Waring ; John, m. Hannah Hanford ; Elizabeth, m. Jacob

Green ; Eleazer, m. Abigail Tuttle ; Daniel, m. Elizabeth Kellogg ; Experience, m. James St. John ; Samuel, m. Sarah Kellogg ; William, m. Rachel Kellogg ; Mehitable, m. Samuel Brinsmade ; Moses.

The three Kelloggs who married into this family were sisters. Daniel was spoken of as a tall man, and like his predecessors was a man of distinction and prosperous withal. About the year 1720 he built a substantial house about



60 rods north-east of the original settlement, which was in good order until within a few years, and a part of which was standing as late at least as 1882. His great-grandson, Newton Reed, found the family records there.

Daniel<sup>3</sup> Reed had the following children :

Daniel, m. Mary Bell ; Abraham, m. Hannah Bell ; Eliakim, m. Sarah Richards, (the ancestry of whose grandfather



John Latham I should like to find.) Elizabeth, m. Joseph Ambler; Benjamin, died young; Lydia, m. — Davenport; James, m. Joanna Castle; Benjamin, m. Bethiah Weed; Ezra, m. Sarah Kellogg; Joanna, m. Stephen Warren; Elijah, m. Esther Bates.

Of this family Benjamin remained in Norwalk and had the homestead. James, in 1759, was one of a force intended to aid in the capture of Quebec, but it was too late for that service, as they received the news of its surrender while on the way and so retraced their steps. Returning leisurely towards home he passed through the town of Amenia, N. Y. He may have stopped for dinner at the tavern kept by Daniel Castle at South Amenia, and been as much attracted by the landlord's daughter as he was by the beautiful valley. At any rate they were married in the following spring, his father meantime having purchased for him a farm near at hand where they built a house and raised a family of fourteen children, all of whom married, and all but one of whom left descendants.

He was miller, farmer and merchant, and successful in all; and he was also a public man in a right sense, being prominent in town affairs as well as an officer with the rank of major in the Revolutionary army.

His brother Eliakim<sup>4</sup> Reed moved to the same town in 1773, having purchased a farm there. His children were as follows:

Sarah, m. Matthew Fitch; Eliakim, m. Rebecca Fitch and Mrs. Breek; Simeon, m. Abial Rice; Silias, m. Bethiah Hurd; Samuel; Phineas, m. Esther Reed; Ezra, m. Jemima Fitch and Esther Edgerton; Enoch, died young, Esther, m. Jacob Edgerton; Ruth, m. Jeremiah Fuller.

Of this family Simeon, Silas and Samuel are numbered among the men from Amenia who served in the army of the revolution. Ezra bought the farm upon the death of his father, and his son Newton Reed, before mentioned, succeeded to it in turn, passing his ninety-one years there. It is now owned by Henry V. D. Reed, son of Newton, and on it have been born the ninth generation of Reeds in America.



## CAPTAIN REUBEN MARCY.

Orders to Captain Marcy from General James Wadsworth, through Colonel John Chester and Major Ripley.

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BY THOMAS KNOWLTON MARCY.

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WHEN a novice begins to study closely any part of Colonial or Revolutionary history he is surprised to find how few documents of the period either in print or manuscript have been preserved. Letters written home or to friends by actors in various scenes for the most part were soon lost or destroyed. Our early newspapers printed no local items on the theory that readers knew already the happenings of the neighborhood. In like manner after events had been talked over around the family fireside the household did not dream that descriptions of campaigns and battles from the absent member could have any further value.

Not so was it with Captain Reuben Marcy. He had a praiseworthy habit of carefully putting away in his desk every scrap of writing. In due time he was gathered to his fathers and the desk went to the garret to make place for more modern furniture. After long banishment it was at length restored to its ancient honor with its precious treasures intact. Here are official papers yellow with age. Here are autographs from men and women whose descendants have since become famous.

At the outbreak of the Revolution the town of Ashford, Conn., had a well equipped, well drilled military company under command of Lieut. Reuben Marcy, the leading merchant of the region. The

office of captain was vacant. Near by lived a farmer who in early youth had served in three campaigns and whose soldierly qualities were well known. Thomas Knowlton was elected to the vacancy. His brilliant career proved the wisdom of the choice. After the return from the hurried march to Boston, following the Lexington alarm, Lieut. Marcy resigned. His business was large, demanding personal attention. Besides at that moment there was no lack of volunteers. Every one seemed eager to go.

A little more than three months after the evacuation of Boston by the British, March 17, 1776, Sir William Howe, with an army of 30,000 men, supported by a powerful fleet, appeared off New York harbor. Anticipating an attack at this place, General Washington put forth strenuous efforts in its defense. Heavy drafts were made on the resources of Connecticut. Seven battalions were quickly recruited for the brigade under command of Brigadier-General James Wadsworth. Capt. Reuben Marcy raised and commanded the fourth company of Col. John Chester's battalion. It consisted of seventy-four non-commissioned officers and privates. John Holmes, who died Aug. 27, was first lieutenant; Samuel Marcy, 2d lieutenant, and Daniel Knowlton, brother of Col. Thomas Knowlton, ensign. This was the second company raised in Ashford and vicinity for active

service. Nearly all the able bodied men of the town were now in the field.

The following documents, copied from the originals show the vigor with which the work was pressed.

EAST HARTFORD, June 30, 1776.

SIR :

I send you a copy of Gen'l Wadsworths orders by express to me the one rote Last Evening the other this Sabbath Morning by which you will see the Necessity of marching with what men you

furnished with armes, and that none be suffered to go without as it will be impossible to procure them at Head Quarters & their service will consequently be rendered Useless.

JAMES WADSWORTH JR., Brig'r Gen'l.  
To COL. JOHN CHESTER.

Another Dated

DURHAM, June 30th, Sabbath Morn. 1776.

Last evening by express I received another Letter from Gen'l Washington



HOME OF CAPTAIN REUBEN MARCY IN ASHFORD, CONN.

can Possibly equip & furnish by next Thursday at farthest. Orders are as follows, viz :

DURHAM, June 29, 1776.

SIR :

In consequence of orders received from Gen'l Washington you are hereby directed to give the Necessary orders for expediteing the march of your Regiment in the manner heretofore ordered as soon as they can Possibly be mustered and equipt, & Direct that all your men be

requesting in the most pressing manner not Loose one moment time in sending forward the Regiments Destind for New York. Must therefore direct that you give all Possible Attention to the Raiseing equiping and Sending forward immediately your Regiment in manner before Directed as the safety of our army may under Heaven depend much on the seasonable arrival of the Connecticut Regiments.

JAMES WADSWORTH, JR., Brig'r Gen'l.

MS A 9.1.12



New York by Land or water as you think Most Convenient there to join the Continental Army if the Whole Company is Not in Readiness you are to March as soon as you have Twenty-five Men Ready with one Commissioned & Two Non-Commissioned officers & in that proportion. And forward the Rest in Suitable divisions as fast as they become ready and To do it with all Convenient Speed. Thursday next is the Day Prefixed for Marching as you see in the foregoing orders from Colo. Chester you are to see that your Compy is well furnishd with Good armes with Bayonets & Cotoach Boxes Blankets & Knapsacks you'll apply to Majr Brown who is the Nearest Muster Master To Muster your men as they become Ready.

Given Under My Hand in Windham (by order of Colonel) this 2d day of July A.D. 1776.

JOHN RIPLEY, Major.

July 3rd 1776.

Capt. Marcy please to forward the Letter to Capt. Lyon by an express this night if possible beg you will not fail as I am so Unwell & have Took physick this Day & Expect to Go to N. York Tomorrow so that I Cannot procure any body here to go besides you Live Much Nearer & I Conclude ye Expence will Be Remitted again by ye Public & am your

JOHN RIPLEY.

The story of the campaign around New York City is too well known to require repetition. Col. Chester's battalion was stationed at the Flatbush pass on Long Island, where it was attacked on August 27th, and barely escaped capture. It shared in the fight at White Plains, Oct. 28th. Its term of service expired Dec. 25, 1776.

The means, patriotism and humanity of Capt. Marcy were such that he ad-

vanced to his men and to their families full pay and for indemnity awaited the convenience of the government.

At the close of the campaign he resumed the cares of a business which demanded personal attention. His store was the chief distributing point for an area of fully sixty square miles. Imported goods for the interior were then hauled over land, mostly by oxen, from different ports. To meet the demands of his trade Capt. Marcy often had over thirty teams on the road at the same time. During the blockade he transported goods from a point as far distant as Portsmouth, N. H., though his main sources of supply were Boston, Providence and Norwich. During the Revolution he was especially kind to the families of absent soldiers. The freedom with which he gave both directly and through credits, made heavy drafts upon his fortune.

In late youth he spent four years in Providence and Boston learning in a broad way the details of mercantile business. Not only the experience thus acquired but the friendships then made proved very serviceable in later years.

Raised on a farm he was noted through life for judgment in passing on the points and value of horses and live stock. This gift proved especially useful in purchases made for the American and French armies during the Revolution.

A few articles that once belonged to Capt. Marcy are still preserved. Mrs. L. B. Loomis, of Windsor, has his watch. As it has been under water as well as under fire its virtue long ago departed. His musket that saw service in the Revolution descended through intermediate generations to the writer, who gave it two or three years ago to his youthful kinsman, a great-great grandson of Capt. Marcy, Charles Guilford Woodward, of Hartford, who rightfully inherited from

his grandfather, the late Ashbel Woodward, M. D., a keen appreciation of antiquarian treasures.

Reuben Marcy was son of Edward,\* who served as first lieutenant, 6th company, 4th regiment, Conn. troops, in the expedition against Crown Point, in 1756, and later as captain; and grandson of John Marcy, one of the pioneer settlers of Woodstock, Conn. The late Prof. Oliver Marcy, LL. D., of the Northwestern University, in a genealogical article, published in 1875, says that John, the emigrant, was son of the high sheriff of Limerick, Ireland.

Among the descendants of John are to be found in both male and female lines many persons of distinguished merit. Mention might be made of General Randolph B. Marcy, of the U. S. Army; Wm. Larned Marcy, Governor of New York, Secretary of War, 1845-9, and of State, 1853-7; of Prof. Oliver Marcy, &c., &c.

Capt. Reuben Marcy was born Nov. 28, 1732, and died January 14, 1806. He married Rachel Watson, of Barrington, R. I.

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\* Prof. Oliver Marcy erroneously makes Reuben the son of James.



## A VISION.

BY JOHN HOWARD.

At first the face arose, then that behind  
 Slow issued forth my waking sense to charm.  
 When, having seen, my heart in glad alarm  
 Flowed out to meet in welcome free and kind.  
 For as it slow encroached upon my mind  
 With silent pace, I glad perceived the form  
 Of her, who once, with love's affection warm  
 My longing heart did sooth, but since most blind  
 Had been to all my love. Now thus she spake,—  
 "Dear heart, I love you," then she kneeling sued  
 And sobbing, begged that I the vision take  
 As hopeful sign, of former love renewed.  
 But I awoke from dreams so wondrous sweet  
 Another day of love denied, to greet.

## HARTFORD'S EMPTY RESERVOIRS.

BY H. PHELPS ARMS.

WHAT a thirsty lot Hartford people are! A little over a year ago all of Hartford's immense reservoirs were nearly full; to-day, Dec. 7, 1899, they are, with one exception, practically empty. The exception is that of West Hartford reservoir, now designated as No. 1. Here is stored some 80,000,000

sized city of some eighty thousand population, with only the small number of thirty-five manufactories that use city water, consuming water at the rate of 935 pints (we give the quantity in pints as that measure is more familiar to the average person than the gallon measure), a day for a whole year for each man,



TUMBLEDOWN BROOK RESERVOIR (NO. 6) LOOKING NORTH.

gallons or, roughly stated, about eight and a half days' supply. The figures given are based upon the report of the water commissioners, which indicates that the average consumption of water is, in round figures, 9,350,000 gallons a day. Now stop and reflect a moment what such figures mean. Here we have a moderate-

woman and child in the city, while New York, with its thousands of factories, hotels, big office buildings; its saloons, its hundred on hundreds of livery stables where water is used in a fashion not dreamed of; its vastly larger number of fires, each fire requiring a much greater volume of water on an average than that

used in smaller cities ; yet with all these tremendous demands upon its water supply the water commissioners of New York in 1897 were only required to furnish 1,024 pints of water per day per capita for this

lawn sprinkler kept the spigot turned its way all day and all night without hindrance, through the connivance of its owner and the possible good-natured sympathy of the Honorable Board of Water Commissioners. Twenty-seven billions, two hundred and twelve millions (27,212,000,000) pints a year have thus been consumed. The magnitude of the extravagance in the use of water which these figures indicate would seem to urge the more general use of water meters and other contrivances to guard against



TUMBLEDOWN BROOK RESERVOIR  
(NO. 6) LOOKING SOUTH, AND VIEW  
OF CANAL, CONNECTING IT WITH  
LOWER RESERVOIRS.

year, just eighty-nine pints more per capita than was consumed by Hartford.

Nearly one thousand pints a day ! That is a good deal of water for a single person to use, but it is not pretended that it was all expended upon himself personally. Some of it he doled out to factories. The fire department came in for its share. Live stock also had a hand in the general thirst, while the ubiquitous



thoughtless, we will not say wilful, depletion of the city's water supply. Looking at the question from the most favorable point of view, it cannot be denied that for a city of the size of Hartford to





NO. 4 RESERVOIR LOOKING WEST.

consume 27,212,000,000 pints of water a year is to say that it has been extravagant to the point of foolhardiness.

The writer does not desire to pose as an alarmist, but it is impossible not to feel that the situation is grave in the extreme and one that calls for prompt and decisive action on the part of the Water Commissioners looking to the

better protection of the city's water supply. It is the good fortune of the



NO. 4 RESERVOIR LOOKING EAST.

city that it has the Connecticut river near at hand from which, practically, an inexhaustible supply of fairly good water can be obtained through the agency of steam pumps. But are pumps, great triumphs

of engineers? And how long does it take to replace a modern pumping plant once destroyed? Ask any contractor; not in a day nor in ten days. We could use electric power, but this,



NO. 2 RESERVOIR, WEST AND EAST VIEWS.

of engineering skill though they may be, always reliable? Do not these giants of mechanical force sometimes break down? Has not fire stepped in and doomed to destruction the best laid plans of the

too, takes some time to install. The same holds true of power furnished by gas engines, all takes time—five days or ten days, it depends upon whether the right pump is on hand at the moment of

need, all a matter of pure chance. And what if this calamity, the destruction of the water works by fire or other causes, should overtake the city during the scorching heat of mid-summer or the icy blast of winter—ten days of water famine at a time when water is most needed, and only a drop in the reservoirs! True, the city possesses a number of powerful fire engines capable of forcing water from the Connecticut river up into the old Garden Street reservoir a mile distant, but while this would relieve the distress it would not meet the whole difficulty. Factories depending on the city for water would have to cease running since they certainly could not be permitted to use water gotten by such expensive and desperate means. This would mean, if happening in the dead of winter, suffering of the severest kind to thousands of the poorer people and entail discomfort and loss to the rich. And over all would hover the Demon of Fire ready to let the brand of destruction fall without warning, and without hope. It is evident that the greatest precautions should be, and it is believed are, taken to prevent the destruction of the pumping station.

Now, as to the reservoirs. To the ordinary observer it seems reckless to permit the outgo from the distributing reservoir to continue when its source of supply from the water-shed is curtailed to

such an extent as obtains in the present instance. It would be, and so it seems to many who have discussed the matter, desirable to close the water gates leading from the distributing reservoir and keep them closed so long as the supply from

the upper reservoirs of the system remains uncertain in quantity. The city would then have a sup-



VIEW OF RESERVOIR NO. 3 LOOKING SOUTH  
AND NORTH AND SOUTH VIEWS OF  
NO. 5 RESERVOIR.

ply always at hand to be used in a grave emergency.

The writer, a few days since, visited the different reservoirs of the system and had photographic views taken of them. In all the views but one he, the writer,

is seen standing on the bed of the reservoirs to afford the reader the means to judge the great size of the reservoirs and satisfy them that there is no water in the basin. The writer is standing in some places fifteen, twenty-five and forty feet below the water line. To see is to believe. There is clearly no water to be had from any of the upper reservoirs belonging to the city.

People, and there have been thousands, who have seen Tumbledown Brook reservoir (or reservoir No. 6, as it is designated in the Water Commissioners'



DISTRIBUTING RESERVOIR (NO. 1).

report) when it was full and recall the magnificent body of water, one hundred and nine acres in extent, a veritable lake, its capacity being 765,115,175 U. S. gallons, will understand the amazement of the writer when he came upon its present empty condition. "Shades of Kentucky Colonels," he exclaimed, "how could so much water be drunk by Hartford people!"

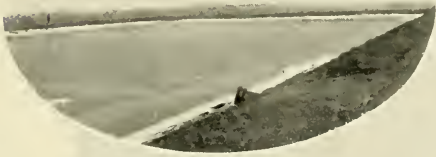
Reservoir No. 4, with capacity of 601,353,592 gallons, is situated in Farmington and New Britain townships. It has one hundred and sixty (160) acres of water surface when full. This reservoir

has not the average depth of Tumbledown Brook reservoir, its immense surface area, however, is staggering to the beholder when he sees its dry bed for the first time and involuntary exclamations of surprise and astonishment escape him as he notes how much water has been used up here. All this water was consumed by the same thirsty crowd that depleted the Tumbledown Brook reservoir of its contents. Two views are shown of No. 4, in both of which the writer is seen standing on the bed of the basin, a mere speck in the wide expanse of dryness. No. 2 reservoir (capacity 283,-

694,375 gallons) is forty-one feet deep and covers forty-nine acres, and is situated in what is known as Reservoir Park, distant some six and a half miles from the City Hall. The two views of this reservoir given here show it to be the most picturesque of the group in the contour of its embankments and uneven water

bed. In one of the views of this reservoir the writer is seen standing some forty feet below the water line and he does not have to so as much as roll his trousers up an inch to avoid getting them wet. Turning around in about the same place and looking south-easterly we see still further evidence of emptiness to which this reservoir, one of the deepest, can be reduced. Adjacent to No. 2 is No. 3, twenty-five acres in extent and thirty-six feet deep, with capacity of 145,-595,829 gallons. There is some water in the lower part of the basin (about thirty

millions of gallons), but the greater part of the water bed is dry. No. 5 reservoir is empty in its northern portion save for



a small stream running through it. The southern end of this reservoir contains about twenty-five millions of gallons (two days and a half supply). This reservoir is about half a mile from the distributing reservoir. It is twenty feet deep at its southern end; capacity not yet fully ascertained as there have been some changes made in the embankment since the last measurements, but we infer from former measurements that it can hold over one hundred millions of gallons.

Reservoir No. 1 is the distributing point of the system. Here the water is very low as can be seen in the photograph shown with this. This reservoir is thirty-six feet deep and holds, when full, 145,985,543 gallons.

We close this paper with the presentation of views of the Connecticut river at the point where the water is pumped into the mains leading to the Garden street reservoir. A view of the old reservoir is also shown, together with a picture of the pumping station.

The people of Hartford now have abundant reason to reproach themselves

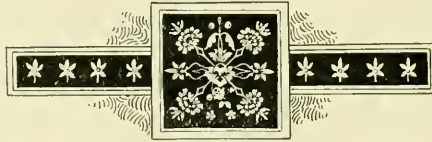


VIEWS OF THE GARDEN STREET RESERVOIR, THE CONNECTICUT RIVER WHERE WATER IS PUMPED INTO THE MAIN AND THE PUMPING STATION.

for not heeding the oft repeated warnings

to be careful in the consumption of water and they will doubtless in future show more alacrity in retrenching on their wasteful expenditure in this direction.

This condition of affairs can apply to other points of the state with no less force than to Hartford.



## SONG OF THE HARBOR BOATS.

(Fort Independence, Boston Harbor.)

BY HENRY RUTGERS REMSEN.

We are the wardens of the bay  
That bring the good ships home.  
For us no far sea-questings are  
To headlands lashed with foam ;

Our faith is but a little breath  
Of buoyed shoal and sea,  
Our farthest far, the harbor bar—  
The coast-wise ones are we.

The great ships woo the ocean's way,  
Fleet breeze and proud flood tide.  
Contented with the land-locked bay,  
We leave the leagues untried.

Ah let them sail to alien seas :  
View mountains past our ken :  
Reach marge-lands of Eternity ;—  
They'll ask our aid again.

For ever at last, the great ships come  
To us for their release,  
And through the foam we guide them home—  
Home to the Port o' Peace.

# THE GLEBE HOUSE.

BY CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS.

## CHAPTER I.

### *The Chairman of the Committee.*



THE old Oranaug Inn stood hard by the road leading through the ancient village of Woodbury, and was about the first building approached by the traveler from the south. It seemed, and seems to this day, to stand like a sentinel guarding the long, tree-embowered street of the town, for, as one goes up by way of the Southbury road, which is over the old Indian trail, once leading from the Housatonic river north to Bantam, the line of demarcation betwixt the open country and the village is sudden enough to cause surprise.

And if abrupt to-day it was far more so over a century ago, as, to the south, for many miles, lay a semi-wilderness broken only by the river and the clearings of the yeomanry who had chosen for their homes this fair valley of the Pomparaug. Like all Litchfield county it is a lovely country, passing from a ruggedness of outline (as though nature had placed a perpetual scowl upon the land) to the lapping of low hills, soft valleys and exquisite distances, as if the same mighty power was begging forgiveness for its sometime harshness.

With the frown of a towering height of forest-clad rocks on one side and the smile of the wide meadows of the Pomparaug on the other, silent and sleeping lay the town of Woodbury on a night in the

early spring of 1775. Through the length of the black street the Oranaug Inn was the only building showing a light that might prove a guide or an invitation to hospitality for the possible wayfarer. The wet March wind, softened on its journey from the south, yet with a shivering chill in it, sounded a diapason through the barren elms about the door, violently swung the creaking sign-board on its twisted iron bracket as though it would drive the painted image of the old sachem, Oranaug, from its frame, and then went howling up the wide highway. Great patches of sodden snow showed like ghosts in the hollows and to the north of every obstruction, while in the lee of houses and where the woods were thick they wasted themselves in wreaths of vapor that blew away like smoke. The rotten ice crashed under foot, and on the southern slopes of the roads the mud was deep and tenacious.

As though in protest against the comfortable rise and fall of the fire, the light of which shot through the small panes of the coffee-room or bar of the tavern, the wind banged the ill-fitting doors, rattled the casements and roared down the immense chimneys like a veritable evil spirit.

In common with most taverns of the day, especially those throughout Connecticut, the bar of the Oranaug Inn was

comfortable enough at all times, but doubly so on a night like this. The fire in the cavernous chimney threw its light on the conventional array of pewter pots and platters ranged over the bar, each piece winking in the rise and fall of the glow; while the two candles which were supposed to illuminate the immediate vicinity of the 'tap' well-nigh shivered themselves out as their flames shook in the searching draught. The high-backed settles were drawn close and the table placed between them; the tall clock clicked with a tick which could be heard above the noise of the wind, and the black rafters of the ceiling held mysterious depths of shadow in their courses.

In ordinary times the tavern would have been deserted long since, for to the steady going New Englander the hour was late. But to-night the room had held a fair sprinkling of inmates as the post had been hourly expected from Hartford, the old Indian trail being a fairly direct route from that town to New York. Grave matters were afoot and every eye was turned toward Massachusetts Bay where the political pot was boiling hard and in momentary danger of boiling over. As the hours waned without the appearance of the looked-for messenger, one by one the sleepy farmers had withdrawn until at last there remained only Squire Strong, the Chairman of the 'Committee of Inspection,' and a few of the younger element of the town held by patient expectancy and a desire for sensational news.

The Squire, by reason of both age and his office, sat in solitary state on the end of a settle, armed with a long pipe and a glass of spirits. Lounging on a small bench, somewhat removed, were three of the aforesaid sensation seekers, great, strapping specimens of the rising generation, while in his own particular chair,

tipped back against the woodwork of the bar, with a hound lying at his feet, sat old Tobey, the host of the Oranau, fast asleep, his snores keeping admirable time to the swing of the clock's long pendulum.

It had been tedious waiting. The committee itself had given over hoping for the post, and leaving the chairman to represent them in case it should arrive, had retired to their homes and beds, and now, but for the wind, the clock, the snoring host and an occasional whisper among the trio on the bench, all was silent.

Though his eyes were closed the chairman was not asleep. This was seen in the energy with which at intervals he pulled at his pipe as though troubled in thought. And the squire *was* troubled in thought—indeed he was trying to untie the knottiest problem of his official life. The 'Committee of Inspection and Observation,' picked by the town from among the most solid men of the valley, had been empowered and directed by the 'High Court' at Hartford to weed out the royalists of the township and see to it that the heresy of loyalty to George III., of England, did not spread. The committee had done its work well, using star chamber methods in its proceedings, and without fear or favor had swung the club of its commission over each suspected household. Even Jephth Beacon of the 'holler store,' the wealthiest and most influential merchant in the colony, had fallen under the ban of the committee, though to the disgust of its worthy chairman, who had vigorously pressed the charge, he was acquitted of disloyalty to the colonies, the only thing found against him being the fact that he had been shrewd enough to buy all the salt for sale for miles about and had been holding that indispensable commodity at an exorbitant figure. The most the committee

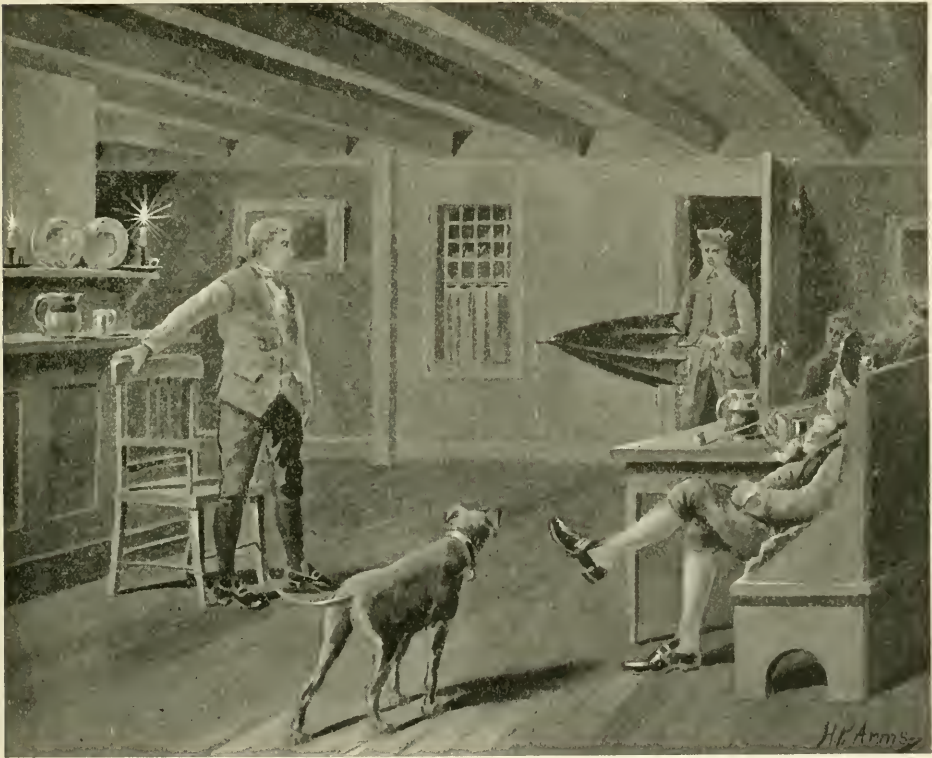


could do in this case was to decree a certain fixed price on salt and compel the old gentleman to sell to all comers on specified days.

This failure to convict was, to the energetic chairman, a source of great annoyance, but it was a small matter compared with the case now confronting him. The Rev. Archibald Challiss, of the Episcopal

bring confusion on the traitors who were trying to disrupt the kingdom.

The town was aghast but the then existing laws of Connecticut forbade a minister being molested on the Sabbath on any pretext and the committee's hands were tied for that day. On Monday the Rev. Challiss seemed to have melted into thin air and had continued to



“ AT THE SAME INSTANT THE DOOR OF THE ROOM OPENED——”

church had appeared in his pulpit after a short absence from town, and had openly prayed for the king in the face of his having been warned to forego that portion of his ritual. During the following week he could not be found, though the next Sunday saw him in his chancel, where he again not only asked the Almighty to bless his sovereign, but to

remain invisible though he was seen to enter the Glebe house, which on being searched failed to discover a sign of his recent presence and its inmates professed a profound ignorance of the whereabouts of the rector.

It was this matter which was now disturbing the chairman. A stern faced man, severe—even fanatical in both

politics and religion, it irked him sorely to be thus defied by anyone, especially by a representative of the Church of England, and his usually genial temper was soured as he brooded over the manner in which both the town and the committee had been flouted. As it was, his present displeasure was shown in low mutterings and such violent puffs on his pipe that at times he was shrouded in a thick blue haze.

The clock was just beginning to whirr preparatory to striking the hour of ten when a noise was heard without and the hound bounded to his feet with a short bark. At the same instant the door of the room opened admitting a fierce blast of wind which hurled the sand on the floor half way across the apartment, and with it came a man whose appearance indicated that he was at least one remove above those on the bench. The salutation greeting him, however, showed he was no one of importance, and simply ordering a glass of rum from the now aroused landlord, he walked across the room with a lurch which betokened slight intoxication—no great sin in those days—and seating himself on the settle opposite the squire, stretched his legs to the fire, first carefully depositing against the wall an immense green cotton umbrella, then a recent innovation into the colonies. He was a young man—not above twenty-three. His face was not prepossessing nor was he in rude grace, strength or figure, the equal of anyone in the room. But if Nature had failed to greatly favor him in these respects, he was not repellent. A quick, though decidedly furtive black eye, delicate hands showing him a stranger to hard manual labor, and a clean cut look about him gave him individuality enough to place him somewhat in contrast with the others. His dress, too, was a shade less rough than the coarse garments of the

rest, and his hair, of an inky blackness, was queued and beribboned with the greatest care. The fact that his umbrella was the source of a rivulet of water which trickled along the floor, and that his small-clothes were soaking, showing that the weather was growing worse as the hours progressed. As he received his measure of rum from the landlord he broke the silence sharply.

“The post has come and gone, Squire Strong. He left his packet at Deacon Walker’s, together with his horse, and then took himself off afoot.”

The burly figure of the squire straightened with surprise as he asked :

“Did ye see him?”

“I did not;” was the short reply.

“And when did he arrive, good Master Cyrus Bent?” asked the squire, with a slight knitting of the brows at the idea of the committee having been thus ignored.

“Some two hours agone;” was the rejoinder.

“What?—and hast thou loitered for two hours?” demanded the squire as he rose to his feet. “Dost think I have the patience of a setting hen to await the whim of a boy? Two hours—and I—”

“So please you, sir;” broke in the young man apparently abashed; “—I little thought the committee would be in waiting on such a night—I little expected to find you here at this hour. I was acting as escort to Mistress Hetty Wain and only dropped in here for—”

“The Glebe house lass, ha!” interrupted the squire, not mollified at this reference to the subject of his recent thoughts. “—And ’tis Mistress Hetty who may account for that frivolous green tent ye brought hither! Where got ye that abomination? Has the rain ceased to fall by the Lord’s will that ye seek to hide from a wetting? ’Tis against sense and reason!”

“’Tis somewhat aside from the subject;” returned the young man, looking up with a smile that was almost a sneer; “—but on that footing, and with due respect, you had better take the roof from your house or stand yourself and family outside to meet the next storm. Why do we seek the shade in summer or the fire in winter?—the Lord holds as one, both heat and cold!”



“WE LIKE IT NOT!—WE LIKE IT NOT!”

“He has ye there, Squire,” broke in the landlord. “Faith, I think the new notion o’ carryin’ a roof wi’ ye is none so bad a one—albeit it makes a man look like a toad-stool!”

“I tell ye, Cyrus Bent,” said the squire, with an angry flush, ignoring both the landlord and the matter in hand, “I tell ye thy ways are well known and this hovering about the Glebe house savors of

a desire for an alliance with Episcopacy. Mayhap ye have a league with the Domine Challiss and are used by him for traitorous purposes. Let me but hear the tinkle of the royalist about ye and I swear ye will smart for’t. We like it not!—we like it not!” The old gentleman began pacing the floor. “And how now?” he continued, wheeling about, “What betwixt clarking it for Beacon, whose house lays but a stone’s throw from the tory parson’s, and dilly-dallying about the girl, have we not enough to warrant the probe being put to ye? Does not the Glebe house an’ the holler store hold enough of loyalty to the tyrant to make it worth while to suspicion ye? Fie on me, lad!” he suddenly exclaimed, lowering his voice which had been raised until the room rang, “fie on me! I mean not to be over harsh wi’ ye, but my bed has been waiting me these three hours an’ I have the length o’ the street an’ a Noah’s torrent to face. I doubt ye not!—I doubt ye not!” And with a quick transition of temper possible only in those possessing a soft heart, the squire turned and took down a heavy cloak hanging on a peg in the back of the settle.

Under the lash of the squire’s tongue and the but half concealed grins of the three sitting against the wall the young man hung his head, though the baleful light in his eye plainly indicated his unforgiving temper. He held himself well, however, and as the old gentleman flung his cloak about him, said: “I am sorry you are so put out by my delay, Squire Strong, and to shield you from the Noah’s flood you fear I will loan you that same green tent to ward it from your venerable head.”

This was spoken with such a show of seemingly genuine humility that the slow brain of the elderly man failed to catch the disrespectful import of the words.

"Nay, lad" was the kindly answer of the squire as he carefully knocked the ashes from his pipe lest its long stem should be broken, and settled his three-cornered hat more firmly on his head; "Ere I would crawl along Woodbury street like an overgrown turtle under an ill-fitting shell, the drops might be buck-shot. Good night to ye all."

But Cyrus Bent was in a peculiarly defiant mood.

What with the recent small clash of words in which his superior logic had failed to make him appear the victor, and what with other matters bearing on him, he had no intention of letting the squire depart just then. For an instant a gleam of venom shot from his black eyes (venom being largely mingled with his nature), and as the chairman laid his hand upon the latch the young man spoke as though his remark was of the most common place character.

"By the way, Squire, I saw the Domine to-night."

The old man swung about as though on a pivot.

"The Domine! The Domine who?"

"The Domine Challiss, to be sure."

"And where saw ye the Domine Challiss?" demanded the old man as he returned to the center of the room, profound interest mingled with anger showing on his broad face.

"At the Glebe house—or if not within, at the door of the same."

"An' ye did not arrest the man in the name o' congress and the committee!" gasped the squire, snapping the pipe

stem in his excitement then with great violence dashing the remains of the clay to the floor, "Fore God! ye dullard! wert afeared, or be ye hand in glove with his mouthings? or are ye slow to know how he has insulted the town and openly blasphemed by asking the Almighty to damn a righteous cause? I think we may well suspicion ye!"



"I CANNOT DO THAT—INDEED, I CANNOT DO THAT!"

It was plain that Cyrus Bent had not looked for this outburst as a result of his attempt to hold the old patriot, for he appeared to shrink beneath the tirade. Gathering himself together he glared back at his opponent, and speaking deliberately, said:

"Why do you doubt my loyalty to the colonies, Squire Strong? I have openly

exposed the presence of the rector—because—because—well, as for arresting him—he tops me four inches and outweighs me two stone; beside there was his god-daughter betwixt us.”

“Well! well!” returned the chairman, impatiently, “an’ twas on account o’ pounds an’ inches an’ yer lass that ye held yer hand, hey? Is that it?”

“Aye—certainly”—came the ready reply.

“An’ ye stand not betwixt the rector and justice; am I right?”

“You have it precisely.”

“Then by the great Power I’ll put yer mettle to the test!” exclaimed the old man with a change of tone. “An’ ye have no love for the Domine, go now with me, storm or calm, an’ we’ll set the man under lock an’ key in half an hour. He is at home, that I have yer word for. Are ye ripe for’t?”

Well had it been for the young man had he then and there closed with the offer, but instead of leaping at this proposal to vindicate his loyalty to the patriotic cause, he visibly quailed. He mumbled something under his breath, of which the words ‘Mistress Hetty’ and ‘ingratitude’ alone were heard, and with

a helpless look around sank back on the settle from which he had risen, saying: “I cannot do that—indeed, I cannot do that!”

Then it was that the squire’s temper came to a white heat. “I have ye now, my lad!” he thundered, walking up to his victim and snapping his great fingers in his face. “Ye flinch at the opinion of the Domine’s god-daughter if ye lay a hand to dig out the old fox, but willing enough ye are to mark the burrow and have others bag the game. I tell ye now that ye be a coward an’ unworthy o’ the wench. Does the parson stand betwixt ye and the lass? I fancy so! I fancy so! Now listen! To-morrow the committee calls upon the Domine on the strength o’ yer information, an’ mark it, ye shall be with them. Ye will make it plain then whether ye be for the colonies, the king or yerself only, so rest ye on that and hold yerself ready. In my opinion ye love yerself most an’ the king comes next;—hold yerself ready, I tell ye.”

And with this the squire abruptly turned and left the room, shutting the door behind him with a bang.

## CHAPTER II.

### *His Own Petard.*

WITH the heavy slouching movements of overgrown, muscle-bound youth, the trio on the bench gathered in their long legs and prepared to depart, the loud guffaw following the exit of Squire Strong showing at once the scant fellowship they held for Bent as well as the restraint under which they had been placed by the presence of the chairman of the Committee of Inspection.

With unconscious coarseness they jibed the young fellow on the settle with the ‘fix’ into which he had gotten himself, advising him to take himself and ‘umbrell’ to bed and hatch a scheme to get even with the ‘old man!’ With keen animal enjoyment they had witnessed his discomfiture, and as they plunged through the inky blackness of the street, it was ‘admired’ how the squire ‘had skinned

Cy. Bent who daresent be a holdin' his nose so darn high arter this."

But strange as it may appear, Cyrus Bent was not thinking of the squire, as he sat where he had fallen on the settle, but of the Rev. Archibald Challiss. It was he who had precipitated the trouble. In the slightly rum fogged brain of the clerk of the 'hollow store' there was an appreciation of first cause—Challiss—and all effects relative thereto sprang from the rector. By far too conceited to admit that his own blundering had aught to do with the more than uncomfortable position in which he now found himself, he went directly to first principles—for the sole reason that the squire had hit the nail squarely on the head;—the rector *did* stand between him and Mistress Hetty Wain. Not that he was at all sure that had the obstacle been removed his way to win the hand of the girl was certain, but one stumbling block was there which he would be well rid of. His hot brain had taken a hold on two fancies—first, that the rector personally disliked him both for himself and his low social position, and second, that he was casting something warmer than a fatherly eye upon his own god-daughter. That the man was forty and the girl but twenty had no weight in the moody, love stricken brain of Cyrus Bent. The demon of jealousy leaped at him and had sat upon his shoulder for weeks—aye, months, in fact ever since that golden day when he had seen the girl come riding home from Hartford on a pillion behind her god-father. Since then his days had been miserable; his nights, hours of acute suffering. He saw what a foil the sprightly (and, to him), highly educated beauty would make to the tall, handsome and dignified student of theology; a power in the church, an aristocrat to his fingers tips. He saw, or thought he saw,

something more than a fatherly solicitude in the rector's attention to the girl—something deeper than respect in her frank acceptance of the same. That her own father was also a tenant of the Glebe house brought no grain of comfort. "The devil might play fast and loose under the nose of Thaddeus Wain and he be none the wiser," was the comment of Bent. And to a certain extent he was right for Thaddeus Wain had been cut down in his prime and now half paralyzed, more than half deaf and none too strong of mind he was but little better than an overseer of home-lot chores and passed most of his life smoking in the sun in summer and by the kitchen chimney in winter.

With a man possessing the nature of Bent the object of his jealousy passed rapidly and by easy transition into the object of his hatred, and in just proportion as grew his love for the girl, had grown a bitter, rankling though secret enmity to the man. His finer qualities were stifled under the mingling of these two overwhelming passions, which, God wot, have held the world in thrall since man began; and, when that evening, to his great surprise, he had seen the rector come to the door and receive his god-daughter without giving him the usual invitation to walk in himself, his brain conceived the weak plan of setting the committee on the track of the churchman who had so long eluded all attempts to arrest him, and not dreaming that as an informer he would become implicated, had done so in a simulated off-hand manner and with the foregoing results.

To meet Hetty Wain on the morrow, would, under the circumstances, damn him forever in the eyes of that young lady. For her he had suffered much—from his standpoint. All the misery he had undergone appeared to him a sacri-

vice of self solely for her. His worship of this girl, shown only in affectionate innuendoes from which she appeared to recoil, only increased the debt she owed him. For her he had endured the merciless ridicule of the village on account of that green cotton umbrella which he had brought from Hartford to protect her pretty head; and for her, he protested inwardly, he was ready to die.

It occurred to him that he might warn the minister of the intended visit of the committee, but he saw the hazard of such an act as the absence of the rector would reflect on himself. He was the one young man in the village who had not been loud in the expression of his political opinions, (if indeed he had any) there being too much on his heart and brain for him to take an interest in aught but the passion consuming him; and being both of English birth, a comparative new comer in the town of Woodbury and without influence, the natural result of a failure to arrest the rector would be to put him in the light of a false witness and bring upon him the heavy hand of the committee. Public disgrace was an abhorrent thing to him. To him it meant jail in Hartford and a long absence from Hetty Wain.

His next thought was to have Hetty away from the Glebe house at the critical time, but even this being possible it was folly to think that his part in the arrest of the minister would not be known far and wide. There were but two ways out of his dilemma, and those—in some way to prove his high patriotism in the eyes of the committee, thereby leaving them nothing to doubt, or to warn the minister and take the consequences. The last would probably have been acted upon had not Fate seemingly put the possibility of the first in his hands.

In his deep perplexity the young clerk had twice gone to the bar and, in an abstracted manner drank off two more measures of raw rum as though the liquor was a brain lubricant. The landlord, visibly showing impatience as his moody guest still lingered, was industriously covering the great backlog with ashes as a smart hint that he wished more for his bed than for the young man's custom. When the hound, now curled on the hearth, again leaped to his feet and growled a plain warning that a stranger was approaching.

As the landlord, still on his knees, turned to look over his shoulder, the door opened and together with the new arrival admitted a blast of wind that filled the room with its chilly breath. In a trice the guttering candles were extinguished, and the half banked fire, now but a glowing mass of coals livened by the strong draught, was the only light in the large apartment.

With a muttered curse at the sudden darkness the landlord hastened for a fresh candle, and by the time its feeble rays made the outlines of the room visible, the new arrival had walked to the great chimney, thrown his soaking cloak across the settle, and with his back to the fire stood scanning the room and its occupants.

As the candle was placed upon the table and its light fell upon the face of the stranger, the half intoxicated man at the bar gave a lurch forward, then steadied himself as he gazed at the tall figure before him for to all appearances there, in the flesh, stood the Rev. Archibald Challiss. Though the landlord did not appear to notice anything familiar about his late coming guest, it might have been for the reason that the wick of the candle being newly kindled, its light was none of the brightest and the gentleman

had the broad collar of his coat turned up about his ears.

As Bent gave a muttered exclamation, the stranger swung about to the fire putting the breadth of his athletic looking back to the room and then all doubts vanished from the mind of the young clerk. It was the rector in person; the only differences noted being that his queue was tied instead of clubbed, and that in lieu of his usual pumps he now wore heavy riding boots well splashed with mud. In his well known and resonant voice the new comer bespoke a bed which had felt the warming pan then ordering a glass of spirits sat himself down by the dying embers to await the landlords return, gazing moodily the while at the faint blue wreathes of smoke drifting up the chimney.

What the episcopal rector could be doing at the Oranaug Inn at an hour close to mid-night, asking for a bed when his own house was within rifle shot, was something more than a simple puzzle to the now addled wits of Cyrus Bent. Could it be that his enemy desired to escape from the town knowing the danger that always threatened him was daily growing greater? If so he would hardly have chosen the inn in which to conceal himself that night. What could have happened to render his hiding place unsafe? it had recently held him securely enough.

Nothing to clear these matters presented itself to Bent nor did he give the subject much thought. The one thing plain to him was that at the fire sat the rector whom Providence had clearly placed in a position to be warned. The conditions appeared to be an answer to an unspoken prayer.

Casting a glance about to make sure he was unobserved, Bent silently crossed the room and stooping to the ear of the

seemingly engrossed rector, whispered :

"Get from the town to-night, sir, you are in danger! The committee is going to the Glebe house to-morrow morning. I heard so not an hour since. I tell you this at great risk to myself!"

For an answer the sitter turned about suddenly.

"The devil it is! What has any committee to do with me, and how am I in danger?"

As the supposed divine thus spoke he came to his feet, throwing down the collar of his coat as he faced Bent, and that young man staggered back as he saw the stranger's face now full in the stronger glow of the candle. If it was the Reverend Archibald Challiss he had grown a small, brown military looking moustache within a few hours, but aside from this novel addition to his features and a change in the cut of his black clothes, it was the minister. There was the same figure, the same dark eyes, the same straight nose and facial contour, with its strong and handsome outline of chin and forehead. The voice was the same, but the manner was totally different. The action was too quick and lacked the quiet dignity of the rector, and without a doubt the stranger was much younger, in fact, not over thirty years of age. For an instant Cyrus Bent blinked at the man before him, who, in turn, tried to look through his sudden and unwelcome disturber, and then finding his voice and his wits together, the clerk stammered :

"I—I took you to be the—the Domine Challiss! Are you—are you his ghost?"

"Challiss! Challiss!" broke out the stranger, impatiently, "well, I suppose I do look like Challiss nor have lacked being told the same, times enough. Where *is* Challiss, in the name o' God? Have I not been pounding at the Glebe house for an hour past? The place is deserted."



"Nay, he was there to-night!" answered Bent, recovering himself.

"There to-night and allow a man to stand outside! I tried each door and window. The place was as tight as a fort and as silent as the pit!"

"Like as not," was the answer, "but he is there, or was. What would you have of him?"

"And is Hetty—I beg her pardon—is Mistress Wain with him?" asked the stranger with something like interest taking the place of the disgust he had shown.

Bent gave a gulp. "I think she is," he answered slowly and suspiciously just as the landlord re-entered the room. Then, as an idea flashed on him, he continued with a decided raise of voice: "I think she is, but sir, the times are a bit twisted and as you are a stranger it behooves me, a man loyal to the cause, to inquire what business you have in the house of a pestilent tory, and that, too, late on a stormy night."

The landlord stopped in his progress across the room, while a broad smile broke over the face of the new comer. For a moment he silently contemplated the clerk, and then said:

"My young friend, you have hardly the girth of groin or depth of chest to make personal demands, unless you can back them with something stronger than your body. What is my business to you?"

"It ill becomes you, sir, to slur the body God gave me," answered Bent, slightly pot valiant and strengthened by the thought which had leaped to his brain a moment before. "My demand is one no honest man need fear and my backing what every traitor to the colonies may tremble at!"

"By my faith!" ejaculated the stranger, turning to the landlord. "Yon fellow is a free-booter in politics and hot on the trail of both friend and foe. To what

breed does he belong? At one moment he whispers in the ear of a supposed pestilent tory, taking me to be your Reverend Challiss, to beware of a danger, I know not what; then by the grace of your appearing, he holds aloud for the colonies. Take him off! Is my bed yet ready?"

"Your honor must have misunderstood," returned the host of the Oranaug, hovering betwixt the fear of offending his guest and the result of abetting him, at the same time plainly showing astonishment as he looked at the speaker, "'twas easy to mistake you for the domine!" he concluded.

"I misunderstood nothing, neither have I anything to conceal," returned the guest, impatiently, "he *did* mistake me for the domine. I am lately from England and am brother—or half brother—to your rector. Am I plain? I bear certain papers to him. Mistress Hetty—but that is beyond the matter—all I would like to know is, what danger my brother can be threatened with that he must be warned against it as I was warned by this young man when he mistook me for him."

"Sir!" said the landlord, "I was not present when he spoke such words of warning. I cannot vouch for what he said. Master Cyrus has not been long among us, but I deem him not double-faced. The fact is that your brother is to be called upon by the committee of inspection to answer to a charge of treason to the colonies, Master Cyrus having pointed out the fact that he was at home at last."

"And has he been away?"

"Nay; who knows but perhaps the young lass of the Glebe house or her father. Withal that he is in danger of the tar barrel if he is caught, he seems to go and come as he lists yet none can unearth his hiding place."

"The devil you say! Does this not jump with what I was telling you? So this same Master Cyrus has discovered my brother to your committee and yet he would warn him."

"I know naught of the warning, sir, 'tis hard to believe." And the landlord looked from Bent to his guest and back again, while the stranger bored the young man with a look half angry, half contemptuous.

While this conversation was going forward the clerk's mind was in a whirl. He had made a tremendous mistake and saw it. With the landlord's last implied doubt ringing in his ears, he felt however, that

high—a man who bears papers to a traitor. And he has the effrontery to stand there and tell you that I warned him—it is monstrous—he lies and he knows it."

He drew a long breath and was about to proceed, but was interrupted. The new comer took three steps toward his traducer and smote him heavily in the face with his open palm. Bent staggered back until the settle, catching him below the knees, tripped him. He fell across it, carrying it with him, man and settle going to the floor with a crash. Turning on the fairly frightened landlord, the stranger thundered :

"And is it thus ye allow a guest to be



"MAN AND SETTLE GOING TO THE FLOOR WITH A CRASH."

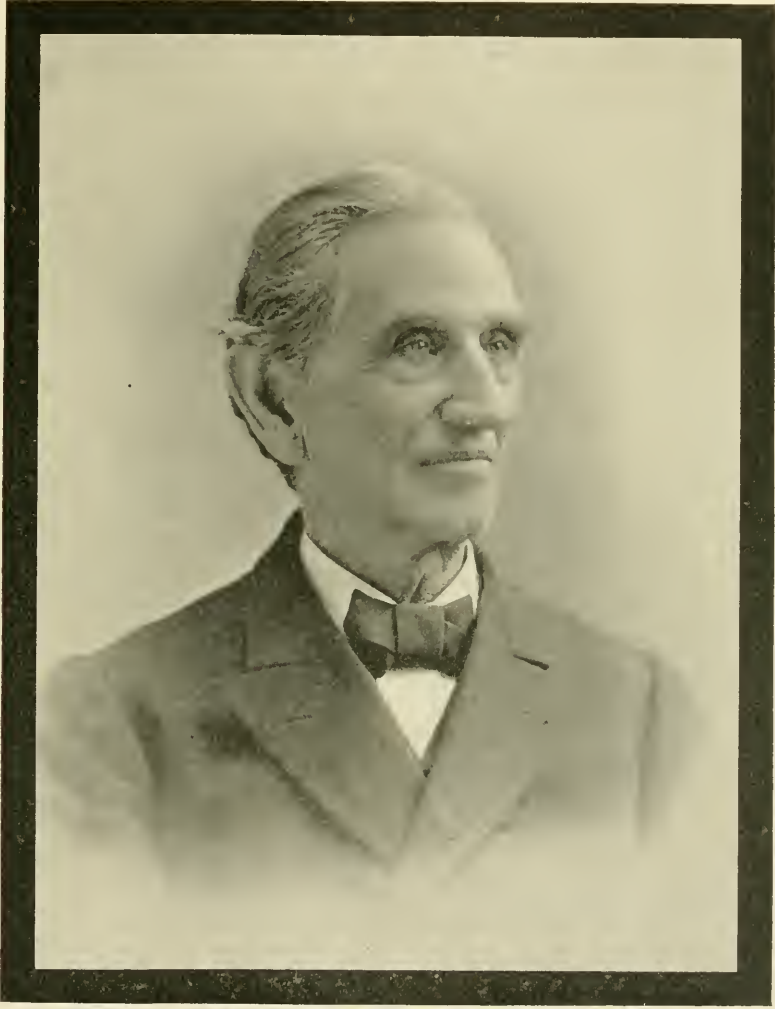
he might plunge through this self-made net by a total denial. His own bare word against that of the rector's brother—doubtless a tory, also—would be ample to clear him. Here, too, was a chance to show his patriotic quality, having the landlord as a witness to his valor. With a somewhat cloudy conception of how to start in the right direction, but with a tongue which was clear enough and seemingly under command, he broke out :

"Hard to believe! It is impossible to believe! Look, Tobey! If we have missed the domine, here is game wellnigh as

insulted in your house? Be ye in doubt as to my word? Damn such a hostlery! If your bed is no better than your reception, my stay with ye will be short enough. Show me to my room."

The host of the Oranau, mightily impressed by the commanding air of his guest, as well as by his prompt retaliation to insult, muttered a stammering apology as he took up the candle and led him from the room, leaving the man on the floor to gather himself together in the darkness as best he could.

(To be continued.)



HON. ALFRED E. BURR.  
(See editorial notes )

## OUR COLLEGES.

EDITED BY CRANSTON BRENTON.

### YALE.

THE present year at Yale promises to be one of the most critical in its history. With a new President at its head, confronted by certain changes in its policy rendered necessary by recent developments, and with plans now under way for raising two million dollars to erect the memorial buildings which are to commemorate Yale's two hundredth anniversary next year, the university has taken upon itself responsibilities from which it cannot shrink. Whether it has acted for the best or not, the present year will determine, but at New Haven there seems to be little doubt but that in twelve month's time Yale will hold an even higher place among educational institutions than it did before.

President Hadley's policy in matters pertaining to the administration is determined by a judicious combination of the spirit of progressiveness which is essential at the present day to the success of any individual or institution, and that old Yale spirit of conservatism under which the University has always been well governed, but which is apt to be a little slow in comprehending changes in the commercial and professional requirements of the time and the necessity for corresponding changes in the preparation of the student to meet them. He realizes the need of making the University a training school for the successful professional and business man as well as for the useful citizen and American gentleman, in the highest sense of the word. He also realizes the value of youthful enthusiasm and vigor. He is a comparatively young man

himself, having graduated but thirteen years ago. Soon after his election he appointed Mr. Anson P. Stokes, then but three years out of college, secretary of the corporation. And the announcement has just been made that Mr. Henry C. Emery, a graduate of Bowdoin, in the class of 1892, has been called to fill the professorship of political economy, made vacant by the advancement of Mr. Hadley to the head of the institution. Yet at the same time he sees the value of keeping clearly in mind the traditions which have made Yale through a long period of two hundred years the power which it now is. His policy was briefly summed up in a recent address before the Cleveland alumni. Said he: "If I were to sum up the lines of Yale's development, I should say we hope first to have greater co-operation between the departments; second, greater co-ordination between the beginning of the college course and the end of the preparatory school life; third, and most important of all, organized means of passage from the theoretical studies in the class room to the practical work of life, and not by supposed practice, but by facilitating the connection, with actual work, between the school, the shop and the office. In so doing we shall work slowly in all that is destructive of our old methods; for we have done so well in the past that we should distrust the radical reformer who would upset too quickly things that have proven themselves essential in the training of citizens for the development of the country."

There is not room within the limits of this letter to enter into details concern-

ing the new buildings for which plans have been submitted. In general the idea is to bring two more city squares, north of the present quadrangle, under the control of the University for campus purposes. This will place the college and the scientific school much nearer one another than before and will be another step toward making the University a coordinate and harmonious whole. A new dining hall, large enough to fulfill the necessities of a university of four thousand students; an auditorium with a seating capacity of three thousand; an elaborate hall or vestibule to complete a corner; a new administration building to take the place of the old treasury on the campus (originally built to hold the famous Trumbull collection of portraits); and another dormitory to be built with the funds finally awarded the University after the litigation over the Fayerweather bequest, are among the buildings for which preparations are being made. The president is now on a tour of the principal cities as far west as Denver, arousing interest in the plans and stimulating the alumni to respond to the appeal for funds. On the outcome of this trip will depend in great measure the success of the bi-centennial celebration in 1901.

FREDERICK B. ADAMS.

\* \* \*

#### TRINITY.

A COMMITTEE, consisting of Colonel William C. Skinner, of Hartford, George L. Cook, of Providence, and Frederick E. Haight, of New York, has sent out a circular to the alumni of Trinity, asking for contributions to the Samuel Hart Library Fund. The committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressing appreciation by the alumni body of the services rendered to the college by Dr. Hart, who after thirty years' connection

with the college as instructor and professor, resigned the chair of Latin last year, to become sub-deacon of the Berkeley Divinity School, at Middletown. The circular is in part as follows:

"So many of the alumni have expressed the desire that an opportunity might be given them to show in a more substantial and lasting form their appreciation of the great personal service Dr. Hart has always exerted to develop Trinity men in the line of Christian gentlemen, that your committee has decided to raise \$5,000, which shall be known as the Samuel Hart Library Fund, the income of said fund to be used in adding yearly to the library of Trinity College, such books, manuscripts, etc., as may be selected by the Rev. Dr. Hart, or he failing to make selection, by the head of the Latin department. The fund to be held in trust by the trustees of Trinity College."

During the winter season the only athletic events of consequence are the games of the basketball team. This year's team, captained by H. McK. Glazebrook, 1900, has done splendidly so far, easily ranking among the leading teams in the state.

The outlook for baseball is bright, as only two players graduated in '99. Indoor work in the "cage" will begin in February.

Richard E. Peck, 1901, of Bridgeport, has been elected manager of the football team for the season of 1900. During the season recently finished Mr. Peck made an excellent assistant manager, and consequently his election to the managership was unanimous. He played on the baseball team in his freshman year. William H. Wheeler, 1902, of Little Falls, N. Y., was elected assistant manager. He is manager of his class baseball team, and plays on the mandolin club.

"Trinity Week" promises to be as gay as usual. It is an annual custom at

Trinity to devote the week preceding Lent to social functions. The Junior ball committee, of which James M. Hudson is chairman and John D. Evans treasurer, has the week in charge. The events will include the Junior ball, second Trinity german, college tea, Washington's Birthday prize oratorical contest, dramatics, and concert by the glee, mandolin and banjo clubs. Harry A. Harmor, 1900, is stage manager of the Jesters, and Moses J. Brines, 1900, is leader of the glee club. The mandolin and banjo clubs are under the direction respectively of David L. Schwartz, 1900, and William Larcher, 1903.

Beginning in 1901, the general scientific course will consist of four year's instead of three, as at present. This action is in line with that taken by the universities and larger colleges. At present the scientific schedule is so badly crowded that the student cannot find time for other studies which should form a part of the preparation for the degrees, and the addition of a freshman year will remove this difficulty. A course in electrical engineering has been provided for, and the scientific laboratories are undergoing extensive alterations and additions for its accommodation. Work in this department will be begun next September.

Several new and valuable scholarships have been added during the past year to the number now available, about seventy in all, ranging from comparatively small amounts to the payment of room-rent, tuition and other general charges. In the way of scholarships the college offers exceptional inducements to students.

The natural history building, work on which was begun last June, is rapidly nearing completion, and this handsome building will add in no small measure to the attractiveness of the campus.

The Michigan alumni of the college have effected a permanent organization to be known as "The Michigan Alumni Association." At the meeting last month the following officers were elected: Sidney T. Miller, '85, president; H. C. Loveridge, '80, vice-president; and Alexander K. Gage, '96, secretary. Other alumni associations have been organized since the establishment of the college in 1823, by graduates in New England, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, "District of Columbia and vicinity," California and Boston. There is also a '99 alumni association.

JAMES ALBERT WALES.

\* \* \*

#### WESLEYAN.

The college museum has recently been rearranged and generally improved, and some rare and valuable collections recatalogued and classified.

It is not generally known that Wesleyan has a most valuable and interesting collection of New England woods, including specimens of two hundred and thirty different varieties. This had not been catalogued until the past month, but is now thoroughly noted and arranged in proper groups according to the latest classifications.

During the past few years the interest in forestry has led to the establishment in many of our colleges of departments devoted exclusively to the study of tree life in its broadest application and every year many American students go to the German universities to pursue in graduate work the lines taken up less exhaustively here.

Wesleyan is particularly fortunate in possessing such a valuable collection of our native woods and they are of still greater interest as being purely limited to

New England and including many rare specimens found in Connecticut.

The Shaw collection of California woods has also been rearranged.

The most interesting part of the forestry exhibit is a collection of foreign woods presented by Mr. Loper, who has had the present rearrangement in charge, and who has spent many years in making

this collection, gathering rare and valuable specimens from almost all the tropical countries of the world. As well as being of great interest many of these specimens are very beautiful, particularly those of the leopard wood from the South Sea Islands, and of laurel, and zebra wood, particularly noted for its markings.

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### TO WINTER.

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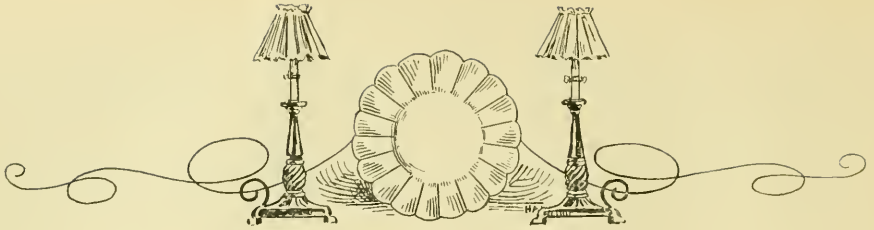
Its those soft, timid souls that love to lie  
 In sunny peace, nor ever feel the thrill  
 Of joy in battling with opposing ill  
 Set every sluggish life-drop in full cry  
 A-coursing through their sodden clay, still sigh  
 To see the blighting hoar-frost's early chill  
 Bare every shiv'ring branch through vale and hill,  
 While souging winds sob summer sad good-bye.

But as for me, Old Winter—I love thee,  
 I love thy whirling, skirling, stinging storms ;  
 I love thy biting, blustering blast that warms  
 My soul with its own mighty energy.  
 I love thy calm, cold nights and star-gemmed sky,  
 Bluff Winter, wassail ! What tho' summer die !

—*Horace D. Byrnes, in "The Wesleyan Literary Monthly."*

J. H. BRANDEN.

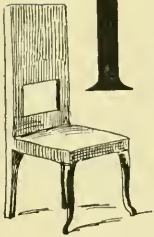




## THE HOME.

BY LOUISE W. BUNCE.

ENTERTAINMENT, MARKETING AND ECONOMY.



**I**T is my purpose in a series of articles concerning the home, its marketing and economy, its entertaining and hospitality, to make some suggestions simple or elaborate, by which the hostess may be aided in the entertainment of her friends. It has been my experience that a certain reciprocity existing, so to speak, between kitchen and parlor, very considerably greases the wheels of housekeeping, so I shall give here some menus simple enough to be prepared on busy days in the kitchen that will not burden the cook, and further on others more elaborate, which no hostess need feel doubts in offering to a company dining with her at home.

This paper will treat of homes where there is one maid for general housework, who also takes upon herself the laundering (I think this arrangement may always be accomplished by using judgment).

Perhaps to fitly illustrate we may make a few practical suggestions in such a household, beginning with Sunday, the menu for which has been partially arranged the day before.

The meals will be prepared for four persons, as the measuring quantities for receipts are more easily remembered and a little household arithmetic will easily reduce or multiply according to the number to be served.

We will begin then with

### BREAKFAST.

(at 8.45 to 9 A. M.)

\* Grape Fruit.

\*\* New England Codfish Cakes. \*\*\* Fried Indian Pudding.

Radishes or Watercress. Plain Bread.

\*\*\*\* Coffee.

\* **GRAPE FRUIT.**—Having kept the fruit very cold over night cut it equatorially just before serving. With a sharp pointed knife remove all the seeds and then with a *silver* knife free the fruit cells from the pulp without breaking them any more than necessary. Puncture the fruit slightly with a fork, sprinkle with fine sugar, pour over the sugar one teaspoonful of sherry and cover with shaved ice. The ice must not be allowed to melt before serving. Oranges may be prepared in the same way.

\*\* **CODFISH CAKES.**—For eight cakes take one large cup of shredded codfish to two of pared and cut up potatoes. Put



in a small kettle with just enough cold water to cover them and boil till the mass is thoroughly soft, pour off all the water, return to the fire and steam the mass dry, being careful that none sticks to the bottom of the kettle; beat very thoroughly with a spoon or wire potato masher, adding a generous desert spoon of butter, and if preferred, a little milk—this very sparingly, turn out on a bread board and mould quickly with very little handling into small cakes.

Set them away *on a board* and, this having been prepared on Saturday, they are ready to fry on Sunday morning in salt pork. Fry in enough salt pork to prevent burning and not enough to make them greasy, and surround them on the platter with thin bits of pork.

\*\*\*FRIED PUDDING.—On the day before serving stir, into one quart of warm water one pint of coarse yellow meal gradually; let it boil, stirring all the time, and adding a teacup of wheat flour, stir again and then add one and a half pints of boiling water and remove to the back of the range for two or three hours. This mass *must* swell *slowly* or it will have a disagreeable, gritty and uncooked taste (much is eaten that is not good, even though made after a good receipt, just on this account). Mould in a tin brick and allow to become absolutely cold. Twenty minutes before serving, cut into thin slices and fry in very hot lard. On no account put this in the oven to “keep warm.”

\*\*\*COFFEE.—There are as many ways of making this simple, yet difficult beverage as there are stars in the heavens, but when the preparation is left from day to day in the hands of the cook I think there can be no better way than this: Using a mixture two-thirds Java and one-third Mocha and remembering that poor stock will not make good coffee by cooking, allow a heaping tablespoon for each per-

son. If possible have it ground each day. Put this quantity in the coffee pot with one coffee cup of hot water and a couple of egg shells, beat thoroughly with a spoon and place on the range, where it will come to a boil. When it steams add three and a half cups of boiling water, let it boil up once and draw it back instantly, remembering that all you get in smell you lose in taste. If these rules are followed in the order given, I have no doubt the verdict will be agreeable.

This menu will enable the maid to do ordinary house work upstairs, after having served the family, and go to the ten o'clock mass.

#### DINNER.

(at 2:15 to 2:30)

The maid will find time between twelve and this hour to prepare the dinner, which may consist of

\* Oyster Cocktail.

\*\* Soup. Mushrooms on Toast.

Celery. Cranberry Sauce. Salted Almonds.

Roast Turkey. Giblet Gravy.

Browned Mashed Potatoes. Boiled Onions.

Lettuce Salad. Crackers.

Wine Jelly. Macaroons.

\* OYSTER COCKTAIL.—Allowing six oysters to each person, put them with a little of their liquor in a punch glass, pour over them carefully so the seasoning may remain in layers, one teaspoon of vinegar, one of tomato catsup (scant), one of horse-radish, a squeeze of lemon and a drop of tobasco to each glass. Serve very cold.

\*\* SOUP.—I give a receipt for soup stock taken from my own experience and as by putting it away in a cool place it will keep easily a week (and should last as long as that with daily calls upon it); it will be found ever ready to use with the simple additions required for variety. Quantities—three pounds of “bottom round” of beef, a beef shank and a

knuckle of veal, about six pounds in all. The beef gives the stronger and the veal the gelatinous quality to the stock; do not remove the marrow from the beef shank as that amount of fat will form a cover over the stock when done and can be easily removed when cold. Boil beef and veal together in cold water enough to cover at first, adding boiling water from time to time to keep covered, as the liquid boils away, which boiling should not at any time be violent as the meat would be wasted. At the first boiling, skim carefully and repeat as often as is necessary to remove all brown matter rising to the top. Continue the boiling till the bones are free of fat and muscle, take out bones and pour the liquid off into an earthen bowl. When cold it should be of the consistency of firm jelly; cut out a piece as required, removing the fat from the piece used only. A variety of flavors may now be made, as for example: by adding a half a can of tomatoes stewed to a pint of stock a tomato soup may be served; a celery soup by boiling the unused parts of the ordinary bunch served on the table; a consommé by the addition of a little macaroni; a cream of onion, cauliflower or bouquet of fine herbs. For the taste of most persons a little thickening is required, as blended flour, a half teacup to one quart of soup, or blended cornstarch, a tablespoon for a quart; this latter makes a translucent soup. If onion is liked, a single medium sized onion is an improvement to all stock soups; if a cloudy look is desired, chop up very fine some of the shreds of meat in the bottom of the crock and add at the last. Salt, pepper or paprika and celery, salt may be added at discretion, also two or three whole cloves or two tablespoons of tomato catsup to vary the flavor.

\*\*\* MUSHROOMS ON TOAST.—Blanch the fresh mushroom in lemon and water for

twenty minutes, then remove all dark skin. While the soup in the menu is being partaken of these should be cooked, toasting them first stem side down and then reversing them and putting in a flake of butter and pepper and salt in each cup just toast them stem up. Serve on individual pieces of buttered and slightly moistened toast, very hot.

Sunday evening suggests the chafing dish, as the meal may be prepared more socially and for guests who may drop in informally, as guests should, Sunday evening. This event gives "satiety" a new appetite and enables the hostess, without burdening the maid, or yet enslaving herself, to serve an attractive repast. The season of the year suggests hot things, so we will serve:

\* Poulette Oysters.

Dry Toast. Olives.

Pound Cake. Brandy Peaches.

\* POULETTE OYSTERS.—For a pint of blue point oysters blend a tablespoon of flour and two of water till perfectly smooth, stir in a half cup of milk. Pour this dressing into the chafing dish, season with a generous lump of butter and a pinch of salt and let it come to a boil, stirring constantly. When of the consistency of rich cream pour in the oysters with their liquor and cook till the oysters "frill," season with a little white pepper and serve immediately on toast. *Anything* cooked in a chafing dish must be constantly stirred, as the proximity to the alcohol flame will make a scorched dressing if allowed to cook without care.

During the "week days," so called, each housewife must arrange the timing of meals for her individual case, but I find that it makes no more work, but on the contrary, leaves more time in which to accomplish it, to serve luncheons at noon and dinners at night. There is

greater economy in it, and that is one of the points under consideration, for attractive dishes may be served, made of the left-overs so dear to the heart of an accomplished cook, and so exceedingly palatable, and as a matter of the chemistry of the body certainly the hearty meal and the hour of relaxation should go hand in hand.

## BREAKFAST.

Oranges.

Eggs Scrambled with finely Chopped Ham.

\* English Muffins. Radishes.  
Coffee.

\* Make a batter of one pint of milk, one-half a yeast cake, sufficient flour to make it thick enough to run from the spoon. Raise over night and if too thick in the morning add a little lukewarm milk. Never add flour to a raised thing that has not itself been raised. Bake in greased muffin rings on a frying pan and serve. Very good!

## LUNCHEON.

\* Tomato Toast. Shaved Smoked Beef.  
Preserved Plums. Toasted Snow Flakes.  
Cheese. Tea.

\* TOMATO TOAST, also called "Epicurean."—Pour a little tomato catsup into a porcelain saucepan, which immerse in one larger containing boiling water. Thoroughly heat, but not boil, and serve on hot toast.

## DINNER.

Vegetable Soup.  
Broiled Beefsteak. Chow Chow.  
Empress Potatoes.

Cranberry Tart. Toasted Cheese on  
Crackers.  
Coffee.

## BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal, with Sugar and Cream. Corned  
Beef Hash.  
Buckwheat Cakes. Maple Syrup.  
Coffee.

## LUNCHEON.

\* Toasted English Muffins. Turkey Salad.  
Chocolate. Cookies.

\* Toasted Muffins. Use any muffins left from breakfast; split them and butter well, then toast and serve hot with the butter melted all through them.

## DINNER.

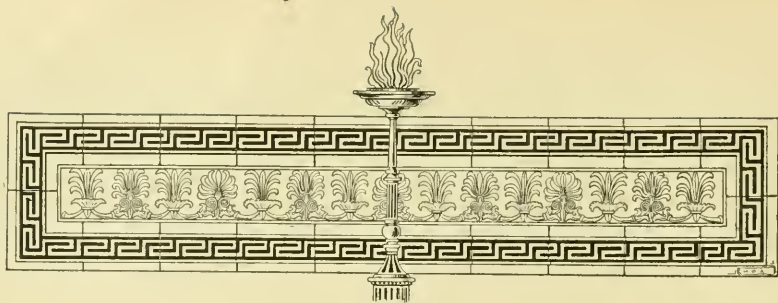
Beef Stock Soup, with Vegetable Bouquet.  
Roast Spare Rib of Pork. Apple Sauce.  
Mashed Turnips. Potatoes Baked  
in Jackets.  
Brown Betty. Rum Sauce.  
Coffee.

While it is not my idea that these menus should be followed necessarily verbatim, they may suggest forgotten or untried viands which relieve the sameness of a hostess' planning. With a little assistance and thought upon the housekeeper's part they may be accomplished by one maid, while, should there be a second maid, her part in the duties will at once, I think, suggest itself.

Another paper will discuss other matters concerning the home.

(To be Continued.)

*Louise W. Fauce*



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE  
CONNECTICUT  
MAGAZINE.

With the present number THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE enters upon its sixth year happy in the knowledge that it is rapidly widening its circle of readers. This is evidenced by the subscriptions that continue to come in with every mail from all sections of the state and from every part of the United States wherever a daughter or son of Connecticut lives. And hundreds of renewals of subscriptions are received every week. All this is gratifying. No greater incentive to effort, no larger meed of encouragement can be offered than the loyalty of old friends and patrons in sending the renewal of their subscription. For such generous support and good-will THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE expresses its most sincere appreciation.

Just here we have something we wish to say to our readers as to what we are and wherefore our mission. THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE exists for a purpose. It is not an idle scheme to make money. Nor is its sole purpose to simply amuse. It feels, and it knows it to be true, that it has a serious, yet pleasant duty to perform—the uplifting influence as exemplified in the splendid record of the press of the state; that is the duty—to be good and faithful for all that is ennobling in the life of the commonwealth.

NON-PROFESSIONAL  
WRITERS.

Many of the most valuable contributors to the current magazines belong to that larger and rapidly increasing body of writers who only at occasional moments take upon themselves the work of writing for publication. This class of literary contributions possess a value equal in its way to the more trained, more perfect technique, that obtains in the productions of professional writers. We like to turn for a moment from the brilliancy and cold-blooded self-assurance of the professional writer to that of the more simple, warm and, it might be added, more sincere expression of the broad-minded and cultured layman. The charm of such writing consists in the personality of the author. We know that he lives and moves among us; that he is one of the every-day people whom we meet; that he speaks to us in a natural voice, the unaffected utterance of the home circle gathered together to discuss in polite and frank terms the questions of the day. We feel that he is speaking to us as one with authority, a title inherent by right of training, occupation and environment. We know that what he writes is from personal experience of active participation in the incidents he portrays—the positive position of one whose narrative rests upon facts of which he himself is largely an

important part, rather than the negative point of one who writes from hearsay or observation, keen though this power may be. Such writing is in itself something to be valued aside from its local interest, since it must, with the lapse of time, afford the future commentator on social science a larger, and in many instances, truer index to the customs, activities and ideals of the period with which it treats than can be hoped for from the studied, albeit brilliant, pens of professional writers.

It is by no means contended here that the layman, however cultured he may be, can depict an occurrence with the same perspicuity and fidelity of detail that the more trained professional writer of the highest class is able to do, but what is claimed is that the best non-professional writing possesses as much, if not more, value than the average professional writing, and, such being the case, such non-professional writers should be sought out and induced to put their thoughts down in the more enduring form of printed words. It is the aim of the editor of THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE to bring to light just such writers as these; at the same time he extends the most cordial welcome to those who make writing a business.

\* \* \*

HARTFORD'S  
EMPTY  
RESERVOIRS.

The story of Hartford's empty reservoirs must occasion much comment of a more or less humiliating character among her sister cities. There will be some people exasperating enough to inquire who is responsible for a state of affairs that permitted all the reservoirs but one (and that one is very low) to run practically dry, and then, after the situation had reached its last stage of seriousness to

begin the work of pumping water from the river.

There are individuals rash enough to insinuate that the Honorable Board of Water Commissioners have overslept themselves and permitted a dangerous situation to creep in on them unawares. Why were not the pumps started months ago? Why were not the gates leading from at least two of the reservoirs closed and their contents held in storage to meet just such grave emergencies as that which now confronts the city? Why didn't somebody keep awake when it was made manifest that the water supply was being swallowed up and so give the alarm? Why were not all these things attended to? Our esteemed querist is respectfully referred to the somnambulist water commissioners for information. They ought to know.

Happily there is, thanks to great good fortune and the admirable promptness and generosity on the part of Hartford's leading street railway company in lending the city the free use of one of its motors to furnish power at the pumping station, no great danger of serious consequences arising from the shortage of the water supply.

\* \* \*

THE ACME  
OF  
FLIPPANCY.

Press dispatches inform us that on Christmas day shells containing plum-pudding and the compliments of the season were fired from the Boer guns into Ladysmith. And this is war! Making sport while thousands of hearts in distant homes are aching, sinking, in the throes of despair! It would seem that the acme of flippancy was reached when a body of men could be found to engage in such miserable business. Plum-pudding and shells! The mockery of it sickens the heart!

HON.  
ALFRED E.  
BURR.

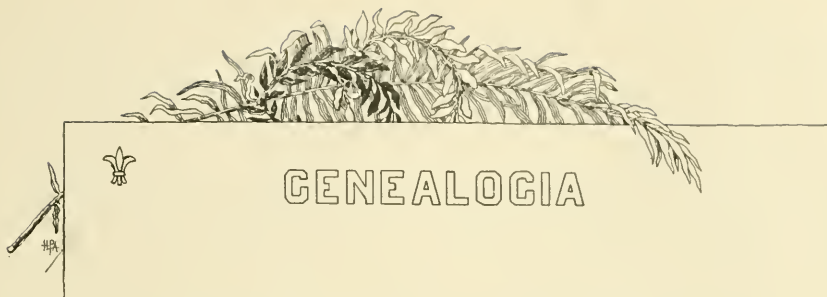
The late Hon. Alfred Edmund Burr, editor of the "Hartford Times," whose portrait we give elsewhere, was one of the best public men the state of Connecticut ever produced. The news of his death has occasioned wide-spread sorrow among all classes of citizens in Hartford, his native city, and throughout the state.

The press in Connecticut, and indeed all over the country, has been unstinted in its praise of Hartford's indefatigable worker, the great editor, the public-spirited citizen and the man, and one and all have given expression to sentiments of profound sorrow on learning of his death. There is one phase of his character that stands out in bold relief, a splendid example of the ideal in civic life, and that is the absolute integrity and faithfulness that governed him in all transactions involving the expenditure of public funds. No man has been more conscientious and watchful in the matter of thorough correctness of accounts in the disbursement of state moneys: none have been more inflexible in demanding a just return for money expended. It is due to Alfred E. Burr, more than to any

one man that the people of Connecticut owe the completion of the Capitol building within the appropriation made for it. As Chairman of the State Capitol Commissioners, some three millions of dollars passed under his control, and of all that money not one dollar has been wrongfully or carelessly spent. Political plunderers who flock in scores wherever there is money to be expended upon public improvements were met here by a determined and honest man, who stood as a stone wall against every attempt to involve the Building Commission in unnecessary, not to say unlawful, expenditure of the funds entrusted to its care. Watchful, even to the point of anxiety, he let no dishonest account creep in and the result is a magnificent civic building, costing three millions of dollars, all completed within the appropriations originally made for it, a circumstance that has occasioned the wonder and envy of every state in the Union.

In the death of Mr. Burr the Connecticut democracy loses a steadfast and sagacious leader, the state a faithful and obliging servant, and the immediate community in which he lived a kind and thoughtful man.





## GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Querists are requested to write all names of persons and places so that they cannot be misunderstood, to write on only one side of the paper, to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and ten cents in stamps for each query. Those who are subscribers will be given preference in the insertion of their queries and they will be inserted in the order in which they are received. All matters relating to this department must be sent to THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE, Hartford, marked Genealogical Department. Give full name and post office address.

It is optional with querist to have name and address or initials published.

### ANSWERS.

To No. 117 (b)—*Risley*—John Risley, wife Mary Arnold, dau. of Henry and Elizabeth (Colfax) Arnold. Children: John, Elizabeth m. (McLean), Hannah m. (Van Lout), Mabel m. (Webster), Thankful m. (Deming), Martha m. (— Elmer), Timothy. E. S. F.

To No. 117 (c) — *Foster* — Abraham Foster, b. June 11, 1696, was probably son of John and Hannah (Abbott) Foster and gt. gr. son of Christopher Foster, who removed from Lynn, Mass., to Southampton, L. I., 1651. H. W. B.

### QUERIES.

1. *Phelps-Goodhue*—Benjamin Phelps married Elizabeth Goodhue. Both lived in what is now North Canton, then Simsbury. Both are buried in the North Canton burying ground. When, where and by whom were they married, and who were their parents?

E. S. F.

2. *Williams-Lestor* — Who was the father of Priscilla Williams, wife of Daniel Lestor, of Stonington, Conn. She was married May 17, 1738.

MRS. J. L. ONERHISER,  
So. Framingham, Mass.

3. *Merwin*—Who was the wife of Thomas, son of Miles Merwin 1st, of Milford, Conn., who went to Norwalk as early as 1682? Also, names of their children wanted.

MRS. ANDREW M. JOYS,  
209 Mason St., Milwaukee, Wis.

4. *Smith-Spalding*—Philip Smith, b. 1773, at Rehobath, Mass., m. June 25, 1795, Anna Spalding, dau. of Philip Spalding, of Plainfield, Conn. Was he either Philip Spalding or Philip Spalding, Jr., both of whom served in the Revolution and were from Plainfield, Conn. D. C.

5. *Bidwell-Fones*—Wanted, the ancestors of Elizabeth Bidwell, who mar-

ried at Bolton, Conn., June 19, 1760, Nathan Jones.

NATHAN H. JONES,  
Plattsburgh, N. Y.

6. *Swift-Hale*—Chipman Swift, of Lebanon, Conn., b. May, 1750, married 1770, Mary Hale. Who were their children and whom did they marry?

7. *Gridley-Curtis*—Wanted, the ancestry of Elnathan Gridley and Sarah Gridley, whose dau. Hannah m. Eleazer Curtis, of Berlin, Conn.

G. H. T.

8. (a) *Ripley-Carey*—David Ripley, the great-grandson of Governor William Bradford, m. Lydia, dau. of Eliezer Carey, of Windham, Conn. She was born in Bristol, R. I. Who were the parents of Eliezer Carey?

(b) *Gould*—William Gould moved from Milford, Conn., to New Milford, in 1717. Died Feb. 18, 1730. Who were his parents?

(c) *Prindle*—Samuel Prindle lived in New Milford, being one of the original purchasers of the town. He died Sept. 20, 1750. Who were his parents?

C. P.

9. *Dye*—Wanted, parentage, name of wife, date of birth, etc., of Peter Dye, who was in Capt. Slapp's Co., from Stonington, in the French and Indian war in 1755, and was in Stonington in 1780, where his son Daniel was born in that year. Wanted, names of other children.

T. M. B.

10. (a) *Skinner-Williams*—Whose daughter was Mary Skinner, who married Judah Williams, of Colchester, Westchester and Williamstown? Date of marriage?

(b) *Latham-Avery*—Date of birth of Lucy Latham, who married Col. Ebenezer Avery?

(c) *Tyler*—Name of wife of William Tyler, of Milford and Wallingford? Their daughter Bethiah married John Watson, of Hartford.

(d) *Parker-Stevens*—Parents of Dorothy Parker, wife of Thomas Stevens, of Killingworth?

(e) *Proctor-Douglas*—Parents of Sarah Proctor, wife of William Douglas?

(f) *Brown-Hawkins*—Parentage of Isabel Brown, first wife of Anthony Hawkins (Howkins)? Was she dau. of Peter Brown, of the Mayflower?

(g) *Gardner-Colton*—Parents of Deborah Gardner, of Hartford, first wife of Quartermaster George Colton?

A. D. P.

11. *Dickinson-Bancroft*—Will the gentleman who called at the office of THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE, and gave the marriage of Obadiah Dickinson to Hannah Bancroft, and who said he was a grandson of Abner Bancroft, kindly send his name and post office address to the editor of THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE, Hartford, Conn., as the party whose query he answered, wishes to write him or will call and see him.









JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

(From a Painting by a Brother of the Poet. Hitherto unpublished.)

# THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE.

VOL. 6.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

NO. 2.



## THE CITY OF ROCKVILLE.

BY B. LEWELLYN BURR.



INTO the history of nearly every village or city is woven and interwoven much of the history of the township in which such incorporated district is located; or perhaps we might properly make a transposition and say that the history of the city is interwoven into the township. Whichever be the most proper expression, the warp and woof are both, to some degree, necessary in the write-up of an article which shall give type illustrations of this veritable Loom City from its days of swaddling clothes up through the various periods of girlish skirts, knee pants, short jackets, and finally to the time of its majority and dignified manhood. But I shall, as briefly as possible, touch on the paternal relations of this incorporation; neither shall I attempt any extended complimentary biographies of those now living, therefore the merited ones, whom I might but do not mention, will take no jealous offence, while in my mention of

those who have "gone before" I can with safety select those who most forcibly impress themselves upon my memory.

Rockville, this one of the smallest cities in the state, is the legitimate offspring of the good old town of Vernon, the business center of which was once about four miles to the west. I say offspring, for it is not so much of a real outgrowth of a minor township as many other cities, but it is a child of one section reared away from the paternal home. Properly speaking its ancestors were from Vernon, and they were the sturdy sons of toil, with the necessary grit to combat with the rough wildness which Rockville was in those early days.

The town of Vernon was first settled by families from East Windsor and Bolton in the year 1716. It was originally called North Bolton, and was set off from Bolton in the year 1808. The principal streams are the Hockanum and its tributary, the Tankaroosen. The first mill to which any definite date can be fixed as to erection was at the place known as Valley Falls in the year 1740, and this was a saw

mill by one Thomas Johns, and was afterwards turned into an oil mill for producing oil from flax seed. In about 1847 wool carding and spinning was carried on there. In 1809 Peter Dobson, whose name is even now a household word all over the town, came from Suffield, and with two others, Chapman and King, erected buildings and set to work at making cotton goods. Mr. Dobson was an

Grant, having acquired title to about 500 acres of land, which is in reality the site of our present city, mounted his horse and leaving his home in Windsor, followed the narrow forest paths until he came to what is now West street. Here he set to work and in a few weeks' time had a log house erected. That one was afterwards replaced by a more substantial frame house, and this in turn by the one now



UNION PLACE AND CENTRAL PARK.



English manufacturer, and with the necessary tools and machinery in mind, with the aid of a blacksmith and a joiner, proceeded in 1811 to spin yarn. The weaving was done on hand looms in the families. The production was shirtings, sheetings, tuckings and gingham. The mills known as the Phœnix were established in 1790. Col. Francis McLean, who afterwards helped to make history, was interested in property near by.

But we will now take a closer glance at Rockville. In April, 1726, one Samuel

owned and occupied by Nathaniel Grant, which stands on the site of the former structures. It will be seen by this that the village might properly have been named Grant village, but owing to its rocky nature it was called Rock village

and from this it naturally took the name of Rockville. The history of the Grant family is a legitimate part of Rockville history, but it would require many pages to do even the least justice here.

It is thought that sawmills and gristmills were in operation near what is now the Adams mills, as early as the years 1750 to 1760, by a family named Payne. And gin stills were in operation at a date

of industrious families. There was little time for afternoon whist—bicycles were in the future, and physical culture consisted in the broom drill or in operating the old dasher churn. The weaving in those days was done on hand looms, after which the cloth was sent to the dressers to be colored and finished.

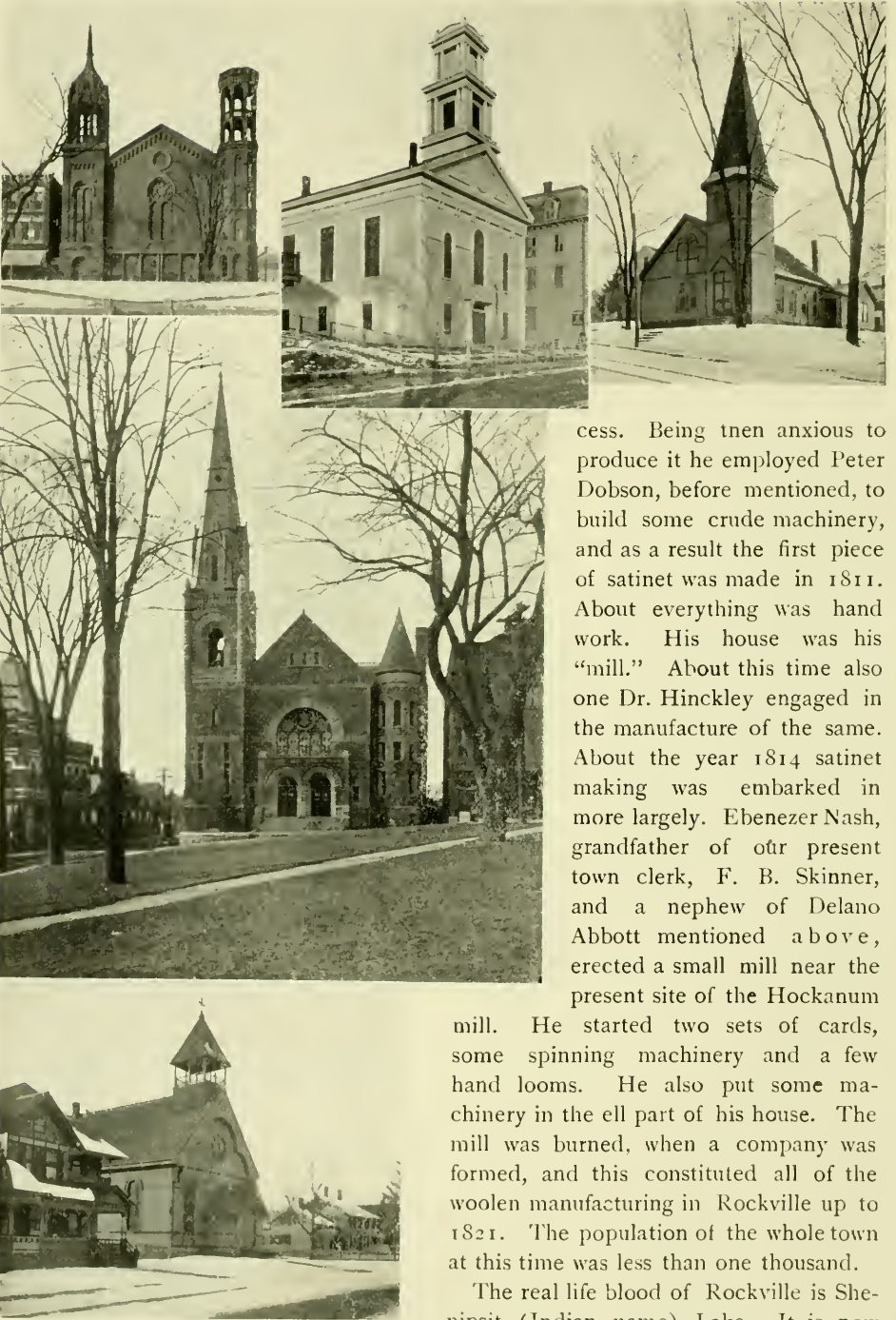
About this time, however, there was something of a revolution "in the air."



TALCOTT PARK.

not mentioned. One Simeon or Simon Cooley had a fulling mill here. Up to about the year 1811 the spinning and weaving of wool was done in a very crude way. The bundles of wool were sent to the carding machine, made into rolls, which the farmers' wives and daughters spun on hand wheels. These were the pianos of those early days, and their buzzing, breezy music accorded with the sound of cooking victuals in the kitchens

One Delano Abbott conceived the idea of making satinnet. Mr. Abbott was a farmer living about three-fourths of a mile from Vernon Center, and he is supposed to be entitled to the honor of introducing not only into this town, but into the United States, the manufacture of satinnet. The commencement of this work is quite interesting. Mr. Abbott procured a small scrap of cloth which by unraveling gave him the knowledge of the weaving pro-



ROCKVILLE CHURCHES.

cess. Being then anxious to produce it he employed Peter Dobson, before mentioned, to build some crude machinery, and as a result the first piece of satinnet was made in 1811. About everything was hand work. His house was his "mill." About this time also one Dr. Hinckley engaged in the manufacture of the same. About the year 1814 satinnet making was embarked in more largely. Ebenezer Nash, grandfather of our present town clerk, F. B. Skinner, and a nephew of Delano Abbott mentioned above, erected a small mill near the present site of the Hockanum

mill. He started two sets of cards, some spinning machinery and a few hand looms. He also put some machinery in the ell part of his house. The mill was burned, when a company was formed, and this constituted all of the woolen manufacturing in Rockville up to 1821. The population of the whole town at this time was less than one thousand.

The real life blood of Rockville is Shenipsit (Indian name) Lake. It is now called Snipsic. It was this never-failing

stream with its heavy fall which tempted these enterprising old Vernon men to come to this then almost impenetrable forest to found a little new world. Where

pect street, with its upwards of a hundred families, was once an Indian path over which possibly tribes from the "Head of Snip" and of Windsor were wont to pass.

The Payne mill before mentioned stood near the site of the present Adams stone mill, but just where is not known. The old dam was simply a log laid across the stream with slabs



now stand the fine brick buildings of Belding Brothers and Regan (Fitch) mills there was a deep chasm down which people were wont to look with fear and trembling as they came from over Tolland way. Strange stories of this wild-looking place were handed down to later inhabitants. What is now Pros-



ROCKVILLE SCHOOLS.

set against this and backed up with earth. This was about the year 1825, and what is now Snipsic lake was then simply Payne's mill pond. In 1834 the Payne property was bought by the Rock



COL. FRANCIS MCLEAN.

company, and a rough stone dam was built three and one-half feet high. There were also iron works near the Payne mill, dating back some say as early as 1741. About the year 1847 a new dam thirteen feet high was built by a water power association, and in 1866 it was raised to its present height, twenty-seven feet. From the top of this to the West street level there is a fall of two hundred and seventy-five feet.

It is to Col. Francis McLean that credit is usually given for introducing the first real woolen factory into the village. In the spring of 1821 Mr. McLean, having

purchased property from the Grant heirs and formed a partnership with George and Allen Kellogg and Ralph Talcott, with a nominal capital of \$16,000, started in earnest to the work. A dam was thrown across the stream, and this is none other than the dam which now crosses at the east of the Orcutt residence. The canal was then dug and the wheel pit located.

It may not be out of place to say here that there were no spirit levels in those days. The late "Father" Cogswell was heard to say that carpenters in setting window frames often went to a beam above and ejecting a little saliva watched its descent, and this determined the accuracy of the frame. In other cases the "plump bob" was used. For a level Col. McLean, with characteristic Yankee ingenuity, improvised a level for his use by grooving one side of a piece of scantling so that it would hold water. Filling this it was quite easy to approximate a level line. Now commenced the work on the mill. Timber was cut from the near-by woods, and ere long a building 30x80 feet and three stories high was erected. Wise ones of course shook their heads. The expectation of making roo



THE GRANT HOUSE.



yards of cloth per day was considered preposterous; but these men of iron nerve never flinched. Three sets of woolen machinery were put in, and the making of blue and mixed satinets was commenced. Jacks and power looms were unknown. In 1822 to 1823 they were crude and imperfect. These, however, were greatly improved by a Mr. Beach and the late "Father" Cogswell, who built one hundred looms, and he simply a house carpenter. Matters improved in various ways until about the year 1832 when the "Old Leeds" mill was built. Col. McLean left about a year previous to this and George Kellogg ("Uncle George") became the agent and Ralph Talcott the superintendent. The new mill was built in 1846. Salaries in those days were not princely, the president receiving \$400.

Notwithstanding the fact that Col. McLean is considered the pioneer in woolen manufacturing here, it is recorded that previous to 1821 Messrs. Grant and McKinney conducted a little mill, afterwards known as the Springville. The McLean enterprise developed into the present Rock manufactory and the Springville into the present larger Springville. The American mill was built about the year 1841. Although it has had its ups and downs, under the present management it is doing a good and profitable business. Joseph M. Wade, of Wade's Fiber and Fabric, was at one time agent of this mill. The New England mill was built in 1837,

and conducted by George Kellogg and Captain Allen Hammond. It was burned about four years later, but was immediately rebuilt. Satinets were formerly made, but later the mill was run on fancy cassimeres, an entirely new branch of woolen. Its introduction was a notable event in manufacturing in Rockville. The present New England, a successor of the old one, was organized in 1879. A new brick mill was built about a dozen years ago and both of the mills are in constant opera-



LOOKING WEST FROM MARKET STREET—25 YEARS AGO.

tion. Further down the stream comes the New Springville, a successor of the old one. It is a nice brick structure, excelling any other mill in town. Still further is the Hockanum, whose goods are known the world over. The company dates back to 1836, the original capital being \$75,000. It is this mill of which the late George Maxwell was president for so many years.

The White, Corbin & Co.'s envelope works, now run by the U. S. Envelope

Co., are an evidence that many of our business concerns are like tall oaks from little acorns. The business dates back to 1856, when the late Cyrus White and the late John N. Stickney started one or two machines in the little building now owned by Mr. Murlless, a portion of which is worked by Anderson & Watts, marble workers. Mr. White was a blacksmith. From this little beginning has grown up a concern worth about \$300,000. W. H. Prescott, now president of the U. S. Envelope Co., was manager for many years.



UNION STREET LOOKING WEST—25 YEARS AGO.



SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH TAKEN BEFORE 1865.

starting in as bookkeeper. The machines were quite crude in the early days, yet they were considered a wonder. Mr. G. Puffer, now of Stafford, made many of the machines, and when he brought out the first one, which did the counting as well as folding, it was a seven day's wonder. The machines now in use gum, fold, print, count and put into packages ready for the boxes. The concern has been considered the largest envelope plant in the world.

The J. J. Regan mill is the outgrowth of the flock business which was carried on by him for some years in the old Florence mill, which stood adjoining the east end of the envelope mill. On the death of Cyrus White his gingham mill property was purchased and the business was extended to the making of blankets, etc.

Belding Brothers, silk manufacturers, are known almost the wide world over. The enterprise was started by E. H. Rose, shortly before the days of the Civil war. About the year 1863, Belding Brothers



THE CITY FROM FOX HILL.

formed a partnership with Mr. Rose. Business was carried on in a portion of what is now the Regan mill. The history of the business is an interesting one, but it would require much space. Suffice it to say that the company now has several mills elsewhere.

The Adams mill should properly take precedent, as it is the first to take water from the lake. This mill was run by

slept on flowery beds of ease. They were men always up and doing. It was said of "Uncle George" Kellogg, one of the early ones, that he slept in the mill; that instead of taking "Delmonico" dinners when on business trips to Hartford or elsewhere, he often carried his dinner basket with him. This same economical disposition possessed the other early manufacturers.

"Father" Cogswell, a man who carried the history of Rockville in his head, says in some of his writings that in 1823 there were only five families in Rockville, then called Rock district, and that from 1820 to 1826 there were less than fifty persons living here. Twelve hours constituted a day's work for many years, but finally an hour was taken off, and again about fifteen years ago a day's work was brought down to ten hours.

In those early days the founders were the self-constituted rulers, the guardians of the moral and religious welfare of the place. Employees were required to attend church and the "improvised" laws as compared with the later times, savored somewhat of the



MEMORIAL HALL.

old "Blue Laws." There was no Sunday boating on Snipsic, or listening to so-called sacred concerts. In fact a quiet stroll even about that place subjected the offender to a reprimand. All roads led to the meeting house and to that only. Boarding house keepers frowned down everything which savored of week-day pleasure or business. It is said jokingly that barrels were whipped for allowing the cider to work on Sunday;

Joseph Selden, now of Norfolk, for about eighteen years, from 1853. It went into the hands of the Adams Mfg. Co., and for many years has been conducted by Mr. Adams. The product is warp.

Martin's Fish Line works are not large, but are worthy of mention. The late Elisha Martin was the founder. The business is now carried on by the sons.

It must not be expected that the men who laid the foundation for this little city

It must not be expected that the men who laid the foundation for this little city

hens dare not cackle and dogs were not permitted to go out of their kennels in search of bones. Sunday commenced at sunset on Saturday and woe be to the man who conducted himself other than

pack their goods and do other kinds of work.

Up to 1840 there was no public hall in the village. During this year one Sears erected the building (lately burned)



ST. BERNARD'S CHURCH.

“Sundayfied” after that time. On Sunday evening, however, the secular work began and work or play was not considered sacriligious. Even the good fathers of the town were wont to enter their factories after the Sunday sun had set,

which stood just south of the present Exchange block. Arrangements were made for a hall in the upper story. Public sentiment was so strong against it that work was suspended for awhile to consider the policy of doing this. Work was finally

resumed and the young people, long under restraint, were happy at the anticipation of an opening dance. The late William R. Orcutt was one of the prime movers in the entertainment. He was met on every side by the “village fathers” and importuned not to establish a pre-



THE ALMSHOUSE. (ORIGINALLY A TAVERN.)

cedent for destroying the souls of the young people. Even threats of discharge were held over the heads of employees. Some may have been deterred from attending, but the affair was a success and though the watchword was "On with the dance," no person was discharged. The dancers were happy and many a time after this the "light fantastic" was en-

collectively for a year or two previous Vernon Center was the "Hub." There is where business men, families, sweet-hearts and lovers got their letters. Town meetings were held there up to 1856, when they alternated between the Center and Rockville. Down the turnpike walked year after year the "Chaffee boys" to deposit the only abolition tickets in the



GLIMPSES OF SNIPSIC.

joyed. Reference to these radical sentiments of the early settlers is not made with any feeling of censure. While contrasting radically with modern times, I opine that just a little more of the spirit of those days would be a beneficial mingling with that of to-day.

Up to 1842 Rockville had no post office although mail may have been brought here

box, while youngsters and politicians jeered them on their way. Nine years later the whole voting privileges were transferred to Rockville. Samuel P. Rose was the first postmaster. The office was located in a store on the south part of what is now Central Park. George Talcott, now president of the First National Bank, was a clerk there. The building

was moved to the present site of the High school building. Rockville was then on a "through express" route from New York to Boston. The route was over the south side of Fox hill until diverted this way to accommodate the new post office. The office was moved about somewhat until 1859 when a small building was erected for the purpose on the site of the building now occupied by E. H. Preston as a furniture store, and here it remained

relay house where changes of the old stage horses were made. It was over this route that General La Fayette passed when he visited this country in 1824. Some errors have been published in connection with this house. Many people are of the impression that a room was fitted up for his reception and that he stopped there. Neither is the case. The peculiarly fitted room is a noticeable one, but the General had no part in its history.



LOOKING TOWARD SNIPSIC FROM FOX HILL.

for about twenty years, when the office was moved to its present location. About this time the Henry building was erected, and the little building which had played such an important part in Rockville history has since done duty as a horse barn at the rear of the "Rockville."

While speaking of the old turnpike route, mention should be made of the present almshouse at the eastern part of the city on account of its historical connections. This was originally a tavern, a

He came through here and was driven to Hartford by a mere boy, who remembered the circumstance with much pride.

Rockville not being on a "through railway route," does not need the hotel facilities which it otherwise would, yet in that respect it has ever been known for its hospitality. There are two such houses, the Rockville and the American. Mention should be made of the first hotel or tavern, the house just opposite the almshouse, and a trifle later what is now the

almshouse was a tavern. The next venture may properly be considered the Rockville house, although not exactly the present structure. The house now occupied by Lawyer B. H. Bill as a residence and office formerly stood on the present hotel site and was built and used as a hotel. In about the year 1851 the building was moved and the present structure in its original form was erected. In 1892 it was so changed that it hardly bears a semblance of its former self. It has had several landlords, the late Francis Keeney being remembered as one of the best and most genial of any to be found. Murdock McPherson is the present proprietor, and the reputation of the house is kept to a high standard.

The main public structure is the Memorial building, erected in the year 1889 as a memorial to the men who represented the town in the Civil war. It is one of the finest of the kind in the state; is thoroughly fire-proof, and cost with its finishings upwards of \$100,000. It contains town offices, a large town hall, superior court room and a Grand Army hall which is a thing of beauty. The city also has its offices there.

Rockville has several churches, the Union Congregational church being the most imposing in the city. It was erected about eleven years ago by the union society which was formed from the two societies. There is one Catholic, one Baptist, one Episcopal, one Methodist and one People's church; also Unitarian organization.

Rockville is on the Rockville branch which is under lease to the "Consolidated" railroad. Another branch also connects at Melrose with the line to Springfield. Since the starting of the H. M. & R. tram-

way, two years ago the heaviest portion of the Rockville travel is turned that way. The road is seventeen miles long and is the best paying one in the state.

For water, the Rockville Aqueduct Co. gives an unfailling supply of a purity equal to any in the New England states. This is taken from Snipsic Lake and there is a fall of from 250 to 275 feet in some places. A high pressure system in addition was instituted a few years ago to accommodate the residents on the hillsides. This water is pumped to a standpipe from which it gravitates.

A public library is maintained in leased rooms, but other accommodations will doubtless be provided in the near future. The foundation for this library was a bequest of \$10,000 from the late George Maxwell, this to be held in trust together with a like amount appropriated by the town. A library and reading room was also provided for by him in the lower story of the Union Church to which his heirs are liberal contributors.

The city has many fine business buildings and while the costly residences may not be as numerous as in some cities, the homes will compare well with those of almost any place. For picturesqueness Rockville is not in any sense at the rear, its variegated scenery, especially in summer season, is admired by visitors from far and near. Central Park is pretty, though not large, and Talcott Park, which is the result of the thoughtfulness of one of the early settlers, was not long ago presented to the city by the Park Association which has maintained it for many years. Bernard Terrace, which adorns the city's center, is a perfect beauty with its triple parallel streets, and few cities can boast of its equal.



## HARTFORD TO NEW LONDON, FORTY-FIVE MILES.

BY W. H. C. PYNCHON.

“It was wicked bad campaigning (cheap and nasty from the first),  
There was heat and dust and coolie work and sun,  
There were vipers, flies, and sandstorms, there was cholera and thirst,  
But Pharaoh done the best he ever done.”

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

NEW YORK, July 17th, 189—.

DEAR ROBERT :

I suppose that I ought not to write to you for a few days, but I do not feel like waiting that length of time. So you are going West,—and that means that all is



over. It is natural that you should have your ambitions, but why, oh why! could you not have left me alone? Two years ago I had not seen you. A year ago I would not have cared so very much if I

had never seen you again. But you must needs make me care for you just for this;—you have had your year's amusement and I suppose you are satisfied. There is no need that you should see me again; in fact, I have taken steps to prevent any chance of your doing so. I shall leave the city to-night on the New London boat with an old friend of my mother's and shall eventually go abroad with her. Where she lives and where we are going you cannot find out. My head aches and I cannot write any more. So I will wish you a safe journey and will say "Good-bye,"—perhaps the kindest thing I can say.

FRANCES.

He sat still for several minutes trying to take in the meaning of it all. How could she have so misunderstood him! For two years he had worked hard, but had been able to lay by nothing: and only a week ago a friend in the West had made him a special offer—the offer of a lifetime. Why did she not see that his sole object in accepting it was to make a home for her? After all that had passed between them she could think him guilty of this heartless thing! And the first feeling of which he became conscious was

anger at the unjust accusation. So he sat in the fading light, nursing his wrath, till the clock striking seven roused him. When did she say she was going to leave New York? And then he suddenly realized that for two hours the great steamer had been plowing its way up the-sound and that the happiness of a lifetime was slipping from his grasp.



NURSED HIS WRATH.

What could he do? No letter could reach her; if it could, would it make things any plainer? What could he say more than he had said? He thought and thought, yet reached no definite plan; till, dimly, through the chaos of the mind came the one overwhelming desire to see her and to make her understand,—and he knew that to do this he must reach New London before the dawn.

A hasty consultation of a time-table showed that he had fifteen minutes in which to catch the last train over the New England Road, which, at Willimantic, made connections for the south. He had just time to catch a street car for the depot, but unhappily it was stopped a short distance from his destination by an ice wagon which had broken down on the track. Accordingly he had to make the rest of the distance on foot. It took only a few minutes longer than it would have, had the car been on time, but that few minutes tipped the scale and he rushed breathlessly up the stairs just in time to

see the red tail-lights of the train vanishing around the curve to the north. There was, however, one more chance. He turned to the gray haired official, who has for so many years acted as guide-book and time-table to bewildered souls astray in the Hartford station, and asked him when the next train left for New Haven.

“At 10.05,” was the prompt reply.

“Is there a connection for New London?”

“There is a connection all right enough,” came the answer, “but you won’t get through to-night. There’s a freight wreck somewhere east of Saybrook and there’s no knowing when the track will be clear. Not before to-morrow morning, sure.”

He turned away stunned. So after all he could do nothing,—could not save his happiness. He walked along as in a dream and was only brought to himself by being run into by a bicycle on the first crossing. The rider swore at him roundly and vanished into the gloom. It was a trifling incident, but it turned his thoughts in a new direction and he remembered with a great throb of the heart that there was still one more chance.

To one who has urged a wheel over the road which runs from Hartford to New London through Colchester the name “New London Turnpike” brings a host of memories. They are memories of endless climbing,—hill above hill, hill beyond hill—hills “rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun;” of stretches of white sand that glitter and shimmer in the heat; of scantily used roads, of few wayfarers, of lonely houses, of uninhabited wastes. Such it is in the day. What it is at night those can guess who know the desolateness of the hours before the dawn. But it was his only chance and he took it gladly.

The nine o’clock blow of the big fire-bell had just boomed out over the city as he turned from Main street into Morgan



WHAT IT IS AT NIGHT THOSE CAN GUESS WHO KNOW THE DESOLATENESS OF THE  
HOURS BEFORE THE DAWN.

and began to descend the long grades toward the river. It had been a day of stifling heat and the squalid lower streets, with all their inhabitants on the doorsteps and sidewalks, lay gasping in the breathless night under the moon. The rail of the bridge was crowded with dark figures trying to get a little coolness from the light air that was creeping up the river from the southward. Even inanimate things seemed to feel the intense heat and the trolley-cars waiting on the switches of the causeway seemed to have dropped there from sheer exhaustion. But when he turned south at East Hartford and began to ride against the breeze, things became more endurable. Like Sir Bedivere,

“His own thought drove him like a goad,” and it required the greatest self-control to maintain the steady and moderate pace that he knew he must maintain in order to last till morning.

It was a quarter to ten when he reached Welles Corner in Glastonbury and turned toward the dim ranges of the eastern horizon. A couple of miles found him on foot, toiling up the grades that rise steadily, steeply for two miles more. High on the hills he stopped a moment to wipe his streaming forehead and to look back at the road he had come. Below him the valley slept in the moonlight—stretching out broadly westward to the dim Talcott Range, while in the middle distance twinkled the lights of Hartford,—and through the midst of all the great river slipped on quietly to the sea. It was a fair picture, but time was flying, and he turned resolutely to the dim road and the forest-clad hills.

Mile after mile he toiled on, sometimes walking, sometimes riding. There was no sound of life but the occasional hooting of an owl, yet even that seemed stifled in the heavy, lifeless air of the wood roads.

Dust lay thick on everything, and, looking back, he could see the little clouds of it that he had raised in passing hanging motionless where the moonlight streamed through the trees. So the miles crept slowly and the hours crept swiftly on.

The moon was high in the heavens when, at the foot of a sharp little hill, he came to a narrow stone arch spanning a deep ravine. The light did not break through the overhanging trees, but below him he heard a little stream flowing and water seemed to him the one thing in the world worth having. With difficulty he climbed down through the shadows, drank deeply, and then bathed his face and neck in the cold little brook. Greatly refreshed he climbed back into the moonlight nor knew that a few feet away death had waited in the thick, loathsome coil of a rattlesnake, one of many that have long given Dark Hollow Brook a gruesome fame.

At last, after many miles, he began to find the road easier and below him he saw the heavy bank of fog that broods all night over Marlborough Pond: Slowly he descended into the mantle and all became dull and ghostly and he was moving in a dream. The road before him, the sleeping village were no longer real. He passed beyond the fog, but the feeling did not change and he labored on steadily, evenly, with the joyless, monotonous effort of those who in sleep press on toward a shadowy goal that is never reached. Still he moved on through a world unreal, till the wheel swerved in the first of the long sand reaches that lie northwest of Colchester. Still he kept on, walking where he could not ride, dimly conscious of weary muscles and aching brain and of the long white road glistening in the moonlight.

It was one o'clock when he found himself at the head of the old green in Col-

chester. Here nature re-asserted itself and hunting up the hotel he roused the sleepy landlord and got something to eat. Then, having extracted a promise from his host to wake him at a quarter of two, he threw himself on a sofa in the hall and was at once asleep.

It seemed to him that he had only just lain down when he was wakened by the moonlight falling upon his face. He sprang up to find it half past two o'clock. The landlord was sleeping peacefully in

the cyclometer that he was maintaining a fairly good pace in spite of the long distance he had come.

There comes a time in every long run when the wheel ceases to be a machine and becomes instinct with life. It quivers and leaps over the road, it picks its way between the ruts, it plunges through the sand, it answers with a bound to every effort of its rider. It is only those who have known the strange exhilaration of that hour who have entered the inner cir-



THE LONG ROAD SEEMED TO DANCE BEFORE HIS EYES.

his chair. Leaving the money for his entertainment upon the table he limped out to where his wheel stood and was again on the road. In spite of stiffened muscles he made good progress and at last began to work down the long eastern slope of the divide that separates the valley of the Connecticut from that of the Thames. A strong breeze began to come up from the eastward, moaning over the hills, and flying clouds from time to time hid the moon, but the coolness refreshed him greatly and he knew by the brisk click of

the Brotherhood of the Road. They who have felt it know what I mean;—and they also know that it is the hour when the lamp flares up before it burns dim.

The excitement came over him soon after leaving Colchester and he gave way to it recklessly. Mile after mile of light and shadow flew by, endless processions of rocks and trees passed, and the reaction did not set in until he had passed Chesterfield and was only some seven or eight miles from New London, and then hope gave way to despair. It was grow-

ing light in the east and he seemed so far from the end. He felt his strength going and the thirst which had tortured him was being succeeded by deadly nausea. The long road before him, growing plainer as the light strengthened, seemed to dance before his eyes and he remembered dimly of having read somewhere of a "land of mountains and of a great white road," and the words kept running through his mind, keeping time to the clicking of the cyclometer which seemed to be beating itself into his brain,—"click—click—click—, a great—white—road," and, as the wheel ran slower, "click—click—click—, a great—white—road!"

He had left Hartford hastily, without knowing when the boat arrived at New London or when the boat-train left for Boston. He had ridden in a blind hope of getting there in time somehow and now he was consumed by fears and misgivings. He could not know that a slight accident to the machinery had delayed the boat two hours and that he could yet reach the goal in time, and the wild rock hills heard the low cry of despair wrung from aching flesh and quivering nerves.

He never quite knew how he made the last part of the run. He remembered dimly the swaying of the wheel and the agony of every jolt. He remembered dimly the few houses that grew many, oh, so slowly! He had a vague remembrance of the hissing of the brake and of the lessened strain as the wheel shot down a steep street with a tall monument at its foot, and of limping painfully across lines of track and finding that the train was still there.

A young girl, whose eyes seemed red with weeping was walking along the platform with an elderly woman. She started back with a low cry as a wheelman walked painfully toward her and called her by name. She took one long look at the familiar figure white with the dust of the road, at the face drawn with pain, at the hungry eyes—and she understood.

The sun came out of the cloud in which it had risen. It touched the masts of the shipping and the spans of the great steel bridge. It flashed upon the spires of the city and streaming westward glorified the reaches of the great white road among the lonely hills. And for two people it shone upon a new world.



## JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, POET AND SCIENTIST.

BY REV. MAGEE PRATT.

To live beyond this grave — to leave a name,  
That like a living fane, shall keep its way  
Unobscured thro' ages — to be hailed hereafter,  
As first among the spirits, who have glist'ed  
Their lives with fame — to dwell amid the thoughts  
Of all sublimer souls, as Deities  
Are treasured in their shrines — to load the tongue  
Of nations, and be wored in the songs  
Of prayerers of millions — He who bears such hope  
Fixed in his heart, and holds his love  
Cherished by this only, and yet keeps himself  
Unwavering in the many shocks, that push  
His purpose from its path — He was not cast  
In nature's common mould — he's more  
Than greatness.

Hyperion

WHEN some nine years since I went to live in the town of Berlin, the name James Gates Percival had no meaning to me; an omnivorous reader, it is almost impossible to believe that I had missed his works altogether, yet if I had read anything of his no impression had been made upon my mind and it was only when the common conversation of the people kindled my curiosity that I became interested in the subject of this sketch. Living within a few rods of his house, and the clergymen of the parish, I was often interviewed by his admirers who made pilgrimage to his home, and I

became ashamed of the ignorance that compelled me to refuse a share in their enthusiasm. Then the varying estimates of his quality furnished food for thought. Some who knew him and judged only by his poor attire and moody speech esteemed him mad. Others believed him too indolent to make proper use of his powers, while but a few gave honor to the prophet that came from their own country. But all combined induced me to seek material for judgment of my own, and so I read his letters and poems, gathered all the knowledge I could reap out of the memories of his friends, and have come to the

deliberate conclusion, that he was nearly, if not quite, the greatest man among the many great men that Connecticut has given to the service of the world. It is not yet fifty years since he died and the memory of his work is growing faint and his name dying from the lips of men. Others of far less power and whose service was smaller are remembered with gratitude, but this man who seems to me to be a human miracle is hardly remembered and perhaps the reason is not far to seek. Possessing in himself elements of power sufficient for the equipment of a dozen men of more than average ability, he was not practical, was made up altogether without worldly wisdom. The consequences of his weakness in this direction pursued him in life so that he was always poor and in trouble, and like a Nemesis hunts his memory into oblivion now that he is dead. Had he in life concentrated all the marvelous force of his genius upon one object, had he been either poet or geologist or mineralogist or linguist alone, his work in either direction would have insured perpetual fame, but having varied capabilities the circumstances of penury drove him hither and thither from one work to another; from poetry to dictionary making, from botany to medicine, and so the wondrous powers of soul and heart were partially frittered away, and the concentration of purpose that would have earned immortality made an impossibility in his wretched chequered life.

And yet he deserves to be remembered for the work that he has done. There is much that is weak in his poetry, but there is much that is unsurpassed. I may be alone in my opinion, but I believe Sidney Lanier's "Sunrise on the Marshes," to be the best specimen of American poetry, and Percival's "Apostrophe to the Sun," in *Prometheus*, to rank very nearly equal to that masterpiece. And both were

written by men who hardly knew where the next meal would come from, and both were shorn of part of their strength by the hardships of life. Had their hearts been lighter, the cares of life less heavy, the sweeter and richer would have been the songs they sung to enlarge the hopes and visions in the lives of men. I am not writing a critical estimate of Percival's poems. I would far rather that people should read them for themselves. They are well worthy of the time they would demand to be understood, but I do fearlessly assert that for beauty of imagery, for splendor of diction, for wealth of imagination, for classic knowledge, for the clear spiritual insight that penetrates the heart of things, they are unsurpassed in the whole range of American poetry.

If I am asked why they are not popular I can only answer, for the same reason that Milton and Browning are not popular. You cannot find the meaning with a skimmer. The cream is in the soul of the songs, and not on the surface, and the themes are mostly out of the range of common thought. They lack the sweet human interest of Longfellow, the deep sympathy of Whittier. They lead us out of the world of every-day interests into the secret places of nature and of God, and the laggard steps and faint hearts of those who love only the safe firesides of life dare not follow them.

I have estimated him as the greatest son of his state, and these are my reasons: that whatever he did was done excellently, so that none could do the work much better, and in the wide range of his power I find his greatness. As a linguist he has had few equals. He could read and write correctly French, Italian, Spanish and German. He mastered the Gaelic and the Slavonic languages in their several divergences, he conquered Sanscrit and wrote poems in thirteen different tongues.



As a mere youth he studied law and was admitted to the bar, was a doctor of medicine and at his examination the Board who examined him were more afraid that he would discover their limitations than that they would find lack of knowledge in him. He edited a newspaper, translated and revised a geography, was a thorn in the side of Dr. Walker through the profundity of his etymological knowledge when editing and revising the dictionary :

Many a brainless man passes for a sage because he has learned the art of posing well. To be able to strike an attitude and look like an oracle is often a mine of wealth. Those who think that ability is the passport to success have gone through the world with half-shut eyes. Charlatans and quacks make more money frequently than scientists and philosophers, and in the arts that please the multitude Percival was wholly de-



HOME OF PERCIVAL AT KENSINGTON, NOW OWNED BY ISAAC PORTER, JR.

he gave lectures upon Botany, knew as much of mineralogy as any contemporary American, and his service to the science of geology by his work in the states of Connecticut and Wisconsin would have been sufficient for the life work of any ordinary man. He seemed in the world of knowledge to have only the limitations of time and space. Nothing possible to man was impossible to him in the domain of the mind.

efficient. No man I think ever had less of what are called popular qualities. Shy, silent and shabby, he seemed like a non-entity in the presence of the public. To appear anywhere in a public capacity was a martyrdom to him. Now, to share in the success and pleasures of the world a man must have some regard for its frivolities : Percival had none. There was no light side to his nature. Men of worth loved and helped him, but they were few

in his day, comparatively, and the literary fellowship that made the life of Concord so beautiful was, alas for Percival, too late to give the help he needed to lift him out of his isolation into the peace of kindred souls. And he had no vices small or great that I can find; his life was as pure as his soul was strong; in every respect he was singular, and as a consequence, while not an outcast from the world he was really an hermit, shut out from spiritual communion with his fellows by the singularity of his marvelous endowment and the unique position he filled in the world of thought.

Genius has been defined as the art of taking pains, and no definition in my opinion could be more unhappy or further from the truth. What it is I know not. What it does I am certain. It gives to its possessor the power of doing with consummate ease and excellence tasks that are impossible to the majority of us, and that can only be done in an inferior manner by men of talent with almost infinite trouble. J. B. Gough and Wendell Phillips had the genius of oratory, and no scholarship or devotion can confer the gift upon the studious who have it not. Percival had an all-round mastership of mental possibility. Look at his poems as they were published. They were seldom retouched, just transcripts of his soul vision flashed upon paper and printed without any of the finishing work necessary to secure artistic perfection. He was wrong in this I know. The great poets gave more time to the polish than to the skeleton of their work, and had Tennyson and Longfellow written in equal haste and published with the same neglect of detail that Percival did it is doubtful if the verdict of the world would have accorded them a higher place in the Pantheon of Art than that given to the almost forgotten singer of Connecticut.

Percival was always poor, generally in debt and difficulty, and perhaps it was his own fault. He had too high a conception of his mission to make his genius a tool for money spinning. In very plain words he says so. This is his creed in his own words: "Philosophy, Religion and Poetry sit enthroned as a spiritual trinity in the shrine of our highest natures. The perfect vision of all-embracing truth. The vital feeling of all blessing good, and The living conception of all-gracing beauty. They form united the Divinity of Pure Reason." And this divinity he served with all the devotion of the ascetic, and it kept him poor, as the world counts wealth, but it gave splendid compensation such as only the souls of the true and strong can receive. He heard the harmonies that are forever singing themselves in the universe of God, to which all smaller souls are deaf. He could gather harvests of beauty from the waste lands of earth; could see the charms of woodland and of lea to which dull eyes are blind. And away from men, Nature and God spoke to him; in lonely nights and days passed in forest and in field, in weary journeys on foot from end to end of the state, every stream was audible, every pebble had a message, and perhaps the story they told to him was better worth the knowing than the senseless chatter of the multitude who mainly speak of the dollar and its power.

I would not omit to recommend the study of his prose writings to those who admire excellence. It is sometimes as vivid as DeQuincy's and always worthy of the poet, and it illustrates his thoroughness. A leader in a small newspaper is written with as much care as a state paper, the Phi Beta Kappa oration is most beautifully ornate, a series of pen-pictures painting the secrets of an Empire, and his geological reports exact statements

of facts without a superfluous word. His style always seemed scientifically adapted to the thought or thing he wanted to exhibit, and that I think is the best proof of literary power.

The portrait printed with this sketch is, I believe, of undoubted authenticity, and has peculiar interest in the fact that it was painted by his brother. I am glad that I have unearthed it from obscurity and that THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE for the first time exhibits it to the world. I found it in the possession of Mr. William Buckley, the town clerk of Berlin, Conn., who purchased it with other relics of the Percival family at an auction sale of their goods. It is an oil painting and I hope to see it in the Atheneum, the property of the state. Besides the picture there are two or three miniatures that look like Percival, and Mr. Buckley has also a large silver medallion of the masonic order with

the name of the father of the poet—a prize for a masonic lodge.

The picture of the house is of that owned by the poet. It is not his birth-place, that was cut in half and partly removed. One half is now to be seen opposite the Berlin Town house. The residence here shown is now owned by Mr. Isaac Porter, who has a great regard for the memory of Percival and who tries to preserve as well as possible his former dwelling place as a shrine for those who revere his memory.

As a parting word I can only ask my readers not to express a hasty judgment of my estimate of Percival's worth, but to read him for themselves and so I shall be satisfied. I think him worthy of greater honor than he is accorded, and if those who love to reverence worth will see for themselves, my work will be well done.

## THE EVENING OF LIFE.

BY H. PHELPS ARMS.

The brighter hue of youthful days  
In later years more softly glows,  
And lends to life as life delays,  
The golden tints of sweet repose.

The calmer touch of time-worn hands,  
The mist of years in thoughtful eyes,  
The mellow voice that age commands  
Are kindred to sweet evening skies.

Now, Memr'y casts her brightest ray,  
And Wisdom's light gleams far and wide,  
Whilst Faith encrowns the grand display,  
The glory of Life's even-tide.

“O Age supreme! O life benign!”  
Thus hear unnumber'd voices sing  
All hail the work! the great design,  
Of God the universal king.



JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

## JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

REV. C. A. WIGHT.

THERE is no more interesting and respectable country grave-yard in all Wisconsin than the one in Hazel Green. It is beautiful for situation. Hazel Green is a sleepy, quaint hamlet, numbering less than five hundred inhabitants, situated on an elevation of prairie country in the extreme southwest corner of Wisconsin. As you ride along the highway that approaches the village from the north, looking to the east, you glance over a wide stretch of prairie to low-lying hills in the distance. To the west you may see the bluffs of the Mississippi, and a few miles to the south lies a mass of hills, in the midst of which is the city of Galena, famous as the home of General Grant. When the lead-mining industry flourished in southwest Wisconsin Hazel Green was a stirring mining camp. But years ago lead mining in that region ceased to be profitable, capital was withdrawn, and the few people who remained in the village settled down to a quiet, uneventful life. Finally the town was left to one side by the railroad, which passes a few miles to the east. One may still see in the village evidences of its former prosperity. A few cultivated people are to be found among its inhabitants. Some old residences show by their size and general appearance that they once belonged to prosperous owners. A few neat modern buildings have been erected in recent years. On the whole the place wears an aspect of age and decay. At present it

is almost entirely overlooked by the outside world.

It is evident to the visitor in this out-of-the-way place that the inhabitants have an especial interest in the burial place of their dead. One is reminded of this by the following notice which the writer found posted at the entrance of the cemetery :

### “NOTICE.

Complaint Having been made Notice is hereby given to boys and others who make the cemetery a loafing place to destroy flowers and carry off other Tokens of respect to the dead placed on the graves by friends that they will be punished According to law if found loafing there hereafter

by order of Town Board  
hook the Gate Please ”

Whatever may be said of the above notice as regards its grammatical and other defects, it is plain that the town board succeeded in giving clear and forcible expression to their meaning and intent in posting the notice. The writer was careful to “hook the Gate” upon leaving the cemetery.

“Our cemetery has a national reputation,” said a leading citizen of the place to the writer. Under the escort of this same gentleman our party entered the cemetery and were conducted to a pretty spot where stands a modest granite shaft bearing the following inscription :

" James Gates Percival  
 Born in  
 Berlin, Connecticut  
 September 15, 1775  
 Graduated at Yale College  
 B A 1815    M D 1820  
 State Geologist  
 of  
 Wisconsin 1854    1856  
 Died in Hazel Green  
 May 2 1856  
 Eminent as a Poet  
 Rarely accomplished as a Linguist  
 Learned and acute in Science  
 A man without guile."

The inhabitants of Hazel Green are proud that Percival once lived in their midst ; proud that his remains are buried in their cemetery ; proud of the modest

monument that Eastern friends and admirers of the poet recently erected to his memory.

A pathetic interest attaches to the life and memory of Percival. Near the end of his life, when he was much broken in health and his hair was white, he was induced to visit Hazel Green in the interest of the American Mining Company of New York. The company wanted to have a geological survey made of their mining lands and Percival had a reputation as a geologist as well as a rhymist. He had been state geologist of Connecticut several years. His published writings on the geology of the state of Connecticut are a monument to the knowledge and industry of their author.

In the financial depression of 1853 the American Mining Company failed, and Percival returned to his home in New



MAIN STREET, HAZEL GREEN, WIS.

Haven, Ct. The citizens of Hazel Green, however, appreciating his worth to their community as a geologist, induced the

attracted some attention. President Dwight said to him on the occasion of his graduation, "Engage in some regular

occupation, Percival, or you are a ruined man." But regular occupation was not to his taste. In New Haven he kept bachelor's hall in some rooms in the State Hospital. His rooms were cheerless and littered with manuscripts and piles of books. The door was kept fast with a rope. As he passed along the street clad in a cloak of wool and silk, with a shabby fur cap on his head, and wearing shoes that were never blackened, people gazed at him in wonderment. Yet many people of note regarded him as a man of rare mental attainments, a scientist of established reputation, and possessed of real poetic genius. A publisher wrote him, "A poem from your pen will

be regarded as a draft payable at sight." So he lived on in seclusion, devoting himself to scholarly pursuits and writing con-

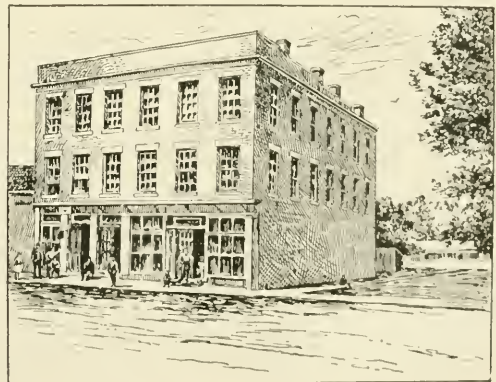


PERCIVAL'S MONUMENT.

governor of Wisconsin to appoint him state geologist. We were shown a letter in Percival's handwriting, dated at New Haven, June 14, 1854, in which he states that Gov. Barstow had called on him June 6th of that year and offered him the position of state geologist of Wisconsin. The offer was accepted and Percival returned to Hazel Green.

It is safe to say that no more eccentric character ever came to Wisconsin than James Gates Percival, poet, linguist and scientist.

When a student at Yale he had read a poem before a literary society of the college that



siderable poetry. Much of his poetry found its way into print, and gained for him quite a reputation in certain quarters. William Cullen Bryant said regarding his poetry that "while he was one of the most learned of poets, he was also one of the most spontaneous in the manifestations of genius. He wrote with a sort of natural fluency which approached nearer to improvisation than the manner of most of our poets." The following lines are taken from one of Percival's poems, entitled "The Dream of a Day":

"In silent gloom the world before me lay—  
 In deepest night embosomed it reposed;  
 All genial hues of life had passed away—  
 In sleep profound the eye of day had closed;  
 Beamed through the voiceless calm no fitful ray—  
 Great Nature's heart to stillness all composed;  
 Oblivious dreams alone were moving there,  
 Like soft wings fann'd light the summer air."

The following description of the warrior is taken from his poem entitled "The Contrast":

"To his gallant horse the warrior sprung—  
 They called but he would not stay;  
 And the hoof of his hurrying charger rung,  
 As to battle he rushed away.

\* \* \*

She stood aloft on the warder's tower,  
 And she followed him over the plain,



HOTEL WHERE PERCIVAL BOARDED AND HAD HIS OFFICE.

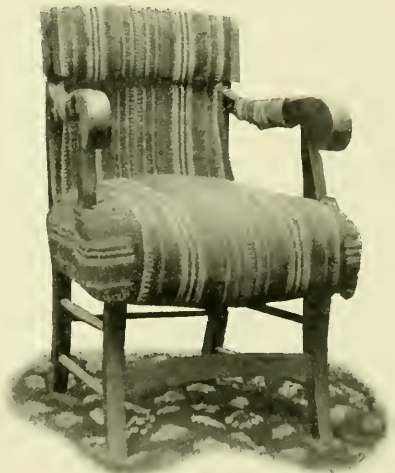
And she watched through many a silent hour,  
 But she heard not his tramp again.

\* \* \*

They came, when the morning was cold and pale,  
 With a warrior on his bier,  
 And his banner rent like a tattered sail,  
 Showed he died not the death of fear.

\* \* \*

They brought him in pride and sorrow back,  
 To the home he had left so gay,  
 When he gallantly flew on glory's track,  
 And to battle rushed away."



PERCIVAL'S ARM CHAIR.



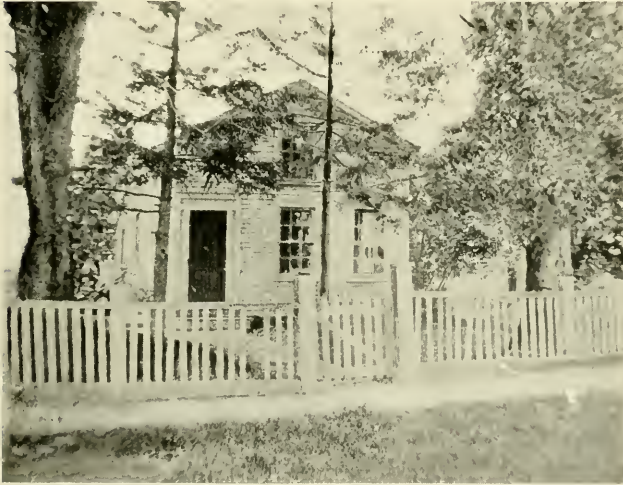
The above quotations are specimens of some of Percival's best poetical productions.

It is known that Percival was associated to some extent with Noah Webster in the making of Webster's Dictionary, for which task he was eminently fitted by his great attainments as a linguist.

His appointment as state geologist of Wisconsin took Percival to far different surroundings from those to which he had been accustomed in New Haven. But among the miners of Wisconsin he was

life wrote a rememberable verse." He made little use of the opportunities that came to him. Because the world did not like his poetry he disliked and avoided the world. Possessed of the idea that his genius for poetical composition was of a superior order and that the world failed to appreciate his worth, he became embittered in spirit and sought to pay the world back for its neglect of him by shunning his fellows. Something of the bitterness that he felt may be seen in the following lines taken from "The Dream of a Day":

"Brief is his power, oblivion waits the churl  
Bound to his own poor self; his form decays,  
But sooner fades his name. Thou shalt unfurl  
Thy standard to the winds of future days—  
Well mayest thou in thy soul defiance hurl  
On such who would subdue thee; thou shalt raise  
Thy name, when they are dust, and nothing more:  
Hold on—in earnest hope look before."



THE DR. JENCKES RESIDENCE WHERE PERCIVAL DIED.

the same man in feeling and habits of life that the people of New Haven had known.

Percival had talent, aye genius, but was unpractical. Many opportunities came to him. He had influential friends who were disposed to help him. But he failed to interest or please the world. He wrote considerable poetry. His poetical productions were not wanting in sentiment and imagination, but they did not interest the reading world. Lowell, who is perhaps too severe in his criticism of Percival's productions, says, "He never in his

Percival looked confidently to posterity to appreciate his worth as a poet.

In Hazel Green the poet fell in with a Doctor Jenckes, a man of intelligence and high social standing, but almost as eccentric as Percival. The doctor's wife and a lady friend of hers, both women of considerable culture, succeeded in making a friend of Percival, and with these two ladies he often conversed upon the lofty themes that occupied his thoughts. It is the testimony of those who knew him in Hazel Green that he never took the least notice of any other members of the female sex. While living in Hazel

Green he wore but one suit of clothes, a suit made of "pepper and salt" goods, which he had purchased in Nova Scotia, and for which he paid the sum of six dollars. A citizen of Platteville, Wis., said to the writer, "I saw Dr. Jenckes and Mr. Percival come into Platteville one day and noticed that Percival wore an oil-skin cap and a suit of clothes for which I would not have given twenty-five cents." It seems that he was somewhat penurious. In spite of his odd ways and tramp-like appearance he commanded the respect and good-will of the residents of Hazel Green. They looked upon him as a man of great learning and talent, who lived amidst the fields, the woods, and with his own thoughts. They were rather proud to have such a man among them. One day he took a severe cold. Doctor Jenckes took him into his own house and cared for him. But he did not recover. He died May 2, 1856, and was buried in a lot belonging to Dr. Jenckes in the cemetery in Hazel Green.

Percival has been more harshly dealt with than he deserved. It was something to write poetry which in its day was praised by intelligent critics, and that showed some evidence of true poetic

genius. It was something to be able to rhyme in a dozen or more different languages. It was something to be a real scientist in Percival's time. It was something that he impressed those who knew him intimately with his scholarly tastes and spiritual nature.

He, himself, could fully answer to a passage in one of his own poems :

"Thou hast the gift of song—a wealth is thine,

Richer than all the treasures of the mine."

It is good to think that pleasant memories of him survive in Hazel Green ; that his remains lie buried in a beautiful spot ; that a respectable monument, erected by loving friends, now marks his earthly resting place ; that the house in which he died, the hotel where he boarded, and the arm chair in which he used to sit, are cherished by the citizens of Hazel Green, as precious relics of their famous former resident.

The natural beauty of the spot where his remains are buried, and the traditions of the people of Hazel Green concerning him are a guarantee that his memory will be preserved to future generations.

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## DAWN.

A glance,—and across my life's gray sky  
A rose-gleam darted as lightnings fly.

A smile,—through the mist of my life's despair  
There burst a glory beyond declare.

A kiss,—in the world which my joy has made  
There is never a spot of sunless shade !

FLORENCE FOLSOM.

# THE GLEBE HOUSE.

BY CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS.

## CHAPTER III.

### *Hetty Wain.*

HETTY Wain stood at the door of the Glebe house looking up the road. It was a beautiful morning. The storm of the night before had gone, and now the sweet west wind was blowing a gentle gale, bearing with it a hint of the wonderfully forward spring of 1775. By leaps and bounds the warm rain had drawn the frost from the ground, and the air was full of the smell of the earth. The sky, soft and tender, was dappled with cotton-like clouds that drifted lazily across it, and the wide blue seas between the sailing islands were of wonderful depth. The naked trees in the yard whispered a tale of the coming season, and in the lulls of the wind the girl could faintly catch the roar of the swollen Pomperaug and the grinding of the hurrying ice.

The maiden herself was a fair type of the morning. Full of the flush and vigor of youth; gentle in breeding, beautiful in figure and lovely in face. Life seemed to spring from her, and the very doorway of the homely old house lost something of its square and uncompromising character as it framed the picture. Her clear blue eyes were as deep as the velvety sky above her, and her whole being—from the end of her coarse shoe to the top of her pretty head—betokened the richness

that goes with young womanhood alone. It was the bursting of the bud—the rush of early summer—the glory of the rising sun.

And yet, withal, there was a touch of something softly serious in the droop to the corners of her sweet mouth as she shaded her eyes with her small hand—a hand slightly calloused in the palm—and looked east. Under her eye and near the turn of the road she saw a crowd of people gathered about the front of Beacon's store, and for a moment her brows contracted. "It must be salt day," she murmured; "I hope it's nothing worse;—and it is very late!"

And for the inmates of the Glebe house it was very late. The night before had been one of alarm, for the house had been beset by someone, doubtless in quest of the rector. Each door had been hammered upon and each window tried and tried again for the space of an hour. Plainly enough the girl could see the prints of boot tracks in the soft loam of the yard, but of the number who had come with the hope of dragging the rector from his bed, she had no idea. Daintily lifting her skirt of homespun she stepped out. She might have been a scout in a hostile country, so carefully did she go the rounds of the premises. It

was for more than eggs she was looking, as she climbed the mow after probing the stall with its single fat pad and opening the cow-pen. It was for more than to figure the remainder of the diminished wood pile that she peered into the recess of the shed. Even the pig-pen partook of her scrutiny, and then with a little nod

instead, a constant watchful shifting of her gaze through the window that looked east and toward the hollow store! Until the night before the house had not been visited by any one more formidable than Cyrus Bent for three days; but for the young girl the strain of anxiety had hardly been less on that account. She

knew that danger threatened her patron and godfather, and woman-like her fears became magnified at every unusual event. The group that hung about the door of the store might mean that it was the day upon which the townfolk were at liberty to buy salt at the price fixed by the committee of inspection, or it might be that something untoward was threatening the rector.

For herself there was no fear. The hatred shot at the Glebe house had not been aimed at Hetty Wain. For her faith she was pitied; for her beauty admired and envied. Through the rector's toryism she suffered a species of social ostracism, but it was not strongly



DAINTILY LIFTING HER SKIRT OF HOMESPUN SHE STEPPED OUT.

as though of self-approval, she returned to the house. Soon after the back door swung open, and the solid wooden shutters of the lower windows were thrown back, letting into the long, quaint kitchen the slant of the brilliant morning sun.

As she hastened to prepare the breakfast—a simple enough meal in the Glebe house—there was no song on her lips, but

marked and troubled her not the least. Against herself nothing was said. The superior attainments gained in her Hartford education, which ran from house-keeping to the high accomplishment of being able to play the harpsichord and sing to it to boot, prevented contempt, while her politics—presumably antagonistic to the prevailing

spirit—was a matter of no moment, she being a woman. No one, not even the rector, had ever heard Hetty Wain open her lips and express an opinion as to the rights or wrongs of the existing stupendous agitation. No one asked for her ideas on the subject; she was prejudged; was she not an Episcopalian and an inmate of the Glebe house? and was that not enough? The girl had no intimates, nor did she seem to regret it. A few old ladies comprised her visiting list. but of the society of the young, with the exception of Bent, she had little or nothing to do. She was as one in a transitory state, hoping and waiting; yet waiting for what?

It might have been that hope, long deferred, or it might have been anxiety for her godfather that was dragging down the sober corners of her small mouth or throwing a shadow over her brow that morning. Be the cause what it might, it was not intended for other eyes, for as she laid the last pewter dish on the table the shuffle of a feeble step was heard on the back stairs and the door opened to admit a man whose loose shamle and nerveless movements betokened the cripple, and on the instant her face cleared. Hetty went up to her father and kissed his stubble grown cheek, at the same time shouting a "good morning" in his ear.

"Good morning, child! Has Jake done the chores?" he asked in a tremulous voice.

"He wont be here until noon, to-day, daddy!" she screamed back. "He filled the wood box last night, and now there be only the pigs to feed. I let the cow out! Is god-dad stirring, do you know?"

For an answer the old man—though he was scarcely fifty—only shook his gray head, and sliding with difficulty into a chair at the table proceeded to eat his meal with that slovenly carelessness which

marks the weak in mind. With the tenderness of a thoughtful and loving woman Hetty attended to her father's wants, which were few; nor were they satisfied ere the sound of a man's heavy foot-step was heard on the barren back stairway, and it was just then that the girl cast one of her numerous glances through the window. To her surprise the black crowd about the store had become active. A large fragment appeared to have detached itself, and was coming down the road toward the Glebe house. Both instinct and reason told the girl that such a gathering of men could have but one object in view. With a quick exclamation she flew to the stairway door, crying:

"They are coming again, god-dad!"

The steps ceased.

"How many this time, Hetty?" asked the rector, his sonorous voice sounding rich and clear.

"Oh! ever so many—and you with little sleep. I warrant, and less breakfast! Stop a moment—here—!"

She ran back to the table, seized a loaf therefrom, laid upon it a generous lump of butter and returned to the door. "Go now—" she continued "and pray the siege will be neither protracted nor bear fruit. Don't come near me—I mustn't see you, god-dad, my eyes are tight shut.—Hurry—hurry!"

"Hetty, my girl; act no lie in that manner!" came the answer from the minister as he advanced into the room and laid his hand upon the latch of the parlor door. "What have I to fear from this mob? Cannot one bear persecution for a righteous cause? I would be unworthy of my office were I not willing to suffer for my king! I would willingly meet them were it not that you—"

But Hetty was in no mood for delay. Laying her hand on his arm she urged

him into the parlor and closed the door between them, then she hastened to the table, snatched up the third plate with its knife and fork and thrust them into the cupboard. It must not appear that the minister was within the house.

In the meantime from the parlor sounded the steps of the rector as he crossed the floor. There was the noise of a latch, of a tumbling wood pile and then a crash as though a heavy timber had fallen.

The sound of the latter was that of a signal. With a lightness and swiftness of motion known only in the young animal, the girl took from its nail a coarse broom and hastened into the parlor. It was a cold and cheerless apartment. The fire was laid ready for the brand, but it had not been kindled for many a day. On either end of the high chimney shelf was a massive silver candle-stick bearing an unused candle, the space betwixt them being filled with autumn boughs, their leaves now withered crisp and brown. A single mahogany table, three heavy chairs and a fine harpsichord against the wall comprised the furniture. The only relief to the desolate stiffness of the room lay in the newly laundered surplice that hung like a ghost from a peg in the wall. In the broad radiance streaming through the window the foot prints of a man could be seen on the sanded floor, their direction leading from the kitchen door to the closet by the chimney side. To this closet the girl went. Save for a pile of logs within, it was empty, but without a moments hesitation she shifted the wood, throwing it against the rear wall in a disorderly heap, then with a few passes of the broom she obliterated the marks on the floor and ran up stair to the rector's room.

In her desperate hurry, methodical withal, it was but a few moments ere the bed was remade, the room put in order

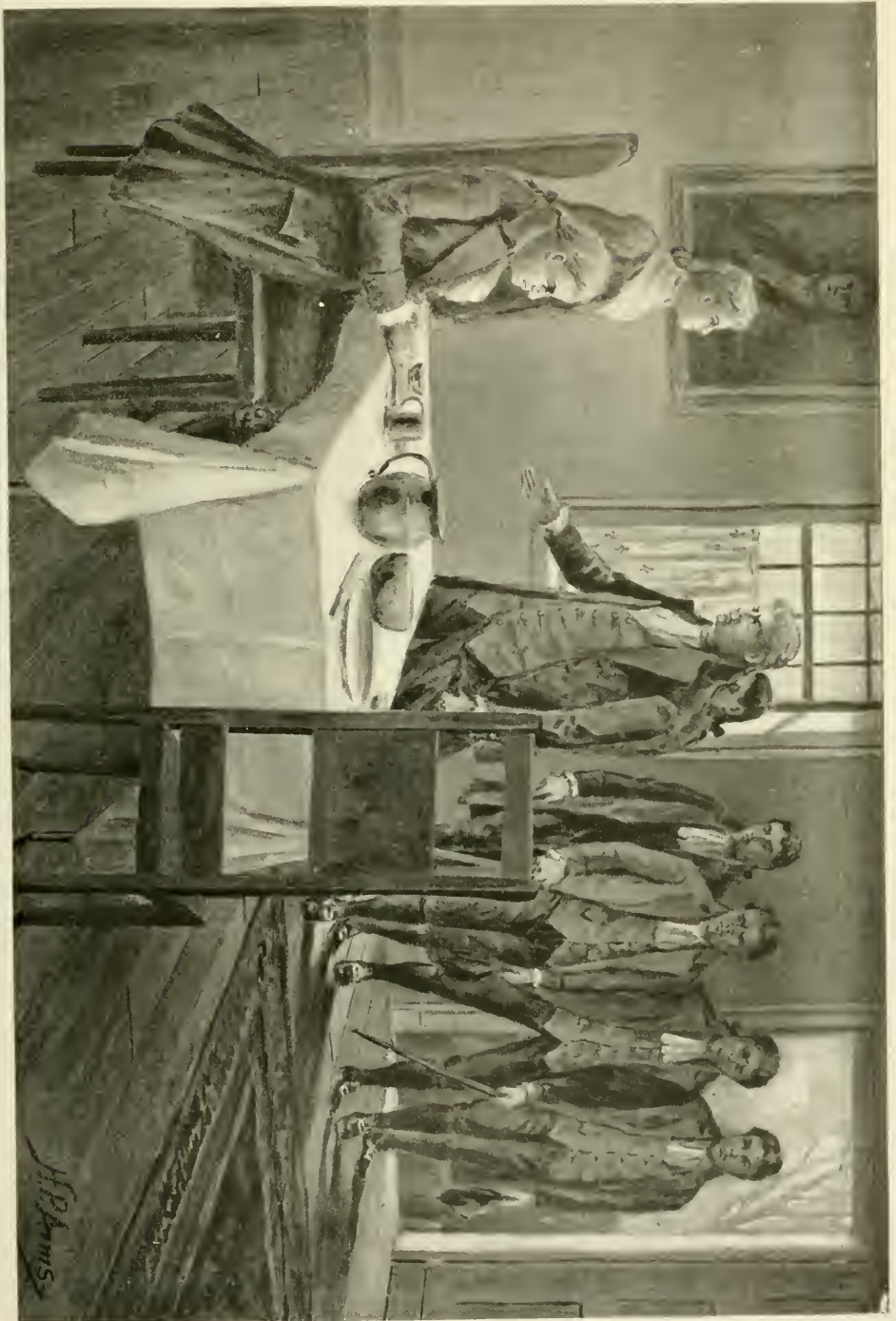
and every trace of its late occupancy removed. Then she placed her hand over her small bodice and looked from the window. The crowd had stopped midway in the road and was clustered about a common center as though engaged in consultation. Hetty breathed hard; then with a heightened color born of haste and expectancy, but lacking another sign of her inward perturbation, the young girl returned to the kitchen and with forced calmness seated herself at the table.

So rapid had been her movements that she waited fully three minutes ere the shuffling of many feet and sound of voices was heard from without. The noise was but a preface to the loud knock at the door, which, without invitation, was immediately opened and there walked into the kitchen the committee of inspection headed by its redoubtable chairman, Squire Strong, the accompanying crowd of followers blocking the door way though they made no further move to invade the privacy of the house.

With well feigned astonishment the girl arose from her seat courtesying to her guests, and without further civility or pretense toward hospitality, remained standing, her eyes wandering from the squire to each of the committee in turn, finally resting on the face of Cyrus Bent who brought up the rear and had sidled to the flank of the group farthest from the chairman. With something of wonder she marked the violent red welt that lay across the left cheek of the young man, though the rest of his countenance wore an unusual pallor; his eyes she did not meet for he looked persistently at the floor. For a moment there was an awkward pause, then the chairman, clearing his voice as though to break the ice of the situation, spoke loudly.

"We wish to see the rector!"

Hetty walked from her chair to wher



HETTY WALKED FROM HER CHAIR TO WHERE HER FATHER STILL SAT EATING.

her father still sat eating, he having apparently taken no more notice of the entry of the invaders than though their advent was an hourly occurrence. Laying her hand upon her parent's shoulder, she answered :

"I am afraid you cannot see him to-day, Squire Strong. You see he is not here !"

"He *was* here late last night, miss," was the sharp rejoinder, "and he cannot be far off. Ye will bring him before us !"

Cyrus Bent looked up in time to catch the glance the girl gave him. To his surprise there was neither scorn nor anger in her face, but instead a smile, though whether of pity or amusement he could not determine for at once she redirected her attention to the speaker and answered :

"Indeed, Squire Strong, I am not my godfather's keeper ; besides, sir, I would not produce him if I could ! Why do you persist in persecuting a man, a minister of God, who does but follow his conscience, as doubtless you do yours, sir ? In what has he harmed any one ?"

"Do not question me, girl ! We are here in the name of the law to arrest a tory dangerous to the State !" answered the squire with a wave of his hand that indicated the entire committee, as he knitted his brows and showed his displeasure by an irritable raising of his voice. "This young man vouches for his presence here last night ! Will ye tell us where he is ?"

"I will not ! Do you expect me to be an informer ?" was Hetty's retort, as she dashed another look at Cyrus and set her red lips tight. Then she continued, breaking out suddenly,— "You have but two things to do ; you or the committee, or whom ever you may hire for the work !"

"And what might these be, young woman ?" asked the chairman.

"Search the house as you did before, and then finding your searching useless, arrest me for a contumacious person and leave my helpless father alone to get along as he may. This is the most you can do, and I am ready. I am ready for anything but this continued persecution. If my godfather is but in danger through me he was never so safe !" Here she drew herself to her full height, her anger making her magnificent, and patted the invalid on the shoulder as though she petted a child. The paralytic looked up wonderingly but immediately relapsed into seeming stupidity, while the squire, seeing no hope of bettering himself in a war of words with such a spirit, turned to his fellows who had stood hats in hand, and began a serious consultation.

There was much nodding and shaking of heads, whispered suggestions and pursing of the lips ; but as the committee had laid out the plain plan of breaking up the royalistic nest which was sheltered by the roof of the Glebe house they were not long in coming to a conclusion as to how to act in the case of the maiden of the rectory. The chairman, still as spokesman, stepped forward, his fine old face hardened by determination.

"Young woman !" he said, "it has become our duty to act upon the suggestion ye have made. We believe ye to be standin' betwixt the domine an' justice, and therefore are ye dangerous also. Your father will be taken care of ; fear naught for him—an' it is for ye to make yerself ready an' follow us after we once more go through this building. It may not appear well to ye, but we think the High Court at Hartford may make ye a little less downright to those who only do their sworn duty to the colonies."

Hetty quailed inwardly at the unexpected result of her bravado, though she held herself erect ; and except for a lightning-



like change of color, was apparently unmoved. Not so Cyrus Bent. His knees visibly smote each other. With something between a cry and a groan, he broke out :

"No! no! you will not do this. *I will not have it so!* Has not your cursed committee enough to do without hounding women?" Then as one overwrought he staggered against the wall.

What the immediate result of this outbreak would have been it is hard to determine, but at that instant there came a diversion. A noise of voices and scuffling with a well rounded oath or two was heard from the yard, and a moment later a man

elbowed his way through the throng which blocked the door, scattering it right and left. Like one in authority he strode into the room, with the exclamation, "What is all this about?" but catching sight of the young girl whose cheeks were now the color of ashes, he sprang toward her with the cry of "Hetty!" Like a frightened child she stepped from his outstretched hands, her eyes glowing strangely as she looked at him, her lips apart; then with a hysterical laugh, which ended in a sob as her nervous tension gave away, she ejaculated :

"Sir! sir! oh! Talbot, they are *persecuting us!*" and sank into a chair.

*To be continued*



## ST. VALENTINE'S.

As children go, upon St Valentine's,  
 In gay, mysterious groups along the street;  
 Brave in love-tokens and in soft designs,  
 Knock at some favored door, and swift retreat.

So I come bringing Love's bright gift to-day  
 To your heart's threshold, sweet, with all despatch;  
 Differing in this, I do not run away,  
 But, breathless, wait your hand upon the latch.

ELIZABETH ALDEN CURTIS.



WARD CHENEY, FIRST LIEUTENANT, FOURTH INFANTRY, U. S. A.  
(From a photograph by Motes & Moore, Atlanta, Ga.)

## LIEUTENANT WARD CHENEY.

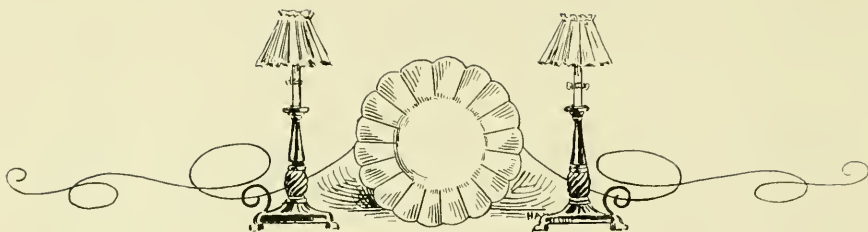
LIEUTENANT WARD CHENEY, of the Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., died at Imus, in the Philippines, January 7, 1900 of wounds received in a skirmish with the Filipinos, and while he was leading a charge, eight men being with him. He lived but a few hours after he was struck by the fatal bullet. Ward Cheney was as well known in Connecticut as any young man, was the son of Colonel Frank W. Cheney of South Manchester and was born May 26, 1875. He was the grandson of the Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell, the distinguished Hartford divine. He graduated at the Hartford Public High School, class of '92 and was graduated at Yale University in '96. He then went abroad for a year and traveled extensively, taking courses of study at Berlin and Heidelberg. Returning home he joined the editorial staff of the Hartford "Courant" with the intention of devoting himself to the newspaper profession. The war with Spain breaking out in 1898, he enlisted as a private in Company G, First Regiment Connecticut

Volunteers. He soon received a commission as second lieutenant and was ordered to Chicago at a recruiting station. While on duty there he was taken seriously ill with typhoid fever, returned home and on his recovery was assigned to duty in the Philippines. He had been promoted during his service in those islands to be First Lieutenant, and expected to be transferred to Cuba.

Ward Cheney was the type of a high minded, whole hearted young New Englander, serious, energetic and thoughtful. His education had singularly equipped him for a man of letters, and his genius was in that direction, but at his country's call he responded and abandoning the profession he had chosen, he elected to serve his country and to devote his life to its best interests. This he did, and although that life of service was short, who shall say that the influence of it upon the cultivated young men of his state, his university and his country was not far wider and better than he himself had ever dreamed.

THOMAS SNELL WEAVER.





## THE HOME.

BY LOUISE W. BUNCE.

ENTERTAINMENT, MARKETING AND ECONOMY.



SETTING over the tea-cups the other afternoon with some friends and discussing, as ladies will (though this is not generally conceded by the gentlemen)

“affairs,” one of them made this remark: “My husband and I are going South next week for a change and to forget there are such things as cooks, and we have taken the same rooms at S— again for the summer. Not that we can be as comfortable anywhere as at home nor that my family are in need of any comforts that home does not supply but the constant demand upon me to contrive three meals a day and run my house smoothly makes me long to go to a place where I can enjoy breakfast, luncheon and dinner that I have not planned or provided.”

To such house-keepers I wish in this paper to appeal by suggesting some novelties to refresh the minds of those who are in like mood with my friend.

I could take my inspiration from a young lady who at this moment burst

into rather than entered the room with— “Oh! I’ve just come from the *dearest* luncheon and we had those birds served with the heads on whatever they are and some of the jolliest *new* things.”

We prevailed upon her to recite the entire feast as follows and I here give the readers of the CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE the benefit of the items and ways to prepare the dishes.

	Oysters on Half Shell,	
	*Tomato Soup, (without stock),	
	**Fish Timbales,	
White Wine,		Celery,
	Sweetbread in Ramikins,	
	***Snipe,	
Little Peas,		Currant Jelly,
	****Salad with Mignonette Sauce	
	*****Orange Salpicon,	
Fruits,	Cakes,	Nuts,
	Coffee.	

\*TOMATO SOUP.—Put into a sauce pan one can of tomato with one tablespoon of sugar, four cloves, two pepper corns and two white pepper seed and set it back on the range to simmer slowly for two hours. When it has cooked that length of time cut into small pieces half an onion and brown it in a tablespoon of butter being

very careful that it does not burn ; when an even brown add one tablespoon of flour.

Blend this and add it to the tomato. Strain all through a purée sieve or coarse cloth and serve in cups with or without whipped cream on top. This is a very delicious light soup.

**\*\*FISH TIMBALES.**—Boil a striped bass in water with a pinch of salt, twenty minutes ; remove skin and bones and put the flesh through a fine sieve twice expressing all the water. Put in a bowl and add the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth and a-quarter of a pint of rich cream, white pepper, salt and a pinch of mace. Beat thoroughly together keeping as light as possible and pack in timbale cases which place in a roasting pan with water enough to surround them nearly to the top and stew twenty minutes. While they are cooking make a rich white sauce adding a-quarter of a pint of cream, and add to this a pound of boiled lobster cut in dice. Turn the timbales out on the serving platter and pour over them the white sauce.

**\*\*\*SNIPE.**—Having the birds carefully drawn at the market and the eyes taken out cut off the feet and skin the lower legs which is easily done after dipping them a moment in scalding water. Skin the head in the same manner. Draw the head around on one side and pressing the bird firmly together skewer it through body and legs with the bill. Wrap each bird in a thin slice of salt pork and roast in a hot oven ten minutes basting with butter.

Make a brown gravy adding the chopped livers and pour over before serving. Serve on toast softened with juice from the dripping pan. Garnish with parsley or watercress.

**\*\*\*\*MIGNONETTE SAUCE.**—This is a delicious adjunct to either oysters or salad, in the first case omitting oil while using it in the second case. Chop fine one

shallot, put in a cup with the juice of a lemon, half a teacup of white wine vinegar, a pinch of salt, four dried red pepper pods, (procurable at any druggists) and the last thing one or two tablespoons of salad oil. Mix well together and pour over the salad. A little red catsup may be added if a tomato or celery salad is used.

**ORANGE SALPICON.**—Use a grape fruit or orange for the case. Cut the fruit in two taking out all of the inside. Free the fruit cells of all the clinging inner skin and use the fruit as follows : mix equal parts of orange pulp, slices of banana, and grapes halved and seeds removed ; season with maraschino or sherry and place on the top two or three candied cherries. This dessert should be very cold and with plenty of juice.

When our palates had recovered from the tickling sensation occasioned by this recital we fell to talking about weights and their comparative measures and I recounted a set in use in my family for many years, an excellent table of proportions, which all agreed was invaluable to the correct compounding of any viand.

**WEIGHTS AND THEIR COMPARATIVE MEASURES.**—Four teaspoons of liquid = one tablespoon. Four teaspoons of liquid = one-half gill, one-quarter cup, or one wine glass. One tablespoon of liquid = one half ounce. One pint of liquid = one pound dry. Two gills of liquid = one cup, or one-half pint. One quart sifted flour = one pound. Four cups of flour = one quart or pound. One rounded tablespoon of flour = one-half ounce. One cup of butter = one-half pound. One pint of butter = one pound. One tablespoon of butter = two ounces. "Butter size of a walnut" = one ounce. A solid pint of chopped meat = one pound. Ten eggs = one pound.

One of the company sighed quoting Thomas Hood, slightly altered, that, "Entertaining's a very awful thing! 'Tis something like that feat in the ring, Which requires good nerve to do it— When one of a 'Grand Equestrian Troup' Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,

Not certain at all,

Of what may befall,

After his getting through it!"

The first lady responded: "Indeed I have proof of that as I give an after-theatre supper this week to some of my daughters' friends and I don't know at all what to have."

We each agreed to make a suggestion in order, providing she would stand by our collaboration and amid much laughter and gayety compounded the following fairly commendable menu:—

\*Little Clams,

\*\*Vol-au-vent of Mushrooms,

Lobster Chops with Truffles,

Cold Pigeon,

Egg and Cress Salad,

\*\*\*Sandwiches,

Coffee,

Small Fruits Glace.

\*LITTLE CLAMS.—Serve six in a hollowed tomato skin seasoned with lemon juice, salt, a little horse radish and a dash of tobasco, crackers served with it.

\*\*VOL-AU-VENT.—Procure this "cap-of wind" of a caterer, fill the shell with sauté mushrooms, cover with the pastry lid and serve, cutting down through pastry and all.

\*\*\*SANDWICHES.—Make these of white and brown bread three layers in each, alternating with the brown in the middle of some and the white in some others and cutting them about twice the size of a chocolate layer caramel.

During the week the feast has occurred and I've since heard that it was a decided success.

Still one more novelty was brought up to which we all listened with intent to "try it when we reached home." It was a new way of serving potato with birds by mixing with seasoned mashed potato an equal quantity of grated dairy cheese, dropping it in spoonfuls on a pan and placing it in the oven till the cheese browned.

Just here one lady observed that it was six o'clock and in a hurry all took their departure quite forgetful in the culinary interests of the afternoon that they had met simply for a cup of tea.

*To be continued.*

*Louise W. Bruce*



## OUR COLLEGES.

EDITED BY CRANSTON BRENTON.

### YALE.

THE annual Junior Promenade at Yale was held on Tuesday evening, Jan. 23d at the Second Regiment armory. The "Prom," as it is generally known, was accompanied by the usual social functions and was most successful. The guests of the college arrived Saturday and from then until Wednesday held full sway. Battell Chapel is always crowded on Sunday with the visitors and their friends. During the administration of Ex-President Dwight it was his custom to occupy the pulpit himself on that day. This year the service was conducted by the Rev. Joseph Twichell of Hartford.

Monday afternoon the class teas were held. In the evening the Glee and Banjo clubs gave a concert in the Hyperion theatre, after which occurred the class germans. Tea was served Tuesday afternoon at the houses of the different societies in the Sheffield Scientific School and in the evening the Promenade took place. President and Mrs. Hadley returned from their western trip in time to attend these annual social events.

The President's trip through the west was an extended one, and its results are yet to be heard from. He explained to the alumni the plans for the new bi-centennial buildings. In his address before the Cleveland Yale Alumni Association President Hadley called attention to the fact that Princeton had raised

a million and a half of dollars at her sesqui-centennial. "It will not do," he said "for Yale to be outdone by Princeton. We must raise two millions for *our* bi-centennial." President Hadley received no donations during his trip. He stated that Professor A. D. Phillips, dean of the Graduate department would shortly make a trip through the country for the purpose of raising the necessary funds.

For the past two weeks the attention of the entire University has been centered upon the condition of Professor E. J. Phelps who is suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia. Mr. Phelps gives a course in constitutional law and is universally popular with both the faculty and the undergraduates. During his illness a cablegram was received from Queen Victoria inquiring in regard to his condition, a circumstance that evidences the great esteem and friendship felt for the ex-minister by the English Government. Professor Phelps will not be able to continue his work in the college during the remainder of this year, and Judge W. K. Townsend of New Haven has been secured to take his place.

The debating season at Yale is now at its height. Not only are there the regular department societies, but class organizations also have sprung up and there are more men taking active parts in debates than ever before in the history of Yale. The regular annual debate with Harvard

will be held in New Haven, March 30th. The question for the debate will be submitted by Yale on February 16th. and Harvard will have the choice of sides.

The Princeton debate will be held at Princeton on May 11th. It has not been decided as to who will take President Hadley's place as head coach for the debating team. Dr. E. V. Reynolds, who conducts the course in economic debates for the senior class, and Dr. C. S. McFarland, who has been prominent in debating work at Yale, have been mentioned for the position.

The candidates for the track team and the crew have been called out and are hard at work in the gymnasium. A system, similar to the one in vogue at Harvard, has been adopted for selecting the 'Varsity crew. Each class will have a crew and the most promising oarsmen in each boat will be taken for the 'Varsity squads. It is probable that Dr. E. F. Gallaudet will have charge of the work of the crew.

Mr. James Robinson has been selected to train the various athletic teams this spring. Mr. Robinson's success with the football team last fall is still fresh in our memories. Not a single Yale player was injured in the big games with Harvard and Princeton.

Mr. R. B. Twitchell has resigned the managership of the Baseball Association, and Mr. F. B. Adams has been selected for the place. Yale will have a professional coach for her baseball team this season. The services of pitcher Nichols of the Boston League have been secured. Nichols was the champion pitcher last season and it is hoped that his presence will be especially valuable to the Yale pitchers. He will come to Yale about the first of March and remain until the team leaves for the Easter trip through the south.

EUGENE W. ONG.

## TRINITY.

IT has always been a part of the Trinity plan that the intellectual man should not be developed at the expense of the physical man, and consequently the college has always given a large share of attention to athletics. The close of the mid-year examinations finds the students greatly interested in the athletic plans for the coming year. Prominent among these is the project to form a triangular league composed of Tufts, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Trinity. The plan was discussed to some extent last spring, and the Massachusetts colleges expressed themselves as favorably inclined to such a union. Trinity postponed her decision, chiefly on account of her lack of adequate field accommodations. Since then, however, the alumni have taken steps towards raising \$10,000 for the improvement and enlargement of the present field, and this removes the only obstacle of consequence; so it is expected that action in regard to the proposed league will be taken at once.

The freshmen have organized a basketball team, captained by H. D. Brigham of East Orange, N. J. Their baseball team will be captained by George D. Rankin, of Saybrook Point, Connecticut. A. C. Short, of St. Louis, Mo., has been elected manager of both teams.

Professor Luther, of the astronomical department, will make a careful study of the eclipse of the sun which is due in May. He will take a trip to Virginia, accompanied by several members of his classes, for the purpose of observing the eclipse from a point where it is total. The trip will occupy about ten days, and the party expect to return with many valuable photographs.

General William B. Franklin has presented the library a complete set in 123 volumes of the Official Records of the



Union and Confederate Armies during the War of the Rebellion, and many other important government publications, including a full set of the Reports of the Commissioners to the Paris Exposition of 1889, at which General Franklin was the United States commissioner-general. Included also in this gift are the reports of several of the French commissioners.

Among other recent gifts are a set of Sir Ralph Windwood's "Memorials of Affairs of State in the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I," three volumes, London, 1725, presented by the Hon. Charles J. Hoadly; the beautiful privately printed memoir of Major-General John Sedgwick, U. S. A., presented by Emily Sedgwick Welch of Norfolk, Conn., and a translation of "Gudrun," the Middle High German Epic, presented by the translator, Mary Pickering Nichols of Boston.

The death of George Sheldon McCook, '97, has caused great sorrow in Trinity circles. He was a son of Professor J. J. McCook, and nephew of Gen. McCook, U. S. A. Two brothers had graduated before him, while a third is now in college. His death occurred on January 7th in Paris, whither he had gone with the intention of entering the *École des Beaux Arts*. In 1898 he served in the war with Spain in Company F of the First Connecticut Volunteers. Two of his brothers also served in the war, and the three upheld the reputation which has given their family the title of "the fighting McCooks." The College has passed resolutions of regret and of sympathy with Professor McCook, whose son was one of the most popular of the younger Alumni.

Members of the class of '96 have passed resolutions upon the death of their classmate Frederick MacDonald God-

dard, first holder of the Russell fellowship, who died recently in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, after a short illness. After two years of graduate study in Germany he had returned to America to take up work in applied science in which his natural abilities and energy had promised a most successful career.

JAMES ALBERT WALES.

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#### WESLEYAN.

It was a fortunate accident that seventy years ago located Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut. Half-way between Boston and New York and with good railroad connections with Hartford, Springfield and New Haven, Middletown is easily accessible from any direction; large enough to afford all the modern advantages of city life, it is still free from the distracting influences which meet the student in a great city. The college occupies extensive grounds on the side of a hill that rises gently for about a mile from the west bank of the Connecticut River. It faces one of the most beautiful residence streets in New England, and commands a charming view of the underlying town, the river, and the distant eastern hills. Situated thus in the heart of the eastern college world, in one of the most beautiful of southern New England towns, a more favorable location for the University would be hard to find.

The college grounds, comprising a square of fourteen acres, are divided longitudinally by five of the principal buildings standing in a row, with a broad sloping campus in front, and the Gymnasium and Athletic Field in the rear. The buildings in the "college row" are North and South Colleges, Memorial Chapel, the Library and the Judd Hall of Science—all constructed of Connecticut brown-



WESLEYAN NORTH COLLEGE.

stone from the Portland quarries. The library contains 57,000 volumes.

Other buildings than those mentioned are Observatory Hall with the transit house, the Physical and Electrical Laboratories, and the engine house. A plant for the manufacture of liquid air is in the process of construction.

Wesleyan is *not a theological seminary*. While some of her graduates subsequently enter the ministry, the percentage is scarcely larger than that of those who enter the other great professions. Nor is it sectarian. Although the college is under the patronage of the Methodist Church, several of its professors as well as some of its trustees are members of other churches. Its student body is made up of all denominations; its doors are open to all alike.

The aim of the college is to give students a sound liberal education such as will serve them in every walk of life, whether it be business or professional.

The faculty of the University now numbers thirty-six, and the scholastic work is divided into sixteen different departments and offers a total of 146 courses.

Wesleyan men point with pride to the nearly seventy years of splendid educational achievements of their Alma Mater. They bid you read the list of names comprising the faculty. Among others the names of Rice, Winchester, Atwater and Conn are names to conjure with among scholars the world over and priceless is the prestige they have brought to our University.

F. E. WING.

CONNECTICUT PEOPLE WHO INTEREST US.



PROFESSOR W. O. ATWATER.  
From a photograph by Henniger Bros., Middletown.

PROFESSOR W. O. ATWATER of Westeyan University, whose experiments and deductions as to the effect of alcohol on the human system is attracting a great deal of attention. These experiments are conducted under the auspices of the United States Department of Agriculture.

## HISTORICAL NOTES.

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THE following poem by Mrs. Sigourney on the old St. Andrews' church in Bloomfield, Conn., then known as Scotland parish, is interesting for its associations, both of author and church. St. Andrews' is the oldest Episcopal church society in Hartford County, having been organized in 1740.

Aside from its being one of the oldest in the state, this society had considerable of historic interest, on account of the

treatment its first rector, Rev. William Gibbs, received from the Congregationalists, because he would not pay their church rate. The story of his arrest and being dragged to Hartford jail, at the heels of a horse to which he was tied, which rendered him insane for the rest of his life, is well known.

The present building was erected in 1830 and remodelled in 1877, our two illustrations showing it at both periods.



THE LONELY CHURCH.

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It stood among the chestnuts,—its white tower  
And slender turrets pointing where man's heart  
Should oftener rise.—Up went the wooded heights  
Abruptly beautiful, above its head.  
With verdant screen, shutting the waters out  
That just beyond, through deep sequestered vale.  
Wrought out a rocky passage.—Clustering roofs  
And varying sounds of village industry  
Swelled from its margin—while the busy loom  
Replete with radiant fabrics, told the skill  
Of the prompt artizan.--

But all around  
 The solitary dell, where meekly rose  
 This consecrated church,—there was no voice  
 Save what still Nature in her worship breathes,  
 And that unspoken lore with which the dead  
 Do commune with the living.—There they lay,  
 Each in his grassy tenement,—the sire  
 Of many winters, and the noteless babe,  
 Over whose empty cradle, night by night  
 Sate the poor mother mourning,—in her tears  
 Forgetting what little span of time  
 Did hold her from her darling.

And methought  
 How sweet it were, so near the sacred house  
 Where we had heard of Christ, and taken his vows,  
 And sabbath after sabbath, gathered strength  
 To do His will, thus to lie down and rest  
 Close 'neath the shadow of its peaceful walls,—  
 And when the hand doth moulder, to lift up  
 Our simple tomb—stone witness to that faith  
 Which cannot die.

Heaven bless thee, lonely dome!  
 And duly may'st thou warn a pilgrim bond  
 From toil, from cumbrance, and from strife to flee,  
     And drinks the waters of eternal life.  
 Still, in sweet fellowship with trees and skies,  
 Friend both of earth and heaven.—devoutly stand,  
     To guide the living and to guard the dead.

L. H. S.



Mr. Thomas Richards of Jersey City writes us an interesting letter regarding the iron mining articles in our former numbers of this year, as follows:—

“I am much interested in Mr. Pynchon’s articles on “Iron Mining in Connecticut,” and especially in his sketch of the Salisbury Iron Co.’s works on Mount Riga. It was my birth place in 1824. I grew up in the shadow of that old furnace and the two forges and seldom a day or evening passed that I did not visit them. The Salisbury Iron Co. did not send their pig iron to Canaan or Winsted to be converted into wrought iron. They had six refining fires and used nearly all the output of their furnace in those fires for the manufacturing of iron for guns for the U. S. government at Springfield and Harper’s Ferry. In 1836 or 38 the company built a puddling furnace for making iron for Collins & Co.’s axe factory at Collinsville.

The capacity of the Mount Riga furnace was about three tons every twenty-

four hours. The six refining fires used one and one-half tons of pig iron per day or one-half the output of the furnace, drawing it under a hammer into bars 4 x  $\frac{3}{4}$  inches for gun iron and the balance into bars for scythe iron which was sold to Harris of Chapinville, (known at that time as Hrmertown), and to the scythe works at Winsted. Consequently the Salisbury Iron Co. sold but little pig iron, but converted it into wrought iron at their works. The iron for guns was transported to Springfield by teams, sixty miles from Mount Riga. The iron for Harper’s Ferry, by teams to the Hudson and down the river by tow boats. Distance from Mount Riga to the Hudson, forty miles. My grandfather, Thomas Day, forged the anchor for the frigate “Constitution,” he being one of the pioneer iron workers of western Connecticut at that time. Mr. Pynchon has given us a good history of the iron industry in Connecticut in its early life.

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## POEMS READ AT THE BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF DURHAM, CONNECTICUT, JULY, 1899.

1699.

BI-CENTENNIAL ODE.

1899.

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BY WEDWORTH WADSWORTH.

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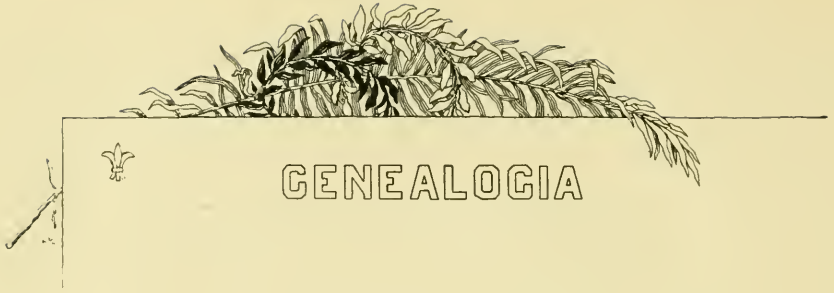
A lure, a snare  
 In the depths of the wood ;  
 An ambush where the red fiends stood,  
 And he would dare  
 Was brave, I trow,  
 When life or death was a moment’s throw !  
 But the pioneer  
 Knew naught of fear,  
 For his axe rang out, and his rifle spoke,

And the stern woods fell  
 As the Indian's yell  
 Gave place to the peaceful hamlet's smoke.

No laggards they  
 Who had hewn their way,—  
 These honored sires of a dauntless race,  
 For their hearts beat strong  
 At the sight of wrong  
 And they worshiped God with reverent face.  
 Wise, brave and true  
 Their sons upgrew,  
 And their pulses throbbed with the minute gun  
 When the trembling earth  
 Gave a nation birth  
 And christened it Freedom, at Lexington !

When bugle call  
 From Sumter's wall  
 Brought brothers to their awful fight,  
 With eye serene  
 And martial mien  
 The Durham men went forth in might.  
 When came a cry  
 Of agony  
 From Cuba's persecuted hosts,  
 The flag of Spain  
 Was rent amain  
 And the tyrant fell 'midst empty boasts !

Two hundred years  
 Through hopes and fears  
 Has the good town thrived and bravely stood,  
 And the hum of the reel  
 And the spinning wheel  
 Are relics of old time womanhood.  
 No more they stir  
 Or busily whirr,  
 For the *Now* is here,—and the *Past* apart,  
 But the song has thrilled  
 And will ne'er be stilled,  
 For 'tis woven fast in the Nation's heart !



## GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Querists are requested to write all names of persons and places so that they cannot be misunderstood, to write on only one side of the paper, to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and ten cents in stamps for each query. Those who are subscribers will be given preference in the insertion of their queries and they will be inserted in the order in which they are received. All matters relating to this department must be sent to THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE, Hartford, marked Genealogical Department. Give full name and post office address.

It is optional with querist to have name and address or initials published.

### ANSWERS.

To No. 10 (d) Jan'y, 1900—Dorothy Parker was the daughter of Joseph and Ruth (Williams) Parker of Saybrook, Conn. Dorothy Parker was born May 23, 1713 and married Thomas Stevens as his second wife May 10, 1740. Her father was son of Joseph and Hannah (Gilbert) Parker and grandson of the settlers William and Margery (—) Parker, first of Hartford, later of Saybrook. Will A. D. P. kindly give me date of death of Dorothy (Parker) Stevens, date of birth of her son Parker Stevens, and inform whether her sons Abel and Levi married or not, and give names of wives if any and dates of marriages.

FRANCIS H. PARKER,  
Hartford, Conn.

### NOTES.

Mr. William Albatt, 281 4th Ave., N. Y., has in preparation a new edition of Mrs. E. F. Ellet's *Women of the American Revolution*. He would be glad to receive

from any descendants of such, authentic particulars of their "foremothers'" services, (if not already in print) for insertion in the book.

### QUERIES.

12. *Frary*—When did John Frary 1st, an early settler of Dedham, Mass., come to this country and where and when did he and his wife Prudence die? One authority says he died in Dedham, but another gives it Deerfield. Want date of marriage (about 1660) of their son Sampson Frary<sup>2</sup> and family name of his wife Mary.  
C. L. S.

13. *Prince-Coley*—In 1780, William Prince of Weston, near Stratford, Conn., married Abigail Coley, daughter of David Coley of Stratford. Want maiden name of David's wife, mother of Abigail.

MRS. ELIZABETH PRINCE CHILD,  
Litchfield, Conn.



14. *Hitchcock-Holbrook*—What were the given names of the father and mother of Ann Hitchcock who married Colonel Daniel Holbrook, a Revolutionary soldier who lived and died in Derby, Conn.

AURELIA CRARY TOWNE,  
993 Willson Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

15. *Cole*—Want ancestry and birthplace of Jesse Cole, born in 1752. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary War for three years.

JAMES H. COLE,  
West Cornwall, Conn.

16. *Arnold*—John Arnold, born in England about 1594 and died at Hartford, Conn. 1664 aged about 70 years. Had son Joseph born in England 1625, died in Haddam, Oct. 22, 1691, aged 66. Joseph had son Samuel born in East Haddam in 1668, died in Haddam, March 20, 1739, aged 71. From another source I find that Joseph Arnold from Hartford settled in Haddam in 1662. He had sons Joseph, Josiah, Johothan, John and Samuel.

(a) Was the John Arnold first mentioned of the same family as Thomas and his half brother William Arnold who settled the colony of Rhode Island with Roger Williams?

(b) Was John's son Joseph, born about 1625, the "Joseph from Hartford" who settled in Haddam 1662?

(c) Did Samuel, son of Joseph of Haddam have a son Enoch?

(d) Did any of his brothers have a son Enoch?

(e) Want names of all Enoch's brothers and any dates of births, marriages and deaths.

(f) Particularly want names of sons of Enoch, and if one went to Penn. to live and in what town. Who he married and the names of his children, dates of births, marriages and deaths.

(g) Wanted, ancestry of Capt. John Arnold, who was born in New London, Conn., 1754, married first, a Miss Barrel, second Miss Sewell of Hallowell, Maine. Eight children by first wife and two by second. He lived in Lebanon, Conn., and about 1800 moved to Hallowell, Maine. In 1808 moved to Monmouth, Maine. Died in 1847, aged 93.

A. C. ARNOLD,  
Stamford, Conn.

17. *Matson-Case*—Who were the grandparents of Newell Matson, who was born Nov. 12, 1815, married Flora Melissa Case of Simsbury Sept. 15, 1840 and died July 28, 1887, on the side of his father William Matson, son of Asa, and of his mother Cynthia Holcomb, whose mother married once a Tuller and once a Holcomb.

HERBERT C. ANDREWS,  
267 Michigan Ave., Chicago Ill.





## EDITORIAL NOTES.

HON. XXXXXXXXXX  
JAMES PHELPS. Another of the state's  
most prominent men  
has passed away. The

Hon. James Phelps, whose death took place at his home in Essex, Conn., on the 15th of last month, was a man of splendid attainments. As supreme court judge, senator and representative, he had unusual opportunities to show the superior qualities of mind and heart that were his. His kindness of disposition, his unquestioned abilities as jurist and legislator are too well known to be passed upon here. He enjoyed the entire confidence of both political parties of the state, as is attested by his unanimous election as Judge of the Superior Court in 1871, and again when he was unanimously chosen on the expiration of his term to serve as Judge of the Superior Court of Errors. His career in Congress was one of great usefulness to his country and to his state. He was a member of the standing committees on pensions, foreign affairs, and the District of Columbia. He was also a member of the special committee to investigate the alleged frauds in the Louisiana election and in the collection of revenue in the St. Louis district. With such a record in Congress it is not surprising that he

was re-elected to the Forty-fifth Congress and again to Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh. After this last term he declined further renomination.

Judge Phelps labored hard for the interest of his state. Among the large number of bills whose passage he procured, the ones for building the break-water at New Haven and for deepening the Connecticut river below Hartford are the most important. At the close of his Congressional career Judge Phelps, ardent democrat though he was, was again called to the Supreme bench of the state through the graceful act of a republican governor, Henry B. Harrison of New Haven, and he served until he reached the age limit of 70 years.

Thus ends the record of one of the state's most valued men, a record of splendid service to his state and to his country.

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SENSATIONALISM.

It is extraordinary to observe the influence that sensationalism is exerting in all the ranks of human activity. We see it even in the pulpit; art, letters and politics are all but hopelessly involved in the craving for notoriety.

## IN ART.

We might turn to last year's *furor* of the Paris Salon, the statue of Balzac by Rodin. While we must accord to the great artist, in view of his acknowledged reputation as a sculptor, that he was sincere in his purpose to produce a work of art and an ideal of the man he would portray, we yet feel, looking at results, that it is impossible not to discern a most pronounced leaning towards the sensational for the sake, (unconscious it may be), of creating a stir,—to be talked about, to cater to morbid curiosity, to perplex the inner circles of art and unsettle the public,—a vagary of the impulses perhaps, but still a tribute to the startling—the sensational.

We look for something pleasing and intelligible in the images of those we would honor by our monuments—assuming that the intention is to create these feelings—that succeeding generations may see, admire and understand.

What has Rodin produced to accomplish these ends? He has designed in the form of a man something no woman would caress, no child nestle up to, no friend embrace. In this masterpiece of his skill he expresses neither wisdom nor veneration; love shrinks from so forbidding a presence and wit and humor look askance at the turn of those carven lips. We seek in vain for some faint glimmer of the better, the warmer, or the loftier side of Balzac's nature. We see before us only a clever and possibly great execution in marble of the mere downright anatomy of the man—his thick, bull-like neck; his obesity and ungainliness, which is none the less pronounced because covered, and covered by a none too graceful robe. In a word, the sculptor seems to have taken his model at his worst—a flash light and camera could have done as much. With all due respect to the sculptor, it

cannot be denied, even while acknowledging his great reputation and the sincerity claimed for him by his friends, that he has yielded to the weakness of sensationalism.

## IN LITERATURE.

To take only one of many instances. Kipling's poem, "The Truce of the Bear," is, we venture to assert, an example of sensationalism in the field of letters. Here we have a poem that is ignoble in purpose—since it casts suspicion, startling in metaphor and offensive in realism; written for what?—to catch the rabble, the common herd of literary gluttons, that, surfeited with an untold quantity of the miscellaneous reading of the day, must needs be fed with sensational productions to fire their laggard mental state. Kipling is shrewd enough to perceive this and take advantage thereof as a matter of commercialism and of egoism as applied to himself,—he would be talked about, he would have sensationalism with a vengeance, and the result? Gold! and a cynic's mental debauch.

It would appear that a writer who can make a day's work net him what to the majority of us would be considered a fortune, must have a great mine of mental resources at his command, and the judgment displayed in utilizing these resources so that they can be put in marketable form must make us pause before we criticise his very want of this quality of sagacity and proceed to convict him of what is here held to be a most flagrant and wholly unnecessary bid for notoriety. Kipling has no need of advertising, he is known wherever the English language is spoken. It is exasperating therefore to ones conception of the fitness of things to see a man of such undoubted talent descend to the vulgarity of seeking notoriety through the medium of extravagant versification, as we see it in his poem, "The Truce of

the Bear," a poem built up, almost line for line, in outbreaks of fantastic statement, loose conjecture and eccentric imagery—a flimsy product that embodies in its construction, imprudences, singularities and the cynic's contempt of sentiment.

If we have written of a cold-blooded, calculating and sensational poem it is because we have read it from the pen of a man, who, so far as we know, has not even the savage's excuse of passion and revenge to prompt this wallowing in the mire of slander and suspicion. The conclusion is irresistible that sensationalism is at the root of the matter.

#### IN CIVIC LIFE.

We have but to recall the scenes, the wild tumult and frenzy, that resulted in the unreasonable nomination of W. J. Bryan,—an erstwhile unknown, untried and almost youthful man,—to the highest office within the gift of the people. In that act sensationalism was the controlling force. Mr. Bryan with his native shrewdness, his rare gift of speech and his audacity, had but to launch forth an unusual phrase to touch the key to the love of the sensational—the startling—that he knew was latent in the vast throng before him, and, presto! he is nominated! In no sphere of the world's activity does sensationalism hold such undisputed sway as in the arena of politics. Thoughtful, deliberate, reasonable and judicious settlement of a political situation like that of a nominating convention is never contemplated. Brass bands and noisy shouts, appeals to the passions of the hour, idle hero-worship and all the paraphernalia of the sensation monger is brought to the front, to the confusion and dismay of the few who hold to reason and the ideal. The candidate is nominated on the wave of sensationalism, and his election made sure, or dangerously near to that, by the votes of

ignorant rounders who vote according to their estimate of the notoriety of the candidate, not through a perception of his character and fitness for the high office to which he has been chosen.

So much for sensationalism. Where will it end? Must we deal in lurid exclamations, twist language to the limit in the search for bizarre effects, flaunt scandal and foul insinuations in the face of men to be admitted into the aristocracy of letters? Must we torture our brains for wild fantasies and audacious inventions, execute them in marble, and call it art—are we to select those we would have to govern us from the list of the great throng of notoriety-seekers, sensationalists, who by the accident of opportunity in war, commerce or law have had the glare of public attention drawn to them, and who seek, if not by direct personal exertion, then by the efforts of friends, to take advantage of this momentary position in the public eye to push to the front over the heads of wiser and better men—are we to have scrambling, sensational demagoguery and call it statesmanship? Are we to see art, literature and civics in the splendor of their possibilities go down before the weak assault of hollow, blatant and idle sensationalism?

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PROFESSOR ATWATER  
OF  
WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Professor Atwater, the distinguished scientist of Wesleyan University, whose picture appears in our issue this month, is coming in for a great deal of criticism for his experiments to prove that alcohol is a food. Much, perhaps the whole, of this criticism is unjust, but all recognize and respect the sorrowful motive that seeks to arrest anything tending to justify the use of alcohol in any

form. According to the press despatches it is said that four thousand women of Connecticut, backed by the local, state and national W. C. T. U., have begun a crusade against the further attempt of Professor Atwater to experiment and to prove his theory. Naturally every thoughtful man will sympathize in the fears of these sincere advocates of total abstinence, but at the same time it is doubtful if they will agree that the danger is as great as it appears on the surface. The thought that forces its self upon our attention at this junction is, why do not these four thousand women who are combating the experimenting with alcohol divert some of their thoughts and energy towards clearing up the conditions that bring about the craving for this stimulant? Why do not these women form a great society of ethical culture and—if such a term can be coined—scientific common sense? Let there be better kept homes, better food, less extravagance, more comradeship in matters that concern domestic affairs. Let the children have more attention shown them; let these women be more persistent, more determined in training their boys to look up, to look straight out into the world with clearer vision, instead of bandaging them up with weak resolutions and fears. In a word, let these four thousand Connecticut women of the W. C. T. U. join hands with their sisters in other lands and take to the easier road of applied ethics to solve the terrible question of drunkenness, instead of butting their dear devoted heads against the stone wall of alcoholism with its monstrous strength and untold wealth of resources for resisting attack.

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THE HOME. Readers of THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE will be interested in learning that the department devoted to the ex-

position of domestic science, inaugurated in the January issue of this magazine, will be continued throughout the year. Miss Louise W. Bunce, under whose editorship the department is conducted, is a lady well known in Hartford society as an accomplished hostess who not only knows how to dispense hospitality in a successful manner, but is also conversant with the practical details that go to make that success possible. Her ability to prepare an excellent repast herself gives force to what she has to say on the subject of which she discourses. Miss Bunce will from time to time introduce other topics of interest and value to the home.

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NEWSPAPER EDITORS.

ARE HUMAN

The editor of the New Milford, Conn., Gazette, in commenting upon Clarence Deming's utterances in his recent speech criticising Connecticut's newspaper editors for their lack of duty to the public in not pushing certain desirable reforms, very frankly admits that much of what Mr. Deming said is true. He then goes on to say that the great question of the hour is, how are we to promote the much-needed better government of our state, cities, towns and boroughs. The Gazette points out the evils that now exist in the government of our municipalities and suggests a remedy. It says: "There is but one remedy. The intelligent and reliable citizens, the business men, the college men, the scholars must be forced out of their dangerous apathy and be made to see that they must attend to their civic duties as strictly as to their individual pursuits. It must be pounded into them that their individual interests and the interests of the public at large are becoming so interwoven and mutually dependent that neglect of civic duties as much as in the past will lead to serious

consequences that cannot be avoided or escaped." The Gazette takes the press of the state to task for not prodding this question to the limit and pushing hard to the front for its solution. Therein the Gazette is a little unreasonable. It forgets that a newspaper editor is human like the rest of us. It credits these editors with having occasionally parted with the company of their clever, wide-awake and conscientious readers, who knew their duty, not only to themselves, but also to the community in which they live, and then spent considerable time in writing for a lot of inanimate, cane-sucking dudes and selfish and lazy men of all conditions in life, and endeavoring with all the power of logic and sentiment at their command to awaken them to a sense of the anomalous position which they occupy not alone towards the government whose protection they require, but toward their own particular, material interests as well. Now, editors, we repeat, are human. Is it fair to say that they should engage in such work as a daily task—a continual lecture to indifference and idleness, or can it be reasonably expected of them to grow wildly enthusiastic in such depressing occupation—talking to an audience composed of inanities, makeshifts and various misfits that go to form that much too numerous colony of idlers in civic life who stay at home election day or who vote in a perfunctory manner, not caring much whether their vote has any value or not? It is a thankless task to attempt; it occasions nausea, nervous prostration, and general deterioration of the entire system, with all the hopelessness that follows the recklessness of trying to do too much. The editor of the New Milford Gazette and Mr. Clarence Deming should be a trifle more charitable and remember that newspaper editors are human.

OUR COLLEGES.

Most of us who have graduated from the university of "hard knocks" and other kindred institutions will doubtless be glad to join hands with the old stagers of Yale, Trinity and Wesleyan in welcoming the new feature we have introduced (beginning with our January issue) under the caption of "Our Colleges."

The bright and ambitious theories, the lofty ideals and the roseate hopes of our college boys will always appeal gratefully to lives attuned as ours are to the monotonous sounds of hard realities. It is interesting to hear of the great work going on in our universities and it is doubly interesting to have this information come from the undergraduates themselves.

It is designed that the contributions from the different colleges, Yale, Trinity and Wesleyan, should be from representative college men. The department will be under the editorship of Mr. Cranston Brenton, an alumnus of one of these colleges, who was for some time the editor-in-chief of one of the prominent college magazines and who is well informed in matters relating to collegiate journalism.

\* \* \*

WARD CHENEY.

The body of Ward Cheney now reposes in its last resting place near the home he loved so well.

How distressing it is to record so untimely a death! A bright young life in whose every heart-beat the vigor of a splendid youth proclaimed its being. Dauntless, modest as a woman, unswerving in the path of duty, earnest in everything he undertook—a frank, honest,

Connecticut boy — such was Ward Cheney, the studious high-school lad, the popular collegian, the clever newspaper man and the brave young soldier.

The promise of a noble career is cut short, the splendid possibilities that come to all finer natures are stayed at the call of death—Ward Cheney is no more!

A BLOW  
TO  
PROGRESS.

A bill relating to second-class mail matter, known as the Loud bill has been introduced in the house of representatives at Washington, the provisions of which are most sweeping in character and calculated to seriously cripple the circulation and growth of nearly all newspapers and periodicals.

It prohibits the mailing of sample copies at the pound rate, thus depriving all publications of one of the most valuable means not only of extending their circulations, but of securing new subscribers to take the places of those who die or drop out for various causes, and will therefore cause the general depletion of newspaper circulation by subscription. It defines subscribers as those "who voluntarily order and pay, or agree to pay, for the same," under which definition a person whose subscription has lapsed and has not been renewed is not a subscriber, and copies of periodicals sent to other than advance-paying subscribers could be excluded.

This is a direct blow at the local country newspaper. It excludes from the mails as second-class matter all "books or reprints of books," by which is meant all paper-covered books issued periodically, which have done so much to popularize cheap and good literature among the masses of the people. By imposing a prohibitive rate of postage upon this class of literature it will deprive the reading public, particularly the residents of remote and sparsely-settled localities, of

one of the most valuable educational privileges they have ever enjoyed. There is no good and sufficient reason why this bill should become a law.

The object of the bill which Mr. Loud is so earnestly pressing for adoption is to increase the revenue of the postal department by the imposition of extra and wholly unlooked for expense upon large publishing interests, and will, as we have before said, seriously cripple, if it will not entirely force many concerns out of business. Even should the postal deficit be materially reduced by this measure, a point which we do not concede, it will be at the expense of the great educational progress of the country that is being splendidly augmented through the efforts of the publications affected by this bill. The enormous dissemination of knowledge, the sending forth of such a tremendous force for ethical and material good to an otherwise indifferent, and in many instances wholly unread, reading public through the medium of the different systems that accomplish this work, is a matter of far greater importance to the welfare of the country than the saving (as Mr. Loud asserts will be the case) to the postal service of some money. But will this measure accomplish the purpose for which it is offered? Let us see. For every sample copy of this magazine which is sent out free we eventually receive a letter or card of inquiry for advertisements and subscriptions and other matters, such as requests for back numbers etc. These communications are prepaid at full letter rates. In the aggregate, the prepaid full letter rate matter that results from the distribution of printed matter under present conditions is so great that its stoppage by the Loud bill will undoubtedly bring about direct and indirectly a larger deficit in the postal revenue than now exists. To put it plainly, if not elegantly, Mr. Loud is doing his best to jump out of the frying pan into the fire. His bill should be defeated.

## BOOK NOTES AND REVIEWS.

THE CRISIS OF THE REVOLUTION, being the story of Arnold and André, now for the first time collected from all sources, and illustrated with views of all places identified with it, by William Abbatt. Illustrations from original photographs by Edwin S. Bennett.

A quarto volume of 250 pp. 10x12. In this most elaborately gotten up volume Mr. Abbatt has done a splendid work, his object being to present in complete form in one book the itinerary and episodes of that conspiracy which came so near being successful and which, had it been, would have changed entirely the whole course of our history. Especially complete has the author made the illustrations leaving out nothing of any importance that could be procured relating to the events and inserting many maps from authentic surveys which give everything in detail. One is impressed in the perusal of this book with the immense amount of research involved. All documents pertaining thereto are given, some in facsimile and many things never before published.

Notably interesting among the documents is the one reproduced in facsimile from Gen'l Washington to Col. Nath'l Wade, apprising the latter of Arnold's treason and probably the first words written by Washington on the subject. There are many pictures of places and houses never before published and a reproduction of a sketch of Arnold by Trumbull that is interesting.

The text gives a clear idea of the importance of these occurrences of the many narrow escapes of discovery of the plot, and settles many a hitherto discussed question—as for instance the exact time and place that Washington first heard of Arnold's treason—beyond a doubt. We would that there were more of such straightforward exhaustive accounts of our important historical events.

The edition is limited to 250 numbered and signed copies. Price, \$20.00 each. William Abbatt, 281 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

In the Connecticut Quarterly, No. 3, Vol. 1, there appeared a short article by Mr. Frank L. Hamilton on The Henry Lee Argonauts of 1849. A paper was printed on board the ship by Rev. L. J. Hall, chronicling the events of the trip as they transpired. In the lapse of half a century these sheets have become mostly scattered and lost, and Rev. Mr. Hall has republished them now in book form. It is a faithful portrayal of not only the experiences of the members of the "Hartford Union Mining and Trading Co.," but gives a picture of those times that shows what must have been similar experiences of the thousands who went around the Horn in '49.

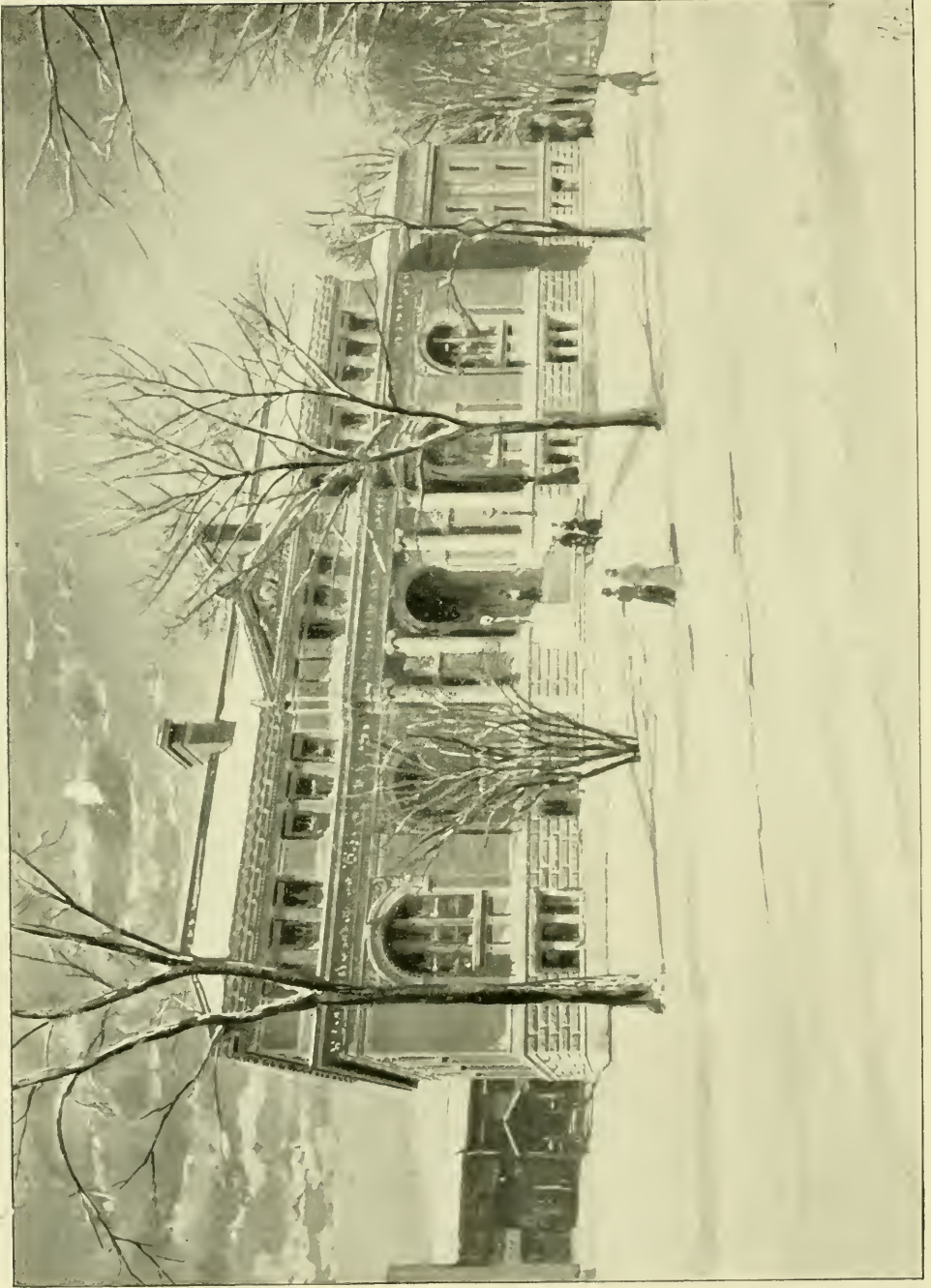
Not the least interesting is the description of the life of some of the company in California after they landed. The book is illustrated with numerous half-tones. Price \$1.00. Rev. Linville J. Hall, Wethersfield, Conn. Smith and McDonough, Hartford, Conn.

\* \* \*

THE SUNNY LIFE OF AN INVALID by C. Howard Young, of Hartford, is an interesting and unique autobiography. What must be the life, one thinks, of a man who for more than a quarter of a century has been an invalid and for the last fifteen years has been confined to his bed. Yet Professor Young has found much to make life pleasant, and he tells his story in a bright way. The suggestion advanced in one chapter is worth pondering upon. He believes that much may be done to alleviate the sufferings of the sick, both physical and mental, by the right use of music in the sick room. Price, \$1.







NEW BRITAIN INSTITUTE LIBRARY BUILDING.

# THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE.

VOL. 6.

MARCH-APRIL, 1900.

NOS. 3-4.



## NEW BRITAIN.

BY GEORGE C. ATWELL.

IT has been said that "A town contains the embryo of all that it can become," and though no prophet of early times would have ventured so then apparently wild a prediction that New Britain would become what it has by

1900, we can see by its history that from those days of 1687, when "Richard Sey-



COL. ISAAC LEE.



REV. JOHN SMALLEY.

mour and others" came to Great Swamp parish and built their stockade on Christian Lane, down through the years of each half century succeeding, the community was composed of men, who, strong of purpose and persistent in endeavor, carried to successful issue their work, so that

the results which we see in the present city were made possible.

Those worthy pioneers of 1687, for eighteen years, on each Sabbath walked nine miles over the mountains through the woods by the narrow Indian trail winter and summer,—some of the women

1705, for in that year they petitioned for and obtained the establishment of a separate society at Great Swamp, and in 1712 a church was organized. The parish spread to the northwest, until in 1754 New Britain became a separate ecclesiastical society with about the same boundaries as the town now has, and was named in honor of Great Britain by Colonel Isaac Lee, the chief magistrate and foremost man in the society. There were then about sixty houses within its limits and from that date, or from about 1750, the history of New Britain might be said to have fairly begun. In 1758 Rev. Dr. John Smalley was settled as pastor and for over fifty years he ministered unto the people.

For the first half century, or until 1800, the growth of the society was slow, the increase in population being but about five hundred in the fifty years. But they were years of importance; years when the foundations of the future city were being laid; though slowly none the less surely. They were the years of Dr. Smalley and Col. Lee; the years of the Stanley, the Judd, the Hart, the Andrews, the North and a few kindred families. Years when the hills and unfertile fields and swamps and rugged conditions generally were developing a rugged people. A description of those times has been given in former numbers of this magazine,\* so it is unnecessary to refer



THE OLD WELL.—CHRISTIAN LANE.  
(Site of first settlement in Great Swamp Parish.)

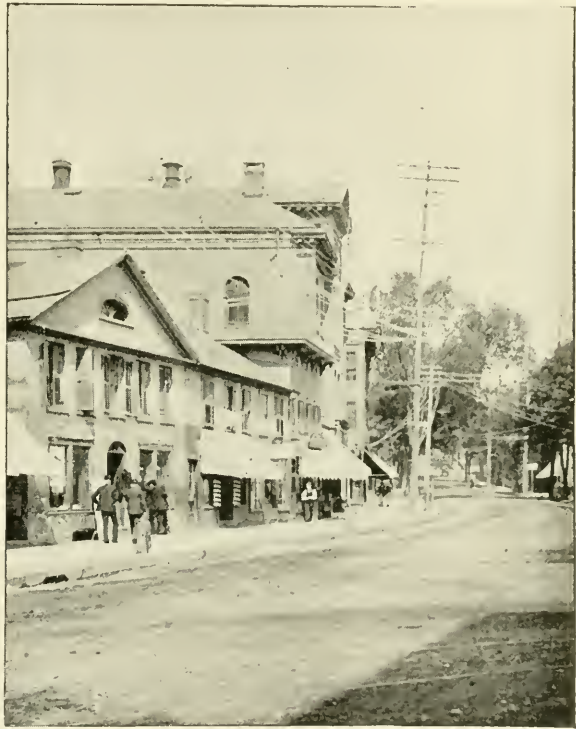
to them here, except briefly. The present center of the city was farming land with its share of swampy ground, a few houses here and there, and in each of the four directions at varying distances of from one to three miles the scattered settlements of the Harts! to the south, the

\* "New Britain in the Days of the Revolution," by Mrs. C. J. Parker, Vol. I, No. 4, and Vol. II, No. 1, Connecticut Quarterly.

Andrews to the west, the Stanleys to the north, and the families living on East Street, then the principal business center of the place, to the east. Most of the people were farmers, but there were the beginnings of manufacturing in the small blacksmith shops; saw and grist mills were becoming common; there were numerous distilleries to produce the wherewithal to quench the raging thirst of a generation whose parched throats required plentiful libations; and tin-ware was being manufactured on East Street by the Pater-sons, who were the first to make it in this country.

Educational affairs were now beginning to feel the effect of the increased growth of the town. Among the noted men engaged in this work was Dr. Smalley, famous as a teacher as well as a divine. There came to him as his pupils many who afterward became prominent in state and nation. Among these were Oliver Ellsworth, of Windsor, who became a chief justice of the United States; Jeremiah Mason, of Lebanon, Conn., attorney general of New Hampshire and a United States senator; Ebenezer Porter, President of Andover Theological Seminary; Nathaniel Emmons, a minister for over seventy years, and whose published works numbered one hundred and fifty volumes; Abijah Carrington, state senator and comptroller; Rev. Andrew Rawson, a noted evangelist and revivalist, who converted Owen Brown, the father of John

Brown, and Dr. Titus Coan, the famous missionary to the Sandwich Islands; and many others were the pupils of this man whose influence and painstaking care in all his work was thus perpetuated through the years to follow. Under such conditions was developed a keen intellectual life, which, united with the thrifty habits of the times made its mark in the industrial life of the community. It was in



THE OLD STONE STORE.

the latter part of the eighteenth century that some of the men who made such an impress upon the next generation, whose works are even now felt, were born. Chief among these were Seth J. North and Joseph Shipman, both born in 1779. In 1800 these two men were twenty-one



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

years of age, and each, having learned the blacksmith's trade, was entering business for himself.

New Britain saw the dawn of the nineteenth century with less than a thousand inhabitants, its manufacturers travelling to New York or Boston markets on horseback with their finished wares in saddle bags and bringing back the raw material for more goods. Their business prospered and their factories were enlarged, though by our present day standards they would be primitive indeed. Fifty years later, in 1850, nearly a century after the incorporation of the place as a separate society, and the year of its incorporation as a separate town, the population was but a few over 3,000. But it was during the first fifty years of the nineteenth cen-

tury that the permanency of the city's future growth was assured. The evolution towards its ultimate position as a manufacturing center had begun. During these years water and steam power were introduced, and the North brothers, the Lees, Timothy W., Augustus, Henry and Frederick T. Stanley, William H. Smith, C. B. Erwin and others began their careers as manufacturers.

Until 1822, when a new meeting house was built by the First Ecclesiastical Society, their first edifice, built in 1756, near the west end of Smalley Street, was the only church building in the village. Just prior to 1830,



BAPTIST CHURCH.



ST. MARK'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

odists and Episcopalians having houses of worship, and the Congregationalists or First Ecclesiastical Society having their new edifice on the present site of the Burritt School. The corner stone of this church is now in the wall under the ell part of O. S. Judd's house, corner of West Main and Washington streets. The best picture of these times in New Britain we can give is from an interesting paper of personal recollections prepared and read by Mr.

the place began to take on a more cosmopolitan air, the Baptists, Methodist Charles Peck before the Saturday Night Club a few years ago, by whose kind



SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.



ST. MARY'S R. C. CHURCH AND PARISH HOUSE.

permission we are enabled to quote: "My recollection," writes Mr. Peck, "goes back to the time when Andrew Jackson was president. The old fashioned fire place, with its crane and brick oven and back log, was about giving way to the modern cook stove. The sulphur match had already supplanted the flint and steel. The tallow dip or small

oil lamp was the only means for lighting but the foot-stove was still in use.

The foot stove, fed by generous coals,  
From the home hearth aglow,  
Gave genial comfort to the soles  
Exposed to icy woe.

Then sweet contentedness prevailed,  
With no more shrinking dread,  
And though cold airs the crown assailed  
The feet came out ahead.



TRINITY M. E. CHURCH.

"New Britain was a small isolated village off the main lines of travel. Newington, Berlin and Plainville were of more importance commercially, and the last two were larger than New Britain. The only communication we had with the outside world was by means of the stage coach or private team. A stage coach to Hartford three times a week and sometimes daily, although it did not pay to make daily trips, driven by George Hart, took passengers at twenty-five cents a

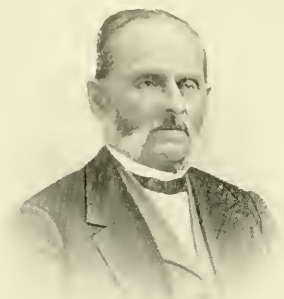




SETH J. NORTH

compromise and because the land damage was light the road was located through the swamp between the two places. I would remark here that the farmers were generally opposed to the railroad as it would cut through the farms, cheapen the value of horses, and some said the cars would frighten the sheep and the smoke would blacken their wool. A station for New Britain was located at the Newington crossing about one and a half miles distant east. All passenger trains then stopped there. I recall my first ride to Hartford on the steam cars. The car was not much better equipped than our present

head. The Hartford and New Haven railroad had not been built, but was in process of construction. The matter of bringing the railroad through New Britain was discussed by the fathers of the place. It was a mooted question whether the road should come through New Britain or along nearer to Berlin. The men of New Britain were as a general thing poor and unable to take stock in the enterprise. But a wealthy citizen of Berlin settled the question of location by a liberal subscription to the capital stock on condition of the road passing through Berlin. So as a



CORNELIUS B. ERWIN.

baggage or freight cars. Seats were arranged along the sides. There were no springs, and we were jolted over a flat rail at the rate of a mile in four minutes. The station in Hartford was at the foot of Mulberry Street. A small steam boat plied between Hartford and New York, and a still smaller one with paddle wheel astern took passengers and merchandise from the head of sloop navigation to Springfield and way stations. At this time (1835) New Britain had a population of about 1,200 and Hartford less than 10,000. Then the parishes of New Britain and Kensington made up the town of Berlin. Town elections were



FREDERICK T. STANLEY.



HOTEL, RUSSWIN.

held successively in each parish, and usually at the Congregational meeting houses.”

The topography of the place at that time Mr. Peck thus describes: “In order

to provide motive power for the new brick factory which Major North had built at the corner of Park and Elm streets,—now known as Sargent’s block,—he had conceived the idea of utilizing the water



BOOTH'S CORNER.

which came through what is now Lock Shop Pond and ran across Main street just in the rear of the Baptist church. He constructed a canal which came across and under Main street, where the railroad now crosses, and led to a reservoir on Elm street which was drained off a few years since. From the reservoir the water was conveyed through a canal to the factory where a sufficient head was obtained

On each side of this road Mr. North set out a row of elm trees, some of which are now standing. I speak of this road more particularly as it seemed to mark a new era of progress in the village and illustrated the public spirit and enterprise of one of our leading citizens. It was apparently the first attempt at anything like a straight line in road building in the place. Most of the roads were narrow



MAIN STREET, WEST SIDE, OPPOSITE CENTRAL PARK.

to drive the water-wheel. This factory was one of the first in New Britain driven by water power. In carrying out the enterprise, Mr. North planned a new road, now Elm street.

“All west of this road was a bog swamp nearly up to Main street and usually flooded over in the spring time. The road was laid out straight as an arrow from North’s corner to East Main street.

and crooked and little better than cart paths. There were then no roads leading easterly from Elm street except East Main and Park streets. All the ground east to Stanley street was pasture, woodland and meadow. On the low land where now the New York & New England and Berlin branch tracks come together there was a dense forest of white birches and alder. This ground was called Peat



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

swamp and the remainder of it is now seen east of the Union Works. At the south of Park Street there was another swamp called Cat-tail swamp, from the large number of cat-tails that grew in it. It has been said that New Britain was built on the edge of a swamp. It may almost be said to have been built in a swamp. There were swamps in every direction except that part near Walnut hill and to the high ground northwest and north. Most of these have been drained off by the sewers and are now covered with buildings. There were the Kensington and Berlin roads leading south, the Plainville road west, the Farmington and Hartford roads north and east, and the road east to the present town farm and Christian Lane. There were a few strag-

gling houses along Main street, till we came to the meeting-house, corner of East Main street, which seemed to be about the center. Here were the stone store, the post office and the tavern, the latter kept by Philip Lee. Lock Shop Pond was so retired as to make it a favorable place for the boys to go in swimming."

Thinking of it as having been compassed within the life of a man of fifty years the changes that have taken place in New Britain from 1850 with a population of 3,000, to more than 26,000 in 1900, seem remarkable. The more so when it is known to be no mushroom growth, but a steady, sub-

stantial one on a solid basis. It is, however, within less than the last quarter of the century that the greatest changes have taken place in the business section of the city. The young citizen of twenty-five can remember that previous to 1885 there were scarcely half a dozen substantial business blocks on Main street; that wooden, one-story buildings were used for stores on Booth's corner, on Church street and above the railroad track; that old-style houses of the last century stood where the Russwin building and the brick blocks on the west side of Main street now are; that in the open lot on Court street in the center of the city Barnum's and Forepaugh's greatest shows on earth held forth on alternate years; that there was an eyesore digni-



V. M. C. A. BUILDING.

fied by the name of a depot on Commercial street, which had been there so long that an alarm of fire from that direction brought forth the injunction, "Keep quiet, boys, perhaps it's the old depot;" that travelers to and from the city on the Berlin branch were treated to a string of cast off coaches so many years that the local paper finally addressed the superintendent. — "Don't, Mr. Davidson, don't; don't wear your old cars out on us and don't wear us out on your old cars," and the people had ample time to reflect that they could be sorry but once that the main line of the railroad had not been built through New Britain; and that necessity of to-day, the trolley, was unknown and unheard of; that even the horse cars were not in existence, the tramway com-

pany not being incorporated until 1886, and the electric cars not being run until 1893. The transformation from all this within so short a time has shown a spirit of enterprise and energy ever characteristic of the city and gives it justly a foremost place among those of the state, enabling it to compare favorably with any of similar size in the country.

Though it was not until 1893 that New Britain had the trolley system, she was one of the first cities in Connecticut to introduce it, and has always had a well-managed, efficient service. Her genius for pioneer work has thus been manifested in various movements from those early times when tin-ware and numerous articles of brass and iron were first made in the place, down to the present. Not alone in matters of material wealth have her citizens shown progress, but to that higher plane of education and development of the individual has especial attention been given. Here in 1792 was formed a library association, which, with various changes, has become the New Britain Institute, a public library, which is soon, through the beneficence of the late C. B.



FIRST BUILDING OF CONNECTICUT NORMAL SCHOOL.

Erwin, to be installed in a magnificent new building erected for the purpose. Immeasurable as the influence of a public library is, yet even more important in the influence exerted upon the successive generations is the work of the teacher in the public school. The necessity of a careful training of the teacher for that work is to-day everywhere recognized, but was almost unheard of, when, in 1838

place into favorable notice from outside its borders.

Their attention thus drawn to educational matters may have been the reason of another pioneer movement in education, even an innovation, the establishment of a free high school in 1850, then scarcely known in Connecticut.

It is but a natural sequence that with such a history, the standard of education



CONNECTICUT NORMAL SCHOOL.

the parish of New Britain subscribed four thousand dollars for the establishment of a seminary for the education and training of teachers. This was followed in 1840, through the foresight and public spirit of influential townsmen, (notably among them Seth J. North and Ethan A. Andrews) in the establishment of the State Normal School in New Britain, which brought the

has been high and the people active in good works.

In church history we find that the first Sunday school in Hartford County was started in the New Britain parish in 1816 and from the one church in the Society then, when a morning and an afternoon freeze was the regular experience every winter sabbath, the interest in things re-



NEW BRITAIN HIGH SCHOOL.

ligious has grown until there are now many churches and numerous benefit organizations in the city. For the record in detail of these various organizations, as well as of the town's history, the people are favored in having the complete and accurate works of Alfred Andrews and

David N. Camp, authors of the Ecclesiastical History of the First Church and "New Britain" respectively. Also a most comprehensive and scholarly article on New Britain, by May Churchill Talcott, has appeared in the "New England Magazine."



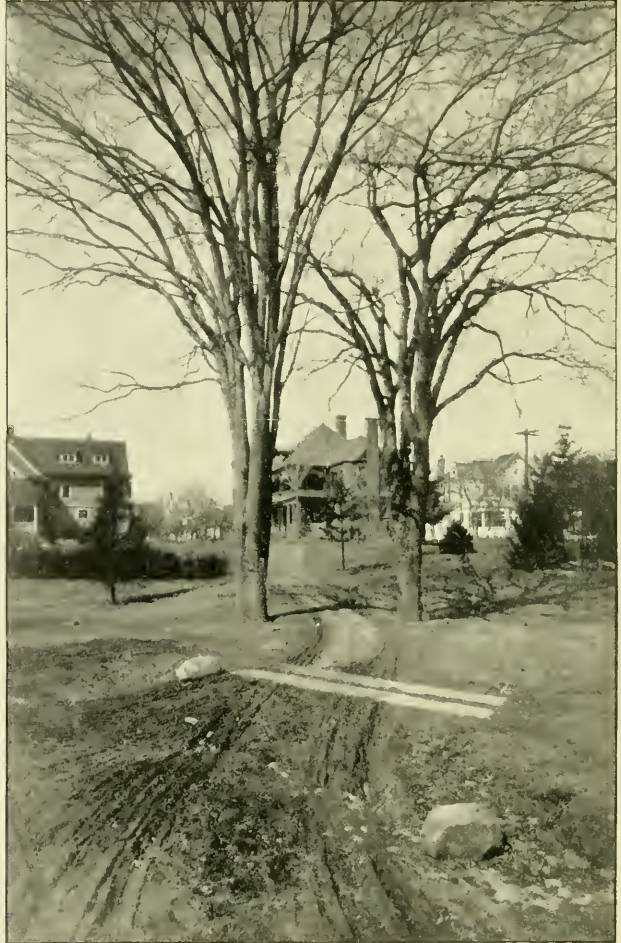
THE ERWIN WOMAN'S HOME.

In 1871, when the town had attained twenty-one years of separate corporate existence, New Britain became a city, vested with municipal authority.

The arteries through which the life blood of this community flows, giving sustenance to the majority of the population and upon which nearly all

its people are dependent are its large manufacturing concerns, the outgrowth of those small ones of early times. Although scarcely more in number than of thirty years ago, the conservative policy of some of the leading citizens not giving encouragement to additional industries, the business of those then established has so grown that their demands for employees have trebled the population of the city within the three decades, most of the accessions having been supplied by emigration from the European countries. Illustrative of the rapid growth of the manufacturing concerns may be cited as examples, the P. & F. Corbin Co., and the Stanley Works. From their modest beginnings they have, under able management, attained in a comparatively short time an enormous size, each covering acres of ground and employing hundreds of hands. The Corbin company manufactures builders' and cabinet hardware in great variety and their reputation for superior goods is second to none in the country. Philip Corbin, the founder of the business, is still the active manager. The Stanley Works manufactures wrought steel builders' hardware, butts and hinges being among their principal staples, and the same policy of making superior goods that characterizes New Britain manufac-

tures in various lines has won for this company's products a ready market in all parts of the country. The company was founded by Frederick T. Stanley and since his death, 1883, William H. Hart has been president and manager. Of



NEAR WALNUT HILL PARK.

the companies of more recent date may be mentioned the Vulcan Iron Works started in 1878, having a present capital of three times the original one, and making high-grade, refined air-furnace castings, largely on bicycle and automobile



carriage work, but also with a large variety of other work. Among other concerns of comparative recent date which have shown much enterprise and growth are the Traut & Hine Mfg. Co., makers of varieties of buckles and novelties; the Skinner Chuck Co., lathe and drill chucks; the National Spring Bed Co., spring beds; and Rackliffe Brothers, sash and door makers. In addition to

that New Britain is best known in the world, it is also from this city that the finest products of the knitting frame in the shape of underwear and hosiery go out into the country. The American Hosiery Company was organized by John B. Talcott in 1868 and he, as president and treasurer, assisted by E. H. Davison as secretary and superintendent, have continually maintained a standard



THE NEW BRITAIN HOSPITAL.

the above mentioned companies the products of Russell & Erwin, North & Judd, Landers, Frary & Clark, and the Stanley Rule & Level Co., justify the reputation of New Britain as "The Hardware City," a city wherein are produced articles of iron and brass whose name is legion. Although it is from the goods made from that market staple, iron, the barometer of commercial prosperity,

of excellence for their goods equal to that of English manufacturers, who, before the existence of this company, were the acknowledged leaders of knit goods in the world of textile fabrics.

To-day we see in New Britain a city that is typical of the modern era; an attractive business section, with many fine buildings, among them the Russwin building with its well managed hotel which

has long been recognized as one of the best equipped hostelrys in New England; a central park, with a soldiers' monument, the latter not of the conventional type but of original design and costly construction; modern improvements as regards water supply and lighting facilities; pleasant residential sections with numerous fine homes; a large park near the center being rapidly improved; and an environment of outlying country that is full of charm for the driver, rider, or pedestrian.

If not historic ground in itself, that unique feature of New Britain, Walnut Hill, is nevertheless the place for the reader of local history to survey the ground vital with the life of over two and a half centuries of the white man's occupancy. From this commanding eminence, so near the heart of the present city, one looks to the northeast and sees the gilded dome of Connecticut's Capitol, near the spot where the Rev. Thomas Hooker and his company from Cambridge settled in 1636. From thence westerly the distance is measured with



GLIMPSE OF LAKE—SHUTTLE MEADOW.

the eye and the imagination wanders over that path traversed by the band that went from there to the Tunxis Valley in 1640. The mountain tops bordering those fertile vales on the southeast, those mountain tops that were crossed forty-seven years later by that company who went to Great Swamp, and the distance between,—the scene of so many weary sabbath day's journeyings,—meet the vision. The parishes of New Britain, Worthington and Kensington that were set off as the town of Berlin in 1785, a century after the settlement in Christian Lane, are spread upon the landscape beneath in plain sight. The mountains to the south and west that contribute so much to the scenic beauty of this panorama are in turn the borderlands of like settlements alive with human interest. These reflections running through the mind of the observer as an under-current, intensifies the appreciation of the scene.

There is always a particular satisfaction to the inhabitants of a place in the possession of men who have become noted for beneficent works either at home or abroad. Foremost among the men of his time devoted to work for humanity, a man known the world over for his accomplishments and his philanthropy, stands the



ELIHU BURRITT.



ETHAN ALLEN ANDREWS.

name of one born and reared in New Britain and whose last years were passed there. The life of Elihu Burritt reads like a romance, stranger indeed than fiction, no beginnings more humble, no achievements more glorious. His work for the suffering poor, for ocean penny postage, for universal peace and international arbitration was a marvellous one. Throughout all his success, with honors won that were so justly merited, he was the same unassuming, modest man as at first, with a simplicity of manner that gave an added charm to his personality. A most sympathetic and inspiring account of his life has been written by his friend and biographer, Charles Northend. Mr. Northend, himself a resident of New Britain for many years, is remembered by all for his kindly deeds and consistent worthy life. For several years the superintendent of the public schools, he took a personal interest in the welfare of all the pupils, and this was not abated through the years that followed. Remembered with love by all who knew him for his distinctive qualities of goodness, justness

and generosity, he sought to be ever helpful to every one with whom he came in contact.

Another accomplished scholar who was an honor to New Britain was Ethan Allen Andrews, best known as the author of several Latin text books; a man of distinguished ability, prominent in many educational works, it was largely through his influence that New Britain was favored with an advanced career so early in her school system.

Among the men of more modern times who will go down to posterity in written and oral history, none will be remembered with greater admiration for a just and upright character, none will stand higher in the esteem of those who knew him, than Valentine B. Chamberlain. Serving his fellow man well, whether following the duties of his every day life or occupying offices in state or municipality, he was a rare man, sincere and honest in his convictions, living up to high ideals, always



VALENTINE B. CHAMBERLAIN.

willing to do his share in any work for the common weal.

The contemplation of the life of the past, where men and women have not only lived, but have lived well, furnishes

examples worthy of emulation by the people of the present, that they in turn, cognizant of their goodly heritage, may be a worthy inspiration to their successors of the future.



VIEW NORTHEAST FROM THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

## COLONEL ZEBULON BUTLER AND WYOMING VALLEY.

BY ANNA CONYNGHAM STEVENS KRUMBHAAR.

IT has been said that "As the biography of Washington is the story of the Revolution so the life of Colonel Zebulon Butler is the History of Wyoming." This is indeed true and the event which stands forth most prominently in his varied career is that dreadful massacre of Wyoming fitly called by Irving, "the most atrocious outrage perpetrated during the war!"

Zebulon Butler was born in Lyme, Connecticut, January 23d, 1731, whither his parents had removed from Ipswich, Massachusetts. He was the son of John Butler and Hannah Perkins, grandson of Lieutenant William Butler and Mary Ingalls, and great grandson of John Butler, all of Ipswich.

Early joining the Colonial army, he served throughout the old French War and was captain of a company in 1761 at the affair at Crown Point. In the interval between that war, and his joining in 1762 the British forces at Havana, he married his first wife, Anne Lord, of Lyme, the great granddaughter of Elizabeth Hyde, the first white child born in Norwich, Connecticut.

In the year 1769 occurs the first mention of Wyoming in connection with him. To understand somewhat of the state of affairs and the conflicting claims of Pennsylvania and Connecticut for this tract of land, let us review in a few words these facts:—the Royal Charters granted to Pennsylvania and Connecticut were expressed

in terms most vague. The western borders of the Connecticut Colony were defined as terminating at the shores of the Pacific, and the grant to William Penn for his colony had as almost unlimited northern boundaries as Connecticut had western ones. As can be seen, this perpendicular and this horizontal line, so to speak, crossed, and where they crossed, each colony claimed possession. The luxuriant Wyoming Valley, through which flows the broad Susquehanna, lay in this disputed territory, and the people of Connecticut were the first to turn their eyes to the fertile spot. As early as 1753 an association, known as the Susquehanna Company, was formed in Hartford for the purpose of colonizing the district. This act drew Pennsylvania's attention to these lands, and from that time on for many years the dispute for possession waxed strong, now in words, now in deeds. This prolonged civil warfare is known as the Pennymite and Yankee Wars.

In 1768, Butler, who had already acquired a reputation for bravery and vigilance, was chosen leader of the first "Forty" settlers sent by the company to make a permanent settlement in the Valley. When this band reached Wyoming on February the eighth, 1769, they found the Block House, erected by the massacred settlers of 1763, in possession of Captain Ogden, of Pennsylvania, and Sheriff Jennings of Northampton County. It was proposed to the Commander of

"The Forty" that a friendly conference should be held to discuss the respective claims. This was agreed to, and a deputation of three men was sent to the fort, but no sooner were they within the Block House, than the Sheriff arrested them in the name of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and ordered them to be taken to jail at Easton. Here bail was soon found for them, and they returned with their companions. But hardly had they set foot in the Valley when the Sheriff again descended on them, and again ordered the settlers sent to Easton jail. As before, owing to 'friends at court,' they were immediately liberated and hastened to return to Wyoming. Thus in less than sixty days from their first appearance in the Valley, the "Forty" had thrice been captured and marched a distance of sixty miles to jail, traveling on their way thither and back somewhat over two hundred and forty miles, through dense forests and over trackless mountains.

Many times during the following years the little Fort changed hands, and not without shedding of blood and loss of life. The tenacity of the New Englanders was great; though the odds were against them, houses were built in the Valley and farms cultivated. In 1771 the chances of war found the Pennymites in possession of the Valley, their position greatly strengthened by the erection of a new Block House, Fort Wyoming, which was fully garrisoned, with Captain Ogden, noted for bravery and boldness, in command. But the intrepid spirits of the New Englanders were nothing daunted. Wyoming had spun her magic web about these men of Connecticut, and win the Valley for themselves they would. Butler who had previously suffered imprisonment at Ogden's hands entered Wyoming in March of that year with one hundred and fifty armed men in his command and laid vigorous siege to Fort Wyoming.

The investment was of the closest. Butler brought to bear on the siege his skill and courage as a commander and his previously gained military knowledge. Soon the garrison of nearly an hundred people began to feel the pangs of hunger. So sudden and secret had been Captain Butler's descent that no messenger had been able to leave the Fort to summon aid from the Pennsylvania government. As this was their only hope, Ogden conceived the bold plan of himself carrying the news of the siege to Philadelphia. Fort Wyoming was built on the high eastern bank of the river, and by that river Ogden determined to elude the watchful enemy. Making a bundle of his clothes on which he prominently placed his hat, he let himself down to the river and began his dangerous swim, the bundle, attached by a cord to his arm, floating some yards behind him. Ogden swam very low, but his clothes and hat were in full sight and instantly drew the attention of Butler's sentinels. They fired; again they fired, the dark object floated on. Bullet after bullet pursued it without effect until the puzzling form passed out of sight. Then Ogden landed and dressing in his shot-riddled clothes, started on his hasty way to Philadelphia. His tidings were received with consternation and the troops he asked for were immediately granted. Three companies were to be sent to the aid of the beleagured Fort. Captain Ogden set out with the first company. During this time Butler had discovered Ogden's scheme and was aware of his movements. Scouts were posted to announce the arrival of the relief parties and on July 20th, when the troops came into the Valley and approached the Fort which they were to relieve, seemingly without opposition, they found themselves in the midst of an ambushade. Captains Ogden and Dick with some of the men escaped to the Fort, but sixteen of the

soldiers, and all of the pack horses and stock of provisions fell into Butler's hands.

A month longer the siege continued until the garrison, having long been on short allowance of food and having given up all hopes of re-enforcements, decided to surrender on August 14, 1771.

The articles of capitulation insisted on the complete withdrawal of all Pennsylvania claimants from the Valley.

The victory for Connecticut was so complete that the Pennsylvania forces on their way to Wyoming were recalled, and the Valley left in undisturbed possession of the brave men who had fought so stubbornly for its ownership. Captain Butler was hailed as the savior of Wyoming and his name and character "inspired such confidence that multitudes flocked thither under protection of his standard."

Four years of peace followed, during which time the Valley flourished, settlements increased, schools were founded, forts, meeting-houses and mills were built and the present City of Wilkes-Barre laid out. Zebulon Butler was foremost in all these movements.

In January 1774 the General Assembly of Connecticut passed "An act erecting all the territory within her charter limits, from the Delaware River to a line fifteen miles west of the Susquehanna, a district of about seventy miles square, into a town to be called Westmoreland, attached to the County of Litchfield." Zebulon Butler was chosen Town Treasurer, and Nathan Denison and Zebulon Butler were commissioned Justices of the Peace. Butler was a universal favorite; being quick in perception, vehement and rapid in execution, he was sent as one of the two members from Westmoreland to the Connecticut General Assembly, in which body he sat until October 1776. The several

militia companies were formed into the 24th Regiment of Connecticut Militia, with Butler as Colonel. In 1775, when the war clouds were gathering thick and fast over the thirteen colonies, at a town meeting held in Wilkes-Barre, the men of Wyoming with true patriotic feeling adopted a resolution to "make any accommodations with the Pennsylvania party that shall conduce to the best good of the whole, not infringing on the property of any person, and come in common cause of liberty in the defence of America."

These overtures of peace were declined and in November 1775 the startling news received that a Colonel Plunket with an army of seven hundred Pennsylvania men was marching to 'rescue Wyoming,' as he expressed it, from the Yankees. The several militia companies were assembled at Wilkes-Barre and Colonel Butler took the command. On the 23rd of December the two little armies met near the south western end of the Valley (Nanticoke). A stubborn engagement took place and victory remained with the Yankees in spite of the superior numbers of the enemy and their elation from previous success. One of the soldiers, in speaking of Colonel Butler on the day of this battle, says: — I loved the man, he was an honor to the human species."

On Christmas day Plunket withdrew his troops and for a while there were no more invasions of Pennymites. Men's thoughts were occupied elsewhere, for the great war of Independence was going on, and the Wyoming colonists were in danger from the Indians, should these join the British, for Wyoming was exposed to all their fury. In less than twenty-four hours, from his rendezvous at Tioga by means of the river, the savage red man could enter the Valley. Butler, in a letter to Roger Sherman, dated August 6th,

1776, says: — “You will see by the representations from this town that we are under apprehension of danger from the Indians, as our army has retreated to Crown Point, and every artifice is used to set the Indians on us by Sir John Johnson and John Butler at Niagara.

While applying to others for help against a foe so rightly dreaded, the Colonists took means to secure their own safety by erecting suitable block houses. Congress answered their demand for aid by ordering that “two companies on the Continental Establishment should be raised in the town of Westmoreland and stationed in proper places for the defence of the inhabitants of said town and parts adjacent.” This was in August 1776. In December, when Washington had crossed the Delaware after his brilliant retreat through New Jersey, and Congress was fleeing from Philadelphia, it was decreed that the two companies raised in the town of Westmoreland be ordered to join General Washington with all possible expedition. The order was promptly obeyed. The protection of homes and families was put aside for the higher duty to their country, and thus the Valley was left without suitable defenders, a prey to the savages. In 1777 Zebulon Butler was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the 3rd Connecticut line. This regiment formed part of Parsons’ First Brigade, stationed at Peekskill under General Putnam for the defence of the Hudson, and took part in the affairs at Danbury, Connecticut, and Forts Clinton and Montgomery. In January 1778 the regiment took post at West Point and began the fortifying of that important position.

This arduous work occupied the time until June, when, Howe having evacuated Philadelphia, Washington took up his march after him through New Jersey and General Gates sent to his aid as many

men as he could spare from the Highlands. Colonel Butler was among the number and had the privilege of fighting in the battle of Monmouth. Immediately after the battle he applied for leave of absence to return to Wyoming, reports of a threatened invasion by the Indians being rife.

As early as March Congress had become aware of the plans of the combined Indians and Tories to wipe out the Westmoreland settlements and then make their way through sixty miles of uninhabited forests to the German towns on the Lehigh and Delaware. The Valley was in need of defense, but Congress refused to allow the two Westmoreland companies to return for that purpose and instead gave orders that another company of infantry should be raised in the town for its defence of which Dethick Hewett was appointed Captain. This was practically a farce, for who remained to be enlisted? The strong men of the Valley were with the Continental Army, only youths and old men were left—what were they against Indians and the trained forces of the British? In May two Indians, former residents of Wyoming, appeared in Wilkes-Barre, professing friendship, but the people, suspecting they were spies, promptly plied them with drinks under effects of which the truth came out; the attack was at once to be made; they had been sent to report how things stood. The fear and excitement of the inhabitants now rose to fever pitch, not one of them but knew by his own experience or that of friends the horrors of an Indian raid. Congress was implored for assistance, but still refused to allow the return to the Valley of the soldiers in the Continental Army, who were the natural protectors of this frontier settlement. When these men heard of the capture of the Indian spy and the obstinate refusal of Congress



to allow their departure, the companies became almost disorganized, more than twenty-five men and all but two of the commissioned officers resigned and hastened to the protection of their homes and families. Still it was not until the 23rd of June, but ten days before the massacre that Congress gave the order—that the two Independent Companies of the town of Westmoreland be united and form one company, Simon Spaulding, Captain. The new company, however, was only ordered as far as Lancaster, and, when it was too late, to Wyoming.

There were two deserters from the British army in the Valley, and these men helped greatly in training the militia, for every male, who could carry arms, no matter what his age or rank, was called to duty. The Forts were garrisoned and the women and children placed in them for safety, principally in Forty Fort, on the west bank of the river, it being the largest. Such was the condition of affairs, when after the severe fighting at Monmouth and the long ride without rest, Colonel Butler arrived in the Valley on July 1st, and by common consent assumed command. Truly, to undergo such fatigue as he had gone through and was yet to experience, Butler deserved the name given him some years previously by the Indians, of “a great tree.”

On June 30th the enemy had entered the Valley. The forces under the command of Colonel John Butler numbered about 400 British provincials, consisting of Colonel John Butler's Rangers, a detachment of Sir John Johnson's Royal Greens, together with six or seven hundred Indians of the six nations, led by the famous Seneca Chief, “Old King.” Finding the defenders at Fort Jenkins at work in the fields they promptly killed them, called on the few remaining in the Fort to surrender, which they did, then

marched the next day to Port Wintermoot, which already being in the hands of Tories, opened its doors to the enemy. Mr. Daniel Ingersoll who was present and suspected of sympathy with the Colonists was made prisoner and sent under escort to Colonel Zebulon Butler at Forty Fort to demand the surrender of all the forts, the public property, Hewett's company and the Valley. Such a demand was indignantly refused.

At a Council of War, called on the 3rd of July, Colonel Zebulon Butler, Colonel Denison and Lieutenant Colonel Dorrance, with certain others, were of the opinion that delay would favor the cause of the Wyoming people by allowing time for reinforcements, in the shape of Captain Spaulding's Company, to arrive. But this opinion was voted down and an immediate attack resolved upon “We must depend on God and ourselves,” was their argument. A little after noon on the 3rd of July, 1778, the Americans marched forth to meet the enemy, in a little column consisting of about 350, flags flying and drums beating. Zebulon Butler commanded the right wing, Colonel Denison the left. After marching four miles above the Fort, Butler formed his men in battle order and thus addressed them:— “Men, yonder is the enemy. The fate of the Hardings (at Fort Jenkins) tells us what we have to expect if defeated. We come out to fight not only for liberty, but for life itself, and what is dearer to preserve—our homes from conflagration; our women and children from the tomahawk. Stand firm the first shock, and the Indians will give away. Every man to his duty.”

It was four of the clock on that summer afternoon before the battle began. For half an hour the firing and advance of the patriots was rapid and steady, then the vastly superior number of the enemy

began to tell, and the Indians succeeded in outflanking Colonel Denison on the left. On perceiving this, the Colonel gave an order to fall back, which was mistaken for a "retreat." All was now confusion and the savages were rushing in with blood-curdling yells. The disorder communicated itself along the line. Zebulon Butler seeing the men about to turn, rushed between the armies and with a reckless contempt of death, rode furiously up and down the line urging the troops to stand firm. "Don't leave me, my children, and the victory is ours," he cried. But alas! it was not in his power to stop them. The men were retreating. The overwhelming numbers of the enemy and the Indians were in hot pursuit. The confused retreat now became a bloody massacre. Every one who came within range of an Indian Tomahawk was scalped, murdered and mutilated. Of those who escaped toward Monockasy Island, many were killed while swimming across. The Indians and Tories pursued thither. Some of the men were persuaded to return to the main shore by promise of quarter, but as soon as they landed were foully butchered. Both Indians and Tories were especially savage towards officers and men of the Continental Line, capturing them they would break the thigh bone which prevented escape but left them alive for torture.

In one place an Indian squaw called Queen Esther, mad with blood and fury, caused eighteen or nineteen prisoners to be ranged in a circle around her and passed from one to the other crooning some Indian song, dashing out their brains. But why should I tell of all this horror? Suffice it that every species of torture was practiced on the patriots. Every captain who had led a company into action was killed. Colonel Dorrance and Major Garrett were slain and about 160 others.

Fathers and sons fell side by side; brother by brother. It is heartrending to read that of some families all of the men were killed and there was hardly an household but lost two or more members.

Night alone stopped the slaughter and pursuit, but alas, not the torture of prisoners. Colonel John Butler is reported to have said as the odor of burning flesh was carried to him on the night air:—"It is not in my power to help it."

In the meantime picture to yourselves the agony of suspense endured by those left in the forts as they heard the firing of the battle, steady at first then slower, coming nearer; the war cry of the Indians; and the horrible truth known only when at night a rare fugitive reached the Block House. Among these was Colonel Denison. After in vain essaying to rally his men for a final stand Colonel Butler by swimming the river, had escaped to Wilkes-Barre Fort. Here, heart sick and completely exhausted, not having had a moment's rest since that hot day at Monmouth, he threw himself on the ground. But rest was not for him. In spite of his efforts, panic seized those gathered in Wilkes-Barre Fort, and the adjacent block houses, and all the long night bands of women and children with a man here and there among them, fled from the Valley where lay the mangled bodies of those nearest and dearest to them. For many days up steep mountains, through wild forests lay their dangerous and toilsome way to friendly shelter.

Zebulon Butler stayed at Wilkes-Barre to command those who remained, of whom were fourteen men of Hewett's company. Early the next morning, the 4th of July, the British Colonel, Butler, sent a messenger to Forty Fort asking Colonel Denison to repair to his headquarters to decide on the terms of capitulation. One of the terms insisted on

by John Butler was that "Colonel Zebulon Butler and the men of Hewett's command, being Continental soldiers, should be given up as prisoners of war." To this Colonel Denison would not agree without first consulting his colleagues. He returned to Forty Fort and secretly crossed the river to Butler at Wilkes-Barre, told him of the British colonel's demand and advised him and the Continental soldiers to withdraw as rapidly as possible from the Valley. Colonel Butler, seeing the wisdom of this and that it left Colonel Denison at liberty to make better terms with the enemy, ordered the men to Shamokin. His own horse was saddled and brought to him, he mounted, placing Mrs. Butler and his infant son behind and so rode over the mountains.

Returning to Forty Fort, Denison sent word to Colonel Butler that there were no Continental soldiers in the Valley. The articles of surrender were then agreed on, honorable alike to the two commanders, and it is only due to the British officer to mention that after the capitulation until Colonel Butler and his army left Wyoming, but one life was taken, that of the deserter Boyd. He withdrew his troops and as many of the Indians as he could control, very hurriedly on the 8th, without having even crossed to Wilkes-Barre or visited the lower part of the Valley.

With the British officer, John Butler, away, all restraint over the Indians who had staid behind, was gone. Property was destroyed and stolen, houses and barns burnt, and men and women murdered. Colonel Denison and the few left in Forty Fort decided it best to leave, and fled, some down the river and some across the mountains.

The Valley was a burning plain, desolate in ruins.

On reaching the first settlement on the Lehigh, Zebulon Butler despatched a letter to General Washington apprising him how matters stood and giving his report of the Wyoming battle and massacre. He suggests "that a sufficient guard may be sent for the defence of the place so that the inhabitants may return to harvest their grain and restore their shattered homes."

Washington complied with this request and ordered Butler to return to Wyoming and garrison Fort Wilkes-Barre with Spaulding's Company and the remains of Hewett's command and Colonel Hartley of the Pennsylvania Line was sent to reir-force him. Early in August. Butler and his command came to the Valley, strengthened the stockade at Wilkes-Barre, and gladly welcomed a few of the inhabitants who ventured to return. Effective measures were at once put forth to stop the Indian outrages and a pitched battle was fought in September when the Americans, under Colonel Hartley were victorious.

In September 1778 Lieutenant Colonel Zebulon Butler was appointed Colonel of the 2nd Connecticut Line. Colonel Thomas Grosvenor in an old lettersays :— "Zebulon Butler was appointed full Colonel to the late Charles Webb's regiment against the will of Lieutenant Colonel Sherman (brother of Roger Sherman), who intended to have had the regiment." This promotion was probably a reward for his gallant conduct at Wyoming.

Notwithstanding his new regiment, Butler remained in command of the post at Wyoming. All that autumn and winter bands of Indians came into the Valley, murdering and plundering, and stealing cattle and horses.

On the 23rd of December, 250 savages and Tories attacked Wilkes-Barre Fort. Colonel Hartley and most of his men had been withdrawn, leaving Butler scarce an

hundred with which to repulse the enemy. They were driven back, however, but the smoke of burning houses and barns marked their retreating path.

This attack amounted almost to a second invasion of the Valley, and when the news was communicated by Butler to the Board of War, one of the members said hastily in presence of the messenger: — "It is impossible, it can't be so!" This remark being repeated to him Colonel Butler immediately sent an answer, to-wit: — "That no officer who properly regarded his own honor would without the slightest evidence, call in question the honor of a brother soldier."

The spring of 1779 was spent in collecting information for General Washington who proposed sending the following summer a large army to lay waste the Indian country and drive the savages back to Niagara. This army, under the command of Major General Sullivan, was to rendezvous at Wyoming, and march thence northward. By the end of July 1779, 3,500 men were encamped in the Valley ready to march. Colonel Zebulon Butler was to stay at Wyoming, sufficient men being left with him for the protection of the country.

On the 1st of August the army started forward. Passing Monackasy Island, which was a part of the battlefield, the fifes and drums played a dirge and the columns halted for a moment in honor of the patriot dead.

Although Sullivan's victories were hailed everywhere as having put an end to the Indian depredations and cruelties, it was a mistaken idea. During the following three years, 1780-'81-'82, the Indians were constantly in the Wyoming Valley, committing atrocious deeds of violence.

Colonel Butler remained in command as possessing most skill in Indian warfare, leaving his regiment under the orders of

Lieutenant Isaac Sherman. An old book tells that: — "Butler made a flying visit to his regiment to see that proper discipline and order were preserved, then hastening back to Wyoming to a station of excessive care and responsibility, yet affording no chance to gather laurels, he performed most arduous duties in a manner to entitle him to the gratitude and praises of his country."

The old jealousy between Pennsylvania and Connecticut had by no means died out. In the spring of 1781 Pennsylvania, confident of the final success of the war, owing to the assured help of France, began to take measures for the possession of Westmoreland when the national conflict should be ended. The first move was to have the Connecticut troops garrisoning the township replaced by those of the State. Accordingly Colonel Butler was relieved of the command, and joining his regiment served to the end of the war with the honor and bravery usual to the soldiers of his native State, of whom Washington is reported to have said: — "That if all the States had done their duty as well as the little State of Connecticut the war would have been ended long ago."

After the surrender of Cornwallis, Zebulon Butler was appointed Colonel 4th Regiment Connecticut Line in the new formation for the years 1781 to 1783, and Colonel of the 1st Regiment Connecticut Line, formation of January to June 1783. During this time he was stationed at West Point.

When in May 1783 at the quarters near Fishkill of his warm friend the Baron Steuben, the Society of the Cincinnati was organized, Colonel Zebulon Butler's name was second on the Connecticut list.

He now married his third wife, Phebe Haight, sister of Captain Haight, of

Peekskill. Returning with his bride to Wyoming, in the summer of 1783, he found the Valley in a high state of excitement, owing to the outrages practised against the Connecticut Colonists by Alexander Patterson, the magistrate appointed by Pennsylvania to Westmoreland. Connecticut and Pennsylvania had met in 1782 to settle their territorial disputes before a Court of Commissioners who had decided in favor of Pennsylvania. This decision was received quietly by the people and Westmoreland passed into the jurisdiction of another State. All would have gone well had not Pennsylvania, in an high-handed and unprecedented manner, decided to evict from their estates all those holding lands under Connecticut claims, and give them to Pennsylvania landholders, and sent to Wilkes-Barre for this purpose a Civil Magistrate, Patterson and two companies of soldiers. Patterson had been with Ogden in the former Pennymite wars, and was especially rancorous against Colonel Butler, having been one of those whom this officer starved into surrender in 1770. Consequently, when Butler arrived at Wilkes-Barre. Patterson and his Pennsylvania soldiery seized him, and heaping indignities on him hurried him off to jail at Sunbury. Bail was at once given for the "gallant veteran" and he returned to his family, only, however, to suffer fresh insults from Patterson and to see his fellow colonists and friends unjustly and in the most gross manner treated by this man, who claimed to be acting in the name of Pennsylvania. He was a brute, whose magistracy in Westmoreland reads like that of Judge Jeffrey's and his inhuman asizes.

Not until September 15th, 1784, when after the loss of many lives and with public opinion urging them to the act, the Pennsylvania Assembly ordered the sett-

ler's possessions restored to them, did peace dawn.

In September 1786, the western half of the town of Westmoreland was erected into the County of Luzerne, named after the Chevalier de la Luzerne, he who carried to France the news of Cornwallis's surrender; Colonel Timothy Pickering was sent to Wilkes-Barre to organize the new county. An election was ordered to choose the necessary administrative officers. But there was bad feeling still among the people against Pennsylvania, so often had she broken her pledge to them; and why should they now believe her assurances more than formerly? The two parties were bitter against each other and words had come to blows, when Colonel Butler, mounted on his war-charger, rode into the crowd (with drawn sword) exclaiming:—"I draw my sword in defence of the law, let every lover of peace support me." Thus by his intervention was the election allowed to proceed.

So prudently and justly had he supported the rights of the settlers in the disputes after the Revolution, believing confidently that Pennsylvania would settle all things equitably, and such the esteem in which he was held, that he received the appointment of Lieutenant of Luzerne County, which position he held until 1790 when the office was abolished.

His eventful life, which had been one of absolute and fearless devotion to his country and to what he considered right, was now drawing to a close. It was in his home at Wilkes-Barre on July 28th, 1795, that he died, mourned by the people for whom his sword and his influence had won the rich Valley in which they lived at last, unmolested. Here is a little incident of his later years which will leave in our minds a peaceful impression to contrast with the horrors of war of which we have heard so much:—a gentlewoman,

on first coming to Wilkes-Barre, saw a man step from a door into the street and meet a friend. With a slight bow the gentleman, stopping, placed his silver-headed cane under his left arm, took out his snuff box, rapped the lid (as he took it off) and offered it to his friend, then took a pinch himself and brushing his face slightly with his doubled bandanna bowed and passed on. The whole in such manner as to induce her instantly (and eagerly) to inquire, "What gentleman is that?" The answer was, "La! don't you know? that's Colonel Butler, I thought everybody knew him."

## CAROL.

Now each reviving herb that lay  
 So still 'neath mould, 'neath snow  
 Pricks up to meet the Easter Day  
 From out its grave below.

And now the rising south-wind sighs  
 Among the budding trees,  
 The sun the tulip's chalice spies,  
 And drains it to the lees.

"Away," enjoins the water-brooks,  
 "Up, up!" the robins sing,  
 "The burly tree is full of sap,  
 And all the world a-wing."

The hare beneath the brier-bough,  
 Aye, every creeping thing,  
 Beholds with new and thankful heart  
 The winter yield to spring.

And man upon his blossoming isle  
 Makes glad with high accord,  
 And triumphs over death anew  
 Through his triumphant Lord.

ELIZABETH ALDEN CURTIS.

## THE GLEBE HOUSE.

BY CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS.

### CHAPTER IV.

*Mr. Talbot Marcy.*

The advent of a total stranger occasioned something of a shock among the committee. His face and figure, so strikingly like the rector's, would have been enough to stir them; but coming on top of the surprising explosion of Cyrus Bent it created a sensation and a situation highly theatrical. The sturdy townsmen, variously swayed by their emotions, stood for a moment openly wondering at what to them was in the nature of an apparition, while the crowd without pushed and struggled for a coign of vantage at the door and window. But ere one of the inquisitors could gather his wits to cope with the new situation, the stranger had wheeled about and confronted the group, his eyes ablaze, and with a voice like a trumpet, he vociferated:

“Persecution! Thunder and devils! In what manner and by what right do ye persecute a damsel? Are ye the worshipful committee of whom I heard last night? and, failing to find my brother, do ye think to vent your disappointment on her helpless head? Expound in the name o’ God!—my patience is none of the fairest!”

“Your patience has little to do with us or our duty!” broke in one of the lesser lights, at which there came a shout from

the yard:—“Tar the tory!” and “Pitch him out to us!—Jail him!” and a variety of other cries which were suddenly silenced by Squire Strong striding to the door and closing it in the faces of the throng without; then coming to the front and with a voice trembling from anger, he shouted in turn:—

“Who be ye that dare to come betwixt us an’ our actions? By the brand on ye we have yet another to deal with! A fig for yer interference! We be determined to catch the domine an’ ’twill be strange if ye be not shaken up in the same basket! This young woman knows the whereabouts of her god-father an’ refuses to reveal him; therefore we commit her for trail as a person dangerous to the interests of the colonies. I tell ye we have our duty to perform, an’ performed it will be! An’ ye openly call yerself his brother?—Ye look the breed! By what right do ye break upon us in this manner?”

“He struck me last night when I called on Toby to help arrest him! He bears papers from England to the domine;—he confesses as much!” broke in Bent who had recovered himself and now stood pointing at the man upon whom all eyes were fixed.

"He does? An' why have ye kept this back from us?" demanded the chairman without softening voice or face; but before an answer could be given the new comer spoke:—

"You are a lot of sheep with wolfish instincts!" he began, with a total change in his address. "Strike him! Aye, I struck him for the insult he gave me. He is naught but the whistling wind—he is of no moment—his actions of no weight! Listen! you sirs; I lack no respect for your office, but I question your right to hound a harmless gentleman whose sole faults are praying for the king and eluding you—the latter, I fear, troubling you more than the offense. Ye be good, God-fearing men, doubtless, and will not question the christian spirit of my brother: why, then, does he do harm in praying for the king? Are ye not taught, and do ye not teach others the lesson of love to enemies? Can prayers for your enemies make them powerful against the right? Is your church for the Sabbath, alone, that ye play with the devil and his passions for the rest of the week? Shame on ye!"

The presentation of this mixture of applied christianity and sophistry took the committee somewhat aback. Even the face of the squire lost its angry cast and bore one of doubt. But it was not for long. With a natural instinct towards self-justification, he answered:—

"We have the authority of the high court at Hartford, and though your words, sir, be fine—"

"Authority for what?" interrupted the stranger.

"Authority to suppress treason in every shape an' arrest all treasonable persons!"

"And since when has it been treason to pray to the Almighty—even for the king?" came the sharp retort. "—You forget yourselves, sirs. Your authority refers only to what the court would call

overt acts, assistance to the enemies of the colonies or the giving of information to be used against them—and prayers are not interdicted, nor is private opinion. Nay, more;—*George of England is yet your king!* I know of no act which has cut the colonies from the mother country;—nor do ye. Has war been declared? It is true that congress is preparing an army for the struggle that must come, but your dignity would suffer less were you less ready to use your strength on an innocent man and a helpless maiden."

"Sir; *who be ye—and from where do ye hail?*" demanded the chairman, visibly impressed both by the authoritative manner of the speaker and the undoubted truth of his statement regarding the relations betwixt colonies and king, but without abating his tenacity of purpose in the slightest degree. "—Would ye argue that we lie still till there be a British dragoon in each house—and *then* follow our instructions? We expect as much from ye—by yer looks; but we happen not to be here to split words with a stranger—an enemy to liberty whose strength lies in a smooth tongue! We follow our commission—an' 'tis our intention to search this house. Failing to find the rector, we will hold the damsel for trial at Hartford."

"Ye will?"

"*We will!*"

"Well—your force is somewhat too much for my single arm, but at Hartford I shall be! Will ye not take me as a prisoner, also?—Am I not as dangerous as the maiden?"

"*That we will, too!*" vociferated the old man, walking up and thrusting his face into his opponent's; "—Who be ye, I say;—who dare bait this committee in this unseemly fashion?"

Instead of the wrathful explosion which might well have been expected, the stranger smiled broadly:



"Tis but fair to put you in the light ;" was the ready answer given in an easy, good natured tone ; "—I am Talbot Marcy ;—late colonial commissioner to England ;—half brother to the man ye are hounding, and colonel, by commission, in the colonial forces now being raised by congress. A week ago I left Boston as a despatch bearer with a despatch to Governor Trumbull from Doctor Warren. From your governor I bore a packet to Deacon Walker of this town. On my way I overtook the post and bore hither his despatches for him ;—his horse having given out. Gentlemen ;—I am at your disposal for further inquiries."

Had a platoon of British regulars made their appearance and placed the inmates of the house under arrest, the consternation could not have been greater than at the words of the stranger. There was not a man but who had heard of Commissioner Marcy ;—only one who doubted the truth of the statement, and not one who was willing to openly recede from the position taken by the chairman, who, on the foregoing announcement, had stepped back as though in fear of assault.

There was no spirit of subserviency in the breasts of our fore-fathers. Had the man before them suddenly discovered himself as George the Third, in person, there would have been no precipitate apologies or servile bending of the knee. The names of Warren and Trumbull had fully as much potency, but the hard-headed, hard-fisted sons of New England were as loath to abandon a theory as to run from its consequences.

This mixture of respect and stubbornness had the effect of silencing all parties for the moment. All save Bent, who hung on vengeance against the man who had struck him, and whose brain (subtle enough at times), clearly foresaw

that by the turn of affairs he was likely to be made the scapegoat of the day. No one would lift voice or hand to protect him, but he conceived how he could protect himself. He saw it all clearly enough now. That the minister was within the house at that moment, he no-wise doubted. He had no well defined plan of action until the new comer seemed to open a way. He would clear himself by finding the Reverend Challiss, and according to the words of Talbot Marcy, if indeed it was he, the court would acquit the minister. It would at once determine his political position to the satisfaction of the committee, nor would it be a difficult matter to afterward explain the act to Hetty that all might appear consistent with his love for her, and then—

But he went no further into possibilities. Raising his voice as though he had been the victim of an outrage, he cried :—

"I protest !—I protest to one and all ! Let not that man cajole you into leaving the house unsearched. You brought me here that I might be cleared or condemned and if you depart without taking action, I demand an acquittal. I tell you the domine was here last night—and is here now and *and I can find him*. Mistress Hetty Wain has neither heart nor hand in his coming or going, and, moreover, it would be a foul thing to do if you visit the shortcomings of her god-father on her head ! The man before you has papers on him ! Who knows him to be Commissioner Marcy ? Are you to be blinded by a bald statement ?"

He stood forth, his hands stretched out in appeal, and, his words ringing through the silence, variously effected his hearers. Hetty, whom from the time she sank into her chair had kept her face buried in her hand raised her head and

said:—"I thank you, Master Bent, for your defense, but your statement is hardly true. I know, or think I know the whereabouts of the rector:—nevertheless, I thank you."

The voice was kindly and the clerk's heart responded to the first words that might be construed as considerate he had received that day; Marcy scowled as he listened to the protest and rejoinder, while the chairman seized upon the opening offered.

"There is justice in the lad's words;" he ventured. "'Tis but fair ye prove yerself, and having done so, ye are bound to help us, for not only has the domine prayed for the king—which may or may not be an offense—but, by the Lord! I had well-nigh forgotten to tell ye that from the pulpit he has the same as openly damned the colonies, which, I take it, cannot be smoothed over!"

"Is it so?" said Marcy, with the same easy humor he had assumed; "—Then has the study of theology addled my brother's judgment! Mistress Hetty, have you the smallest objection to their searching the house?"

"Not the smallest;" replied the girl, looking away from him.

"Then off with ye on a fools errand!" cried Marcy, turning to the committee; "—As for this lady—ye may leave her under my guarantee."

"And of what value is your guarantee," asked Bent, encouraged both by the way his words had been received by the girl, and his apparent victory; "—and by what right do you thus take charge of her?"

"Aye! aye! The lad is pointed, though somewhat heady!" broke in the squire. "Have ye aught to prove yerself?"

"Little enough, I fear me!" answered Marcy; "—and for that, I will take all

consequences. As for my avouching for Mistress Wain—'tis but fair that she be allowed to speak for herself in the matter. Hetty, is the right mine?" His words were like a caress.

For an answer the blood leaped to the girl's face and throat and as quickly receded leaving her pale again. Her large eyes grew larger as she looked at the man before her as though to read his soul—then, without a word, she bowed her head and left the room from which was heard her steps as she hurried up the stairs.

"I am not denied, at least," he remarked quietly, though with a new expression to his countenance as his glance followed her; "as for myself, perhaps these will show; they are but letters from Doctor Warren whilst I was in London, and papers relating to the death of my mother wherein we are told of our inheritance. This latter was my business with my brother."

Bent's spirits sank dangerously low. With the keen eye of a lover he had noticed the light in Marcy's face as well as Hetty's agitation as she tacitly acknowledged his right to protect her; but of the nature of that right the clerk had no idea. It was enough for him to mark the stranger's evident power over the girl, and more than enough to see the ease with which he was clearing himself from suspicion. The hatred the youth bore the minister was being rapidly transferred to the brother, and in doing this he was very human. The fact that but little notice had been taken of his duplicity the night before was small comfort to him. It gave him no sense of safety for the future, and in fact he thought but little of it so thoroughly was he aroused by the perception of an unknown relation between his love and this, to him, total stranger. He was swayed

by an internal passion, of which nothing was discernible in his bearing, and as through a fog he saw the papers offered by Marcy pass from hand to hand, and heard without heeding, the questions and answers given and received. A clutch seemed to grip his throat and hold him speechless. The sunlight on the floor turned to a blood red patch before his eyes, and he felt an insane desire to fly at his smiling enemy, who did not even deign to notice him. At last he was

brought to himself by hearing Hetty's name as the committee came to its conclusion. It was the squire's voice that roused him.

"We will leave Mistress Wain under your guarantee for a space, sir; until we can have the sense of Deacon Walker on the matter. I have small doubt of yer credentials. Come, Master Bent, make good yer boast. Neighbors, the morning somewhat wags; let us get through the house.

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## CHAPTER V.

### *The Secret of the House.*

Bent drew himself up with the air of a man aroused from sleep who suddenly realizes he has a serious duty to perform, and there was an ominous setting of his teeth as he followed the throng from the kitchen to the parlor. From here, without the slightest system, the hunt began, each man taking his own direction and searching after his own fashion. In half an hour the house had been gone through from cellar to attic. Not a cranny had been left unscrutinized. Every chest, press and closet that could have held a boy was examined. Even the empty cider barrels in the cellar were probed through their bung-holes, and this with as much earnestness as though it had not been tried the week before by the same parties.

Every man had looked up the throat of the great chimney, but the arch of stone which covers its top prevented the light from penetrating from above. As a last resort the fire was lighted on the parlor hearth, and there was an air of the ridiculous in the expectant attitudes of those

who stood about it as they watched to see the rector tumble from this, his last possible refuge, fairly smoked out. As the flames grew in strength so did the disappointment of the searchers, and when finally it was declared that the rector could not be beneath the roof of the Glebe house, one by one the disgusted farmers dispersed, taking with them most of those who still lingered about the door-yard, yet leaving within, beside the regular inmates of the rectory, Colonel Talbot Marcy and Cyrus Bent.

This latter individual had searched with more method than the others, possibly because he had more at stake, and possibly because he felt sure that the Reverend Challiss had been bestowed so securely that ordinary means would fail to find him. The very willingness of Hetty to have the house gone over proved that much, but it nowise abated the young man's certainty that the roof then covering him covered the domine also.

He had seen nothing to lead him to suspect one locality more than another,

but he had carefully sounded every floor and the walls of every closet, doing his work so slowly and thoughtfully, yet so hatefully withal, that by the time he was about to attack the attic the rest of his fellows had finished their tasks and returned to the parlor where the final act of burning out the chimney was in progress.

The attic seemed a most natural place for a refugee and for that reason Bent thought little of it. He had determined to go to it, however, and was about approaching the door of the rector's bedroom, through which he had gone most carefully, when he caught sight of Hetty standing at the head of the front stairway listening with the greatest attention to the sounds that came from the parlor. So absorbed was she that it was plain his presence had not been noticed, and the clerk, halting like a hound at point, watched her a moment with his soul in his eyes. Then and there there came to him the conviction that the rector was hidden somewhere down stairs—the rapt attention of the girl to things below assuring him of this more than possibility.

The passionate determination of the youth made him clear-headed in one particular, at least. He saw that a precipitate betrayal of his suspicions would avail him nothing at the present time; he saw, too, that the fox would finally unearth himself and that he might be a witness. Quickly stepping back he looked about him for means of concealment. He fairly reckoned that as soon as the searchers left the house his quarry would be forthcoming—and not before; in the meantime he himself must disappear. At the end of the room and facing a desk or heavy center table strewn with papers and books stood a large clothes-press, the doors of which had been left ajar by some searcher a few moments before. To

this he crept quietly, and crowding himself behind the folds of a black Geneva gown, awaited events without the slightest doubt as to the success of his move, or the smallest stroke of conscience at his unfairness and lack of dignity.

Meanwhile Colonel Talbot Marcy was striding the kitchen floor as though a prisoner. The easy good nature that had marked his face during the latter portion of the conversation with the committee, had gone, and in its stead was a fiery impatience. There being no place of possible concealment for the rector in the kitchen it had soon been deserted—even the old man at the fire having shambled out into the yard, and the walker was free to vent his nervous tension without witnesses. Now and again he opened the back stairs door and essayed to go above, but at each attempt voices in the upper rooms showed the committee was yet unsatisfied, and he withdrew. There was no anger in his dark eye—only fierce desire held under control—a state more to be dreaded than the former when it meets with opposition and far surpassing mere anger in lack of reason.

Presently the footsteps and voices of the searchers centered in the west room or parlor; then after an apparently interminable time the committee began leaving by the front door. As the last one passed out through the brooding silence that fell upon the house the man in the kitchen heard the light footsteps of the girl as she ran down the front stairs. In an instant he had dashed through the parlor and came upon her as she entered the opposite door. Without a word he caught her in his arms and kissed her on the lips, she struggling to undo his grasp as she turned her face from him.

“Talbot! Talbot!” she ejaculated; “let me go; let me go! By what right —”



“TALBOT! TALBOT!” SHE EJACULATED “LET ME GO;  
LET ME GO!”

“By what right!” he exclaimed, holding her from him but not freeing her; “By what right? By the right of a famishing man! By the right I take! By the right you gave me less than an hour ago! Great God! have I hungered and thirsted for thee for two years to be denied now?”

“By the right of strength alone!” she returned, interrupting him as by a violent movement she twisted from his hold on her. “Hunger—and thirst! and have you thought naught of possible starvation for another? Am I to be denied *all* rights? Two years, Talbot!” she cried, pointing her finger at him; “two years; two deadly years of silence and then you

burst upon me with a cry of your rights. You suddenly appear like one from the dead and because—and when in terror for my liberty and your brother’s life I appealed to you as I would to—to *any* last resort, you take this advantage! Oh! but you are a man!”

“Two years!” said Marcy, amazedly, stooping to bring his eyes to the level of the flashing blue ones before him. “I wrote each month for a year and without a word in return! Has my worthy brother converted you to his political creed? Dost love king so much that you have none for his enemy? I thought so, I swear, until you placed yourself in my hands an hour ago, and left the room.”

“Ar’t not ashamed, sir!” she cried. “What cared I for colonies or king when my heart was breaking? Two years ago I gave you my promise. You went away on your mission, and from then until today I knew no more than that you were alive. Have I suffered nothing? and must I, on the instant, humble myself and submit to you because, forsooth, *you* so desire? You speak of rights; have *I* none?”

“And who told you I was alive?” asked the man, in a low voice.

“My god-father, with whom you probably corresponded without a message to me; that is, for aught I know.”

“Good God! What treason has been

played between us?" ejaculated Marcy fiercely, as he turned and strode across the floor, perplexity and anger taking the place of the passion that had flamed in his face a moment before. "You know that my priestly brother and I were never lovers,—and yet, and yet, he could *not* have done this thing. I wrote him but once, I swear. When did you leave Hartford?"

"Some eight months since."

"Only *that*?" he interrupted.

"But that was far later than intended," she continued. "Talbot, you have the brain of your calling. You are a diplomat and would twist facts and fancies until—"

"Hush, Hetty. I begin to see! From the Reverend Archibald I had an answer bidding me shelter myself from the rising wrath of Britain; telling me that my errand abroad would but damn myself and those about me; also informing me that you were again under his care. To this place, to Woodbury, I sent my letters to you; not to Hartford. Have they been lost or forgotten and are lying pigeon-holed in some musty corner awaiting your call? Who holds the mail in this village?"

"I know not!" she replied, drawing herself to her height and following his steps with her eye as he still paced the floor. "I know not! Oh, Talbot! If you be deceiving me—lifting me by a hope propped with a lie, in the name of God stop before you do so hideous a thing. If, indeed, to possess me would be happiness, look to yourself. I will not be played with—not even by you."

"Played with!" he vociferated, wheeling about. "Dost know my nature so little, then? And yet, were I lying you would be justified in this. I tell thee, Hetty, I would have thee only in the light

of truth; otherwise would you be but wife in name!"

She clasped her hands and looked at him, a glorious smile trembling on her lips, but ere she could speak Marcy continued, "And now where is my weak-spirited brother? Is it not high time for his return? This hiding without is but a matter of days; he will be finally caught. Yet I must see him at once for there is little time to spare before I go."

"Go! When do you go?" she gasped, the smile vanishing.

"What boots it when?" he replied, "so that—"

"Well?"

"So that you go with me!" He turned suddenly and caught her in his arms again, but not until he had seen her sweet face turn crimson, nor was her struggle for liberty so fierce as to command his respect.

"But the letters—the letters, Talbot! I may appear weak but I am—I am *very* firm!"

"Aye, thou art adamant, my sweet; but the letters—aye, the letters; but his lordship first, then Hetty, trust me, I will find those letters or raise the town. They cannot *all* be shipwrecked, nor is there an embargo on every port. Only if I prove the letters—" He hesitated.

"If you prove the letters! Well—"

"Then may I buy a pillion for my horse?"

She turned rosy again. "We will abide by god-dad for that," she answered quickly, crossing the room. "Poor god-dad! He is buried alive and I had about forgotten him!" She went to the closet and threw open the door. "Would you know the secret of the Glebe house, and will you swear never to reveal it?" she demanded archly.

"I will swear to anything your majesty

desires," he returned with a low bow of mock humility.

"Then unbend your dignity and pull down those logs."

He did so, leveling the pile she had hurriedly thrown up earlier in the day. "Now step to the window," she commanded, "and tell me if any people are about."

"Aye," he answered after an instant.

wall of the small compartment, repeating the blows slowly. In a few seconds a slight noise was heard—a creaking as though from a swollen door being forced and then, for two feet from the floor, the boards at the rear of the closet suddenly sprung upward and outward, showing a hole well nigh square and large enough to admit a good sized man.\* Hetty at once propped the open valve with a log, and the space was immediately filled by the



MARCY LOOKED ON IN AMAZEMENT AS THE SOILED AND COBWEBBED REFUGEE EMERGED INTO THE LIGHT, IN AN INSTANT IT WAS ALL CLEAR TO HIM.

"There be three men under the butter-nut across the road; hobbledehoy, doubtless, waiting for ploughing weather. They look harmless!"

"Watchers, perhaps—and more than perhaps. I fear them not. The hunt is cold for this day at least! Come—you wish to see god-dad! Look here!"

She picked a small fire stick from the floor and rapped three times on the rear

legs and body of the rector as he backed from his hiding place.

Marcy looked on in amazement as the soiled and cobwebbed covered refugee emerged into the light, but in an instant it was all clear to him. Then he advanced, and clapping the blinking man on the shoulder, exclaimed with a laugh: "I arrest ye, Archibald Challiss, for high treason to the colonies as well as for low-

\*The minister's hiding place still exists and is shown to visitors.

ering the standard of the cloth. Ha! ha! My faith! How like the coming in of Caliban!"

The minister scrambled to his feet with the utmost alacrity, and turned on the speaker only to meet the smiling face and outstretched hand of his half brother.

"Talbot! Is it Talbot? I—I thought you in England!" he faltered without the least cordiality as he took his brother's hand and gave it a perfunctory shake.

"And rightly enough up to eight weeks ago!"

"And—so you have arrived again in America?"

"Astounding penetration! Yes—I think I may say I have arrived!" rejoined Marcy, the good nature fading from his face as from head to foot he slowly contemplated the figure of his brother.

"And you are quite well, we trust!" said the rector, shifting uneasily.

"Are you using the 'we' plural or the 'we' ecclesiastical? If you are inquiring in behalf of Hetty, she already knows of my state. Yes—I am quite well. I have nothing to complain of—physically!"

"That is good; that is well!" replied the rector, on whom the sarcasm of his brother's words appeared to be lost. "Yes—yes, Talbot, we are glad to see you! Hetty, my dear, I cut but a poor figure and am quite famished! Talbot, if you care to go up with me while I make myself more presentable I will be glad to talk with you! Hetty, have they quite dispersed?"

"There is little to fear from the committee for the rest of this day!" broke in Marcy, "and I will await your return; that is, I am going for my horse and we will enjoy each other's society somewhat later. You doubtless guess at the nature of the business between us."

"You refer to my mother's will?" ventured the rector, interrogatively.

"Our mother's will might be in better taste; yes, that—and matters in general!"

The rector bowed his head without further remark, and laying his hand on the latch of the hall floor, opened it and passed upstairs.

"Talbot," said Hetty reproachfully, as the minister's steps ceased to sound, "I am sorry you do not love your brother. It is very strange; he is, and has been, so good to me."

"By my faith! what think you of his greeting to me? Cordiality *in extremis*. I know I little deserve the wealth of affection he has poured on my worthless head by being good to you. I am an ingrate and—good God! what's that?"

The exclamation was drawn from the man by a loud cry from the floor above, followed by the crash of overturned furniture which shook the house like a small earthquake. One look at the girl's blanched face was enough for Marcy, and without a word he turned and bounded up the stairs. The noise of scuffling, together with muffled cries, directed him to the rector's room and he threw open the door to see his brother, coatless and unshod, struggling to hold down the lithe form of Cyrus Bent, who was twisting with an energy that made the task a difficult one even to his powerful adversary. On the floor lay the overturned center table, the contents of which were scattered widely about the room, its weight bearing witness to the violence that had caused its overthrow.

As Marcy entered the minister loosened his hold on the prostrate man and straightened himself, but on the instant his opponent leaped to his feet and seizing the rector by the collar, shouted as well as his panting would allow:

"I have him at last!" Then indicating Marcy with a look he continued: "If you be a friend of the colonies as you



stated but shortly ago, I call on you to assist me to arrest this man in the name of the committee!"

"Talbot, unfasten this madman?" cried the rector, as he vainly tried to tear away the hand that had gripped him." "He was hiding in my clothes press and attacked me as I opened it, driving me against the desk in his frenzy. He is the clerk at Beacon's store. How he came here and for what purpose I know not! I have done the lad no injury nor do I wish to do it now!"

"Nor have I done you one, if you will look at it in the right light!" gasped Bent. "I call on you to surrender, sir. Your case is hopeless until you are acquitted, and this man, your brother, avouches you will be! You see I am more a friend than aught else!"

"Hiding—ha! I fancy I catch the lay of the land!" exclaimed Marcy, as he stepped forward. "This gentleman and I are old acquaintances! He is a left-over from the worshipful committee and has the talent of blowing warm and cool at once. Drop your hand from that collar, sir, else I'll break your arm!"

"Instead of doing which—" replied Bent savagely, "I ask—I demand your assistance. If you deny me 'tis but to confess that you are a false man—a double-faced villain!"

With a sudden lowering of his brow Marcy exclaimed, "Thou sneak!" and raising his hand he struck the arm which held the rector a violent blow just above the elbow. The young man's grasp instantly relaxed, his arm dropping limply to his side. Seizing the benumbed limb, Marcy bent it backward, and catching his victim by the scruff of the neck marched the helpless clerk out of the room and down the stairs, his protests, now mingled with oaths, being no deterrent to his relentless captor.

Down past the parlor in the open door of which stood Hetty, her hands convulsively clasped, the struggling Bent was partly pushed and partly dragged to the front entrance. With a sudden movement the door was thrown open, and through a final impulse from behind the clerk was shot out before the astonished eyes of three men who were lounging under the butternut tree directly opposite.

*To be continued.*



# MISS RUTH THOMPSON SPERRY,

LOCAL HISTORIAN AND GENEALOGIST.

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BY MARY S. TUDOR.

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MISS Sperry in her valuable historical work has laid her townspeople and the people of the State under a lasting debt of gratitude, and it seems that some fitting expression of their sense of obligation is due from those who are so largely her beneficiaries.

Ruth Thompson Sperry was born at East Windsor Hill, in the town of South Windsor, July 4th, 1854, and died February 22nd, 1900.

She was the daughter of Daniel Gilbert and Harriet Frances (Pelton) Sperry. Her father was a native of Woodbridge, Conn. He died in 1885. Her mother was born in East Windsor and is still living at East Windsor Hill.

Miss Sperry was a lineal descendant of Richard Sperry, who came to New Haven in 1643, to whom was granted a large tract of land on the west side of West Rock. He was a friend and protector of the Regicides and supplied them with food while concealed in a cave in West Rock, a place still pointed out to visitors interested in colonial history.

Among her paternal ancestors in the New Haven colony are found the names of Gilbert, Todd, Cooper, Heaton (or Eaton), Wilmot and Carrington.

Her mother was descended from John Pelton, who came to Boston in 1634, and her ancestors among the early settlers of Windsor bear the familiar names of Grant,

Gaylord, Moore, Bissell, Drake, Clark and Prior.

Her brother, Gilbert Daniel, went west in 1860, and at the breaking out of the civil war enlisted in the 10th Illinois Cavalry Vols. He served his country faithfully till his death in a hospital in Forsythe Mission in 1862.

Her sister, Dr. Edla Sperry was educated at the Connecticut Literary Institute at Suffield, graduated from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, continued the study of medicine in Paris and pursued the practice of her profession at Pittsburg, Pa. She died in 1880.

Her only living brother is ex-congressman Lewis Sperry, a practicing lawyer of Hartford, who represented the first district of Connecticut in the 52nd and 53rd congresses.

Miss Sperry graduated from Mount Holyoke College in the class of 1875, where she sustained the reputation she had previously borne of superior scholarship.

She had literary tastes and quite early they were directed into historical channels.

Her work in assisting Dr. Stiles to prepare his History of Ancient Windsor brought her name into prominence.

Dr. Stiles says of her in the preface to his first volume,—“ Providence has supplied me with a most efficient helper in Miss Ruth T. Sperry, of East Windsor

Hill, to whose unwearied enthusiasm and tact in the collection of material, both historic and genealogical, the good people of East and South Windsor will owe far more than they can ever repay."

This State can furnish none who excel her in her special line of research, and probably no one who equals her.

his or her family genealogy to her untiring research and study.

Scarcely an old attic in her native town but was to her a familiar hunting ground, and a clue once found was followed to its remotest results,—to this end she went from place to place, spending days and weeks conning the yellow



MISS SPERRY.

It would be interesting to follow her methods in bringing to light obscure points in local history and genealogy and her persistence in pursuing them.

If "genius is a capacity for infinite painstaking," she certainly had genius.

Many a descendant of Ancient Windsor—and here are included numbers of illustrious names—owes the preservation of

pages of town records or among the stones of deserted graveyards, often driving long distances to remote places far from railroads and off the line of travel.

One can hardly exaggerate the enthusiasm and perseverance which she threw into her work of investigation. To her it was truly a labor of love, none the less it was labor of an exhausting and wearing

nature, and those who knew her best feel that her vital energies were overdrawn and her life shortened by the unstinted devotion she gave to her chosen profession.

After she became an authority in the genealogies of the Windsors, great demands were made on her by descendants remote and near,—in fact more than she should or could respond to.

The towns of East and South Windsor are indebted to her for a most carefully prepared and — so far as existing records allow — complete history of these towns in the Revolutionary War. She has preserved and put into available form a mass of historic matter, which, but for her important work, would have been lost to future generations.

This work covers nearly a hundred pages in Stiles History of Ancient Windsor, and passes on to posterity a story of which East Windsor's descendants may well be proud.

Even the dates of Miss Sperry's birth and death seem to link her to Revolutionary History, they being July 4th, 1854 (Independence Day), and February 22nd, 1900 (Washington's Birthday).

She was an enthusiastic lover of old manuscripts and books, and had in her possession a valuable collection of original papers, letters, books, manuscripts and maps, — some of great interest.

She was petite and sprightly in person, and an entertaining and original conversationalist. She was a member of the First Congregational Church of South

Windsor and will long be pleasantly and lovingly remembered by her townspeople for her personal virtues and graces, with a grateful appreciation of the debt they owe to her historical work.

*She rests from her labors and her works do follow her.*

RESOLUTIONS PASSED ON THE DEATH OF  
MISS SPERRY.

The Martha Pitkin Wolcott Chapter of The Daughters of the American Revolution, of East Hartford and South Windsor, at a meeting held on February the 22nd, 1900, appointed a committee to draft suitable resolutions on the death of Miss Ruth T. Sperry, who submit the following report :

RESOLVED, That this Chapter place upon formal record its grateful appreciation of the valuable services rendered by Miss Sperry to Revolutionary History and especially to East Windsor and South Windsor and their descendants in the pains-taking and exhaustive historical work she has done for her native town, through which much has been preserved, that, except for her labor of love, would have been lost to posterity.

RESOLVED, also, That the assurance of the deep sympathy of the Chapter be conveyed to her bereaved family, and that the action of the meeting be published in the CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE.

True copy.

[Signed]

DR. MARY S. TUDOR,  
MISS HARRIET T. KILBOURNE,  
Committee.



## BERLIN : A SKETCH.

REV. MAGEE PRATT.

TO those who are fond of country life there are not many places in the State that have more attractions than Berlin street. Some villages that I have seen look as though the ebbing tides of life had cast up the wreckage of human kind and the hovels in which they pass their days and had left them stranded, in hopeless desolation, to wait for utter

horizon frame them in as a picture of transcendent glory. Such an one is Berlin street. Built on a ridge that rises from level plain and undulating valley, it draws to a focus in itself the attractions of all its surroundings; and when the great elms don their dress in spring, and the lawns are fresh and bright, and the flowers shine in azure and in gold, it is



BERLIN STREET.

decay in dreary isolation from all good things. There are villages that are beautiful with a beauty that no city can rival. From the center of life and activity that gathers round the house of God, the fields and streams, the hills and woods stretch away in hues of mottled green and sheen of purple mass to where, all round, the blues and grays of the far

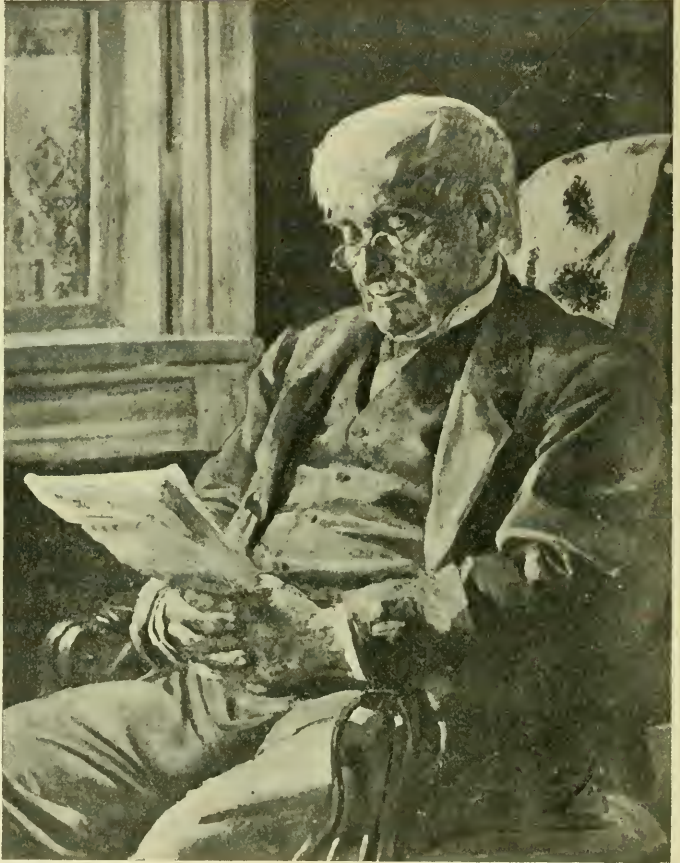
a vision worth going many a mile to see.

I think it safe to assert of all the places I know, that the outward and visible is always the concrete embodiment of the inward and spiritual. Habits of thought and feeling, qualities of emotion and desire, seek expression. A beautiful home is the photograph of a beautiful soul; a fair village, of cultured inhabit-

ants; and of Berlin street this is surely so. Of the arts that make life worthy, of the occupations that enrich the country, it has disciples; the music, poetry, painting and literature of the State are the better for the labor of its people, the world's store of knowledge has been added to by its sons and daughters. It is not a large place, but large forces have gone from it and changed the life of men; religion and philanthropy have been and are the motive forces that sway the doings of many of its denizens; and, better than all, it is not—like some men and some inhabitants—content to merely live on the prestige of a good history: it is still inspired with a strong life impulse that keeps it strong and healthy and active.

There are many advantages in city life; one is, that the people who are intellectually lazy can have good preachers and good lecturers who will do their thinking for them, and they can be really well informed by diligently fulfilling the function of an echo to the words of the great souls who think for both themselves and others. In a village this grand opportunity is lost, and those who desire to know something about the vast problems of life and society are compelled to

think them out for themselves. In some villages this desire seeks aid through the literary societies that are so numerous. If the desire for knowledge is weak and shallow, the meeting of the society consists mainly of a magazine article, strong coffee, sweet cake and small talk—fare



DR. E. BRANDEGEE.

that suits a weak mind, but which a strong one cannot digest. The society in Berlin is of a different sort. The papers are original and mean something, an earnest attempt to let light into the mysteries of life, a real desire to lead people on in the difficult road to wisdom, a close application to the facts of the



DEACON ALFRED NORTH.

the village and hills and valleys covered with forests everywhere else. Difficulty is despair and death to the weak heart, but a stimulus to the strong man who has faith both in God and in himself. The people who came to Berlin first must have been of the best that is possible. We know this both from what they did and from the sons and daughters that were born of them. Piety, perseverance and courage are good equipment for the struggle with adverse circumstances, and heroic qualities spring to life in the battle. The early Berliners believed in the Bible, and set themselves to have dominion over the soil, and the peach and apple bloom that gladdens the eyes to-day make their wreath of victory. The story of the fight is a strange one, and very attractive. They used all the arts of war to win their purpose; they entered into the realm of mechanics, of education, of religion and

past to learn their meaning,—as all good societies of the sort try to do. They endeavor to make the matters they study reflect the many-sided questions of life, and their studies are truly educational and serve a better purpose than to while away a winter night. They stretch the powers of vision of the soul, and make the opaque curtain that hides the real meaning of things away from us a little thinner, so that the truth that is so luminous in itself may shine more clearly through.

It is very interesting to the true hunter for the causes of things to hark back from present knowledge and possession to the remote causes that gave them being. And the advantage of this pursuit in America is that the whole process is focussed within the limits of our vision.

The land around Berlin must have been very dreary two hundred and fifty years ago—a great swamp on one side of



EMMA HART WILLARD.

of art to conquer, and won all along the line. See what the advance guard did in the fields of trade and commerce, and you have the ingenious, persistent, enterprising Yankee spirit at its best.

W. Patterson came from Ireland, I believe; but it does not matter from whence he came. A man

of the right sort can be born anywhere, and if he breathes Yankee air he inhales the Yankee soul. And he set to work to make the first tin ware that was ever made in the United States. Bless *him*, and turn *me* loose in a dairy where on a shelf of white scrubbed wood the rows of shining tins are filled with the yellow essence of the buttercup and the condensed sunshine in the garnered grass, and you may hide your patent creamers anywhere while I drink to the memory of W. Patterson. But he and his could make more tinware than housewives of Berlin could use, and so other of the Berlin geniuses went to work and evolved that conveyance of triumphant commerce, the peddlers wagon, sign manual of the trader's soul and pioneer of business everywhere. And the wagon

went, and the tinware too, down South to be gems in the eyes of the negroes; or nearer, to help Dutch housewives dream of the Zuyder Zee, and the cows of the homeland. And it did more than this. It took the threads of mutual dependence, thin then as a spider's web, and linked state to state, and so helped bind the whole land together,

as it is bound to-day by bonds of commerce that are strong as chains of adamant.

The comb is a mile-stone on the road of progress. When the first savage woman took the tooth of an elephant and set to work to take the tangle out of her hair,



ABIGAIL PATTERSON.

she moved on to better things. It was a step in the evolution of the race, and that tool of the civilizing spirit was made in Berlin in early days, made of horn or turtle shell. There were giants in those days, and they lived in the great swamp, and their shells made good combs. Who made them I do not know, but he must have been a knightly soul, and his chiv-



ally spent itself in the service of beauty, —and he did well. But a better service than his was that of the elder Elisha Brandegee. The first cotton thread made in America came from his factory in Berlin, and knowing something of the family, good, honest thread it must have been, I dare affirm; and the spirits of Peace and Order were his handmaidens. The emblem of disorder and difficulty is a tangled skein, and all thread was in skeins before his day. Think of the misery that meant; of impatient men and hectored women; of knots and snarls that could not be loosed; of the knife and the growl and the waste. Then thank the man who made the spool, and wound the thread about it before he sent it forth to prevent anger and waste, and to stay the tears of boys and girls who, longing for romp and game, were made to kneel at their mother's feet with hands outstretched, not only in unuttered supplication for liberty, but visibly to hold



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

the skein of thread while the tired woman wound it in a ball.

The father had benevolence directed by ingenuity; his son, Dr. E. Brandegee, had love governed by skill of a higher sort, and he served all Berlin town for forty-seven years, not only as physician, but as friend and father. In all weathers and at all hours he was ready to minister to the troubled in body or in mind. And you may go even now, long after his death, to every part of the scattered town and listen to the tales of his devotion and skill, of his care for all who trusted him with life and health. And, as one said to me, it was no use for another doctor to start in Berlin while Dr. Brandegee was alive, the folks would have no one but him. He was twin brother in soul to that other doctor that all Drumtochty loved across the sea.



THE LIBRARY.



RESIDENCE OF FRANK LANGDON WILCOX.

And they made cloaks and fur caps, and corrugated iron shingles, and leather, and hats, and pumps, and guns, and bayonets, and something else which they made I must not forget. If you have the history of the Bulkeley family you have the panorama of Berlin life from the time the first white man walked there. The family reflects the progress of the town, and in one of its latest members gathers it up in itself, for one honored Bulkeley has been town clerk for years, and knows more of it than any other man, I think. But two of his ancestors, J. and W. Bulkeley, believed that Berlin had passed the tin age, and they symbolized its growth by making German silver spoons. And those spoons meant much beside. The doom of the log house and its one long room with bed at one end and table at the other. It meant a best parlor and pictures on the walls, and it opened a vista where the goal at the end was lots of stock in the Bridge Company, and a surplus at the bank.

Here in New England we sit in our churches on Sunday and listen to singing and music so transporting that sometimes, when it stops, we have to shake ourselves and look at our friends in the next pews to make quite sure that we are not in heaven. And dear old Jedidiah Norton was at the beginning of it. He gave the first organ that was ever

played in a Congregational meeting on this side of the Atlantic to the Berlin church, and it was used for many a year, though, alas! it was destroyed by incendiary fire at last.

Berlin has done much for education. The North family, especially two brothers, were prominent for years at Hamilton, and Deacon Alfred North served for years at home in furthering and fostering the cause. It is hard to do justice to the man. The records read that he was treasurer of the church, superintendent of the Sunday school and town clerk for more than forty years. But records are wooden things at the best. He was a noble spirited public man, not a machine politician full of self-seeking. He had a mighty intellect, too great to do a selfish or a mean thing, always desiring other people to have the best of everything, and living to put it in their reach; the mind of a judge, the heart of a philanthropist, the life of a saint.



FRANK LANGDON WILCOX.

And Berlin had noble women not a few, and has some yet. Of those that are gone, perhaps Emma Hart Williard was the chief. If the village had given no other woman to the state it should be thanked heartily for her. She taught in the academy at home for years, and then went to Troy, N. Y., where she married, and founded the seminary for women there, giving education of the best to be had in the land. Four hundred pupils at a time were under her care. She enriched the literature of the country with several

flies. Miss Abigail Patterson was the quintessence of that variety of woman, and she just lived caring for others. She belonged to everybody that had anything the matter with them, and never disputed the ownership. And so many are the troubles of life that she was never free. She was not a rich woman. She lived in a tumbledown old house and lived long and well, till a year or two ago she was sent for to go to a world where gold is not the currency and rank is not the social dividing line. And if what I think is



WORKS OF THE BERLIN IRON BRIDGE COMPANY, 1878.

works, and thousands of women who were intellectually born through her ministry rise up and call her blessed.

There are some women who never belong to themselves. They live, in the service of piety, to the needs and woes of others every hour of life; they are made that way. They come into the room where you are sick and it grows brighter; they just lay their hands on the crumpled sheet and the bed is made soft and cool; they stroke your hair and headaches are forgotten; they speak and the heartache

true she is a member of the best aristocracy now and very much surprised at the honors heaped upon her.

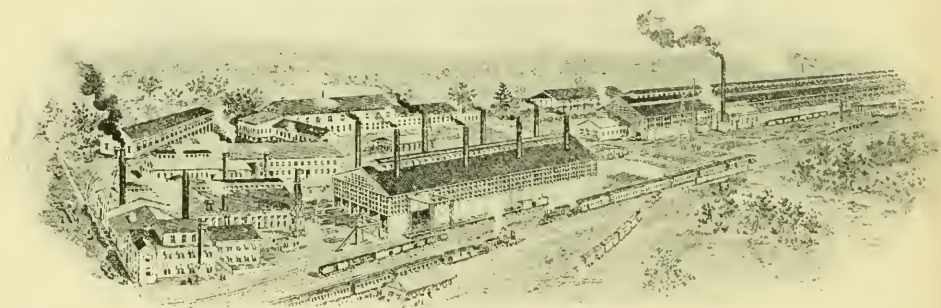
And the women that are left are doing well. They have started and carried on for three years a splendid school for girls, securing the services of Miss Parks, a graduate of Mount Holyoke Seminary, as principal. Their curriculum is complete. They prepare girls for college and try to fit them as well for a useful life. They call it after the old village name, the Worthington School. And then the

women carry on a good public library,— good in the sense that the books are good. It is not a very large one; why should it be? It will hold all the really good literature fit for the service of the ordinary reader that is printed in the English language, and then leave room for all the best that will be issued for years to come. And the Berlin people want the best of everything, and generally, I think, find the way to get it.

Berlin possesses a handsome Congregational church with a preacher to match. I am told that the church spire and vane is so high that they have never yet been able to get the whole of it in one picture.

tions, and the present Frank Wilcox well remembers the traditions of the name. He was clerk of the judiciary commission in 1893, did good work as the town representative in the House, and lives for the good of the town. He has worked in the development of the Iron Bridge Company and helped in its success.

The company began to make bridges in 1870 and employed about twenty men. Now there are over five hundred at work, and the product goes not only all over America but to foreign countries as well. Over two millions of dollars worth of business is done in one year. I cannot find room for details. Many have worked



WORKS OF THE BERLIN IRON BRIDGE COMPANY, 1900.

But the story of the church is too long and too good a story to be spoiled in one or two short paragraphs.

I wish I had more room to tell of other worthy people in Berlin, but one thing claims the rest of my space. It is the culmination of Berlin enterprise, the epitome of its intelligence and energy. An old German professor used to say to me, "Civilization is roads," and good roads are dependent upon good bridges, and the best of all good bridges are made in East Berlin.

The Wilcox family has been one of the leading families in the town for genera-

tion in the enterprise who deserve mention, but one man must not be left out of the story, the Hamlet in the drama of its history, Charles M. Jarvis. He is the president of the company and the hero of its struggles for place and power. And if work is better than idleness, and the genius of construction mightier than natural obstacles, then he is worthy of all renown as a man strong in the arts of peace. And ere I lay down my pen I must say one word for a friend I loved and who lived and died well. Burr K. Field was true and wise and kind, a servant of God and man, able in business, royal in friendship,

self-sacrificing in public service, a pattern  
 husband, a loving father, and, of all the  
 men who have lived in the village of Ber-  
 lin none endeavored to do it better ser-  
 vice than he.

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 BECAUSE OF YOU.
 

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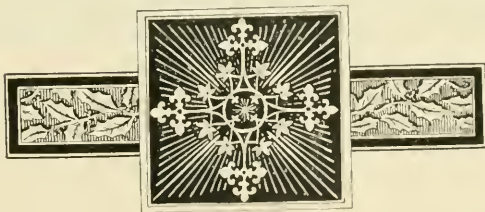
What have you done for me, dear one,  
 With your eyes so true?  
 This grim old world looks golden-bright—  
 Because of you.

What have you done for me, dear heart,  
 With your lips so true?  
 The words of others kindly seem—  
 Because of you.

What have you done for me, my own,  
 With your hand so true?  
 The clasp of others heartfelt feels—  
 Because of you.

Queen of my heart and queen of queens,  
 With your love so true—  
 The years would drag with leaden feet,  
 Wer't not for you!

CLARIBEL EGBERT.





HON. HENRY C. ROBINSON.

## THE HON. HENRY C. ROBINSON.

BY W. H. C. PYNCHON.

THE death of Hon. Henry C. Robinson, which took place on February 14th, deprived the state of one of its most honored and best beloved citizens. Mr. Robinson was born in Hartford on August 28th, 1832, and his career has always been identified with the city. He was a graduate of the Hartford High School, and from that institution entered Yale College in the class of '53 at the same time with many men who have since achieved prominence, among them Hon. Andrew D. White, ex-president of Cornell University and ambassador to Germany; Bishop Davies of Michigan; Dr. Charlton T. Lewis and Dr. James M. Whiton of New York; the late Isaac H. Bromley; George W. Smalley, Washington correspondent of the London Times, and for many years the London correspondent of the New York Tribune; United States Senator R. L. Gibson; the Hon. B. K. Phelps; E. C. Steadman of New York, the poet; the late S. M. Capron; Julius Catlin; General Edward Harland of Norwich; Dr. William M. Hudson; Hon. Wayne MacVeagh; the late Judge Edward W. Seymour of the Supreme Court; Judge Shiras of the United States Supreme Court; Dr. Henry P. Stearns and the late George H. Watrous, formerly president of the Consolidated road.

After taking his degree he entered the law office of his brother, Lucius F. Robinson, and later became his partner. After the death of his brother he continued the business alone, but later, at two different

times, took his two sons into partnership, the firm becoming known as Robinson & Robinson.

In 1872 he was elected mayor of Hartford and he then took prominent part in the proceedings which caused Hartford to become the sole capital of the state. His whole administration was marked by exceptional ability and thoroughness. In 1879, in company with General Lucius A. Barbour, he was elected to the General Assembly and became chairman of the judiciary committee and leader of the House. Three times he was nominated for governor—by acclamation, and he was chosen a member of the national republican convention which nominated Garfield and Arthur, and he drafted a large portion of the platform which was finally adopted.

Mr. Robinson was as well known in business as he was in politics. He was counsel for many leading corporations and was a director of many others. Among these may be named the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, the Connecticut Fire Insurance Company, the Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company and the Connecticut Trust and Safe Deposit Company. He was also a member of the Hartford Board of Trade, and was for several years president of the Republican Club of Hartford. But it is impossible to review all his public services; it is needless to say that in his

death city and state suffer a loss the measure of which can hardly be estimated.

But though Mr. Robinson will long be remembered for his public services, it is the memory of his character and personality that will live the longest. For integrity in business, for honor in politics, for wisdom and ability in all his public life, he is admired and esteemed, but it

is for his cheerfulness, his geniality, his sympathy in the joys and sorrows of his fellow-men that he will always be held in loving remembrance by all who knew him. He has done all things well; and by precept and example, by his public and private life, has shown himself to be that which all honest men yearn to be—a Man.

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## HON. JAMES PHELPS.

BY THOMAS D. COULTER.

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Hon. James Phelps was born in Colebrook, Litchfield County, Conn., January 12, 1822; received his early education in the common schools of his native town, in Winsted Academy, and the Episcopal Academy at Cheshire. He entered Washington (now Trinity) College, but owing to a very severe illness in the first year of his course was obliged to discontinue his studies for a considerable period. When he was able to resume them he was entered as a law student in the office of Hon. Isaac Toucey of Hartford, and subsequently in the office of Hon. Samuel Ingham of Essex, and was also for a time a student in the Law Department of Yale College; was admitted to the bar in Middlesex County, October, 1845, and has since resided in Essex in that county.

Besides holding the office of judge of probate and other local positions he was a member of the House of Representatives in the State Legislatures in 1853, 1854 and 1856, and the State Senate in

1858 and 1859. In 1863 he was elected by the General Assembly a Judge of the Superior Court for the regular term of eight years. He was re-elected in 1871, and in 1873 he was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court of Errors. He resigned in 1875 on his election to the Forty-fourth Congress from the Second Congressional district, composed of the counties of New Haven and Middlesex. He was re-elected to the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Congresses, and declined further Congressional service. He was again elected a Judge of the Supreme Court in January, 1885, which position he held until disqualified by age in 1892.

While in Congress he was placed on the committees of ways and means, foreign affairs, reform in civil service, and other important standing committees, and on several special committees, among which was that to investigate alleged frauds in the State of Louisiana in the Presidential election of 1876. In the



contest in the special session of the Forty-sixth Congress, between the executive and legislative departments of the Government, with regard to the appointment and service of United States deputy marshals, and the employment of

cured the establishment of the break-water at the entrance of New Haven harbor, and the extensive permanent work for the improvement of the Connecticut River below Hartford and at its mouth, and secured liberal appropriations



HON. JAMES PHELPS.

United States soldiers at the polls where elections were being held, he was selected as one of the joint committee of Democratic Senators and Representatives to consider and recommend suitable legislation on that exciting subject. He pro-

for those and other needed improvements in this district.

He was a constant attendant of St. John's Episcopal Church, and was one of its chief supporters.

After leaving the bench on account of

being disqualified by age, in 1892, he continued his law practice until his death on January 15th, 1900.

Judge Phelps's wife was Miss Lydia A. Ingham, the daughter of Hon. Samuel Ingham, a lawyer of great prominence in the State, several times Speaker of the lower House of the General Assembly, a member of Congress with Isaac Toucey and Dr. Phelps, and United States Commissioner of Patents during President Buchanan's administration. They had two children: Samuel Ingham Phelps, who died in Chattanooga, Tenn., on Jan.

10, 1891, and James Lancelot Phelps, an Essex lawyer, who was judge of probate and held other local offices. He died last year.

Judge Phelps was president of the Saybrook Bank of Essex at the time of his death. Judge Phelps was a man of great personal magnetism, as is shown in the fact that party lines were not considered when he was nominated for important offices. His election to high positions has upon several occasions been unanimous.

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## CALLED BACK.

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For only a moment we met.  
 Here, in this new, strange place ;  
 Her name sounds strange to me, yet,  
 Something there is in her face.  
 Her eyes, and her gliding grace,  
 I remember, and still forget.

I know her not, but I know  
 That either in dreams long fled,  
 Or a life lived ages ago,  
 Or in the realms of the dead,  
 (Whether in heaven o'erhead,  
 On earth, or in hell below.)

I have seen her face with its rare  
 Soft midnight eyes, and the light  
 Of her shimmering crown of hair,  
 And her grace like a wild birds flight,  
 And the woman I met last night  
 I have known and loved—somewhere.

A. H. T. FISHER.

## OUR COLLEGES.

EDITED BY CRANSTON BRENTON.



VIEW FROM THE WESLEYAN GROUNDS.

### WESLEYAN.

WESLEYAN'S Annual Washington Birthday Banquet was attended by about 300 people—the faculty, alumni, undergraduates and visiting “sub-freshmen” being well represented. The presence of delegates from Amherst and Williams added greatly to the good fellowship and interest of the occasion, and made all appreciate the privilege and value of a league with two colleges whose spirit and traditions have so much in common with ours. The Glee Club sang some new Wesleyan songs, and impromptu calls for solos were responded to by Hartzell, '03; Montgomery, '02 and Burdick, '99. The toastmaster for the occasion was Dr. E. M. Mills, '72, and toasts were responded to by President B. P. Raymond; Rev. C. E. Davis, '76; Pastor of Tremont St. M. E. Church,

Boston; Prof. W. O. Atwater, '65; and many others.

The sixth Annual Gymnasium Exhibition given in Fayerweather Gymnasium on Thursday evening, March 29th, was a pronounced success. The class drills in competition for the Olin Prize Cup were the best ever seen and the competition for the Wallace Cup for best all round gymnast was hotly and closely contested. The judges of the exhibition were Paul C. Philips, M. D., Associate Professor of Hygiene and Physical Education, Amherst; George B. Velte, Gymnasium Director, Trinity; and Charles W. Maysers, Assistant Instructor, Yale Gymnasium. The Olin Prize Cup was awarded to the Senior Class, H. D. Byrnes, leader. This is the third time that the class of 1900 has won the cup. W. R. Terry, '01, won the Wallace Cup, and title of College Gymnast; and A. W. Davis, 1900, won

the finals in the fencing tournament, securing a fine pair of foils and title of champion fencer.

Dr. W. H. Evans, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, one of the representatives of the United States Government Exhibit at the coming Paris Exposition, visited the college about the middle of March to arrange for the shipment of models of the Atwater-Rosa respiration colorimeter and other apparatus used here, which are to be included in the government exhibit. The model of the colorimeter was made by Mr. O. S. Blakeslee, the college mechanic. Although of reduced size, it represents the different parts of the apparatus, including the respiration chamber, the Blakeslee meter pump, and other measuring devices. With the model of the respiration colorimeter will also be sent a Comb colorimeter as made by Mr. Blakeslee, under the direction of Prof. Atwater, and used in numerous laboratories for measuring the heats of combustion of chemical compounds, including various food materials.

The base ball and track teams have been in active practice in the cage and the gymnasium, and on the track and diamond whenever the weather would permit, since the last of February. Captain Anderson intends to make a heavier hitting and faster base running team than last year, and for this purpose a second team will be kept up all through the season for the purpose of playing practice games with the "varsity" until the season is well under way. The personnel of the team is not yet settled. All the members of last year's team are practicing with the squad this year, with the exception of Townsend and Raymond, both of whom we lose by graduation. There is, however, some good material in the Freshman class, and a successful season is expected. The management

has arranged twenty-four games including among them Yale, Brown, Cornell, Dartmouth, Columbia, Holy Cross, U. V. M., Amherst, Williams and Syracuse. The work of the track team under Capt. Billington has been thus far mostly in the line of indoor work, and cross-country runs.

FRANK E. WING.

\* \* \*

VALE.

THAT the spirit of democracy which has always characterized Yale still exists has been made more than evident at New Haven during the past month by the magnitude and strength of the popular uprising of the undergraduates against the existence of the Sophomore societies. Of recent years these organizations have become so powerful at Yale that they have been able to control both the political and social sides of the Yale undergraduate life. As their membership is decidedly limited, embracing only one-seventh of the members in the average class, it was only natural that there should have been protests from the rest of the class.

Probably the three Sophomore societies have been blamed for many evils for which they were not responsible, as the feeling against them has become so strong of recent years. However, it is generally agreed that the fundamental defect in the present society system at Yale lies in the fact that fewer men are chosen for societies in Sophomore year than in Junior year. The inevitable tendency is for the few men in Sophomore societies to use the power which comes with organization to further their own advantage. Of course there have been times when this charge could not be made against the Sophomore societies, but the history of the past few years is sufficiently well

known to warrant the statement. It has also been pointed out that the fifty-one men selected for Sophomore societies are chosen too early in their college course, thus giving undue importance to "prep" school or family pull rather than to choose men for what they had done for Yale after a sufficient time had elapsed for their classmates to have passed judgment upon them. When these men are selected they are at once thrown in with upper classmen and a large handicap given them over the rest of the class. Membership in a Sophomore society practically assures one of an election to a Junior fraternity. The Sophomore society men are in the majority in the Junior fraternities, and they take advantage of this fact to run them for their own interest, thus causing a breach in the fraternities which is largely responsible for the weakened condition of the fraternities at Yale to-day. Of recent years the power of the Sophomore society has become so great that membership in one has been considered almost a primary essential to an election to a Senior society.

The fact that such a small number of men were chosen for the greatest social distinction so early in the course and the continued abuse of their power, led to the recent social upheaval at Yale. A petition calling for the abolition of the Sophomore societies was circulated among the members of the present Senior class and was signed by practically every non-Sophomore society man in the class. The petition was presented to the faculty. A committee was chosen by the Sophomore society men to confer with a committee chosen by the petitioners in regard to a reform in the system and the petition was temporarily withdrawn from the faculty, pending a decision by the committee. The committees have been holding regular conferences during the

past several weeks, and it is expected that some decided change will be made in the Yale social system. The "pyramid system" having the largest societies in Sophomore year and then by a process of elimination secure the best men for senior societies, is most popular among the undergraduate body.

The death of Professor E. J. Phelps occurred on March 11th, and caused universal regret among all Yale men. Professor Phelps was ex-ambassador to England, and was at the head of the department of constitutional law at Yale. He had been ill with pneumonia for several weeks, and it was thought that he was on the road to recovery when it was discovered that he had an abscess on one of his lungs. This resulted in his death. Professor Phelps was popular everywhere, and many expressions of sorrow over his loss were received from all parts of the world.

At the regular meeting of the corporation of the university held March 16th it was decided to call Prof. Chas. C. Torrey from Andover to accept the chair of Semitic languages. Henry S. Graves, '92, was made a professor in the new course in forestry which is being offered at Yale.

Much trouble has been experienced at Yale in securing adequate postal arrangements. The college, although situated in the center of the city, has only enjoyed two mail deliveries per day. Recently a committee of influential students went to Washington and saw the Postmaster-General in regard to the matter, and now it is definitely announced that Yale will have a post-office on the campus.

Religious activity at Yale has been greater this Spring than ever before in the history of the college. The membership in Dwight Hall, the Yale Young Men's Christian Association, has increased during the past year from 500 to 850.

This is the largest college religious organization in the world and Yale is justly proud of the fact, especially in view of recent unwarranted criticism of the undergraduate life at Yale. The popularity of religious work at Yale can be attributed primarily to the fact that no distinction is made among denominations. At the annual meeting of the active members of Dwight Hall, held March 26th, Paul D. Moody was elected president for the ensuing year, John F. Ferry and Edwin Allen Stebbins were chosen vice-presidents, and Henry B. Wright was re-elected to the office of graduate secretary. Mr. Moody, the new president, is the son of the late Dwight L. Moody.

The annual Yale-Harvard debate was held at New Haven on March 30th. The question for debate was, "Resolved, That Porto Rico be included within the customs boundary of the United States." Yale supported the negative side. After a half hour's deliberation the judges announced that they had decided in favor of Harvard. The decision was not unanimous, and all agreed that the debate had been exceedingly close. It was generally acknowledged that the Harvard men excelled the Yale debaters in elegance of presentation of argument.

The base ball season opened on March 31st at New Haven, with a game with the nine of the New York University. The game resulted in a victory for Yale by a score of 20 to 8. The game demonstrated that Yale has an exceedingly strong nine to represent her this year. The team will take a trip through the South during the Easter vacation.

EUGENE W. ONG.

\* \* \*

TRINITY.

TRINITY'S indoor athletic meet, held March 23, was well attended, and brought out some promising track and

field material. The McCrackan cup, awarded to the best all-round athlete, was won by Godfrey Brinley, 1901, of Newington Junction, Conn., captain of the track team. The class cup, which goes to the class securing the greatest number of points, was secured by 1901.

The Whitlock prize oratorical competition was held March 9. H. A. Hornor, 1900, of New Orleans, won the first prize of \$30, and H. D. Wilson, Jr., of New York City, the second prize of \$20. The five contestants were also awarded the Alumni English Prizes of \$10 each. Trinity offers annually \$2,320 in cash prizes, exclusive of scholarships.

The base ball and football schedules for the season of 1900 have been announced. Trinity will play base ball games at home with Yale Law School, Georgetown, New York University, Amherst Agricultural College and Fordham; and outside games with Holy Cross, Brown, New York University, Amherst, Columbia, West Point, Crescent A. C., Tufts, Rockville and Fordham. The football team will meet the Amherst Agricultural College, Wesleyan, New York University, Worcester Polytechnic Institute and Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Hartford and will play on the home grounds of Yale, Amherst, West Point and Hamilton.

Trinity will send a relay team to the intercollegiate games to be held under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, April 28, and will send the usual picked team to the New England intercollegiate meet at Worcester, in May. The track and base ball squads are working hard, and give every indication of making the season a success in both departments.

The Hartford High School has accepted Trinity's offer to form a triangular football league under the auspices of the college, and the constitution of the new

league has been drawn up. The names of the two other schools to be included in the league will be announced as soon as the negotiations now pending are concluded. The schools will compete for a trophy offered by Trinity, and the captain of the college football teams to be president of the league. Deciding games will be played on the Trinity grounds.

The old Tennis Association has been re-organized, and Trinity will enter the new inter-collegiate league now being formed. A decided increase in "college spirit" and all that pertains to the better-

ing of our Alma Mater's welfare seems to be the dominant influence in student affairs just now.

The 1901 annual, the Ivy, will be dedicated to the Rev. Dr. Samuel Hart, who was connected with the college for over thirty years, and is now vice-dean of the Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, Conn. This is the second Ivy which has borne Dr. Hart's name on the title-page, and such an honor shows the very high esteem in which he is held by his former students.

JAMES ALBERT WALES.

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## SONG OF ACTION.

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The dipping sun beams bright,  
 The prow drives deep and clean.  
 And the wave crests break by the rolling wake,  
 And jewel the changeful scene.

The birds swoop low in flight  
 O'er ribbons of wind-tossed foam,  
 As they swiftly fly from the farther sky  
 To the sandy steeps of home.

The harbor cliffs rear high,  
 Their white arms stretching wide  
 To claim from the seas my bark as it flees  
 At front of the rising tide.

My home's on the swerving strand,  
 A haven from Ocean's strife,  
 But hail to the sea where the world is free,  
 And hail to the seaman's life.

W. HARRY CLEMONS.

## HISTORICAL NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

BY W. H. C. PYNCHON.

WE are in receipt of an interesting letter from Rev. C. A. Wight, author of one of the sketches of James Gates Percival which appeared in our last number. This letter contains additional data concerning Hazel Green, Wis., and its mines, which are of very considerable interest. Letters of this nature are from time to time received, and the editor is sometimes considerably puzzled to decide to what portion of the magazine they properly belong. It is a pity that there are not more of these letters, for they frequently contain items of much general interest to the public and of very great special interest to the writer and the historian.

It frequently occurs that a person reading some article in *The Connecticut Magazine* finds that he possesses some additional item of interest on that subject—an item of which the writer of the article was ignorant. Such readers are hereby cordially invited to write to this department, that the information they possess may contribute to the common good. The letters should be addressed to the editor of the department and should be concise, for space is necessarily limited. The writer should give his full name and address, as the readers of such

articles frequently desire to enter upon further correspondence. It is hoped that this new feature will contribute much to the pleasure of those to whom *The Connecticut Magazine* comes.

\* \* \*

There has recently come to our attention a book plate which appears to be new to collectors of Connecticut ex-libris. It is that of Israel Butler, probably a resident of Middletown or vicinity. It is roughly engraved, and follows so closely the style of the Jacob Sargeant plate that there can be no question but that the two were engraved by the same person. Sargeant, who was a jeweler in Hartford in the latter years of the last century, is credited with being the engraver of his own plate. The Butler plate is about one-half the size of the Sargeant. It shows a lion rampant in an oval. The upper half of the oval is represented as ermine, the lower half as azure. The crest is a bird with wings extended, and the name appears on a ribbon below the whole. The mantling is unmistakably like that of the Sargeant plate.



OUR ANCESTORS.\*

One of the Poems read at the Bi-Centennial Celebration of Durham, Connecticut, July 4th and 5th, 1899.

BY CATHERINE W. FOWLER.

As in a vision, still we see upon the village green  
Our great-grand-fathers' meeting house, neath sunny skies serene ;  
Without, the birds are jubilant ; within, the light is dim ;  
We hear their fervent songs arise—an old familiar hymn—

The strains of Beulah, or of Ware, which oft we sing to-day,  
And from the summer world without, the scent of new-mown hay  
Is wafted through the open doors like incense's fragrant breath ;  
And Parson David Smith expounds salvation, sin and death.

The deacons and their goodly wives, in sober garb arrayed,  
And many a sturdy youth is there and many a winsome maid  
Whose face beneath her great calash is like a soft blush rose,  
The while the parson's deep discourse to final "ninthly" flows.

Each Sabbath found them in their place until their days were done,  
Their daily labors sanctified, their humble laurels won ;  
And then upon a hill that sloped toward the east and west,  
With winds to sing their requiem, they came at last to rest.

A solemn sweet significance these leaning headstones bear ;  
Unwritten tales of joy and woe, of ecstasy and prayer ;  
Memorials of faithful hearts now crumbled into dust,  
Their lives of hardship glorified by love and holy trust.

For they were men of rigid traits in iron mould confined ;  
They harbored long dogmatic view of narrow heart and mind ;  
They dared not pluck the flowers of life, nor kneel at Beauty's shrine ;  
But strove through theologic feuds to find the light divine.

Upon the letter of the law they laid the utmost stress,  
Mistaking oftentimes, for God, their own self-righteousness ;  
And yet how bright their virtues glow above the buried years  
To bid the sluggish soul arise and cast aside its fears.

Some drops of Puritanic blood persistently remain  
Constraining us to earnestness, and with a fine disdain  
For problematic subtleties of modern wrong and right,  
Traditions keep the impulse true, how'er confused the sight.

The hero from their fibre springs—the martyr and the saint ;  
Be ours their fiery scorn of lies, their conscience and restraint ;  
And their unswerving courage ours,—their dignity of mien ;  
And ours their reverential awe for mysteries unseen.

\*This poem should have appeared in the last issue in connection with the Bi-Centennial Ode by Wedworth Wadsworth, but was unavoidably crowded out.—EDITOR.

CONNECTICUT PEOPLE WHO INTEREST US.



ARTHUR T. HADLEY. PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.  
(From a photograph by Pach Bros., N. Y.)

PRESIDENT Arthur T. Hadley of Yale, and President George Williamson Smith of Trinity, two of our hardest working college presidents. Though so much appears in the daily papers about college presidents it is a question if the public fully realizes how wide is their sphere of usefulness. The

college president is not simply the executive head of the institution which he represents; he is more. It is through his energy that the institution keeps alive and

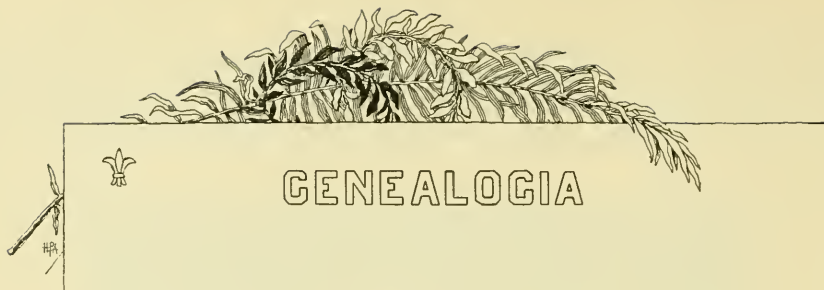
students are brought in, that bequests are made to the institution, and that money is raised for new buildings. Nor is his activity limited to the college alone. His



REV. GEORGE WILLIAMSON SMITH. PRESIDENT OF TRINITY COLLEGE.  
(From a photograph by Stuart, Hartford.)

abreast of the times. It is through his watchfulness that discipline and scholarship maintain their proper standard. It is through his individual efforts that

influence is felt through all the preparatory schools, and he shapes in no inconsiderable degree the education of the boys who will later become college students.



## GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Querists are requested to write all names of persons and places so that they cannot be misunderstood, to write on only one side of the paper, to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and ten cents in stamps for each query. Those who are subscribers will be given preference in the insertion of their queries and they will be inserted in the order in which they are received. All matters relating to this department must be sent to THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE, Hartford, marked Genealogical Department. Give full name and post office address.

It is optional with querist to have name and address or initials published.

### ANSWERS.

To No. 8, (a) Jan'y, 1900.—Deacon Eleazer<sup>3</sup> Cary, Windham, Conn., had a daughter Lydia who married David Ripley—probably born at Bristol. He was son of John<sup>2</sup> Cary of Bridgewater, Mass., and his wife Abigail Allen, dau. of Samuel —John,<sup>1</sup> father of John,<sup>2</sup> settled in Duxbury in 1637, aged 25. (Note from William L. Weaver's Papers.)

ELLEN D. LARNED,  
Thompson, Conn.

### QUERIES.

18. *Case--Montague* —Jacob Case m. Sally H. Montague, Jan. 1, 1806; resided in Cases' Farms, Conn., 1856. Children, Emeline; Sarah Ann, m. Dr. John C. Howe; Mary Ann, m. Whitney Wadsworth; Juliette E. m. Amos G. Tuttle; Susan M. m. James F. G. Andrews; Lucia D. m. Luke S. West; Jacob B. m. Julia Stannard; Theodore D. m. Elvira Whiting; Emily S. m. William Weeks. Would like to hear

from any descendants of the above.

C. V. CASE,  
Ashtabula, Ohio.

19. (a) *Kennedy*.—John Kennedy was born Feb. 1, 1767 at Voluntown, Conn. Who were his parents, brothers and sisters and dates of parents births and deaths. Was his father a Revolutionary soldier?

(b) *Barns*.—Anna Barns was born April 28, 1775 at Williamstown, Mass., and married above named John Kennedy. Want date of marriage and names and dates of her ancestors. Were any of them Revolutionary soldiers?

BURDETT HALL,  
Chittenango, N. Y.

20. *Dix*.—Wanted the ancestry of Deborah Dix and the full name of her husband. They lived in Hartford and had two sons there, John and William. John is said to have married Mary Birdwell. Another son Leonard, born

in 1645 and died Dec. 7, 1697, lived in Wethersfield. He married Sarah —, and had John, Samuel, Mercy, Hannah and Elizabeth. Deborah Dix also married Richard Barnes of Marlboro, Mass., Oct. 16, 1667, and died in Watertown, Mass. J. L. E. B. W.

21. *Averill—Stacy*—Abigail Averill born May 28, 1762, Westford, Conn.; married at Palmer, Mass., June 1, 1780, to Isaac Stacy of Sturbridge, Mass. Wanted the names of her parents and grandparents with dates of their births, marriages and deaths. Also names of her brothers and sisters. W. P. S.

22. (a) *Nichols*.—Gideon Nichols and his wife Abigail lived in Woodbury, and both died of New Milford fever in November, 1812. What were the names of Gideon's parents and Abigail's, and where did they live?

(b) *Camp*—Eleazer Camp born in Milford in 1697, died 1774, and interred at Durham. His wife Mary was interred at Durham, 1776. Who were her parents?

(c) *Griswold*—Mercy Griswold married Silas Crane in Durham, 1729. Her father's name was Samuel. Who was Samuel's father and who was Samuel's wife?

(d) *Perry*.—Elizabeth Perry married Daniel Hill in Woodbury in 1758. Her father and grandfather were both named Daniel. Who were the wives of these two Daniels?

(e) *Trowbridge*.—James Trowbridge of New Haven, 1664-1732, married Mary Belden, 1698. What were her parents' names? Their son, John Trowbridge, 1709-1777, married Mary Comstock. What were names of her parents?

(f) *Chapman*.—Martha Chapman, 1714-1780, married Samuel French of Derby in 1733. What were her parents' names? C. B. H.

23. *Brown*—Wanted, the names of ancestors and places of birth, life and death of Abraham Brown, and of Abigail, his wife, and date and place of their marriage, her maiden name, etc. They lived in Coventry, Windham County, Conn. Had sons born there: Benjamin, Sept. 16, 1740; James, April 25, 1743; Elisha, April 14, 1745; Stephen, March 9, 1749; and Edmund, date of birth unknown, who settled in Norfolk, Conn.; married Anna Burr, May 9, 1764; died 1809. Had no children. E. B.

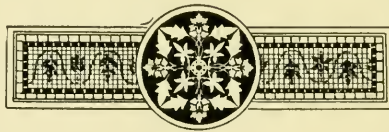
24. (a) *Smith*—Solomon Smith, doctor and deacon, died in Hartford, April 21, 1786, aged 52 years. His wife was Anna, daughter of Lieutenant John Talcott. In his youth he was apprenticed to Dr. Lothrop of Norwich. His ancestry is desired. Will give \$3 for the information?

(b) *Hale*.—Parentage and marriage of Elisha Hale (or Hall). He died in Farmington, New Cambridge parish, in 1770, leaving widow Sylvia and children Curtis and Samuel (of age); and Phebe, Eunice, Freelove and Elisha (minors).

KATHERINE A. PRICHARD,  
Waterbury, Conn.

25. *Edson*.—Timothy Edson, Sr., born at Bridgewater, Mass., 1689; married Feb. 10, 1719, Mary Alden, born at Bridgewater, Mass., April 10, 1699 (dau. of Deacon Joseph Alden and Hannah Dunham). Timothy Edson, Sr., and his wife settled at Stafford, Conn. He died there about 1769.

- When did she die? They had a son, Timothy Edson, Jr., born about 1722 at Stafford. Full dates of his birth, death, marriage and to whom, wanted. Were there children? Timothy Edson, 3rd, born at Stafford, 1754 (?). Full date wanted. He married Susanna Orcutt, born 1758 (?) (dau. of Solomon Orcutt and Mary Rockwell). Full dates wanted. One dollar will be paid for above information. W. T. D.
26. *Doolittle, Hills, Richardson* --Davis' history of Wallingford states on page 733 that Moses Doolittle married first Ruth Hills and second Lydia Richardson, March 23, 1720. On page 729, same book states that Moses Doolittle married Ruth Richardson. Can anyone tell which is correct? We find that a Ruth Hills married a Richardson and they had a Lydia. Could this be the Lydia who married Moses Doolittle?  
P. H. M.
27. *Clinton*. — Wanted, ancestry with dates of Shubael Clinton, Sr. He had six children (perhaps more), viz.: Elizabeth, Mercy, Mary, Shubael, Jr., Margaret and Henry. These were all baptized with their father, Shubael, Sr., in Episcopal church, West Haven, Conn., 1734. Elizabeth married Eliphalet Stevens, New Haven, 1737. Margaret married Joseph Stilson of Milford, Nov. 20, 1749. I would like the address of any of the descendants of above-named children of Shubael Clinton, Sr. O. P. CLINTON, Waukesha, Wis.
28. *Robinson — Francis*—Elias Robinson married Fanny Francis about 1806 or 1808. When were they married? They lived in Mansfield, Windham County, Conn. S. S. ROBINSON, Metamora, Ill.
29. *Cook*.—Want ancestry and birthplace of Hezekiah Cook, who died in New Marlboro, Mass., 1793, aged 64.  
L. A. C.





## EDITORIAL NOTES.

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**HON.**  
**HENRY C. ROBINSON.** LL. D., whose death took place in Hartford, his native city, on the 14th of February, held a most enviable place in the esteem, not only of his fellow-townsmen but of the people of the whole State. He was twice nominated for governor on the Republican ticket, and only failed of election in each instance by the narrowest margin. He was elected mayor of Hartford while that city was strongly democratic. He held many offices of importance and responsibility, was a thorough Christian, a great lawyer, and a broad-minded man in everything that ministered to the needs of an active and useful life. In all respects he was one of the most finished examples of a civic ideal that the State has produced.

There is something exceedingly satisfactory in contemplating the life and work of Henry C. Robinson. Viewed from the standpoint of non-personal feeling—the absence of intimate acquaintance and friendship—it is of all the more value to observe this estimate of Mr. Robinson's character. There is a completeness, a genuine manliness—the true ring that touches both stranger and

friend alike, that breathes in every act of Mr. Robinson's career, so that we who stand uncovered by his grave would fain dry our tears and cheer the soldier of civic life for the good that he has done and for the splendid example he has bequeathed us.

Mr. Robinson's long life has been through scenes of varied interest and of far-reaching influence. He was at once the stern man of affairs, the statesman, the lawyer, the civic governor and the director of great business interests; then the warm man of culture, the patron of the arts and sciences, the educator, the bookman and the lover of the fields and woods—a sunny, happy and well-rounded nature, commanding the admiration and respect of thousands of his fellow-citizens of all shades of opinion and of all circumstances in life. Mr. Robinson was a man of wide sympathies; and in loyalty to his city, his State and his country he stood second to none. He was an approachable man; ever ready to unbend and hold out the hand of affectionate regard to the young, he was to those who had the great good fortune to know him a second father, kind, solicitous and ever willing to aid with hand, heart and mind. He was indeed their ideal of what a man should be. Toward those of his own age,

his classmates of the High School and of Yale, his business associates and his friends, he was warm and almost youthful in the exuberance of his manifestations of friendship. It is the example of such lives as this that steadies the hearts of those who strive for high ideals.



It will be difficult  
MISS for the people of  
SARAH PORTER. Farmington to realize  
that Miss Sarah Porter,

their noted townswoman, has passed away. Her death took place on the 17th of February.

Miss Porter died in the completeness of a ripe old age, full of the honors of a long and useful career spent in beautiful and historic old Farmington, her native town. She died in the house in which she was born eighty-seven years ago.

One of the pleasantest features of Miss Porter's work was her adherence to old traditions in the education of young women, and the strenuous manner in which she opposed innovations, the "catching" devices that seem to be in vogue in the education of girls in many other institutions. Miss Porter might have enlarged her school and dubbed it a college, but she did not. It was simply "Miss Porter's School for Young Ladies," and, if we mistake not, it will be so known for many years to come. Miss Porter insisted upon gentle womanliness with high-bred and unconscious reserve as the prime feature of her school life. But let no one think for a moment that her pupils were delicate lilies and pale little violets ready to droop and faint at the slightest shock to their nerves. Any one who has ridden on the cars of the Suburban line between Hartford and Farmington when a bevy of Miss Porter's pupils was *en route* must have noticed

with unbounded admiration the magnificent array of budding womanhood which they presented. Rosy-cheeked, clear-eyed, alert, briaiful of the gayest of animal spirits, yet withal always holding themselves within the lines of ladylike reserve: such are the girls of Miss Porter's School.

Perhaps the very best evidence we have of the great value of Miss Porter's work as a teacher is the fact that many of her former pupils have sent their daughters to her to be educated.

Miss Porter exercised a very great influence in the community in which she lived, and her death will be keenly felt by all her fellow townsmen as a personal loss, while all over the country many homes will mourn sincerely and sadly the dear old teacher, to whose fine manners and gentleness they owe so much.



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For a year The Connecticut Magazine has  
A BI-MONTHLY been published as a  
MAGAZINE. monthly. The experi-

ment has shown us that, in an historical publication of just this kind, we cannot do so well by our subscribers by offering them a single number every month as by offering them a double number once in two months. In bi-monthly form we can furnish more accurate historical matter, a greater variety of papers, and better and fuller illustrations. We receive from many sources valuable articles that are too long for the space allowed in the usual size of a monthly, and most of these are of such a nature that they cannot advantageously be divided in order that they may appear in two successive issues.

The whole difficulty is obviated by printing a double number once in two months,—hence the bi-monthly is clearly



the form that best meets the needs of the situation. By this means we shall be enabled to produce, what we hope and propose to produce, a magazine which shall become a household word in the homes of Connecticut.

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AN APPEAL TO REASON. It is the rule of this office that no notice shall be taken of anonymous communications, but there are occasions when unusual conditions exist that make it necessary to abrogate this rule. Such a condition confronts us in the present instance.

Within a few days past the editor of this magazine has had addressed to him a package of printed pamphlets post-marked Rockville, Conn. Nothing was written to show who the sender was. One of these pamphlets bore the title, "An Appeal to Truth," being an adverse criticism of Prof. W. O. Atwater's contention that alcohol should be classed as a food, and not as a poison, as it is now designated in various educational text books.

The evident object in sending us these papers was to show the sender's objection to our editorial on the subject in our last issue. Now our unknown correspondent should not have feared to disclose his or her identity,—a wholly unnecessary fear, as we shall presently show.

The Connecticut Magazine registers here a condemnation as sweeping, it is hoped, as it is sincere against the use of alcohol as a beverage. We consider it a dangerous (we are not prepared to say poisonous) substance and should be taken, if at all, in medical doses and generally by the advice of a physician. We would abolish the saloon, but in the present state of society we will waste no energy in that direction. What we are ready to do,

and do with all the earnestness that is in our power, is to join hands with scientists and educators in spreading the theory and practice of ethical firmness, and appeal to reason rather than to sentiment, to virtue rather than to innocence, in dealing with the question of intoxication. We would go back to first causes, to the lack of moral stamina, and seek to remedy that condition by taking the bandage of ignorance from the eyes of the young and pliable, by pounding into every nook and cranny of their beings a full conception of the folly and hopelessness of the great evils that seek their ruin, and by teaching them how to avoid these evils. It may seem like presumption to suggest the dissolution of the present society of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and have its reorganization along new lines, endeavoring, as its main object, to look more thoroughly after the embryo candidates for the bar-room, and to seek a remedy swift and sure. But that is what we do suggest. No journal in the land is more alive than is the Connecticut Magazine to the horrors, the unspeakable degradation, the wallowing in the stench and nastiness of besotted beastliness, the inhumanity to self, the no less inhumanity to those we hold most dear—mother, father, wife, children,—that is embraced in that one word drunkenness. Bah! the mere thought of it occasions feelings of rage and disgust that such an anomalous condition should be, that the world of reason and logic should be so impotent to stem the plunge to so sorrowful an end. We know full well the startling record of the centuries of drunkenness with all its monstrous tribute to shame, its connection with all that is despicable and infamous, its spirit of meanness of every description,—whether it be in palace or in hovel, among the well-born or the grovelling non-descript of the slums,—an unctious democracy of weak-

ness, folly and brutality that surpasses belief.

How often in the stillness of the night, in cold, in darkness and in want, do we not hear that agonizing cry of despair of starved, broken-hearted mothers, wives and children, who supplicate with dying gasps, "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken us!"

The editor trusts that his unknown Rockville correspondent will take fresh heart and will acknowledge that because the Connecticut Magazine elects to appeal to reason in dealing with the question of the status of alcohol, it was a gratuitous proceeding to ask him to consider an "Appeal to Truth," and other sentimental campaign literature of total abstinence. For two thousand years, nay more, sentiment has waged a hopeless war against alcohol and failed to make more than a passing impression on each epoch. Now let reason and science deal with the matter.

As we took occasion to say in our last issue, it is to the cultivation on a more extensive scale of applied ethics and scientific common-sense, to a condition that considers and removes the causes that give us weak natures and that takes away the pitfalls of the wild recklessness of our social status of to-day; it is in scientific common sense, solid learning and rock-ribbed virtue, not in ignorant fears and tender innocence, that we must place our hope for the future of our kind.

\* \* \*

SCENIC HIGHWAY  
THROUGH  
NEW ENGLAND.

Professor John D.  
Quackenbos, profes-  
sor emeritus of rhe-  
toric in Columbia  
University, Colonel

John Hay, Secretary of State, and a number of New York capitalists have under consideration the plan of a great scenic

highway for automobiles through the most picturesque portions of the New England mountains. The names of those who are most directly interested are a guarantee that the proposed plan will be carried out to a successful issue. It is a magnificent conception in that it will afford to the rich and the poor alike the means of coming into closer touch with out-door life. The modest cyclist and the wealthy automobilist will find equal pleasure in the road and all will vie with each other in heaping encomiums upon the man who conceived the brilliant idea. Let the good work go on. When the route is chosen and a copy of the map is furnished us, as is promised, we will reproduce it in our first issue after its receipt and will follow that up with photographs showing points of interest through which the line passes in this state.

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WOMEN FOR  
DRUG CLERKS.

Women for druggists' assistants? And why not? From time to time we hear of young women who are proving to be capable drug clerks and the first thought that occurs to us is, why do not more women engage in the work? It would seem a measure of great stability to the retail drug trade if the custom of employing women were to obtain a wider observance. It has been one of the greatest drawbacks of the druggist's business that when he secures a bright and capable man to assist him, this man will eventually, in nine cases out of ten, go into business for himself and make the most of the information he has secured while an employee, to the detriment of his former employers' interest. Now, women are by nature less venturesome than men and, besides, their wants are more mod-

erate and they will be satisfied to remain at a smaller remuneration than is paid to men. Men marry, have families and require increasing salaries, which, if not granted, forces them to go into business on their own account, thus adding to an already large number of establishments, augmenting by just so much the competition in the trade and contributing to the poverty if not to the failure of many concerns. Should women clerks marry, their places can be filled easily enough from the vast army of bright college girls, now without adequate means of support that are commensurate to their energy and intelligence.

It would seem that the business of compounding prescriptions is one of the greatest dignity, for here life itself is at stake and quickness and efficiency are what is needed; and these qualities, it would appear, are pre-eminently a woman's. The one serious obstacle to women engaging in the drug business is that the hours of service are long and exacting, but this condition, we have no doubt, can be met in a manner satisfactory to the requirements of the business. If women drug clerks marry they will carry into their homes a knowledge of medicine that will prove of inestimable value in emergencies that are bound to occur in every family at one time or another. This makes it doubly advantageous to have women learn the business of a druggist. The same thing cannot be said of men. It is an even chance that they will be absent from home attending to their work at the time when their services will be most needed.

It would seem then that the interest of the drug trade would be best conserved by employing women in the prescription department—and in other departments for that matter,—and that the public interest, too, would be better taken care of, if women had this a field in which to work. The majority of the patrons of drug stores are women, we believe, and it seems to us that it would be graceful and appropriate to have women clerks at hand to receive their orders. We hear of many of our brightest and most enthusiastic young women electing to following the profession of a trained nurse, a work that is certainly more exacting and more nerve-racking than the work behind the drug counter. Protests from the host of worthy young men now in our different colleges of pharmacy are not in order and none will be forthcoming we venture to assert, for all recognize that our sisters must have the right of way in the effort for a living.

\* \* \*

Beginning with the present issue, The Connecticut Magazine introduces a department of Floriculture, to be edited by the Rev. Magee Pratt, who is qualified by practical experience to speak with force upon his subject. His happy manner of treating his theme must awaken the liveliest enthusiasm among all lovers of flowers and should do much to incite others to acknowledge the indispensable part these beautiful things in nature play in our lives, and to cultivate them accordingly.



## BOOK NOTES AND REVIEWS.

GOVERNOR WILLIAM BRADFORD AND HIS SON, MAJOR WILLIAM BRADFORD, by James Shepard, is the title of a book which has come to us too late, we regret to say, for thorough review.

This is an age of specialism and accuracy, and in his work Mr. Shepard has fully lived up to the requirements. He has held himself rigidly to the subject in hand and has cited his authorities in the most conscientious and thorough manner. The book shows a very large amount of the most careful research and cannot fail to be of the greatest value to all students of colonial history.

This book, which is printed by the Herald Press of New Britain, is attractively bound and well illustrated. The paper and type are excellent, and the accuracy of the paragraphing and the clearness of the marginal references deserve especial commendation. The price by mail, postpaid, is \$2.10.

\* \* \*

"OBSERVATIONS," by Radcliff Hicks, is the title of an exceedingly interesting book just issued by the Knickerbocker Press. As its title indicates it is a record of observations jotted down by a wide awake and observant traveler. A man who has crossed the ocean forty times, as Mr. Hicks has done, must have stored up a great fund of valuable information. This is evident in the work before us. Hardly a leaf is turned but we are treated to something new and interesting, and it is all told in the concise and agreeable manner of a series of letters. The printing, the quality of the paper and the binding are of the best, the title being stamped in gold; altogether a very attractive and readable book. Pp. 251; price,

.75. Belknap & Warfield, Hartford, Conn.

\* \* \*

The Brothers of the Book, of Gouverneur, N. Y., have issued in a rich and dainty form a volume of verse having the title "One Hundred Quatrains from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám," a rendering in English verse by Elizabeth Alden Curtis, with an introduction by Richard Burton.

Perhaps the greatest charm of this latest interpretation of Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyám is the exquisite touch of a woman's art that breathes in every line of this brilliant contribution to literature. Miss Curtis' words are words of feminine grace and innocent abandon, rather than of masculine ruggedness and daring. All lovers of naturalness will hope that she will continue to write as she has begun, and prove, as her great prototype, George Eliot, has done along different lines, that the dictum of sex is a fundamental quality in sustained psychological effort, and that the more intense the emotion expressed the greater is the deviation of sex in style; and in degree as this quality is acknowledged and adhered to, the more permanent is the character of the author's work. No woman has yet written like a man who has lived much beyond the limits of her own life; no man has attempted to trace the intricate windings of a woman's emotions, from the standpoint of a woman, but has failed signally of his object. Miss Curtis is yet hardly out of her teens, and has, therefore, before her a long and most promising career in the world of letters.

A limited number of copies of the work can be had of Mr. Lawrence C. Woodworth, Scrivener to the Brothers of the Book, Gouverneur, N. Y.; price \$1.

## FLORICULTURE.

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We'll make you as welcome as the flowers in May.

---

BY REV. MAGEE PRATT.

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OLD friends, old books and old flowers make a trinity that is unmatched in earthly combinations, and the degree in which they are appreciated is the measure of personal culture and development. A bad man may love them all, but the man that does love them is not all bad,—his affections are redeeming elements in his nature and each of them are strong moral agencies working towards the perfection of character and life.

I have been asked to write about flowers, and I have consented for this reason: I owe them a great debt. I am an indolent man who must always be doing something and I can do a great deal among the flowers and cheat myself with the idea that I am playing or resting all the while. I am fond of beautiful things, and as opals and diamonds and Turner landscapes are out of my reach I have gone to the flowers in my quest for beauty and among them found more of it than gems or painted landscapes ever knew. There I find a large measure of holiday to a small measure of toil, the right proportion to make a contented life. When I have a flower garden I am able to dilute my steady work with a daily vacation, and by the help the flowers give make every day a true holiday, or holy-day, as all rest days should be.

So if the readers of the magazine will bear with me I will talk to them once a month about their gardens. But I must mix up my advice with my meditations—give so much science and so much philosophy. I hate a garden with a fence, and straight walks and carpet bedding abominations. A bed of roses is not only sweet to look at, but a good place to dream by, and if I tell you how to grow the roses for your benefit you must let me slip in a dream now and then for my own. I should like you to make your gardens just as I make mine.

The nearest approach to perfection is the well-grown flower: given a rose in its splendor, or a lily in its purity, and the eyes gloat on it, and the heart rests on its glory with an emotion that is almost absolute content.

If you want a bed of roses this year and buy those that were taken from the ground last fall and are dormant now, as nearly all the Hybrid roses are, this is the best thing to do: make a fresh bed of new ground. A rose has too much dignity to grow properly in worn-out earth; it's an insult to the Queen of Flowers to put her there and she resents it by mildew and imperfect buds. Into your bed dig, and dig deep, some good fertilizer, barnyard is the best of all, then take your plants and trim them down in

the stems to two good eyes, leaving only about 6 inches for growth. Do not be afraid of cutting too short; the less stem, if it has an eye on it, the better the flowers. Plant them deep right up to the crown of the plant, then tramp them down firm and hard; make them solid in the ground and leave them alone. Don't water till they grow, or they may not, though they surely will, especially if you do this to them; when you bring them home, if they are dry and hard looking, dig a shallow trench about six inches deep in some sunny place and bury them altogether, root and branch, for about three days, and then plant them properly. That interment softens the cellular structure of the stem so that the sap can circulate and make it easy for them to start. Plant Gabrielle Luizet and Baroness Rothchild, Captain Hayward and Clio. You may have Jacqueminot if you like, but you should like Ulrich Bruner it's a perfect lady rose without a thorn, and, oh so sweet! And I like Magna Charter, and Mabel Morrison, but then, I like all of them. Whatever you do, get a Crimson Rambler, and treat well; give rich earth and deep, full sunshine and something to cling to and you will have in a year or two the finest floral sight to be seen in all the land.

The climber that should be in every garden for blossoms in the fall is the Japanese Clematis Paniculata. Plant in the spring, and with good treatment as to soil and position it will grow anywhere, even in a large flower pot. It will cover any old roof or shabby porch with a mantle of white, fleecy, downy loveliness that nothing can equal that I know of in all the world of flowers. The new Japanese Morning Glories ought to be more popular than they are. You can grow them from seed, but like corn and lima beans, they must be kept out of the earth until it is warm

hearted enough to treat them well. About the middle of May is early enough to sow, and then how they grow! and to those who have only seen the old Morning Glory, what revelations they make about the secrets of beauty that are hidden away in all the common flowers, just waiting until men are wise enough to treat them properly to do their best. The new are only the outgrowth of the old, but they have taught me many a lesson of patience when I have said of some old spoilt human things that they were so bad they were not worth working or caring for.

Remember that you cannot grow anything properly without labor. The first thing is to dig deep, as the flower sends its roots a long way down to find what it wants.

I like a lustrous, shining bed of flowers, and an old English weed makes about as gorgeous a sight as any I know. The Rev. Walter Shirley reformed the weed and took all the black blood out of it, and sent it out into the world a really respectable character. If you have a poor soil it will not prevent it doing its best. It is easy to grow. Rake the surface and scatter thinly the seed of the Shirley Poppy on it, and then all you have to do is to see that no weeds that are not reformed, smother the plants, and when they bloom and the sun shines on them you will have an exhibition of sparkling, flashing color that will make Tiffany's diamonds look like Brummagen jewels.

For tender delicate color, for general usefulness (either for personal adornment or house decoration) for subtle perfume, for ease of culture, for a combination of qualities that exist in few other flowers, choose the sweet pea. Give it new ground if you can. It is everybody's flower, and I only mention it to say one or two necessary things for the amateur. Get English-grown seed if you can. It has more

vitality. And never mind the catalogues ; buy only about twenty sorts if you have a large garden, and the best mixture if a small one. There are about one hundred and eighty varieties grown, but twenty-four will cover the whole field of color getting the best specimens of each, the improved varieties of Countess of Radnor, Salopian, Lovely, Sadie Burpee, Mrs. Chamberlin, Boratton, Countess of Powis and Queen Victoria are among the best, but all are good in my eyes.

The best council I can give about general principles for the garden is this : Select flowers that harmonize with the length and breadth of your ground. Cannas and hollyhocks and caladiums are out of place in a small plot. If you are limited in space select those plants that have real artistic qualities of foliage and flower and that will bear close inspection. If you have lots of room reproduce the most glowing showy flower effect I saw last year in a friend's garden in Wethersfield. A long row of perhaps 75 feet of Rudbeckia Laciniata, Golden Glow, formed the background. They need support, and two rows are best. They grow six feet high and in August and September were one high wave of brilliant gold, masses of incomparable wealth of flower. In front were planted Cannas and Caladium Esculentum ; the Cannas in mass and broken about every 12 feet by the Caladiums. For a large, massive, soul-filling satisfaction it was about the best I had in all the year.

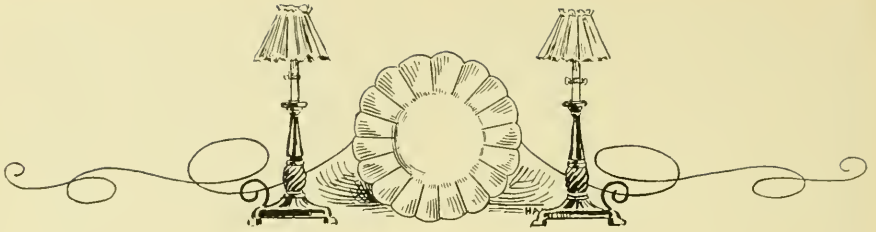
There is another flower that will excite surprise and admiration wherever grown,

and hardly anybody knows it either, but I found it quite easy of culture, and so will others if they go about it the right way. Dig a piece of light land and in early May sow three seeds 3 feet apart. If they grow well and good ; if they do not, plant three more two weeks later. The earth must be warm. The early planting is to gain time and is worth risking. Put the seed about one-fourth inch deep and cover at night with a glass or pan to prevent the cool night check. It grows about 4 feet high, and is very beautiful. The common name is the Glory Pea ; the botanical, *Clianthus Dampieri*, a native Australian flower. But those who grow it are sure of visitors when it blooms.

There is no piece of furniture designed for the use of flower lovers in parlor or conservatory that I have seen equal to the Queen Flower Stand. Being adjustable it is as good as three stands in one, and can be converted into a small table for cut flowers, while it is so decorative that the idea of its utility is lost in its beauty.

As I write the snow is yet on the ground, but the flowers are nearly ready for us. Old Mother Nature in her loom of earth, with warp of ice and woof of snow is weaving for the spring garments of green and gold and sapphire. Crocus and tulip, hyacinth and daffodil are only waiting the bidding of the sun and the welcome of the birds. And soon the earth will don its robes of verdant, jewelled life and call us all to worship in the new world wherein dwelleth beauty and righteousness.





## THE HOME.

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### THE CHARM OF HOSPITALITY.

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BY LOUISE W. BUNCE.

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Any inquiries regarding these subjects, or requests for receipts, addressed to The Connecticut Magazine, will gladly be answered through these columns.

IN this paper let us for a little while leave the kitchen for the parlor, to speak of the charm of hospitality.

The writer had the pleasure one summer of calling at a country house, with the most unusual and delightful experiences from first to last, and a rehearsal of them I hope may in some measure convey the charm of the situation as it was unfolded to her. Upon ringing the bell I had but a moment to wait before a neat white-capped maid threw the door wide open. This was an invitation in itself in great contrast to having the door opened a crack, as if to guard against intruders, by a woman who if she has the credit of being *neat* will almost always be holding the neck of her gown together in default of the missing hook.

I inquired if Mrs. W— was at home and the maid, taking my card and replying that she would see, conducted me to a perfectly kept parlor, asked me to

be seated, handed me a little brochure (it happened to be one of Elbert Hubbard's "Little Journeys") and noiselessly disappeared. This courtesy gave me such a feeling of hospitality and surrounded me instantly with such an air of refinement that I had hardly realized it and given a cursory glance at the pamphlet in my hand when the maid re-appeared to say that her mistress was at home and would join me in a moment.

Our conversation immediately following the entrance of my hostess turned upon literature, art, music and the news of the day; and the time sped most unconsciously. All too soon, and quite reluctantly I took my departure, said good afternoon at the reception room door and stepping toward the front door perceived the maid advancing down the hall to open it for me. As, upon my entrance, she again threw it wide open, and held it so till I had gone down the steps.



Finally on the pavement I drew a long sigh of satisfaction, exclaiming to myself, "How perfectly delicious!"

Shouldn't we women profit by this example, and even though we may not have a retinue of servants to carry out an elaborate attendance, cannot we at least show our friends the charm?

Mr. Gregory says charm may be explained negatively, it being easier to tell what it is not made of than what it is, and certainly we would not have charm obtrusive; but I am sure if we followed the example of my friend we should find little or no time for the discussion of clothes or servants—two topics of vital interest to women, of course, but better kept in the closet with the medicine chest than paraded in the reception room. The life of a housekeeper so naturally and easily falls into a rut that the discussions of home topics can bring little refreshment to the mind. When our affairs are arranged let us turn to outside matters.

What one of the gentlemen of our homes upon leaving his office in the afternoon and meeting with a friend opens a conversation anent the employees in his business or the dust on the office floor? Rather they talk of mutual outside interests and it is a pleasure for them to meet. Let us at least be as broad-minded as our men. Our task will not be a difficult one, for every woman living has a glow of the artistic in her which a little breeze will fan.

Then, of course, tact, for we are going a little far afield, plays an undisputed part in the charm of hospitality.

A woman calls upon another from either a sense of duty or because *she* has something to say; in the first instance the conversation will probably not go beyond the weather, but in the second place, dear hostess, show yourself a good listener and your visitor at departing will

involuntarily say, "What a charming woman." One of the happiest hostesses I ever knew had the faculty of apparently always listening, with a word now and then, until there came a pause in the conversation of her company when she seemed always to have something to say worth listening to. While she talked to you she gave you the impression that she had chosen to and that you were really the only person worth talking to in the whole world.

Carried beyond the point of discretion this might become empty flattery, but having tact as a basis it can be nothing but purest charm.

Mme. Recamier, acknowledged artist in this home attribute, when asked wherein lay the secret power of her attraction, replied: "When I see a friend approach I exclaim, 'En fin!'; and when I see my friend depart, 'Deja!'"

This leads me to say there should be no fluster about charm. What apologetic, self-accusing, self-excusing woman exerts charm? We feel when we go to her home that we have chosen an inopportune time and that, as for her, after we've gone she will say, "Well, did you ever?" If we are truly hospitable we will make the best of any situation in which we may find ourselves counting the pleasure of friendly intercourse as utterly discounting any negligences. We may wish it were different, but don't let us show it.

Before leaving this alluring and inexhaustible subject let us linger a moment over the sweet morsel of the hospitality of charms. I must again quote, this time Mrs. Kendal, who when asked for whom, in her opinion, woman dressed well and appeared brilliant, her friends or her husband, replied: "It depends altogether upon the woman."

So we may wear our manners as our clothes, entirely according to the woman.

Do we realize quite enough that our husbands come home to be diverted, not teased with petty home annoyances and that they would enhance our charm did we but direct our forces for their entertainment? Why say *au revoir* to charm at the sound of a latch key and the entrance of *the* home element? The atmosphere of the honeymoon is the only Home Rule for woman to adopt, and why should it not be a perpetual honeymoon? Then a man, his business done, his club forgotten, would go home for an hour's diversion before dinner with his wife, instead of saying to himself. "Oh! she doesn't want me now, and there'll be a lot of chattering, gossiping people at the house and I don't feel like talking to them." Understand, he must not go

home from a sense of duty, but pleasure and madame must be there to greet him. I would not say never go out without her, or him, for any two persons living together daily draw down the reservoir of attractiveness, and this may only be re-filled by individual contact with the outside world when the "superior ninteenths" is not about.

I may not touch upon the child element as an attraction of home, for space will not admit of the discussion of so intricate a topic, except to call attention to the influence of such a home upon the infantile mind, and the infinite harmony of such at-one-ness each with every other.

Let us fully exert both abroad and at home our hospitality and our charm.

*To be continued.*

ENTERTAINING.

MARKETING.

ECONOMY.



OUR markets contain at present a surfeit of eggs at a fractional price of that of the winter, thus placing a variety of delicious dishes within the reach of the moderate purse. I shall

therefore devote a portion of this paper to egg and fish cookery, quoting one or two authorities.

The fish list is still limited, salmon, trout and bass being the choice varieties, while mackerel, codfish, haddock, halibut, bluefish, etc., are more reasonable in price. Bluefish is the most difficult of all varieties to get in perfection and should never be served really away from the sound of the ocean wave.

A delicate luncheon dish is as follows: Cut slices of stale baker's bread an inch thick with a circular cooky-cutter; with a smaller cutter take out a half-inch in thickness from the center of each form,

leaving a shell like a paté case. Fry these to a light brown in butter, spread with hot tomato catsup and drop a poached egg into each cup-like hollow.

Still another is an omelette soufflee. Whip the whites of six eggs to a very stiff froth, with a pinch of salt added; beat to a cream the yolks of three eggs with three rounded tablespoonsful of sifted, powdered sugar. Add a table-spoonful of lemon juice, fold in the beaten whites lightly (do not stir) and turn the mixture into a buttered pudding dish. Sprinkle with sugar and bake in a very hot oven eight or ten minutes. Serve immediately and flavor with vanilla or orange, if preferred.

A third variety is called Eggs Benedict. Broil a thin slice of cold-boiled ham cut the size of a small baker's loaf; toast a slice of bread, butter it and moisten with a little water; lay the ham on it and on that a poached egg. Seive individually.

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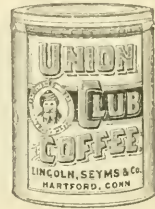
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A dessert in which eggs play a part is as follows: Prune Soufflée--Soak a half-pound of prunes in water till soft, drain, take out the stones and quarter them. Beat the yolks of four eggs with three tablespoons of powdered sugar; add the prunes; add a pinch of salt to the whites and beat them to a stiff froth; stir these into the mixture of yolks and prunes very lightly; turn into a buttered pudding dish, bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes and serve immediately.

French cooks pay more attention to the sauces with which they dress their dishes than we do, and in this respect they have the advantage. Some varieties of food depend mainly for their excellence and relish upon their appropriate sauces and the lack of them renders the dish a failure. Eggs may here again play an important part both cooked as a compound part of a mixture, hard boiled first and stirred into a sauce and grated or chopped to serve as a garnish. The base of all sauces, exclusive of sweet sauces, is butter, flour and stock or milk, and the varieties are obtained by an infusion of vegetable flavoring, meat extracts and sometimes wine. A Hollandaise Sauce is especially good with all boiled fish. Rub two tablespoons of butter to a cream and add the beaten yolks of four eggs and the juice of half a lemon. Add slowly a cupful of hot water, put the saucepan containing the mixture into a vessel containing boiling water, and stir the mixture constantly till it thickens but do not let it boil, lest it should curdle. It should be the consistency of rich cream.

This leads me to speak of some fish dishes which form so regular an item of diet during any season. An excellent and appetizing breakfast dish is prepared by broiling smoked salmon. If the salmon is very salt it will be necessary to soak it in cold water over night, if

not, this may be omitted. Put the fish in a saucepan of cold water and let it come to a boil slowly and boil five minutes, then drain and wipe it dry. Lay the fish on a broiler and toast it over a slow fire; dish and dress it with butter. An addition is a cream sauce poured over it, but this may or may not be used at discretion.

The southern shad are now in market, and of the roe a toothsome luncheon dish may be made. Parboil the roe and mince it, adding a little cream to hold it together. Season with pepper and salt, make into croquettes and brown in the oven. Serve with a very rich butter sauce made of blended flour and water, and plenty of butter. Should be as rich as mayonnaise.

As fish may serve the purpose of soup as well as piece de resistance I give a receipt for a very delicious lobster bisque good for any time of year.

Choose a lobster weighing two to two and a-half pounds. Remove the meat from the shell after boiling and cut it in small dice, grate the coral and add the last thing. For the body of the bisque take a quart of white stock—veal stock is the best—add a bay leaf, pieces of thyme, three stalks of parsley, two stalks of celery, two cloves and an onion; let these cook slowly three-quarters of an hour; season with salt and pepper, a tablespoon or butter, and thicken with two tablespoons of blended flour; strain and add a cup and a half of cream beaten to a froth and the lobster meat, and serve as soon as possible.

#### Dishes for Convalescents.

I turn now from the more solid food to some dishes for the convalescent, in answer to a request for some tasty dishes for sickly appetites. If these directions are faithfully followed I can answer for their being acceptable.

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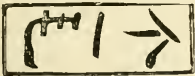
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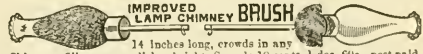
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**Mutton Broth:** Select the knuckle of a leg of mutton and a pound of lean meat. Have the bone cracked and the meat cut into dice; put these in a saucepan with a quart of cold water, and covering the saucepan closely boil slowly till the meat is in rags. Skin carefully after the first boiling. Remove the bone and tasteless pieces of meat, add a tablespoon of washed rice and boil till the rice is tender, season with salt, pepper and a little chopped parsley previously scalded by pouring hot water over it to remove the rank flavor. Serve with thin crackers toasted.

**Beef Tea:** Choose the "bottom round" of beef; have it cut in squares; for every pound of meat allow a half-pint of cold water; keep the saucepan on the back of the range, where the contents will keep hot but not boil, for two hours, till the meat has lost all its color. Skim out the meat then boil slowly ten min-

utes, season with salt and pepper, and serve very hot.

**Chicken Jelly:** Half a good-sized raw fowl bruised to crack the bones and break up the meat; cover with a quart of cold water and boil slowly till the meat is in shreds and the liquor reduced to about one-half. Strain through a coarse cloth, season with pepper and salt, and place on the ice to form into a jelly. When cold take off all the fat and serve cold or make into delicate sandwiches with thin slices of buttered bread.

**Wine Whey:** Scald one pint of new milk; while very hot pour in a generous glass of pale sherry wine, let all boil up once, remove from the fire and allow the curd to settle. Draw off the whey, sweeten to taste, add a trifle of grated nutmeg and serve cold.

A most delicate stomach is often able to retain this whey when nothing else will relish.

*Louise W. Bruce*







"THADDEUS, DO YOU REMEMBER THESE?"



# THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE.

VOL. 6.

MAY-JUNE, 1900.

NO. 4.



## STAMFORD — 1641-1900.

BY JULIE ADAMS POWELL.

THE early history of Stamford is closely associated with the history of the Congregational Church.

It was in 1641 that a little company of men separated from the Wethersfield Colony and settled in the valley of the Rippowam, which was surrounded then, as now, by beautifully wooded hills.

The Wethersfield settlement, together with Windsor and Hartford, comprised the Colony of Connecticut, founded by Thomas Hooker. About the year 1640

disagreement arose among the colonists, and the advice was sought of the honored and Reverend John Davenport, who, with his friend, Theophilus Eaton, had founded the New Haven Colony. Mr. Davenport tried to convince the people that peace was better than strife and to be content, but history shows that his appeals were in vain, and during that summer Captain Nathaniel Turner was sent by the New Haven Colony to the valley of the Rippowam to bargain with the Indian chief-



"BLACHELEY MANOR" RESIDENCE OF THE LATE  
JOSEPH B. HOYT.

tains for land on which the Wethersfield people might settle.

An agreement was made with the four chiefs or sagamores, who lay claim to all the land which was charmingly situated

Across the bay lay the territory of "Meyanos," and to the east the tribes of "Piamikin." the sagamore of Rowayton were engaged in hunting and fishing along the shores of the sound.

The records tell us that Ponus and Wascussee transferred to Captain Nathaniel Turner all the land owned by Ponus, excepting a piece of ground reserved by "Ponus, and the rest of said Indians to plant upon."

Captain Turner pledged himself "to give or bring or send to the above-said sagamores, within the space of one month, 12 coats, 12 hoes, 12 hatchets, 12 glasses, 12 knives and 4 fathoms of white wampum."



VIEW ON MAIN STREET.

between the Meyanos River on the west, and the Rowayton River on the east. The shore-land, which sloped gradually down to the sea, was ruled over by "Wascussee," while to the north, among the rolling hill, "Ponus" reigned supreme.

Captain Turner then returned to the New Haven Colony and reported. Satisfactory terms were decided upon and deputies from the Wethersfield Colony were sent to "Toguams," as the new land was called by Captain Turner, to inspect



RIPPOWAM RIVER NEAR WOODSIDE PARK.

their prospective home, which was also known as "The Wethersfield Men's Plantation."

In the following summer of the year 1641, twenty-nine of the Wethersfield settlers journeyed to "Rippowam," which was the true name of their new home, taking with them their families, their household furnishings, their rude farming-implements, their cattle and their small libraries, which consisted of the family bible and of religious books, which were read by both old and young.

Rude houses were built; some more pretentious than others. The immense stone chimney was in the center of the house, its base being nearly as large as some of our modern cottages. This often contained small cupboards and cubbyholes, where the pioneers kept their valuables. Many of these houses were of one story, but oft'times

a stairway led to a loft above. The front door opened into a hall, on each side of which was a large room, serving as bedroom and sitting-room, according to the size of the family, which was often very large. In the rear of the house was the living room where the food was cooked in the great fire place. One part of these large chimneys served as an oven, and on baking day the good wife spread on the floor of her oven dried oak leaves, where, without platter or pan, the bread was baked a golden brown.

By fall of this same year, forty families were established in Rippowam, and when the first town meeting was held, Francis Bell and Andrew Warde were appointed representatives from the new town to the General Court of New Haven, where they were recognized as "the honorable members from Rippowam."

This Francis Bell was the father of the first white child born in the town of Stam-



RESIDENCE OF MRS. OLIVER HOYT.



RESIDENCE OF HON. JAMES D. SMITH.

ford in 1641. He was the ancestor of a family represented in Stamford in every succeeding generation down to the present.

At the April session of 1642 the name Rippowam was changed to Stamford, but the old Indian name still clings to the winding stream which runs through the town, finding its outlet in the Sound.

The organization of the Congregational Church dated from 1635, and when the Wethersfield families emigrated to the new land on the banks of the Rippowam, they were accompanied by their pastor,

Rev. Richard Denton. The church records were also transferred, thus making the Congregational Church of Stamford, "the first town of Connecticut Congregational Churches." Rev. Richard Denton, after three years of pastoral work left the colonists to go to Long Island, and they were without a "spiritual adviser." In the "History of

the Churches of Connecticut" it is stated the "two brethren journeyed on



RESIDENCE OF JOHN T. WILLIAMS.

foot, nearly to Boston to bring back with them a certain John Bishop who had been highly spoken of."

Mr. Bishop died in 1694, and the Rev. John Davenport of New Haven, who was a grandson of John Davenport who founded the New Haven Colony, was called upon to fill the place of Mr. Bishop, which he held for thirty-four years. The tomb of the Rev. John Davenport is in the Congregational burying ground on North Street.

One of the pioneer figures mentioned in Stamford's early



SUBURBAN CLUB.

history, his Captain John Underhill, who was the first man to take the perilous journey from Boston, on the waters of the Sound, to the mouth of the Rippowam River, where he was joyously greeted by the Stamford pioneers.

Captain Underhill later acquired distinction as an Indian fighter, and military leader. There was one fight of special note in which he was engaged most conspicuously, and which took place in 1644.

The Indians in New York had been having serious trouble with the Dutch; the latter, when trusted by the red men, proving treacherous. This led to war between the settlements on Long Island, Manhattan Island, along the Connecticut and Hudson Rivers, and the savage tribes. The latter came as far east as Stamford, killing both Dutch and English.

There were living near Greenwich, great numbers of Indians, among them being Mewanos, who had become hostile.



RESIDENCE OF HENRY P. BARTLETT.

At this time Captain Underhill joined the Dutch forces in New Amsterdam, from whence he was sent to Stamford to obtain information concerning the hostile Indians near that place. He landed here one stormy evening in February, with one hundred and thirty men, and marching to the banks of the Mewanos River, they saw the Indian village ahead of them. The three long rows of wigwams could easily be discerned in the bright moonlight. The Dutch advanced quickly upon the enemy, and a most horrible massacre followed.

Five hundred Indians were killed, only eight escaping. This ended the war, and also removed much of the fear which had been the hourly experience of the settlers, though for some years after there were murderous attacks on the whites, and this state of affairs continued until about 1700, at which time more pioneers arrived; dwelling houses became more commodi-



"GOTHIC HALL" FORMER HOME OF COLONEL GEORGE S. WARING.



RESIDENCE OF EDWARD LEAVITT.  
STRAWBERRY HILL.

ous: stores were opened, supplies being obtained from trading vessels which plied between Boston and New Amsterdam.

Stamford's first meeting house was located near the present site of the Town Hall, and is described as follows: "a structure square built and low; its posts scarcely a dozen feet in length; the four sections of its roof meeting over the center at a height of about thirty feet. One wide door opening into an area which was undivided by partition and unseated save by rude benches around the three sides, looking towards the minister's high stand; unadorned by art of sculpture or of painting, and never relieved of summer sun by blinds, or of keenest winter cold by furnace or stove."

It was not until the year 1748 that a subscription was started by the pastor of the church, Rev. Noah Welles, for a bell to take the place of the drum which had so many years called the good people to meeting, and not until 1790 was a large Russian stove of brick introduced into the church, when the Society built a new place for worship, which for many years after the opening of the nineteenth century stood on the village green. The last religious service was

held in it September 19, 1858, and the present edifice on the corner of Atlantic and Bank Streets was dedicated in the same year. The old building was removed to a side street, where it is now used as a livery stable. While a place of worship, the building was very roomy. It contained "slips" and old-fashioned square pews. The plain pulpit was reached by winding stairs on either side. There were deep galleries along the sides and front of the house,

the one in front being devoted to the choir. Beneath this gallery were the stoves, one on each side of the door. Small square foot stoves were then the fashion and were carried in the hand up the aisles. The stone steps which lead into one of Stamford's jewelry stores, are the same stones, that formed the steps to the middle entrance of the old Congregational Church.

The pastor of the Congregational Church in Stamford is Rev. William J. Long, Ph. D., who succeeded Rev. Samuel Scoville in the fall of 1899, Mr. Scoville



THE BUILDING WITH LARGE OPEN DOOR IS THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH WHICH STOOD ON THE "VILLAGE GREEN" UNTIL 1858—NOW USED AS A LIVERY STABLE.

having resigned after a pastorate of twenty years.

The name of Davenport has long been associated with the town of Stamford. The Honorable Abraham Davenport was a resident of Stamford during the Revolutionary War. One of our historians says of him, "He was distinguished for uncommon firmness of mind, a vigorous understanding and christian integrity of character. Abraham Davenport was a man who brought to the ordinary business affairs of the town trustworthy management and guidance; to its military and political organization he brought to the courage and force of an intelligent and stanch patriot; to its best social life, he contributed by example the manners, tastes and habits of a scholar and a gentleman."

He was the Colonel Davenport of "dark day" fame in New Haven, May 17, 1780, who preferred to be found doing his duty even if the Judgment Day were approach-



RESIDENCE OF ROBERT A. FOSDICK.

ing and ordered candles lighted. Stamford is fortunate in claiming as one of her "town fathers" a man of so much strength of mind as Abraham Davenport.

Stamford took part in the French and Indian Wars, and those men whose work was well done, and who afterwards were heard of in the Revolutionary War, were David Waterbury, Charles Webb, Joseph Hoyt and Jonathan Wooster. Side by side with Abraham Davenport, who stood at the head of the civilians, were Colonel David Waterbury, who later earned the rank of general; Joseph Hoyt, the leader of our minute men, and who became "colonel of the fighting seventh," and the Holly's, the Knapps, the Scofields, the Smiths and the Webbs.

Stamford has been represented in every war in which the United States has



AMIZI DAVENPORT HOMESTEAD—ERECTED 1775.



RESIDENCE OF HENRY O. HAVEMEYER, PALMER'S HILL.

been engaged, the late war with Spain, not excepted.

During the Revolutionary War the little town was prepared for the struggle. Her "fort" is still in a well preserved condition, situated a few miles north-west of the city, and is one of the most interesting Revolutionary relics to be found in Stamford. At the time of the war the garrison stationed here was composed of some eight hundred men.

When the nineteenth century opened, Stamford's population was between four and five thousand. Its industries were growing, there being in existence several mills, factories and tanneries. The old grist mill at the "Waterside" was still in running order. It had been the most important business institution in the town since 1642.

There were five stores in the center of the village, and as they were run much the same as the "department" store of the present day, although on a much smaller scale, they supplied the wants of the people.

One of these stores was shared with the Post Office, and for many years it was on the corner of an alley which led to the "Stage Yard." The Stamford Post Office is now one of the

principal distributing offices of the State, occupying a large part of the first floor of the Town Hall.

The old Methodist Church has long since been transformed into a double dwelling house. In those days it had a very plain pulpit at one end, with the

customary gallery at the other. There were four rows of pews, and the room was lighted by large comfortable windows, through which the sun shone brightly.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, now standing at the head of West Park, was dedicated in 1859. Attached to it is the chapel, and the pastor of this church occupies the parsonage on Main Street.

The old Town House which stood opposite the village green was an ancient, four-cornered, oblong, gable-roofed edifice comprised of two stories, and ugly beyond all description. Here the colored Methodists worshiped, and here, too, the Stamford Cornet Band rehearsed.

In the year 1824 General Lafayette was the guest of Major John Davenport at the



RESIDENCE OF J. STUART CAMPBELL.





RESIDENCE OF JAMES G. RAYMOND.

Davenport homestead on Main Street. Lafayette stood on the steps of the old house and was patriotically welcomed by the people of Stamford. This part of the house is yet standing, not having been destroyed as have so many of Stamford's Revolutionary houses, for the purpose of making room for business blocks. The house was moved a few years ago to Summer Street.

The first fifty years of the nineteenth century showed but little change in the town of Stamford. In 1848 the coming of the railroad brought both social and political changes. About this time Center School was erected; the Stamford Manufacturing Company at the Cove, the Woolen Mills and other factories came into existence. In 1855 the streets were lighted by gas.

When the Civil War began, about eight hundred of Stamford's "boys in blue," responded to their country's call. Some came home and are alive to tell their grandchildren of the sufferings of that cruel time, and to

praise the good women of Stamford who remained at home "to stitch and to wait" for the husbands, sons and brothers, many of whom found graves on southern battle fields.

"Webb's Tavern," or known more generally as the "Old Washington Inn," which had stood for so many years on Main Street, was demolished in 1868. It was here that Washington stopped on one of his trips and in front of the tavern in 1775, the Stamford patriots burned the "Bohea tea," to the accompaniment of fife and drum.

In 1742 St. John's Episcopal Parish was established in Stamford, and in 1747 the first church was built. The present handsome stone edifice was erected in 1891. The rector of St. John's Church is Rev. Charles Morris Addison.

St. Andrew's Church on Washington Avenue, was the first outgrowth of St. John's Parish and was erected in 1860. Rev. F. Windsor Brathwaite, the present rector of St. Andrew's, was elected to the rectorship in 1865.

St. John's Roman Catholic Church, a



ST JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

beautiful and imposing edifice of stone on Atlantic Street, was erected in 1886. Rev. William H. Rogers is the present incumbent. The Parochial School, adjoining the church, is in charge of the Sisters of Mercy.

The Presbyterian Church of Stamford came into existence in 1853. The first wooden church was built on the site of the present fine stone edifice on Broad Street. Rev. R. P. H. Vail is the pastor.

The Stamford Baptist Church was established as early as 1773. Their house of worship is of brick, and situated on Atlantic Street. For many years Mr. Joseph B. Hoyt was a conspicuous member of the church, and at his death in 1888 he left the church property free of debt, and an estate of \$30,000 besides a suitable parsonage where resides the pastor, Rev. George Braker.

The Universalist Church was organized in 1841. The present beautiful stone structure, near Bedford Park, was erected in 1870. Rev. E. M. Grant has been pastor of the church since 1881.

The Town Hall building of to-day was erected in 1870. From this date to the present time notable changes have taken place in Stamford. Shippan is a place of summer cottages, and a favorite shore resort.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Here is to be found the comfortable home of the Stamford Yacht Club. In the early part of the century Shippan was owned by Moses Rogers of New York who laid out the land "most charmingly" in flower gardens, fruit orchards, and formed an avenue nearly a mile in length reaching to the water's edge, where were planted trees of many varieties.

Along the edge of the shore on the high bank a row of Lombardy poplars stood like so many sentinels to guard the coast. The flower garden is no more; the trolley car runs down the avenue; all that remain of the stately poplars are a few ghosts, standing leafless and gaunt against the blue sky. The guardians of the coast are the pretty cottages, and here Colonel Woolsey R. Hopkins, a descendant of Moses Rogers, spends his summers in the beautiful house on the cliff.



RESIDENCE OF REV. R. P. H. VAIL, D. D.



STAMFORD CHURCHES.

Reproduced from Picturesque Stamford through courtesy of Gillspie Brothers, Publishers.



TOWN HALL.

On the east shore is the large hotel and the bathing casino.

In the southern part of the town the manufacturer finds Stamford an ideal place. Here are the lumber yards, the coal yards, factories, foundries, the most

important of these being "The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co.;" "Davenport & Treacy Foundry," "Gillespie's Lumber Yards," "Stamford Foundry Co.," the "St. John Wood Working Co.," and others.

Stamford is justly proud of her public schools. The High School Building on Forest Street is a credit to the city. Among the private schools of Stamford is that of Miss Anna J. Webb, which was established in 1854. The Catherine Aiken School at Bedford Park was opened in 1855 by Miss Catherine

Aiken of South Yarmouth, Mass. Over two thousand girls, coming from all parts of the world, have been educated in this school. In 1838 Bett's School for Boys came into existence, and is still one of the leading private schools of the State.



STAMFORD YACHT CLUB, SHIPPAN POINT.

Stamford's population is over 18,000, and the city is a favorite summer resort. One of the attractions which brings many to Stamford is its Golf Club.

The Hillandale Golf Club House in Hillandale Park, is situated on the south side of Rock Spring Road, amid a picturesque group of cedars, and near the famous "Rock Spring." During the golfing season the greens are a credit to the club. Comfortable benches painted red and green, the colors of the club, are at every tee. The club links are composed

a short woody stretch with the high oaks on the right and at the left the deep, still pond where the peepers sing at twilight and the turtles bask in the mid-day sun. Over the hill and across a valley and the attractive little club house comes to view nestling among the cedars on the hillside.

The Hillandale Golf Club is one of the United States Golf Association and with its large membership is a representative club of the country.

Stamford's well paved streets are lighted by electricity. The trolley cars run over



MRS. DEVAN'S SCHOOL, FOR YOUNG LADIES.

of a succession of hills and dales, which bear a great resemblance to the famous Shinnecock course on Long Island. To all lovers of nature, as well as to lovers of the game, the beauty of the grounds must strongly appeal. The entrance to the park is shaded by a group of large trees to the left, where a brooklet winds its way over moss-covered rocks, and through ferns. Along a well-built road, turning in and out, showing the beautiful green hills and dales on one side and the natural apple orchard on the other, then entering

hill and through valley; the roads are among the finest to be found in the State; the drives in the suburbs are the most beautiful and varied; the old Rippowam River winding through the town and rippling on its way to the Sound is crossed by many handsome and expensive bridges, which are likely to stand for generations.

From the hills surrounding Stamford a view of unsurpassing beauty is afforded. Palmer's Hill, on the west, is the home of the New York sugar king, Mr. Henry O. Havemeyer, from whose handsome

residence on the summit of the hill may be seen the town of Greenwich three miles away, with the Horseneck Church on the brow of Putnam's Hill of Revolutionary fame.

Long Island Sound stretches away to the right and to the left, a sea of dancing blue waves, glittering in the sunlight, and beyond the white sand banks of Long Island with a background of lazy blue hills.

On Richmond Hill, we find the homes of Hon. Samuel Fessenden, Mr. Albert Hatch, Mr. A. C. Hall, and Mr. David Bonner.

Noroton Hill owes its beauty and most of its improvements to Joseph B. Hoyt, Oliver Hoyt and William Hoyt, the three



THE ARLINGTON HOUSE.

brothers who built their handsome residences on this hill. Here are also the summer homes of Charles Stewart Smith and his sons Stewart W. Smith and Howard C. Smith.

"Linden Lodge," the home of Commodore James D. Smith, Ex-Commodore of the N. Y. Y. C., and "Elmwood," the



KLINEFELTER'S DAM

summer residence of John T. Williams, are on Clark's Hill. Here is the Arlington House, one of Stamford's oldest and best summer hotels.

Strawberry Hill is the home of James I. Raymond, and here lived and died, the historian, Rev. John Lord, D. D.

A favorite drive on a summer day, is through North Street, across the Rippowam, over Hubbard's Hill, where lived for many years, George, John and William Hubbard; then down in the valley, and along the river bank to Stillwater where stands the high chimney, being all that remains of Stillwater Rolling Mills. Keeping on for two miles, and then turning to the right down a shady lane, and the ruins of the "old wire mill" come to view.

With nothing left but the dam, over which the water splashes and rolls, a few timbers, beams, and an old wheel or two,

with only the cellar walls left, on the river bank, to show that once the boarding house for the "mill hands" stood there, yet, one cannot fail to weave a romance from the romantic surroundings, founded on the fact that many years ago one of Stamford's most honored citizens who was then the superintendent of the "upper factory," first met the woman in this beautiful spot who afterwards became his wife.

She was a handsome, dashing society girl, the daughter of an old New York family. With a party of young people from Stamford and New York, she visited the wire mills one summer's day, and there met her fate.

In the fall of 1892, the 250th anniversary of Stamford was celebrated by the towns people in a patriotic and appropriate manner.



# THE FIRST SACRIFICE OF THE REVOLUTION.

NATHAN HALE, THE PATRIOT MARTYR SPY.

---

CHARLOTTE MOLVNEUX HOLLOWAY.

---

IT was a glorious day in June in the year of our Lord 1755. The laggard spring of chill New England had succumbed to the wooing of the sun, and the flush of her joyousness was brightening the fields and hills. The bustle of life was heard on every side; the birds filled their nests with softest down, and the chatter of their housekeeping preparations was heard in every tree.

Somewhat back from the village of Coventry, upon an elevated ridge, which gave it view of a large area of the most beautiful part of Connecticut, stood a substantial building two stories in height, provided with many windows and surrounded with out-buildings. It had about it an air of immaculate respectability. Approaching it, one said to oneself: "Here dwells a righteous, God-respecting man." One would not have been wrong in reading the character of the owner from the aspect of his habitation. It was the home of Deacon Richard Hale, one of the foremost men of Coventry, a pillar of the church, a man of learning and strict probity, somewhat given to dogmatically asserting his own will, but possessing a strong and true heart. He had early settled in Coventry, coming there from the home of his father, John Hale, the first minister of Beverly, Mass.

The Hales were an excellent stock:

Robert Hale, who arrived at Charlestown in 1632, was a Hale of Kent, a direct descendant of Nicholas at Hales, who is chronicled as residing at Hales Place, Holden, Kent, in the reign of Edward III. The Hales, from whom the American branch came, were celebrated in English history, but none have now more enduring laurels than those gained by the descendants of the Robert Hale who had come to Charlestown, and who has left in Massachusetts such a noble scion as Edward Everett Hale. But it is with the Connecticut branch that we are concerned. Shortly after Richard Hale located in Coventry he fell in love with, and married Elizabeth Strong, a young woman of rare mental and physical endowment.

On this glorious 6th of June, 1755, Deacon Richard Hale was diligently planting with his men. Ever and anon, however, he looked anxiously toward the house, and occasionally halted his work altogether and went into his house. But he quickly returned and redoubled his efforts, for there was a scarcity of men and the Deacon intended to fulfil the labor of two.

The loyal colonies of his Gracious Majesty, George the Second of England, were engaged in helping that regal gentleman to gobble up all the possessions of the French that he could swallow. The youth of



New England were taking part in the four expeditions of that year, one of which, the disgraceful campaign of Nova Scotia, is always to be remembered because of Longfellow's *Evangeline*. Of the other three, there is no concern, save that in the expedition against Crown Point was the Deacon's brother, Nathan, who won fame in the capture of Louisburg later. The pursuit of glory left few to plow the fields; therefore, the deacon's unceasing exertions. While he was bending over a furrow, a voice said at his elbow: "Give yourself a holiday for the rest of the day, Deacon Hale, and let your help rejoice, for this day a sixth son is born to you." The Deacon lifted his head. "The Lord be praised! As you shall see, I am thankful for his mercies; my men shall have a holiday, and the child shall be called Nathan, if his mother so wills."

She did, good lady, she never opposed her husband, nor did any of the twelve children with whom the Lord gradually blessed him. He was wont to govern them with an iron rule. As soon as daybreak came he was urging his men to greater labor. On one occasion, when he was loading hay upon a cart, the helper being rather slow, the Deacon kept calling out, "More hay, more hay!" so repeatedly and excitedly that the man, exasperated, flung up the cocks so rapidly that his employer was unable to place it right.

As a consequence, it all fell down, and the deacon, in its midst. "What do you want, Deacon?" inquired his man. The deacon scrambled hastily up: "More hay!" he cried, as he again took his place upon the cart. As his step-daughter Alice, Nathan Hale's love, remarked: "There never was a man who worked harder for this world and the next than Deacon Hale."

The household was ruled by the Bible. He even objected to the innocent diversion of the morris board. In order to prevent the children from playing it, he



THE HOUSE IN WHICH NATHAN HALE WAS BORN.\*

used to allow but one light in the room; this he held in his hand, but, wearied by his day's labor, he would soon fall asleep and young Nathan and his brothers, drawing close to his chair, used to play the game while one watched for his awakening.

The child Nathan was destined by his father for the service of the Lord. At first very puny, he grew robust in outdoor pursuits. He had the advantage of studying

\*Some dispute this; claiming that it was erected sometime after Hale was born.

—Fitts.

with the Rev. Joseph Huntington, a divine of rare education, who loved his pupil for his large gifts of mind and soul. At sixteen the lad entered Yale College, where he immediately became a favorite. He was actually beloved by all with whom he came in contact. Tallmadge, his classmate, who, by a singular fate, was the custodian of Andre, has written his opinion of Hale.

Foremost in college recreations and studies, President Dwight and the celebrated Hillhouse both bear testimony to his qualities. He was gay and perfectly unassuming, and of a simple piety which expressed itself in acts, not words. Graduated among the first in his class, he immediately went to teach. He was settled first at East Haddam, but was delighted when he was called to the Union Grammar School, New London.

In a letter Sept. 24, 1744, to his uncle, Samuel Hale, a teacher of reputation in Portsmouth, N. H., Hale says :

"My own employment is at present the same that you have spent your days in. I have a school of 32 boys, the half Latin, the rest English. The salary allowed me is 70 pounds per annum. In addition I have kept during the summer a morning school between the hours of five and seven, of about 20 young ladies, for which I have received 6s a scholar, by the quarter. The people with whom I live are free and generous; many of them are gentlemen of sense and merit. They are desirous that I would continue and settle in the school and propose a considerable increase of wages. I am much at a loss whether to accept their proposals. Your advice in this matter, coming from an uncle and from a man who has spent his life in the business, would, I think, be the best I could possibly receive. A few lines on this subject, and also to acquaint me

with the welfare of your family, if your leisure will permit, will be much to the satisfaction of your most dutiful nephew,  
NATHAN HALE."

This letter but modestly hints at the appreciation in which Hale was held by his pupils and their friends. Society then in New London was composed of cultivated men and women who quickly perceived the uncommon ability of the young pedagogue. His gifts of mind were supplemented by nature's charms: he was tall, five feet ten inches; superbly proportioned, and of a graceful, dignified yet amiable bearing. He was fair in complexion, with large, light-blue, expressive eyes; abundant brown hair, and a frank and engaging smile. He was rather fastidious in dress, fond of society, both of his own and the other sex; quick in jest and conversation and a great athlete. "He not only," says Col. Samuel Green, who had been one of his pupils, "could put his hand upon a fence as high as his head and clear it easily with a bound, but would jump from the bottom of one empty hogshead over and down into a second and from the bottom of the second over and down into a third, and from the third over and out like a cat." This is but a sample of his marvelous muscular feats.

The cultivation of his mental powers was as marked. He was an expert in drawing and geometry, a proficient surveyor, an ardent, scientific student, a skilled Latin and Greek scholar and a fervent devotee of the muses and polite literature. He was always in correspondence with his college mates and his friends, always engaged in some work. As he says in that Diary of his short life, "A man ought never to lose a moment's time. If he puts off a thing from one minute to the next, his reluctance is but

increased." He practiced his preaching.

Some of his letters, a portion of his *Diary*, and the address delivered to the Linoman Society when he was Chancellor in 1772, at the age of 17, are preserved. Chauncey M. Depew, President of the Society in 1855, and of whom people have heard wherever a newspaper finds its way, kindly furnished a copy of the speech to Stuart, author of an admirable life of Hale which appeared in 1856. Here are a few passages which demonstrate how mature was his intellect :

"Under whatsoever character we consider them (the retiring members of the society) we have the greatest reason to regret their departure. As our patrons, we have shared their utmost care and vigilance in supporting Linonia's cause, and protecting her from the malice of her insulting foes. As our benefactors, we have partaken of their liberality, not only in their rich and valuable donations to our library, but what is still more, their amiable company and conversation. But as our friends, what disinterested love and cordial affection have given us inexpressible happiness ! We have lived together, not as fellow-students and members of the same college, but as brothers and children of the same family ; not as superiors and inferiors, but rather as equals and companions. The only thing that has given them the pre-eminence is their superior knowledge in those arts and sciences which are here cultivated, and their greater skill and patience in the management of such affairs as concern the good order and regularity of the society. \* \* \* "King and generous Sirs"—he concluded—"it is with the greatest reluctance that we are now all obliged to bid adieu to you, our dearest friends. Accept then our sincerest thanks, as some poor return for your disinterested zeal in Linonia's cause, and your unwearied efforts to

suppress her opposers. Be assured that your memory will always be dear to us, that although hundreds of miles should interfere, you will always be attended with our best wishes. May Providence protect you in all your ways, and may you have prosperity in all your undertakings."

In his letter to his brothers, three years later, it will be seen how much he had expanded.

It would seem for the superficial observer that young Hale's life at this period was perfectly happy. Not yet 20, master of a school, idolized by his pupils, and courted by the young and old of the town, there could be nothing he desired save, of course, that thirst for fame which parches every young and ambitious heart, made him pant for opportunity to do something great. It is a singular truth that Nathan Hale, who was to offer to the world one of the most sublime and heroic examples of man's devotion to his country, never in his extensive correspondence and confidence betrayed any longing after glory. Duty was the guiding star of his life, and following its guidance that life was sacrificed.

But Hale had his sorrow. That it did not gangrene his heart is additional evidence of his sterling strength of character. His father's second wife brought to her husband several children of her first marriage. One of these, Alice, was remarkably beautiful, charming in person and mind. Alice Adams and young Nathan soon became attached to each other. She was the belle of Coventry, sincerely beloved for her amiability and true christian virtues. In character she was almost Hale's counterpart : joyous, vivacious, quick in intelligence, prompt in sympathy and thoroughly imbued with religious conviction. On that account alone she would have been a most fitting mate for the noble Nathan. She, too, was graciously dowered with beauty :

in person, below the medium height, she was so exquisitely proportioned that even at the age of eighty she was the subject of admiration. Her features were classical in regularity, and the soul and mind shining forth from her lustrous hazel orbs redeemed the coldness of the classic outlines. Her hair was jet black, a profuse mass of ringlets, and her hands so beautiful that even her own sex raved over

year. There are no letters extant showing how Hale bore this thwarting of his love; probably his great nature prevented him from indulging in upbraidings of father or fortune. We know he did not suffer his interest in his favorite pursuits to lag.

Mr. Ripley died Dec. 26, 1774, leaving his wife, then eighteen, with one child. Hale, now at New London, immediately



MEMORIAL TO NATHAN HALE ERECTED AT "HALE-SITE," HUNTINGTON, L. I. BY MR. GEORGE TAYLOR AN ENGLISH ADMIRER OF HALE.

them. Young Nathan and his step-mother's daughter at once fell in love, but his brother John had married her sister Sarah and it was deemed best that there should be no further alliance, and while Nathan was teaching at East Haddam Alice was persuaded to marry Elijah Ripley, a merchant of Coventry. February 8, 1773. She was then in her sixteenth

wrote to the woman he had always loved. She was her own mistress now and she promptly decided to give herself to him at the expiration of her mourning. She returned to her step-father's roof and with her infant son prepared to wait for her soul's love. The elder Hale was what Connecticut would call "sot" in his ways. He had determined that Nathan should

study for the ministry, and he judged an early marriage would prove a powerful bar to such a project. Nevertheless, he forebore active opposition, trusting by quiet disapproval to prevent the union of the lovers. Alice Ripley was a woman of a remarkably determined character. She had changed from child to woman, and she intimated to her step-father her determination not to let anything again intervene. But she reckoned not on Destiny.

The spring of 1775 dawned full of promise for Nathan Hale. The proprietors of the Union Grammar School had installed him in the building on Union Street. It was a new and substantial structure on the corner of Union and State where the present Crocker house now rears itself. It was a most pretentious and commodious building, and the young pedagogue might be pardoned pride in being its ruler. The proprietors had the highest esteem for him, and his profession was beginning to be very dear to him.

New London was deeply interested in the events leading up to the outbreak at Lexington. Bold, warlike, ever impatient of restraint, it had openly rejoiced in the Boston tea party, and long ere the shot was fired at Lexington, had its independent militia company under Capt. William Coit. It had vague premonitions, and when, on the 19th of April the first blow was struck, the whole town was quivering with excitement, and had a red coat appeared ill would he have fared.

All occupation was suspended. Men, women and children flocked toward Miner's Tavern where the express from Lexington, the foam still dropping from the jaws of his panting horse, was retailing his news. Men listened, but there was no thought of action. Every one was absorbed in hearing. Suddenly, through the throng there pushed a supple and

erect figure, for whom even grandfathers fell back, for there was inspired authority in the youthful face. It was the school master. He mounted a bench and began to speak. Gray-haired grandsires, men of weight and honors, heeded him as a leader. His words awoke a patriotic devotion that never died. He concluded his brief harangue by "Let us not lay down our arms until we have gained independence!"

He had struck the mighty chord. Not concessions nor privileges nor immunities will satisfy us declared the inchoate martyr. Lexington is the nucleus of a nation. It is not a more indulgent master, but freedom we demand.

"Independence!" cried Hale. The instinct inborn in every man leaped in response. It was a new word. They grasped its meaning without understanding why nor how. The very children were impressed, both by the utterance and the manner in which it was uttered. "What is independence?" asked Richard Law, a boy who afterwards won glory in his country's cause. He had gone to the meeting clinging to his father's hand, and as they turned homeward, stirred by strange emotions, "What is independence, father?" asked the child.

Hale immediately set out for Lexington with Capt. Coit's independent militia. He returned in a short time, and the school having assembled, bade it adieu, saying he felt it his duty to serve his country. The parting was most affecting. His pupils loved this lad of twenty with an affection that weakened not with the flight of time. A half century later men who had been his scholars could not mention his name without quivering lips. July 7, 1775, he wrote his resignation to the proprietors. It is a model of terseness and modesty, utterly devoid of high-flown sentiments, (then introduced into

everything), a simple declaration that he thought he ought to go to the army, and regretting that he would put them to any inconvenience by leaving.

His commission as lieutenant in the regiment of Col. Charles Webb was already in his possession. This was stationed at New London until September, when Washington demanded that all the regiments raised be sent to him at Boston. There the young lieutenant devoted himself with such zest and intelligence to the art of war that he soon attracted the notice and approval of the Commander-in-chief. His ambition was to have his company thoroughly drilled and conversant with military manoeuvres. He soon had their very thoughts in unison. The wonderful magnetism of a noble mind captivated them and from his body-servant, Asher Wright, who lost his mind when informed of his master's fate, every man in the company unquestioningly yielded him obedience. So great was his influence that in November, 1775, when two-thirds of the inexperienced and undisciplined through whom Washington was endeavoring to form into soldiers threatened to go home, Hale went personally through the camp. He argued and entreated the officers, and persuaded and promised the men. To his own company he gave up his wages, and by appeals to the higher nature of the soldiers, induced them to renew their enlistment.

This service and the superiority of his company, for whom he had designed a simple and serviceable uniform, and drawn up a code for their government, commended him to the Continental Congress, which, on January 1, 1776, bestowed upon him the commission of captain. Hale had but received his commission when he journeyed through all the rigors and hard snow storms of an exceptionally severe winter to Coventry

to see his father and his dear Alice. The former had delighted to have his son go to the battle for freedom. The latter was overjoyed to see her hero. Then he promised to send her letters, his diary, and particular accounts of everything that should happen. Hale gave her his miniature, and at length they parted, never to meet.

In April 1776, the scene of operation was transferred from Boston to New York. Washington encamped on Long Island. It was now that Hale first tasted the actual business of war. Shortly after the American army took up its quarters at Brooklyn an opportunity occurred for a display of enterprise. The stately British ship *Asia* was up the river having under her convoy a sloop filled with supplies for the British soldiers. Hale conceived the bold design of capturing the sloop. He picked out a skiff full of choice spirits and on the appointed night they rowed across the river and hid in the shadow of an overhanging cliff till the moon should set. They were near enough to the big British ship to hear every movement on its decks and the cry of the sentinel "All's well!" At length the wished-for darkness cast its friendly pall over the river. Forward the skiff leaped and while the sentinel on the *Asia's* deck cried out "All's well," the Americans boarded the sloop, silently overwhelmed resistance and turned the nose of the vessel toward the American quarters. It may be taken for granted that its arrival was welcome, and its capturers warmly applauded.

The following letters given in sequence convey an idea of Hale's employments during this time. Further on there are brief extracts from his diary:

NEW YORK, May 30, 1776.

Dear Brother:

Your favor of the 9th of May, and another written at Norwich, I have re-

ceived—the former yesterday. You complain of my neglecting you; I acknowledge it is not wholly without reason—at the same time I am conscious to have written to you more than once or twice within this half year. Perhaps my letters have miscarried.

I am not on the end of Long Island, but in New York, encamped about one mile back of the city. We have been on the Island, and spent about three weeks there, but since returned. As to Brigades; we spent part of the winter at Winter Hill in Gen'l Sullivan's—thence we were removed to Roxbury and annexed to Gen'l Spencer's—from thence we came to New York in Gen'l Heath's; on our arrival we were put in Gen'l Lord Stirling's; here we were combined a few days and returned to Gen'l Sullivan's; on his being sent to the northward under Gen'l Thomson, Webb's regiment was put down; but the question being asked whether we had many seamen, and the reply being yes, we were erased and another put in our stead.

We have an account of the arrival of troops at Halifax thence to proceed on their infamous errand to some part of America.

Maj'r Brooks informed me last evening that in conversation with some of the frequenters at Head Quarters, he was told that Gen'l Washington had received a packet from one of the sheriffs of the city of London in which was contained the Debates at large of both houses of Parliament—and what is more, the whole proceedings of the Cabinet. The plan of the summer's campaign in America is said to be communicated in full. Nothing has yet transpired; but the prudence of our gen'l we trust will make advantage of the intelligence.

Some late accounts from the northward are very unfavorable, and would be more so could they be depended upon. It is reported that a fleet has arrived in the River, upon the first notice of which our army thought it prudent to break up the siege and retire—that in retreating they were attacked and routed. Number kill'd, the sick, most of the cannon and stores taken. It would grieve every



STATUE OF NATHAN HALE IN THE CAPITOL AT HARTFORD

good man to consider what unnatural monsters we have as it were in our bowels. Numbers in this Colony, and likewise in the western part of Connecticut would be glad to imbrue their hands in their country's blood. Facts render this too evident to be disputed. In this city such as refuse to deliver up their allegiance to the Association have been sent to prison.

\* \* \* \* \*

NEW YORK, June 3, 1776.

Dear Brother :

\* \* \* \* Continuanee or removal from here depends wholly upon the operations of the War.

\* \* \* \* \*

The army is every day improving in discipline, and it is hoped will soon be able to meet the enemy at any kind of play. My company which at first was small is now increased to eighty, and there is a Sergeant recruiting, who, I hope, has got the other ten which completes the Company.

We are hardly able to judge as to the numbers of the British army for the summer is to consist of—undoubtedly sufficient to cause us too much bloodshed.

Gen'l Washington is at the Congress, being sent for thither to advise on matters of consequence.

I had written you a complete letter in answer to your last, but missed the opportunity of sending it. This will probably find you in Coventry—if so remember me to'all my friends—particularly belonging to the family. Forget not frequently to visit and strongly to represent my duty to my grandmother Strong. Has she not repeatedly favored us with her tender, most important advice? The natural tie is sufficient, but increased by so much goodness our gratitude cannot be too sensible. I always with respect remember Mr. Huntington, and shall write to him if time admits. Pay Mr. Wright a visit for me. Tell him Asher is well—he has for some time lived with me here as a waiter. I am in hopes of obtaining him a furlough soon. Asher this moment told me that our brother Joseph Adams was here yesterday to see me, when I happened to be out of the way. He is in Col. Parson's Regt. I intend to see him to-day, and if

possible by exchanging to get him into my company.

Yours affectionately,

N. HALE.

P. S. Sister Rose talked of making me some linen cloth similar to Brown Holland for summer wear. If she has made it, desire her to keep it for me. My love to her, the Doctor and little Joseph."

NEW YORK, Aug. 20, 1776.

Dear Brother :

I have only time for a hasty letter. Our situation has been such for this fortnight or more as scarce to admit of writing. We have daily expected an action—by which means, if any one was going, and we had letters written, orders were so strict for our tarrying in camp that we could rarely get leave to go and deliver them. For about 6 or 8 days the enemy have been expected hourly whenever the wind and tide in the least favored. We keep a particular lookout for them this morning. The place and manner of attack, time must determine. The event we leave to Heaven. Thanks to God! we have had time for completing our works and receiving our reinforcements. The Militia of Connecticut ordered this way are mostly arrived. We hope under God, to give a good account of the enemy whenever they choose to make the least appeal.

Last Friday night, two of our five vessels (a sloop and a schooner) made an attempt upon the shipping up the River. The night was too dark, the wind too slack for the attempt. The schooner which was intended for one of the ships had got by before she discovered them, but as Providence would have it, she ran across a bomb catch which she quickly burned. The sloop by the light of the former discovered the Phoenix—but



rather too late — however she made shift to grapple her, but the wind not proving sufficient to bring her close alongside, or drive the flames immediately on board, the Phoenix by much difficulty got her clear by cutting her own rigging. Serg't Fosdick, who commanded the above sloop, and four of his hands were of my company. The General has been pleased to reward their bravery with forty dollars each, except the last man who quitted the fore sloop who had fifty. Those on board the schooner received the same.

I must write to some of my other brothers lest you should not be at home. Remain

Your friend and brother,

N. Hale.

Mr. Enoch Hale."

Hale kept a diary. This diary, his camp book and basket came into the possession of Alice Ripley. The diary contains all the reflections of an ingenuous and reflective soul. It is unnecessary to describe them. Let us take the last brief entries that ever flowed from his pen :

Aug. 21st. Heavy Storm at Night. Much and heavy Thunder. Captain Van Wycke, a Lieut. and Enos. of Col. McDougall's Reg't killed by a Shock. Likewise one man in town, belonging to a Militia Reg't of Connecticut. The Storm continued for two or three hours for the greatest part of which time (there) was a perpetual Lightning, and the sharpest I ever knew.

22nd, Thursday. The enemy landed some troops down at the Narrows on Long Island.

23rd, Friday. Enemy landed some more troops—News that they had marched up and taken Station near Flatbush, their advance Gds. being on this side near the woods—that some of our

Riflemen attacked and drove them back from their posts, burnt two stacks of hay, and it was thought killed some of them—this about 12 o'clock at Night. Our troops attacked them at their station near Flatbush, routed and drove them back  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile."

Aug. 27, 1776, was fought the disastrous battle of Long Island. The patriots were compelled to fall back upon New York. History tells us how gloomy and desperate was the situation of the American troops. They numbered 14,000, constantly decreasing through desertion, sickness, and expiration of enlistment. They were hungry, ragged, discontented, unused to soldier's life and unwilling to endure its privation, especially since defeats held before them the prospect that they must inevitably succumb.

There were noble, courageous souls among them, but they were unable to inject their own enthusiasm. However, had it not been for the example and the eloquence of these men it is not improbable that after the Battle of Long Island the hungry, homesick, heart-sickened Americans would have lost hope altogether.

Only sublime faith in their cause could have sustained Washington and his men. The struggling line of the Americans stretched from the Battery to King's Bridge; opposite them in splendid condition, equipped with every munition of war, aided by an efficient fleet, perfect in discipline, lay Howe's 25,000 men, from the southern end of Long Island to a point opposite the Heights of Harlem. It was impossible to anticipate its next move. It was impossible for the American commander to defend his long line; which was the most vulnerable point, where could he make best defence, how could he prevent the enemy from skirting him and falling upon his rear? It was Howe's plan to mislead Washington. How could

he better prepared for the former's tactics?

At the council of the Board of Officers, it was decided that some one must ascertain Howe's motives, or the American army was caught in a trap. And this some one could not be an illiterate soldier, but a man able to sketch plans and fortifications, examine redoubts and circulate among officers. He must hazard life and the respect of the world. To advance a



STATUE OF NATHAN HALE ON THE GROUNDS  
OF THE WADSWORTH ATHENEUM,  
HARTFORD.

great cause he must perform a detestable office. He must act an unworthy part for the worthiest of motives: he must be a spy.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!"

A timid soul can become great in face of a heroic death. When Col. Knowlton, to whom had been entrusted the duty of

finding a volunteer, made known Washington's want to the officers whom he had assembled for that purpose, there was an appalled silence. There were heroes there, but they were not sufficiently uplifted from the world to put duty before consideration of their fate. To be hung? No! Again and again Knowlton urged the need. There was resentment on the faces of the men listening silently, when a clear voice said, "I will undertake it." It was the voice of Capt. Hale. He had just recovered from illness and entered the circle in time to give courage to the hearts of the commander and his council. But there was immediately earnest protest from his friends and the officers above him, to whom he had grown very dear. Gen. Hall, who was Hale's school-mate at Yale, has given us Hale's exact words in response to his persuasions:

"I think I owe to my country the accomplishment of an object so important, and so much desired by the Commander of her armies—and I know no other mode of obtaining the information than by assuming a disguise and passing into the enemy's camp. I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation. But for a year I have been attached to the army and have not rendered any material service, while receiving a compensation for which I make no return. Yet I am not influenced by the expectation of promotion or pecuniary reward. I wish to be useful, and every kind of service necessary for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary. If the exigencies of my country demand a peculiar service, its claims to the performance of that service are imperious."

Noble sentiments, which should be immortal! What self-abnegation, what lofty courage, what rare grandeur of soul, what sublime abandonment of fear, what glori-

ous reliance upon the sanctity of a holy purpose! No wonder remonstrance was silent.

He made all his preparations and quietly left the camp a few days before Washington retreated to Harlem Heights. He had with him only his faithful friend, Stephen Hempstead, of New London, with whom he journeyed to Norwalk on the Connecticut shore. Here, donning the garb of a schoolmaster, and leaving his valuables, save his watch and his Yale diploma, in Hempstead's hands, and bidding him a gay and hopeful leave, he jumped into the skiff that had been secured and was rowed over to the place called "The Cedars," near Huntington, on the opposite shore. Near his landing place was a sort of tavern kept by a Tory widow, Rachel Chichester. It is not known whether he approached this place on his journey to the British camp. His ease in his disguise let him progress famously. The British now held New York and he was compelled to pass through the entire army. He made good use of his eyes and ears and skill as a draughtsman. The meagreness of detail leaves little known of his perilous sojourn, but it has been demonstrated that he had succeeded when the memorable 20th of September found him back at The Cedars. It was but daybreak. The boat he expected was not visible. Grown confident by his long immunity from suspicion, weary and cold, Hale boldly entered the tavern. Seated by the table was a man whom he did not observe, but who, after a scrutiny of the newcomer arose and left the room. There have been various conjectures as to the identity of this man, but it has never been revealed. Hale chatted gayly. His natural buoyancy, his exultations at his success, the prospect of being with friends in a few hours, must have rendered him unusually blithe.

"Look," exclaimed one of the habitues, "there is a strange boat! What can it be? May be an American!"

They all flocked to the window. Hale stepped out. A bend in the path hid him from the boat. He walked rapidly forward. It was that for which he eagerly worked. He came suddenly upon the shore. He beheld the boat and its crew. Instinct forced him to turn to flee.

"Surrender, or we fire!"

The whole crew covered him with their guns. It was useless. He had been betrayed. God only knows what thoughts surged through his soul at that moment.

His courage and calmness on the voyage back to New York won the sincere admiration of the captain of the British vessel, Halifax. He felt sorry for the young fellow. Under a guard Hale landed in New York City. That was an eventful 21st of September. A terrible fire was still raging. It had already burned one-third of the city, and the panic-stricken people and British soldiers were yet fighting its advance. Through all the hurry and excitement Hale was rudely hurried to Howe's headquarters. These were in the Beekman mansion at the corner of what is now Fifty-first Street and First Avenue.

Hale was searched. From the soles of his shoes were drawn maps, specifications, sketches and descriptions in Latin. Hale could have saved his life had he taken the oath of allegiance, offered to raise a native regiment for the king, or revealed the American situation. He scorned this. Nor was he actuated by the motives of pride and desire to be treated well which governed Andre. He offered no mitigation, made no plea for mercy. Frankly he stated what he was and had done. Without an instant's deliberation or compassion Howe sentenced him to be hung by the neck till dead at daybreak. He turned back to his revelries, and Hale was

led away to the provost jail down near the site of the present City Hall. This is said by several competent authorities to have been the place of Hale's incarceration that awful last night.

Howe's order put Hale in the custody of Provost Marshal Cunningham, one of the most brutal and infamous bullies that ever disgraced the form of man. He delighted in torturing his prisoners. The Provost and the old Sugar House were filled with Americans whom Cunningham put to every indignity he could devise. He erected the gibbet before their windows, paraded his negro hangmen up and down before their doors, and startled them from their brief slumbers by shouting it was time for them to prepare for execution.

To the hands of this brute was this grand and undaunted hero consigned. Cunningham pounced upon him like a vulture. He treated him to his worst devices. Hale asked for a bible. It was refused. He implored that he be unbound and a light and writing materials be allowed him. Cunningham refused this also. but a young British lieutenant moved by humanity interfered and he had the comfort of writing his farewells to his Alice and his parents. No one knows what were the outpourings of that soul, soon to be with its maker.

Cunningham was so eager to wreak his vengeance upon his noble prisoner that scarcely had the first ray of light brightened night's gloom than he thrust himself upon his prisoner. He seized the letters, and, reading them, tore them in bits. He

declared that he would not let the rebels know they had a man who could pen such thoughts. He ordered him to prepare for his doom.

There were few abroad at that hour. It was the Sabbath morning. Hale must have felt this. There were a few stragglers, some country people who had been rendered homeless by the great fire. It was long before sunrise. Before Hale marched a file of soldiers. With manacled hands, clad in the white blouse edged with black, white cap and white trousers, (the garb of the condemned) he walked erect and fearless. Close behind him were two men carrying a rude coffin; back of them was Richmond, the black hangman, bear-over his shoulders a ladder and a coil of rope. In the rear were Cunningham and a few officers and the rear guard. The march was short; they halted beneath a large tree: the negro placed his ladder against a limb, climbed up and adjusted his halter, Hale standing upon his coffin and calmly surveying the operation.

It was ready. The negro descended. Hale ascended the ladder. He was not allowed to adjust the noose. Then while Richmond was waiting to pull the ladder from beneath his feet, Cunningham, hoping to have some frenzied expression, told Hale to speak his last words.

Hale's lofty glance rested upon him a moment. Then in a firm voice he said, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

"Swing him off!" shouted the baffled Cunningham, "swing him off!"

## THE GLEBE HOUSE.

BY CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### *The Demon of Revenge.*

If iron can find the soul of man it found that of Cyrus Bent's as he picked himself from the muddy sward and fully



FROM A ROUGH CHEST HALF FILLED WITH HIS EFFECTS HE DREW OUT A PISTOL.

realized the indignity to which he had been put, and that, too, under the eyes of his love. To him that moment seemed

the climax of his existence, but in fact, it was not, the difference being that his desperation was born of anger and not of despair. With eyes ablaze, and controlled by nothing more potent than the white heat of hate fed by pride, he ran across the road, and facing the three who stood in mute wonder, shouted in a frenzied tone: "I have found him! He's there—the domine—and he was helped by his brother! I was beaten by treachery! Go back with me—you three or any of you—and help me take him before he gets away! Force to force—force to force!" He paused for breath, his wild eyes running from one to the other of his listeners.

"Faith, I take it ye are a bit stumped an' have been manhandled!" said one of them; "Ye look as though ye had found the devil!"

"Nay; the minister is within the house, I tell you!" cried Bent, beside himself with eagerness.

"Then ye had better be tellin' th' squire an' goin' a bit slow! Goshermity! do ye take us for three fools to follow a fourth an' break into th' Glebe House? How came it ye staid behind? Jest stand ye on one foot a minnit an' get ye yer wind an' yer wit! Nobody's goin' to run away right off—not us anyhow!"

Thus abjured, Bent gasped out his story disjointedly enough, and with more or less accuracy as to detail. He calmed

himself somewhat as he progressed, coloring the story as best suited his already injured self-respect and concluding with the statement that to tell the squire would avail nothing as he had in mind that both glory and revenge would be denied him. As he proceeded a new interest held his hearers, their heads closing together, and at last, after having apparently arrived at an understanding, they walked slowly up the road, still talking, until on arriving at the store Bent left them.

There was little doing within. Jephtha Beacon looked askant but said nothing as his disheveled clerk appeared only to pass through the back office and toward his quarters in the garret. The old man smiled grimly, doubtless comparing his own tact with his employée's lack of it; for the two precepts on which the proprietor of the 'holler store' always acted and which had been such factors to his success, enabling him to die as he had lived—the wealthiest merchant in Connecticut, were 'molasses catches more flies than vinegar' and 'mind your own business.'

Bent furbished himself into shape and returned to the store but the townfolk on whom he waited that day got no more than monosyllables from the always taciturn young man. In no way ever popular, he was left to chew the bitter cud of reflection, save as at such times as his

services were necessary—and his present thoughts were dangerous companions. Late in the day he saw Marcy riding toward the Glebe House on his recovered horse, and he set his white teeth into his nether lip until it bled. There was an air of impatience about him as the sun sank low, but this he fought against with some success. Three or four times during the afternoon he crept to the rum barrel and drank a stiff dram, which, beyond giving his black eyes an additional sparkle, seemed to produce no effect upon him. As he was relieved by his fellow clerk, shortly after dark, he again repaired to his loft, stopping by the way to cut a dozen or more feet of small tarred line from one of the great loops of stuff that hung from a rafter. This he carried to his room and made into a small bundle. As he reached the head of the narrow stairs preparatory to descending he hesitated a moment, appeared lost in thought, then resolutely swung about and returned to his room. From a rough chest half filled with his effects he drew out a pistol, tested the flint by snapping, loaded and primed it, and as though afraid of himself, thrust it into the waistband of his breeches and hurried out. Ten minutes afterwards he stood in the old town burying ground under the shadow of a great hemlock close against the wall of the Episcopal church and there waited as if by appointment.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### *The Half-Brothers.*

Meanwhile, despite the excitement of the morning, matters had moved quietly enough in the Glebe house, the two brothers seeing but little of each other until they came together for the evening

meal. The quaint kitchen was snug and homelike for the air had turned chilly with the decline of the sun, and now the brisk firelight, the only means of illumination since the dishes were removed,

danced through the apartment. From the spinning wheel in its corner to the flashing diamond panes of the dresser; from the snowy curtains hanging over the windows, to the clean, wing swept hearth and swung back crane, every article spoke of the hand of a perfect house-keeper. Hetty had retired to the parlor from which, anon, came the sound of the harpsichord as she sat and improvised in the desolate room. She had been strangely silent since noon. In the wood closet the valve was lifted ready for the minister at the first alarm. By the kitchen fire sat the deaf paralytic mumbling his pipe, gazing as he had been most of the day, at the curling smoke, while on opposite sides of the kitchen table sat the two brothers.

Close together, the likeness they bore each other was not so strong as when apart, and yet the difference lay more in expression than in feature. The rector, pale and haughty, had the appearance and bearing of the born aristocrat, while the younger man, not behind his brother in either form or feature, showed mobility of countenance and an eye by far less calculating. Indeed, as he sat and scanned the minister by the jumping light of the fire, there was a look which might have been taken for amusement—an expression never seen on the face of the Reverend Archibald Challiss.

“And you, as a sane man, still persist in sticking to an empty form. Others have altered the ritual; why do you remain stubborn at your own risk?”

Thus spoke Marcy in return to some remark that had been made by the rector.

“It is of small moment to me how others may interpret their duty!” was the answer. “I would be unworthy of my cloth were I to back from the position I have chosen! I act on principle! When I took the oath of office in England I swore to uphold the ritual as it exists. It

is not for me to break faith. You cannot understand this thing!”

“Faith! I cannot, indeed, I fail to understand how a man can be pig-headed over a matter that involves nothing, when by his stubbornness he risks his own liberty if not that of others. Have you thought of Hetty?”

“I have thought well of my god-daughter. She must pass under the rod!” answered the minister, wearily.

“She welnigh passed under it this morning!” replied Marcy, slightly raising his voice;—“and had it not been for me there is strong likelihood that you, yourself would now be starving in yonder hole, for I doubt me that you could have opened the valve while it was backed by a mass of logs!”

“I have to thank you for it, Talbot, and yet—and yet it goes hard to think that we were rescued by one whose interests are traitorous. Regarding my danger from starvation—let me correct you. You know of my hiding place, but you do not know that it communicates directly with the cellar by the mere removal of a board. From it I could also reach the floor above and come down the back stairs to the cellar, and so, out of doors. This latter egress, however, is of little use when the house is full of prying men and I have closed the upper opening. Still we are under obligations to you—both Hetty and I.”

“In faith! Then you have ingress and egress by way of your hole, to all parts of the house, and as freely as the rats!”

“Precisely; but the valve is by far the most convenient way!”

“And have you thought of the end?”

“I have nothing to fear. It is you who should walk in constant dread. I do not comprehend how you can range yourself with this movement against your king. It is upon that subject I wish to speak—now

that we have settled regarding the legal papers. Will you listen? What class do you represent? The lowest in the colonies!—The peasantry of America—the *canaille*. They begin by rebelling;—it may end in abortive revolution;—abortive for the reason that the cause is unjust;—more—ungodly, for they threaten to raise their hands against the rule of an anointed king! And what do you expect to accomplish?—where get a foothold? Does not General Gage hold Boston? Is he in danger save from mob violence? Where are your forces? Where your system? It is all wickedness—wickedness and madness! For with a regiment of infantry the country could be swept from Massachusetts Bay to the Hudson without the loss of a man, so terrorized would be your so called patriots! Have you no political foresight? Can you not see that the patience of England is about at an end? Her armies will overrun the colonies, killing or imprisoning every rebel who denies the righteous authority of George the Third. And it were a well deserved punishment! Shield yourself, Talbot, for when that day comes, even I cannot save you from the result of your folly.”

The minister had grown earnest. Marcy listened to this exposition of toryism with a curl to his lip that was not hidden by his small moustache. With a palpable sneer in both voice and manner, he retorted:

“Oh! thou worthy exponent of the Prince of Peace! You prated for principle a moment since but now you cry for policy! Would you have me be false to myself? And are you so blind as not to see system all about you? What of the committee that has been hounding you? the counterpart of which is in every town! What of the League? What of the ten thousand men now being enrolled by a weak congress? Moreover, the king’s

authority is everywhere denied. To America he is but king by name. You are in error, my dear brother, and your greatest error is in thinking that a revolution started by the peasantry of a land—your so called *canaille*—is ever; *is ever* unrighteous. It is a call for justice—for natural liberty—a protest against wrong! Are they the devil’s factors? This land belongs to those who work it—not to England. Its fruits should be owned by the toiler—not taxed into the pockets of another; and it is this principle, born naked into the world as long ago as when the barbarians turned upon Rome; this principle which has now attained its youth and will grow to a giant’s strength; which will sweeten the ages to come. We may fail but you cannot force a truth to be a lie, batter it as you will! We may fail, but martyrs have marked the track of progress since the days of Adam! The cause of liberty, national or individual, will never die! Nay! nay! my worthy brother, you waste yourself on me. We are worlds apart, and for God’s sake! let us eschew politics! I have something in hand more to my taste!”

The minister showed his white teeth in a depreciatory smile as he listened, but he assumed his old expression as he said:

“Well—what next, Talbot? Is the matter as easily pricked as the last could be?”

“It is about Hetty!” answered Marcy with desperate firmness, folding his arms and planting them on the table as he looked fixedly at his brother.

“What of her?” asked the rector, shifting his eye.

“You are in danger, sir—*that* of her, since she is under your roof. I made light enough of the matter, perhaps, but the young man whom I put out of this house was right. He is both coward and sneak but he was right in effect. You



should surrender to the authorities—it is your safety! The committee would be helpless in the face of mob violence, and from now on your house is in growing danger from that source. I cannot allow Hetty to share this risk.”

“*You* cannot!” said the rector, sharply, stiffening himself.

“Excuse my abruptness—but time wanes. I *will* not!”

The rector’s hands clinched involuntarily. “And by what right of effrontery do you dictate to me regarding my god-daughter? Do you doubt that Thaddeus Wain placed her under my protection?”

“I doubt nothing!” returned the young man warmly; “but as to my right—it is that of an accepted lover—as you have long known.”

“God forbid!” exclaimed the minister with something like anger in his raised voice as he rose from his chair. “And do you wish to make me believe that my god-daughter is so lost to shame that she will renew relations with the man who deserted her and gave neither word nor sign for two years? You who—”

“Stop, sir!” cried Marcy, his face flushing a deep red in the firelight as he sprang to his feet and held up a warning hand. “You are a minister of the gospel. God grant I am not saving you from self-stultification! Look at these!” he almost groaned, as he threw a packet of letters on the table. “Hetty found these while rearranging your overturned desk this morning! Archibald, deny nothing—admit nothing. I will give you the benefit of a possible doubt. Only this much more—for the subject demands brevity—your god-daughter Hetty and I desire to marry at once. You may gather something of the sweetness of her nature when I tell you that even now she would have you perform the ceremony. I have but three days to spare, at most.”

The rector fell back a pace and remained in a fixed attitude as though unable to absorb the full import of his brother’s words. His fingers worked convulsively for a moment, then without answering, he bent forward and seized the packet, stripped it of the bit of string that held the letters together, and bent low to the firelight that the writing might be clear. In the meantime not a movement was made by the other occupants of the room, nor was a sound heard beyond the snapping of the logs and the rustle of the papers turned in the fingers of the stooping man. For a moment the music of the harpsichord ceased.

Finally the rector became erect, and like one weakened by a blow, spoke hesitatingly:

“Talbot, God only knows what these mean to me;—you never can. But do not degrade me even by thinking that I have a hand in this. They are doubtless your letters to Hetty, but before my Maker, I knew nothing of their existence in my house or elsewhere. I swear I—”

“How came them in your possession?” demanded the younger man, coldly.

“That is the least of it; the plainest of it, to me!” the rector returned with the air of a man who simply explained a fact regardless of its being believed or disbelieved. “—Hetty remained in Hartford to complete her studies. I came to Woodbury to preach once in two weeks, then returned to her. There were many matters demanding attention. Thaddeus stayed here—the Glebe house was being repaired. It is all plain to me. These—these letters were collected by him and forgotten;—just placed in the desk against our home coming—and forgotten. God help me! my brother; I know of no other way this could have happened!”

He spoke with a tremble in his voice—the articulation of a nerveless man

or that of a strong one suffering from shock. Taking the letters loosely in his hands he approached the smoker by the fire and placing them upon the shiny, leather knee of the paralytic, asked coaxingly :—"Thaddeus, do you remember these?"

The invalid took his pipe from his mouth, turned the letters over and over in his hands, and casting a flat and bleary eye on the minister, answered :—

"Aye—aye ! Archibald ; aye—aye ! I e'en gave 'em to Hetty—gave 'em to Hetty years ago !"

The drooping lips had barely completed the halting sentence ere Talbot Marcy uttered an exclamation, ran around the table and presented his outstretched hands to his brother. In his generous nature the revulsion of feeling was total ; at that moment the minister might have made a life long friend of this impetuous and demonstrative young man, but the chance passed. There was a ring of genuine joy

to Marcy's voice as he said :—" Archie ; I have sinned against you, though in thought only ! We were never so close as at this moment ! Will you forgive me ?"

The hands stretched out were not refused, but the chilly nature of the minister was shown in the way he placed his own in the warm palms that covered them. He withdrew them at once without a word in reply, then turning, he walked slowly and unsteadily to the outside door as though stricken with palsy.

His brother watched him a moment, quizzically. The slight hardening of heart at what was almost a rebuff to his late affectionate demonstration made him blind to the evident distress of the minister, and as the rector opened the door and passed into the outer air, the younger man gathered up the letters and with a grin smile turned to the parlor from which was still heard the faint, sweet tinkle of the harpsichord.

*To be continued.*

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## MAY.

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Thou com'st to greet us soon,  
 Oh, bright and blooming May !  
 So fresh thou art and sweet  
 With all thy blossoms gay !  
 Yet none of us may know  
 How many a rainy day  
 Must darken some light heart,  
 Ere thou shalt pass away.

SALLY PORTER LAW.

# THE NATHAN HALE SCHOOL HOUSE IN EAST HADDAM.

BY FRANCIS H. PARKER.

**T**HAT Nathan Hale began the work of his brief and ill-fated life as a school teacher in East Haddam, has long been known to all acquainted with the incidents of his career prior to his enlistment into the patriot army at the outbreak of the Revolution. Hale graduated

of the Union Grammar School in New London.

Until within a few years the interesting fact that the building in which Hale instructed and disciplined the youth of the "Landing" district during these few months was still standing, and in such



THE NATHAN HALE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

at Yale College in September, 1773, and late in the fall of that year was employed to teach in the public school in what is now known as the second or "Landing" school district in East Haddam for the winter term. He remained in the school only until the spring of 1774 when he secured a much better position as teacher

condition that it might be preserved for many years to come, was wholly unknown to the general public. Hale's association with the building had passed from the minds of men, and a very few only, even among the people dwelling in its immediate vicinity, had knowledge of the historic interest it possessed. But for the



BUST OF NATHAN HALE ERECTED ON  
THE SPOT WHERE THE SCHOOL-  
HOUSE STOOD IN 1773.

increasing attention bestowed upon the incidents and memorials of the Revolution during recent years, stimulated in great part by the institution of many patriotic orders, it is probable that the Nathan Hale School House in East Haddam would soon have fallen into decay, and Hale's connection therewith have been forgotten.

In a communication published in the Connecticut Valley Advertiser in the year 1894, Judge Julius Attwood of East Haddam, then and for many years before the owner of the building, gave its history to the public, and furnished indisputable proofs of its identity.

When Hale came to East Haddam in the fall of 1773, he gathered his pupils about him in a low, one-story building, then standing upon the small triangular

piece of land now constituting the village green, or park place, a short distance east from Chapman's Ferry, the historic name of the present ferry at Goodspeed's Landing. On the one hand the highway led easterly towards Town Street, and on the other, turned up the hill to the north and led on to East Haddam Landing, then, and long afterwards, commonly called Moodus Landing. It is well to remember that from its first settlement, in common speech and in public records, East Haddam was frequently called Mac-himoodus, later contracted to Moodus, and that the present village of Moodus was not so named until about 1850, having been before that time called Mechanicsville.

The building was originally rectangular in form, and similar in all essential respects to the school houses commonly found to as late a date as 1850 in East Haddam and other country towns, some of which with changes and modern improvements have remained until the present time. Its furnishings were rude and simple, like those of other school houses of the time; a period, it must be remembered, long before the modern ideas with respect to seats, desks and the proper number of cubic feet of air for pupils came into vogue. Those readers whose recollections carry them back to the country school house of fifty years ago or more will be able to fill up the picture of the school room where Hale presided during his sojourn in East Haddam. To those of later days, no description will make clear the bareness of the school rooms in which our great grand parents received the common school education then, as now, required by statute law.

How long this building had been used for school purposes before Hale came to East Haddam does not appear, but it continued to be used for the district school until 1799, when a larger and more com-

modious building became necessary. The Hale school house was then sold to Capt. Elijah Attwood, who removed it some distance north to a site on the west side of the road to East Haddam Landing nearly in front of the present St. Stephen's church. Capt. Attwood built on two additions, and with the necessary internal changes, converted it into a dwelling house. As such it was owned and occupied by him and his descendants for an hundred years. During that time it sheltered a domestic life at once modest and independent, self respecting and useful, and of a type, fortunately still to be found and respected in all the country towns of Connecticut.

With the recent history of the Nathan Hale School House the public has become familiar. After Judge Attwood had called attention to the historic building, a movement began looking to its preservation. Richard Henry Greene, Esq., of New York, a great grandson of James Green of East Haddam, captain of a company of light horse in the Revolutionary service, took the burden of the enterprise and raised the funds necessary to put the building in complete repair and remove it to a new sight. Judge Attwood helped along the work by giving the building to Mr. Greene, and William R. Goodspeed, Esq., of East Haddam, donated an admirable new site for the renovated building in his lot on the hill to the west of St. Stephen's church, overlooking the Connecticut River. Unwilling that the preservation of the building should depend upon any individual life. Mr. Greene



BRONZE BUST OF NATHAN HALE BY ENOCH S. WOODS, THE HARTFORD SCULPTOR.

transferred it to the New York Society of Sons of the Revolution, of which society he was an influential member, and the New York Society in turn transferred it to the Connecticut Society of Sons of the Revolution, which has assumed the duty of caring for and preserving this interesting object lesson in history and patriotism.

To crown and complete the work, Ex-Governor Morgan G. Bulkeley, a native of East Haddam, and President of the Connecticut Society of Sons of the Revolution, has purchased and conveyed to that society the tract of land containing several acres surrounding the new site of the Nathan Hale School House, to con-

stitute a park to be known as the Nathan Hale Park. It is expected that hereafter the annual meetings of the Connecticut Society of Sons of the Revolution will be held in this ancient school house.

The present location of the Nathan Hale School House in East Haddam is a beautiful and conspicuous one. The custody and care of the building has appropriately passed into the hands of Connecticut men, and under favorable auspices it will continue to teach its lesson of history and patriotism to the people of East Haddam, and a wider circle in state and country for many long years to come.

Nor has the little park where the school house stood in 1773 been forgotten. There has been placed upon it, through the contributions of George G. Williams, Morgan G. Bulkeley, Wilson C. Reynolds, Mrs. Luther Boardman, William E. Nichols, Ralph B. Swan, William R. Goodspeed, Wilbur S. Comstock and other loyal citizens or sons of East Haddam, a bust statue of Nathan Hale, the work of Enoch S. Woods, the distinguished Hartford sculptor, whose statue

Hartford has been so much admired. The people of the town are to be congratulated upon the receipt of this gift of a beautiful specimen of the sculptor's art. Most fitting it is, too, that the spot about which memories of the patriot's sojourn in East Haddam center should be marked by an artistic and admirable memorial statue.

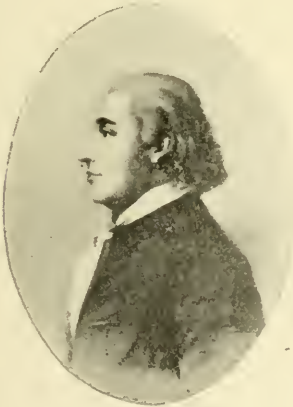
The public ceremonies of the sixth of June held on the anniversary of Hale's birth day, fittingly celebrated the successful accomplishment of the work of the patriotic and public-spirited few who determined to save the Nathan Hale School House in East Haddam from decay and destruction, and to secure its preservation for the sake of its historic associations and its inspiration to patriotism. To Mr. Greene above all others is the credit due, and it is to a kinswoman of his, Mrs. Hannah (Greene) Pierson, who knew Hale well while he was in East Haddam, that we are indebted for this brief but expressive tribute to Hale's personal worth: "Everybody loved him; he was so sprightly, intelligent and kind, and withal, so handsome."



## SAMUEL HUNTINGTON.

BY SUSAN D. HUNTINGTON.

“AMONG the phalanx of patriots who, fearlessly and unbrokenly resisted the menaces and efforts of the British government to prevent the Declaration of Independence, it is remarkable to observe the great proportion that arose from the humble walks of life who by the vigour of their intellect, and unwearied fearlessness compensated the deficiencies of early education and enrolled them-



GOVERNOR HUNTINGTON.

selves with honor and capacity among the champions of Colonial freedom.” Such a man was Samuel Huntington, signer of the Declaration of Independence and Governor of Connecticut. His extreme modesty and the fact that he left no descendants perhaps account for so little appreciation of the value of his services in these days of revival of interest in all things relating to the American Revolution.

Samuel Huntington, great grandson of Simon, who came from England and was one of the thirty-five original proprietors of Norwich, was born in Windham, July 3, 1731. His father, Nathaniel, had one of the large families which flourished in New England at that time and although three of the sons were graduates of Yale, Samuel, the eldest, was “destined to pursue a more humble but certain course of life on his father’s farm. This was, no doubt, at that time considered an enviable situation; the immediate presence of paternal protection and the acquisition of practical knowledge in an indispensable branch of political economy was infinitely more inviting than a precarious dependence upon the probable advantages which might result from a liberal education.”

Meanwhile he studied whenever he found time, borrowing books on all subjects and devouring them. He taught himself Latin and decided to enter upon a profession. Colonel Jedidiah Elderkin felt an interest in him and lent him books from his law library, so that by the time Mr. Huntington was twenty-eight years old he had given up farming and gone to Norwich to enter a law office. Before his thirtieth year had ended he had won distinction in his profession. Four years later he was made King’s Attorney for Connecticut, but the relations between the Colonies and the mother country soon became so strained that he found his strong sympathies would not allow him to faithfully serve the king, so he resigned that office.

When the Town-clerk of Norwich, Benjamin Huntington, called a town-meeting in 1765 to learn whether the citizens wished him to use the stamps furnished by the crown in accordance with the Stamp Act, Samuel Huntington urged, and the meeting finally voted, "that the clerk should proceed in his office as usual and the town will save him harmless from all damage that he may sustain thereby." Samuel Huntington was conservative and stood for loyalty to the mother country so long as there was hope of receiving justice, but when it became evident that there must be a division, he was outspoken for the rights of the colonists. At a full meeting of the inhabitants of Norwich in June, 1774, he was appointed to serve as chairman of a committee "to draw up some sentiments proper to be adopted and resolutions to be come into in this alarming crisis of affairs Relative to the Natural Rights and Privileges of the People." When this committee brought in its report, a vote was passed to defend the liberties of America and to support Boston and the other colonies against Parliament. Before the outbreak of the Revolution, Mr. Huntington had represented Norwich in the Assembly, had been judge of the Superior Court, and with General Jabez Huntington and the Hon. Benjamin Huntington, had represented Norwich in the Connecticut Council of Safety. It was curious that three of the original nine members of that council came from Norwich and that they were each named Huntington.

With such a record it was not strange that Samuel Huntington was appointed a delegate to the Continental Congress. With Roger Sherman, Oliver Wolcott and William Williams he took his seat in 1776 and in July of that year signed the Declaration of Independence, his name standing second of the four signers from

Connecticut. William Williams wrote at that time to Gen. Jabez Huntington: "If our assembly rechose their Delegates, I hope they will be guided by Wisdom and Providence. I must say that Mr. Sherman, from his early acquaintance, his good sense, judgment, steadiness and inflexible integrity, has acquired much respect, and is an exceedingly valuable member; and so is Mr. Huntington truly judicious, upright and worthy the trust. In spite of that awful contempt of religion and goodness too visible, etc., integrity an virtue do and will command respect. For my part I neither expect nor wish to remain here—— the burden is exceeding great. But in this critical time the acquaintance the others have with the run and connection of affairs, is very useful. It is of great importance that whoever attend here should be men of uprightness and integrity, inflexibly resolved to pursue and serve the great cause, insensible of motives of ambition, interest and any other applause than that of a good conscience."

An autograph letter of Samuel Huntington, written in Philadelphia in August, 1776, still exists and it shows the loyalty of Connecticut in those trying days. It says, "The affairs of the northern department have been heavy on my mind for some time, and much hath been said here on that subject by some of the members, at present things have a better prospect in that department, hope it may continue; am glad to hear Troops are coming from Connecticut at this critical season, altho' that state hath gone so far beyond her proportion." In October of the same year he writes from Philadelphia: "Of late the spirit of privateering increases surprisingly in this place." He remained a member of Congress until 1780. One of his biographers says, "It is due to the history of those years, the most eventful



in our national existence, to say that no member of those busy congresses was more marked for his diligent or laborious working or for his unselfish patriotism or for his wise statesmanship than Mr. Huntington. None were consulted oftener than he or with more confidence; and none were readier to suggest or wiser to plan."

In 1779 he was unanimously chosen President of Congress to succeed John Jay and remained the head of the nation for two years until his health gave out. He was re-elected to Congress in 1782, but was unable to resume his place until 1783. In November of that year, however, his health again obliged him to resign and he returned to Connecticut as simple and unassuming in character as when he left his native state. Mr. Huntington felt that he must set an example to counteract the spirit of extravagance, which had begun to appear. The simplicity of his life is brought out in the journal of the Marquis de Chastellux, who with the French ambassador went to visit him in Philadelphia and wrote, "We found him in his cabinet, lighted by a single candle. This simplicity reminded me of Fabricius and the Philopemens."

Another day the Marquis dined with Mr. Huntington in company with several distinguished French gentlemen and wrote, "Mrs. Huntington, a good looking, lusty woman, but not young, did the honors of the table, that is to say, helped everybody without saying a word," probably because she could not say a word in French.

This true patriot was not above calumny, however. The British were ready any day to pay a price for his head and in an English magazine for July, 1781, we find: "Samuel Huntington, the new President of the rebel congress is the son of a farmer. He was bred to the law and was

poor at the breaking out of the rebellion, but being gifted with a smooth tongue, and being insinuating and deceitful, has become popular, and probably rich, by fleecing his deluded constituents." Such slander did not touch the incorruptible President. When obliged to withdraw from Philadelphia, his office was kept vacant for him two months in the hope that he might return to fill it.

Soon after the family came back to Norwich he was appointed Chief Justice of the Superior Court and later Lieutenant-governor of the state. In 1786 he became Governor of Connecticut and was annually re-elected for ten years, until his death.

During this formative period of our history many perplexities arose. The year of Gov. Huntington's election Mass-



GOVERNOR HUNTINGTON'S HOUSE.

achusetts was stirred by Shays' Rebellion against the state government, and Gov. Bowdoin of that state appealed to Gov. Huntington for help. In a letter to Gov. Bowdoin, dated February, 1787, he promises to deliver up any insurgents that might take refuge in Connecticut in order to screen themselves from justice, and closes by saying, "From the Sentiments of the good people of this State I am satisfied that they very generally detest the lawless and violent courses which the insurgents have taken." In the Governor's speech to the House of Representatives in 1793 he suggests the appointment of

commissioners to decide upon the boundary line between Massachusetts and Connecticut, hoping that it may be arranged with as little contention as possible. He also advises the consideration of the matter of appointing agents from this state to attend the drawing up of a treaty with the Western Indians "for the purpose of obtaining anything in our favor respecting *our* western lands." In 1794 his Fast Day Proclamation states that national and state affairs were in a critical condition and begs, in face of "the impending danger of being involved in the calamities of an unprecedented and general war and the prevalence of Vice, Impiety and Irreligion," that the people give the day to fasting and humiliation, and prays that God may graciously be pleased to inspire the people of this state with "a spirit of unanimity and harmony and becoming zeal to promote the honor, interests and happiness of the State may bless the means of education for the promotion and increase of virtue, undefiled religion and useful literature,—dispose contending nations to be at peace on just and reasonable terms, and fill the world with the knowledge and story of God, and all servile labor is forbidden on that day."

In the Lenox Library of New York can be seen a characteristic letter of Gov. Huntington in manuscript recalling the Honorable Joseph Cooke, Esq., to his duty as a republican.

NORWICH, July 16th, 1787.

Sir :

By a letter from the Secretary of Congress of the 7th Instant I am advised that seven states only, are represented, and Congress urge the immediate attendance of Delegates from the State.

David Johnson being detained at Philadelphia in Convention, it is expected that yourself & the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Mr. Mitchell,

will give your attendance in Congress.

I have this day wrote Mr. Mitchell on the Subject & expect he will set out without delay, if the needful money can be obtained, have directed him to call on the Treasurer and obtain monies for both you Gentlemen that you may go forward at the same time.

Should any unsurmountable embarrassment prevent your attending in Congress, you will pledge to acquaint me of it without loss of time.

With sentiments of the highest

Respect, I am Sir

Your humble Serv<sup>t</sup>

S. HUNTINGTON.

Hon<sup>ble</sup> Joseph S. Cooke, Esq.

In 1795 the Governor's speech urges that, as the surest way to preserve peace is to be prepared for war, the militia be provided with powder in abundance. The prosperity of the state near the close of his service to it is shown by the following lines from that speech: "Such is present State of prosperity in Connecticut as affords Sufficient cause for mutual Congratulations at our present Meeting; and indeed the Tranquil State of the Nation, the political happiness and prosperity resulting from Internal peace and amity with foreign powers Ought to excite our Sincere gratitude to the Sovereign disposer of all Events for the Unparalleled favours and blessings bestowed upon us." Through those years of service he met every issue with clear judgment and unimpeachable integrity. His people showed their appreciation by their loyalty to him. Of the nine hundred votes cast in Norwich at the election prior to his last term of office, he received every one. "As governor of his native state he was exceeded in the confidence he inspired by none of those great men, who at different times, have made that office illustrious."

Samuel Huntington married, in 1761, Martha Devotion, the daughter of his pastor in Windham. Having no children of their own, they adopted two of the large family of Joseph Huntington, a brother of Samuel and author of that curious, old book, "Calvinism Improved."

In the Lenox Library is also in manuscript this letter to his nephew, whom he afterwards adopted, while in college.

My former letter accompanied with a singing book which you had requested. I trust you have also receiv<sup>d</sup>

Altho' I am much from home & may not receive your letters at an early period, yet hope you will write by every opportunity, your Aunt and the family receive much pleasure in hearing from you & by your Aunt the letters are forwarded to me wherever I happen to be.



TOMB OF GOVERNOR SAMUEL HUNTINGTON IN OLD GRAVE YARD, NORWICH, CONN.

NORWICH, March 23, 1783.

Dear Nephew

I have receiv<sup>d</sup> your letter of the 20th of February. It gives me much pleasure to hear you were in health & happy in your situation, have noted the paragraph in which you mention the want of money & delivered to your Father five pounds to be forwarded, as he inform<sup>d</sup> me he would soon procure a safe conveyance hope you have receiv<sup>d</sup> it before this time.

We have repeated accounts that peace is like to take place among all the Belligerent powers, some late reports and private letters, go so far as to say it was actually completed the 20th of January & that all Hostilities were to close in America the 20th of this month but we have yet receiv<sup>d</sup> no Official accounts of this important news from our ministers in France, if the intelligence be just we may expect a confirmation soon.

Friends are generally well your Aunt & Sister present their love to you.

I am with much esteem  
and affection your  
Uncle

SAM<sup>l</sup> HUNTINGTON.

Mr. Sam<sup>l</sup> Huntington  
at Dartmouth College.

This gifted son and daughter drew many guests to the Governor's home, which was the house at Norwich Town now occupied by the family of the late Charles Young, then a stately, colonial mansion with tall pillars in front supporting the roof. This hospitable house was often filled with young people and in the evening they used to go to the kitchen, where the dressers shone with pewter dishes and the oak floor was ready for dancing, and there dance until the curfew sounded at nine o'clock, when they discreetly retired to their homes.

Frances, the adopted daughter was married to the Rev. E. D. Griffen, D. D., president of Williams College. The son, Samuel, 3rd., after his foster father's death moved to Ohio, of which state he became governor in 1808. A letter is still in existence describing his setting out for the far-distant New Connecticut, or Western Reserve, from Norwich Town. A neighbor wrote: "They are going in state — 4 Horses in Hack 4 Horses in Waggon and 2 Horses rode — 10 Horses all and 15 Souls Men Women and Children. A few Such Families would people the whole reserve." He found a wild country to travel through and "was one evening attacked about two miles out of the town (Cleveland) by a pack of wolves and such was their ferocity that he broke his umbrella to pieces keeping them off, to which and the fleetness of his horse he owed his preservation."

The life of this Norwich Town family was extremely simple. Mrs. Huntington,

Governor Huntington's wife, "an excellent lady possessing an amiable disposition and condescending manners," in her earlier married life used to take her work-bag on her arm and go out to spend the afternoon with her neighbors, it might be to drink a cup of tea with the butcher's or the blacksmith's wife. "In a white, short gown and stuff petticoat and clean, muslin apron, with a nicely starched cap on her head, she would take her knitting and go out by two o'clock." She was always ready to help the unfortunate and gladly gave to the poor. Mr. Huntington preferred to wait upon himself rather than to call for any trivial service, although in those days slaves were the household servants in many Connecticut homes. After performing the duties of his office and helping his law students, he often took time to repair any garden tools or broken household utensils. The many honors that came to the family made a more formal style of living appropriate. The *Norwich Packet* mentioned the doings in the Governor's family and an old copy is still preserved which published this interesting item: "On Wednesday last, set off from this place for the city of Philadelphia, the lady of Samuel Huntington, Esq., President of Congress. She was escorted out of town by a number of ladies and gentlemen of the first character." This setting out was doubtless the one that was preceded by this letter to Col. Wadsworth (also in manuscript at the Lenox library).

PHILADELPHIA, November 13th 1779.  
Sir

As I am constrain<sup>d</sup> to tarry in Congress I have sent Mr. Brown the post rider with a Carriage to wait upon Mrs. Huntington to this place.

—to desire the favor of you to give him such aid and assistance as you think

proper to facilitate & accommodate her journey, your kind assistance in this matter shall be gratefully acknowledged by your esteem<sup>d</sup>

and humble serv<sup>t</sup>

SAM<sup>l</sup> HUNTINGTON.

P. S. You will hear before this comes to hand of the failure of the expedition in Georgia. S. H.  
Col. Wadsworth.

Gov. Huntington was a man of formal manners and he had an enviable and peculiar faculty for repressing impertinences. He was extremely reserved but what he did say always carried weight. One who for twenty-four years had lived in his family said "he had never in single instance exhibited the slightest symptom of anger, nor spoke one word calculated to wound the feelings of another or to injure an absent person." His courtesy and modesty are shown in this letter of introduction. (In Lenox Library.)

NORWICH 23 November 1778.

Sir

This will be handed by Cap<sup>t</sup>. W<sup>m</sup>. Hubbard a merchant of note in this place.

As he is a stranger at Philadelphia I take the liberty to recommend him to your favorable notice as a gentleman of merit, a friend to his country & a friend of mine.

We are anxiously waiting to hear of some efficacious measures adopted by Congress relative to our mediums & presume they are not inattentive to an object of such importance.

That your Health may be preserved to endure the Important Service & Labours which you have so long patiently borne in the service & Camp or your country is the earnest wish and ardent desire of

Your most Obedient &  
Humble Servant  
SAM<sup>l</sup> HUNTINGTON.

President ———

The love of justice was strong in Gov. Huntington and as a judge he was impartial, cool, dignified and always courteous to other gentlemen of the bar.

After being elevated to the highest civil dignity which it was in the power of the people of the United States to confer as President of Congress, and of the citizens of Connecticut as their chief counsellor and magistrate, this self-taught man was gratified by the degree of LL. D. conferred by both Yale and Dartmouth.

He was a constant attendant at church and often took part in the prayer meetings of the old First Church at Norwich Town, and in the absence of the minister was more than once known to preach.

Governor Huntington died in office on January 5, 1796. A stately funeral procession, consisting of a band, drummers and fifers, military companies with arms reversed, magistrates, aldermen, councilmen and clergy, followed by a concourse of citizens, marched from his house to the cemetery close by and laid him in the old brick tomb which bears this single inscription:

SAMUEL HUNTINGTON, ESQ.

Governor of Connecticut  
having served his fellow citizens  
in various important offices,  
died the 5th day of January, A. D. 1796,  
in the 65th year of his age

The funeral sermon, preached by the Rev. Dr. Stray "bears witness to the sincerity of his character and the uprightness of his life. The history of his country declares the wisdom of his counsel, the excellence of his judgment and the purity of his unfailing patriotism."



MISS GENEVIEVE HECKER.

Miss Genevieve Hecker by defeating Miss Ruth Underhill at the Morris County Links this month became champion of the Metropolitan Golf Association. Miss Hecker is a member of the Wee Burn Golf Club, and is, needless to say, its best woman player. She is not yet out of her teens, and bids fair to hold the championship for some time to come. She is expected to make a strong fight for the national championship in August.

## GOLF CLUBS IN CONNECTICUT.

BY W. D. FREER.



GOLF has taken a strong hold on Connecticut and at last a use has been found for many abandoned farms. Old pasture lots are used for links and the stonewalls serve their purpose in the game. In this article will be found an account of a good many clubs and they occupy much ground. The lands being utilized for links are increasing at an amazing rate and if the ratio keeps up the scientists of a few thousand years hence will obtain queer ideas of the purposes to which this state was put to in 1900. The remains of man and his activities are to be found back as far as the miocene period and some hold that golf goes further back than that and the opinion is advanced that the planet Mars was once a great golf field and what are supposed to be the banks of canals are but the hazards for the ancient game.

There are various ways to account for the popularity of the game. Those who play are supposed to wear suits that are pretty and there is a wide field for taste. It is one of the games that is interesting to see even if the onlooker is unfamiliar with all of the points of the game. There is much activity in it and there is but little sameness. As it is played out of doors and as the age is an athletic one it affords a fine opportunity for women who are fond of exercise. This may account for some of its popularity.

Thirty years ago croquet was the only inducement for girls to venture in outdoor games. The art of sledging had not been advanced to tobogganing and there was not much of a field for sportswomen. But women have had the inclination since the times of Bess of Hardwick, who could carry a 60-pound Cheshire cheese on her head.

As all who play are enthusiastic over the game it must be something more than a fad. If more proof is needed notice the space that this magazine gives up to it and calculate the time that I have spent upon it. Below will be found an account of a large number of the most important clubs in the State.

### WEE BURN GOLF CLUB.

THE Wee Burn Golf Club of Norton is one of the best known clubs along the Sound, and will be the subject of particular interest this summer, as the



CLUB-HOUSE WEE BURN GOLF CLUB.

tournament for the championship of Connecticut is to be played on its links early in June. The course is over a picturesque stretch of ground on the old Boston Post road. It is admirably situated, as it has all the quaint associations and scenery of a country village, and is at the same time within easy reach of the business center of Stamford. Across the road from the links, on the top of a high knoll, from which a view of nearly the entire course may be obtained is the club house, which



CHARLES H. SEELY, LEADING PLAYER WEE BURN GOLF CLUB, WAS RUNNER ON IN STATE CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST.

is an attractive model of colonial architecture. These things are all very nice, but it is not to them alone, however, that Wee Burn owes its distinction in the golfing world. It is the quality of its links from a playing viewpoint that so commends it to golfers, and has made it such a thriving, vigorous club. It is a nine hole course, the total length being 2,800 yards. The ground is of a character adapted for golfing, and has been given very careful attention, so that it is

now in excellent trim. This spring some obstructions such as trees, have been removed, and a couple of greens, which were not up to the standard, have been improved. Last fall such players as Findlay Douglas and C. M. Hamilton spoke in high terms of it and this year it will be found to be in better shape than it was last. This will be welcome information for the clubs throughout the state, owing to the championship meet being held on these links. The tournament commences Wednesday, June 6, and concludes the following Saturday.

The Wee Burn Golf Club was organized in the spring of 1897. The chief movers in founding the club were Edward E. Buggerhof, John D. Crimmins, Archibald H. Smith, A. Floyd Delafield, and Wilson L. Baldwin. About 30 acres of land were procured for links from George Stranward, F. S. Fitch and Mrs. Charlotte F. Callender. The club grew rapidly. It was but a short time until the membership limit, at first determined upon, had been reached, and it was extended to 125 members. There is now a full membership. The first two years the bulk of attention was given to improving the course, but, last year, an important step forward was taken by the erection of a new club house. The opening of the new house, last fall, was marked by the holding of an open tournament, in which most of the prominent golfers of the M. S. A. took part. The club has several excellent golfers on its rolls. Among them are C. H. Seely, who has distinguished himself in many open tournaments, George and Fred Hecker, Harvey L. Williams, W. L. Baldwin, W. B. Wheeler, A. C. Wheeler and A. S. Pitt. The last few years it has been represented by a team which can hold its own with most others. The club has also developed some good women golfers.



Chief among these are the woman champion or the club, Miss Genevieve Hecker, who showed up well in the national women's championship at Philadelphia, last year. The present officers of the club are: President, John D. Crimmins; Vice-President, Charles Stewart Smith; Secretary, Harry F. Devens; Treasurer, Wilson L. Baldwin; Captain, Alfred S. Pitt.

### HILLANDALE GOLF CLUB.



THE Hillandale Golf Club has attractive links in the vicinity of Strawberry Hill at Stamford. It is a nine hole course which runs, as the name would indicate, over hill and dale. The membership is confined

for the most part to Stamford people.

About the best known player belonging to the club is Edward Leavitt, who was proficient at the game long before it gained its present popularity. The links are near Mr. Leavitt's residence and he has devoted much of his time recently to attending to them. As a result they are now in first-class shape.

The officers of the club are as follows: President, Frank Phelps; vice-president,

Charles Francis Deau; treasurer, Dr. James Albert Meek; secretary, Joseph R. Swan; captain, Edward Leavitt.



NINTH TEE HILLANDALE GOLF CLUB.

The club will boast of a course this season of more than ordinary merit. It has been lengthened and improved to such an extent under the direction of Edward Leavitt, captain of the club, that it is practically a new course, and one which will hardly be equalled by any nine-hole course in the metropolitan district, not excepting even Oakland, which is ranked among the best nine-hole courses in the country. Its natural advantages are almost unequalled. The turf, which is a distinct feature, is firm but springy, and of a rich, thick texture, which practically insures a good lie from a well-hit ball on any part of the fair green. The contour of the country is also favorable for golf links, and natural hazards have been made

such good use of that artificial hazards have only been found necessary in playing to three holes. The greatest care has also been used in arranging the distances of the various holes and the hazards, so that perfect play receives its full reward, as to every hole the distances require a full drive or the multiple thereof, or



EDWARD LEAVITT, CAPTAIN HILLANDALE CLUB.

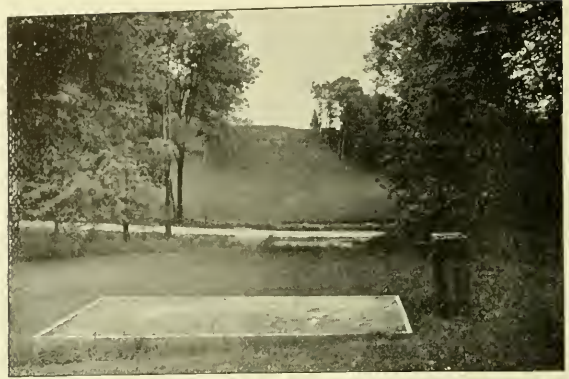
else a hazard is so placed that a poor shot is punished by the loss of a stroke. There are no holes which are a drive and a half or two drives and a half, offering chances for the bungler to retrieve himself.

Last year the course was only 2,434 yards long. It has now been lengthened 417 yards, making the total playing distance 2,851 yards. There will be absolutely no local rules, as none is neces-

sary, which is a good feature, and a man is forced to keep straight, as there is hardly a hole where a sliced or pulled ball is not severely punished. One glance over the links leaves a good impression. Every hole offers some new and attractive feature, and there are one or two holes sporty enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic player. The arrangement of the holes, with names, distances, and bogey, is as follows :

No.	Name.	Distance.	Bogey.
1.	The Arches, . . . .	210	4
2.	The Oaks, . . . .	209	4
3.	Rock Spring, . . . .	315	4
4.	The Maples, . . . .	435	5
5.	The Roadway, . . . .	145	3
6.	The Moorlands, . . . .	587	6
7.	Hillandale, . . . .	385	5
8.	Pike's Peak, . . . .	350	5
9.	The Cedars, . . . .	215	4
Total, . . . .		2,851	40

The first two holes are by themselves to the right of the club-house. They run parallel to each other, and are practically the same. A bunker runs across the line of play to both holes 170 yards from each tee, which must be driven. A mashie approach should then find the green with



A VIEW OF THE GROUNDS HILLANDALE CLUB.

the regulation two more for a bogey, four in each case. The second green, on the top of a ledge overlooking Rock Spring, is nicely situated. A low bunker and sand-pit at the back will punish an over-approach. The tee for the third hole is to the left of the club-house, and an accurate tee shot is necessary to avoid clumps of trees on each side. The play is then over rolling country to a punch-bowl green with little trouble if one keeps straight. The next, 435 yards, calls for careful play. The drive is from the top of a knoll from where a bird's-eye view of five holes can be seen. A road punishes a poor second. The fifth is the short hole, only 145 yards, for which the bogey is



CLUB HOUSE, HILLANDALE CLUB.

three, and then comes the longest hole on the course and one of the longest in the country, 587 yards. A road in front of



MISS GERTRUDE LEAVITT, CHAMPION LADY  
PLAYER, HILLANDALE CLUB.

the tee punishes a topped ball, while a bunker 300 yards from the tee traps a poor second. The green is rolling, on a little knoll, and those who record a six will probably be in the minority most of the season.

The seventh, Hillandale, 385 yards, is one of the most attractive of the nine. The drive is from the same knoll as the fourth hole, only in the opposite direction. A road 150 yards from the tee must be driven, while a brassie should be within a mashie approach of the green, which is nestled down at the side of a thick woods with a road behind it. The eighth is the sportiest hole on the course, and different from any in the country. The drive is over a road and two stone walls to the foot of a ledge 200 yards from the tee. This ledge is forty or fifty feet high, and the second shot must be up over this hill bunker at right angles to the drive, to a

punch-bowl green lying between a clump of trees and a road. Bogey is five, par is four, and eight will not be unusual. In facing the home hole, a rock bunker fifty yards from the tee threatens danger to a poor drive. Well away, however, it is plain sailing to the green for a bogey four. Woods on each side of the fair green, however, demands straight play. The turf here is the finest on the course, as a player could run up to the green with a putter from almost any distance. The roads, which are referred to as hazards, are all private.

A cosy little club-house, built last fall, overlooks the course and is surrounded by a clump of cedars. On the main floor is a large reception hall with big, open fireplaces, back of which is the dining room. The women's locker-room and parlor are up stairs, while down stairs are the men's locker-room and workshop, where Tom Gourlay, the well-known professional, holds sway. Gourlay has just been engaged by the club, and a better man could hardly have been found, as he is a good club-maker, teacher, and green-keeper.

From the *New York Post*, Mar. 9th.

#### HARTFORD GOLF CLUB.

THE Hartford Golf Club is building a magnificent club-house and is to invest \$60,000 in its new property. Its new course is of 18 holes and is excellent in nearly every respect. The membership is now close to 350. The showing the team made against the strong Yale club in April gives an idea of what good material there is in the club.

The new club-house is to have facilities for luxurious dining and for conveniences that will be excelled by but few clubs in

the country. And there will be tennis courts and a bridle path for horseback riders. Located near the beautiful Elizabeth Park the scenery is unsurpassed.



F. R. COOLEY, CAPTAIN HARTFORD CLUB.

Among the best players are F. R. Cooley, R. W. Cutler, H. S. Redfield, Alex Bunce, J. C. Stirling, D. L. Schwartz, E. K. Mitchell and W. F. Whitmore. Miss Ruth Whitmore, whose portrait is given, has played three years, is a scratch player, and plays the men's course in 95.



RALPH W. CUTLER, PRESIDENT HARTFORD GOLF CLUB.

Miss Whitmore is the possessor of the Bachelors' Cup put up in the ladies' handicap tournament in 1896. She won it three times, entitling her to hold it. Games were won in contesting for the cup

as follows: Miss M. S. Robinson 1, Miss A. N. Bennett 2, Miss G. O. Lewis 2, Mrs. R. B. Riggs 2, Miss C. E. Cutler 2, Miss M. B. Bald 2, Miss C. L. Howard 2. Miss Whitmore hopes to enter the international tournament at Shinnecock, L. I., this fall.

The team matches played by the Hartford Golf Club last year resulted as follows:



MISS RUTH WHITMORE, WINNER OF THE BACHELORS' CUP.

		WHERE PLAYED.	
May	27	Hartford 8,	Orford 6
June	17	" 16,	Arawana 5
"	24	" 31,	" 2
Sept.	9	" 20,	Norwich 1
"	23	" 38,	Sp'gfield 0
Oct.	7	" 20,	" 1
"	14	" 41,	Arawana 0
"	28	" 26,	Waterb'ry 7
Nov.	3	" 21,	Orford 1
"	4	" 17,	Waterb'ry 4
"	18	" 13,	N'w H'v'n 4
			C'try Cl'b 11
		251	38

The club was organized in 1896 and re-organized February 27, 1900. The pres-



CLUB HOUSE, HARTFORD GOLF CLUB.

ent officers are: President, Ralph W. Cutler; Captain, Francis R. Cooley; Secretary, William A. Sanborn; Treasurer, John J. Nairn; Board of Directors, the above officers and J. C. Stirling, J. M. Taylor, E. B. Hooker, J. O. Enders and C. P. Howard; Green Committee, Francis R. Cooley, J. Carolus Stirling, Charles P. Howard and Charles E. Shepard; Membership Committee, Dr. P. H. Ingalls, John S. Camp, Miss Mary Bulkeley and Miss Mary S. Robinson; Entertainment Committee, Mrs. Edward B. Hooker, Mrs. John M. Taylor, Mrs. W. M. Storrs, Mrs. Robert H. Chapman, Mrs. Lewis D. Parker and Miss Ruth Whitmore; Auditing Committee, William P. Conklin and Edward S. Pegram; Prize Committee, Miss Ruth Whitmore and Harold G. Holcombe.

The non-resident members are Miss Mary E. Beach of West Hartford, John J. Corning of New York, Clive Day of New Haven, Franklin D. Glazier of South Glastonbury, Mrs. Franklin D. Glazier of South Glastonbury, Miss Estelle Lethbridge of Orange, N. J., H. C. Nickerson of New York and Charles G. Smith of New York. The honorary members are James J. Goodwin, W. W. Huntington and Mrs. W. W. Huntington.

#### NEW HAVEN GOLF CLUB.

IN the history of sport in New Haven never, perhaps, has any game become so widely popular so rapidly after its introduction as golf. It has easily taken the lead over all other pastimes with the average public and its growth in the five years it has been played has been wonderful. At present there are three golfing organizations in New Haven and they are making important arrangements for the furthering of interest in the game. The clubs are the New Haven Golf, the New Haven Country and the Vale Golf.

The pioneer in the field of golf was the New Haven Golf Club which was organized in 1895. It was incorporated at Hartford a year ago.

The start of this organization was the outcome of peculiar circumstances. In the fall of 1894 when the century-old pastime of the Scotch was becoming a fad in this country the game was the chief topic of conversation among the members of the New Haven Lawn Club, then the leading pleasure-social organization of the city. Agitation for a links resulted in a committee, having for its members J. S. Hotchkiss, Joseph T. Whittlesey, William Beebe, John W.

Bristol and Prof. T. S. Woolsey, being elected to look into the project of introducing golf as one of the amusements of the Lawn club. These gentlemen immediately set about finding a suitable site for a course and while thus engaged deemed it best to keep the golf organization separate from the Lawn club. Accordingly the New Haven Golf Club was organized in 1895 with the above named committee acting as executive committee. Mr. Whittelsy was elected president and Mr. Bristol named as treasurer. Links were laid out on a large stretch of land on the beautiful Prospect street hilly eminences amid the most healthful surroundings. The club started with a member-



CLUB HOUSE, NEW HAVEN GOLF CLUB.

ship of 150 which has since increased to double that number which is the membership limit. The size of the present waiting list indicates that a large number of new members will be added shortly. Yale students at present make up the majority of the members but among business men and their families new recruits are being daily added. That the golf craze is at its height and even increasing cannot be doubted from the interest being shown in the pastime in New Haven just at present and especially in the old club.

The course of the New Haven club is about two miles distant from the railway station, trolley cars shortening the dis-

to a 25 minute ride. The first nine holes were laid out in 1895 by Robert D. Pryde, a son of Scotland, who has since been the greenkeeper. Last fall an additional 60 acres was purchased and the course is now being made to consist of 18 holes. This move will be a great improvement as the distance between several of the holes will shortly permit of drives of 500 yards. This will make distance another strong point of the course.

The original course has maintained a reputation far and wide for its peculiar excellence. In speaking of the greens while here on a visit in April, Harry Vardon, the English open champion, said, "Thus far they are the best I have seen in America and those over which I played in Florida do not at all equal them." Since its course was completed the New Haven Golf Club grounds have been the haunt of all Yale undergraduates who are inclined toward golf and here have been developed some of the finest amateur players in the country. No other club can approach the record of the pioneer Elm City organization in rounding out star performers. Since the formation of the intercollegiate league, Yale has had her team on the Prospect Hill course for practice and thus far they are the leaders of college golfers. Recently Yale's representatives won out from Princeton and Columbia's men at Lawrence Harbor, New Jersey.

W. Rossiter Betts, Yale '99, who was runner-up at the national amateur championships in Chicago in '96 acquired his earliest knowledge of golf at the New Haven grounds. Last year Walter B. Smith, another Yalensian, after three years practice over the links was runner-up against Findlay S. Douglas at the Morristown, N. J., tournament. Harry

Vardon is of the opinion that it would be hard to find a course which offers more possibilities for the development of golf and it is true that indications point to a future for the organization which would be hard to duplicate.

The present officers of the New Haven Golf Club, all of whom with one exception are Yale men, make up a board which manages the organization and are as follows: Joseph T. Whittelsy, 67s; Dr. Frederick L. Chase, 91s of the Yale Observatory; Arthur L. Wheeler, 93, James E. English, and the undergraduate representatives, F. C. Havemeyer, 1900, and T. M. Robertson, 1901, captain of the Yale golf team.

NEW HAVEN COUNTRY CLUB.



**I**n 1898 the New Haven Country Club was organized and is today the leading social organization of the city.

On an island in Lake Whitney, two miles distant from the center of the city, (a ten minute ride by trolley) is situated the picturesque grounds of the organization. In the acquiring of the property and the laying out of the eighteen hole course a large sum of



NEW HAVEN COUNTRY CLUB, VIEW FROM 3RD TEE.

money was expended. To complete the charming pleasure resort a handsome stone clubhouse, costing \$20,000, was erected last fall. The architecture of the



SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND VIEW OF NEW HAVEN COUNTRY CLUB-HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

structure is of the Old English pattern similar to the clubhouses on the courses in England and Scotland. The building



ROBERT SHIELDS, COACH.

is entirely of stone and is low and rambling. A restaurant famous for its excellence is maintained the year round for the convenience of the members. In the clubhouse, far from the noise and bustle of the city, many of the largest social entertainments of the smart set are held. A spacious dancing hall, retiring rooms for the ladies and gentlemen and sleeping apartments complete the modern ideas in the construction of the house.



CLUB HOUSE, NEW HAVEN COUNTRY CLUB.

The course stretched out over a large and beautiful countryside area is one that is much sought after and admired by golfers throughout the state. The most painstaking care was observed in its arrangement and neither money nor time were spared to make it meet the almost ideal requirements of the club members.

At present the membership touches 450, with a large waiting list on the club books. One of the features of the architecture of the grounds is the foot suspension bridge, constructed entirely of iron, extending from the Lake Whitney shores

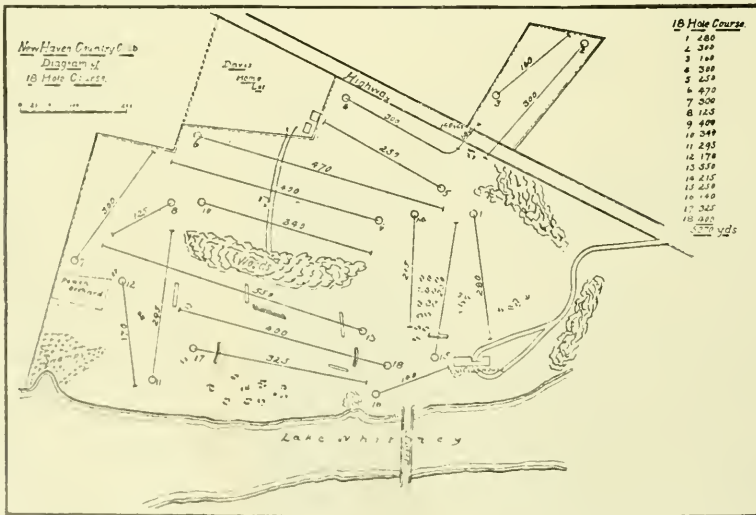
over the surface to the club grounds. A golf course amid more perfect environments could not be imagined. Ever since the day it opened money has been spent in constantly improving the grounds and course and the expenditures have been duly rewarded.

Every day is a gala one at the links and tournaments between members and also between the club and visiting teams are in progress throughout the season. Mr. Henderson, the steward, has charge of the grounds and clubhouse.

The officers of the New Haven Country Club are: President, Henry L. Hotchkiss; Vice-President, General E. E. Bradley; Secretary and Treasurer, George S. Barnum. Mr. Barnum is at present engaged in getting up a book of the Country Club.

YALE GOLF CLUB.

THE Yale Golf Club is composed of 200 undergraduates who use the New Haven Golf and also the Country



PLAN OF COURSE, NEW HAVEN COUNTRY CLUB.



Club grounds. There has been some talk of securing a private course but it is not probable that such a move will be made before next year.

Vardon's visit together with the natural and expected growth of the game have had the causes of the fine innings golf is now enjoying at Yale.

T. M. Robertson, 1901, of New York City is president of the Yale Golf Club.

STAFFORD COUNTRY CLUB.

WITH undulating land and natural hazards of brooks, marshes and sand pits the Stafford Springs Country Club is very fortunate in having a good course. The club was organized in the



E. H. PINNEY, CAPTAIN GOLF TEAM  
1898-1899.

spring of 1898 and the links were prepared under the direction of John Shippen, the professional player from the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club. The club-house commands a view of the course and there are piazzas on three sides. It has a living-room, refreshment room, lockers for men and women and an old fireplace in one of the rooms gives it a very comfortable appearance.

The links are about one mile from the village and the surrounding country is



CLUB-HOUSE, STAFFORD SPRINGS COUNTRY CLUB.

very picturesque. A pretty brook runs through the club property and there are



MISS MARY CONVERSE, WINNER WOMEN'S TOURNAMENT, SEASON OF 1899.

tennis courts and other forms of sport and recreation. The club was opened July 4.



MISS CLARA KINGSLEY BAKER. PLAYER IN THE FINALS (WOMEN'S TOURNAMENT SEASON 1899)



CHRISTOPHER ALLEN, PRESIDENT STAFFORD COUNTRY CLUB.

1898, by a match with Rockville players, and the club has had matches with Norwich club experts. Last summer the club sent players to the State tournament and Dr. L. F. Eaton qualified among the sixteen. Last fall a cup was presented by Christoph Allen to be played for at the fall tournaments by members of the club. Dr. Eaton won it in the first tournament and it is to be won three times before it can become the property of any member.

For the ladies in the club special entertainments are provided Saturdays during the season. The club has in its membership many of the officials of the big woolen mills at Stafford Springs and it has a number of non-resident members in New York, Boston and Hartford. The club



DR. L. F. EATON, WINNER OF THE ALLEN CUP AND CLUB CHAMPION SEASON 1899.

has about 180 members and the officers are: President, Christopher Allen, of the Phoenix Woolen Company; Vice-President, J. H. Valentine, of the Warren Woolen Company; Secretary, J. Carl Converse; Treasurer, B. P. Cooley, of Smith & Cooley.

The team for 1900 will probably be selected from the following players: Dr. L. F. Eaton, J. H. Valentine, E. H. Pinney, Charles B. Pinney, Claud C. Pinney, F. G. Sanford, Richard M. Fisk and J. Carl Converse.



A PICTURESQUE CORNER, STAFFORD SPRINGS GOLF CLUB.

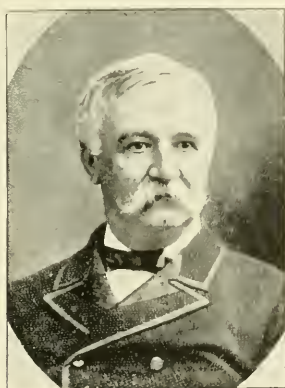
The best women players are Miss Mary Converse, Miss Clare Kingsley Baker, Mrs. E. H. Pinney, Miss Gertrude I. Butterfield and Mrs. Lewis McLaughlin.

#### FENWICK GOLF CLUB.

NEAR the shrine of Lady Fenwick the golf players have their links. The Fenwick Golf Club has been in existence four years and it has members from about every section of the United States. Mr. Pemberton of London, who has frequently played there, says that the

ground comes nearer to the great courses of England and Scotland than any he has seen in this country. This is high praise as the best are supposed to be in the kingdom of Great Britain.

It is certainly an ideal spot that the club has chosen for its links for it has water on three sides and a fine breeze is constantly blowing about. With the Sound on one side and the River on another and the cove bending in on the north the club members are sometimes undecided whether to play golf or go fishing. In the two last years golf has been very popular



EX-GOVERNOR MORGAN G. BULKELEY,  
FENWICK GOLF CLUB.

among the guests at the Ferwick Hall and it has to a large extent superseded bathing. When the followers of Neptune are becoming fickle it is an indication that golf is taking a strong hold on the young men and women in this country.

One of the most enthusiastic golfers in the Fenwick club is Governor Morgan G. Bulkeley. He plays very well, too, and spends much of his spare time at the links during the hot season. But he is not as good a player as is Morgan G. Bulkeley, Jr., who has arrived at the tender age of 16, and bids fair to beat all the club players. He has done remarkable work for

one of his age and there are few in the club who can cope with him.

The first teeing ground is near Fenwick Hall, the course is west about a half mile, it then goes back past the hotel and swings around until it strikes some other place. Some of the hazards are the wonderful country roads that have been built along the river and sound and are made of vast quantities of sand, four times as much as are necessary, with a variety of cacti along the sides. If this was not enough sand dunes have been built, ditches have been dug and partly filled with sand and there are artificial bunkers.

Play begins about May 1st and extends into November. James B. Moore of Hartford, who passes the winter in Florida, is president of the club, and M. B. Brainard of Yale, a son of ex-Mayor Brainard of Hartford, is secretary and treasurer. Among the best players are Colonel H. S. Redfield, Frank Cooley, Dr. W. D. Morgan, Colonel W. E. A. Bulkeley, president of the Beefsteak Club, R. G. Irwin, the manager of the Plant interests, and M. G. Bulkeley, Jr. The club has about 60 members and it is looking forward to a big season.

#### THE NORFOLK DOWNS.

FOUR years ago last August our golf-lovers were wishing Norfolk could have the one thing lacking to make it an ideal summering place—a first-class links. Little did they think that even then plans for introducing this good old game among the features of our village were taking shape in the minds of two of its residents. But such was the case and before many weeks had passed the plans were finished. Whereupon a large tract of land about a mile from the library was bought and the work of laying out a course was begun.

This work under the excellent supervision of Dr. A. E. Cobb was completed in less than a year, and the course at once opened to players. Since then the downs have been improved from time to time until now they are regarded by the experts who have played over them as among the few real Scottish downs in the state. Part of the expense of maintaining them is met by small annual dues received from the players and the rest is borne by the same public-spirited residents, the Misses Eldridge, whose generosity first made the course possible.

As I said before, the downs are only a short walk from the public library, and a delightful walk it is too—through a park of venerable elms, along a gravel path skirting a shady road, through a meadow and a stretch of fragrant pines and lo! we are there. Or, if we prefer to drive, we can do so over a well-kept road which brings us out, as the path does also, near a tall standard bearing the gilded crest of the Duke of Norfolk.

From this point a good view of the grounds can be had. Bounded on all sides but one by acres of woodland the course rolls away for more than a mile in a series of tiny picturesque hills and valleys covered with close-mown grass

and dotted here and there with patches of laurel. On nine of these hills at irregular intervals from each other are the



STANDARD NORFOLK DOWNS GOLF CLUB.

“tees” and far from each of these in a somewhat inaccessible valley is its corresponding “green.” By a system of underground mains water is brought from a distance to the “greens” and keeps them fresh even in the hottest season. To the south of the course is Toby Lake on whose wood-fringed shores are two or three summer cottages, while not far away to the north and the west rise the Berkshire Hills.

The links are used from early spring till late fall, but of course the season is at its height during July, August and September. Then crowds of brown-faced, red-coated players may be seen on the downs every day,—some playing well, some poorly, but all greatly excited as they move along from “tee” to “tee.” More than a hundred of them are members of the Norfolk Downs Golf Club, and it is from this number that the team is



CHARLES H. PECK, SECRETARY NORFOLK DOWNS GOLF CLUB.

selected each summer to represent the club in the Litchfield County Tournament. In the last one four teams—two from Litchfield, one from Washington, and the home team—competed for a handsome silver cup, valued at one hundred dollars, which will become the property of the team that first wins it three times. It was won last August by the Norfolk team. Tournament week with its many gay events has come to be looked forward to eagerly by all who make our village their summer home.

#### THE ORFORD GOLF CLUB.

THE ex-champion Connecticut golf player is a member of the Orford Golf Club of Manchester and the club is unique aside from this in that it has all Cheneys on its team. The club was organized in 1894. It has a nine-hole course in the center of the town of Manchester. Orford was the old name of the

the holes and a whole it is a very sporty course. Two of the holes are very long and there is only one that can be reached with the iron. The scenery is very pretty



JOHN P. CHENEY, ORFORD CLUB.



CLUB-HOUSE, ORFORD CLUB.

town and it is from this that the club takes its name.

The golf course is a very good one and the holes are about 300 yards apart. The ground was once pasture land and is varied in character. The ground has been rolled and the turf is excellent. Twice the course crosses a brook and once it goes up a steep hill, then there is a deep gully, artificial bunkers at all

with the rolling hills and the pond, the sheet of water being one of the hazards.

The view of the course accompanying this article shows a famous hole, No. 8, on the Orford Links, where a promising score is often "killed." Standing on the spot from which the picture is taken, some 200 feet above the brook, a good drive must clear the sandbank in the center of the picture, well back of which is the green. A "topped" drive will roll down into the brook.

The club-house is a rambling low building with piazzas on three sides and its reception room has been the scene of many choice social affairs. The house is provided with kitchen, lockers, wash-room, etc., and is cosy and comfortable. N. F. Pulsifer is president of the club and W. B. Cheney is captain. There are a number of young women in the club who are good players and some of the ladies are



VIEW SHOWING THE FAMOUS HOLE, NO. 8 ORFORD LINKS.

officers of the organization, being represented on the committees. There are matches once a week, often entertainments for Saturday and an annual tournament.

Thomas L. Cheney was formerly champion until this summer. Charles Hitchcock is the present champion, is the club member who is champion of the state and of Yale also. Recently he tied with Vardon, the English champion. It was at the State tournament at the Brooklawn Club that Cheney won the championship. The team is composed of T. L. Cheney, W. B. Cheney, W. C. Cheney, Philip Cheney, Mark Cheney and John P. Cheney. The team has been very successful in all its matches. Improvements are to be made at the club-house and in another year the size of the course will be doubled as the club has all the land that is necessary.

#### ARAWANA GOLF CLUB.

THE Arawana Golf Club of Middletown was organized in 1894 with about 20 members. It has never been incorporated but it probably soon will be. It was not until the fall of 1898 that the

blessings of golf made themselves so apparent to the citizens of Middletown that the membership of the club materially increased. Then the roll mounted up quickly to 60 members and it now carries 80 names. Women belonging to the families of members are honorary members and are exempt from dues or assessments. The officers of the club are: President, Samuel Russell; captain, Dale D. Butler; sec-

retary and treasurer, Frank A. Black. The management is intrusted to a board of governors. Among the best players are Samuel Russell, R. N. Jackson, Dale D. Butler, Earle Butler, E. G. Derby, S. B. Page and W. B. Douglas. A remarkably fine landscape surrounds the links and the charming ladies who are in the club play the game with grace and skill. Last year the club played several matches with Hartford, New Haven, Wallingford and other clubs and the members met with fair success. The management has now in hand the matter



DALE D. BUTLER, CAPTAIN ARAWANA GOLF CLUB.



ARAWANA GOLF CLUB  
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

Self.		Opp't		HOLES.			Self.		Opp't	
No.	NAME	Yds.								
1	TOBOGGAN	205								
2	LONG GREEN	370								
3	A CINC'	100								
4	TIPTOP	130								
5	RIDGE	400								
6	TROUBLE	130								
7	TO THE WOODS	360								
8	NORTH STAR	355								
9	LAST CHANCE	150								
		Total,				2200				

Add Score first 9 holes,

Opp'n't,

Date,

Event

SCORE CARD ARAWANA  
GOLF CLUB.

of the enlargement of the links, thus providing scope for increased skill. The location of the links is about a mile and a half from the Middletown Main street and all who visit the links are favorably impressed with the scenic

beauty and the adaptability of the ground to the game. The course is a 9 hole one and is located on an eminence which overlooks the city, river valley and a wide stretch of beautiful country on the Newfield road about a mile from the city. There are over 2,200 yards of perfect turf with excellent greens.

BROOKLAWN COUNTRY CLUB.

THE Brooklawn Country Club was started in Bridgeport in 1895. It has had a membership varying from 350 to 500. Golf is the most popular outdoor diversion and that game has 75 active devotees. The best players among the men are S. H. Patterson, H. H. Taylor, W. B. Wheeler, A. C. Wheeler, E. L. Ives, R. S. Hinks and J. M. Young.

The club rendered a conspicuous service to State golf interests by offering its links for the launching of the Connecticut League of Golf Clubs, and a very successful tournament was held at the Brooklawn links in July of last year, it being the first tournament of the league.

At that tournament, which covered nearly a week, some 80 entries were made in the individual contest and ten clubs

from different parts of the State sent teams of six each to contest for the team prize.

The individual championship was won by T. L. Cheney of the Orford Golf Club of South Manchester, and S. H. Patterson of the Brooklawn Club was the runner up.

J. M. Young of the Brooklawn Club has recently been elected president of the League of Connecticut Golf Clubs for the year. The Brooklawn Club leases some sixty or more acres of land and has sufficient room and did have facilities for baseball, tennis and archery, but since golf has become so popular interest in the other sports has decreased. A small sheet of water in the club grounds affords excellent skating in winter and for the social side of the club there are fixtures almost weekly.

The most popular one for the ladies is a series of contests of putting matches held on Saturday afternoons during the summer months. The best player among the women is Miss G. M. Bishop, who qualified in the first round of the women's national championship at Philadelphia last year and who recently won the championship at Palm Beach, Florida.

John M. Young is the captain of the golf team of the club and the committee on golf is composed of John M. Young, Howard H. Knapp, William E. Baillie, Jonathan Godfrey and V. P. Gibney.



CLUB-HOUSE FROM BROOKLAWN AVENUE.

The present officers of the club are: President, Charles G. Sanford; Vice-President, George W. Wheeler; Secretary, Fred Enos; Treasurer, H. M. Knapp.

#### GLASTONBURY GOLF CLUB.

THE Glastonbury Golf Club was organized in May, 1899. It is located in the town of Glastonbury about a mile from Wells corner and near the Williams factory. The links are about a mile in length and there are nine holes. Many improvements have been made this year in the grounds and new greens have been built. The ground is rolling with a pond for one hazard and a sand bank for another.

J. S. Williams is President of the club, H. S. Goslee Treasurer, E. B. Hurlburt Secretary and George H. Pinney Captain. There is a membership of 35 and the dues are but \$5 a year. It is the intention of the managers of the club to have an organization that will not be expensive to belong to. The question of having a clubhouse has been discussed. It is expected that one will be built in another year.

Several of the members live in surrounding towns. Among the best players are H. K. W. Welch, J. S. Williams and L. W. Ripley. Tournaments for members have been held at frequent intervals and they have been very successful. The scenery from some of the greens is very fine. The neighboring towns of Wethersfield, Hartford and Rocky Hill can be seen with the Talcott Mountains in the background. For a small club this one is doing splendidly and a great deal of interest is taken in it.



ON THE LINKS MAPLE HILL GOLF CLUB.

#### MAPLE HILL GOLF CLUB.

THE Maple Hill Golf Club of New Britain was organized in March, 1899. It has 280 members at present. The present course is a fair one, nine holes with a total length of 1,876 yards. The new course will be ready about July 1st, and will be a nine-hole course of 2,700 yards. Play was very general last year in this club but as the majority of players were new at the game few good ones were developed. The ladies' championship cup was won by Miss Etheline W. Hart. There was no men's championship event. The first annual meeting of the club was held a short time ago and at that time it was voted to require the payment of an initiation fee of five dollars



CLUB-HOUSE, MAPLE HILL GOLF CLUB.



from all who join in the future. A vote of thanks was passed for Philip Corbin for his services as president for the first



H. L. CURTIS, CAPTAIN MAPLE HILL  
GOLF CLUB.

year. The present officers of the club are as follows: President, L. Hoyt Pease; Vice-Presidents, E. H. Davison and C. E. Wetmore; Secretary, J. E. Cooper; Captain, William P. Felt; Members of Board of Government for three years, F. H. Allis, George P. Hart and W. L. Hatch; two years, John R. Perkins.

#### MERIDEN GOLF CLUB.

THE Meriden Golf Club, which is one of the largest and strongest organizations of its kind in the state, was formed early in 1899, its playing up to this year being over a 9-hole course just outside the northern limits of the city.

The past winter the club secured a lease of a tract of land embracing the old Bradley trotting park and including the fine old Bradley mansion as a club-house. The tract lies in the northern part of the city and is all embraced within the city limits, an unusually desirable location when it is considered that, as a rule, to obtain land enough, clubs are obliged to go some distance out.

The land is not only well situated, but is admirably adapted to golf purposes. As soon as it was secured a force of workmen began to clear it for the new links, and were kept at work throughout the season. Playing began upon the new 9-hole course the middle of April.

The club house is an old, roomy mansion, set well back from the street with a broad expanse of lawn set with great shade trees and exactly adapted to the needs of the club.

The club has a membership of about 200 and is growing rapidly. Its officers are as follows: President, Dr. E. T. Bradstreet; Secretary and Treasurer, C. T. Dodd; Captain, F. E. Sands; Executive Committee, Dr. H. A. Meeks, Chairman; Dr. E. T. Bradstreet, Dr. E. W. Pierce, F. E. Sands, Wilbur F. Parker, A. D. Meeks, C. T. Dodd, D. N. Williams, Floyd Curtis, Dr. E. W. Smith and W. J. Prouty. Greens Committee: Dr. H. A. Meeks, F. E. Sands, Dr. E. W. Smith, A. D. Meeks and W. J. Prouty.



F. E. SANDS, CAPTAIN MERIDEN  
GOLF CLUB

This spring the club engaged James Trumbull, the well-known professional, formerly of the Larchmont and Lawrence

Harbor link, as greenkeeper and instructor. His wife acts as stewardess of the club-house.

The club embraces in its membership a number of clever players. The club team under the training of Instructor Trumbull promises well for the coming year. It is run upon a novel plan, by means of which the best players can only secure positions, and retain such positions on the team in numerical order, by virtue of superior playing. The team is made up of eleven players, the first six being the regular players and the others acting as substitutes, to be drawn in the order of their numerical standing. The team is composed of the following :

Dr. E. W. Pierce, James H. Hinsdale, F. E. Sands, Captain ; A. D. Meeks, O. C. Faupel, Dr. E. W. Smith, W. J. Prouty, Dr. E. A. Wilson, Dr. H. Meeks, W. F. Parker and Floyd Curtis.

The club is looking forward to a very successful season this year. The new links will be in fine shape by the early summer, and the club will be then established as well as any in the state. The links are of the following lengths :

1, . 232 yards.	6, . 215 yards.
2, . 178 "	7, . 242 "
3, . 300 "	8, . 242 "
4, . 204 "	9, . 378 "
5, . 220 "	
Total, 2,311 yards.	

SHENIPSIT GOLF CLUB.

THE Shenipsit course at Rockville was laid out in July, 1896, by Robert D. Pryde, now the greenkeeper at the New Haven Golf Club. The grounds are beautifully situated on the west shore of Lake Shenipsit and the club takes its name from that body of water. The course was originally laid out for private purposes as it was on land owned by F. T. and



CLUB-HOUSE, MERIDEN GOLF CLUB.

William Maxwell and William H. Prescott. The full length of the course was 1,427 yards.



CLUB-HOUSE SHENIPSIT GOLF CLUB.

In May, 1897, the Shenipsit Club was formed with William Maxwell, President ; Miss Lida Prescott, Vice-President, and A. T. Bissell, Secretary and Treasurer. At that time the club had 48 members and the present club house was built in August of that year. The course was also lengthened to the present distance, 1,930 yards. The name and length of each hole is as follows :

1. Club House, . . 162 yards.
2. Farm, . . . 219 "
3. Heights, . . . 228 "
4. View, . . . 304 "
5. Brae, . . . 169 "
6. Lake, . . . 181 "
7. Grove, . . . 120 "
8. Knoll, . . . 138 "
9. Home, . . . 309 "



VIEW OF SHENIPSIT LAKE FROM CLUB-HOUSE.

The course consists mostly of old pasture and grazing land and abounds in natural hazards composed largely of stone walls. The view obtained from the first four links is unsurpassed, with Mt. Tom and Springfield to the north, the valley of the Connecticut and Hartford to the west and the beautiful Lake Shenipsit and the Tolland hills to the east. Dances and parties are frequently held at the club house, which commands a fine view of the course and lake.

The club has some very good players. Last year's team consisted of Charles Al-

len, George E. Sykes, Oliver T. Hyde, H. J. Mandell, and J. P. Cameron, Captain. The record for the course is 39, held by Charles Allen. Among the best women players are Mrs. J. P. Cameron, Miss J. Alice Maxwell, and Miss Florence Belding. Mrs. J. P. Cameron holds the ladies' record, 51. The present officers of the club are: William Maxwell, President; Mrs. B. H. Bill, Vice-President, and J. P. Cameron, Secretary and Treasurer. The club membership is 93.



J. P. CAMERON, CAPTAIN SHENIPSIT GOLF CLUB.



CHARLES N. ALLEN, SHENIPSIT GOLF CLUB HOLDER OF CLUB RECORD ON THE COURSE.

COUNTRY CLUB, FARMINGTON.

THE Country Club at Farmington takes in all kinds of sports. In the past few years golf has rather outclassed the other forms of exercise out there and now the club has an excellent 9-hole course. The club has about 100 acres and the land is very well adapted for golf playing. It is an old pasture ground and the links are close and short, at least the grass is.

The links are situated back of the club house and extend to the picturesque

Farmington River, which was once the favorite fishing ground of the Tunxis Indians and later a camp for the British soldiers during the Revolution. The club



GROUNDS OF THE COUNTRY CLUB,  
FARMINGTON.

house is a roomy building that has been remodeled and now it is very comfortable. It has a well-appointed dining room and kitchen, reception rooms, and on the upper floors there are bed-rooms. D. Newton Barney of Farmington, is the President; John H. Hall of Hartford, Vice-President; Dr. Wm. D. Morgan of Hartford, Second Vice-President; Morris Penrose of Hartford, Secretary, and Louis Parker of Hartford, Treasurer. Among the best players are Mr. Barney, H. B. Steadman, W. A. Hooker, E. Henry Hyde and R. G. Erwin.

The far-famed Elm Tree Inn, managed by Arthur W. Rood, adjoins the club house and the two make a magnet for



CLUB-HOUSE, COUNTRY CLUB, FARMINGTON.

golfers from far and near. The club has a membership that extends all over the state, but principally in Hartford, Farmington, New Britain, Bridgeport and Waterbury. The links are often used by the relatives and friends of the girls attending Miss Porter's School at Farmington who visit the old town for the purpose of seeing the girls. The young ladies also play and some of them are very proficient.

#### WALLINGFORD GOLF CLUB.

PRESIDENT, George D. Munson; Vice-President, Dr. William S. Russell; Secretary, Roland F. Andrews; Treasurer, William H. Edsall; Captain, Harley H. Hawkins; Associate Captain, Miss Claire Banks.



HARLEY H. HAWKINS, CAPTAIN WALLINGFORD GOLF CLUB.

Board of Governors: Lothar Von Grave, Dr. William S. Russell, Roland F. Andrews, W. J. Leavenworth, Walter H. Young, George D. Munson, William H. Edsall, C. H. Tibbits, Miss Caroline Runtz-Rees.



CLUB-HOUSE, WALLINGFORD GOLF CLUB.

Greens Committee: Harley H. Hawkins, Chairman; Dr. William S. Russell, John P. Stevenson.

Tournament Committee: Lothar Von Grave, Chairman; Walter H. Young, Miss Runtz-Rees.

House Committee: Henry L. Davis, Chairman; Charles D. Morris, Mrs. W. S. Russell, Mrs. C. H. Tibbits, Miss Claire Banks.



MISS CAROLINE RUNTZ-REES, LEADING LADY PLAYER, WALLINGFORD GOLF CLUB.

Team: Harley H. Hawkins, Captain; Dr. William S. Russell, William H. Hapgood, George F. Fiske, Henry L. Davis, John P. Stevenson, George D. Munson, Walter H. Young.

Green Keeper: Charles Foster.

The club was organized March, 1898. Annual meetings and election of officers, third Wednesday of March each year.

Club colors, red and green.

The club, consisting of active and associate members, is in a very flourishing condition. The active membership is limited at 100 which figure was reached at the opening of the 1900 season with quite a number on the waiting list. The playing interest seems almost equally divided between the men and women players.

Active members are divided in four classes, viz.: Class A and B Men, and Class A and B Women. Each class having its own trophy for tournaments which are regularly played twice a month. The team this year has entered an inter-club league with Middletown, Meriden and New Britain.

The links comprise a 9-hole course with a total distance of 2,042 yards. The course is over an undulating country, interspersed with well placed natural hazards.

Entrance to the course and club house is on Constitution Street, near terminus of Electric Road on Center Street.

The new club house which was finished April 1, 1900, is comfortably furnished with lockers, running water, etc., and pleasantly placed in a grove on elevated ground near the first tee, dominating almost entire course and affording a picturesque view of the town and surrounding country.

#### WILLIMANTIC GOLF CLUB.

THE citizens of Willimantic are proud of their thread mills but they dislike to have everything in the place called the "Thread City." Therefore, when the golf club was formed and it selected the

name of the Willimantic instead of the Thread City organization there was much rejoicing and all kinds of prosperity were predicted. This club is one of the youngest in the state as it was not organized until last fall. It is a lusty youngster and steps have already been taken to improve and enlarge the course. Early in April the officers held a meeting and added several members to the roll.

The grounds are on the South Coventry road, and about a mile and a quarter distant from the center of the city. There are hillocks and dales and stonewalls and on one side is the Willimantic River, making a course that is certainly picturesque. The Rev. E. A. George, the pastor of the Congregational Church, was largely instrumental in getting the club started. He had played on the links at Pomfret and was so enthusiastic over the sport that he interested others in the matter.

The club is fully equipped and the members played all winter. There are quite a number of ladies who play and some excellent scores are made by them. D. Everett Taylor is president, and Attorney William Ansel Arnold is secretary and treasurer. These officers, with Samuel Chesbro, G. P. Phoenix and Herbert E. Clark compose the board of directors. Some of the best players are Rev. E. A. George, Huber Morrison, A. D. Chaffee, W. A. Arnold and Judge Goodrich of Brooklyn, N. Y.

#### FAIRFIELD COUNTY GOLF CLUB.

THE Fairfield County Golf Club at Greenwich is one of the best known in the state and it contains some excellent golfers. The incorporators of the club are Julian W. Curtiss, John H. Boswell, James McCutcheon, Edward K.

Willard, James Pott, Jr., Edwin B. Curtiss and George P. Sheldon. The organization is empowered to hold real estate to the value of \$100,000.



CLUB-HOUSE FAIRFIELD COUNTY CLUB.

The charter members were required to subscribe for at least one membership at \$100. The yearly dues are \$25 and the initiation fee is the same amount. No person not a member of the club and residing for thirty days or more within a radius of seven miles of the clubhouse may use the links, but friends of members, so residing, are welcome to privileges of clubhouse whenever properly introduced.

The executive committee appoints three standing committees, house, greens and handicap committee. The house committee is composed of three members and it has full charge of the club house. The treasurer is an ex-officio member of this committee. The handicap committee is also composed of three members and they have full charge of all club competitions other than matches engaged in by the club teams.



FAIRFIELD COUNTY GOLF CLUB, LOOKING FROM HIGH TEE.

The club insignia is a burgee with light navy blue background and monogram in white. The charter members of the club are as follows :

- |                         |                          |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| Anderson, A. A.         | McAlpin, George L.       |
| Alexandre, Mrs. Natalie | Murphy, P. F.            |
| Adams, Allen, W.        | Martin, W. R. H.         |
| Bond, F. E. V.          | Mason, J. M.             |
| Baker, Stephen          | Mellen, N. C.            |
| Baker, Robert B.        | Norton, E. N.            |
| Brown, Samuel W.        | Outerbridge, A. E.       |
| Brooks, Charles A.      | Park, Hobart J.          |
| Baldwin, J. C.          | Powell, De Veaux         |
| Beal, W. R.             | Pierce, Charles T.       |
| Bouchelle, W. T.        | Renner, F. G.            |
| Curtiss, E. B.          | Robius, C. D.            |
| Cammann, H. L.          | Russel, E. W.            |
| Curtiss, Julian W.      | Ritter, F. W.            |
| Converse, E. C.         | Sanger, F. W.            |
| Carhart, William E.     | Stephens, L. H.          |
| Freeman, Frank M.       | Stewart, P. M.           |
| Hoyt, Edward C.         | Sheldon, George P.       |
| Hooper, T. D.           | Temple, William          |
| Hubbell, George W.      | Tiedemann, Theo-<br>dore |
| Hoyt, Walter S.         | Tatum, Charles A.        |
| Hilliard, Freder'k C.   | Tyson, George G.         |
| Hoyt, George S.         | Tod, J. Kennedy          |
| Holmes, Thomas S.       | Wallace, E. C.           |
| Lockwood, Edgar         | Wills, Charles T.        |
| Logan, W. J.            | Willard, E. K.           |
| McCutcheon, James       | Whiteman, A. V.          |
| McCord, W. H.           | Waterman, Will'm E.      |

and is a drive and full iron to the green which is very small and shut in by a bank on two sides and a wall in the rear.

A carry of about a quarter of a mile ends on the second tee from which a drive—woods punishing pull or slice—and a full iron over a ledge should land the ball on the second green. A full iron will carry to the third green which is hidden from the tee by an elevation and which punishes an over shot by a disused road and adjacent stone wall.

The fourth hole is also hidden from the tee and is reached by a drive and half iron—a fozzle of the former being pun-



CLUB-HOUSE, NORWICH CLUB



**NORWICH CLUB LINKS.**—Golf is a feature of the Norwich Club—a social organization of this city—having its home on Crescent street.

The officers of the club are : C. L. Hubbard, President ; C. R. Butts, Treasurer, and J. C. Averill, Secretary. The green committee for this year are E. Wallner, chairman ; A. H. Chase, Willis Austin and F. T. Sayles.

The first hole of the nine hole course has its tee at the rear of the club house

ished by a stone wall with like trouble for the latter.

The drive to the fifth hole is from the crest of a knoll, across rapidly falling ground and a sunken road bounded by two stone walls ; if this is crossed safely still another wall is between the ball and the green which should be reached by a full iron.

A good drive—crossing another wall—with a short approach should find the ball on the sixth green.

The seventh hole is perhaps the most difficult on the course. The green can be reached by drive, brassy and full iron ; but the tee has in front the sunken road again with its two walls, while a pulled

ball will find another sunken road with the inevitable wall between it and the fair green and both the brassy and iron must be over walls.

The eighth and longest hole requires a good drive—a pull punished by wild going—a long brassy over two walls and the sunken road—a full iron with woods for pull or slice and a short approach over a trap bunker. Passing down the carry again a drive over a raised road followed by a good iron over a bunker guarding the green leaves the player again at the club house.

#### INNIS ARDEN GOLF CLUB.

THE Innis Arden Golf Club was organized a short time ago at Sound Beach. A number of well-known New Yorkers who are summer residents of Sound Beach are charter members. A 9-hole course of 2,940 yards has been laid out. It is situated along the Sound on the estate of Innis Arden. This has long been noted as one of the handsomest of the many show places along the Sound. The peninsular is bounded on two sides by the sound, on the other by Greenwich Cove. This club holds the record for the value of its links in the real estate market. If cut into plots it is estimated



VIEW FROM THE GROUND OF THE INNIS ARDEN GOLF CLUB.

that the links would net the owner a half million dollars. J. Kennedy Tod, a New York banker, is the owner. The ground for the links comprises forty-five acres and is the gate-way to the peninsula on which Mr. Tod has his summer home, connecting it with the mainland. The part reserved by Mr. Tod contains 200 acres and is separated from the links by an artificial lake.

Henry J. Lucas, the vice-president, has donated the casino which he built last year on his estate as a club house. It is known as the Greenwich Cove Casino. It is on the mainland, near the ninth tee and is well equipped with bath, lockers and lounging rooms. The club has boat docks on the Cove side and bathing houses along the Sound shore, where the beach is one of the best to be had anywhere. The membership is limited to 100 and includes H. O. Havemeyer, who has a house near by, and his son, the Yale player.

The officers of the club are: President, J. Kennedy Tod; Vice-President, Henry J. Lucas; Secretary, W. B. Strong; Treasurer, E. R. Washburn; Governors, Frederick Toppings, Edwin Burney, E. Hope Norton, F. W. Tuttle, J. H. White, J. K. Tod, E. J. Lucas, W. B. Strong and E. R. Washburn.

As these links represent such a large money value a description of them, taken from the New York Sun, is of interest:



ENTRANCE AND LODGE, INNIS ARDEN GOLF CLUB.



The ground on which the nine-hole links is laid out is covered by the best possible turf, nearly equal to a well kept lawn in its verdant thickness. The first hole, 250 yards, is an open one, but two bunkers are to be cut out, one near the tee and one to guard the green. A pond must be carried on the second shot to the second hole, the distance being 400 yards, and the green on the extreme end of the promontory, commanding a grand marine view. Near the water, too, is the third tee, the play being up the hill crowned with a tripod bearing the beacon, one of the landmarks known to all who sail on the Sound. The distance is 255 yards. The fourth tee is on the apex of the hill, overlooking the Sound, Greenwich Cove, and landward, the Fairfield Hills. The play is over undulating land, trending downward. The distance is 335 yards. The fifth hole is only four yards shorter. This green is between the Sound and the artificial lake on Mr. Tod's grounds, the tee being on the hill. Teeing up near the lake, the play is along the bank for 273 yards, but only a very poorly pulled ball will be punished. Now comes the "Crescent" hole, 543 yards, and a hard one to play in par figures about two hundred and fifty yards from the tee the "Beacon" hill rises, the green lying in a hollow beyond. Although the eighth tee is on the hillside, the hole, 250



CASINO, INNIS ARDEN GOLF CLUB.

yards away, is a blind one, a still higher hill coming between it and the hole, forming a grand natural hazard. The ninth hole has a playing length of 267 yards. The only hazard is the road leading to Mr. Tod's grounds.

## QUAGANOPOXET GOLF CLUB.



Quaganopoxet Golf Club of New London was started in the spring of 1897. The grounds comprise about seventy-five acres and are beautifully situated along the Sound, about one mile west of the Thames River. The grounds have a water frontage of one-third of a mile and are swept by ocean breezes. The place was an old farm and the turf is mostly excellent. The farm house, which is over 100 years old, has been renovated and is used a club house.

The membership has never been very large. Most of the members are summer residents of New London. While there are no great golfers in the or-

ganization there are many men and women members who play a strong game. The team has been very successful in the few matches in which it has participated. The club belongs to the Connecticut League of Golf Clubs.

The officers of the club are : President, Colonel A. C. Tyler ; Vice-President, Dr. William Appleton ; Secretary, Major Roswell D. Trimble ; Treasurer, F. W. Foos ; Captain of the Green, Captain C. P. Kirkland. These officers with Frank L. Palmer and W. W. Bond form the Board of Governors.

The club has a 9-hole course and the playing distance is 2,316 yards. Improvements have been made each year and now the grounds are as good as any of their size in the country. The putting greens are not as large as the members would desire as they are only 40 x 60 feet square, but otherwise they are excellent. The view from the club house is very fine, as it overlooks the entire course and the Sound beyond.

#### WATERBURY GOLF ASSOCIATION.

**B**EAUTIFULLY situated and easily accessible, with a splendidly appointed clubhouse and a well-kept field, the course of the Waterbury Golf Association is one of the most attractive in the



CLUB-HOUSE, WATERBURY GOLF CLUB.

state. From the veranda of the clubhouse can be seen, more or less distinctly every one of the nine greens, due largely

to the well leveled surface of the field somewhat resembling the links of the Lakewood Golf Club.



WILLIAM B. MERRIMAN, CAPTAIN WATERBURY GOLF ASSOCIATION.

The view to the north is delightful especially in the changing lights of morning and evening, with the river on the left skirted by overhanging trees and marking the line of hazard on the western boundary, a middle ground broken by a few fine shade trees, and in the distance a long line of hill extending to old Ply-



CHARLES R. VAILL, WATERBURY GOLF CLUB, HOLDER CLUB RECORD FOR 18 HOLES.

mouth, give picturesque surroundings that are at once the pride of the club and the envy of visiting golfers.

Waterbury began to play golf in 1896, at which time Mr. Arthur Fenn laid out a short nine hole course on part of the grounds now in use and interest amount-

lie has never been seriously discussed by the committee.

The club house is a unique structure built of moss covered field stones and logs, and large locker rooms and spacious verandas are its prime features.

In club play Waterbury has not been very strong in matches other than those played on the home grounds, but in these has been defeated but once,



VIEW OF COURSE, WATERBURY GOLF CLUB.

ing to enthusiasm has never lagged. To a stranger it would seem an easy matter to cover the 2,660 playing yards in a "45," but that is really an excellent score for a player well up in the game, and although there are no artificial bunkers in sight, the many natural gullies and dry ditches form splendid obstacles to indifferent play, not only as obstacles to be safely negotiated are these ditched to be considered, but being as nicely grassed as

the fair green and of great variation in width, they constantly call into use the finest judgment of distance to be properly played. It would be difficult to find a better playing turf than that of this course, the soil being light and fertile, but like many other New England links, it cannot resist the effect of pro-



DR. CAROLINE R. CONKEY, WATERBURY GOLF CLUB, WON LADIES CHAMPIONSHIP 1899.

longed dry weather. On the upper end of the course there are several places where a good drive is heavily penalized by a bad lie, but the men and women alike take all as it comes, and the childish rule of placing a ball out of a bad

by the Hartford Club in 1899.

The leaders among the men are Mr. W. B. Merriman, captain of the team, Mr. N. R. Bronson, and Mr. C. R. Vaill. It would be a difficult matter to decide which of these gentlemen is the best. Mr. Merriman was "runner-up" to the present champion in a very close match at the close of last season, and as his scores are always high in team play, there is hardly a doubt that he holds first place as an exponent of the game in Waterbury. Mr. Bronson is the present holder of the coveted "President's Cup," a silver trophy given by the first president, Mr. C. L. Holmes, to be played for twice yearly until won three times by the same player. Mr. Vaill, the association's able secretary, holds the present club record for eighteen holes. He is a steady player and always shows up strong in team play.



"DALY."

Dr. Caroline R. Conkey is undoubtedly the best player among the ladies. She is a woman of superior physical strength, vigor and nerve, and a one hundred and fifty yard drive is not an uncommon feature of her play. Dr. Conkey won the ladies championship last year.

The "Captain's Cup," a trophy recently presented by Mr. Merriman, will be played for in a series of handicap matches running through this summer and fall.

Bogie for the nine holes is 36. This is a low figure, however, and might safely be raised three points. The professional record, made by Harry Reddy, is 39.

The Waterbury Golf Association is an allied member of the U. S. G. A., and a charter member of the Connecticut League of Golf Clubs, and is represented on the executive committee of the latter organization by Mr. C. L. Holmes.

Officers: President, Mr. N. R. Bron-

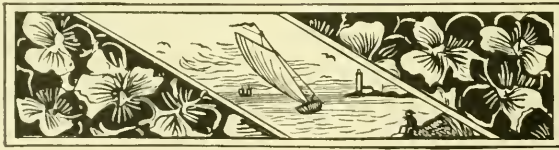
son; Secretary, Mr. Charles R. Vaill, Treasurer, Mr. W. B. Bryan.

Men's team: W. B. Merriman, captain, Messrs. N. R. Bronson, W. W. Holmes, C. L. Holmes, C. J. Griggs, H. M. Steele.

Ladies' team: Mrs. Irving H. Chase, captain, Mrs. J. H. Bronson, Dr. Caroline R. Conkey, Miss Helen Williams, Miss Florence Chipman.

The Waterbury Golf Association was organized in 1899, under the laws of the State of Connecticut, as a corporation without stock.

The membership roll now contains 200 names.



## TO A SUNBEAM.

---

Shaft of splendor,  
Sweet and slender,  
From the smiling sun,  
Brightly sparkling  
In the darkling  
Leaves you fall upon!

You betoken  
Love unspoken  
From a source unseen,  
Which surrounds us  
Ties and bounds us  
In our life's demesne.

MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.

## NATHAN HALE.

DEDICATED TO THE NORWALK CHAPTER, D. A. R.

Our land lay weak and wounded ;  
 They called for a volunteer,  
 For a service sorely needed,  
 For a service lone and drear.

There stood in line to harken  
 Strong men all bravely bred ;  
 And each man listened silently,  
 And each man shook his head.

They were men who heard the summons,  
 But none would answer the call,  
 Till one rose up among them,  
 The youngest of them all.

Said he : " This mission lowly,  
 We like it not at all ;  
 Yet is't not service holy  
 To follow duty's call ?

And with our country needing,  
 Shall true sons say her nay ?  
 E'en though the heart be bleeding,  
 Be my part to obey."

Love asked him, " Art thou ready ?"  
 Love said, " And must thou go ?"  
 So young, so gay, so gallant,  
 Behold, the dead lie low."

For Love, so sweet and human  
 His heart held tender place ;  
 Yet more than love of woman  
 He loved his land, his race.

Not his the halting footstep,  
 Not his the length'ning face ;  
 But forth upon his errand  
 He sped with youth's glad grace.

His work so soon was ended,  
 His sun so early set ;  
 They reared the ghastly gallows  
 While yet the dew lay wet.

In light of early morning  
 They raised the hero there ;  
 Without an arm to lean upon,  
 Without a psalm or prayer.

Up spake the brutal hangman,  
 " What now, O spy, wilt say ?  
 Dost beg for British mercy ?  
 Dost plead an hour's delay ?"

Clear as a bell the answer,  
 " Only one boon I'd pray,  
 Sweet country, on thine altar  
 More than one life to lay."

In light of early morning  
 They left his body there ;  
 While never a heart wept o'er him—  
 With never a psalm or prayer.

With never a heart to lean upon,  
 With never a sob he died ;  
 But God is God ; his fruitful life  
 Its seed hath scattered wide.

And sometimes a rugged school-boy,  
 Who cons the story o'er,  
 Thrills to find an answering echo  
 In his soul to his of yore.

And sometimes a weeping woman,  
 In the shadow of Death's dark vale,  
 Closes her white lips tighter  
 And murmurs the name of Hale.

And sometimes the man of action  
 Is girded to mightier thought,  
 As he hears the patriot's story  
 And thinks what God hath wrought.

And so, in Heaven's sweet ruling,  
 The hero hath his way ;  
 And in the lives of others  
 He gives his own to day.

## HISTORICAL NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

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Interesting open letter from Hezekiah King to B. Lewellyn Burr, author of the descriptive sketch of Rockville that appeared in issue for February, 1900 :

DOBBS FERRY-ON-HUDSON,  
March 23, 1900.

B. LEWELLYN BURR, ESQ.,

Dear Sir : I have enjoyed your article in The Connecticut Magazine respecting Rockville. It is in a section of the state now out of the line of travel, and its rural charms are not well known. As you have studied its history I thought you would be interested in a few scraps of information that I have been born to, which may be of service.

1st. The initial impulse to manufacturing in the neighborhood was not from Mr. Peter Dobson, but from a fellow Englishman from the same town, (Blackburn, England,) Mr. John Warburton, who came over 1790-1795 and built a mill on the Tankarooson near Manchester. He must have been successful for he built a brick residence with a chimney in each corner. (This building was standing five years ago.) Mr. Warburton died at middle age but left a competence for his family.

2d. As to the Alms House, when it was built in 1820, it was on the great mail thoroughfare between Boston and New York. The travel was large, as the other route was by sea around Point Judith, and was avoided in the winter.

In Hartford Mr. Morgan conducted the Stage House. Mr. James Goodwin owned

the first 15 miles out of Hartford, and my father and grandfather owned the next 15 miles. Like all traveling business it was a great tax as to strength, hours and the like, but was profitable. Later, steam and the railway ran away with the business.

3d. As to the decoration of the house, it was not done for Lafayette, but the parlor was papered in the best style of the day, which was a classic mythological French paper. As a four-year old I have studied it often.

4th. Lafayette did breakfast at the house and was met by such of the notables who lived near, especially by veterans of the Revolutionary War. My grandfather, Lemuel King, was one of them. Of one of these, Capt. Chapman, who had been on his staff, I have been told by father his greeting was very effusive and French.

5th. As to the Puritanic Sabbath, I am glad you have to say a good word. For the bogie that is now shown up as the Puritan is of a late day manufacture. Did our fathers dance? Yes. Mr. Warburton, my father and my grandfather all had dancing rooms with spring floors. Did they go to church? Yes, they did and *took their children with them.*

My forbears, (same name as mine,) took up the valley at the head of the Tankarooson about 1720 and it remained in the family for 100 years. On my father's coming of age his father built for him the tavern, now the Alms House, and gave to him the business. In that house

I was born. Later, I was at Judge Hall's School in Ellington, and in passing back and forward have been many times over the ground, where was only Payne's grist mill, Sam Cooley's fulling mill and the Red mill, and I remember the fall and the wildness. I have fished and swam in the Snipsic Lake, (pond then.)

A few years back I visited the ground with my son and was surprised by the pretty city that had grown, where when a boy, Parson Brockway used to go out to preach to a mission.

My kindred have all left the neighborhood, but when I visited the three burying places I was pleased to find that the town, out of regard to the old family visitors had made provision to keep them in good order.

My mother was a Miss Warburton, and therefore you can see I have kindly feeling for Vernon

Yours very respectfully,

HEZEKIAH KING.

\* \* \*

Editor CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE :

In justice to the people of Hazel Green, Wis., I would like to say that my article on the poet Percival, printed in the February issue of your magazine, was written nearly two years ago and that since that time there has been a revival of mining interests in that region. The famous Crawford mines at Hazel Green have lately been sold for \$120,000. It is once more profitable to mine in southwest Wisconsin and there is good prospect that the region in which Hazel Green is situated will now enter upon a new era of prosperity.

Very truly,

C. A. WIGHT.

Platteville, Wis., April, 5, 1900.

## AN HISTORICAL DOCUMENT.

THE TREATY BETWEEN UNCAS AND THE CONNECTICUT COLONY PRESERVED BY EMERY PROCESS.

G. S. Goddard, the Assistant State Librarian, has had the original treaty between Uncas, the sachem of the Mohegans, and the Connecticut colony, preserved by the Emery process of placing the pages between sheets of thin, transparent silk. The treaty was made May 18, 1681, and is signed by the marks of Uncas, and of his son, Owaneco, and by the signature of the latter's son Josiah.

The sign mark of Uncas is a crude drawing of the head and body of a man. The figure of a turkey is the mark made by Owaneco, while Unca's grandson, Josiah, writes his name "Josih." The handwriting is tolerably fair, but the young Indian prince, while he had learned how to write his name, was deficient in his spelling. The treaty was witnessed by Samuel Mason and Nehemiah Palmer for the white people and by Hiernan of Wawamet and by Cottaposet for the Indians. The white witnesses wrote their names in a legible hand, but the Indians made their marks, that of Hiernan being a bird and of Cottaposet a half moon.

The treaty provides for a continuance of the friendly relations between the Indians and the colonists. The document is a precious one and is of great historical value. The signature or mark of Uncas is very rare.

The historic Warwick farm of 515 acres in Warwick township, Chester Co., Pa., was sold a short time since for \$12,000. On this property the old Warwick furnace, famous as being probably the first

to make iron in the United States, was put into blast about the year 1730 and here many of the cannon used by the patriot army in the revolution were cast.

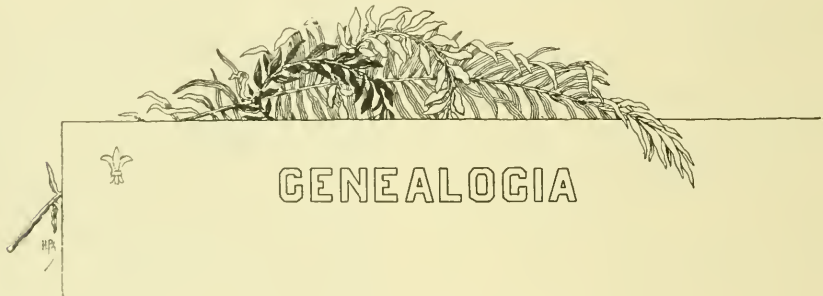
In the meadows pieces of ordnance lie buried, having been thus secreted to prevent them from falling into the hands of the British after the battle of Brandywine in 1777, when General Washington and his army were retreating northward through Chester county.

\* \* \*

#### CHAMBERLAIN SWORD TO BE RETURNED.

The sword which Captain V. B. Chamberlain, Company A, Seventh C. V.,

yielded to Captain Charles E. Chichester, after a heroic charge on Fort Wagner, on July 11, 1863, and which is in the possession of the Rev. Charles Vedder of Charlestown, S. C., will be returned to Captain Chamberlain's family. Frederick S. Chamberlain, who has been following up the inquiry concerning the sword lost by his father, Captain V. B. Chamberlain, has received a letter from Mr. Vedder saying that the sword will be sent to H. M. Knapp of Bridgeport, who started the inquiry, and by him will be forwarded to the family in New Britain.



### GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Querists are requested to write all names of persons and places so that they cannot be misunderstood, to write on only one side of the paper, to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and ten cents in stamps for each query. Those who are subscribers will be given preference in the insertion of their queries and they will be inserted in the order in which they are received. All matters relating to this department must be sent to THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE, Hartford, marked Genealogical Department. Give full name and post office address.

It is optional with querist to have name and address or initials published.

#### ANSWERS.

To No. 9, (e). Lucy Latham, daughter of William and Hannah (Morgan) Latham, was b. May 21, 1709; m. June 16, 1726, Ebenezer Avery; d. May 2, 1758. They lived in Groton, Conn.

MRS. ELROY M. AVERY,  
657 Woadland Hills,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

To No. 26. Moses Doolittle m. first Ruth Hills and second, Lydia Richardson. Moses Doolittle and his two wives were buried in our town cemetery and their names all appear on stones erected to their memory.

E. R. BROWN,  
Cheshire, Conn.



To No. 22. (e). From Dr. Selleck's History of Norwalk page 383.—Mary the dau. of Daniel Belden and his first wife, Elizabeth Smith, who was killed by the Indians in 1696 at Deerfield, Mass., was b. Nov. 17, 1677, m. James Trowbridge April 19, 1698. Page 251.—Mary Comstock, dau. of Samuel and Sarah (Hanford) Comstock, grand dau. of Rev. Thomas Hanford, first minister of Norwalk, was b. Aug. 5, 1710, m. John Trowbridge.

MRS. E. O.

NOTE.

To those inquiring for information concerning the Revolutionary service of John North of Farmington, Conn., (b. Oct. 5, 1748, d. Aug. 7, 1840; son of Samuel North, b. 1708, d. Sept. 15, 1783), the following may be of interest.

“My grandfather, John North of Farmington, Conn., (b. 1748, d. 1840), often told me that when Burgoyne made his invasion there was a call for troops, and he, as a minute-man, volunteered and went to Saratoga, and was present at Burgoyne's surrender at Bemis's Heights. He then returned to Farmington and was the man who brought the first news of Burgoyne's surrender. At first people did not believe him, but when the news was confirmed he was called “Gen. Burgoyne.” He felt that he had to stay and work to pay the taxes to carry on the war. He was afterwards drafted and being unable to go, he secured a substitute, paying eighty hard silver dollars to him. Afterwards the substitute received a pension. This I heard repeatedly from him when I was visiting him in Farmington, my father, John North of New Haven, being his second son.

(Signed) JAMES H. NORTH, M. D.,  
of Clifton Springs Sanitarium,  
Clifton Springs, N. Y.

July 4, 1896.

QUERIES.

30. (a) *Ingham—Ensign*—Benjamin b. March 29, 1756, Durham, Conn. First wife, — Ensign; second, Anne Steele, who was b. Aug. 5, 1764, New Hartford, Conn. Wanted, ancestry of Benjamin and first wife.

(b) *Griswold—Cudaback*.—Socrates Griswold, b. Feb. 2, 1811, Rutland, Vt. Brothers and sisters were Horatio, La Fayette, Adeline, Evaline, Adelia and perhaps Benjamin. His wife's name was Lydia Cudaback. When were they m. and what was his father's name and ancestry?

M. M. C.

31. *Gilbert—Kirkland*—Who were the parents of Lydia Gilbert who m. William Kirkland of Saybrook? Was she a descendant of Hannah Bradford and Nathaniel Gilbert who were married in Duxbury, Mass., 1709? This Lydia Gilbert had a dau. who married Joseph Bolles in 1760.

MISS JULIA C. RICHARDS,  
Gales Ferry, Conn.

32. *Hotchkiss*.—Newton Tibbils, b. in Derby Sept. 11, 1803, m. Hannah Johnson of Oxford, Aug. 25, 1824, d. Sept. 2, 1854. She married Willis Hotchkiss of Derby Oct. 18, 1866. Wanted, his father's and mother's names, also brothers and sisters.

B. C. L.

33. *Mason—Corey*.—Elizabeth Corey, b. about 1778, m. in 1799 Jenks Mason of Plainfield, Conn., and d. at Plainfield in 1814. Wanted, her parentage, for satisfactory proof of which I will give \$25.00. Jenks Mason was of Swansea (Christopher, Christopher, Benj.,—

Sampson.) He was b. March 25, 1762 and m. 1st, Lillis Wood.

W. M. R.

34. (a) *Rogers*.—Wanted, name of father of Ananias Rogers who went to Orange Co., N. Y., from Long Island or Connecticut before 1775. He had sons, Richard, John, Augustin, Platt and others. Platt was a merchant in New York about 1830.

(b) Did the Ferrier family first settle in Connecticut or Long Island? (between 1700 and 1800.) What was name of first one of the family who came to this country?

J. F. L.

35. *Stoddard—Judson*.—Dr. James Stoddard was b. (I think in Woodbury, Conn.) May 14, 1765, m. Mary Judson by whom he had five children, d. in Washington, Conn., in 1805. Want names of the children and dates of births and deaths.

N. C. STODDARD,  
1218 Logan Ave.,  
Denver, Colo.

36. (a) *Goodsell—Penfield*.—Dr. Penfield Goodsell is mentioned in History of Torrington; m. there in 1791 and practiced there. Records say that Isaac Goodsell m. Elizabeth Penfield in 1737 and had (3rd child) Penfield, b. July 2, 1742. Are both the same man and where did he go from Torrington?

(b) *Goodsell*.—Samuel, Dan and Thomas Goodsell are mentioned in "Conn. Men in Wars of 1776, 1812 and 1845." Among my ancestors are Dan<sup>3</sup> b. June 16, 1724; Samuel<sup>4</sup> b. April 4, 1749; Thomas<sup>4</sup> b. Nov. 30, 1746. The two latter are brothers of Penfield. Are these the same as the soldiers?

"PENFIELD."

37. *Watrous—Bushnell*.—Wanted, the names of ancestors, birth and death of Ambrose Watrous (or Waterhouse) of Saybrook, Conn. Were any of them Revolutionary soldiers? Also what was the full name of his wife by the name of Bushnell and the names of her ancestors and were any of them in the Revolutionary War?

MRS. STEPHEN C. VAN WYCK,  
Fishkill Plains, N. Y.

38. (a) *Butler*.—A family by the name of Butler lived in Hartford about 1780. There 1, Mary, who m. James Welles; 2, William; 3, Daniel, who removed to Northampton, Mass.; 4, Henry, who removed to Blandford, Mass. Who were their parents and general ancestors?

(b) *Clapp*.—Capt. John Clapp, a sailing master, lived in Hartford about 1790 and is said to have died at 17 and been buried at New London, Conn. His children were 1, Rhoda (Taylor); 2, Jane (Seymour); 3, George; 4, John; 5, Russell; 6, Emma (Myers); 7, Mabel (Sharp). Who was Capt. Clapp's wife and who were their ancestors?

HENRY L. BUTLER,  
Philadelphia, Penn.

39. *Ingraham*.—Isaac Ingraham of Branford, Conn., m. April 1736, widow Hannah Bartholomew, b. Jones, being her third husband, her first husband being ——. Williams. They had four children, 1, Mary, b. 1737, m. David Foote; 2, Sybil, (supposed by some to be a Williams or a Bartholomew) supposed to have m. David Tyler; 3, Isaac, b. Sept. 1742, d. Sept. 28, 1794, m. Rachael Hickox; and 4, Elizabeth, who died unm. aged 24. Wanted, parentage and birthplace of Isaac, who m. widow Bartholomew, and some positive information regarding Sybil and her descendants.

\*R. H. I.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

### *Nathan Hale's Day at East Haddam.*

THE memory of Nathan Hale, the young Connecticut hero who risked and lost his life in the service of his country received a most impressive tribute in the ceremonies attendant upon the presentation of his monument to the town of East Haddam and the dedication to the uses of the Sons of the Revolution, Connecticut Society, of the school house in which he taught after leaving Yale College.

The day, June 6th, 1900, will long be remembered by all who were present as an occasion of great historical interest and it was but in keeping with the beautiful sentiment that animated all hearts that nature too should be at her best for no brighter day could have been wished for than that which greeted the thousands gathered to do honor to Connecticut's martyr hero. It is interesting to note that these ceremonies were made a part of East Haddam's celebration of the bi-centennial of its separate existence as a town.

It was a gala occasion indeed! Governor Lounsbury with his escort of the First Company Governor's Foot Guard, the New York and Connecticut Societies of the Sons of the Revolution, the hundreds of school children dressed in white and decorated with the national colors and the thousands of enthusiastic visitors made an inspiring sight to be treasured by those who witnessed it as one of the most cherished moments of their lives.

The celebration opened with an historical account of the separation of the town from Haddam by Rollin N. Tyler

of Haddam. Judge Attwood's paper on the Nathan Hale School House, written in a reminiscent vein, was then read by his daughter and was most enthusiastically received. Following this was a well rendered poem by Miss Attwood, entitled "The Romance of the School House." "Joe" Cone, a native of East Haddam, followed Miss Attwood with two poems, one in a serious vein entitled, "Nathan Hale," and the other a humorous piece entitled "Two Hundred Years Ago."

The reading of these poems elicited hearty applause.

Following this was the historical address of the day by the Hon. E. Emory Johnson in which he gave an extended account of the town's history. With this was closed the exercises in the hall and a procession was then formed and marched to the Village Park where the presentation of Enoch S. Wood's bronze bust of Nathan Hale to the town took place. The bust was unveiled by Mrs. Marcellus Hartley of New York, a grand niece of Nathan Hale. The exercises opened with singing the "Star Spangled Banner" by the school children under the direction of Prof. R. R. Cone. As the last strains of the old familiar song passed away William E. Nichols stepped forward and on behalf of the citizens of the town presented the bust to the town in a short and eloquent address as follows:

Friends and Fellow Citizens: On this spot one hundred and twenty-seven years ago, Nathan Hale taught the youth of East Haddam. Here he came an unknown lad of eighteen, fresh from the inspiration of his training at Yale. Here

his life work began and here today he is still teaching the lesson of patriotism.

In memory of his manliness, in memory of his courage, in memory of his self-sacrifice we raise this monument.

The music of these children's voices is a tribute to Hale the schoolmaster; it is fitting that the children should gather here around the original site of the old school house; it is fitting that they should sing the song of the flag, the song of the country in defense of which Hale's life



ESCORT TO GOVERNOR LOUNSBURY, COMING UP THE ROAD.

was offered as a sacrifice. No truer man lived than this schoolmaster of East Haddam. Here was no vain glory-seeking hero, but a gentle, strong man, who went gladly to an ignominious end.

The sculptor has most happily expressed all the fire and strength and courage that was in the man; some day perhaps some boy about this monument will catch an inspiration from the face of Hale, and thoughts shall be translated into action.

We have with us today a true daughter of the Revolution, a grand niece of Nathan Hale, Mrs. Marcellus Hartley,

who will now unveil the bust. In the name of the citizens of East Haddam, who are the donors of this bronze, I commit it to the care and keeping of this town.

The response was by Francis H. Parker, a native of East Haddam, and now United States District Attorney of Hartford, who said:

In the name and on behalf of the goodly people of this ancient town, I accept from you and your associates this worthy and enduring memorial of a hero who in the path of duty feared not to die the inglorious death of a spy. From your filial hands the town gratefully receives to its watch and ward this gift of love and loyalty, promising to hold it as a sacred trust forever. It is meet that upon the very spot where Hale kept school during his residence in this town, a commemorative statute should be placed to preserve his memory and hand down to those who shall follow us the lessons of his brief but heroic life. This noble statue is not a monument to the memory of Hale alone; standing in this public place, it will tell from day to day the story of a patriot's life, forever mute; from its silent lips will come the words, "sweet and seemly it is to die for the fatherland." It will kindle anew the fires of patriotism and men looking upon it will go forth if need be to live the life and die the deaths of heroes. Our gratitude goes out to you for this noble gift which so dignifies and enriches our bi-centennial exercises and permanently dignifies and adorns our town. In taking it into our care and keeping we pledge ourselves to guard, protect and preserve it forever.

After partaking of a bountiful lunch prepared by the citizens of the town, the invited guests marched to Hale Memorial Park, a beautiful location overlooking the Connecticut River, where the

exercises connected with the transfer of the school house in which Nathan Hale taught from the possession of the New York Society Sons of the Revolution to the Connecticut S. of R. Society. The schoolhouse had been remodeled to insure its return, as nearly as possible, to the

Hale" was read, prefaced by original lines by the author, Judge Francis M. Finch, dean of the Law School of Cornell University and one of the best known Yale men of the country.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale was to have delivered the address of the afternoon,



SCENE AT THE PRESENTATION OF THE BUST OF NATHAN HALE TO THE TOWN OF EAST HADDAM.

form it was in Hale's time by Richard Henry Greene, of New York. He had it painted a true little "red schoolhouse color," and now stands on the brow of one of the most picturesque and beautiful spots on the river.

After prayer by Rev. Dr. Warren of the New York Society, the poem "Nathan

but was unable to attend. Everett Abbott, of New York, read a letter from him in which he said that the case of the young man, Nathan Hale, had no parallel in the history of the world. His tragic fate was of the greatest distress to his brother, Dr. Hale's grandfather, and the tragedy was never mentioned in his fam-

ily by his express order. Consequently all the boys of the village where Dr. Hale's father was brought up knew more of the story than any of the Hale family. Young Hale was born to be a soldier, and he had in him the loftiest conception of the duty of an educated young man. It was to the credit of the town of East Haddam that the memory of his early teaching days was to be honored.

Victor H. Paltsit of the New York Library, who has been engaged for some years in preparing a life of Nathan Hale, delivered an address on "Nathan Hale, the Schoolmaster," being a chapter from his forthcoming work arranged for the occasion.

The presentation of the school building to the Connecticut S. of R. next followed. Morris B. Ferris of the New York Society, in a quiet and informal manner, presented the deeds of the building to Morgan G. Bulkeley, president of the Connecticut Society, who, in accepting the gift, spoke as follows :

"Mr. President: With the grateful acknowledgments of the Sons of the Revolution of the State of Connecticut I accept from you this deed which conveys to the future care and custody of our society this building and the ground upon which it is now located, rendered historic from its association with the early manhood life of Nathan Hale. The comity which induced your society to relinquish its ownership and to entrust it to our care we most highly appreciate, and we feel deeply indebted to that member of your society through whose instrumentality this building has been re-located on this beautiful spot and restored as far as may be to its original condition.

"Supplemental to this gift your society has this day had placed in its hands deeds of these surrounding acres bordering and overlooking this river and its charming

scenery, and which we propose as rapidly as circumstances will permit, to lay out and decorate as a public park to be known as the Nathan Hale Memorial Park, for the uses and pleasures of the people who reside here, and where we can gather for patriotic and other occasions. I need not assure you, Mr. President, that the latchstring of the old schoolhouse with that of our ancestral homes will always hang outside the door for the members of the New York Society of the Sons of the Revolution.

"Citizens of East Haddam: This day, these exercises, this building, the monument this morning unveiled, all become centennial milestones in the history of the early parish and later town; this schoolhouse following closely, if not hand in hand, with the church in early colonial days when contrasted with those of more modern times and construction, illustrates the progress of all our Connecticut educational interests for more than a century. It is possible that here, in this quiet, beautiful hamlet Hale gathered that inspiration which marked the thread of his future life and services to his country. The bronze bust of the martyr spy, with its granite foundations (yet to be erected) will stand on the original site of this schoolhouse for the years to come as a memorial to the gentle life which Hale so unselfishly gave to the cause of liberty. This park will be open for your pleasure, and now that we have enjoyed the generous hospitality of the good people of this town, you need not be surprised if the sons continue their pilgrimages hitherward.

"To the Sons of the Revolution: This building and these grounds, beautiful as we hope to make them, are to be the future home of our society. The necessary preliminary steps have already been taken to provide for holding here our an-

nual gatherings. In fact, we propose to make this our Mecca. And not to be alone in our patriotic work I have on behalf of the Sons tendered to the Daughters of the American Revolution, who have this day organized a chapter in this town and vicinity, the use of this building and these grounds, not unselfishly, but in the belief that in their organization we shall find the helpmeets that we shall need in the care, development and perpetuation of these memorials.

indomitable courage in the face of extraordinary circumstances and of unswerving loyalty to the state and to his native town of East Haddam. In passing comment upon the affairs of the state Governor Lounsbury expressed the hope that the Connecticut River, which was so beautiful from the hilltop, might be given its God-given right to flow unpolluted to the sea by action of the states, through which it flows.

The closing address was made by Richard Henry Greene of the New York



SCENE AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NATHAN HALE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

“In conclusion, Mr. President, permit me to extend, on behalf of the New York and Connecticut societies of the Sons of the Revolution, heartfelt thanks to the citizens of East Haddam, men and women alike, for their cordial greeting and generous hospitality.”

At the conclusion of Mr. Bulkeley's address Governor Lounsbury was introduced by ex-Governor Bulkeley and made a brief address in which he extolled the value of sentiment in controlling the destinies of the world and complimented his predecessor in the governor's chair of eight and ten years ago as a man of

society, who said that he was glad to be upon the platform on the old hill overlooking the Connecticut with his old playmate, ex-Governor Bulkeley, and his classmate, Governor Lounsbury. It was a marvelous thing, this gathering together of people from far and near, this pausing of the industries of the town, because something over a hundred years ago a mere boy, 18 years old, taught the youth of the town for a few months in this old school house. It was worthy of note that of all the teachers who taught in the hundred years in the service of that school house, only one man is remembered, and he is re-

membered because there was pulsating in his heart the life blood of patriotism which in turn had pulsated through the nation. The lessons taught by his life and by his death of ignominy were of the highest and greatest purpose, and mean to the people of this land today that patriotism following duty lives eternally. Even as the sacrifice of the life of Christ was for a purpose, so was the sacrifice of Hale.

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#### NEW D. A. R. CHAPTER.

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NATHAN HALE MEMORIAL CHAPTER ORGANIZED AT EAST HADDAM.

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One of the interesting features of the Nathan Hale celebration at East Haddam, last week, was the organization of a new chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution under the name of Nathan Hale Memorial Chapter. The project was started in the town some five years ago by Mrs. Richard Henry Greene of New York City, an enthusiast in patriotic work. Failing to arouse sufficient patriotism, she abandoned it for a time, devoting her energies to organizing the Knickerbocker Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of New York City. During the revival of patriotic sentiment in connection with the presentation of the old schoolhouse where Nathan Hale first taught, several women of the town re-

quested Mrs. Greene to resume the plans she has originated for them, being desirous that the chapter should be organized on the hero's birthday. Correspondence was opened with the State regent of Connecticut. The absence of Mrs. McKinney in Paris at first seemed an obstacle, but Mrs. Greene soon ascertained that her work had been left in the hands of Mrs. George B. Newcomb, register of the State of Connecticut, who took up the matter with great enthusiasm, and at the request of Mrs. Greene was present at the celebration.

After the regular programme the chairman announced that the women eligible to be Daughters would assemble in the newly dedicated building to receive instructions from Mrs. Newcomb. Much to the delight of all interested, after Mrs. Newcomb had taken the chair, a telegram was received from the National Board of Washington, authorizing the formation of the chapter, whereupon the Nathan Hale Memorial Chapter was established and the officers were elected. The Sons of the Revolution have granted the use of the building free of expense.

Mrs. John M. Holcombe, regent of Ruth Wyllys Chapter; Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley of Hartford; Mrs. Antoinette Ward, regent of Simsbury Chapter; Mrs. Richard Henry Greene, Miss Greene, Mrs. Marcellus Hartley, Miss Julia Vaille of New York City, and other Daughters were present to greet the new chapter.





## FLORICULTURE.

We'll make you as welcome as the flowers in May.

BY REV. MAGEE PRATT.

THERE is no gift of nature bestowed upon us simply for purpose of enjoyment ; every glowing beauty of sea and sky is a lesson of life ; the radiant sheen of the gold-tinted sunset pregnant with moral meaning ; the flower-dappled paths we tread speak to us of hope and duty, the whole lustrous world of God His school where we are trained for higher things. There are two simple thoughts we would do well to remember through all the plenteous life of spring, and jewelled pride of bloom that glorifies the summer days : the first, that it is the privilege and duty of every person to make the environment of human life as full of the splendor of beauty as possible ; the next, that the whole personal effort should be directed to train and perfect the will and work of ourselves and all we influence that men may not be an ugly outrage upon the perfection of the garden of God wherein we walk.

The ease of culture that is in the promise of the best of our flowers when they come to us asking for shelter in our homes, in return for their ministry of peace and blessing, should induce us all to welcome them.

There should be no homes without literature, music, and flowers. But the flowers can be had with less cost of money and care than the other essentials to an harmonious life. What is more beautiful

than that special home flower, the Gloxinia? It is a child of the summer, daughter of the tropics ; yet as a loving visitor, makes itself quite at home in our northern homes. It can be grown from seed, with much care, but for the amateur the wisest plan is to buy the corms. Let the concave top just show above the earth in your flower pot ; never let water touch the leaves, nor give too much sun, and it will bloom freely. Its flowers are cups of alabaster or ruby or azure flecked with gold or spotted with the sunset and filled with all the charms of a poet's dream.

If the summer sun pours into our windows for hours in the July days perhaps we cannot well screen them with flowers, but for a window in partial shade we should have a flower box made to fit the sill, eight inches wide and deep ; at the bottom of the box put an inch of broken flower pots or large cinders for drainage. have holes to let out superfluous water and then fill with light, good earth. Put in the center a rich-colored Coleus, then some ferns with light and feathery fronds. A Vernon Begonia or two, and deep, full scarlet geraniums ; near the front edge some Tradiscantia, and one or two of the best Nasturtiums to hang down the front. Fill up with plants that will make as much contrast in color of leaf and flower as possible. Reject all with dull foliage,

and all rank growers, and the result will be a source of pleasure to every person gifted with the longing for beautiful things. The one who cares for the exhibit will be a benefactor to every passer-by, wearied with the hot burden and glare of the noonday sun.

The months of July and August are largely for enjoyment and fruition. They are the holiday of the floriculturist, the harvest time of the garden, but the fall and winter will come, and it is best to prepare for them. If you have one good *Crysanthemum* you can, even as late as July 1st, make sure of a dozen by the time they bloom. Pick off the side

larger, for the pot plant only partially disbud. One gawky flower on a walking stick decorated with leaves is not my idea of grace or comeliness. Nor do you want a great cluster of bloom, each small as daisies. Three or four on a shoot is the ideal growth.

If you want geraniums for winter bloom some of the recent introductions are nearly perfect. Those shown at the green house at Elizabeth Park last winter were just superb. Make your cuttings now; root, pot and grow as *crysanthemums*, only be sure and pinch out the flower shoots as they come for the first four months, and you will have stocky plants that in a light window where the sun can kiss them warmly will smile for you with rays of color a Christmas and New Year's greeting.

The crab apple has always been regarded as a sort of poor relation of the rose; though of the same family the superb perfection of the one prevented all thought of rivalry by the simplicity of the other, though each are beautiful. But to my surprise, I find that the apple is no longer content with the inferior position, and by the

development of its latent qualities is claiming equality with the Queen of Flowers.

You may have a yard of roses, double and fragrant, pearl white, with a pink blush of conscious loveliness, if you buy the double flowering crab. (*Bechtels* variety). It blooms when only shrub high, is quite hardy, and I think unequaled in the whole garland of spring bloom.

I am learning that the most foolish verdict a man can pronounce about anything



VIEW OF THE BORDER OF THE GARDEN OF W. M. SAVAGE, WETHERSFIELD. THE SCHOOL IN THE REAR. SEE LAST ISSUE.

Photographed by Albert Morgan.

shoots and the ends of the branches and make plants of them; they will grow quickly and flower in the proper time.

The easiest way to root cuttings of all sorts by the amateur is to fill a flower pot with coarse white sand and pack it hard in the pot, putting your cuttings around the rim so that every one touches the pot on its inside edge. In summer keep in the shade, and be sure they do not dry out. When rooted put in 2-inch pots, and as the roots grow, shift to 4-inch or

is to affirm that it is good for nothing. That used to be my opinion of the peony. I thought it dull in color, coarse in texture and arrogant in size. But the Japanese have changed all that, and the new Tree Peonies that come from the land of flowers are altogether charming. There are carmine pinks that look as if they were woven out of silk ; pearl white, ruddy crimson and all shades of delicate tender color, as soft and radiant as roses. They are not very costly, are easily cared for and hardy. The chief thing in their culture is to see that shoots from the roots do not outgrow the graft. The root shoots must be carefully cut away, or they will kill the grafted flower ; as common, coarse things have a habit of doing to better ones. The foliage is different in root and graft, so the work is easily done.

Why do people grow the common *Petunia*, when the variety introduced by that very skillful lady florist, Mrs. T. Shepherd, of California, is so much better that they hardly seem to belong to the same family. The colors are gorgeous ; the bloom large, and their spotted and flecked adornment make them a pleasure to the eye and satisfaction to the mind.

One dollar extra spent in seeds is worth one hundred dollars in pleasure and contentment to all sensible persons, who, however they may differ in some things, agree in this : that they want the best of everything they can get.

It is a good thing to work when we ought and must ; it is a better thing to enjoy the fruit of our labors. No one can properly appreciate a garden who does not plan and delve to produce its pictured peace. You need not work much now. The fragrance of the roses fills the air ; drink it in, it is heaven's own tonic for a weary heart. The pearly bells of the lillies ring out a chime of gladness to those whose ears are attuned to celestial melodies. Listen to it often, forgetting the hoarse noises of the market places of the world.

You can gather more than fair flowers in your gardens if you remember who it was that once in eventide walked in one with the innocent in the long ago. Perhaps He may come again to you in yours if you go there in quest of Him with a quiet and loving heart.

MAGEE PRALL.





## EDITORIAL NOTES.

NATHAN HALE.

We have given considerable space in this number to occurrences connected with Nathan Hale. Under the heading of Current Events we give an account of the celebration of Nathan Hale Day at East Haddam, on June 6th. In another place we present a sketch of the closing scenes of Nathan Hale's life, by Miss Charlotte Molyneux Holloway, editor of *The New London Telegraph*. Francis H. Parker, a native of East Haddam and now U. S. District Attorney, Hartford, contributes a sketch entitled "The Hale School House." We have tried to do honor to the memory of one of the noblest acts of self-sacrifice known to man, but how poor are words, how insignificant must appear the efforts of even the most capable and eloquent among us who essay to pay a just meed of tribute to the work of the martyr hero. Nathan Hale with his fine and lofty character, the openness of his life, the intellectual man, the officer and the gentleman; Nathan Hale with his glorious youth and the promise of a splendid career before him, steps forward, a volunteer, and dons the noisome garb of a spy and goes forth to die for his country an ignoble death—Oh the pathos of it!

THE SALE OF  
ARMS TO CHINA.

It may be that civilized nations who have been selling arms and munitions of war to China may have a horrifying return for their trade. To a nation as unstable as China, with its hordes of half savage people, steeped as it has been in centuries of superstition and hatred of foreigners, it would seem the height of foolhardiness to supply with the means of destruction as embodied in modern implements of war. But that is just what has been done. The air is rife with terrible forebodings of evil—a great war, the war of Eastern savagery against Western civilization, which can only be put down at the price of thousands of valuable and heroic lives.

We consider it a crime to sell armaments to savages, such as the lower elements of the Chinese undoubtedly are. We speak advisedly when we say savages. We so designate them in the sense that being as a nation notoriously indifferent to human life, that thinks nothing of the torture of human beings for even trivial causes, they are in that degree beyond the pale of civilization, and therefore, savages; albeit, savages with a scheme of philosophy, a government, a literature and a record for general intelligence that staggers the mind by the contrast it offers to the

practical working of the Chinese character. Furnish these people with the means and the opportunity for evil will present itself just so sure as treachery and heathenism and ignorance are synonymous terms. It matters not that there are wise statesmen and sober-minded, rational and just citizens in the empire, the fact remains that the Chinese masses, are but little removed from savagery and thus can be easily led to all manner of excesses, needing only a leader to spur them on.

It would appear that the Western world can claim no sympathy if the lives of its citizens are ruthlessly taken and the story of another horrible massacre is told, and it is shown that they, for the sake of a little additional wealth, sold armaments to such a race as the Mongolians have proved themselves to be.

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THE GENTLEMAN were alive to-day and  
 VS. could be prevailed  
 THE SNOB. upon to take a stroll  
 along Broadway or  
 Fifth Avenue, New York; Walnut Street, Philadelphia, or walk within the exclusive district of Bean Hill, Boston, or go South and West and take in some, in fact, any one, of the largest, and to all outward appearances, the most polished of cities, putting in an hour's walk here and there along the most select thoroughfares, would see even within that short space of time more lack of good manners, more sham courtesy, more vulgar arrogance, more downright meanness and hypocrisy, more evil things, that go to make up his conception of a snob than his wildest dream could evolve.

A snob — we know him, (and "her", too, for there are female snobs, mind you) a parvenue incarnate, the parasite of the

age, they cling to all conditions of society; to the well-born no less than to those of doubtful origin. No class seems able to escape its slimy embrace: the law, the medical profession, even the church, the domain of education, the mart of trade — all professions, all activities feel the blight, and among these are individuals who bear the stamp of old and illustrious families, who are college-bred, who are successful in their material efforts, who hold the key to all that is generous, courteous and lofty, who yet prefer to descend to the level of an unmannerly set of cads, a fact that can be determined by any resolute man who cares to investigate the subject.

There are snobs and snobs. Some have the polish of a Chesterfield, others the roughness of a drunken buccaneer! We see them everywhere, a well-fed, well-groomed and well-housed conglomeration of meanness and vulgarity, as effusive in their flunkyism to those above them, as they are insulting and insolent to those who are less well established.

Come with us and shadow one of these outwardly-made-up gentlemen, let him be either a rich lawyer, doctor, clergyman, educator or merchant, it boots not which. Now look, here comes a decent and honest man, but one who is threadbare and for the time being unsuccessful and poor. The blood that courses his veins is a white man's blood, clean and pure, and maybe carries with it the tone of a long line of illustrious progenitors, but, alas! the man is poor. Now, watch the half way, the unwilling recognition accorded him, or note the cut direct, or the mean and sneaking averted head, all one and the same in its contemptible littleness and vulgarity! Any man of mature years who has traveled much, who has been a close observer, will bear out this statement that whole communities are being infested with the rank growth of what may not in-

aptly be termed "Snobism." The frank and friendly interchange of greetings, the polite and dignified salutations that in other times were accorded even to strangers on the highway give way to cold, averted looks, the deliberate snub and the half and unwilling recognition—all so mean and sneaking that your manly man itches to give those guilty of the act a public reprimand.

Step with us into a crowded street car for a moment and watch the actions of a certain rich man's son. See, he passes a young woman stenographer with whom he is acquainted, giving her a curt salutation and not so much as touching his hat, and then five minutes later is seen standing up and bowing effusively, hat in hand, to a bevy of young ladies of wealth, to judge by appearances, who had then entered the car. We see the look of wounded pride in the young stenographer's face, we note the nervous bite of the lip to conceal her chagrin and our blood boils in the effort to restrain the inclination to correct the unmannerly cad. Such incidents as these can be multiplied indefinitely, and the wonder is that society is able to stand the mudslinging and still keep its countenance.

And now the question arises, what does all this portend? Does it not augur the complete elimination from our life as a people of that quality of chivalry to which we all point with pride as old school manners and manliness; as something uncommon—a lost art? We might look to our colleges and our churches for some check to this deplorable state of affairs, but even here, as we have before hinted, we are met with examples of lack of true courtesy that makes us waver in our hope for much aid in this direction. Yale, Harvard and Princeton, aye, the whole list of our large seats of learning, instead of being the democratic institutions they

claim to be and turning out as a rule men with genuine courtesy and chivalry, are giving us to-day cliques, large and small, of arrogant and insolent youngsters who place the dollar mark as the open sesame to their good graces and good behavior, in a word, who are unblushing cads. These are pretty strong words, but they fit the situation, so far as it has come under our observation, and it is the experience of many others who have been approached on the subject.

What is demanded, we think, is that in educating our children the matter of heart culture should occupy a more important place than seems to obtain under present conditions. We strive with all our might to develop brain and muscular tissue; we spend fortunes to advance intellectual standards, but do nothing worth recording to promote heart culture. The results are so manifest that now when any man of note does some little act of courtesy—steps down from his lofty height to show a little feeling for less fortunate people, it is straightway taken up by the press and heralded from one end of the country to the other as something out of the common. A little inductive reasoning will show that there is something radically wrong in our character as a people that this should be so. Are we to become a nation of cads or gentlemen?

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GOLF.

The young man or woman who is the fortunate possessor of an abundance of health, wealth and leisure; if he or she would be in the swim, must take to—not water, but the golf links. He would be an exceedingly tiresome person indeed who would not grow enthusiastic over the manner in which our rich cousins are now amusing themselves.

By all means let the sport grow on apace; let our athletic and clever maidens develop their long dormant little muscles; let our stalwart lads vie with old gray heads in demolishing records; let golf courses, with their wide, evêr-rolling greens, their shady and inviting nooks, their sweet odors of nature's countless perfume bearers—let these bright breathing spots increase and multiply, let golf have full sway for golf is king! Long live Golf!

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THE RIGHT WAY TO TREAT OUR SERVANTS. There is going the rounds of the newspapers a very pretty story of a wealthy Japanese gentleman, who makes it a point to give the servants

of his household a dinner from time to time in which all his family as guests join. Sitting at the head of the table he relates all the news of the day, gives accounts of any travels he may have taken, and enlivens the whole with humorous jokes and pleasantries, and then when the dinner has been eaten takes leave of all with a fine gentleness and consideration for their welfare, and an invitation to dine again in the near future. It is said that this particular Japanese household is the best managed in the world. How many Connecticut families treat their servants in such a fashion as this? Not many, we venture to assert.



## BOOK NOTES AND REVIEWS.

A HAND BOOK OF PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS IN GENEALOGY, by Henry R. Stiles. 1 vol. 12 mo. 55 pp., cloth. Postpaid, \$1.00. Joel Munsell's Sons, Publishers, Albany, N. Y. "This little manual," say the author in the preface, "is written in response to the question so often put by intending genealogists of both sexes—'How do you go to work to get up a genealogy?'" Though written especially for beginners, it has many valuable suggestions, by which even the experienced may profit. It is a valuable book for all engaged in the line of genealogical and historical research.

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A HISTORY AND GENEALOGICAL RECORD OF THE ALLING—ALLENS OF NEW HAVEN, CONN. THE DESCENDANTS OF ROGER ALLING, 1ST. AND JOHN ALLING, SEN., FROM 1639 TO 1899. Compiled by Geo. P. Allen, No. Woodbury, Conn. 317 pp. Cloth bound. May be had of the compiler. Price \$3.00. For several years Mr. Allen has been at work on the above, and the result shows the large amount of labor and care he has put into it. The book is a credit to the author in the high standard of typographical excellence, as well as in genealogical completeness and accuracy. Notwithstanding this completeness, Mr. Allen requests all of the Alling—Allens in America to collect and call his attention to anything in the shape of old letters, documents or traditional lore bearing upon the history of the family, and he will compile it for an appendix to the present book. This

genealogy is thoroughly indexed and embellished by several portraits of members of the family.

\* \* \*

SUPPLEMENT TO JOHN LEE OF FARMINGTON, CONN., AND HIS DESCENDANTS. (1634-1900.) Compiled by Leonard Lee. 175 pp. Cloth. Price, \$1.50. May be obtained by addressing Wm. Wallace Lee, Secretary "Lee Association," Meriden, Conn.

In 1897 was published the book to which this is the supplement, the latter bringing things down to date with numerous additions and corrections. It has many illustrations and is well gotten up being as complete and accurate as the utmost care could produce. Like the main book, it is a model of its kind and is a good example to show the advisability of many genealogical books having a supplement which, mores the pity, is so seldom published. Mr. Leonard Lee, Mr. Wm. Wallace Lee and their associates in the work have shown a commendable spirit in the preparation and publication of their family books.

\* \* \*

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ANCESTORS AND DESCENDANTS OF JOHN ROSEBOOM (1739-1805) AND OF JESSE JOHNSON (1745-1832). Compiled by Catherine Roseboom and others. 140 pp. Cloth 60 cents, paper 30 cents. Address C. Roseboom, Cherry Valley, N. Y. For the objects of preserving to the descendants of Hendrick Janse Roseboom of Al-



bany, N. Y., and Captain John Johnson of Roxbury, Mass., the information obtainable regarding their early history in America and to afford as complete a record as possible of the families comprising the later generations, from about the time when the two lines were united by the marriage of Abraham Roseboom and Ruth Johnson in Cherry Valley, N. Y., in 1806, has the above book been prepared. It is an interesting book, the biographical sketches being much more extended than is usually found in such works.

\* \* \*

THE GRANT FAMILY MAGAZINE, edited and published by Arthur Hastings Grant, 41 Church St., Montclair, New Jersey. \$1.00 a year. Bi-monthly. Began with February, 1900. A very good way to make more complete a family genealogy has been adopted by the editor of the Grant Family History. This most noted family, having its origin in America in Old Windsor has a most wonderful history and a periodical devoted to its record, enables the family to keep up the interest, become better acquainted with each other, and preserve many things of importance which would otherwise be lost.

\* \* \*

THE ANTIEN BURIALL PLACE OF NEW LONDON, CONN., by Edward Prentis. New London, Conn. 40 pp. Cloth. Price \$2.00. Most attractively gotten up with many fine illustrations, and one exceptionally large one giving a view of the whole "Buriall Place," is this book of inscriptions of the oldest cemetery in the southeastern part of Connecticut and the most important one genealogically in that part of the state. It is a book that commends itself to everyone at all interested

in local history and from the care taken in its preparation and production is worthy of a place in the library of all so inclined.

\* \* \*

THE BIRD-STONE CEREMONIAL by Warren King Moorehead, Saranac Lake, N. Y. 31 pp 53 illustrations. Paper. 40 cents. An account of some singular prehistoric art facts found in the United States and Canada. This is the first of a proposed series of bulletins on a very interesting subject — hitherto almost entirely neglected in archaeological literature — comprehensively written and fully illustrated. Mr. Moorehead has made the subject attractive for all interested in prehistoric relics, whether they be experienced archaeologists or non-professional collectors.

\* \* \*

Despite the fact that the New England element in Wisconsin is small in point of numbers and its population is made up largely of those of foreign birth or extraction, all its institutions are distinctively American, and the New England influence has been strongly felt throughout the state. In an interesting paper on "New England in Wisconsin," in the June New England Magazine, Mr. Ellis Baker Usher explains that this is true because so many of Wisconsin's prominent men have been from New England stock. His article is chiefly biographical in character, sketching briefly the lives of many who have been leaders in the political, educational and industrial life of Wisconsin. — all typical New Englanders. With many portraits in this connection are also included views of the University of Wisconsin, which may well be called a New England institution. Warren F. Kellogg, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

The June number of the Chatauquan contains among its usual interesting matter a valuable paper by Francis N. Thorpe entitled "Forgotten Candidates for President" that will appeal most strongly to those who delve in historical lore, at the same time, the general reader will not be slow to express his appreciation for the pleasure derived from the perusal of the article. The paper is handsomely illustrated with portraits. Another interesting paper is that entitled "The Treason of Benedict Arnold," by Dora M. Townsend, that won the first prize (one hundred dollars) offered by the

publishers of The Chatauquan for the best answer to the question, "What is the most dramatic incident in American history?" The competition was open to all subscribers of The Chatauquan and articles were limited to one thousand words in length. The results of the competition reveal a number of interesting facts, which The Chatauquan makes a point of stating in full for the benefit of its readers. The winners of the other prizes are named and their essays are printed the whole affording most interesting reading.

## THE HOME.

ENTERTAINMENT.

MARKETING.

ECONOMY.

BY LOUISE W. BUNCE.

Any inquiries regarding these subjects, or requests for receipts, addressed to The Connecticut Magazine, will gladly be answered through these columns.

WHEN meat is a vexation, drink a delusion and repose well nigh impossible, the hostess must look well to the ways of her household and endeavor to tempt the fitful appetite by varieties of food that are unusual, cool and sustaining.

A salt relish for breakfast, a delicate luncheon, and a more solid meal at the end of the day with ample time for digestion is most to be desired. Also during the hot weather the appetite for a refreshing drink is often more keen than for ordinarily acceptable food and no consideration of the home comfort could well pass over this feature of agreeable living.

In this issue of the Connecticut Magazine I shall therefore give some tried recipes for drinkables both old and new,

alcoholic and non-alcoholic which may meet a flagging appetite if indeed they do not create one and which will serve many a hostess a good turn in the entertainment of summer guests.

The fruits at this season offer many hints as to the preparation of summer beverages and the housekeeper who is laying by a winter store of preserves may concoct many good things. For instance in the making of currant jelly the scum rising to the top of the kettle, after adding sugar to the fruit, which would ordinarily be thrown away, if saved and set away to cool with a third as much water as scum makes a very palatable currant shrub. The juice or scum should be set away in a bowl on the ice and fifteen minutes be-

fore using be very carefully strained through a cloth and to a pint and a half of juice have added half a bowl of fine chopped or shaved ice and the last moment a bottle of club soda. Stir violently with a spoon to thoroughly mix, and serve very cold. Club soda, procurable at any grocer's, makes a very desirable component of all summer drinks, is easily managed, comes in right quantities for home consumption, is reasonable in price and very pleasantly effervescent.

The Williams Root Beer and Extracts are almost too well known to be treated of in these columns and form a feature of all summer preparations. With the bottle of Root Beer Extract comes a recipe for making this most healthful and delightful drink which if followed minutely cannot be improved upon.

Kremette is another extract lately put upon the market, obtainable at all leading groceries and this added to fruit juice or claret makes a new and to many untried punch which will cool many a dusty throat.

Not forgetful of tea which makes a most agreeable luncheon drink when iced I would recommend a brand called Russian Oolong, procurable in half-pound foil lined packages of the importers, Lincoln Seym's & Co., or of any established grocery house.

Allow in making a teaspoon of tea for each person and one for the pot. Draw the tea clear and strong, allow the juice of a lemon for two persons squeezing the juice into the hot tea. Add a sufficient amount of sugar to sweeten to taste and set away on the ice undiluted by having any ice in the pitcher. To make it of thoroughly "Russian" character add before serving an overflowing teaspoon of St. Croix Rum to each glass and in this case the drink is improved by being shaken in a covered shaker with a little cracked ice. This is a most healthful as well as refreshing drink.

During the months of August and early September we are apt to have sudden changes of weather, occasioning exposure to colds and consequent physical disturbances for which an excellent preventive is found in a home-made cordial from the field blackberry. This fruit coming in July is abundant in August as though beneficent nature had appointed the remedy to meet the demand. I have in my possession an old family recipe for the compounding of this cordial which like the cordial itself has improved with age and give it here in toto :

For each quart of blackberries allow a gill of water and cook slowly, long enough to break up the fruit and evaporate the water. Express the juice of the berries through a coarse Russia towel. Return the juice to a porcelain kettle, bring to a boil, allow a half pint of sugar to a quart of juice, scald once sufficiently to blend the sugar and cool. A few blades of cinnamon and six whole cloves may be added to each quart but this is optional. When cold add a pint of best French brandy to three pints of the blackberry juice and cork tightly for future use. It is a disadvantage to have this cordial too sweet and sugar may be added in using. Serve with shaved ice as often as agreeable.

Raspberry shrub is another home made drink, delightful with climbing of the mercury, and is prepared as follows: To three quarts of red raspberries add one quart of the best cider vinegar. Let all stand three days, strain and add a pound of sugar to a pint of juice; bring the juice to a boil, skim carefully and bottle for future use. The amount of juice to be used in one glass of water is left to the individual taste; it is both palatable and cooling.

Served at a dinner recently in place of punch was a beverage called "The Blude's Kiss," and a more inviting drink, both as to name and substance, can scarcely be

*Continued on next page.*

**HAVE YOU TRIED**



**KREMETTE**

All lovers of good living will find in this article a delicious and palatable addition to their dinner or evening entertainment. A little "Kremette," added to a punch-glass of vanilla ice cream, will give you the successor to the Roman Punch. If you want something distinctly new, serve your guests with "Kremette Punch."

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TRY. . .

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## **CUTS AT HALF PRICE.**

THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE offers for sale at half price cuts that are now on hand which have appeared in past issues of the magazine. WRITE FOR PRICES.

The Connecticut Magazine, Hartford, Ct.

imagined. It was prepared in the following way and I must insist upon its being carefully done. Take an orange, which must be ice cold, and with a sharp knife separate the skin from the fruit, not, however, entirely removing it. Open the sections to the base, like the petals of a flower, and the sections themselves treat in the same way. Place the orange in the bottom of a deep champagne glass and pour over it equal quantities of maraschino, curacas and brandy. On top place a small square of ice cream dotted with two or three brandied cherries. Serve with a spoon and after the cherries and cream are eaten drink the liquid portion. The orange in the meantime has absorbed a good share of the liquor and the fruit may then be crushed with the spoon and will be found delightfully fragrant.

For persons who are fond of the flavor of mint I append an excellent rule for making a julep: Put in the bottom of a large tumbler one or two pieces of pineapple, nicely pared, and cover them with a thick layer of loaf sugar; pour on it a wineglassful of the best brandy, and add water till the tumbler is two-thirds full; finish with a thick layer of pounded ice; then stick down at the side a bunch of fresh mint and put in the other side a straw or glass tube.

Then, of course, there are all sorts of beverages put together with milk or eggs or both as a basis, but I believe these are too well known to need comment or explanation, and there is also the old fashioned Candle. For this drink mix two spoonfuls of oatmeal in a quart of water, with a blade or two of mace, and a piece of lemon peel; stir it often, and let it boil twenty minutes; strain and sweeten and add a little white wine, nutmeg and a little lemon juice.

In conclusion I must touch for a moment upon the use of coffee as a cooling element in a dinner simply suggesting chilled coffee as a drink and passing on to a "parfait" and a "mousse" for which I append reliable receipts. I should suggest the purchase of Union Club Coffee as being of guaranteed quality and make a "parfait" as follows: A parfait is easily made as it does not require to be stirred while freezing. Put the beaten yolks of five eggs into a sauce-pan, add four table-spoons of very strong black coffee liquid; sweeten to taste; stir the mixture over a

*Continued on next page.*





# THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE.

VOL. 6.

JULY-AUGUST, 1900.

NO. 5.



## THE TOWN OF SEYMOUR.

BY FRANK G. BASSETT.

The Naugatuck Valley, through which a river of the same name flows, is known for the beauty of its scenery; bordered on every side by wooded hill-sides, precipitous ridges of rocks, and in the valley are located the villages. The town of Seymour is located in the valley of the Naugatuck, about five miles north of where the river empties its waters into the Housatonic river.

Near the center of the village there is a towering rock called Castle Rock, three hundred and forty feet high, and on the north is another rock called Rock Rimmon, which is five hundred fifty feet high. From the

top of those silent monitors you may behold the valley and the hills for miles around, and as the eye views the beautiful scenery one is struck with bewildering amazement at the wondrous magnificence and beauty of the work of the Creator.

The valley is exceedingly healthful. The beauties and advantages which this valley presented to our ancestors prompted them to build their homes here. They were men of thrift and enterprise and among the first to engage in manufacturing in New England.

The first tract of land purchased from the Indians, which is now a part

of the town, was bought by Alexander Bryan, of Milford, in 1670 for seventeen pounds, (known as the Great Hill purchase,) which purchase Mr. Bryan sold to John Brinsmade, Sr., Henry Tomlinson and Joseph Hawley, of Stratford, for the same consideration (seventeen pounds). This purchase was also called the "Hawley purchase."

It was a part of this purchase that Sergt. Robert Bassett bought of Mr. Hawley in 1716 and gave to his son



OLD BLACKSMITH SHOP.

Samuel, who became one of Derby's foremost citizens.

Great Hill is rightly named, being the highest elevation in the town, and from the top a most charming view may be had in every direction. On a clear day one can see Long Island Sound as well as many miles of the Island.

On the 20th day of March, 1756, the Great Hill purchase was divided among the heirs of the original contributors to the purchase, (eighty-three in number.) This part of the town was for a number of years the most important part.

On the 22d of April, 1678, a tract of land was purchased from the Indians, at what is now the village of Seymour; the deed reads as follows:

"This indenture made the 22d day of April, 1678, witnesseth that we do sell unto the inhabitants, a tract of

land at Pagasett, bounded on the north with Bladen's brook, and northwest with Mill river, and south and southwest with the Englishmen's ground, and west and northwest with a hill on the west side of the Naugatuck river, part of the bounds and the Naugatuck river the other part,—all of which we do confirm unto the said inhabitants; only, the said Indians do reserve the fishing place at Naugatuck, and the plain and the hill next the river at the fishing place. Further, the Indians do grant all the grass and feed and timber on the plain against Rock Rimmon, and do engage to sell it to them, if they sell it,—all which grants we do confirm for forty pounds, to be paid to them at Mr. Bryan's."

Indian witnesses:

Husks,	his mark.
Suckcoo,	" "
Okenung, Sagamore,	his mark.
Ahuntaway,	his mark.
Jack,	" "
Cockapatana,	" "
Sauquett,	" "
Toms Squaw,	" "
Tom,	" "

It is evident from this deed that the first name of the locality where the village of Seymour now stands was Naugatuck or Naugetic, which name has been changed from time to time to suit the fancy of the inhabitants that have resided here in the various generations.

There are a number of places in the old records where the fishing place at Naugatuck is mentioned. According to tradition the word Naugatuck means in the Indian language "one big tree." Tradition further states that near the falls there was a large hemlock tree, and from this tree the Indians called the place Naugatuck. Mr. Orcutt in his history of Derby states that he doubts the correctness of the above tradition. He claims that the word the Indians used was Amaug-Suck; (which means



fishing place at tide water, or a pouring out of water) and that Amaug-Suck was the original Indian name of the place.

However true this claim may be of Mr. Orcutt's there is the fact which presents itself to our view in all of the deeds given by the Indians of land near the falls, the word Naugatuck is

necticut in 1804 gave it the name of Humphreysville in honor of Col. David Humphrey who located here about that time and engaged in manufacturing. In 1850 the town was incorporated and set off from the town of Derby under the name of Seymour after Thomas H. Seymour, who was governor of the State at the time.



BANK STREET — LOOKING TOWARD THE COVERED BRIDGE

used to designate the locality, it is therefore evident that the Indians accepted the English understanding of the word as the proper word, or name of the place. I believe therefore that we can say, without fear of contradiction, that the first name given to the place where the village of Seymour is located was Naugatuck, and was so called until 1738, when it was changed to Chusetown, after an Indian chief who resided here at that time. The Legislature of Con-

Until 1850 Seymour was a part of the town of Derby, but in order to give a record of the territory and the people who inhabited what is now the town of Seymour, it will be necessary to give many facts that were consummated while it was a part of the ancient town of Derby.

In the year 1678 Col. Ebenezzer Johnson bought from the Indians three small parcels of land; bounded on the northwest with Rock Rimmon, and on the east with Lebanon

and on the south with a small brook and the Naugatuck river, and on the west with a hill on the west side of the Naugatuck river, so as to take in the little plain. Col. Johnson was granted the right to this land by the town, provided he would take another man with him. The Colonel selected Jeremiah Johnson, Sr., whose grandson Benajah built a house at the foot of the hill just beyond the residence of Mr. Howard Chatfield on Skokorat street about 1727. At the same time the town granted liberty to Samuel Riggs, Daniel Collins, John Tibbals and Phillip Denman to take up land at Rock Rimmon. In 1683 Ensign Samuel Riggs and Col. Ebenezer Johnson divided the land which they owned at Rimmon as follows: To Samuel Riggs half the land at Rimmon on the northwest of the said Samuel Riggs' cellar, between that and the Rock, and Col. Johnson the other half on the northwest of said cellar. This cellar must have been located near where Mr. Andrew Wheeler now lives. The records state the land which the Col. bought was bounded on the northwest by Rock Rimmon, which fact would locate the land where, what is now called Skokorat street. The cellar mentioned in this record is the first mention of the preparation for building in this vicinity, but there is no record which states that the house was built or that Ensign Samuel Riggs lived in this vicinity.

The land which Daniel Collins obtained at Rimmon he sold to Abel Holbrook with house, provided the said Holbrook "rende" clapboards enough to clapboard the sides and end of the house. The house was 27x18½ feet. Mr. Abel Holbrook was the ancestor of Mr. Smith Holbrook of Skokorat, who now lives upon the old homestead. (The sale was made Feb. 11, 1679.)

The next land purchased in this vicinity was by David Wooster in

1692 from the Indians and was a long strip on the west side of the river known as long plain; bounded on the north by Little River and running south to the present Ansonia town line.

In 1731 they bought of the Indians all the land known as Indian Hill, in Derby, situated upon east side of Naugatuck river near the place called the Falls; all the land that lieth eastward, northward and southward, except the plain that lieth near the Falls up to the foot of the hill." This deed was signed by John Cookson and John Howd and other Indians.

Indian Hill included what is now known as the Promised Land, and east to the Woodbridge line.

The last of the Indian land was sold in 1810 to Col. David Humphreys and Phebe Stiles.

#### Indians at the Falls.

Soon after 1700 the Indians who had been driven from the seashore by the approach of the English began to congregate at the Falls, which place they had reserved to themselves by the deed given to the inhabitants of Derby, dated the 22d day of April, 1678. They were a part of the tribes, the Poototucks and Paugasucks. In or about 1738 Joseph Mauwee, better known as Joseph Chuse, became their Chief, although some writers state that he was at the Falls as early as 1720. The first mention made of him as being at the Falls in the records is in 1738, which is undoubtedly the time that he located there.

There seems to be some doubt as to who Joseph Mauwee was, or how he came to be the chief of this little tribe of Indians at the Falls; some writers stating that he was a Pequot Indian while others state that Gideon Mauwechen was his father, and a Pequot Indian. From my research I am satisfied that Mr. Orcutt has solved the problem when he states that Joseph Mauwee was a son of Gideon Mauwee, or Mauwechen, and

that Gideon was a son of Chief Chusunack, and that it was from his grandfather that he obtained the name of Chuse, being an abbreviation of Chusmack, rather than from the traditional statement that Gideon nicknamed him Chuse from the peculiar manner in which he pronounced the word choose.

Mr. Barbor in his history of Connecticut states that Joseph Chuse married a woman of the East Haven tribe about 1730, and had ten children. The youngest of them was Eunice, born about 1755. Gideon Mauweehen, who gathered the Indians at Scaticook in Kent, gave to his son Joseph the Indian grounds or field at the Falls. At the time Chuse located at the Falls there were but two or three families living in the place; they lived on Indian Hill. Chuse first erected his wigwam on the flats jut north of where the old cotton mill now stands (1900.) It is stated on very good authority that the families who located on Indian hill (near where the Methodist church now stands) induced Chuse to remove from the Falls to where the residence of the late Doctor Thomas Stoddard stands; where he lived until Mr. Whitmore built his house there. Chuse then moved back to the Falls. He built his wigwam in a grove at the foot of the hill where he resided until he removed to Scaticook about 1789. Near the river was an old Indian burying ground where each grave was marked by a small heap of stones. In 1790 Mr. Nathan Stiles bought this land and in ploughing it over destroyed those relics of antiquity.

Chuse is said to have been a very large athletic man; very spry and an active hunter. From the records of the Rev. Daniel Humphries dated September 12, 1779, it is stated that Ann Chuse was admitted to communion with the church of Christ. In 1787 the Rev. Martin Fuller recorded her name as Anna Mawhee,

at the same time he recorded Chuse's name as Joseph Mawhee.

There are some very good stories told about Chuse; one is to the effect that Chuse having lived among the white settlers had become partly civilized. He had been in the habit of attending church and by his associa-



TRINITY CHURCH.

tions with the white people, and his attendance at church he obtained some knowledge of the doctrines of the gospel. The following facts must have taken place in his younger days, as we find he was a church member in 1787.

Chuse having a child very dangerously ill, became impressed with the desire of having it baptized; he called on the Congregational minister to perform the ceremony. The minister asked him if he was in full communion with the church, to which Chuse replied he was not. Then, said the minister, I must refuse to baptize the child; to this Chuse asked, "Do you call yourself a minister of Christ?" "Yes," was the reply. "You are not," said Chuse, "but the minister of the Devil. Christ commanded to teach all nations, baptizing them

*THE TOWN OF SEYMOUR.*



SEYMOUR — FROM CASTLE ROCK.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND PARSONAGE.

in the name of the Lord." The child it is said received the rite of baptism from the rector of the Episcopal church.

John Hude or Howd was the successor of Chuse as Sachem of this little tribe of Indians that located at the Falls.

Unice, the daughter of Chuse, gave to Mr. Barber many of the above facts; she was at that time eighty-two years of age, (1836).

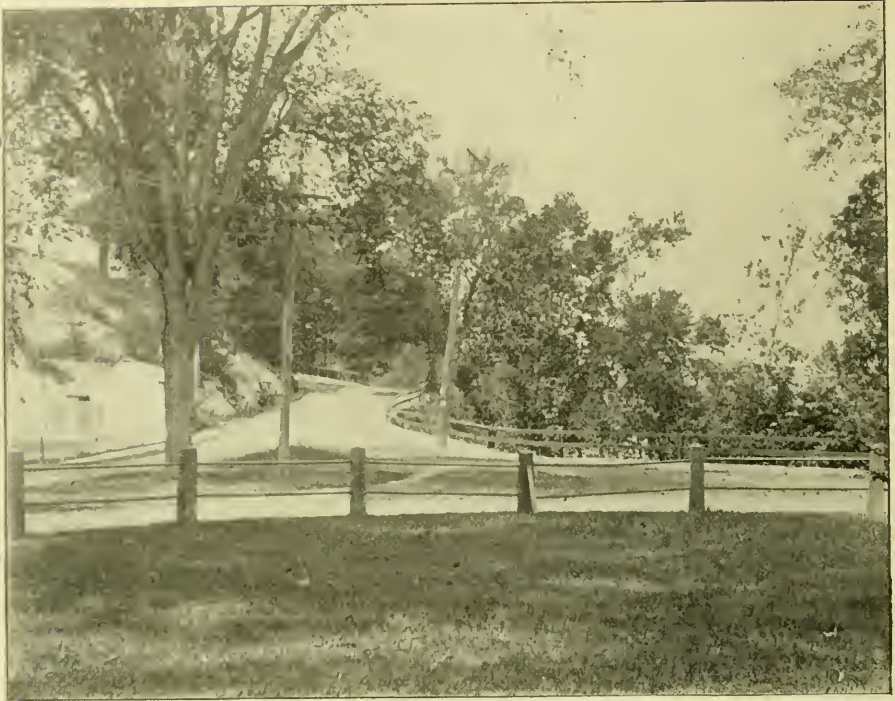
The last of the Indians disappeared from this vicinity about 1840.

#### The First Mill.

The first record of a mill being built or used in this vicinity was by a deed of transfer dated August 1747, from one George Abbott of Derby to a Stephen Perkins of New Haven, located on Little River about two miles from where Little River empties

into the Naugatuck. This deed transferred to Mr. Perkins a part of a grist mill, a saw mill and a dwelling house. The next enterprise was a corn mill built by James Prichard in 1760 on Little River near where the James Swan Company's upper shop is located. It is therefore evident that the waters of Little River was the first to be used for mill purposes, and has continued to be used from 1745 to 1900, giving employment to hundreds of people.

In 1760 Joseph Chuse and John Howd as Sachems for the Indians sold to Thomas Perkins of Endfield and Ebenezer Keeney, Joseph Hull, Jr., and John Wooster of Derby, one acre of land on the east side of the river at the Falls including the water privilege, for the purpose of putting up some iron works, but nothing was done until after Oct. 4, 1763, when



FALLS HILL.

Ebenezer Keeney, Joseph Hull, Jr., and John Wooster of Derby purchased from the Indians one and one-half acres of land for a roadway through the Indian field; this deed was signed by Joseph Chuse and John Howd as the chief men of the tribe.

On this land was erected first a fulling mill, then a saw mill and a grist mill.

In 1785 John Wooster and Bradford Steele leased for 999 years, for fifteen pounds, "a certain spot or privilege at a place called Rimmon Falls upon the east side of the Naugatuck River for the purpose of building a blacksmith shop, and erecting a hammer to go by water. They manufactured sythes and did other blacksmith work. They set up a grind stone and other machinery necessary for conducting the business. This mill was located near where the old cot-

ton mill now stands. The deed states that the land had a front of fifty feet on the flume and was next to the river. It was undoubtedly located where the old car axle shop was between the Plush Mill and the old Cotton Mill.

About 1790 Nathan Stiles, (a son of Benjamin), the first lawyer to lo-town and bought out John Wooster and Ebenezer Keeney, who were part owners of the property at the Falls. This property consisted of two fulling mills, a saw mill, grist mill and a clothier's shop. The company was reorganized; the following were the stockholders: Bradford Steele, Sr., George Steele, Bradford Steele, Jr., and Nathan Stiles. The company sold out to Col. David Humphrey in 1803.

Mr. Isaac Baldwin came from Litchfield, Conn., about 1785 and built a grist mill on Little River near where the famous Swan Co.'s middle

shop in Woodbury now stands. He was a man of strong religious convictions and an untiring student of the scriptures. It was at his house that the Methodists first held their meetings. The society was formed at his house Feb. 7, 179— . It was at his house while one of the meetings were being held that the boys climbed to the roof and put something over the top of the chimney and smoked the few that were congregated at the meeting out of the house and broke up the meeting.

Mr. Baldwin was killed at his mill

is now known as the S. Y. Beach Paper Company.

In 1803 Col. David Humphreys, ex-minister to Portugal and Spain, and aid to Washington during the Revolutionary War, bought the property at the Falls December 13, 1803. The deed of transfer was signed by Bradford Steele, Sr., Bradford Steele, Jr., and George Steele. Col. Humphrey associated with him in business Captain Thomas Vose of Derby. The business was conducted under the name of T. Vose & Company. The Colonel while on a visit to England



OLD WOOLEN MILL OF GEN. DAVID HUMPHREYS—BUILT 1806.

while cutting the ice from the water mill. He was buried in the town of Litchfield, Conn.

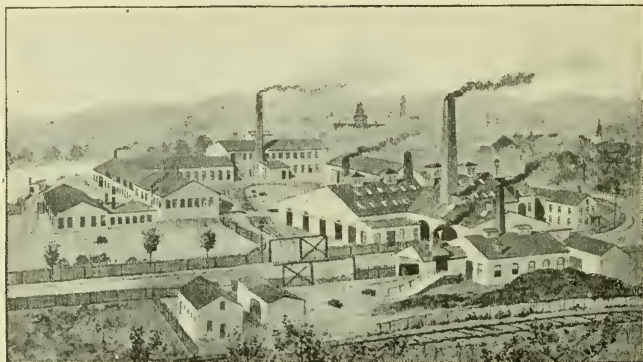
The next manufacturing enterprise was a fulling mill and a saw mill on Bladen's brook about one mile east of the railroad station, built by Mr. Thaddeus Hine of Derby about 1790. Mr. Hine sold the property to Titus H. Beach, 1799, who afterwards sold it to Charles Oatman, who carried on the business for a number of years. This property subsequently came into the possession of Sharon Yale Beach, where he in 1850 built and carried on the making of paper. It

became interested in the manufacturing industries of that country. He also made the acquaintance of Mr. John Winterbotham, who was engaged in the manufacture of woolen cloth. Mr. Winterbotham was educated in every branch of the business. Col. Humphreys after a time succeeded in inducing him to sell his business and remove to the United States. He became associated with the firm of T. Vose & Co. This firm brought over from England Thomas Gilyard, Robert Lees, and others, to work in their mill. In 1806 the company built a mill for the purpose of

manufacturing woolen cloth; this mill was raised June 6, 1806, and is still standing, (1900).

Col. Humphreys employed a large number of boys in the factory whom he had brought from different parts of the country. For these he established evening and Sunday schools, with competent teachers to instruct them. He also indulged his military

Forest, President, and J. Fisher Leaming, Secretary. The capital stock was \$50,000. In 1843 the company sold the paper mill to George L. Hodge, Sharon Y. Beach and Samuel Roselle. In 1845 the company sold their cotton factory to William Buffum for \$12,000, which business he conducted until 1850. In 1844 a company was formed which bought



WORKS OF THE NEW HAVEN COPPER CO. AT SEYMOUR.

fancy by organizing them at no light expense as a military company, drilling them himself and furnishing the uniforms. Many of the boys became very prominent men and their descendants are among the first and foremost of the country.

In 1810 the mill company was reorganized and the name was changed from T. Vose & Co., to the Humphreysville Manufacturing Company. This company manufactured woolen and cotton goods and paper; the paper mill of the company was sold to Worrull & Hudson, and in 1816 Worrull & Hudson sold to Ebenezer Fisher and Henry La Forge. In 1825 the mill was raised a story then the company began the manufacture of paper by machinery.

The Humphreysville Manufacturing Company bought the paper mill from Fisher & La Forge, Jan. 27, 1831. In May, 1822, the company was again reorganized with John W. De

the property of the Humphreysville Manufacturing Company under the firm name of Dwight French & Co. This company in 1849 began to build cars and in 1852 formed the American Car Company, with a capital stock of \$150,000, which amount was increased before the end of the year to \$200,000. The company erected five large shops for the purpose of building railroad cars. The company conducted quite an extensive business for a number of years. In 1855 the car car works were removed to Chicago and Springfield, Ill. By the removal the town sustained a great loss. The President of this company was John H. Lyman; local directors were Timothy Dwight, John W. Dwight and Raymond French.

The Humphreysville Copper Company was organized in 1849, with John W. Dwight as President; Directors, Raymond French, Harrison Tomlinson, George Rice and Sheldon Keen-



ey; the capital was \$40,000. In 1852 the stock was increased to \$200,000, and in 1854 the stock was again increased to \$390,000. In 1855 a new company was organized under the same name; the stock was placed at \$750,000 with liberty to increase to \$1,000,000. The persons mentioned in the act of incorporation was John W. Dwight, William Cornwall, George De Forest, Henry Bronson, Charles Durand, Sheldon Keeney, Samuel K. Satterlee, George R. A. Ricketts and Heuchman S. Soule.

On Nov. 21, 1855, the New Haven Copper Co. was organized with a capital stock of \$400,000, which company absorbed the Humphreysville Copper Company. John W. Dwight was the first president and George R. A. Ricketts, Secretary. In 1860 this industry became the property of Mr. W. W. Goddard of Boston, Mass. Being a thorough business man he knew that in order to make the business a success he must have a man to conduct the manufacture of the goods at the mill who was master of the art in all its branches, and for this responsible position he employed Mr. Thomas James, who had learned the business in Wales before coming to this country. In 1864 Mr. Goddard who had other large business interests which required his attention, sold the business here to Hendricks and Lissberger, which business was conducted by them until March 13, 1872, when the present company was organized with the following stockholders: Samuel Holmes, Thomas James, Franklin Farrell, and Lazarus Lissberger.

Mr. Lissberger was elected President, Samuel Holmes Secretary and Treasurer, and Thomas James Superintendent and business manager. From the commencement of Mr. James' management of the business of this concern to his death it was a grand success in every way, giving employment to hundreds of men who held him in high esteem and respect.

The present officers of the company are Thomas L. James, President; Lewis S. Camp, Secretary; Fred. A. Rugg, Treasurer, and Geo. A. James, Superintendent. The above officers were educated in the copper business by Mr. Thomas James. This is one of the foremost industries of the town. The sheet and planished copper which is turned out of this mill is of the finest order and is not surpassed by any mill in the country.

#### Sketch of Mr. James.

Mr. Thomas James whose portrait appears in this issue was born in Swansea, Wales, Aug. 2, 1817. He came to this country in 1838 and



THOMAS JAMES.

when he landed in New York he found that all the money he possessed was one dollar. He entered the employ of Phelps, Dodge & Co., and commenced work in their copper mill at Derby, Ct., where he remained until 1847 when he removed to Ansonia,

Conn., where the company had built a new mill.

In 1849 the Humphreysville Copper Co., learning of the skill which Mr. James had displayed in the art



ST. AUGUSTINE'S (R. C.) CHURCH.

of copper working, offered him a position in their employ. He accepted their offer and removed to Humphreysville (now Seymour,) and through his industry, business ability and integrity, he was advanced from a workman on the floor of the mill to the presidency of the company.

Mr. James was always foremost in advocating better schools and providing better opportunities for the children of the town to obtain a more advanced education.

He was foremost in every enterprise that tended to improve and beautify our town.

He was one of the organizers of Christ Episcopal church of Ansonia and after removing to Seymour he united with Trinity Episcopal church here, in which he was very much interested, giving liberally to its support and always ready to advocate and uphold those sublime teachings

given to the church by Him who died that we might live.

He was one of the vestrymen for a number of years.

Mr. James married for his second wife of H. Minerva, dau. of Frederic and Hepsiboh (Johnson) Rowe, June 19, 1843, at Derby, Ct., who was of great assistance to him in health and in sickness.

Mr. James died July 4, 1887 at Seymour Conn.

#### The Augur Business.

The first Augur made and sold in the New York market was made in this town by Mr. Walter French, who came here from Mansfield, Conn., about 1810 and commenced the manufacture of screw augurs by hand. He built his shop on land now owned by the James Swan Company and was located near where their upper shop now stands, making nearly one hundred years that augurs have been made at this place.

In digging some time ago near where the old shop stood, Mr. William Swan unearthed an old broad



THE OLD BROADAXE.

axe which was made by Mr. French many years ago, it is of an excellent design, far better than most of the tools were at that day and time, which fact proves that Mr. French was a workman of no mean order.

Mr. Walter French was born Jan. 5, 1781, he married Laura, dau. of Cordial and Lettice (Crummings) Storrs of Mansfield, Conn., 1803. Mr. French died May 26, 1865. Laura Storrs was born Jan. 13, 1784 at Mansfield, Conn.



WALTER FRENCH.

On July 25, 1832, Raymond French & Co. commenced the manufacturing of augurs and other edge tools at Blueville. The dam and shop were built by Newel Johnson in 1830 and sold to Dwight & French who enlarged the plant for their business. This shop was destroyed by fire on the 15th of July, 1841, but was soon rebuilt. On Oct. 31, 1845 this mill was leased to De Forest and Hodge, who changed it into a paper mill. They conducted business there for a few years. In 1854 Smith & Bassett, the owners of the property, sold it to Mr. Austin Day, since which time the hard rubber and insulated electric wire business has been conducted there exclusively. Mr. Austin Day was the inventor of the process for making hard rubber. A few years later he sold out the hard rubber part of the business to his brothers, Henry P. and Edmond Day, which busi-

ness is now (1900) conducted by them.

After Mr. Austin Day's death the insulated wire business became the property of Mr. William R. Brixey, by whom it is now conducted; it is known as the Kerite works. The goods manufactured by this firm are considered the most substantial and durable of any manufactured in the world.

Gilbert & Wooster carried on the manufacture of augurs and bits in Bennett Wooster's blacksmith shop, which was located near where the rear of the copper mill now stands; this was their forge room shop where their forges were filling room in the south part of Gilbert's building, corner of Main and Maple streets, and their polishing room was in the saw mill at the Falls.

Hiram Upson came from Waterbury to Humphreysville and began the manufacture of augurs in a build-



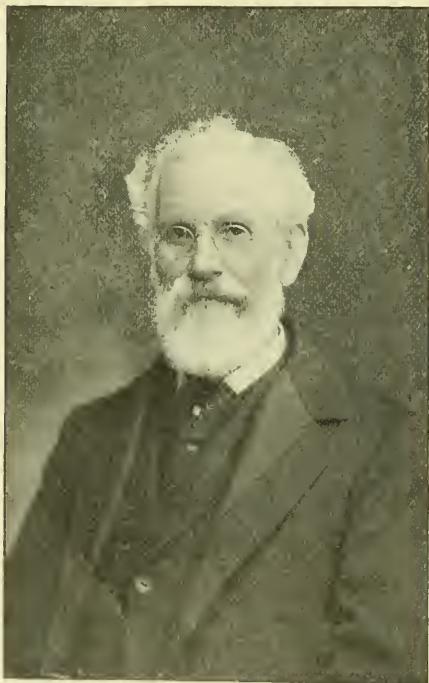
RAYMOND FRENCH.

ing that stood near where the James Swan Company's upper shop now stands. Mr. Upson afterwards associated himself with Horace A. Radford and Lucius Tuttle, which firm

bought the factory built by Timothy Dwight at the mouth of Little River in 1852, where they commenced the manufacture of augurs and bits in 1859. This business was sold to Charles Douglass, and after a number of changes it became the property of James Swan in 1877. This business has been enlarged under the management of Mr. Swan until now it is one of the largest enterprises in the town, giving employment to a large number of hands. Mr. Swan a few years ago enlarged the factory at the upper end of Bank street and moved a part of his works that was in the building at mouth of Little River. This building is now occupied by the H. A. Matthews Manufacturing Company.

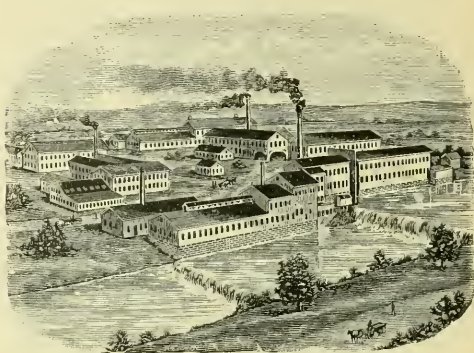
James Swan.

Mr. James Swan, the subject of this sketch, was born at Dumfries, Scotland, December 18, 1833. He is a son



JAMES SWAN.

of William and Mary (Beck) Swan; (his mother was a sister of the father of the late U. S. Senator of Kentucky, James Beck). Mr. Swan came to this



JAMES SWAN CO.'S WORKS.

country after learning the trade of millwright, in 1853, and soon after his arrival he entered the employ of the Bassett Iron Foundry at Derby, Ct. A few years later he secured a position with the Farrell Foundry and Machine Company of Ansonia, Ct., where he remained until 1865, at which time the Oliver Ames Co., (better known as the Douglass Manufacturing Company), engaged his services as superintendent of their Augur and Bit Works at Seymour, Ct. In 1876 Mr. Swan bought the Douglass Company's business and real estate, which was located in Seymour and commenced the manufacture of all kinds of edge tools, which business he has improved and enlarged until it is now one of the largest concerns in this country, engaged in the manufacture of augurs and other edge tools. Mr. Swan is possessed of a very inventive mind which has enabled him to improve the quality and durability of the goods to that extent, that the company has been able to obtain rewards of merit at the following exhibitions: Institute Fair, New York, 1865; Paris Exposition, 1867; Centennial, Philadelphia, Pa., 1876; Paris, 1878, and Sidney Expo-

sition, Australia, 1879, and many others.

Mr. Swan is one of the leading men of the town in advocating and encouraging public improvements, especially our schools, in which he takes a great interest. He delights to note the improvement of the pupils in their studies and is very liberal in giving

He is a member of the Congregational church and was superintendent of the Sunday school for a number of years.

Mr. Swan was foremost in organizing the fire company and was elected the Chief Engineer, which office he has held to the present time.

He was one of the promoters as



SEYMOUR HIGH SCHOOL.

rewards of merit to those that have made the greatest improvement.

Mr. Swan was one of the men who first advocated the erection of our beautiful school building and was chairman of the committee that had charge of its erection. He is a member of the Board of Education and has been for a number of years.

well as one of the supporters of our public library.

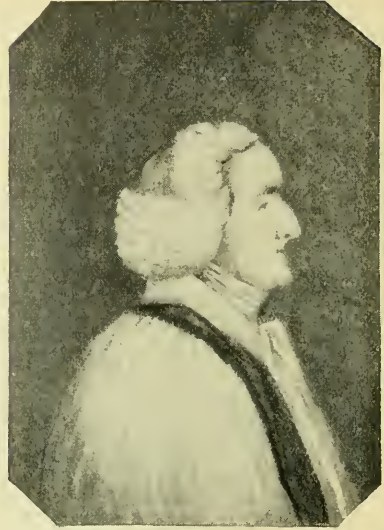
He represented the town in the Legislature.

The firm of French, Swift & Company was organized April 5, 1847, by the following gentlemen: Warren French, Charles Swift, John F. Marshall, Lemuel Bliss, Henry B. Beech-

er and Horace Radford for the purpose of manufacturing augurs and bits. This factory is situated on Little River about one-third of a mile from its mouth, and is now owned by Mr. Frank H. Beecher.

In 1852 the Humphreysville Manufacturing Co. built the brick factory below the Falls and began the manufacture of augurs and bits, pane-irons, chisels, and other edge tools, which business was conducted by Mr. Raymond French for a number of years. This company was reorganized with the following gentlemen as proprietors: Norman Sperry, George H. Robinson, David R. Cook and Marcus Sperry. This business is now conducted by Mr. Norman Sperry who is making the finest goods upon the market.

Garrett & Beach, manufacturers of German gimlet bits, cast-steel



REV. DR. MANSFIELD.

First Rector of the Episcopal Parish of Seymour.

reamers and screw-driver bits, are located in the Humphreysville Manufacturing Company's shop.

The New Haven Copper Company also had a large augur and bit manufactory in connection with their copper works. This firm does a very extensive business in this line as well as in the copper business.

#### The Manufacture of Paper.

The first paper mill to be built in the town was built by the Humphreysville Manufacturing Co., which business the company sold to Worrell & Hudson, who in turn sold in 1816 to Fisher & La Forge and in a few years it was bought back by the Humphreysville Manufacturing Company, and in 1843 they again sold it, the purchasers being George L. Hodge, Sharon Y. Beach, and Samuel Roselle. This company was in 1845 reorganized with Ezekiel Gilbert, Sharon Y. Beach and Samuel Roselle at the same time taking a lease of the mill for five years; at the end of the five years Mr. Beach bought Messrs. Gilbert and Roselle out and moved the mill to its present location on Bladen's brook about



ENGINE HOUSE.

CITIZEN ENGINE, HOOK AND LADDER CO., No. 2.

one mile east of the present railroad station. This company was reorganized and is composed of Sharon Y. Beach and his four sons, George W., Andrew Y., Sharon D., and Theodore B. Beach, and is known as the S. Y. Beach Paper Co., which company is conducting the business at the mill on Bladen's brook in the manufacture of specialties in colored papers.

Chester Jones and Daniel White commenced manufacturing June 8, 1831. The first mill for the manufacture of paper at the mouth of Bladen's brook, and known as the Smith mill, was built by John S. Moshier in 1831, which mill was sold to John C. Wheeler in 1833, and leased by him to Daniel White, who was then running the paper mill at the Falls. Mr. White was not successful and in 1834 gave up business. When Mr. John C. Wheeler gave Mr. Sylvester Smith one-quarter interest in the business, this partnership lasted three years. In 1837 Mr. Wheeler



S. Y. BEACH.

Mr. Bassett sold half of the mill to Mr. Smith. The mill has been burned three times and at each time the owners sustained a great loss.

Lewis Bunce had a paper mill at



S. Y. BEACH PAPER CO.

rented the mill to Sylvester Smith and Samuel Bassett. Feb. 10, 1840, Smith & Bassett bought the mill of Mr. Wheeler, and in January, 1856,

the mouth of Little River, which mill was burned and on January 27, 1849, a new company was formed by the following gentlemen: Andrew W.

De Forest, Burritt Hitchcock, Eli Hayes, Horace Riley, James H. Bidwell, James Wallace. Burritt Hitchcock was elected president and A. W. De Forest secretary. This mill was located at the mouth of Little River. Mr. Bunce continued in charge of the mill. This company was known as the Rimmon Paper Company.

The Globe Works was located on a little brook about half a mile south of the village. The dam

The upper shop was idle for a number of years. It was leased to Lounsbury & Gabriel who carried on the manufacture of goods from vegetable ivory, which business they conducted until the mill was burned. Both of the mills are now in ruins.

The Eagle Manufacturing Company was organized June 27, 1850, with a capital stock of \$50,000, for the purpose of manufacturing silk, woolen and cotton goods. George



LOOKING SOUTHWEST FROM THE PARK.

for this factory was built by Glover Bassett. It was first used by Mr. Radford for a blacksmith shop. Mr. Radford sold the privilege and shop to Mr. Albert Steele, who conducted the manufacture of furniture. Later Mr. Steele sold the property to Mr. Henry Wheeler and Andrew Hartson. They manufactured augurs and bits; this company failed. The lower shop was then made into a grist mill.

Rice was elected the first president. In 1852 the stock was increased to \$100,000 and George De Forest was elected president. In 1855 Mr. George P. Shelton was elected president, and Harrison Tomlinson secretary. This company built the large brick factory at the Falls. They also built the brick store opposite the railroad station. The company discontinued their business and leased the





RAILROAD STATION, N. Y., N. H. &amp; H. R. R.

mill to James Leigh who manufactured silk by a patent process. This business lasted but a short time. The mill was then closed for a number of years.

Zaeker Brothers carried on business in the mill for a time, also Sheford Brothers of Philadelphia conducted a business for a short time. In 1880 Mr. John H. Tingue bought the mill property and organized a company with a capital of \$200,000. This company manufactures silk mohair and cotton plush and yarns. The raw materials for the mohair plush is imported direct from Constantinople. It is the fleece of the Angora goat. The first mohair plush made in this country was made by this company.

The company employs a large number of hands and is continually introducing new articles in the plush line, and is ever ready to supply the demands of the market. Mr. Charles Coupland, the manager of this large concern, is one of the most skilled producers of this line of goods in the country.

John H. Tingue, the man who first

established this business, was a thorough business man. He conceived an unique method of advertising the goods manufactured at his mill by offering to pay \$25 to any young lady who would collect a string of buttons, no two alike, and deliver them at his office. The result of his plan was that his business was advertised in every household in the United States. Buttons were sent to him from nearly every state in the Union, and for each string he paid twenty-five dollars. After Mr. Tingue had completed his collection he had some very nice cases made for them. He then presented them to the State of Connecticut, and they are now in the State Capitol at Hartford. This firm is one of the leading concerns in the town, established on a firm foundation.

The mill at the mouth of Little River was built by Timothy Dwight in 1837.

Mr. Charles French, a son of Raymond, invented a car spring, which he manufactured for a number of years. This spring is universally used today on all cars.



BY RIMMON POND.

The United States Pin Company was organized in 1860 and was conducted for a number of years by Thaddeus Fowler. They manufactured chiefly iron pins. After Mr. Fowler's death a new company was organized by the following gentlemen: Henry L. Hotchkiss, President; Lewis H. Bristol, Secretary, and Charles French, Treasurer.

The Fowler Nail Company was organized in 1866, when the following officers were elected: President, Carlos French; Secretary, Lewis H. Bristol. The company was organized for the purpose of manufacturing Vulcan horseshoe nails. These nails are made by a machine invented by Mr. Thaddeus Fowler. Capital \$60,000.

The Seymour Manufacturing Company was organized in 1878 and incorporated in 1880, with a capital stock of \$30,000.00, for the manufacturing of sheet brass, brass wire, brass rods and tubing; copper wire for telephone purposes, electric rods,

German silver, etc. The following were the officers of the company: Nathan S. Johnson, President; W. H. H. Wooster, Secretary and Treasurer, and L. T. Wooster, Superintendent. Mr. L. T. Wooster, the Superintendent, is one of the most accomplished students of the brass industry in the country. The goods manufactured under his direction cannot be surpassed, and from the fact of the excellent quality of the goods made by the firm, it has grown from a very small business until now it is one of the largest in the country.

In 1882 Carlos French and Edmund Day became interested in the Company and the capital was increased to \$75,000.00, and has since been increased from time to time until it is now \$500,000.00.

The H. A. Mathews Manufacturing Company was organized in 1890 for the purpose of manufacturing stove trimmings and other goods in that line. In 1895 the company added to

the business the manufacturing of bicycle parts. Capital stock \$85,000.

The following are the officials of the company: James Swan, president; Carlos French, vice-president, and F. H. Beecher, treasurer and general manager.

In 1897 Mr. Thomas Perrins came to this town from Ansonia and commenced the manufacture of eyelets. Mr. Perrins was employed for a number of years by Mr. George O. Schneller, the inventor of the machine for the manufacture of the eyelets.

In 1899 Mr. E. A. Klatt came here from Bridgeport, Conn., and organized a company. This company built a foundry for the purpose of making iron casting. The company has already a good business established.

The Rimmon Manufacturing Company was organized Jan. 10, 1900, with a capital stock of \$30,000. This

company has bought the old paper mill property, corner of North Main and Day streets. This mill was first built by John S. Moshier in 1831.

#### Merchants.

The first to keep a store within the limits of this town was Samuel Bassett. It was located upon the top of Great Hill. The next was the stone store situated by the side of the Housatonic River, the next at Squaunuck, was kept by Ezeakel Gilbert, who afterwards removed to the village of Humphreysville, where he engaged in the mercantile and manufacturing business.

In 1844 Raymond French & Co. built a dam across the Naugatuck River about two miles below the village, which privilege the company sold to Mr. Anson G. Phelps, Dec. 5, 1844.

To Mr. French must be given some



BY THE FALLS.



ON THE NAUGATUCK.

of the credit for the location of the enterprising city of Ansonia.

In 1847 French & Dwight began the erection of a dam across the river just north of the village. After building the abutments and a wall



METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

across the plain, the work was abandoned until 1866 when it was finished. It floods a number of acres of land and is called Rimmon Pond.

Roads.

In 1797-8 the road from Chusetown to New Haven was built.

The first bridge built across the river at this place was built in 1783, just south of the Falls. Ashbell Loveland was the builder. The second bridge to be built across the river was built in 1856 at Bank street. The bridge below the Falls has been replaced by an iron one.

The first dam that was built was at what is called the "Falls." At this place on the river is a ledge of rocks which forms about two-thirds of the dam. This dam was rebuilt in 1850 in solid masonry by Raymond French.

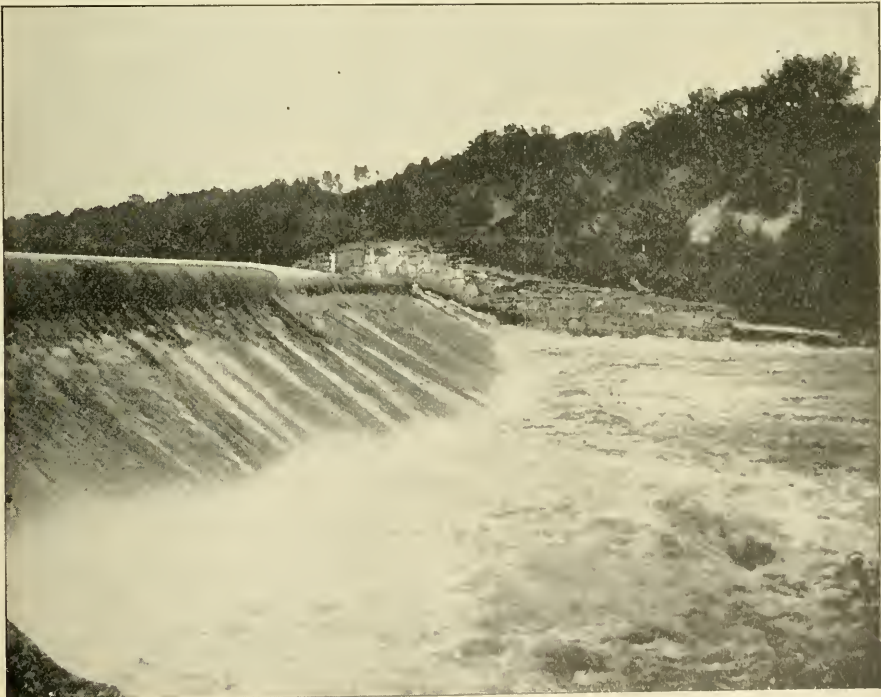
General Clark Wooster, who was conducting the business in 1849, conducted an axe factory in what is



THE SEYMOUR ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

now known as the James Swan Company's middle shop on Little River for a number of years. After Mr. Wooster discontinued the axe business it was used for a grist mill, and wood turning shop until it was bought by the Douglass Manufacturing Company for an augur shop.

The Seymour Electric Light Co. was organized in 1889 with a capital of \$28,000.



KINNEYTOWN FALLS OR DAM.

Sherman & Beardsley manufactured stocking yarn, batting twine and carpet warp.

The Seymour Water Company was organized in 1898; capital \$60,000.

The Arethusa Spring is located in this town; the water from this spring is considered the purest in the country.

Among the noted persons who have lived within the limits of the town are General David Humphreys, Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, the writer, Hon. Carlos French, Captain Julius Bassett, Captain Hiram Upson, Rev. Amos Bassett, D. D., and many others who are entitled to mention, but limited space forbids.

Seymour has many attractions for those who are lovers of the beauty of nature. The town is provided with excellent schools of which its citizens are justly proud, the schools are under the supervision of a school board, which exercises great care in

the selection of the teachers for the various departments, employing none but such as are qualified to fill their station with the highest credit and ability.

The town also has a very fine fire department composed of its best citizens. The department is equipped with a first class engine, hook and ladder and other appliances that go to make up a properly organized fire department. The water supply is ample for fire and domestic use. The streets are lighted by electricity and many other improvements have been made which give comfort and pleasure to its inhabitants. The beauty and grandeur of our drives among the hills are not surpassed by any town in New England. The locality is exceedingly healthful.

For the want of time and space I have only given a brief account of the growth and development of the town from 1670 to the present time.

\* In a later article on Seymour an extended account will be given of these old family names.—[Ed.]

## FAME.

One, long accounted wise, met me upon a shore  
 Where moaning waves will toss forevermore;  
 I asked him, What do men most prize and seek to gain?  
 Across his features flashed a look of pain.  
 He knelt and for reply wrote on a passing wave.

BURTON LANGTRY COLLINS.

# HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PUTNAM PHALANX.

BY EMORY B. GIDDINGS.

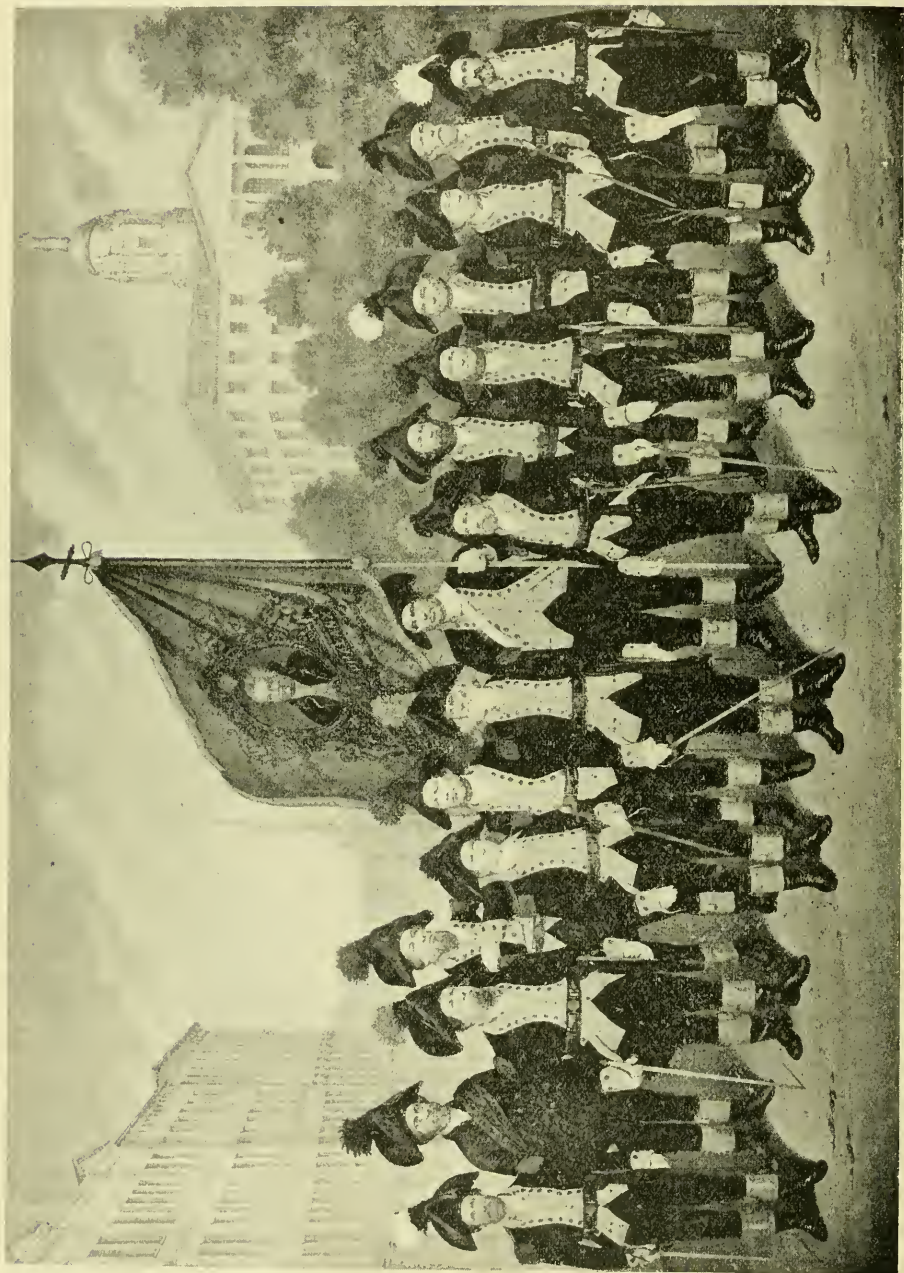


MUCH has been said and considerable written, concerning the doings of the Putnam Phalanx, but all of these records concern recent events and none record the early history of this famous organization. In fact so little is really known concerning the history of the company, that it has been exceedingly difficult to obtain facts regarding it. To-day the Putnam Phalanx stands at the head of all military bodies in the State of Connecticut, while in its ranks are numbered the best known men in the commonwealth. Governors, Generals, State and Town officials of note, have carried and do carry muskets and march with the rank and file, when occasion demands. Although its headquarters are in the Capitol City, its members are scattered all over the State. The first meeting of which any record can be obtained, was held in this city, August 9, 1858. It was not intended at that time to make the organization a permanent one, the

idea then being to form a military company for the time being, which according to the historian, "should welcome home, Col. Thomas H. Seymour, a distinguished fellow townsman, known as the "Hero of Chapultepec," a title acquired in the Mexican War. (Col. Seymour had also represented this country as Minister at the Russian Court, with marked ability). A copy of the call for enrollment issued by those interested in the formation of the company at the time reads as follows:

"We, the undersigned, do hereby enroll ourselves, for the purpose of forming a military company, to take part in connection with the regularly organized military of this vicinity, on the occasion of the return of Col. Thomas H. Seymour, to his native city, and in giving him such a reception as his eminent civil and military services entitle him to from the hands of his fellow citizens."

Following this preamble were affixed the names of the signers, of which there were 153 representative citizens of Hartford and vicinity. As soon as the desired number of members had been secured, a meeting was held at the Seymour Light Artillery Armory and committees were ap-



STAFF AND OFFICERS OF THE PUTNAM PHALANX AS ORIGINALLY CONSTITUTED.



pointed to investigate the questions of uniforms, arms, constitution and by-laws, finance and a drill officer. On the 25th of August, another meeting was held at which these committees reported. By-laws were adopted and the committee on arms reported that muskets had been obtained through the courtesy of Col. Samuel Colt. Upon the election of officers which followed, Horace Goodwin was chosen Major; A. M.

Gordon Captain of the First company and Allyn Stillman, captain of the Second company. Upon the suggestion of Major N. Seymour Webb, who was subsequently chosen Adjutant, the organization was christened the "Putnam Phalanx."

The command made its first bow to the public as a military body on the 22nd of December 1858, when a street parade was given. At this time no uniform had as yet been selected and the members of the battalion appeared in the regimentals of the Amoskeag Veterans which were generously loaned them by the Manchester organization. These uniforms were of the Continental style and very similar to those worn by the company to-day. At the close of the parade the Battalion was presented with an appropriate standard by the descendants of Israel Putnam, whose name the command

bore. June 2nd, 1859, the "Putns" made their second appearance, this time in their own uniforms. At this time the Legislature was in session and so pleasing was the appearance of the new company, that the representatives and senators passed the following resolution:—

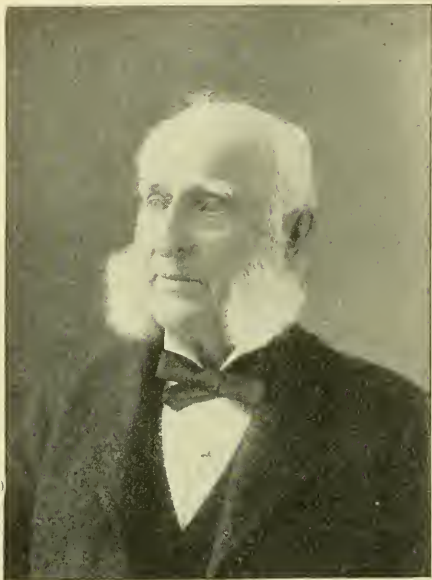
"Be it unanimously resolved, That the appearance of the Putnam Phalanx is most gratifying to us and reflects the highest credit not only upon its officers, but also upon the rank and file."

August 30, 1859, was the eventful and historical day, set aside for the reception of Col. and Ex-Governor Thomas H. Seymour. Organized for the especial purpose of taking part in this celebration the members of the Phalanx turned out in force, but three of the whole number being absent when the roll was called. Their showy Conti-

ental uniforms appeared in striking contrast to the more sober ones of the Seymour Light Artillery, Light Guard, Colt Guard, Hartland Cavalry, Citizens' Guard of Rockville and other military and civic bodies that participated in the parade. According to the historian, "The display was the most grand and imposing one ever before witnessed in the Charter Oak City and a striking proof of the high estimate in which Col. Seymour



MAJOR ALLYN S. STILLMAN.  
Elected April 19, 1862.



MAJOR HENRY KENNEDY.

Elected April 19, 1861.

Elected April 20, 1874.

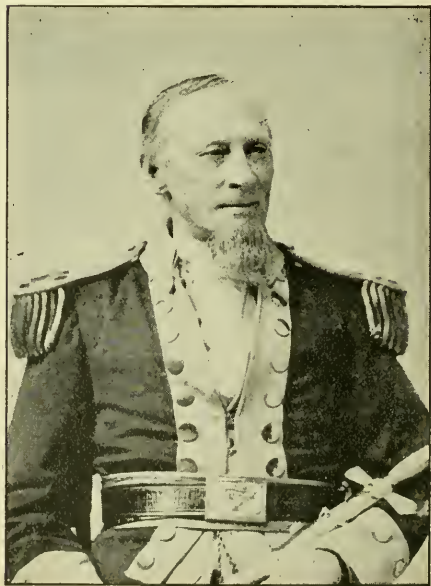
was held by his friends and acquaintances at home."

As has been stated the original idea of the Phalanx was to have a temporary organization, but its name, uniform and spirit so aroused associations of times historic, that it culminated in the organization of a command, the purpose of which was to commemorate and perpetuate the glorious past of Israel Putnam and other sons of the American Revolution.

Although nominally a military body, the Putnam Phalanx is more distinctly a social organization. Its pilgrimages have been many and in every city in which it has appeared it has won social distinction. The first of these pilgrimages was made in October 1859, when the command visited Bunker Hill, Boston and Providence, beside many other places of historical interest. At all of these places the Phalanx was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm and the memories which their appearance re-

vived were eulogized by the greatest orators in the land, among whom was Edward Everett of Boston. A second trip was made in November, 1860, the objective point being the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon. On this excursion the command also visited the cities of Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. The ovations received upon this occasion are recorded as being among the greatest in Phalanx history and are recalled with no little pride.

Since organization the Putnam Phalanx has had sixteen Majors and of this number, ten have joined the silent army of the dead. Among those who have had the honor to command are men prominent in both business and political interests of city and state. The roll shows the names of Horace Goodwin\*, James B. Shultas\*, Timothy M. Allen\*, C. C. Burt\*, Seth E. March\*, Henry Kennedy\*, H. L. Welch, Henry Kennedy\*, Freeman M. Brown, Alvin Squires\*, Clayton H. Case, Joseph



MAJOR FREEMAN M. BROWN.

Elected Dec. 1, 1875.



MAJOR CLAYTON H. CASE.  
Elected Feb. 4, 1885.

Warner\*, O. H. Blanchard, Dr. Henry Bickford, James N. Shedd and Charles B. Andrus. Major Andrus is the present incumbent of the office.

When in 1879 the Phalanx celebrated its 21st birthday and became of age, Major Freeman M. Brown, then in command, called the attention of the members to several matters connected with the history of the organization, and made several wise suggestions which he regarded as fundamental to the furtherance of the objects of its founders. He suggested that as the records were then very incomplete, it would be well to gather such facts connected with its history as might be obtained without going into lengthy detail, which would prove interesting in days to come. Major Brown's recommendation was well received and at the present time a brief but comprehensive history, framed, adorns the parlor at the armory. The facts contained in this were obtained to a great extent by ex-Capt. Lucius W. Bartlett His work  
\* Deceased.

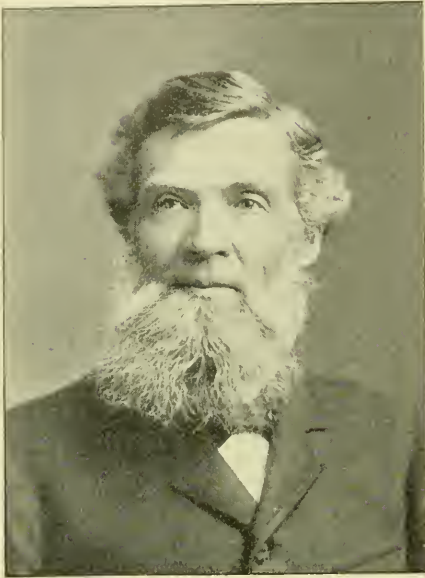
to this end was ceaseless and untiring and to him is due no little credit.

The Phalanx was a healthy youngster and from the date of its birth grew rapidly. From 1860 until 1878 inclusive, accessions to the roll each year are recorded as follows: 37, 5\*, 7\*, 12\*, 1\*, 31, 12, 11, 10, 26, 24, 19, 12, 8, 27, 14, 22, 39, 31. These additions brought the total number of members up to 525 actives. It will be noticed that the years showing the smallest enrollment, were during the Civil War, '61-'64. During those years interest flagged and there were but 100 members on the active roll. In January 1871 the membership list reached its lowest ebb, when but 50 actives answered the roll call. Since that time, however, the reaction has been correspondingly great and today the organization can show a roll which in point of numbers is second to none in New England.

When President Abraham Lincoln issued a call for 75,000 troops to put down the Rebellion, a meeting of the  
\* Civil War.



MAJOR ALVIN SQUIRES.  
Elected Feb. 4, 1883.



MAJOR O. H. BLANCHARD.  
Elected Feb. 1, 1889.

Phalanx was called for the 26th of April, but adjourned until the next day. At the adjourned meeting it was voted to put the Battalion on a war basis, by supplying the members with the most approved fire-arms, fatigue uniforms and such other articles as are required to make a Battalion efficient for active service. On the 20th of May, 1861, it was voted to tender escort to all organizations of volunteers leaving the city within 60 days. According to the historian, "This ended as far as appears from the records, the active service of the Phalanx as a military corps." It should be stated, however, in justice to the patriotism of the members, that many of them were enrolled in the ranks of the great army which went forth to battle for the nation's honor. Many fought their way to fame and everlasting glory while others sacrificed their lives that the Union might be preserved.

In June 1860, the Phalanx made a two days' pilgrimage to Brooklyn,

Conn., paying an official tribute to the tomb of General Israel Putnam. They were accorded a hearty welcome by the townspeople and the celebration was one long to be remembered. Upon their return a meeting of the command was held and resolutions acknowledging the courtesies extended them were adopted. A committee of nine was also appointed to solicit subscriptions in co-operation with other organizations interested, and adopt any means deemed necessary to further the erection of a monument to the memory of General Putnam at Brooklyn. This committee consisted of S. A. White, Thomas H. Seymour, Henry C. Deming, J. W. Stewart, Timothy M. Allyn, E. N. Kellogg, C. C. Waite, Oliver Ellsworth and James Spencer. What conclusion this committee reached or what was the result of their work is only a matter of conjecture, but it is presumed that their duties were interfered with by the opening of the Civil War. However this may be, it was not until a quarter of a century later, through the efforts of the Phalanx and the citizens of Brooklyn, that the matter was brought to the attention of the Legislature and the appropriation of a sufficient sum to erect a suitable and appropriate monument to the memory of Connecticut's heroic son, was obtained. The monument was dedicated with imposing ceremonies in which the Phalanx participated, June 14th, 1888. It is told with exceeding gusto by members of the Phalanx who took part in these ceremonies, that this occasion was the only one on which the "Puts" did guard duty and called for water. It seems that the company of militia which was to have done guard duty at the time failed to materialize and in consequence the Phalanx were detailed to keep the crowd back. The day was exceedingly hot and sultry and with their heavy muskets and Continental uniforms, the "Puts" suffered all the torments

of the day. The colored porters who were detailed to carry water, were treacherously inclined to sell it for the small sum of 5 cents per glass, so that before the pails reached the sweltering guardsmen there was little water in their interior. The porters registered solemn oaths that the pails were leaky, but the jingling nickels and dimes in their pockets

“War Governor” of Connecticut, was inaugurated at New Haven in May, 1862, and at the attending ceremonies the Phalanx was present. Before leaving for the Elm City, the command was presented with a beautiful banner by the “Ladies’ Putnam Phalanx Association,” composed of the wives and lady friends of the members.



“DOWN IN DIXIE.”

told a different story to the thirsty ones.

October 5th, 1861, the eloquent Judge Advocate of the Phalanx, Isaac W. Stuart, was enrolled among the silent Battalions. His loss was keenly felt by the corps who recognized and appreciated his worth. At a special meeting called for the purpose suitable resolutions were adopted and a fitting tribute to their deceased comrade was placed on the records of the command.

Governor Buckingham, the famous

May 14th, 1864, Major Horace Goodwin, first commandant of the Phalanx, passed away. The Phalanx attended the funeral in a body and at a special meeting drew up the usual resolutions, in memoriam. The years of '65 and '66 do not seem to have been prolific with much excitement for the command, for the only events recorded are an excursion to Worcester, Mass., as guests of the State Guard, and a target shoot at Waterbury.

October 15th, 1867, was a notable



MAJOR HENRY BICKFORD.  
Elected Feb. 22, 1896.

day in the history of the Phalanx, for on that day they entertained as their guests the members of the Amoskeag Veterans of Manchester, N. H., and the Providence Light Infantry of Providence, R. I. The arrangements made for the entertainment of these guests were very elaborate and included a banquet at which the Governor, Mayor and many prominent citizens were present and delivered addresses. The whole entertainment concluded with a promenade, concert and ball. This was the first of a series of visits exchanged between the three commands.

October 7th, 1868, a visit was paid to Northampton, Mass., while still a year from that date they extended the field of their journeyings and traveled to Niagara Falls, accompanied by a large number of ladies and guests. On the evening of Wednesday, May 4, 1870, the "Puts" took a hand in politics and joined in an election parade at New Haven, while on the 20th of September of the same year

they added materially to their reputation as hosts by entertaining as their guests, the Worcester (Mass.) State Guard. In September 1871, a five days' pilgrimage was made to Montreal, Rutland and Burlington. This was said to have been the first armed invasion of an armed military corps from the United States to the Mother Country's Dominion, in its history. At Montreal the Battalion received a most cordial welcome from the Mayor, Military companies and citizens, although the Continental uniforms of the invaders was a constant reminder that their owners came from the land conquered by the rebels. At Rutland and Burlington also the Phalanx was cordially received and different organizations, both military and civic, vied with themselves in making the stay there a most pleasant one. In August '72, the "Puts" paid a visit to Rocky Point at Providence, where all the delights of an old fashioned clam-bake were enjoyed. In September of the same year another excursion was indulged in to Newburyport and Portland, Maine. In July 1873, with fond remembrances of the clam-bake at Rocky Point, still in their hearts, the Phalanx paid another visit to that place and again tasted the delights of the juicy but elusive bivalves.

One of the few dark pages in Phalanx history is recorded with evident regret by the historian, when he states that on October 13th, 1873, E. B. Strong, one of the earliest and most active members of the command, and for a long time an efficient Quartermaster, became somewhat involved in his financial accounts and failing to meet the executive committee in an effort looking toward the adjustment of the same, was expelled from the Battalion, "for ungentlemanly and unsoldierlike conduct."

On election day in 1874, the Battalion paid a second visit to New Ha-

ven, this time as a guest of the New Haven Blues, whom they escorted in the inaugural parade, being reviewed by the Governor and his staff.

May 17th, 1874, the statue of Israel Putnam on Bushnell Park was dedicated and the Phalanx took an active part in the ceremonies. This statue was made possible by a bequest in the will of Joseph Pratt Allyn, a son of ex-Mayor Timothy M. Allyn. In the evening the ceremonies were brought to a fitting close with a banquet provided by the Ladies' Phalanx Association before mentioned.

In this year the Puts decided to make up for lost time in the line of excursions, for on the 14th of October they gave one to Willimantic, where a target shoot was the principal feature of the day. The company was met at the depot by Captain Cranston and his company, who escorted them to the grounds provided for their use. Before being allowed to use the grounds, the major of the Phalanx was obliged to give his solemn promise that the safety of the citizens of the Thread City would be looked after at the shoot and that all who were damaged by stray bullets would be looked after at the expense of the marksmen. After the shoot the visitors were entertained at the principal hotel in the city with a banquet, after which there was a parade through the principal streets.

The battle of Concord was celebrated on the 18th of April 1875 and the Phalanx among other organizations were invited to participate. Acting upon this invitation, they started for that place on the 16th, stopping for supper at Providence and remaining over night at Mansfield, going to Concord on the following morning. After the celebration the command left for home after enjoying a dinner provided for them at Horticultural Hall. On the return trip they again stopped over at Providence as the guests of their old friends, the Veteran Light Infantry.



MAJOR J. N. SHEDD.  
Elected Feb. 22, 1898.

This excursion proved fatal for one of the oldest and most respected members of the Battalion, Horace Ensworth, the Adjutant, who was taken ill upon his return home. He never recovered and on the 24th of the following May, was laid away with all the honors due to a faithful and zealous soldier.

The Phalanx seems to have always had a leaning toward Providence, for on the 16th of June, 1875, it started on another pilgrimage toward the Rhode Island city on the way to assist in the ceremonies accompanying the celebration of the Battle of Bunker Hill, which occurred on the 17th. In the parade which was the principal feature of the day, none of the military companies attracted more attention or received more applause, than did the Hartford company. On October 5th of the same year another target shoot was held, this time at New Britain, in pursuance of an order issued by Major Kennedy. So few of the members were present on this occasion that the Major himself refused to ac-

company his command, and as an aftermath of the event resigned October 27th with the request that his name be stricken from the list of members. December 1st, 1875, Freeman M. Brown was elected Major to fill the vacancy.

Early in the year of 1876, a third

and escorted from the railway station to their quarters on Market street, between 12th and 13th streets, at the Bingham House. On the following day, which was Sunday, the Battalion attended services at the First Baptist Church, upon the invitation of the pastor, the Rev. G. D.



MAJOR C. B. ANDRUS.

Elected Feb. 22, 1900.

company of the Phalanx organized at New Britain, applied for admission as a company in the Battalion and was admitted as such March 1st, 1876.

June 16th, 1876, the command started on a trip to the Centennial Exhibition then in progress at Philadelphia. Upon arrival at that place they were met by the State Fencibles

Boardman. During their stay in the Quaker City the Phalanx were the recipients of the greatest courtesy and consideration, not only from the Fencibles whose guests they were, but also from State and City officials. Subsequently a fitting testimonial was procured and a committee was appointed to visit Philadelphia and





HENRY F. SMITH, ADJUTANT.

present the same to the Fencibles as a slight recognition of their many acts of thoughtfulness. This committee consisted of Major Brown, Captain Dowd, Quartermaster Squires, Secretary Baldwin, Adjutant Dickinson and Surgeon Peltier.

On the 10th of January 1877, a committee which had been appointed at a previous meeting, reported a new constitution and by-laws and the same were accepted and adopted. Prior to this year the annual elections had been held in April, May or June, but the new constitution changed the time to February. On April 4th of this year a charter granted by the State of Connecticut was accepted which gave the organization full and legal power to transact all business pertaining to that body as a corporation. The new constitution provided that the 17th of June should be set aside as a holiday to be observed by the command as Phalanx Day, in a way to commemorate the Battle of Bunker Hill. As the 17th of June following the adoption of the new constitution fell on a Sunday, the day was

observed one day later, when the Battalion paraded. In the evening there was a banquet at the armory at which the officers of the First Regiment, City Guard, Horse Guards and several members of Governor Hubbard's Staff were present.

July 11th, 1877, an invitation was accepted by the command to attend the Centennial celebration of the Battle of Bennington, but at a meeting held August 1st, in the absence of the Major and on a motion of W. F. Whittlesey, it was voted to rescind the former action and so notify the Centennial committee. As soon as Major Brown learned of this action, he called a special meeting and it was once more voted that the Phalanx should go to Bennington, Vt., Aug. 16, and orders were issued to the Battalion to this effect. It will be seen by this little incident that while Major Brown was in command of the Phalanx he occupied that office himself and evidently didn't propose to let any of his junior officers run it for



LIEUT. SIDNEY E. CLARKE, HISTORIAN.



STAFF AND OFFICERS OF THE PUTNAM PHALANX — 1883.

him. Notwithstanding this, Major Brown was a popular commander and the interests of the Phalanx were always first to him, personal ones taking a second place.

The Phalanx attended the Bennington celebration on the 16th with full ranks. This celebration was also attended by President Hayes and his Cabinet, Governors of New England and many others of prominence. Dinner was served to the distinguished visitors during the day and the Phalanx was the only military organization invited to the Pavilions.

After the dinner the Phalanx escorted the President and his party to the depot and still later participated in a reception tendered by the Governor of New Hampshire. On the following day the command returned home and while on the way passed through Camp Stark where they were loudly cheered by the soldiers and given a salute of 38 guns for Fuller's Battery.

The famous Ancient and Honora-

ble Artillery of Boston selected Hartford as the place for the annual field day, October 1st, 1877, that day being the 241st anniversary of that venerable company. Hearing this the Phalanx tendered the visitors an escort and other courtesies for the occasion, which were gladly accepted. Invitations were also sent to all other military organizations in the city to participate. The "Ancients" arrived in this city about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of October 1st and were agreeably surprised with the reception which they received. The parade was reviewed by Governor Hubbard, Generals Hawley and Franklin and others. In the evening a grand complimentary ball was tendered the visitors at Allyn Hall. On the following day at noon the commands again assembled and proceeded to Allyn Hall where a banquet was served. Among the guests on this occasion were Ex-Governor Banks of Massachusetts, Mark Twain, Governor Hubbard, General Hawley and the

Hon. Henry C. Robinson. The entertaining of the Ancients and Honorables was the last noteworthy incident of the Putnam Phalanx during the year of 1877. Since that time the members of the command have been on many pilgrimages and have continued to noise abroad their reputation as hosts. As these trips and events have been of a comparatively recent date and full accounts of them

have been published in both newspapers and magazines, I will not endeavor to record them. As I have before stated it is almost impossible to procure the early statistics of the Phalanx and were it not for the assistance of the present Historian, Sidney E. Clarke, Dr. Henry Bickford, Ex-Major Brown and others, this sketch would never have been written.

## THE HARVEST MOON.

On the marge of the sunburnt meadow  
The dusk came a-drifting in.  
It covered the glow of twilight;  
The dream-weavers hushed their din  
Of work at the looms of autumn,  
And one by one dropt to sleep,  
Till the last of their drowsy murmurs  
Died into the greying deep.

Then far in the hanging distance  
Appeared in the lonely air  
A vision of wond'rous glory,  
Upheld in the darkness there.  
It smiled on the dying summer,  
That wrapt like a dreamer lay;  
Then up thro' the smoky heavens  
Away on its quest, away —

Up, up thro' the trackless ether —  
On, on, thro' the vast of night  
It moved like a fearless spirit,  
Impelled by its own wan light.  
It made not a rift in the stillness —  
Nó rift in the great deep sky;  
But the song of the wakeful pleiad  
As the wanderer passed them by

Was one of an ample harvest —  
Of solace and joy supreme;  
The pines in the forest listened,  
The elms by the shining stream  
Slept, nursed by the brooding silence,  
And a voice that awoke in me  
Filled my soul with a quiet yearning  
For the calm of eternity.

HERBERT RANDALL.

## THE GLEBE HOUSE.

BY CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### *The Glebe House Yard.*

IT was plain that the Reverend Archibald Challies had received a blow of some sort, but it was equally plain that his was not the nature to expose pain, be it mental or physical, to a witness. The slight sign of bodily distress he had exhibited before his brother, passed from him, and in its stead was that of clear, soul suffering. He stepped ten paces from the door and stood still. He raised his hand to his uncovered head, his face upturned to the sky still wonderful for its unseasonable tenderness. The gloom of the night was about him, and save for the roar of the river now plainly to be heard through the windless air, there was not a sound to mar the quiet.

In this position he remained for a moment, then he brought the fist of his right hand into the palm of his left with a force denoting both bodily strength and mental pain — if not hopelessness; and with the movement, he groaned aloud as a prelude to his half whispered words:—

“My God! my God! Must the loser still be the giver? Is it the law—Thy law immutable?”

That was all—but it was enough to lay bare the canker that had killed the rector’s happiness. Had Cyrus Bent read himself and his interests as well as he had read the heart of the minister, he would have escaped being broken on the wheel of hopeless love.

It is doubtful that, for the time, the divine realized where he was. He had only been conscious that the house had suddenly become as hot as a furnace, and that his brother had flayed him alive and with a smiling face. He felt some comfort from the coolness of the damp air but his senses were not acute at that moment else he might have remarked the shadows of four men crouched on the inside of the rough wall bounding the east of the Glebe house home lot. If the rector saw anything it was only the deep and star-spangled sky above him across which danced like a faint meteor the face of Hetty Wain. He certainly had no eyes for the shadows which were stealthily gliding to within striking distance, nor had he a conception of what a god-send his movement of leaving the house had been to the would be kidnappers who had determined to take him this night; one for a settlement of wrongs both real and fancied, the others for glory and a few slivers of silver and the love of an adventure from which no possible harm could come to them. A devil lurked in the heart of Cyrus Bent; the breasts of the others, according to the human standard, were clear of guile. There might be a struggle—they had anticipated as much—but what would even the powerful be in the brawny arms of the trio who were just then taking orders from Cyrus Bent!

Nothing! And the scrimmage would be a fine thing to boast about in the bar of the Orenau Inn.

The agony—the exquisite suffering expressed by the rector during these few moments, could not and did not endure. It was followed by self-accusations and masterful determination through which ran a current of pain. Then followed the most impassioned prayer that had ever risen from his heart.

While he was thus adjusting an armor of fortitude, and while, second by second, danger was approaching his person, Talbot Marcy was with Hetty in the parlor. To these two souls the last cloud appeared to have been removed; especially to the maiden whose faith in her god-father had received such a rude shock. It was all clear now. The picture she was drawing was rosy enough. With her lover—true at last—by her side; with her god-father—true at last—to make and bless the union; with the end of two years of suffering; with a future brightened by the mystery which youth gives it, what more could she wish?—there was not a blemish to mar the outlook.

Her thoughts were interrupted and her picture obliterated by the loud cry of "Help! Talbot!—help!" that shot through the still night as plainly as the report of a gun. So clear—so trumpet like in its intensity that the cry even penetrated the silence that muffled the ears of the paralytic causing him to lay his pipe carefully on the floor and gather himself for raising just as Marcy, followed by Hetty, tore out of the west room on their way to the kitchen door.

Both the young man and the maiden had instinctively fathomed the significance of the cry so that it was no surprise to either when they beheld a swaying group of men tottering over the turf of the yard.

With an oath, Marcy sprang into the fray just as old Thaddeus Wain appeared in the door-way bearing a

flaming brand which he had pulled from the hearth, and in its light, uncertain and fitful as it was, to the young man the whole matter was explained.

The rector was a muscular christian, and at the onset, had done for one of the enemy who lay on the damp sod leaning on his elbow completely dazed by the blow he had received from the ready fist of the churchman. The other two had him beset, and about his neck from behind hung the wiry form of Bent whose plain intent was to handicap the rector from the rear while his fellows engaged him in front. The sight of the clerk's face was enough for the late commissioner for the colonies. The animus of the attack and its unofficial character was as plain to him as though it had been explained hours before, and as ready was his action.

With a cuff that was stunning he struck the young man who burdened the back of his brother, and as under the influence of the blow Bent turned to meet the unexpected interference, he loosed his hold. Marcy seized him by the throat and hurled him away as though he was of too little consequence to chastise; then he sprang before the rector with a cry, taking the brunt of what had now become something of a fair fist fight and urged him toward the house.

It would possibly have been well had the clergyman obeyed and retreated to the kitchen, but he was not in the mood. The present line of action had been forced upon him when his physical being was at a low ebb;—when his spirits were sunk in deep despair—his thoughts and heart far from a dream of violence. With the instinct of the purely animal he had thrown off the first attack. The swift revolution of thought and the tonic effect of strong muscular action lifted him like a stimulant. To him there now seemed a glory in force, and after his first call for help, he

fought silently and with such vigor that he scarce felt the weight of the young man who had fastened to his back. With the coming of his brother there came to him the un-godly desire for revenge on those who had surprised him. He felt that it was but justice; not only for the events of the night but for all that he had suffered before, and therefore he refused to move from the field until it was cleared. So he fought on, yielding not a foot.

As for Bent; half stunned by the impact of Marcy's blow and driven into frenzy by the dizzy whirl which has ended by his being thrown to the ground he got to his knees and pulled himself together just in time to see the rector's opponent pitch backward under a well directed thump, scramble to his feet and then run into the road where he disappeared in the darkness. He saw the two brothers now face to face with a single man. He saw the tall thin figure of Thaddeus Wain standing in the door-way waving his blazing brand and shouting in a cracked voice as he marked the progress of the fight. It was gall to the clerk—more than gall; for by her father's side stood Hetty bearing witness to his second defeat by the same man on the same day. There was a quick and painful snapping in his brain; a sharp sense of hatred that suddenly came to him and was more like a tangible thing than like a passion. He recognized himself no longer. He had but one desire and that—to rid himself forever from a possible sight of the handsome and triumphant face of Talbot Marcy. Love, hate, fear and all else sank from his sight. Still on his knees he pulled his pistol from his waistband, and deliberately aiming it at his rival, fired.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A Lost Soul.

Although so near his intended victim that the spurt of flame from the

firearm singed Marcy's coat collar, the aim of the mad-man was faulty and the bullet missed its mark. It passed close, however, clipping away a lock of the patriot's hair and struck the swaying figure of Thaddeus Wain who stood in the door-way and directly in the rear. There was a shriek from Hetty followed by a groan from the paralytic as he dropped his torch and sank down.

In the almost total darkness that ensued both Marcy and the rector sprang to the fallen man, while Bent, brought to a sense of the situation by the sound and shock of the explosion, and feeling the freedom of the moment, slid toward the blackness of the wide field which stretches betwixt the house and the river, with hardly a thought of what he was doing. The madness that had beset him suddenly gave way to fear, and as he cleared the fence in the rear of the barn, he was relieved to find himself in the company of a man—the first one to fall in the attack on the rector. But the relief was not for long. As the two strode over the wet land, neither saying a word, Bent's companion made a detour toward the highroad, edging away from his fellow, and from the desire for human companionship if not sympathy, the clerk hung to him. They had reached the lift of land which, bluff-like, marks the edge of the plain, when the man turned on Bent almost fiercely, and said:—

“Keep off—keep off! goll darn ye! Do ye think I want to hang wi' ye? D'ont ye foller me no longer;—ye have blood on ye!”

The clerk stopped as though struck while his erstwhile friend turned and sped into the pitchy night leaving him staring at blankness — and alone. Then, for the first time, horror assailed him. The broad, black meadow suddenly held the width of an eternity of suffering. He was deserted; he had killed in cold blood; he had murdered an innocent man. Then his

horror for a moment, gave way to fear and he sank down on the wet sod to conceal himself as though the blackness of the night was not enough.

Not a sound came from the direction of the Glebe house, but into his morbid brain crept the thought that the very silence boded ill for him—that they were preparing for pursuit. As his panting ceased and he became aware of the wet that had penetrated his clothing from the reeking ground, his ear caught the roar of the river, and rising to his feet, he turned his back on the town and walked or ran to the overflowed banks of the Pomperaug. There was something companionable in the heavy harmony of the rushing water. The minor key in which Nature invariably pitches her chords, for a space almost soothed him, but memory jerked him back from peace. He was a marked man; he would be followed, taken and hanged. Fear, horror and revenge drove in turn through his brain, each being worse than, yet each relieving the other, and, ere he was aware, he had walked into the shallow water that covered the edge of the field where the river had left its banks. The cold of it startled him, and yet it brought to him the first gleam of hope of escape. His tracks, plainly to be seen on the boggy sod by daylight, would point to the river and disappear therein. A natural supposition would be, that, shocked at his own act, Cyrus Bent had destroyed himself.

He waded in until he felt the swirl of the current against his legs, and then he took his course northward. Several times he fell through stepping into holes, but by the time he had accomplished a quarter of a mile and was numbed by the cold of the river, he struck a rail fence which ran from the road to the ford; more a land-mark or boundary line than a fence proper. As he climbed upon it he realized in a dull way that his

right hand was troubling him, and so self-absorbed had he been that it was some time ere he came to his senses and found that his hand still held the pistol, and that, too, with a grip which had been so tenacious that his fingers ached.

With a curse he hurled the useless weapon from him, only to realize that he had thrown it on land where it might bear witness against him. He groped for it long and faithfully; growing more and more fearful as the moments sped, and at last he stepped on it. It was a fiendish thing to him now, and he stamped upon it finally throwing it far into the stream.

Then he suddenly became conscious that the tracks made in his search for the pistol, would betray him. He almost screamed with nervous rage as he saw how useless had been all his care. His teeth were chattering with the cold, yet an inward fever began to consume him. His throat burned; his eye-lids were hot but in his limbs he felt the strength of a dozen men. With a despairing curse he shook his fist at the sod as he had at the firearm, and ran into the road.

Cyrus Bent was now but a few hundred feet from the scene of the tragedy, but upon the opposite side of the Glebe house. He walked along the road in its direction, but finding that there were a number of people gathered in the yard, he made a detour to the north and came into the road again very near his own quarters. In his walk he had formed the plan of gaining his room and changing his soaking clothes, but as he approached the store he heard voices and saw clearly the forms of two or three men about the door. He was also marked and hailed by one of them but strode on until well out of sight, then took to his heels. The exertion warmed his body, somewhat, and with a quick pace he doubled into the burying ground, and, going through its length, came again to

the Episcopal church where some two hours ago he had waited for his fellow conspiritors. He tried the church door but found it fastened, then, beginning to shiver again, he crossed the main street, now deserted, passed between two dwellings, and struck straight for the wilderness of the Orenaug Rocks, which, black, sinister and cold, towered above him.

In half an hour he had reached the shoulder of the first great tier of the remarkable geological formation, and stood on its highest point.\* Still to the east of him lay the higher rocks; far enough to appear mysterious in the darkness—near enough for him to note the ragged sky line made by the black pines. Where he now stood the land lay almost open and was without underbrush. The tops of trees growing on the terrace below came to the level of this knoll which on three sides drops away precipitously. The odor of balsam, a sign of spring, came to the nostrils of the refugee waking memories that seemed to be those of another life.

\* At about the site of Cothren's tower.

At this height there was a whisper of wind through the pine tops, but the sound, sweet though it is, became troublesome after a time; it was like approaching voices. Of his only real danger—that from a possible wolf, he gave no thought. He started to walk up and down the aisle of trees that crown the beautiful spot, not less lovely in this generation than in that so long ago. He had a thousand fancies—and knew they were fancies, though he feared them. He had a horror of himself, and, time after time, held his hand close to his face that he might be sure there was no blood on it. He smelled it; he rubbed it on his rapidly drying clothes and upon the earth. He knew he was going wrong in his head, but cared little for that if he could but warm himself outside and be cool within. His throat felt as though the hang-

man's noose had already tightened on it, and at times flashes of light appeared before his eyes. Cyrus Bent was spiritually, mentally and physically, a sick man.

It was more or less fortunate for him that the night was without frost else he must have perished from sheer exposure. As it was, his sufferings were keen enough. All that night he tramped up and down with his ear pitched for every unusual sound, with an eye abnormal in its watchfulness. Once or twice a slight delirium seized him, but he shook it off. Frequently before him he saw the face of Hetty Wain flit by. He tried to seize and detain it but it would vanish only to reappear later.

As the dawn broke it discovered the pitiful wreck of Cyrus Bent straining his vision over the expansive view commanded from the natural platform on which he stood. Below him lay the town still wrapped in darkness, but beyond for mile upon mile, the land rose fairly visible in the reflection from the east until it met the sky line at the apex of Good Hill. The distance beckoned him. Beyond the far ridge there must be safety, coolness and rest. He would go there; his crime could not follow him so far.

By noon the fever stricken and guilt harrassed man had progressed but a fraction of a mile. He had gotten as far as the abrupt lift of earth and rocks on which now stands the masonic lodge, and over its secure ramparts, feasted his hot eyes on passing humanity. He was now within two rods of the main road, and from his hiding place he had fairly before him both the Glebe house and the store in the hollow. He saw groups coming and going between them; the life of the town seemed centred about them, on that day, and he knew, (and quailed at the knowledge) that it was about him they were talking and wondering—and cursing, doubtless. He had no crav-



ing for food but he was plagued by intolerable thirst. If he could only drink; if he could but get cool and if the land and sky would not swing together in such a sickening way, he would be comfortable enough in body. If he could get beyond the ridge of the distant hill he would be safe, but he dared not cross the road nor take to the highway until dark, and even then he doubted his having strength to perform the journey—his vigor of the previous night, had gone.

Had the darkness been late in coming the young man would have risen and proclaimed himself. His sufferings had sapped his power of resistance. As the dusk settled into obscurity he scrambled from the elevation, and in a straight line, made for the river. He must drink. He cared little about being seen, then. He would take all chances—face all dangers—fight to the death for a long draught of pure, cold water, and with unsteady steps he went down the hill to the hollow. It was his adverse fortune to meet no one, and Cyrus Bent progressed to his fate, unmolested—even unseen.

His road would take him past the store and the Glebe house, but he made no detour to avoid either—the road was the shortest way to his goal—the river—and beyond that lay safety, he thought, so along the road he hurried. As he approached the Glebe house he marked the light which streamed from the windows of the west room. A new feeling leaped upon him; a fascination, first, then a loud inward demand thundered at him to again look upon the scene of his crime. With the senselessness of a horse dazed by fire, he swung from the road, then into it again, and finally halted under the butternut tree beneath which he had first met the three men who had witnessed his indignity. Was it but yesterday? It seemed years ago! He tried to move on but his limbs refused him. He

leaned against the tree and rivetted his eyes on the light, which from its steadiness, he knew came from a number of candles. He was in an exposed and dangerous position, and he knew it. He was dying from heat and thirst, but he felt that he could never get beyond the house until he had looked into it once more. It was the call of Fate. It was the last straw.

He tiptoed across the road as though he feared the sound of his own steps. By catching the sill with his hands and being half supported by the rough foundations of the house, he silently drew himself up to the level of the partly open window, and looked in. In the centre of the room stood the minister clad in a white surplice, and in his hand was a prayer book. He was as pale as death. Before him knelt Hetty Wain and Talbot Marcy, with joined hands, and by their side was the burly body of Squire Strong with something akin to a smile on his countenance.

Had Cyrus Bent taken the west window instead of the one facing the north he would also have seen the figure of Thaddeus Wain seated in an easy chair with his arm in a sling, but, as it was, the latter individual was beyond the clerk's vision. The doomed man glared at the sight before him as though it were a dream he was trying to grasp, digging his nails into the wood and his toes into the cracks of the foundation. He heard the minister's voice, but the only words that came clearly to him, were: "Let no man put asunder;" and with a groan of genuine agony, he slipped from his slight hold and fell backward.

As the sound penetrated to the group the rector ceased the service and listened, but nothing re-occurring, he resumed the ceremony which had broken the heart of the hopeless man without, and was well-nigh breaking his own.

As for Bent, the sight and sound

and fall, shocked him into reason, banishing his physical suffering, for the moment. In an instant he was on his feet and turning, fled on limbs that felt as light as feathers. Up and away from the river; through the burying ground once more, and into the main street of the village; but now, instead of making for his former refuge he kept straight northward on the old Indian trail.

In something more than a mile from the village the road comes to the Sprane river just before that stream empties into the Pomperaug. It being a well traveled way, a bridge was thrown across it and upon that ancient wooded structure Cyrus Bent stopped. He could go no further. He leaned over the rail and panted from weakness. The black water swirled away beneath him, its depth and force apparent in the flat whirlpools that spun in the starlight. He looked at them a moment, raised his head and tried to penetrate the gloom about him, then bent his ear to the

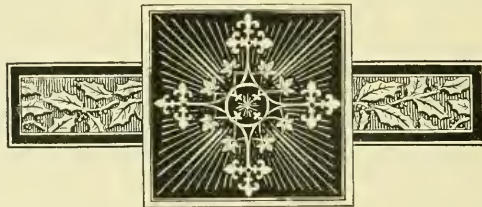
harmony of the river's roar. The gloom showed him but one picture—the sound was but the voice of the rector—"let no man put asunder!"

He pulled himself erect; swung his arms aloft, then crouched. There was a splash and the bridge was empty. The black river flowed on as ever—as it flows to-day.

\* \* \* \* \*

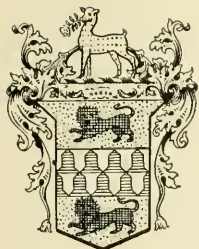
Two days later, and at almost the exact hour in which Hetty rode away on a new pillion with Talbot Marcy, they found the stranded body of Cyrus Bent. He lay where the receding waters had left him, on the meadow in the rear of the Glebe house at almost the very spot where he had first entered the river in his hopes of escaping. The history of the old town tells how the rector gave himself into the hands of the committee, who, far from dealing severely with him, only put him on the limits of the town for the period of the war. The Glebe house still stands; it is still useful—but it has had its day.

(The End.)



## THOMAS HOOKER.

BY ALICE PORTER.



Hooker Coat of Arms.

It is my privilege and pleasure to write of an honored ancestor, the well known New England divine, Rev. Thomas Hooker, who was born at Marfield, Leicester

County, England, probably about July 7th, 1586.

The little hamlet of Marfield is one of the four towns which make up the Parish of Tilton, whose records, previous to 1610, having perished, it is impossible to ascertain the exact date of his birth. The common place of worship for this parish was the noble old church of St. Peter, built some time in the Twelfth Century and commanding a wide view over one of the most beautiful portions of midland England. This church is the place where Thomas Hooker was baptized, and where during his boyhood he doubtless attended divine worship. One wonders to find so beautiful and costly an edifice, with its embattled tower, containing its peal of four bells and lofty spire in so quiet and rural a spot. The grand old church of gray stone on the hill top, surrounded by the graves of the rude forefathers, the wide stretching prospect of wooded landscape and open fields, the small thatch covered village of Tilton, and the little hamlet of Marfield, embowered in trees down in a valley, about a mile and a half away, is probably not much alter-

ed since Thomas Hooker looked upon it as a boy.

The Hooker family seems to have been one of some note, as the parish register and the records of the court of administration speak of the father and brother respectively as "Mr. Hooker, gentleman," designations which at that date were given only to persons of some social standing. Who his mother was is unknown, but she lived to see her son become a preacher of note and the object of special hatred by Archbishop Land, and banishment from the Kingdom.

The family life may have been comfortable and happy in the little Marfield home, but it must have been comparatively narrow and limited, the chief point of interest outside the concerns of home being the church. At the age of 13 or 14 young Hooker was determined on getting an education, and there is no doubt that the place of his training, preparatory to the University, was the school at Market Bosworth. It was just at this time that the great Puritan and anti-Puritan conflict was then in progress, and echoes of the stirring events connected with these public matters must have reached Market Bosworth, and have been the subject of frequent converse among the bright boys gathered there. Hooker was about 18 years of age when he entered the University. Here, then, at Cambridge as a student for certainly seven years, and as a Fellow resident for some years more, Thomas Hooker was from the age of 18 to 28 or 30, in the

midst of the most considerable actions in the great events of the times.

There is a story of one of the incidents of his life about this time, which may be of interest:

"On returning home, after his course of preparation for the ministry, he found his friends and townsmen in a great state of excitement over what was considered to be a haunted house. The house was a solitary one, standing on the outskirts of the town, and had been empty for several years, the owners being unable to rent or sell it, or even persuade a care-taker to live in it, rent free.

"Strange sounds were heard from the house at night, and lights were seen flashing from the windows, weird shapes were seen by the terrified watchers passing to and fro within the house, and it was rumored that the Devil himself, in proper array, with horns, hoofs and tail, had been seen.

"This young clergyman, being of a bold nature, volunteered to sleep in the house and ascertain the truth of the stories. In spite of the entreaties of his friends he went to the house and to bed in a second story room, his pistols on a table by his side.

"The early part of the night passed quietly and he slept soundly, but by and by he was awakened by the certainty that some one was in the room with him. Sitting up he struck a light and there saw, glowering at him in the dim light the alarming figure of the Devil, standing motionless at the foot of the bed.

"Without an instant's hesitation our hero, seizing his pistols, sprang from the bed and threw himself at the intruder. The Devil turned and fled, the young clergyman after him. Down the stairs they went, through the house, until they reached the cellar stairs. Down went the Devil and his pursuer came tumbling after, reaching the ground just in time to

see a square of light in the floor, through which the Devil was disappearing. He grasped the edge of the trap door before it could be fastened and dropped into the subterranean passage, which opened out into a larger brightly lighted room. Here he found a number of men, engaged in making counterfeit money, and to his horror he recognized some of his friends and fellow townsmen, well-known citizens, prominent in church and business. They all clustered about the breathless Devil and a hurried consultation was held as to what should be done with their unwelcome visitor.

"As soon as the latter had recovered his breath he said coolly: 'Gentlemen, it is publicly known that I slept in this house to-night, and if I do not appear in the morning, this house will be razed to the ground, and your secret be discovered. If you will solemnly promise to cease this wicked work for ten years from this night, I will on my side solemnly promise you not to mention for ten years what I have learned to-night.' This was agreed to and Thomas Hooker then returned to his bed where he spent the rest of the night in peace.

"The next morning he reported that there was nothing uncanny about the house and that he had found everything much to his taste.

"The house was soon after rented, and nothing more was heard of the ghost stories. Time passed and the young minister joined the Puritans, and came to America. When nearly 11 years had passed Mr. Hooker received from over the sea a package which contained a magnificent silver tankard with the inscription 'Compliments of the Devil.' The tankard has been handed down for many generations, a treasured heirloom."

Mr. Hooker was first called to preach at Esher in Surrey, a small place 16 miles from Westminster Bridge, with a scanty living of 40 pounds a year. Here he met and

married his wife, a lady of culture and worthy to be the companion of such a man.

About 1625 he accepted an invitation to establish himself as lecturer at Chelmsford, Essex County. Here he labored for three years and many people flocked to hear him, some of great quality, among them being the Earl of Warwick, who afterwards sheltered and befriended his family when Mr. Hooker was forced to flee the country.

These lectures attracted the attention and displeasure of Land, Archbishop of London, who, on account of Mr. Hooker's popularity with the people, was anxious to silence him.

Shortly after this he was forced to lay down his ministry in Chelmsford and retired to Little Baddow where he kept a school in his own house. Here he employed as an assistant John Elliott, afterward the celebrated apostle to the Indians.

Land's vengeance pursued him and he was cited to appear before the High Commission Court. On account of sickness he did not respond. His friends gave bonds to the amount of 50 pounds, which they afterwards paid, and Hooker secretly went aboard a vessel for Holland.

He was pursued, but the officer arrived at the sea shore just too late for his arrest. He arrived safely in Holland, and was for an uncertain period resident in Amsterdam, where he went to Delft and afterward to Rotterdam.

But the state of things in Holland was unsatisfactory, and probably before this negotiations had already been opened for him to go to New England. As early as August, 1632, a company called Mr. Hooker's company were already at Mt. Wallaston. Some time in 1633 Mr. Hooker crossed over from Holland to England and after a very narrow escape from arrest, he, with Mr. John Gotton, and the Rev. Samuel Stone, his assistant, boarded the Griffin, at the

Downs and concealed their identity till they were well out at sea.

Eight weeks brought them to New England and brought Mr. Hooker and Mr. Stone to the congregation waiting for them at Newtown, the place to which the Braintree Company had been ordered to remove from their first settlement at Mt. Wallaston. Mr. Hooker and Mr. Stone arrived in Boston September 4th, 1633. They went at once to Newtown, and on the 11th of October following, in connection with a "fast" were chosen Pastor and Teacher; and thus the grave, godly, and judicious Hooker and the rhetorical Mr. Stone entered upon their work side by side. A house of worship was erected, with the then very unusual appointment of a "bell upon it." The church doubtless prospered, as well as most of the new churches of the country. Its minister was as honored as any man in the colony, its prominent lay member, Mr. John Haynes, was chosen Governor of Massachusetts in May, 1635, on which occasion he signalized his liberality by declining to receive the usual salary of the office.

The town was apparently as prosperous and wealthy as any in the Bay, but there was all along from very near the arrival of the Griffin's Company, a certain uneasiness in respect to their situation, all the causes of which are somewhat difficult to trace, and which at last, culminated in the removal of nearly the entire membership of the church and population of the town to Hartford, Conn.

The Newtown pilgrims struck out into the pathless woods. There were hills to be climbed and streams to be forded, and morasses to be crossed. Their guides were the compass and the Northern star. The Pastor's wife, Mrs. Hooker, was carried in a litter because of her infirmity. Men and women of refinement and delicate breeding turned pioneers of untracked forests in search of a wilder-

ness home. The lowing of cattle sounding through the forest aisles, not to mention the bleating of goats and the squealing of swine, summoned them to each morning's advance. The day began and ended with the voice of prayer. Their toilsome and devious way led them to near the mouth of the Chicopee, not far from where the City of Springfield now stands.

Thence, down along the Connecticut was a comparatively straight and easy pathway.

The wide full river, flowing with a larger tide than now and swollen with its northern snows, was crossed on rafts and rudely constructed boats, and cheered by the sight of some pioneer attempts at habitation and settlement, the Ark of the First Church of Hartford rested and the weary pilgrims who bore it thither stood still.

Arriving upon the ground one of the earliest transactions was the purchase of land from the Indians. A temporary structure was first built to afford a meeting place for the people, and the first meeting house was erected in 1638. The worshippers were seated by public authorities according to their rank, men and women apart and on opposite sides.

The year 1638 witnessed the preliminary proceedings very imperfectly recorded of one of the most interesting events in all civil history, the establishment of a written constitution for the government of the Colony.

"The first written Constitution in the history of the Nations."

John Fiske says: "It was the first written Constitution known to history, that created a government, and it marked the beginnings of American democracy, of which Thomas Hooker deserves, more than any other man, to be called the father.

The Pastor of the Hartford Church was Connecticut's great Legislator.

Mr. Hooker made the journey from Hartford to Boston and back on public business certainly three times through the trackless wilderness on horse-back. After nine years of labor in Connecticut, an epidemical sickness prevailed over the whole country, and the blow fell hard in Hartford.

Many of the citizens of the town died and among them that faithful servant of the Lord, Mr. Thomas Hooker, who for piety, wisdom, learning and zeal might be compared with men of greatest note.

The fruits of his labors in both England's shall preserve an honorable and happy remembrance of him forever.

He died July 7th, 1647, at the age of sixty-one. He is buried in the old cemetery at the rear of the First Church of Hartford, in which such a splendid work has lately been done by the Ruth Wyllis Chapter, D. A. R. They have cleared, restored and brought into view this cemetery, where repose the bones of so many of Connecticut's early settlers.

The cemetery was entirely hidden from view by tall buildings surrounding it, neglected, unseen, and forgotten. Through the efforts of these women a large sum of money was raised with which the unsightly buildings on one side of the cemetery were purchased and torn down, thus bringing the sacred lot into view, and opening onto a street which runs from Main Street to the Park.

The tangle of weeds that had overgrown the entire ground was mown down, the broken stones mended and restored, and the place is now one of beauty, with its trees and winding walks, and of great interest to all who care to visit it. Here repose the mortal remains of the Rev. Thomas Hooker, whose soul is with the just, and whose memory is that of one of the greatest and best of men.

# GOVERNOR TALCOTT'S MANSION AND THE CITY OF HARTFORD'S CLAIM.

BY JOHN R. CAMPBELL.

One of the oldest landmarks in Hartford will disappear when the building at the southeast corner of Main and Talcott streets is razed to the ground, to carry out an agree-

ty have involved the heirs and the local authorities in a dispute that had its beginning during the first of this century, and the question has figured in city annals at frequent intervals



THE TALCOTT MANSION.

ment between the heirs of the property and the city attorney. With the removal of the old house, which was famous as the family residence of Governor Talcott early in the last century, the city will acquire possession of part of the land where it stood. The rights of the city in the proper-

during all those years. A few months ago City Attorney McConville carried the matter to the superior court. The case, probably, would have reached the supreme court for final decision had not an agreement been reached by all concerned, wherein the city is to pay four hundred dollars

to the heirs when the structure is demolished.

The death of Edward S. Moseley, on June 1, who was the recent owner of the property, put an end to the litigation. Hamilton W. Conklin, agent for Mr. Moseley's heirs, signed the agreement, and thus determined the fate of the historic old relic in the heart of the business section of the city, around which are clustered many ancient incidents. Counsel for the city maintained that the owner of the historic building did not possess the right to make improvements thereon, and thereby prolong its natural existence.

The question has pursued the early city fathers and their successors like Banquo's ghost. Members of present boards are pleased that the subject will soon be "downed" forever. New boards of council have come and gone, each in turn grappling with the problem, and all finally abandoning the contention where they found it. On that account Talcott street was never completed, though commenced in 1761. The Governor's mansion stood in the way all these years. To provide a narrow sidewalk on Talcott street a tunnel was cut through the ancient pile, and the upper part of the house projects picturesquely over the street.

Recently the owner of this departed grandeur sought to make repairs to prolong its earning capacity; numerous small shopkeepers, tenants in the premises in the Main street side, being ample testimony of its value as business property, but the corporation counsel in behalf of the city objected to the proposed improvements. Under several ancient deeds the city was entitled to possession of part of the land when the building thereon ceased to exist. In brief, the city attorney contended that all attempts to prolong its natural existence by the addition of new materials to the old frame would render void the claims of the city. The ancient structure

could not be destroyed, nor could it be improved. In the latter event the street would never be finished, and the rights of all citizens therein suffer perpetual deprivation. An injunction was granted, and bonds to the amount of \$5,000 furnished to contest the matter.

The origin of the dispute concerning the once-fashionable mansion, and the historical incidents clustering around it, have long since been forgotten. Governor Joseph Talcott was the chief executive of the state from 1724 to 1741. He was the thirteenth governor of the state, and during that period, the mansion was the scene of the social and official life of a large section of New England. In later years the place acquired additional fame as the rendezvous of some of the leaders in the War of the Revolution. All that now exists of the original structure, to testify of its former glory, is the main building. The advance of commercial neighbors in the shape of modern buildings have destroyed the adjoining portions of the old relic. Something of its history is contained in the records in the town clerk's office, which tend to show that the house was built years before the birth of Washington. The numerous and so-called headquarters of the great man are but modern types in comparison.

Mr. Albert L. Washburn, whose researches in antiquarian subjects are to be found in the Connecticut Historical Society, has endeavored to trace with some success the antiquity of the Talcott mansion. It is mentioned in a record dated 1720. In a deed recorded fifteen years later, by which Governor Talcott conveyed the property to his son, Col. Samuel Talcott, he describes the house more minutely. It is believed that it was erected at the close of the seventeenth century. Probably further searching of many musty records will establish the exact age of this remarkable example of early colonial architecture.



During the life of Governor Talcott it appears that the street which bears his name was simply a crooked lane, beginning at the river and ending abruptly in the rear of his property. He declined to divide his home by permitting extension of the street to the main thoroughfare, and it seems his neighbors regarded too highly their illustrious townsman's wishes to insist upon the matter. When Col. Talcott inherited the family acres he showed more public spirit in that direction by presenting as a gift the right of way to the city. November 19, 1761, this gift is recorded, and in part, reads as follows:

A piece of land across my home lot, an open, public highway, for his Majesty's Subjects to pass and re-pass in, forever.

Other records in the council chambers show that his offer was accepted at a public meeting called for the purpose on Dec. 30, 1761. The entire population of Hartford then consisted of 3,938 souls, all counted. Afterwards it was found necessary to cut off part of the family mansion to carry the street through as intended. The opinions of the Colonel regarding that unexpected catastrophe is not a matter of record. Apparently, however, he accepted the conditions philosophically, for he joined forces with Col. John Pitkin and Capt. Daniel Goodwin in an effort to bring other property owners to terms. Before their work was completed Col. Talcott and his companions were appointed to commands under General Washington. The street was forgotten while they fought to sustain the Declaration of Independence. Col. Talcott died in 1797. Three years later the city requested his heirs to grant another slice from the estate, as it was found that the street was not properly laid out.

This additional concession was described as being "A piece of land five

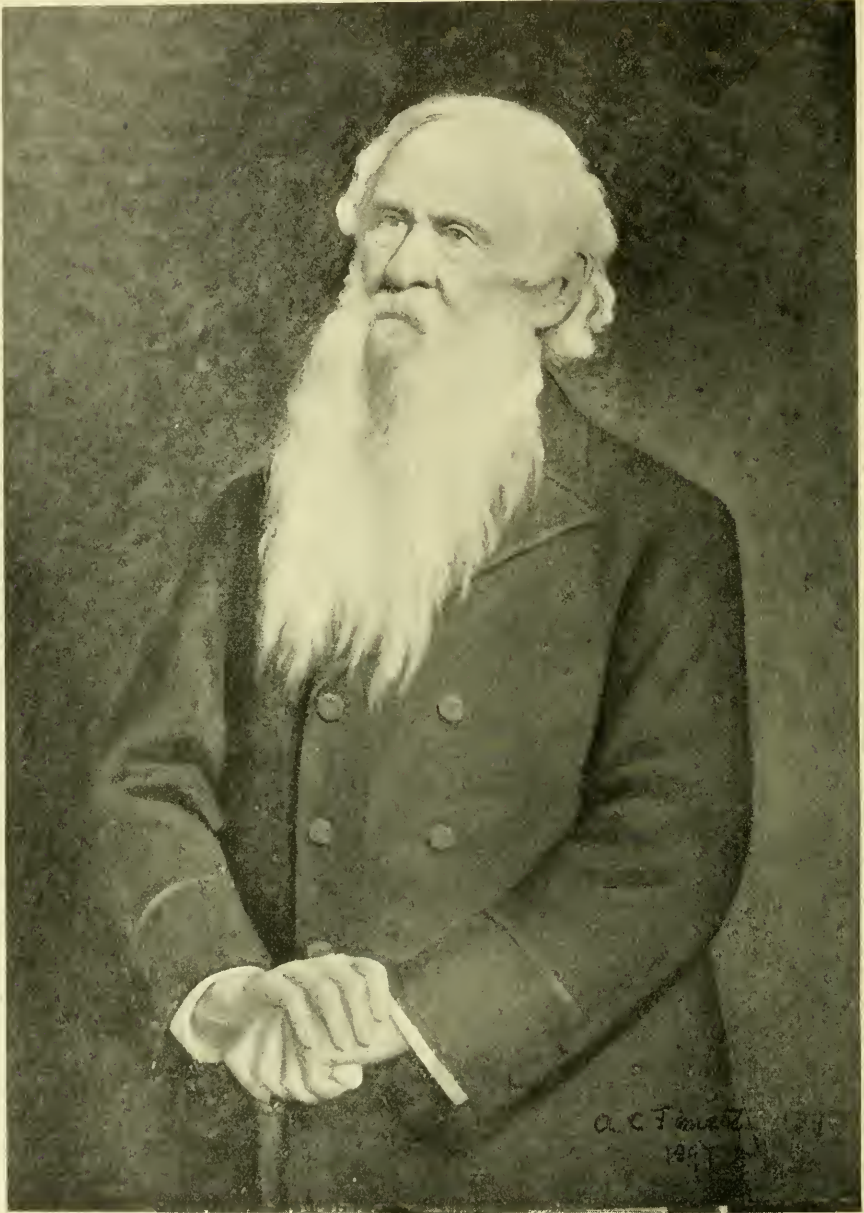
feet, four inches in width, and no more." Further complications followed the discovery that the old mansion was still in the way. The real troubles of the city fathers then began. It became a celebrated case in local annals, abundantly corroborated by frequent mention in council papers still in existence. In 1837 the subject became so confusing to the common council that they engaged a surveyor to unravel the puzzle. He presented a voluminous report, on the strength of which the doughty city fathers made their famous tunnel through the Talcott house.

Fifteen years ago other enemies of the old mansion took a hand in trying to settle its fate. They sought to accomplish that which the councilmen had failed to do in a century. The proprietors of one of the large business buildings that casts its shadow upon the sturdy relic sent in this request:

"To the Honorable Court of Common Council: The petitioners respectfully ask your honorable body for a new line of sidewalk on Talcott street \* \* \* also for the removal of the building which projects over said sidewalk, said building being a nuisance to property, etc."

This commercial attack on old antiquity met the common fate of all previous assaults, and like the city fathers in their long struggles with the question, it was easily put to flight. The aldermen sighed and passed the petition along to the street commissioners, who in turn promptly notified the Board to the effect that the building could not be removed. Then the common council retired gracefully from further discussion of the subject in this way:

"Resolved, that Messrs. Blank and company have leave to withdraw their petition for removal of the old Talcott mansion."



HENRY BARNARD.

HENRY BARNARD, LL.D., the veteran educator and editor, well-known throughout this country and Europe for his work in connection with the common schools. Dr. BARNARD died in Hartford on July 5, 1900, in the house in which he was born eighty-nine years ago.

# CONNECTICUT AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

ELIZABETH GERTRUDE DANIEL.

The French Republic could not have selected a more fitting time than the present for an exposition. The close of the nineteenth century with its achievements bettered by experience, extends its hand across the threshold of the twentieth, to the people of the world, to come and witness the excellence of its work. Wars and rumors of strife have perturbed the minds of the world's history makers but the invitation of France to journey to Paris and enter with her in contest for commercial and artistic supremacy has done much to bring reassurance and comfort to all peoples. The peals of laughter (so to speak) resound high and loud above the din of battle. At the time of writing, the Paris Exposition is now at its zenith. Buildings are complete, displays are at their best. Whatever early comers have said now counts for naught. Many have criticized when the numerous attractions were in no condition to court it. Notoriety lovers have sprang into prominence through the press voicing opinions that were unjust as they were premature. April 14th was the date set for the opening of the Exposition and it was opened. The task of completion was a herculean undertaking. Step by step it has progressed and today, July 23, (I could have set the date earlier), the last staging of preparation has been removed; the Exposition Universelle 1900 is ready! If the critic of the present month will speak of the enterprise he will tell you that its buildings are handsome, if not stable. He will tell you that the exhibits are many and are varied-

ly attractive. He will tell you that the progress of the world and its master workmen, be their vocation what it may, are well and fairly reflected in the exhibits displayed. Lack of arrangement is the one charge to which the Exposition must plead guilty. In every way it does great credit to the participants. It is worth coming to see. Its pleasant memories must dwell long within your mind.

Connecticut is but a state. One of the stars in "Old Glory." In this great congress of the world it must of necessity have but small voice. I fear I shall have to censure some of its men for disloyalty. In several departments this fine old commonwealth has not been justly represented. In educational endeavor Yale College should have occupied the position she rightly holds. As it is her sole representation was the result of the personal labor of individuals. Professor C. E. Beecher of the museum devoted some time to preparing the very small display the university made. The entire space is a section of a wall cabinet and some small cases together with a restoration in plaster of a "giant arthropod."

Connecticut public schools are not shown. The government only showed sections and Boston represented New England. There is a report of the Connecticut Board of Education.

At the building of Social Economy one finds the library system of the several states displayed in a very well selected exhibit. The idea of wall cabinets is used and each of these contains upward of thirty large cards. Of course it is impossible to represent

every city in such a vast Union as ours and Connecticut fares very well to have photographs of the Blackstone Library of Branford, the Pequot Library of Southport, Taylor Library of Milford, Scoville Memorial Library, Salisbury, the Brill Library of Groton, New London Library and a very fine picture of the new Institute at New Britain. The foreigner is surprised at our libraries and the many hours they are open. He cannot understand our endeavors to increase the usefulness of the institutions by adding to the numbers of people who secure books for home instruction and pastime. Their libraries are gathered for preservation. They wonder that we collect books to loan them to the public. It is gratifying that our state is so well represented.

A very interesting display is based on the condition of the working class. Photographs are shown which present convincingly the true aspect of the case and show that the conditions are improving. Of particularly local interest are pictures of tenements in the city of Hartford, a building which one recognizes at once as being located on Pearl street, near Ford. The others are of better classes of homes. The accommodations offered by various corporations to its employees receive much consideration and in Connecticut the Willimantic Linen Company show the 6-room tenements they rent for one dollar and ninety-three cents a week. A statement by the Connecticut Humane Society is here in the National exhibit of that organization. Several reports of labor statistics complete the section.

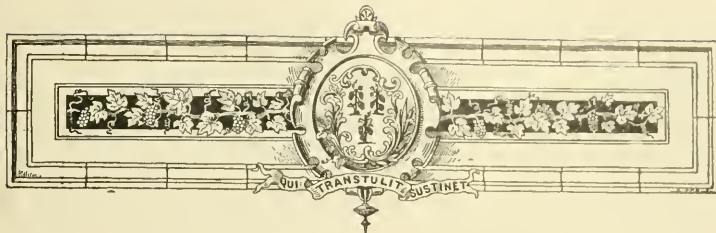
Connecticut is not a mineral state and it was with some misgivings I sought that department at the Champ de Mars in search of material. Tourmalines from Haddam Neck appear to be good specimens. One of the "green diamonds" weighs over 17 carats. Close to the gems were building stones and I noted Portland brownstone, Stony Creek red granite and white granite from New London. There was some fired clay from West Cornwall, Feldspar in abundance (place not mentioned) and garnet crystals from Roxbury.

The Publishers' Building at the Esplanade des Invalides is a remarkable structure inasmuch as the architect was compelled by the French government to cope with trees and the plans had to be drawn so that the trees could remain where they are and live. So a series of columns were provided for and in each of these, some forty-five in number, there is a tree. Cleverly arranged air holes and system of watering guarantees their preservation. The Connecticut Magazine shows bound copies of itself in the library and it is very often scanned. It is everywhere quoted as the best of state magazines. I feel justified in making these remarks about our periodical for it is a state exhibit.

Connecticut is strong in mechanics and in succeeding numbers I hope to be able to give them the space they deserve.

*Elizabeth Gertrude Daniel*





## CURRENT EVENTS.

The tenth annual reunion of the Storrs family was held at the Spring Hill Baptist church, Mansfield, Conn., Aug. 23d, 1900. About seventy members of this historic family were present and partook of the banquet which was prepared by the ladies of the Spring Hill church. After the banquet the members repaired to the body of the church, where the exercises were held, consisting of singing and addresses by the members.

The Rev. Seward Smith, pastor of the church, made the address of welcome. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Walter F. Storrs, Bristol, Conn.

Vice-President—Mrs. Kate (Storrs) Palmer, New Haven, Conn.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. Hattie L. (Storrs) Bassett, Seymour, Conn.

Reunion Committee—Hector W. Storrs, Montowese, Conn.; Dr. Eckley R. Storrs, Willimantic, Conn.; Edroni W. Storrs, Woodbridge, Conn.; Elezer W. Storrs, Elmwood, Conn.

At the close, when the members were about to depart for their homes, the expression on all lips was "This has been one of the best, and most enjoyable re-unions of them all." Mansfield is the ancestral home of the Storrs family of America, and

where Samuel Storrs the emigrant is buried, also many of his descendants.

Mrs. Hattie L. (Storrs) Bassett,  
Secretary.

An interesting feature of the Morris Home Week celebration was the fine display of old time and historical articles which was held in the conference house of the Morris church and has kept the relic-hunters interested all day. In this connection comes the plan of the Rev. F. A. Holden who is working hard for the establishment of a town library which shall have a suitable building for its use and contain a room devoted to the preservation of historical articles. A linen table cloth, line lace, and linen thread made by Mrs. Olive Throop during the latter years of her life as a reminder of her girlhood days, with several specimens of embroidery done in her younger days some 80 years ago, were shown. A 100 years' old green silk umbrella carried by Aunt Sally Woodruff; an old wooden bit brace dating back to Revolutionary times, owned by Elisha Mason; an old blue teapot in use more than a century ago by the ancestors of Miss Elizabeth Whitesey; two specimens of the copper luster pitchers, an art much imitated but not known at the present day, shown by Miss Eloise Mason and Miss Rea

Farnham; one of the oldest of the old style tin lanterns by Deacon George Camp, and a number of the fashionable bonnets worn seventy-five years ago, shown by Mrs. George Camp, were among the many articles exhibited.—Hartford Courant.

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The interesting announcement is made that Connecticut is developing unexpected geological and mineralogical resources, the discovery having been made by a party of four Harvard geologists who have been traveling through the central part of the state. The mineralogy of Connecticut has never been extensively exploited, the people of the commonwealth being ordinarily too busy with the work of supplying the other parts of the Union and a good part of the civilized world with innumerable kinds of finished and unfinished manufactured articles to pay much attention to what was under the soil, except as incidental excavations brought such things to light. So it remained for the eminent Cambridge scientists now in the state to make known to our people some of the secrets hidden beneath its rocky hills and alluvial plains.—Hartford Times.

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In the death of Col. John Mason Loomis of Chicago the town of Windsor, this state, will soon come into a handsome bequest to found a great educational institute. Says a Chicago despatch now going the rounds of the press:

“In the disposition of the property made by the will of Col. John Mason Loomis there is practical proof that it is not the possession of wealth, but its use, that brings blessings, or the reverse. His entire estate of more than \$1,000,000 is to go toward the founding of a school at Windsor, this state, to be known as Loomis Institute. During her life the widow has

the income from this fortune, but at her death trustees will take charge of it and begin the establishment of an institution which shall be, in the words of Col. Loomis, ‘a shrine from which boys and girls shall take the highest inspirations for better and grander lives from the best of their race who have gone before, and like them, ever keeping the banner of human progress, honor and manhood to the front.’ The founding of this institute was a family matter. In 1874 it was formally decided upon, four brothers and one sister deciding to honor the memory of their father by building a technical school at his birthplace. It will be closely modeled after the Lewis institute of Chicago, which was considered by Col. Loomis the best of its kind. In admitting students, members of the Loomis family shall be given precedence; next the youths of Windsor, next those of the state of Connecticut, and after that those deemed by the trustees most worthy. Such an institution, with an endowment of \$2,500,000, would be a credit to any city but it will give especial prestige to a town of not more than 3,000 inhabitants.”

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On Friday, September 14, the first annual reunion of the Connecticut branch of the Bassett family will be held at the Colonial Inn at Woodmont. The headquarters will be at the Connecticut building and a shore dinner will be served in the Colonial Inn at 12 o'clock. Following the dinner a business meeting will be held. Officers will be chosen and there will be addresses by the historian and other members of the association. Frank G. Bassett of Seymour, the historian of the national association, will give an account of his researches into the family history. The reception committee is composed of Mrs. Joel E. Bassett of New Haven, Mrs. Frank G. Bassett of Seymour, Mrs. M. L. B. Carpenter of Water-

bury, Samuel B. Bassett of New Britain, Nelson B. Bassett of Hartford and Fred H. Bassett of Waterbury.

The Society of Mayflower Descendants in the state of Connecticut held its regular bi-monthly meeting last month at the house of Mrs. F. M. Smith, New London. Several important changes in the constitution were considered and laid over to be acted on at the next meeting.

At the request of the ladies of the society that only men should be chosen to represent the society at the triennial congress to be held at Plymouth, Mass., on Saturday, Sept. 15, the following were elected: Charles Dudley Warner, William Waldo Hyde and Sylvester Clark Dunham of Hartford, Edwin A. Hill of Washington, D. C.; William S. Mills of Brooklyn, N. Y.; the Rev. James Gibson Johnson of Farmington, Gilbert S. Raymond of Norwich, and William M. Stark, Percy C. Eggleston and Nathan Holt Smith of New London. The alternates elected were: Dr. A. W. Nelson, Mrs. F. M. Smith, Miss Lucy Butler, Mrs. John L. Branch, Mrs. Catherine D. Bramble, Mrs. George D. Whittlesey and Miss Alice Turner of New London, Miss Mary K. Talcott of Hartford, Mrs. Frank H. Arms of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mrs. Christopher Morgan of Mystic.

It was voted to tender to the delegates and alternates an informal reception at the Crocker house on the evening of Thursday, Sept. 13, and Miss Alice Turner, Laurence W. Miner and Nathan Holt Smith were appointed as a committee of arrangements.

The meeting adjourned at 9 o'clock with thanks to Mrs. Smith for her entertainment and accepted Miss Alice Turner's invitation to hold the next meeting at her house.

The John Stone Association met for its fourteenth reunion at Wood-

mont-on-the-Sound, Wednesday, Aug. 29. About seventy were present, who proved themselves to be worthy descendants of John and William Stone, who came to Guilford in 1639. John, son of John, went to Milford and married Susannah Newton, daughter of Rev. Roger Newton. The day was fine and everything proved conducive to a pleasant and most successful reunion.

In the unavoidable absence of the president, Rev. Joel Stone Ivcs of Meriden, and in the late arrival of the chairman of the executive committee, Mr. Eli S. Smith of Seattle, Wash., and the first president of the association, was called to the chair. A number of states were represented, two coming from the far Pacific coast.

The business meeting was called about 12 o'clock. Mrs. George W. Tibbals, recording secretary, at the advice of the president swerved from the usual business report, combining it all under a sort of historical review of the last meeting. Letters of regret were read from Col. Wm. Leete Stone of Mount Vernon, who was to have given an historical paper on "Capt. Kidd, the Buccaneer," but who was unavoidably detained. Lieutenant Henry E. Rhoades, U. S. N., was also unavoidably detained, and sent a very kindly letter of regret. Another was from Ravenwood, W. Va., the writer going into an historical review of her branch of the family from the time her ancestors went into Ohio and were resident of one of the block houses built at Bel-fire for defense from the Indians.

Mr. Frank Whalen of Ballston Spa, N. Y., regretted exceedingly his inability at the last moment to be present, but it was clearly a case of "business before pleasure."

A paper in memoriam of Miss Mary Elia Stone, a former officer in the Association, who died last fall at the residence of her brother, Samuel Mansfield Stone, New York city, was read by Mrs. George W. Tibbals.

Dinner was served at half past one to which ample justice was done. The after dinner speakers were: Dr. J. S. Stone, New Britain; Rev. Dwight C. Stone, Chester; E. C. Hills, Washington, D. C.; George Stone, Bethlehem and Ell S. Smith, Seattle, Wash.

A short report was given by the corresponding secretary, Charles S. Smith of Terryville, relative to the genealogical report of the descendants of John Stone which he hopes to have ready for publication during the coming year.

Officers elected for the coming year were as follows:

President—Dr. Jay S. Stone, New Britain, Ct.

Vice-President—Col. Wm. Leete Stone, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Vice-President—Lieut. Henry E. Rhoades, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Vice-President—Bennett Tyler Yale, Lee, Mass.

Vice-President—E. S. Smith, Seattle, Wash.

Vice-President—Mrs. Dwight C. Stone, Chester, Ct.

Corresponding Secretary—Charles S. Smith, Terryville.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Geo. W. Tibbals, Milford, Ct.

Treasurer—C. O. Stone, Middletown, Ct.

Historian—Frank N. Platt, Milford.





## HISTORICAL NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor Connecticut Magazine:

About the time that I received your letter asking for extracts from letters with regard to Gen. Lafayette's visit to Vernon, I had lent several of my papers to people in Rockville and I have not received them yet so I will send you a copy of the Stafford Press which contains extracts from Miss McKinney's letters sufficient to establish the facts of Lafayette's visit. With regard to the time of the visit I have been informed that the breakfast was served about eleven o'clock, followed by a reception at which were assembled the few remaining soldiers in the vicinity as well as all the notable people for miles around. Gen. Lafayette was escorted from Stafford to Vernon by a troop of horsemen and from Vernon to Hartford by the First Company Governor's Horse Guard, under command of Major John E. Hart.

Lemuel King purchased a barouche and four white horses especially for this occasion. Gen. Lafayette entered the carriage and was driven to the City Hotel, Hartford. The driver was John M. King, (Lem. King's youngest son) who was sixteen years old and felt very much honored that he was entrusted with the responsibility of carrying such a distinguished person.

Lemuel King was personally known to Gen. Lafayette and it was for this reason that he besought him to spend the night at Vernon on his way from Boston to New York as he lived on the direct mail route and The Press explains why he arrived the next day rather than when he was at first expected.

The following extract is from the Stafford Press of Oct. 11th, 1890, referred to in the foregoing letter:

"About a year ago the exhibit of some old wall paper from the "Lafayette room" of the old King tavern in Vernon, at the Rockville fair, revived the discussion of incidents connected with Lafayette's trip through Connecticut on his visit to this country in 1824. We published at that time many facts of interest, most of them got from an interview with Mrs. Chas. F. Harwood of this village, a grand-daughter of Lemuel King, for whom the King tavern was built by his father, and who was still living there in 1824, when Lafayette's visit was made, though at that time his son-in-law, Burt McKinney, was keeping the hotel. While the matter was then under discussion in this and other papers, Mrs. Harwood wrote to her cousin, a daughter of Burt McKinney, who was living with her father at Elizabeth, N. J. This letter was not replied to until last August for reasons then given—that Mr. McKinney was then lying at the point of death, and that the letter written to his daughter, Julia, nearly a year before, had just been found, unopened, in one of his pockets. In the reply the writer expressed regret that the letter had not been found until it appeared to be too late, as Mr. McKinney was in delirium, and seemed unlikely to have any lucid period before his death, which then seemed near. Singular to relate, however, a lucid period did follow the sleep in which he was lying when these facts were written, and his memory was very clear upon the events inquired about. He said that he remembered perfectly Lafayette's visit, and said that "it was the greatest time he ever knew; that Lafayette came from Boston en route for New York via Hartford, and intended to pass the night at

the 'Brick House' at Vernon, but when he arrived at Stafford Springs he was too weary to proceed further, and spent the night there at the hotel, but arose early and drove to the 'Brick House' at Vernon for breakfast, which he partook of in the parlor, upon the walls of which was the mythological paper. He said that he did have a book describing the paper, but that it had been lost.

"Lafayette was received by a committee consisting of grandfather (Lemuel King), Captain Chapman from Tolland, and my father. Capt. Chapman was upon Lafayette's staff during the war. Father was proprietor of the hotel at the time. After breakfast, which was sometime during the forenoon, although late, he took seat in an open barouche and was driven to the City Hotel in Hartford for dinner. The carriage was driven by Uncle John King (son of Lemuel, who is now living in Enfield, Conn.)

"Grandfather was a private in a company (in the Revolutionary War)—was 16 years old, father says. I re-

member of my mother's telling me that the company was once surprised by the British, and grandfather so seriously wounded that they supposed him dead, and that he heard them say, one to another, 'put a bayonet through him,' another giving him a kick, saying, 'Oh, he is dead enough,' and so they went on and left him. His stiff knee was caused by the wounds then received.

"Father said that the night Lafayette was expected every house was illuminated with candles all along the route."

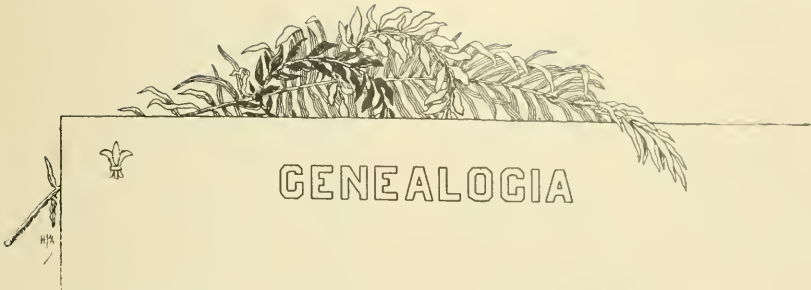
Mr. McKinney died very soon after this letter was written. His last illness was painful but borne with fortitude, the cause being a tumorous growth upon the breast, very near the throat, and the illness from this and one which had preceded it extending over a period of three years."

Respectfully,

Mrs. C. F. Harwood,  
Stafford Springs, Ct.

July 29th, 1900.





## GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Querists are requested to write all names of persons and places so that they cannot be misunderstood, to write on only one side of the paper, to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and ten cents in stamps for each query. Those who are subscribers will be given preference in the insertion of their queries, and they will be inserted in the order in which they are received. All matters relating to this department must be sent to THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE, Hartford, marked Genealogical Department. Give full name and post office address.

It is optional with querist to have name and address or initials published.

### ANSWERS.

To No. 30, (a). M. M. G. In reply to your query in the May—June number of the Connecticut Magazine, will you furnish me with dates and information about, — Ensign who married Benjamin Ingham? Was he of New Hartford, Conn., and was there issue of this marriage? Can you furnish me with her parents names? If so, I can give the ancestry back to the early settlement of Hartford. I should be pleased to hear from you.

Very truly,

C. S. Ensign.

### NOTE.

See also following communication from Mr. A. M. Camp in answer to 30, (a). —Editor.

To M. 30, (a). Benjamin Ingham was the son of Joseph and Abigail (Wright) Ingham. Joseph was the son of Ebenezer and Dorothy (Stone) Ingham of Saybrook, Conn.

To No. 22, (b). Camp—Botsford. —Eleazer Camp's wife was Mary Botsford of Milford, Conn.

A. M. Camp,

Durham, Conn.

To No. 31, (a). Gilbert—Kirkland. —I send partial answer to Query No. 31. Querist is mistaken in name of husband. Lydia Gilbert married about 1730 Capt. John Kirtland, son of Lieut. John and Temperance (Buckingham) Kirtland. Lydia Gilbert was the daughter, and only child, of William and Lydia (Parker) Gilbert and was born March 29, 1713 and died January 1, 1757. Lydia Parker, daughter of Deacon William Parker and Lydia Brown, his second wife, was born Feb. 13, 1690, married William Gilbert Dec. 1, 1712 and died March 8, 1715. She was the only child of Deacon Parker surviving the years of childhood. Weacon William Parker was son of William and Marjery Parker, the settlers first of Hartford, later of Saybrook, Conn. He was born in July, 1645. I do not know the parentage of William Gilbert. He had a brother, Joseph Gilbert, who lived in Stratfield in 1727. James Lord was appointed guardian of Lydia Gilbert September 25, 1728, and her father had then been absent many years unheard of, supposed to have been lost at sea or died abroad. John and Lydia (Gilbert) Kirtland had a

daughter, Lydia, born about 1739 who married Joseph Bolles Dec. 2, 1760, and died May 14, 1799 in her 61st year.  
F. H. Parker.

To No. 32, Hotchkiss.—B. C. L. —I learn from old gentlemen here in the Home that there were two Willis Hotchkiss in Derby—one a carpenter, married a Hull—the other a cooper by trade. They do not know about it; it is probably the cooper that B. C. L. is looking up.

R. M. Breckenridge,  
Masonic Home,  
Wallingford,  
Conn.

### QUERIES.

40. a) Lord—Warren. — Richard Warren (son of Christopher) came on the Mayflower to Plymouth in 1620 and his wife Elizabeth came on the ship Ann, in 1623, with five daughters. Two sons were born in Plymouth, Nathaniel and Joseph. Richard Lord of Hartford married Abigail Warren, 1693, daughter of John and Elizabeth Warren of Boston. Elizabeth was daughter of John Crow of Hartford. Can any one tell me if Abigail was granddaughter or great-granddaughter of Richard who came on the Mayflower?

(b) Lord—Bulkeley. — Thomas Lord, one of the first settlers of Hartford, Conn., and whose name appears on the monument, married Dorothy —. What reason have we for supposing that her name was Dorothy Bulkeley? If that supposition is correct, whose daughter was she, and what was her relation to the Rev. Peter Bulkley?

41. Gillett—Garlick.—William Gillett, born Aug. 23rd, 1760. His younger bro. Benjamin born about Sept., 1779, supposedly at New Milford, Ct. Wanted to know the name of their father and mother and g.

father and g. mother. William mar. Anna Garlic and lived and died in New Milford, Dec. 1843. Benjamin mar. Talitha Bell. Removed to Vt. They had bro., Sylvester M., and Jonathan. Sylvester mar. 1st an Owen (name unknown). Jonathan also probably married an Owen. These bros. had sister Margaret; mar. — Lynn. Polly mar. Geo. White. There were also two sisters who were said to have married Brown's; names unknown. These all, except William, are supposed to have removed to Vt. about 100 years ago as also their father. Jonathan and Benjamin died in Vt. Is this data sufficient to find their ancestry? Are they descended from Eliphalet and Mary Gillett who came from Milford to New Milford with a large family 200 years ago?

C. L. Ray.

42. Mason—Corey.—I will give \$25 for parentage of Elizabeth Corey, b. about 1778, who m. Jenks Mason (Christopher Benj. Sampson) of Plainfield, Conn., in 1799. Mason was living there when married and both died there or near there.

Wm. M. Robinson,  
29 Houseman Bldg.,  
Grand Rapids,  
Mich.

43. Hyatt — St. John — Wallace. — My mother, (6) Mary Anne (Clough) Kimball, is the only daughter of Col. Simeon De Witt and (5) Marie Louise (Hyatt) Clough, who lived at Racine, Wisconsin, though he was born at Peterboro, and she at Fenner, in Madison Co., N. Y. My grandmother was the youngest daughter of (4) Dr. Hezekiah and Deborah (Crosby) Hyatt, he of North Salem, Westchester County, and she of Southeast, Putnam Co., N. Y. His parents were (3) John and Margaret (Wallace) Hyatt, who may have

lived at Norwalk and also at North Salem. I do not know whether or not Margaret Wallace was a daughter of the immigrant, (1) James Wallace. Would like this information. (3) John Hyatt, her husband, was born July 15, 1720 at Norwalk, Conn. His parents were (2) Ebenezer Hyatt and Elizabeth —; and grandparents, (1) Thomas Hyatt and his wife, Mary St. John. Thomas Hyatt was one of the pioneer settlers in Norwalk. (3) Mary St. John was probably a daughter of (2) Matthew St. John, Jr., son of Matthew St. John, also an early settler in Norwalk, having lived previously at Dorchester and Windsor. You will see it is only the very early history of these people I desire.

Sarah Louise Kimball.

44. Carter—Squires. — Robert Carter came over in the Mayflower, and in the beginning of the year 1700

a Robert Carter settled at Killingworth, Ct., and established a ship yard. Were they related, and is there any Genealogy extant which gives the descendants of the Robert Carter who came in the Mayflower? Nathan Carter, grandson of the Killingworth Robert Carter, m. Mary Squires at Goshen, Ct., June 22d, 1774. Where was she born, and who were her parents?

T. G. C.

45. Bradley—Tynes.—I would like to find out the names of my great grandfather and grandmother. When born and date of death. I see by the May Number, 1899, Vol. V., the burial of an infant of Aaron Bradley. Who was he? My grandfather's name was Tynes and he lived at Southington and his father lived in or around Hartford, Bristol or Farmington, I have been informed.

Morris Bradley.



## FLORICULTURE.

BY REV. MAGEE PRATT.

“There's not the lightest leaf but trembling teems  
With golden visions and romantic dreams.”

I like the flowers that are grown out of doors; the hot house ones are perhaps more finished, but they always have, to some extent, the appearance of a boarding school Miss: prim, precise, particular and proper. But when you see the bloom that is raised in the open air it has about it the look of earnest and responsible life; it may have petals wounded by the winds, and leaves faded in the sunshine, but it is real, as only free things are; and bears about it the nameless fascination that is born only of a life that has the strenuous element in it, and through its very imperfections you behold the sign of its strength and the token of its victory.

You can go into your gardens, spangled with the varied-hued bloom of summer, and when the sun is flooding it in a pool of crimson twilight, dream all sorts of beautiful visions; of hopes whose fruition always satisfies; of love that never fails; of a future full of promise that opens out its joys to you in ever-fresh disclosures of increasing worth, (just as the flowers open one by one their secrets to your sight, while each new unfolding is more beautiful than the last.) But no visions ever come to me in the glass prisons of the flowers, even though I love them there, but never with the passion of rapture that my heart aches to carry when the soft summer wind breathes its full life and fragrance into the ruddy lips of the roses.

And so I hate to leave the summer time behind me, to know that in a few short weeks the shadows of the perfect world that have flashed their

brightness upon the screen of our common life will vanish and only leave behind them the dreary waste that erstwhile gleamed with a thousand tints of spring delight, of summer splendor, and autumn's ripened fullness and glory.

Every new flower and every fresh disclosure of beauty in an old one is another unfolding of the meaning and purpose of the world in which we live, and the illimitable recourses of that mysterious entity that we call Nature; because we do not know what better name to give it. I sometimes think it the wizard of the universe, forever puzzling the children of men with some fresh miracle of life. So I look out for new flowers always, and generally find to my unspeakable content that the new are better than the old. One that has charmed me this summer is the *Incarvillea Delavage*, a hardy, tuberous rooted plant that I have not seen before; it bears a cluster of rose-colored trumpet flowers, not unlike in shape those of the old trumpet vine. But the soft tenderness of its petals, the glossy sheen of its color makes it infinitely superior to the old climbers. It is compact in growth, about 18 inches high, and will fit into any place in any garden, no matter how good it is; and whether we think of flowers or of men, it is a marvelous recommendation to them that they fit into some position where they are needed to add to the completeness and beauty of life.

One of Eckford's new sweet peas will meet general approval, the *Lady G. Hamilton*, a soft, self lavender, with large head and standard and healthy growth. Many have failed this

year with sweet peas and they always will until they give the aristocrats of the family the chance of growing in ground that is both new and rich.

There is a new Ivy Geranium well worth growing; and how few grow them properly! They need to be given good loam and shifted into pots as they get larger, nearly every month, and trained to a fan-shaped ladder, and so they give masses of bloom; this one is called Leopard and is striped and spotted with rich crimson on a pale pink and white ground, and will repay culture, though it is dear at present.

About the time the magazine is published the florist will have the Freesia bulbs for sale. By all means buy and plant at once; set outside in a shady place till danger of frost is near, and water regularly; put a dozen in a 5 in. pot just below the level of the soil and they will need little care and be in bloom by Christmas or New Year. It ranks in beauty but little below the lily of the valley, and in fragrance excels it. Its long, erect cups of pearl are vessels full of sweetness, and among the bulbs it is one of the perfect ones. You are not satiated with the odor, as with that of the Easter Lily or Tuberose, but like the sweetbrier, you can never have enough of it.

When you order roses again include two or three of the Lord Penzance hybrids. The flowers are not so formal as those of the perpetual sorts, but have the indiscribable beauty of the wild rose, though they are semi-double and borne in large clusters, but to walk near them after a summer shower and inhale their sweetness is just as good as a vacation spent in Araby. I hope that Mr. Wallace, whose large plantation and nursery in South Carolina has great promise for future of American Floriculture, will give as much acreage to its culture as he has to the Crimson Rambler, and of that he is growing

25,000 plants at present for next year's sale. The Penzance hybrids preserve in their foliage all the richness of the sweet brier that gave them half their life, and so should be grown everywhere.

The time of the planting of bulbs is near. If you have any that were bloomed last year they are valuable according to the treatment you gave them. Were you to cut a Hyacinth or Tulip bulb in half, lengthwise, if properly ripened you would be able with the help of a good magnifying glass to see the full flower in embryo; it is so complete that it is oxidized for color; it only has to expand in size. Now the flower is stored up in the bulb by the work of the foliage after the bloom has passed, and before it is fit to dig up and store away. Some I had were spoiled by a man who cut off all the leaves directly the flowers had withered and so are useless now. If you plant them either in pots or in beds do it as early as you can; they want the cool weather in which to make roots to help them to strength, either for winter in the beds, or for blossoms in pots. For house culture never try to hurry them, the cooler they are the better if they do not freeze. Heat will blast nearly all bulbous plants that are grown indoors in winter time.

Half a dozen Roman hyacinths in a six-inch pan planted in the middle of October will bloom before the year is gone. Please do not buy the Chinese Lily, it is the black sheep of the Narcissus family; poor in color, size, perfume; and is outranked also by the single Von Zion for every purpose. You can grow either that sort or the paper white Narcissus in water with stones and moss; and it will flower in six weeks in a cool room, and a dozen of them in a dish of water will give more blossoms than three Chinese lilies, and be larger, cheaper and better in every way.

If you have a frame to protect them sow your pansy seeds now. Shade

the glass until they have passed the seed leaf stage and then transplant 9 inches apart; by the first of March they will bloom under the glass if you give air on all fine days in the winter. This year I have seen myriads of pansies just fit to throw away, they were so small and dull in color. The very best seed in the world I think, and I have tested nearly every noted strain, is Bugnot's hand fertilized, it costs a lot, but is worth all of it. I cannot describe the flowers; I wish I could. Every blossom is a poem, a symphony of harmonious hues. The possibilities of the pansy are reached in the marvel of M. Bugnot's work, and one paper of his seeds is to me worth more than a pound of any other strain.

You will want primroses for your window in the winter time; not for the sunny ones, but for the windows in the shadow. You can begin with the Baby. The proper name is the *Primula Forbesii*. In a four-inch pot put about three plants, and for all the season they will flower; pretty little lavender rose florets in great profusion, and it's one of the most grateful flowers on earth; for a little good treatment it will smile in blossoms for you every day if you do not kill it outright.

The *Abconica* and Chinese Primrose are too well known to need a word from me; I can only advise you that they all like what I hate, very cool treatment.

Remember also that judicious starvation helps most flowers to bloom. In large pots with rich earth you will have the energy of the plant given to the production of root and leaf; it will only bloom in the pot when it cannot do anything else. So let your growth be made before you want blossom and then do not feed the flower too much.

The *Browallia Elata* is so great an improvement upon the old variety that it has lost altogether the weedy look that used to spoil them com-

pletely for all people with good taste. It has large blossoms of rich navy blue borne in profusion, and makes a splendid window flower. You can sow the seed now if you will care well for it, and in a sunny window by February have good plants loaded with blossoms.

I think all who have seen the Fern bulbs sent from Japan are satisfied with them; with proper treatment they never fail; they must have light without sunshine, warmth without dryness, and be slipped in water often enough to prevent them ever becoming dry. One day's forgetfulness will kill them, but care for them properly and they will give you a globe of fresh verdure that is as charming as any plant without flowers can be, and their novelty alone is a recommendation to many people who like strange things.

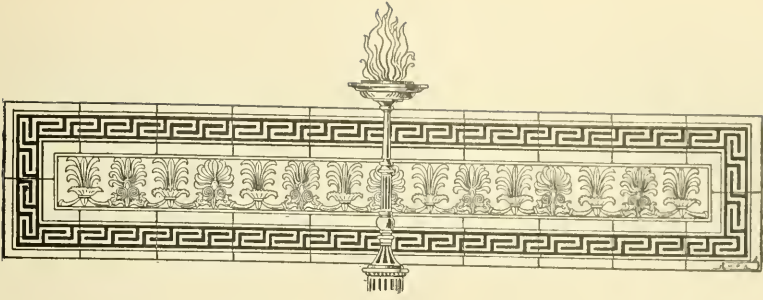
One thing I like to remember, that before the time of universal rest in winter the whole land will be a glowing garden of widespread glory. Leaves will clothe the trees in radiant brightness of scarlet flame; the fields will be covered with a carpet of cloth of gold, and along every hedge-row the purple asters will shine like precious stones set in green filigree of fern and moss, while the sapphires beauty of the gentian will glow in quiet places where shelter and safety are given it.

But the work of the life forces will not be over when the winter comes, but only hidden from us a little while, for beneath the ice and under the snow the same tireless energy that wove for our eyes the picture that has ravished all who can see the joy of earth will still be working for us in tireless and bountiful activity, and by and bye another exhibition of infinite benevolence and beauty will gladden our hearts and eyes.

Rev. Magee Pratt.

The next article will be specially devoted to the subject of the winter window garden.





## EDITORIAL NOTES.

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HENRY BARNARD  
LL.D.

In the death of Henry Barnard, which took place in Hartford on the 5th of July, Connecticut loses one of her most distinguished sons. He was a man whose whole life has been one long strenuous effort to better his kind, and thousands on thousands of educated men and women of the State and of the nation bless and revere his name. His life work is too well known to dwell upon here. Every school boy knows the first United States Commissioner of Education and the great organizer of the public school system of our country. Every home in the land feels the impress of his labor, and from over the seas comes the unstinted praise of learned minds of many nations for the great American educator.

A very interesting account of Dr. Barnard and his career appears in the Connecticut Quarterly for April-May-June, 1898.

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LIBRARY  
ASSOCIATION  
REVIEW.

A suggestion of the Hartford Courant that appears in its issue of Aug. 18th, that the "Association of Librarians" publish and control a journal that will devote itself to current publications and literary questions, a journal that will be fearless and just in its criticisms, is

a proposition that must make a book lover's heart thrill with the splendid possibilities it embodies.

It seems, according to the view taken by The Courant, (and it is one in which we concur), that the genuine critical journal does not exist, that the so-called literary journals are merely the tools of the publishers' trade. When it happens that a book is criticised adversely it is done in a half-hearted manner, and an analysis often tends to show that trade interest, lack of judgement, or pure indifference to justice to the reading public, has something to do with the lukewarmness shown.

Much of the faulty reviewing of books that appear in newspapers is due more to lack of earnestness on the part of the reviewer than to any other cause. Newspaper reviewing, however, as The Courant points out, is as a rule independent of publishers. This means that a newspaper book-notice is more reliable so far as honesty is concerned than the reviews in so-called literary journals. The difficulty in so far as it relates to newspapers is to find a man able to read and pass upon correctly all the books that come in for review.

As now conducted, the review department of a majority of newspapers and magazines is usually presided over by one person, and the reviews to a great extent are only reflections of his individual opinion. This, it

seems to us, is entirely wrong, so many of the books now issued are of so wide a range in the subjects with which they treat, so many are of a special or technical nature, that it is impossible for one person to be familiar with all the subjects coming under his notice. All such works should be placed for review in the hands of one who is familiar with the particular subject of which they treat, this the proposed review could secure. Its corps of editors could be so selected that they could practically cover the entire field of letters.

The *Courant* quotes the *Springfield Republican* and states that in a recent issue of that paper Mr. Dana, the well-known librarian of the City Library, gives out the information that he had analyzed 189 book notices from three leading literary weeklies. Of these 114 praised the book under examination—more than half of them in extravagant terms—26 were non-committal or evasive, and only 9 expressed disapproval. "It is quite evident," affirms *The Courant*, "that notices which find something to condemn in only one out of twenty-one of the current publications are in no sense 'critical,' for criticism is the expression of an intelligent judgment. The non-committal articles are equally uncritical, for they are examples of dodging the question, as the laudatory notices are, with one or two exceptions, of begging it."

"This," continues *The Courant*. "is a serious arraignment of literary criticism in our country and is not avoided by saying that the journals in question are well known to be publishers' organs. They assume to give advice and to be disinterested guides to book-buyers, and they are not what they represent themselves to be. If they are simply advertisements they should be given away like any other handbills or 'dodgers.' Or, if the proprietors of one article for sale are adroit enough to make their customers pay them \$3 a year for ad-

vice to buy what they make for sale they should by rights give their wares to their subscribers. Publishers, however, invariably add a liberal estimate for advertising to the price of a book."

The "*Library Association Review*," let us call it, could state, as *The Courant* points out, first, the quality of binding, paper and printing; second, what the book is about and whether it is "written for the student and specialist or for the general reader"; and third, its relation to the general subject of which it treats. In case of fiction, the literary quality should be stated in a few words, indicating whether a novel is really a study of life or a story to be read for amusement only.

The *Courant* says further, "A librarians' journal could be kept untrammelled and trustworthy and the advertising matter should be strictly separated from the reading matter." *The Courant* clinches its proposition by stating that such a journal "will never be established by a book publisher." To the foregoing we might add, "and such a journal could effectually curtail, if it will not actually kill, the prospects of vicious publications by simply not mentioning them in its columns."

Publishers will see in such a paper no uncertain warning to be circumspect in the choice of subjects to put on the market; authors will be shaken up, and only the true, the pure and the real will live through the ordeal. Thousands of reputable papers and magazines will turn to such a review as proposed as eagerly as a plant turns to the light. The patronage ought to be enormous, from sales, as well as from advertising. The association could place men of undoubted probity, of clearest judgment and of assured learning in charge of the editorial management of their journal. The difficulties that beset associations, (the members of which being widely scattered) engaging in a

business enterprise, need not obtain here, for an association of librarians possesses more unity and permanency than associations in general. Libraries are fixed institutions whose officers are practically elected to serve for the greater part of their lives.

Politics, the exigencies of social elements, commercialism,—none of these things stand in the way of the successful launching of such a journal as *The Courant* outlines. It is, taking it all in all, a splendid idea, and we heartily second *The Courant* in its proposition.

THE "TIPPING" EVIL. According to the "Public," of Chicago, news comes to us that London waiters have proposed to abolish "tips" as degrading and demoralizing. The Public considers this a good sign and it goes on to say: "We should like to see workmen in our own country set themselves sternly against this humiliating but rapidly growing custom. It does not even add to their wages. But assailing their self-respect at the outset, it depicts their incomes in the end. For whenever "tips" are plentiful wages are low. In some places wages drop off altogether, and employes have to pay their employers a premium for the chance of getting "tips."

How many people in this State will not say bravo! to this? It is inconceivable how any man with an ounce of self-respect can accept a gratuity for service that he is supposed to be paid for by his employers. These men who accept tips would learn in a manner more forcible than elegant what would be their treatment if they would reverse matters and offer tips to those who have been in the habit of tendering gratuities, it matters not whether willingly or unwillingly, for some little act of thoughtful politeness, the result, it is hardly necessary to point out, would be startling.

No reasonable man likes to see his kind, however humble his station in life may be, barter his self-respect, to say nothing of the absurd financial policy the practice of receiving tipping involves. The conclusions set forth on this point by the "Public" we venture to say cannot be successfully assailed.

OLD-HOME-WEEK CELEBRATIONS IN CONNECTICUT. One of the pleasiest incidents of the present time is the gathering of the descendants of old New England families in the places where their ancestors lived and died. These reunions are styled "Old Home Week Celebrations," and seem to be taking a firm hold all over the land. This is as it should be.

The following letter that appeared in the *Hartford Courant* written by James Morris Whiton, one of the editors of "The Outlook," to Rev. A. Holden, in response to an invitation to attend the exercises of the Town of Morris' "Home Week" celebration is so eloquent, so much to the point, we reprint it in full:

"I regret that I cannot be with you in 'Old Home Week.' As a New Englander born, whose ancestors have lived for generations in the hill-towns of Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire, I feel a strong drawing to the ground long hallowed by the family hearth. It is a matter of importance for those who have gone forth from these quiet uplands into the great world's rush and struggle, to keep green their remembrance of those homely, ancestral virtues, and of that blended simplicity and hardihood, which in the olden times formed the core of American character, and today are the conservative elements of national life. Equally a matter of importance is it for those who abide in the old home to dignify it by cherishing a practical remembrance of the part it has borne in

making our national greatness, as pledging it to a part still to be borne in maintaining our national character, and in patriotically improving the New England we have inherited, for those to whom we must transmit it as a sacred trust. Fortunate are we who have a past from which to draw high inspiration. But we cannot live upon our past, except by improving it, any more than we can live from the soil without continually restoring to it the elements of fertility.

On the one hand, those who have gone forth from our hill-towns to the great centers of industry and commerce owe much to the birth-place and cradle of the virtue and vigor and patience, which have obtained for them whatever they have of influence and honor, as well as of material goods. As the rivers that descend from the hills to the plains and the sea return thither in the rains that replenish their springs, so it is according to nature's law that the streams of life ever pouring into our cities from these highland communities, prolific mothers of strong men, should come back in refreshing benefactions to keep these fountains of life undiminished in vigor by the constant drain. And so, all over our loved New England, in the springing up of memorials of various kinds—libraries, schoolhouses, halls and churches, gifts of city dwellers to the places of their nativity or their ancestral homes — we see increasing honor paid to this law of nature. And this will doubtless continue to be, as it should be.

On the other hand, those whose lot it is to dwell in these shrines of old affection, which invite so many summer pilgrims from their dispersion throughout the land, have a no less important part as custodians of the pilgrims' shrines, be these foreign cathedrals which embalm the religious and patriotic memories of centuries, the humblest verger consciously

shares with the highest of the cathedral clergy in the spirit of the place, feeling that he also is a partaker of its renown, and a conservator of the treasures that give it fame. Such, it seems, should be the feeling of every inhabitant of the old towns that were building up these United States, both by the swarms they sent forth and by the qualities they bred them in, long before Chicago began to be. Something of the honest pride that befits an ancient town that has made its mark on our national history by the men and women whom it has bred and nurtured to influence upon the state.

Such honest pride will show itself in a public spirit that will not be content with remembering the things that have been; that will not be apathetic and backward in improving the things that are; that will not be shortsighted and sluggish in bringing to pass the things that are to be; so that the future of the old home may grow more winsome, as the record of its continuous betterment is written by each generation for the lesson of the next."

There are a number of Old Home Week reunions to be held in this State and all should make it a duty and pleasure to be present.

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This year's Con-  
CONNECTICUT necticut tobacco  
TOBACCO. crop is reported the  
best in ten years.  
Have a smoke?—Bridgeport Stand-  
ard.

Thank you, we accept the above statement and the "invite," with pleasure. This reminds us that we have in view an illustrated article on the tobacco industry in this State to appear in our columns in the near future. This should prove interesting reading for our esteemed contemporary, as well as for all other devotees of the weed.

AN AWKWARD  
ERROR.

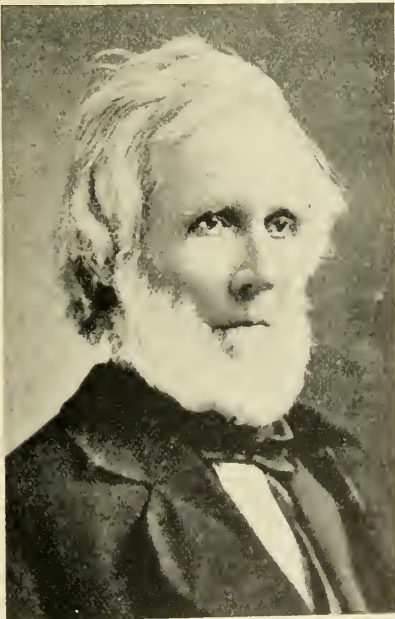
Through an unfortunate combination of circumstances we were made to say that the portrait of Mr. William P. Felt, the Captain of the Maple Hill Golf Club, that appears in our May-June issue, was that of Mr. H. L. Curtis. (See page 273.) The awkward mistake was not discovered until many of the magazines were sent to subscribers, and consequently the

correction we ordered, (a paster with the correct name), could not be made available.

Our readers will be doing us a very great favor if they will examine their copy and if it has not already been corrected, to write down the proper name. This request is made for the sake of accuracy, a matter we feel assured all will most cheerfully co-operate in securing for this magazine.

## BOOK NOTES AND REVIEWS.

The name of Dr. Munger upon the title page of a book is sufficient guarantee of its high literary excellence.



DR. H. BUSHNELL.

His style is the perfection of lucid and concise statement, and as he always selects as his subject matter that which has in itself great interest; the

books he gives the world are well worth reading.

The late Dr. H. Bushnell was a man of pre-eminent worth; his influence upon the religious thought of the age more marked than almost any other American preacher, and his personality so grand and attractive that to be ignorant of him and his doings means that a large blank is left in the mind of the student.

The service that Dr. Munger has wrought in once more presenting to the public an outline sketch of Dr. Bushnell's life is a great one, and if its circulation equals its worth many thoughtful people will reap large harvests of valuable knowledge. The book has too many excellencies to be enumerated here, but it has, however, one cardinal defect in the mind of the present reviewer; in all the statements of belief and the analysis of doctrine that made up the theology of Dr. Bushnell that are given in the book, it is quite impossible to escape from the idea that you are only presented to Dr. Bushnell through the medium of Dr. Munger's more advanced opinions. The author is never content to plainly state the opinions and belief of his subject, but in all cases where they do not coincide with his own as-

sumes that Bushnell would be sure to alter his opinion and agree with his biographer's conclusions. Now, as the theologies of the two distinguished divines differ radically and fundamentally, it is a matter of doubtful ethical propriety for the writer of the book to assert that Dr. Bushnell would have changed his convictions upon various vital principles had he possessed Dr. Munger's knowledge, because it is more than probable that modern rationalism would have forced the great teacher to the same position that it has compelled some of his disciples to take, that of a pronounced conservatism upon most questions that touch the supernatural in religious faith.

As an instance of the author's method, look at his review of Dr. Bushnell's sermons, page 285, and carefully weigh this statement of his: "Something in almost every sermon is to be set aside; defective exegesis, forceful interpretation of nature, provincial prejudice, lingering dogma, over emphasis." And then inquire of any able man who was in sympathy with Dr. Bushnell's teaching during his lifetime, and who abides in the same faith today, (and there are many of them), if the criticism is not as unfair as it is the evident outgrowth of the theology peculiar to Dr. Munger.

No thoughtful student is content with a mere outline, and the book, good as it is in its description of Dr. Bushnell and his work, is necessarily no more than this, and the best work it can do is to send us back to the sermons and writings of which it treats and the man whom it portrays, and the time spent in the study will be well spent; for his clear, yet profound statements of religious faith, his keen logic, his kind, yet complete exposure of religious sophistries and errors, are needed now as much as ever, and if more widely read might be a welcome antidote to much of the shallow latitudinarism that enfeebles the religious thought and life

of the present. 1 vol., cloth, 12 mo., \$2.00. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Smith & McDonough, Hartford.

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A Genealogical Register of the Town of Litchfield, Conn., from the settlement of the Town, A. D. 1720, to the year 1800, by George C. Woodruff, 1845?1865. Press of The Case, Lockwood & Brainard Vo., 1900. I Vol., cloth, 267 pp. Price \$2.00.

This is certainly a valuable addition to the genealogical publications of the State; a conveniently arranged and interesting register of the town, which should find a ready sale. For sale by J. Wolcott Wheeler, West St., Litchfield, Conn.

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Many natives of Maine have won distinction in the field of literature, and this state has been the home of many prominent prose writers and poets. In view of the coming celebration there of Old Home Week, an article on "Maine in Literature" finds appropriate place in the New England Magazine for August. The author of this interesting and valuable article, Mr. William I. Cole, in his careful study has found it difficult to confine the results of his research in the limits of his present paper,—since a book which has been published upon the subject, made up of "specimen poems of the verse makers of the state, with brief biographical sketches, is a bulky volume of eight hundred and fifty pages, and contains a list of more than four hundred names." He treats of many of Maine's more notable writers, and the illustrations of his article include portraits of Longfellow, N. P. Willis, John S. C. Abbott, Newman Smyth, Minot J. Savage, Elijah Kellogg, Sarah Orne Jewett, Kate Douglas Wiggin, and many other well-known authors whom Maine claims by birth or adoption. (Warren F. Kellogg, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.)

## THE WORST FEATURES OF SLAVERY.

(Principal Booker T. Washington in *North American Review*.)

Perhaps the worst feature of slavery was that it prevented the development of a family life, with all of its far reaching significance. Except in rare cases, the uncertainties of domicile made family life, during two hundred and fifty years of slavery, an impossibility. There is no institution so conducive to right and high habits of physical and moral life as the home. No race starting in absolute poverty can be expected, in the brief period of thirty-five years, to purchase homes and build up a family life, and influence that would have a very marked impression upon the life of the masses. The negro hasn't had time enough to collect the broken and scattered members of his family. For the sake of illustration, and to employ a personal reference, I do not know who my father was; I have no idea who my grandmother was; I have or had uncles, aunts and cousins, but I have no knowledge as to where most

of them now are. My case will illustrate that of hundreds of thousands of black people in every part of our country. Perhaps those who direct attention to the negro's moral weakness, and compare his moral progress with that of the whites, do not consider the influence of the memories which cling about the old family homestead upon the character and aspirations of individuals. The very fact that the white boy is conscious that, if he fails in life, he will disgrace the whole family record, extending back through many generations, is of tremendous value in helping him to resist temptations. On the other hand, the fact that the individual has behind him and surrounding him proud family history and connections serves as a stimulus to make him overcome obstacles, when striving for success. All this should be taken into consideration, to say nothing of the physical, mental and moral training which individuals of the white race receive in their homes. We must not pass judgment upon the negro too soon.

THE HOME.

BY LOUISE W. BUNCE.

These are, so to speak, the "piazza days" of the year, when light entertainment of ones friends out-of-doors is most agreeable, and, enjoyable alike to host and guest. The piazzas of the country house of now-a-days could hardly claim relationship with the "porch" of a few years ago so luxuriant are they made with articles manufactured and of home contrivance. As these matters are of universal in-

terest at least to the female portion of the community I shall dwell a little upon some good and simple effects, making suggestions which may be elaborated.

In the first place it is well to have as a part of the piazza furniture a solid, well built box which may be used as a wide seat during the day time, fitted with a removable top to contain the entire outfit during the

night. If possible a turkish rug of somewhat ample dimensions should cover the main portion of the floor and be wide enough so that people may sit about grouped, not in a row as if strung on a wire. If a turkish rug be found too extravagant a good quality of Smyrna rug is quite as soft to the feet and effective in texture and color.

Cover the afore-mentioned box with Bagdad cover or bright caucas which comes in various weights for furnishing purposes and upon it pile as many pillows as possible. Have these of various design and material but be careful to keep a good color scheme throughout for this couch will be prominent and must not offend. If the piazza is large enough, a most desirable adjunct is a swinging seat long enough to accommodate three persons and suspended from the roof. They are made now of heavy canvas and adjust themselves, being pliant, to any whim of the occupant. The chairs should be of various heights and sizes and there should be foot cushions stuffed solid with curled hair and covered with durable material which will make fine pillows. Two or three piled together will look artistic and also furnish a good low seat. Then there should be several small tables which may be easily moved about for the convenience of sewing or holding books and papers and which serve to entertain a company during the evening with light refreshment without burdening their hands or laps or chair-arms. During the evening also they may hold lamps red and green which colors give quite enough subdued light and do not attract mosquitoes.

Standing lamps give a very good effect as they give the idea of distance on the piazza when their light blends into darkness. Plants of course and if possible somewhere a box planted with mignonette, which in the dewy evenings of August gives out a most delicious fragrance. Above

all in any matter of furnishing regard the color scheme, making the piazza convey the idea of ease and rest and dolce far niente.

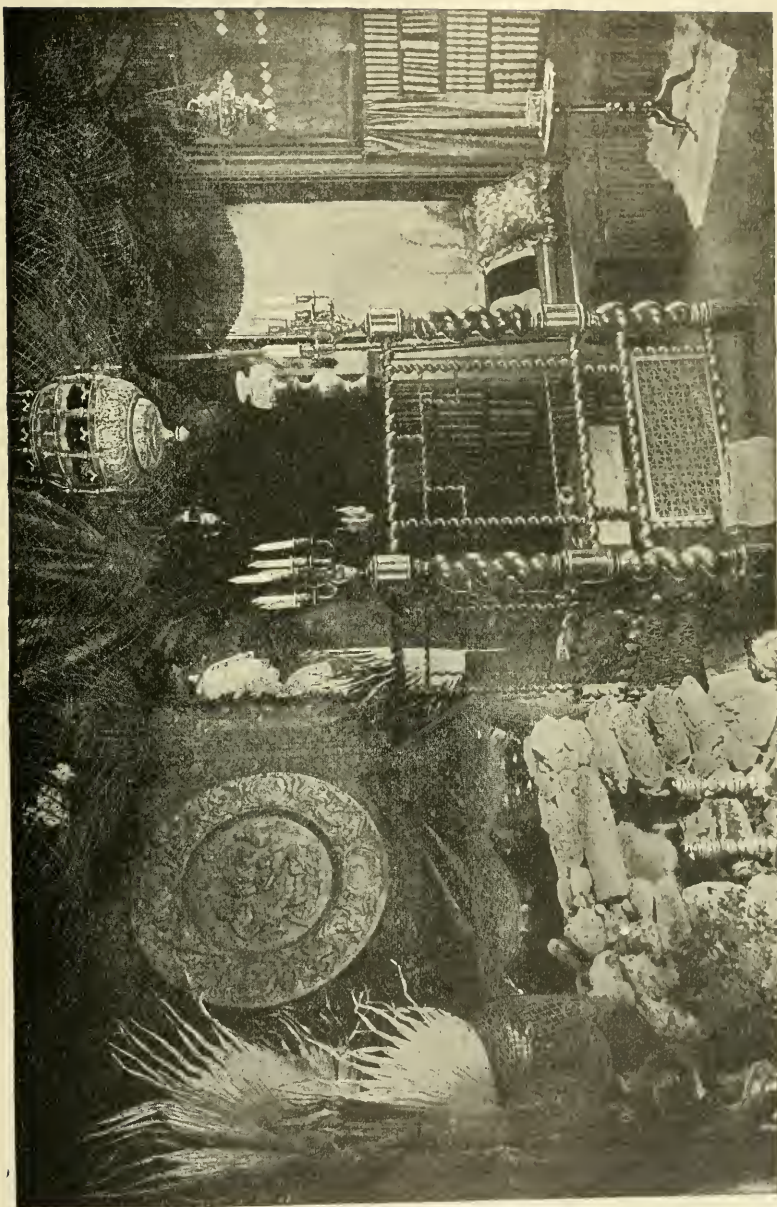
Where it is possible to entertain upon the lawn many delightful effects may be gotten from nature in the planning of seats, the placing of chairs and tables, and, by suspended lights from the trees, illumination.

To those not so fortunate as to possess out-of-door conveniences, notably bachelors entertaining their friends, I would introduce to the Connecticut Magazine readers Mr. Douthitt of New York, one of the leading decorators of the country, whose advertisement of artistic furnishings appears elsewhere in this issue, and who in the following matter gives a description of a most luxuriant bachelor apartment.

"The advancing luxury of our times in matters of house furnishing is being manifested not merely in private dwellings of well-to-do people who are married, but with equal importance in the private apartments of wealthy bachelors, of which at present there is a large number in New York city.

Not only do these revel in the luxury of the fine furnishings, already manufactured or made to order, but many exhibit a craving for studio effects, transforming the proverbial den of the artist into a gloriously inviting apartment, where, added to the finest decorative specialties of the hour, are mementoes of foreign travel, curios picked from historic spots, embodiments in various materials of the dreams of poets, or the fancies of painters shown either in the heavier furnishings of the floor, or preserved in unique cabinets upon the walls. Such cosmopolitan surroundings furnish the mental food of many bachelor denizens of our large cities during their hours of leisure, and are a fresh proof that art is world-wide, and that the many minded man of modern times is





SHOWING FIREPLACE AND CORNER FOR BOOKS.

willing to accept art products of any kind at their intrinsic worth.

Owing to the limited space allotted to this article we shall have to pass over the main rooms of the house and enter the den. The opening thereto is decorated with ebony grille work, from which depends a magnificent maroon silk portiere. The hall has its walls hung in Turkey red tapestry, the ceiling being arranged with a drapery in tent form, the centre filled with a panel of painted tapestry representing Cupids. A painted tapestry on the door of the hall represents "Springtime" and consists of two figures seated in a swing. There is a table, grandfather's clock, and hall chair in mahogany, the table being filled with richly illustrated books, including a Boydell edition of Shakespeare. Altogether the hall gives a charming impression of hospitality and warmth.

The Phoolcarri portiere that decorates the entrance to the den, is suggestive of decoration of the apartment. There is disclosed a scheme of decoration that powerfully affects the mind of the visitor, and gives him the strongest feeling of the individuality of the occupant; and is at the same time, a vivid illustration of the last development of American aesthetics. The general design is that of a real den, sombre in color and weird in detail, and in the furnishings of a decidedly Moorish character. After getting accustomed to the dim, soft light radiated from the many Moorish lamps of pierced brass, enveloping red, green, blue, yellow and other variously tinted glass globes, we see that in passing from the hall into the den we pushed aside a portiere of painted tapestry, with an eighteenth century Empire figure thereon. Another doorway leading to the bathroom, is draped with a painted tapestry having a Pompadour figure. Between the doors, and on a level with the top of each, is a bust of Pallas, with Poe's raven thereon, reminding

us of the description given by the poet—

"Perched upon a bust of Pallas,  
just above my chamber door.

Perched, and sat, and nothing  
more."

Edgar Allen Poe is one of the owner's favorite poets, and variously illustrated editions of his works are to be found in the very compact library in the apartment. The bookcases fill the angle of the walls to the right on entering the den, and an examination of the handsomely bound volumes reveals the fact that the master of the house is a literary connoisseur, one of the works being an edition of the "Arabian Nights," and another the original edition of Dickens, and an Elizabethan bible; but really the library is the only part of the furnishings that wears the familiar features of every day furnishing. With regard to the other belongings of the room it would be impossible to imagine anything more ingenious and original, or an effect more weird and bewildering. The right hand corner already referred to is fitted up as a private office, with ebony grille work, and here is an office desk and carved chair in mahogany, upholstered in Spanish leather, the main pillars of the structure being surmounted with candelabra, and the office fitment has a canopy of purple drapery. There is a desk fitment with writing materials, and the niche is lighted up with electric lights.

Perched on the top rail of the fitment, with outstretched wings, and talons grasping the head of a viper, is a white owl of America. The wall above the bookcases is decorated with plum colored plush, and on the bookcase stands an immense plaque of resposse brass, the subject being the "Judgment of Solomon." This is surrounded by battle axes and sixteenth century spears. The fireplace adjoining this curious fixture is filled with gas log, and is decorated with imposing andirons in twisted iron.

**BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY,**

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**"Grey Towers," STAMFORD CONN.**  
(50 minutes from New York City.)

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The mantel has a shelf of books, and the breast of the mantel is decorated with thirteenth century armor and weapons including bayonets from Balacava. On the mantel shelf is a vase from Carthage. The wall opposite the doorway has two windows of opalescent glass, the subjects being Bougereau's "Aurora" and "Night," the work being extremely artistic.

Between these windows is a tapestry panel representing "Flora after the Bath." This panel has a stiling of rich red and gold brocade having a golden figure on an old rose ground, which enhances its beauty. The floor space below this panel and the adjoining windows is filled with an immense Turkish divan, some twelve feet in length, covered with saddle bag upholstery, and piled up with embroidered cushions of both Oriental and Occidental manufacture. The wall opposite the fireplace has for its decoration a painted tapestry panel, representing "Tannhauser and Venus." This painting is really a work of art, the flesh tints in the figure of Venus being particularly brilliant. Below the tapestry there is a chair in ebony, similar to that used by Hamlet when delivering the famous soliloquy—

"To be or not to be, that is the question."

We need not say that the question is answered affirmatively by the owner of the sumptuous apartment we are now describing, for nothing more luxurious, more restful and attractive in the way of modern turnishings can be imagined.

The angle of the room, to the left of the doorway on entering same, is fitted up as a cosy corner, the walls having hanging bookcases above the low divan. The other appointments of the room consist of a tiger and a leopard skin, and other rugs strewn upon the polished mahogany floor. There are several Damascus tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl, having mirrors for the leaf. The ceiling is

the crowning glory of the whole, and that which gives the room its special impression. It is made to represent midnight—a moonless midnight—studded with golden stars. Suspended from the plafond is an enormous black net, in whose meshes are suspended alligators, snakes and all manner of hob-goblins. Over the windows and tapestry panels are arranged immense canopies of Oriental stuffs, which assist in supporting the impression of Oriental splendor, which is emphasized by the Moorish lamps of pierced brass already referred to. The whole paraphernalia of the apartment is arranged with great taste.

Such a scheme admits of the widest possibilities of decorative effort, and is rich in a thousand suggestions. The individuality of the master of the house creates the mental suggestiveness of the scheme and becomes the Soul of the arrangement, transforming what might at first sight appear a heterogeneous gathering of disconnected parts into a harmonious composition. The style is the man himself, and not any of the conceptions of a dead past. There warmth, shelter, silence, repose and shade are provided for, not forgetting the aesthetic influence of curious form and brilliant color. The scene has its colors all of nearly the same value, toned down to an unobtrusive duski-ness; the tapestry panels being the important points of the composition. These of necessity possess great brilliancy of color and composition to light up the picturesque gloom of the apartment, like the brightest jewel in a golden setting. Its use is for permanent occupancy during the evening hours, and suggest above all else the idea of a retreat from the outer world, where the doorways guarded by heavy silken curtains enclose a dreamland of art, an enchanted heaven, such as we read of in the fairy tales of youth, where, amid soft embroideries and the dull gleam of

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(H. S. Diller & Co. are thoroughly reliable)—Editor.



## [HOME DEPARTMENT.]

beaten copper and brass, and the dim soft light of Moorish lamps, one may doze and dream the hours away.

All truly artistic schemes of decoration depend on the realization of three things. Viz:

1. A room must declare its purpose or nature of occupancy.

2. It must also declare its logical relation to the rest of the house.

3. It must be an expression of the individuality of its inmate. The den we have described fulfils these conditions.

If the object of house furnishing is to rest both mind and body by furnishing impressions that are totally alien to those generated in the struggle for the mighty dollar in the business world, then we must admit that the soothing and fantastic impressions that are to be obtained from such a room as we have described are the realizations of the ideal.

From the above article and illustrations it may be clearly seen that we should do well to give the matter of harmony and individuality more attention in the furnishing of our homes extensively and interiorly both in the interest of art and for our own personal enjoyment.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

Our subscribers will be glad to hear that the historic old town of Windsor will be represented in the December number in an interesting and exhaustive article by Charles F. Olin. As Mr. Olin is a thorough student of history, and is very familiar with this interesting old town and its inhabitants, our readers may expect an historical treat in this article.

THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE wants young lady representatives in every city and town in the state, commencing with first of year, to secure subscriptions for the magazine, interest

newsdealers in handling it, and look out for the general interests of the magazine. In addition to the regular commission allowed we are arranging to give a few of those sending in the largest lists of subscribers a free trip to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo next year. Any interested in this matter should write us for particulars, as we desire to start our representatives to work by January 1st.

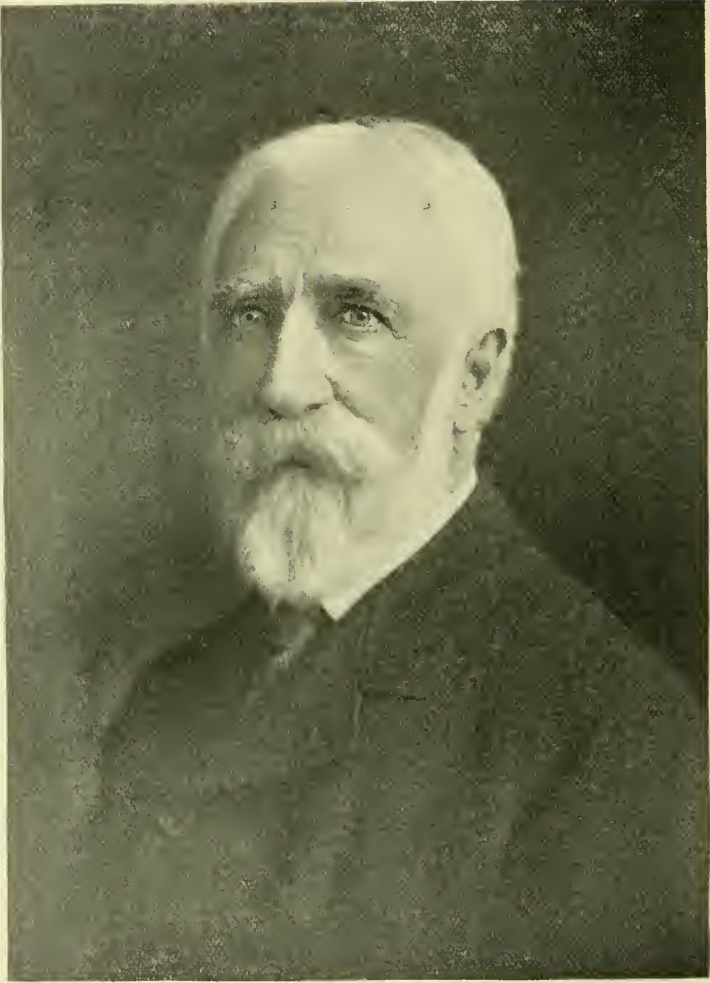
After six years of experience the publishers of THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE are forced to announce the impossibility of producing a magazine of its present grade at \$1 a year; we therefore beg to announce, after the most careful consideration, an advance in the subscription price, beginning January 1st, to \$2 a year. By this action a sufficient income will be obtained to insure the prompt issue and delivery of the magazine and allow for various improvements in its make-up. The peculiar scope and limited circulation field of state and historical magazines forbids competition with publications of national circulation. At \$1 a year the magazine cannot make the improvements desired; on the contrary, it will be obliged to make retrenchments in all departments, a step the publishers are naturally averse to taking. We frankly state the situation and feel sure that our readers will have no occasion to withdraw their support.

In our December issue ex-Insurance Commissioner Frederick A. Betts will contribute an interesting and instructive article of the History of Connecticut's Great Insurance Interests.

The article will contain numerous illustrations of prominent Connecticut men who were influential in organizing and developing these great world-wide interests which make Connecticut famous in the world of finance; also many half-tone plates of our handsome insurance buildings and interiors, and prominent officers of the present time. This article should interest every business man in the state of Connecticut.

We have on hand a limited number of old Connecticut Quarterlies which we are willing to sell at the uniform price of 25 cents each. By referring to the announcement in the advertising pages it will be seen that three-fourths of the numbers already printed can be secured.





CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

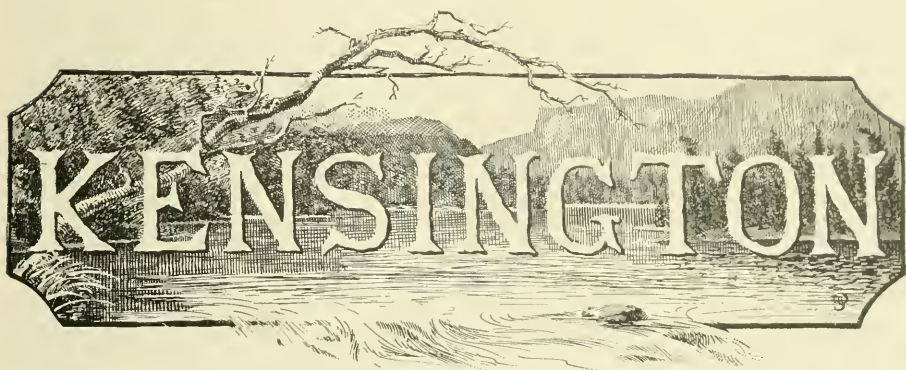


# THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE.

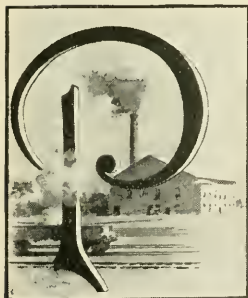
VOL. 6.

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1900.

NO. 6.



BY REV. ARTHUR J. BENEDICT.



OUR Kensington," as she styles herself in one of frequent petitions to the General Court, after modestly waiting until her children have been set forth in print and picture

in The Connecticut Magazine, feels that she should have a little space to tell her story and illustrate her picturesque features.

As we emerge from the Great Swamp we are in Kensington, all and only Kensington. In May, 1722, the

General Court thus decrees: "Resolved by this Assembly that the Second Society in Farmington, with what of Wethersfield and Middletown is by this Assembly annexed thereto, shall for the future be called and known by the name of Kensington."

It would not be just, perhaps, to call the days of the Great Swamp Period the "Slough of Despond" to the early settlers, but there certainly were many discouragements. They journeyed to Farmington, ten miles away, under the protection of the guns of the men as they went to the old church. Tradition declares that one enterprising and pious couple



THE OLD RED BRIDGE OVER THE  
MILL RIVER.

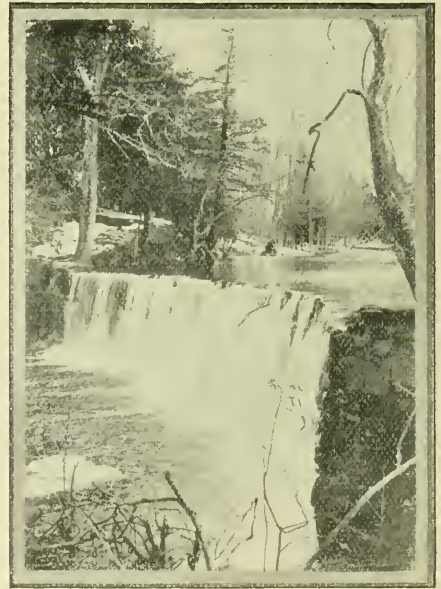
drew their baby in a bread tray over the snow to worship. But a new name speaks of progress; a society had been organized for a number of years in "that desolate corner of the wilderness" to maintain "ye worship & ordinance of Jesus Christ."

Fourteen original families had now grown into a large company. The church building, just habitable at first it would seem, has now a pulpit. A committee has been appointed to seat the inhabitants; galleries have been added to the church interior, and the new name speaks of the improved condition. It is a pleasant thing to dwellers in the old parish—and surely those who have grown out of the old will not begrudge us the pleasure—to think that all the mechanical skill and business sagacity which have made New Britain famous; which have built the great factories and the magnificent business blocks; that the wealth which has erected stately homes and beautiful churches in that city, as well as the staid calm beauty of Berlin's crest-crowning street and the new life of the bright village of East Berlin, all this and more had its origin in the little old mother who stands so mod-

estly between her stalwart son and her beautiful daughter.

As a suggestion as to the sources from which came power for such mighty mothering, look at this picture! Is it not symbolic as well as beautiful? Looking carefully, do you not read in it natural resources dominated by true church life; The early settlers doubtless read with special gladness from Deuteronomy, "The Lord bringeth us into a good land, a land of brooks of water and depths that spring out of valleys and hills."

Diversified industries are required to minister to the full life of a community. Agriculture, slow, sedate and sturdy, needs the prod of the goad of manufacturing interests. And over all the church is to have direction, not by the power of the keys, but by the manifestation of "the Life." Old Kensington could have never made her strong, sweet, quiet history ex-



SECOND FALLS ON MILL RIVER.

The writer of this article would gratefully acknowledge the valuable assistance of Mr. R. A. Moore, Mrs. S. M. Cowles, Miss Alice Norton, Mrs. N. F. Taylor, Miss Pauline Bauer. Special mention should be made of Mr. Isaac Porter, Jr. In addition to the admirable illustrations, he has aided by suggestions and co-operation in other directions.

cept the natural forces had been what they were, nor unless the old church had stood on the hill as a white sentinel dominating and moulding by the power of character in pulpit and in pew. In looking at these forces let us take the order of evolution as stated by Paul: "Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural: and afterward that which is spiritual."

pages, setting forth his work and his surroundings.

As we stand at this memorable place I would quote from the words of one who wrote much concerning this parish where most of his life was spent. Edward W. Robbins, M.A., in an article in the "New Englander" beautifully puts before us the view from near the Percival home: "In front is an orchard slope and around



ON THE GLEN. THE STREAM FROM THE SPRING.

We will go up on the hill by the church—for no point easy of access could so display the "romantic region with undulation of hill and valley, embosomed by high mountains, with abundance of streams and waterfalls." Just a little way from us is the home of the poet Percival. But little will be said of this noted man as it is but a short time since an excellent article has appeared in these

are patches of cultivated ground. A few miles distant in the southeast rises Mt. Lamentation, stretching to the south; memorable for the mournful legend connected with its history. While near on the west is Southington mountain, and extending southward are the Blue Hills with their soft and varied outline. Farm houses are scattered everywhere among the neighboring eminences and in the

valley below is a beautiful sheet of water which turns several mills in its progress, then dashes over the rocks with a picturesque descent and winds among the green meadows, the whole presenting a panorama of peculiar beauty, attractive to the poet's pen or the painter's pencil."

In a foot note the writer refers to the poetry of Percival and to the paintings of Mr. N. A. Moore: "An artist born in Kensington who has made the picturesque views of his native parish a study *con amore*,

"As there seems to be some question as to the correct names of the streams which either have their rise in, or run through, the parish of Kensington, it may be worth while to say a word in regard to them. A very carefully-drawn map of the town of Berlin by S. Moore, County Surveyor in 1857, assisted, as he says, by Loton Porter and also by a map of the same by James G. Percival, the following names are given and are undoubtedly correct: The three principal streams which unite and form



MATHEW HART PLACE. FORMER HOME OF REV. ROYAL ROBBINS  
AND NOW THE SUMMER HOME OF ISAAC PORTER, JR.

wrought with rare fidelity and truth to nature." It is a pleasure to add that while the father continues the work, a son is doing a like work in water color sketches—a beautiful sample of the latter being before me as I write.

It will be of interest to follow along the principal streams and get a glimpse now and then of its picturesque features. But the industrial history connected with these streams is of great interest, and no one is better qualified to tell it than Mr. R. A. Moore. Let us hear what he says:

Mill river are West Swamp, Canelas and Stocking. The stream is then known as Mill river until it receives the confluent waters of the Blue Hills, Crooked and Belcher brooks. It is then known, and not till then, as the Mattabesett.

Of the early mills and manufactories in Kensington probably the Bronson mill, located on Mill river at the site now occupied by the American Paper Goods Company, was the oldest. There were both grist and saw mills. From the latter came



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

all of the sawed lumber for both the first and second meeting houses built in the Great Swamp. The dam was a low wooden one. A short time previous to 1840 R. Moore & Sons purchased this property, which gave them control of all the mill privileges then existing on Mill river. They erected a stone and cement dam in place of the wood one, which was one of the first of the kind built in the country and was considered the finest in the state at that time.

Since this purchase the property has passed through several ownerships, the principal one being the Hart Mfg. Co., who for a long series of years successfully used it for the manufacturing of general hardware. Twice the buildings, which were of wood, have been destroyed by fire. Now a handsome brick factory occupies the site and is used by the American Paper Goods Company.

About one mile further up the stream was the group of mills known as Moore's Mills and consisted of a

grist mill, saw mill and factory for the manufacture of linseed oil and oil meal. There was in connection with the grist mill a dry-kiln used to prepare corn meal for the West Indies. There was also a blacksmith's shop on the premises. The grist mill, together with a carding mill, was originally owned by Solomon Winchell and Doctor Percival, and was purchased in the early part of this century by R. Moore. These buildings were burned soon after the purchase, but were rebuilt and enlarged and the oil mill and saw mill added. In 1865 this property was sold to the Hart Mfg. Co. for the manufacture of edged tools. This business was discontinued in 1879. The buildings were burned soon after and have never been rebuilt.

A short distance below another mill was built by R. Moore & Sons for the manufacture of kiln dried meal, but was soon after changed to the manufacture of cement or water lime, which was quarried and burned in the town of Southington near the town line and about one mile south of Shuttle Meadow Lake. This business was profitably carried on for more than thirty years. The cement from these quarries was considered superior to any cement manufactured in the country at that time. This property was bought a few years since by the City of Meriden and is still owned by it. About forty rods

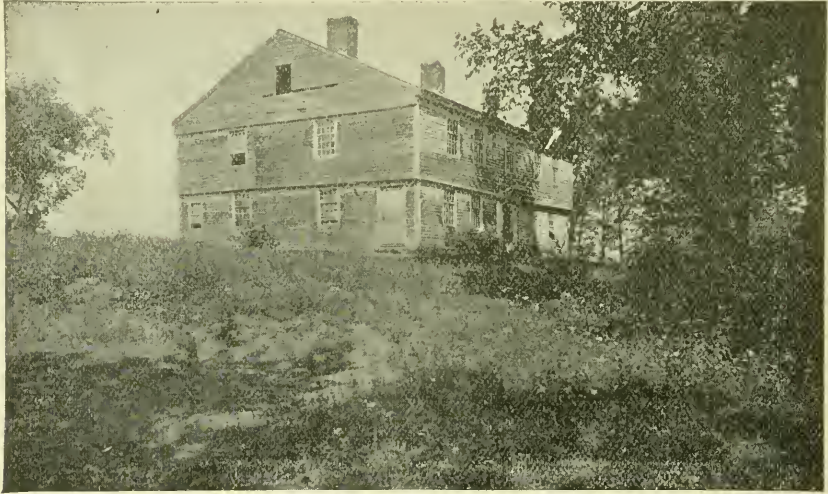


CONGREGATIONAL PARSONAGE.

below the cement mill and opposite the old lead mine was a fulling mill built by the Percival family near the year 1800. A part of the old race-way still remains, but the buildings have been gone for more than sixty years. About the same distance below this site was the tannery of Seth Dickerson, who also had a shoemaker's shop near by. Although near the stream, horse power was used to grind the bark. Some of the old vats were to be seen a few years ago. Both the buildings for the tannery

Stocking & Son, where leather was prepared for the manufacture of boots and shoes by the same firm. It was the boast of the junior partner that he could "box the craft," meaning that he could perform all the necessary work from the green hide to the finished boot and shoe. Probably in this day of the specialist few, if any, can truthfully make this boast.

No mill was ever erected upon West Swamp brook, but the cement mill of C. & B. Andrews was located upon a branch of it near the dividing



THE REV. WM BURNHAM HOUSE, TORN DOWN SEVERAL YEARS AGO.

and shoeshop were moved and converted into dwelling houses some sixty years ago.

The only mill situated on the Canellas was a saw mill, built by Hezekiah Judd and abandoned soon after.

On the upper part of the Stockings brook were two saw mills, one built by Edward Peck and the other by Isaac Botsford. The latter mill was afterwards used for the manufacture of buttons and other small articles.

In the early part of this century, about half a mile above the junction of the Stockings stream with the Canellas, was the tannery of William

line between Southington and Berlin.

Both the stream and pond were small, but a reservoir just below High Rock furnished a limited supply of water. A little previous to 1840 a factory was erected about one-fourth of a mile below the Bronson mill for the manufacture of German silver spoons. It was not successful and since its failure it has been put to various uses; among them the manufacture of wheels, shredding and spooling timber, spinning and winding silk, and the manufacture of brass and other goods. The factory, which was of wood, was burned a few years ago, but has been replaced by a sub-



M. E. CHURCH.

stantial brick building by the present owners, A. F. & R. A. Wooding, and is occupied by R. A. Moore & Son in the manufacture of suspender trimmings and other goods.

The only mill upon Crooked brook is the Norton saw mill, which has been in use for more than fifty years. No mill has ever been upon Blue Hills brook. On Belcher brook two or more factories have been erected in the parish of Worthington and therefore do not come within the scope of this article.

The earliest works of the settlers of Great Swamp which have come down to us are the old stockade and well.

Prof. Henry Fowler, late of the Rochester University, in his memorial of Mrs. Willard, writes that John Hart, the grandson of Stephen, who was the oldest of the eight persons who emigrated from Hartford and formed the settlement of Farmington, when about eleven years old, having spent the night away from

home, returned in the early morning to find his father's house a smouldering ruin, in the flames of which his father, mother and all his brothers and sisters had been consumed. They were doubtless first murdered by the Indians and then burned in the flames of their dwelling. The orphan lived to be the father of several sons, one of whom, Samuel Hart, the grandfather of Mrs. Willard, removed from that settlement and became one of the pioneers of Berlin. One of the first acts of these early settlers was to throw up a circular embankment of earth and surmount it with a stockade for retreat in case of an Indian raid, though there is neither record nor tradition to show that the Mattabesetts, who roamed over the territory, which afterwards became the town of Berlin, were of an unfriendly disposition. Traces of this circular fort may still be seen as well as the "well" which was dug within the stockade. Though the old sweep and bucket has given way to a modern chain pump.



ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

We have looked across the pond and up the hill at the white church building, but we must draw near it taking the shoes from our feet in reverent approach if we would find the deeper life of the little community: square, massive, plain, it has the "hardihood of antiquity" and eloquently tells to frivolous moderns the story of the stress and toil in which the foundations were laid. Everybody knows that this structure, the third built by the Society, was dedicated to the worship of God just as the storm of the Revolutionary struggle was gathering and about to break,

ent structure speaks, as I look up at it, in impressive tones. I can imagine the joy of the little company who have known the danger and weariness of the long tramp to Farmington as they come into a church home of their "very own." It was just covered and floored at the settlement of Rev. William Burnham in 1712. In 1714 it was voted to build a pulpit and seats. The gallery was not completed until 1721.

An indication as to the rapid growth of the spirit of luxury is found in the vote to appoint Isaac Norton a "Committy for ye obtain-



REV. CLARK HOUSE, "GUSTAVUS UPSON PLACE" NOW  
THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. WARREN.

Dec. 1774 being the date. Was it because the strong young structure felt the thrill through its oaken frame of the stern resolve to risk all for independence, that the place has been a home of patriotism ever since? I shall not attempt to recount the story told so many times of the different buildings erected.

The Daughters of the American Revolution whose work has roused interest in historic sites and occasions have rescued some of the oak of the first structure dating back to 1709. Some of that worm-eaten oak as a frame about the picture of the pres-

ing a fashionable desert cushioning for ye desk". It is now but a few years before the battle begins, which is for years to be waged as to the place of a new building. The north part of the parish, that which is now New Britain, had been growing rapidly and they wanted the comfort of a meeting house near to them. In 1728 the question had grown to such proportions that it was voted to call in "sum wise, able & indifferent persons, to heare, consider of & determine the differences that are among them relating to a meeting house for them." All sorts of devices





REV. ROYAL ROBBINS.

were adopted to settle matters. In addition to the plan tried above, solemn lots were cast after prayer by Rev. Mr. Burnham.—appeals to the General Assembly, etc. As interesting in itself, and as containing fac simile signatures of many of the prominent people, the following document, which first appeared in the Church Record, is here given:

“Kensington, December, Y 1742.

“This may Certify whome it may

Concern that we ye subscribers, Inhabitants of ye parish of Kensington considering the uneasiness that appears in many of our neighbors about dividing this parish into several parishes notwithstanding the discouragements their attempts therefor have met with. We do hereby propose to our sd neighbors, for a final issue of our debates on that affair, viz: that a committee be appointed by ye whole parish if it may be to pray ye general assembly at their session in May next to appoint us once more a Com't of able and disinterested persons to come into the parish, view ye whole circumstances thereof relating to the premises, here ye pleas and challenges of all parties concerning the same and make report to ye same session, what they judge will be the best good for the whole—always provided that our said neighbors do now in some suitable manner become bound with us to be firmly concluded about ye premises by ye doings of sd. Court on or about ye same—otherwise we the subscribers do hereby agree that it is our duty to meet & attend upon the publick worship of God at ye House already erected for that purpose, and Indavour that it may be supported there—and in order thereto, with the consent of ye Rev'd Mr. William Burnham our present pasture & ye advice of ye Rev'd Elders of ye association to which we belong first had & obtained we do agree that ye muc<sup>h</sup> esteemed Mr. David Judson may be



BERLIN FAIR (KENSINGTON.)

settled in ye work of ye ministry among us if he may be procured.

In Witness Whereof we here set our hands.

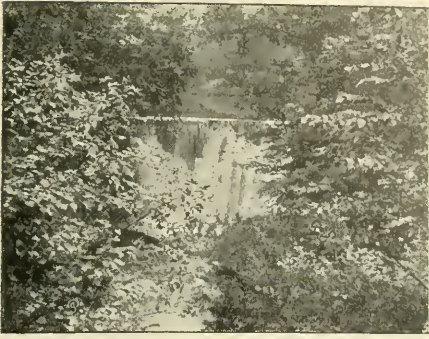
meeting house said to be 60 ft. by 45 ft. and capable of holding 1,500 persons. It was occasioned in part by the fact that Rev. Mr. Burnham was in-

Isaac Norton Jul Thomas Hart  
 John Root Jonathan Lewis  
 John Corb<sup>r</sup> Thomas Guile  
 Elisha Brownson Samuel Coules  
 Elizabeth Gilcott Josiah Burnham  
 Nathaniel Winchil Jonathan Lee  
 Moses Gilcott Jun Hooker  
 William Burnham Jul William Ellis  
 Daniel Courcy Nathl Hart  
 Jonathan Gilbert Joseph Postow  
 John Girdly Jul Daniel Andrews  
 Caleb Coules Elisha Goodrich  
 David Andrews Jacob Gunning  
 Andrew Hooker Charles Norton  
 Isaac North Samuel Sankton  
 James North Robert Booth  
 Thomas Postow Samuel Thompson  
 Joseph Steel

## SIGNATURES TO THE CALL FOR A PASTOR.

This document was signed after the meeting house had been completed by the committee from Hartford on Deacon Thomas Hart's home lot; a

firm and unable to discharge the duties of his office. Only a few years pass before fifty members of the church form the parish of New Britain, Rev.



THE FALLS IN THE GLEN.

John Smalley being settled in 1758. Divisions once begun go on and the dove of peace refused to bear the olive branch to poor Kensington. Votes to repair the church are found in the records, and committees are appointed to prosecute to final judgment any person or persons who hath, may or shall hereafter pull down, break, destroy or carry away any part of said meeting-house." As a result of a petition numerous signed in 1771 a committee was appointed to divide the society again and to select the site of two new meeting houses. Col. John Worthington of Springfield was chairman of the committee and his name was taken to designate one of the parishes. Since this division there has been comparative quiet and peace, and in the latter days fraternity and fellowship.

A brief reference to the ministers of the early times may give vision as to the life of the other days. Rev. William Burnham gives the impression of a shrewd man, capable of driving a good bargain; a masterful man, not alone because he kept slaves, but from natural temperament. Much of the stress and strain of the early controversies may be due to his very positive character.

Of Samuel Clark we have little knowledge. He would seem to have been a man of some means, judging from the house he built. He fell on troublous times. The suggestion was

made for the calling of a council for his dismissal, but his sudden death, November, 1775, put an end to such questions.

Dr. Benoni Upson, ordained 1779, comes a little more clearly into the field of vision as we read Mrs. Willard's description of him as he appears at a public examination of a school which this distinguished woman taught before entering on the larger field of educational service. She refers to him in this wise: "One who was wont to be present when good was to be done, where rising ambition was to be encouraged and children and youth to be watched with parental care; one whose venerable form has been often seen in this house of worship, as with an air at once solemn and graceful he walked up that aisle to mount this pulpit Who does not know by these tokens the former beloved pastor of this society, the Rev. Benoni Upson?" The conclusion of his letter accepting the call to Kensington is noteworthy in its simplicity. "That you and I may be directed in the way of duty and have grace to conduct as becometh Christians is the prayer of your affectionate Benoni Upson." He seems not so far removed from many of us by the fact that he was associated after thirty-seven years of pastoral service with one who has so bound himself to this people that his name will never be effaced.



ARTIST N. A. MOORE'S HOME.

Rev. Royal Robbins was settled in 1816 and by his own character and life, and through the work of his children has so impressed himself on the life of the community that the centennial of his coming into the parish

which his writings were known and appreciated, yet who was unremitting in the care of the flock. The business sagacity and enterprise of two of the sons was the occasion of putting into the hands of those who remained



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, THE FIRST MONUMENT ERECTED IN THE COUNTRY TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

should be celebrated with special services of thanksgiving. Will the good people of the parish make a note of this? He was a learned man and a loving man; he was one who did honor to the church in the extent to

at the old home means to live comfortably and to extend a hospitality to friends, which is most sweet and gracious, as well as to make contributions to the finances of the church and the benevolent objects which have

been in amount and in manner of bestowal, beneficent. All ministers resident in the parish or coming as transient supplies were welcomed and inspired by the life of this home. Of the children who remained at or near the old home Mrs. George W. Ford passed away some years since greatly beloved, and a little more than a year ago Edward W. died at Bristol, R. I., the home of his wife. He was a man of wide culture and fine literary ability, having been one of the editors of the Yale Literary Magazine in his college days, but hampered by ill health his acquirements were only partially useful. He loved Kensington and wrote of her in poetry and prose. His notes published and in MSS. will be of great value to the student of the history of the old church.

One daughter remains at the old parsonage waiting the crowning of a wonderously sweet, strong and self-sacrificing service; long live our blessed Saint Frances!

Another pastor who dwelt here in stirring times has left his mark on tablets of history: Rev. Elias B. Hillard was installed in May, 1860. He was helpful in many ways, introducing some new measures that proved of value. He was an ardent temperance advocate, but many will remember him as fired with patriotic ardor in the days of the great conflict. This finds illustration in the following incident:

"There is a flag carefully laid away in the church which is highly prized by the church people. Its history is as follows: Sunday morning, April 13, 1861, Mr. Hillard, then pastor of the above church, was standing at the door when Mr. Samuel Upson, at that time village postmaster, came in, bringing the news that Fort Sumter had been fired upon the day before. Mr. Hillard entered the pulpit, laid away his prepared sermon and delivered a stirring, patriotic address whose echoes rang in the town for many a day. During the following week the ladies of the church held a

meeting and made, without the aid of sewing machines, the grand old flag which was hung from the belfry of the church at its completion and continued to float in the breeze throughout the war."

On the green at the rear of the church is a very unassuming monument of plain brown stone, but the people of Kensington are justly proud of it, since it was the first monument to the soldiers of the Civil war erected in the country. Before the war was over, and just at the time when the cause of the Union looked most forlorn, the people of Kensington, stirred by the rousing enthusiasm of Rev. Mr. Hillard more than any one man, decided to erect and dedicate a monument to the soldiers who had given their lives to save the Union. The design of the shaft was by Mr. N. A. Moore. Its cost was \$350, raised by popular subscription, and it was drawn from Portland by some of the townsmen with several pairs of cattle. The day of its dedication was a gala day for the town, though a sad one, and is still referred to by many residents. It bears the date 1863, and the names of sixteen Kensington men whose lives were given in the service of their country, several being added after its erection.

Besides the historic church described, Kensington has a pretty and well arranged Methodist church, built in 1893, to replace one built in 1865 opposite the Congregational church. The new church is in the village, where most of its members reside.

A flourishing Catholic church has also a commodious building in the village and has very recently added a bell.

We have dwelt on the industries of former days as we traced the courses of the streams, but the modern industries will need notice.

The fine structure called Kensington Mills is situated one-half mile west of Berlin Station, and was erected by the American Paper Goods Co.

in 1892 and stands at the head of Hart's Pond at a point where the Mattabessett pours its waters into a deep and wild ravine. The main building is 40x400 ft., three stories, brick with slate roof.

Many car loads of paper in a variety of colors and sizes are piled in neat rows upon the third floor where the cutting and paper box department are located. The printing and envelope department occupy the second

vents the naming of more of the astonishing variety of products this famous plant turns out and ships by millions to every part of the land. On this floor may be seen the waxing and shipping departments, the dynamo room, which contains the lighting plant of the Edison system.

The offices and principal entrance are located in the tower at the west end, overlooking the lake. The office,



THE AMERICAN PAPER GOODS' BUILDINGS.

floor. All the machines in use are of special type patented by this company. Upon the first floor may be found the extensive stock room for finished goods, displaying many varieties of open end envelopes, waxed tobacco bags, confectionery, shears and hypo bags, negative preservers, photograph enclosures, proof-mailing envelopes, cigar, seed and musical string bags, catalog and comb envelopes, tooth brush envelopes, and—but space pre-

lobby and main staircase occupy the second and third floors of the tower, a private office on the fourth, the fifth being taken up with a large tank for general water supply, surmounted by the belfry. The finish in the tower is most attractive, being red and white Scotch enameled brick and natural wood work.

A number of smaller buildings surround the main building on the south and east sides; in one may be

found a forty horse power fire pump, which is capable of supplying pressure to the many lines of fire hose placed at regular intervals throughout the plant to equal the best steam fire engine. One building recently erected is used as a store house. The plumbing and water system is superior throughout; the same may be said of the heating, being hot air forced throughout the factory by a powerful Hyatt & Smith blower.

The capital stock of the company

About a quarter of a mile east of Kensington Mills on the road to the station stands a fine brick two-story building with a separate foundry built in 1893 by R. A. & A. F. Wooding, on the site of the old factory known as the "lower shops," which were destroyed by fire in 1892.

Six years ago Roswell A. Moore, Jr., as a business venture hired the buildings of the Wooding Brothers and equipped the factory with new and valuable machinery for the manu-



THE "DOUBLE BRIDGE"—OLD CEMENT MILL IN DISTANCE.

is \$250,000, held almost exclusively by New York capitalists. Louis S. Reynal is superintendent of the business here and resides in New Britain, he is also a large stockholder in the company.

Kensington may justly be proud of the paper mills, not alone for the finely equipped building, but all through the hard times the factory was never closed for more than one or two days at a time, and that was a rare occurrence. At present there are 140 hands employed.

factory of suspender trimmings of a variety of patterns. The venture has proved a success. Mr. Moore employs about thirty hands. The firm name stands as R. A. Moore & Son. R. A. Moore, Sr., besides his interest in the factory is postmaster. R. A. Moore, Jr., has shown himself to be a business man of enterprise and ability in establishing this flourishing business.

The supply of clay available for brick making in the vicinity of Berlin station is inexhaustible. And the

pioneer of brick industries was Charles P. Merwin. Coming from New Haven in 1880 with F. H. Stiles of North Haven, a small plant was established a minute's walk from the depot with the office a few feet from the tracks of the Consolidated Railroad. The following spring Mr. Merwin bought out his partner and began the manufacture of bricks upon an extensive scale. The growth of this industry has been phenomenal, until

the pit until the bricks are loaded onto the cars, all is accompanied by the latest and most practical labor-saving machinery. The great success of this yard stands as a monument to the practical and scientific knowledge of Mr. Merwin. The power is obtained from two engines of two hundred and one hundred horse power. Since the death of C. P. Merwin in 1894 the plant has been operated under the able management of E. S. Morse, ad-



POND SCHOOL.

the output has reached 190,000 bricks per day.

With the exception of the officers of the firm, the superintendent, engineer, etc., the men employed are mostly Italians and Poles, of which in the busy season 150 may be seen at work. They live and are boarded upon the premises, which is typical of all the yards in town.

From the handling of the clay in

administrator of the estate. In May, 1898, a joint stock company was formed, having \$75,000 as its capital, with R. C. Merwin, President; E. S. Morse, Treasurer, and G. E. Green, Secretary.

Beside pallet brick and hollow brick the plant sends out porous hollow brick, which is used when nailing is necessary, such as wainscoting, picture moulding, etc.



Among the recent industries might be mentioned the Berlin Agricultural Society, which began as a "Harvest Festival" fifteen years ago in the town hall, Kensington, Oct. 15th, the first suggestion coming from a minister of that parish.

Many a charming home is found among the valleys and hillsides of this quiet region. Many of these houses have interesting histories connected with them. Let us note first the General Selah Hart house. The house in the above cut is one of the oldest in the parish of Kensington, having been built soon after the war of the

Hart, was a woman of uncommon intelligence, stability and piety. She died at the remarkable age of one hundred and one years, two months and sixteen days, being the oldest person that ever died in Kensington. On her tombstone we read, "Extraordinary in age, she was not less distinguished by strength of character, correctness of moral principle and holiness of life. She adorned the profession of the gospel during nearly three-quarters of a century; a friend of God and her species, her memory will triumph over the wrecks of time."

The house pictured above was the



THE GENERAL SELAH HART HOUSE.

Revolution by General Selah Hart. The place has never been out of the possession of the family, and is still occupied by his descendants. General Hart served with distinction throughout the entire war, and a commission making him brigadier general, signed by Governor Trumbull, hangs on a wall in the Hart homestead. General Hart was a man of wisdom and uprightness. He was many years a member of the church in Kensington and one of its deacons until his death. He died June 10, 1806, aged seventy-four years. His widow, Mrs. Ruth

home of the late Gustavus Upson and is now occupied by his daughter, Mrs. F. M. Warren. The townspeople point to this house with pride as one of true Colonial type, and outranking in size and cost most country houses of that period. It was built in 1759 by Dr. Samuel Clark, the second minister in charge of the church at Berlin. The bricks and hardware were brought from England. It has a wide hall extending through the center of the house, with spacious stairways. Its stores of old furniture, books, pictures and China have been well cared

for. The chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution have had a number of pleasant meetings here.

And so we have gathered a bit here and there of the story of the old parish. The tale might have been much more worthily told, but, reader, strive to learn from the annals of a quiet

neighborhood lessons of courage, of hope and of civic virtue.

May many generations of true-hearted ones sing as they look out over the hills and valleys,

“I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills—”

## LOVE AND THE LEAF.

BY JANE MARLIN.



LIFE is brief, sang the pretty leaf  
As it fluttered down in the wind ;  
“Life is brief. Oh ! so very brief,  
But dear Mother Earth is kind ;  
And from her bosom I will spring,  
And awake to new blossoming.”

“Love is long if life is brief,  
And I have had my way ;  
Yes, pretty red and yellow leaf  
Your life is but a day ;  
Yet love from death will one day spring,  
And like you awake to new blossoming.”

# AN OLD TIME HERO, COMMODORE CHARLES MORRIS.

PERSONAL INCIDENTS. THIRD AND CONCLUDING PAPER.\*

BY ELLEN D. LARNED.

The life of Commodore Morris was marked by great variety of circumstance and experience. His great-grandfather, Samuel Morris, ranked among Colonial gentry, was dignified with the honorary title of Governor, owned a large tract of land upon the Quinebaug River, crossed by the "old Connecticut Path" from Boston to Hartford. He built the first bridge over the Quinebaug at this point and maintained bridge and thoroughfare during his lifetime. His son occupied an ample farm in West Woodstock, but the circumstances of the family were so changed by the Revolution that the mother of our hero during the imprisonment of her husband, Capt. Morris, was obliged to scatter her children among their relatives.

Our Charles found a temporary home with his cousin, the wife of Rev. Daniel Dow of Thompson. He was expected to help carry on the farm, but as both minister and assistant were more fond of books than farm-work the returns were not remunerative. But he thoroughly improved the privilege of study and gained some other lessons. On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Dow went off on a journey, leaving house and children in charge of one of those green old women indigenous to Connecticut. She proceeded to turn the children out doors, swept the whole house, and decorated the floor with elaborate patterns of

sand-work. For dinner the children were regaled with all the odds and ends from the cupboard, which they were required to eat on clean chips taken from the dooryard. When our hearty Charles kicked at this plain fare and service, the curt reply was, "If you don't like it you can eat the less." Many times in later years when confronted with unwholesome food, he remembered the old woman's dictum and ate "the less of it."

Passing on to another minister's family he soon found that the wife had become addicted to the excessive use of liquor. The supply in those hospitable days, when drinks were offered to every caller, was very large, but so heavy was the demand of the mistress that many a Saturday night Charles was sent out to the adjacent tavern for spirits enough to tide them over the Sunday. And this practical illustration of the power of evil habit remained through life with the boy.

The winter after the destruction of the Philadelphia, 1804-5, young Morris passed at Syracuse on board the President, then under repair. Here he engaged the society and friendship of Lieut. Daniel Murray, a young man of high character and culture, who placed a well filled library at his disposal, and encouraged and assisted him in many ways. Here he began the study of French, so useful to him in later life. For a number of weeks they

\*The first and second papers appeared in Nos. 8, 9; Vol. 5.

had the good fortune to have Washington Irving share their mess, and enjoyed his delightful conversation. Before returning to America Morris was selected to accompany Commodore Barron on an excursion to Catania and Mount Etna, and accomplished the ascent of the crater under very favorable circumstances.

It was his good fortune to serve as First Lieutenant of the Constitution when this ship was detailed to convey the newly-appointed minister, Joel Barlow, and his family to France in 1811. Obligated to wait some weeks in Paris for return dispatches, he improved the privilege of studying the master-pieces of art then stored in the city, and seeing many distinguished celebrities. At Mr. Barlow's house he met La Fayette, Madam Villette, the favorite niece of Voltaire, the Archbishop of Paris, and many other noted persons. Sitting one evening in the parlor with Mrs. Barlow, the servant announced a visitor whose name he did not catch. A little old man in a brown overcoat rushed up to Mrs. Barlow and warmly embraced her; introduced to Mr. Morris as an American officer, the stranger embraced him with equal fervor, and then laying both hands on his head invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon him with great pathos and solemnity. It was Kosciusko, the worn-out Polish champion who thus expressed his delight at meeting American sympathizers.

Lieut. Morris was greatly interested in the Emperor Napoleon, then in the zenith of his marvelous career, and had the honor of presentation at Court, Jan. 1, 1812. It was an occasion of great display and formality. All the foreign diplomatic corps and great officers of the Empire were present. Passing in state in due line of precedence from one great hall to another, they at last reached the royal presence. The throne was at the farthest extremity of the hall, the Emperor and Grand Chamberlain standing near it. After the visitors were duly ar-

ranged, the Emperor advanced to the ambassador highest in rank, Prince Schwartzenburg from Austria, addressed a few remarks to him, after which the strangers of that embassy were presented. The same course was performed with each legation, and then the Emperor returned slowly along the line, returning the salutations of each, but only addressing the American ambassador. To Mr. Barlow he observed, "I perceive the English government has returned the seamen formerly taken from one of your ships of war." "Yes, Sire," replied Mr. Barlow, "and in a manner honorable to our country." With a peculiar smile and slight toss of the head Napoleon rejoined, "So long as you do not injure the commerce or the revenue of England you may do whatever you choose with her." Having resumed his former station, he bowed low to the assemblage, upon which they retired slowly, each keeping his face towards him till he reached the door of exit.

This interview with Napoleon, surrounded by representatives of many nations, himself "the acknowledged arbiter of Europe," greatly impressed our lieutenant. "His movements were slow but easy and dignified; the expression of his face grave and composed, the upper portion indicating deep thought, and the mouth and lower part firmness and decision. His eyes were dark, clear and penetrating." His smile gave an agreeable and amiable expression to his face, but was of rare occurrence, as he only smiled when addressing Mr. Barlow. He was dressed in velvet coat and breeches, white satin vest, white silk stockings, shoes and white cravat of lace. His hat, carried in one hand, had one side turned up secured by a loop which supported a drooping white ostrich feather, was ornamented with a single diamond of great size and brilliancy. The hilt of his small sword, buttons of his coat, and knee and shoe buckles were set with diamonds.

The Empress, Maria Louise, to whom the legations were next presented, made a less agreeable impression. She seemed embarrassed and ill at ease and made scarce an attempt at conversation.

Very different was the Emperor's sister, Caroline Bonaparte, Queen of Italy. With animated face and gracious manner she conducted the necessary conversation without hesitation or difficulty. Hortense, the charming daughter of Josephine, received with equal affability and grace.

After the close of the war of 1812-4, Capt. Morris was placed in command of the naval forces of the Gulf of Mexico where he had the opportunity of attending courts under very different conditions from his Parisian experiences. His duties and the exigencies of the time brought him into personal relations with the colored leaders then struggling for the government of Hayti. At Port-au-Prince he had an interview with Petion, the reputed president of the south part of the island. He describes him as "a light mulatto." His education and manners were good and he sustained his position with firmness and dignity. His secretary, also a mulatto, had received a good English education, and in corresponding with French commissioners he more than held his own. The blacks in the northern part were under command of Christophe, whom they had chosen for their emperor in 1806. Our government, not recognizing this faction, addressed a communication "to General Christophe at San Domingo." Imitating the example of our own Washington, Christophe replied that he should be happy to render service to the American visitors, but "knew nothing of an island called San Domingo, nor of General Christophe."

Overcoming this obstacle by diplomatic devices, every civility was tendered to Capt. Morris and his officers. The carriage and horses of the Emperor were placed at his disposal, thus giving them an opportunity to

see the country and the working of the government. The authority of the Emperor was wholly despotic. A code of laws had been established which were administered with firmness. Schools had been introduced for instruction in the English language. All inhabitants were required to devote certain days each week to cultivation of the soil, part of the proceeds to be used for taxes and public purposes.

Capt. Morris paid an official visit to the Governor, styled the Duke of Marmalade. He was met at the head of the stairway by a plainly-dressed elderly black man, whom he supposed to be a servant till he announced himself as the Governor. He seemed a man of sound understanding, without pretension or parade, easy and quiet in manner and tolerably intelligent. At the time of this visit the power of this government was on the wane. Its subjects were deserting for the milder reign of Petion, and in 1820 the disheartened Emperor killed himself out of mortification at the success of his rival.

Captain Morris then proceeded southward to make inquiries respecting Venezuela. These small South American governments were all in commotion. Spanish troops had left Margarita but three days before their arrival. The military force of the island as reported by the Governor seemed so abnormally large as to suggest the suspicion that it included even the women and children. This they saw was all right as this class of the population was accustomed to kill and strip all that were left wounded after a fight. A similar or worse condition was manifest at every stopping-place. All told the same tale of destruction and atrocities, but under existing conditions could see no other course than the miseries and barbarities of reciprocal destruction."

In 1819 Capt. Morris was sent with a small squadron to Buenos Ayres with dispatches for the Government. A visit of ceremony had been paid and

a day fixed for an official interview with the Supreme Director, Puerreydon, but before the time appointed a sudden revolution had overthrown the Government and banished the Supreme Director. His successor, General Romdean, was equally ready to treat with the United States embassy, but a more violent revolution drove him from power and revoked all previous action. Under these circumstances Captain Morris thought it the part of wisdom to withdraw, at least until the government could have sufficient continuance to keep an appointment.

Very different experiences awaited Captain, now Commodore, Morris upon his next foreign appointment, when he was assigned to the complimentary service of commanding the ship chartered by the Government to return La Fayette to France after his first visit. The Brandywine was selected and equipped for this special purpose, one officer selected from each state, a descendant if practicable of a Revolutionary soldier. Commodore Morris took command Sept. 1, 1825, two days before the General, his son and suite embarked. They were accompanied on board by the Secretary of the Navy and many distinguished public officers. A collation was served, and complimentary speeches exchanged, but the voyage was less propitious than might have been expected from such launching. The ship sprung a leak and the weather was unfavorable, so that the honored guest was confined mainly to his cabin. Reaching Havre in October they were met by members of the La-Fayette household. When the General upon leaving the ship was offered anything he might choose to take, he chose the national flag under which he was received on board. To this he added certain stores that he might give "an American dinner" to his household. Reversing the situation our Commodore now accompanied La Fayette as his guest. Everywhere they were received with popular dem-

onstrations. At Rouen, the dinner plates depicted Revolutionary scenes, La Fayette's plate showing the storming of the English redoubts at Yorktown.

Three memorable days were spent by Morris at La Grange, the old estate belonging to Madam La Fayette's family. The walls of the ancient mansion were five to six feet thick. It formed three sides of a square with a round tower at each corner. Some twenty-five persons formed the household, including family and guests. Breakfast was served at ten; dinner at five. After an hour at table all adjourned to the drawing room and passed the evening in agreeable conversation. At the request of La Fayette Commodore Morris had his portrait painted by Ary Scheffer, which was hung at La Grange "to face the Brandywine flag." He also had a copy made to present to Mrs. Morris, the original of the portrait in the first of these sketches.

Agreeable to his instructions Commodore Morris remained abroad some months collecting information for the benefit of the navy establishments of his country, a matter in which he was greatly interested. He visited the most important naval stations in France and England, and was everywhere received with much courtesy, and had abundant opportunity for requisite observation.

Remaining years of Commodore Morris' life were passed mainly in carrying into execution the result of these conscientious and valuable observations. As navy commissioner, Chief of Bureau of Construction and Ordinance, and in other departments, he rendered most important service aiding greatly in the development and efficiency of the United States navy. His last foreign service, from 1841-1844, in command of a squadron on the coast of Brazil and on the Mediterranean, was marked by the same spirit of conscientious devotion that had ruled his whole life. His

closing years were spent on duty at Washington. His widow, the daughter of Dr. William Bowen of Providence, R. I., survived her husband more than twenty-two years, dying at her pleasant home in Washington, D. C., in 1878.

Three sons of Commodore Morris were connected with military or naval service: Lieut. Charles William Morris, naval officer, engaged in the Mexican war, was shot in the neck and mortally wounded in Tobasco River when going to the assistance of a brother officer in a boat under flag. Col. Robert Murray Morris graduated at West Point in 1842, served with much distinction in the Mexican war. He was breveted captain "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chapultepec." He entered immediately into the war of the Rebellion, Major 6th Cavalry, 1863; Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, March 31, 1865 "for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Dinwiddie Court House, Va." The youngest son, Commander George N. Morris, will ever be remembered in connection with the famous eruption of the Merrimac. Lieutenant in temporary command, he was equal to the occasion. After the first onset of the Ironclad he saw there was no help for the gallant Cumberland; that

if surrendered to the enemy her armament would be turned against his country. "I'll sink alongside, but I'll never surrender," was his immediate response to the summons, and the noble ship went down with colors flying.

The name and character of Louise Amory, second daughter of Commodore Morris, will be forever associated with the beautiful "Louise Home," Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, fitted up and endowed by the noted banker, William W. Corcoran, in memory of his deceased wife and daughter. Appropriated to the occupancy of "ladies who have seen better days," this delightful institution has proved an incalculable blessing to hundreds of unfortunates, widows of naval officers and eminent clergymen, and many others, deprived at once of friends and means of subsistence.

Windham county sightseers at Washington, visiting this Louise Home, the Corcoran Art Gallery, and other beneficent institutions aided by the great banker, will enjoy them all the more from their association with the family of Commodore Charles Morris, the Woodstock boy, who at fifteen years of age set out alone on foot to seek his fortune.



# THE VENERABLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS ORDER OF THE CINCINNATI.

*"Omnia Reliquit Servare Rempublicam."*<sup>1</sup>

1783-1900.

## HISTORY OF THE CONNECTICUT STATE SOCIETY.

BY REV. A. N. LEWIS, M. A.,  
Chaplain and Historian of the Connecticut Society.



### I.

The SOCIETY or ORDER OF THE CINCINNATI was founded in the Continental Army, May 13th, 1783, by a Convention of Officers at the headquarters of General, the Baron Steuben.<sup>2</sup> It was "to endure as long as they should endure, or any of their eldest male posterity, and in failure

thereof, the collateral branches who may be thought worthy of becoming the supporters and members."

Who first originated the idea of the Society has been considered uncertain. Gen. Knox called the preliminary meeting, and was the prime factor in the movement.<sup>3</sup> Rochambeau says Washington had more than

1. "He Left All to Save the Republic."—Motto of the Cincinnati.

2. The Verplanck Mansion at Newburgh, N. Y., still standing; erected in 1740 on land purchased from the Indians in 1683. It has been in possession of the family ever since.

3. A paper in the handwriting of Knox is still in existence, which is entitled "Rough Draft of a Society to be formed by the American officers, and to be called the Society of the Cincinnati." It is dated, "Westpoint," 15 Apr., 1783.

In Jefferson's diary, March 16, 1788, is the following entry: "Knox, in conversation with John Adams as early as 1776, expressed a wish for some ribbon to wear in his hat, or button-hole, to transmit to his descendants as a badge and a proof that he had fought in the defense of their liberties. He spoke of it in such precise terms as showed that he had revolved it in his mind before.

Capt. Richmond of the Maryland Line in 1782 talked with Dr. William Eustis about the "unhappiness of the coming separation," and suggested "that the officers meet in some central place, and form a society to preserve the friendships which so strongly existed between them."





a nominal connection with its organization. Marshal says that Knox was the originator, and intimates that Steuben had something to do with it. This is also the opinion of Sparks. There is much about the foundation of the Society and the framing its original declarations which suggests the mind and methods of Steuben.

It was named for the distinguished Roman, LUCIUS QUINTIUS CINCINNATUS, who was called from the plough and "*left all to save the Republic,*" and "having accomplished his mission returned to his citizenship."

The convention was composed of Officers from the several State Lines of the Continental Army encamped upon the Hudson. The following Officers were present at the opening session, May 10th, 1783:

General the Baron Steuben, Major General Heath, Major General

Howe, Brigadier Generals Patterson, Hand, Rufus Putnam, and Huntington, Colonel Cortland, Lieutenant Colonel Hall, Majors Maxwell and Pettingill, Captain Shaw, and Lieutenant Whiting.<sup>4</sup>

The Baron, as senior officer, presided, and Captain Shaw acted as Secretary. The proposals drawn up by Knox were considered, amendments offered and agreed to, and the whole referred to a committee consisting of Major General Knox, Brigadier General Huntington and Captain Shaw, with instructions "to prepare a fair copy for the meeting to be held at the same place, May 13th, 1783."

At this adjourned meeting the Committee presented their Report, which was at once adopted. It begins as follows:

"IT HAVING PLEASSED THE SUPREME GOVERNOR OF THE UNIVERSE, in the dispensation of human affairs, to cause the separation of the Colonies of North America from the domination of Great Britain, and after a bloody conflict of eight years, to establish them as Free, Independent and Sovereign States, connected by alliances founded on reciprocal



MOUNT GULIAN AS IS TO-DAY.

4. A preliminary meeting had been held near New Windsor, a suburb of Newburgh by the officers in sympathy with the proposed society, at the so-called "Temple of Virtue," a log edifice erected by the soldiers for public assemblies. This "Temple" stood near the headquarters of General Knox. After the Society was organized another meeting was held at the "Temple," at which, it is said, the first officers of the Society were elected.

advantages with some of the greatest princes and powers of the earth;

TO PERPETUATE, THEREFORE, as well the remembrance of this vast event, as the mutual friendships that have been formed under the pressure of common danger, and in many instances cemented by the blood of the parties, the Officers of the American

and in failure, thereof, the collateral branches who may be deemed worthy of becoming its supporters and members.

THE OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN ARMY, having been generally taken from the citizens of America, possess high veneration for the character of the illustrious Roman



MAJOR-GENERAL BARON DE STRUBEN, AT WHOSE HEADQUARTERS  
THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI WAS FORMED.

Army do, hereby, in the most solemn manner, constitute and combine themselves into one

#### SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

to endure as long as they shall endure, or any of their male posterity,

#### LUCIUS QUINTIUS CINCINNATUS,

and having resolved to follow his example by returning to their citizenship; they think they may with propriety denominate themselves

THE SOCIETY OF THE  
CINCINNATI.<sup>5</sup>

The following PRINCIPLES shall be IMMUTABLE and form the basis of the Society of the Cincinnati:

1. *An incessant devotion to preserve inviolate those exalted rights and liberties of human nature, for which they have fought and bled, and without which the rank of a rational being is a curse instead of a blessing.*

2. *An unalterable determination to promote and cherish, between the respective States, that UNION and NATIONAL HONOR so essentially necessary to their happiness, and the future dignity of the AMERICAN REPUBLIC.*

3. *To render permanent the cordial affection subsisting among the Officers, and to cultivate brotherly kindness in all things, and particularly substantial acts of beneficence towards the Officers and their families, who, unfortunately, may be under the necessity of receiving it.*<sup>6</sup>

The SOCIETY, for the sake of convenience, was divided into *thirteen* State Societies, which were to meet at least annually on the Fourth of July. The General Society—(or “General Meeting” as it was originally styled)—was to be composed of *five* delegates from each State Society, and was to meet once in three years to legislate for the good of the Order. Washington, by request, signed his name first to the INSTITUTION, and was elected President-General, holding the office by successive re-elections until his death, (1783–1800.)

The French Military and Naval Officers above the grade of a Colo-

nel, among them the Marquis de Rochambeau, the Count d'Estaing, the Count de Grasse and others (72 in all), were admitted to membership.<sup>7</sup> Lafayette and Steuben joined as American officers.

The honors of the Society were eagerly sought and highly prized by the foreign officers. They were proud to hang upon their breasts the eagle of the Cincinnati beside the grand



MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY KNOX.

Cross of St. Louis, and the jewel of the “Golden Fleece.” Constant applications from beyond the seas were made for admission. The applications for admission in France were counter-signed by Louis XVI and Lafayette.

Steps were taken to revive the French branch of the Cincinnati a few years ago, and in 1887, M. le Marquis de Rochambeau, M. le Comte d'Ollone, M. le Vicomte Noailles and other descendants of the original French

5. “Cincinnatiuses.”

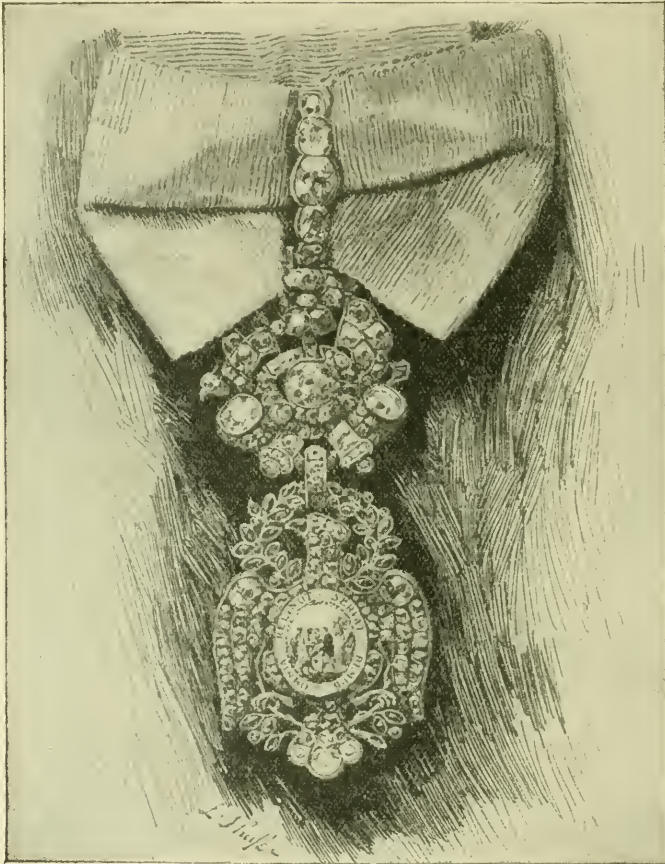
6. Then “Immutable Principles” are always read at the meetings of the Society all the members standing.

7. Of these, 55 were princes, dukes, counts, viscounts, chevaliers and barons.

members applied to the General Society for permission to re-organize the French Society. Permission was accordingly granted.<sup>8</sup>

In 1784, the Officers of the French auxiliary Army, who had been ad-

The naval officers of France who were members of the Society, presented a "Diamond Eagle" to Washington, which, by the heirs of the General, was sent to Hamilton when he became President-General. In



DIAMOND EAGLE.

mitted to membership, made a subscription of 52,000 *lives*, (about \$10,000.) to the funds of the Cincinnati, which was, by vote of the General Society, "politely declined," and the money placed in the funds of the French Society.

1811 Hamilton's widow sent it to Gen. Pinckney as President-General, who delivered it to the Society. It is now in the custody of the President-General, Treasurer-General, and Secretary-General, and is worn by the President-General at the meetings

8. In a letter received by the writer of this article from the late Marquis de Rochambeau, he states that "existing laws will not allow the re-organization of a foreign Society."

of the General Society, and "on occasions of ceremony."

The final meeting of the Convention which organized the Society was held in the Verplanck Mansion, June 19th, 1783. Washington was elected President General, Major General Henry Knox Secretary-General, and Major General Dougall Treasurer-General.

"The principal objects of its appointment being thus accomplished, the members of this Convention think fit to dissolve the same, and it is hereby dissolved accordingly.

STEUBEN,  
Major Gen., President."

An "order" or jewel was adopted to be worn by the members. The designs for this and other decorations were intrusted to Major L. Enfant, of the Engineer corps. It consists of "a displayed (spread?)" bald eagle of gold, the head, neck, legs and tail-feathers of white enamel flecked with gold. The eyes are of precious stones. Upon its head and back are borne medallions (or shields), with figures of Cincinnatus and three Roman senators offering him the Dictatorship; the sun rising; a city with open gates; two hands clasped supporting a heart; with the motto, "ESTO PERPETUA".<sup>9</sup> A laurel wreath encircles the head of the eagle and his talons grasp olive branches. The following legends also appear: "VIRTUTIS PROEMIUM",<sup>10</sup> and "OMNIA



THE ROOM IN WHICH THE ORDER OF THE CINCINNATI WAS FORMED.

RELIQUIT SERVARE REMPUBLICAM,"<sup>11</sup> which is the Motto of the Order. The jewel is worn suspended from a blue ribbon with a white border, the two colors symbolizing the alliance of France and the United States. It may be (lawfully) worn attached to the left lapel of the coat, or on the left breast of the coat, or suspended by a ribbon from the neck, but in no other manner, and never without the ribbon.

The DIPLOMA is of vellum or parchment, about 13½ inches in breadth and 20 in length. The design represents American Liberty as a strong man armed, bearing in one hand the Cincinnati standard, and in the other a drawn sword. Beneath his feet are British flags, and a broken spear, shield and chain. Hovering by his side is the eagle, from whose talons the lightning of destruction is flashing upon the British Lion. Britannia, with the crown falling from her head, is hastening towards a boat to escape to a fleet about to depart from our

9. May It Be Perpetual.

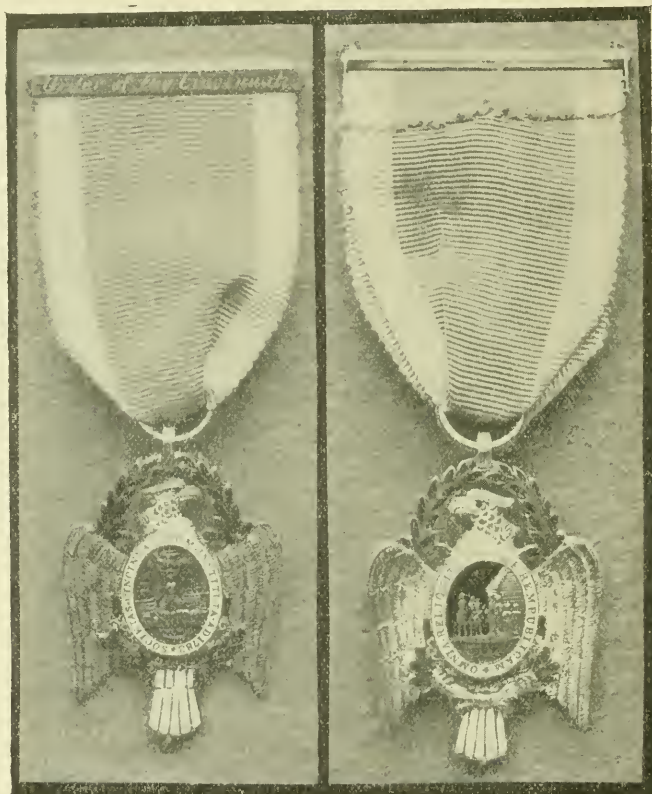
10. The Reward of Valor.

11. He Left All To Save The Republic.

shores; upon a scroll hanging from the angel's trumpet, are the sentences:

"*Palam Nuntiata Libertas, A. D., 1776.*"<sup>12</sup> "*Foedus Sociale Cum Gallia, A. D., 1778.*"<sup>13</sup> "*Pax Libertas Parta, A. D., 1783.*"<sup>14</sup> The two medallions contain the Cincinnati

In a few months after its formation, the Society was attacked in a clever pamphlet, written over the signature of "Cassius," by ÆDANUS BURKE, one of the Chief Justices of South Carolina. This was translated into French by Mirabeau, and re-published in France. In it the au-



OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF THE INSIGNIA OF THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI.

coat-of-arms as found upon the shields of the jewel.

The engraving of the diploma is about one-fourth the size of the original.

thor urged that the "INSTITUTION" created "a race of hereditary Patricians, or Nobility," and that "the object of the Society was to overthrow the Republic, and usurp the

12. Liberty Publicly Proclaimed, A. D., 1776.

13. Alliance with France, 1798.

14. Peace, Liberty Obtained, A. D., 1783.

supreme power (!). "The Cincinnati" (he said) "would soon hold an exclusive right to all offices, honors, and authorities, civil and military." (!!)

Mr. Jefferson also opposed the Society as "dangerous to the Republic." John Adams came out against it. Franklin ridiculed the "Cincinnati chevaliers," but afterwards, having been elected an honorary member,

at the abduction of Morgan, half a century later.

Of the *thirteen* State Societies organized in 1783-4, from various causes, mostly political, *seven*, in course of time, became "dormant." The New Hampshire Society held its meetings till about 1823, and in 1830 became "dormant" by the death of its last surviving member. It is now revived. The Connecticut Society



THE DIPLOMA.

commended it. Jay was afraid "the Order will divide us into two mighty factions."<sup>15</sup> Governors of States presented the Society to the consideration and censure of the Legislature. In Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island threats of disfranchisement were made against the members. The popular excitement in some of the States, was almost equal to that which assailed the Masonic Fraternity

was disbanded in 1804, revived in 1888, and "restored" in 1893. The Rhode Island Society was disbanded in 1832, revived in 1878, and restored in 1881. The Delaware Society became "dormant" in 1802, and was revived in 1895. The Virginia Society was disbanded in 1822, revived in 1890, and restored in 1899. The North Carolina Society became "dormant" in 1790, and was revived in

15. It is worthy of note that all who opposed the Society were ineligible to membership.

1894. The Georgia Society ceased to meet about 1795, and was revived in 189-. The New Hampshire, Delaware, and North Carolina Societies will be "restored" at the next meeting of the General Society in 1902, which is to be held at Hartford with the Connecticut Society.

The following is a list of the Presidents-General of the Society from 1783 to 1902.

1. George Washington, of Va.,  
1783-1800
2. Alexander Hamilton, of N. Y.  
1800-1805
3. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of S. C.,  
1805-1825
4. Thomas Pinckney, of S. C.,  
1825-1829
5. Aaron Ogden, of N. J.,  
1829-1839
6. Morgan Lewis, of N. Y.,  
1839-1844
7. William Popbam, of N. Y.,  
1844-1848
8. Henry A. S. Dearborn, of Mass.,  
1848-1854
9. Hamilton Fish, of N. Y.,  
1854-1896
10. William Wayne, of Penn.,  
1896-——

II.

The Connecticut State Society of the Cincinnati was organized in the Camp at West Point, July 4th, 1783. Its Presidents have been:

1. Major General Jedediah Huntington,  
1783-1784
2. Major General S. H. Parsons,  
1784-1787

3. Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth,  
1787-1793
  4. Colonel Ebenezer Huntington,  
1793-1796
  5. Major Benjamin Tallmadge,  
1796-1801
  6. General David Smith, 1801-1803
- \* \* \* \* \*
7. Brigadier General Dwight Morris,  
1888-1895
  8. Colonel George Bliss Sanford,  
U. S. A., 1895-——

From the first there was a deep-seated hostility to the Cincinnati in Connecticut. At the first "General Meeting" in 1784, Col. Humphreys of Connecticut reported that there was "a very general disapprobation of the people." The Legislature repeatedly refused to pass an Act of Incorporation to enable the Society to hold its funds.<sup>16</sup> At the "Anniversary Meeting, July 4th, 1804," a motion was made and seconded for the dissolution of the Society. "After a critical discussion of the subject, the previous question was taken—voted in the affirmative." (No quorum was present.) The books and papers were ordered to be placed in the hands of Col. John Mix, Secretary, and the funds to be divided *pro rata* among the members, the undivided balance to be lodged *in trust*, in the Treasury of Yale College, as a place of safe keeping for the members, or their legal representatives. And thus, after an honorable existence of 21 years, the Connecticut Society became "dormant."

According to the report of the Secretary General in 1889, \$3,778.40 was turned over to the Treasurer of

<sup>16</sup>. In 1895 an Act of Incorporation of the Connecticut Society was unanimously passed.

At the organization of the Society, every Officer who joined was required to contribute one month's pay to constitute a Fund which should be forever sacred to Charity.



Yale College, of which \$2,078.40 has been drawn out, leaving a balance of \$1,700 to the Society's credit.

The funds of the Society, at the time of its disbandment, amounted to \$15,212.66. \$1,197 had not been paid in.

The books, papers and other documents are now in the custody of the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford. They justly belong to the restored Society.

### III.

In the year 1860, certain descendants of Revolutionary officers in Connecticut began to make inquiries as to what steps were necessary to "revive the dormant State Societies." "On account of the disturbed state of the country," nothing was done until 1888, when, on the 4th of July, Hon. John Fitch of N. Y. City, a member of the New Jersey Society; Major John C. Kinney of Hartford, of the same Society; Gen. Dwight Morris of Bridgeport, eldest son of Capt. James Morris, an original member; Wm. H. Bissell, of N. Y. City; Charles E. Hart, of New Haven; Nathan G. Pond, of Milford; Rev. Nathan T. Merwin; Augustus W. Merwin, of Wilton; Charles H. Murray, of N. Y. City, and Satterlee Swartwout, of Stamford, met in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol at Hartford, and attempted to re-organize the Connecticut Society.

The following (*pro tem*). officers were elected:

President,  
Brig. Gen. Dwight Morris,  
Vice-President, Nathan Greene Pond,  
Secretary, Major John C. Kinney,  
Assistant Secretary,  
Charles H. Murray,  
Treasurer, Charles E. Hart,  
Chaplain, Rev. N. T. Merwin.

Nothing further was done until July 4, 1889, when a "Temporary Organization" was effected, and the following officers elected:

President, Gen. Dwight Morris,  
Vice-President, Nathan Greene Pond,  
Secretary, Charles H. Murray,  
Assistant Secretary,  
Satterlee Swartwout,  
Treasurer, Charles E. Hart,  
Chaplain, Rev. A. N. Lewis.\*

A circular setting forth the claims of the "revived Society" was prepared by the Chaplain, and sent to the Delegates of the General Society.

A meeting of the officers for consultation was held at New York City, Oct. 29th, 1889.

A special meeting of the "Temporary Organization" was held at Stamford, Nov. 13th, 1889, at which the following gentlemen were chosen Delegates to the General Society to present a petition for the restoration of the "dormant" Connecticut Society: Gen. Dwight Morris, Nathan

\*In place of Rev. N. T. Merwin, deceased.

One object the author had in view in preparing this article was to call the attention of descendants of the original members of the Connecticut Society to their privilege and duty. Of the 268 original members, only 40 odd are now represented. Lineal male descendants (1.) of original members, and (2.) of Continental Officers who were entitled to join in 1783, (but did not), are requested to address the undersigned, who will give all needed information.

REV. A. N. LEWIS,  
Montpelier, Vt.



MAJOR-GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

G. Pond, Charles H. Murray, Satterlee Swartwout, and Rev. A. N. Lewis.

The delegates attended the "General Meeting" at Baltimore, May 7-10, 1890, and were admitted to seats. Gen. Morris and Rev. A. N. Lewis made addresses in support of the Petition, which was referred to a Committee of one from a State, of which Hon. Clifford Sims of N. J. was Chairman.

The Petition was signed by 40 "qualified descendants of original members," and was endorsed and recommended by

Maj. Gen. Wm. B. Franklin,  
of the Mass. Society,  
William Henry Burbeck,  
of the Mass. Society,  
Rev. William Wallace Green,  
of the R. I. Society,  
Rev. Winslow Warren Sever,  
of the Mass. Society,  
R. Percy Alden, of the N. Y. Society,  
Major John C. Kinney,  
of the N. J. Society,  
Major General Alfred H. Terry.

Rev. A. N. Lewis procured the names of the 40 signers, and had charge of the movement as "attorney" from July 4, 1889, to the restoration of the Society in 1893.

July 4, 1890, the "Temporary Organization" met at the Hall of the Chamber of Commerce, New Haven, at 12.30 P. M.

The following officers were elected :

President,	Gen. Dwight Morris,
Vice-President,	William S. Judd,
Secretary,	Charles B. Gilbert,
Treasurer,	Nathan G. Pond,
Chaplain and "Attorney,"	Rev. A. N. Lewis.

Sep. 6, 1890, the Sub Committee of the General Society notified the "Attorney" that the papers of 28 of the 40 Petitioners had been approved; the papers of 9 returned for fuller information; and the papers of 3 returned finally.

June 17, 1891, the Sub Committee voted unanimously to recommend the restoration of the Connecticut Society, "upon terms."

July 4, 1891, the following officers were elected :

President,	Gen. Dwight Morris,
Vice-President,	William S. Judd,
Secretary,	Charles B. Gilbert,
Treasurer,	Nathan G. Pond,
Chaplain and "Attorney,"	Rev. A. N. Lewis.

The Officers for 1892-1893 were the same as above.

For 1893-1894,

President,	Gen. Dwight Morris,
Vice-President,	Charles H. Murray,
Treasurer,	Nathan G. Pond,
Secretary,	Augustus W. Merwin,
Assistant Secretary,	William S. Judd,

Chaplain and "Attorney,"  
Rev. A. N. Lewis.

For 1894-1895, the same.

At the "General Meeting" at  
Boston, June 14-16, 1893, the Dele-  
gates from the Connecticut Society,

GEN. DWIGHT MORRIS,  
N. G. POND, ESQ.  
W. S. JUDD, ESQ.  
CHARLES B. GILBERT, ESQ.  
LEVI B. BARNARD, ESQ.

"were admitted to seats in the  
General Society, and introduced  
by a Committee of one member from  
each State Society, appointed by  
the Chair."

The Committee were Messrs.  
Simons of S. C., Warren of Mass.,  
Rt. Rev. Bishop Perry of R. I.,  
Cropper of N. Y., Stryker of N. J.,  
Wayne of Penn., and Tighlman of  
Md.

It was also voted that the privi-  
leges of the floor be extended to the  
Rev. Alonzo Norton Lewis, who had  
acted as Attorney in the present  
organization of the Connecticut  
Society of the Cincinnati.

On motion of Mr. Warren the  
Connecticut Society was "admitted  
to membership in the General Society  
of the Cincinnati upon the express  
conditions stated in the report of the  
Committee."

During the years 1893-1896, the  
following officers died: President,  
Gen. Dwight Morris; Vice-President  
and Treasurer, Nathan G. Pond;  
Secretary, Augustus W. Merwin; and  
the succeeding Treasurer, James Betts  
Metcalf.

At the "General Meeting" at  
Philadelphia, 1896 the Connecticut

Society was "recognized, and the  
representatives thereof duly admitted  
as members of this body."

The representatives appeared as  
follows:

Mr. Charles Isham,  
Mr. Morris W. Seymour,  
Gen. Henty Larcom Abbott, U.S.A.,  
Mr. Joseph Gazzam Darlington,  
Rev. Alonzo Norton Lewis.

Alternate:

Capt. Levi Robbins Barnard.

The action of the Society having  
been announced to the Delegates by  
the Chairman, and they having given  
their assent on behalf of the said  
State Society to the conditions im-  
posed in the report, were escorted  
to seats in the General Society.

And thus the Connecticut Society  
of the Cincinnati is once more a link  
in the Fraternal Chain.

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The Officers for 1899-1900 are:

President, Col. George Bliss Sanford,  
Litchfield.  
Vice-President, Gen. Henry Larcom  
Abbott, Cambridge, Mass.  
Secretary, Hon. Morris W. Seymour,  
Bridgeport.  
Treasurer, Mr. Charles Isham, N. Y.  
City.  
Assistant Secretary, Mr. Charles  
Hobby Pond, N. Y. City.  
Assistant Treasurer, Mr. Charles  
Bradley Gilbert, New Haven.  
Chaplain and Historian, Rev. A. N.  
Lewis, Montpelier, Vt.

## CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

BY HON. JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.

The warm and unbroken friendship of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner and myself began about 1843,—fifty-seven years ago. We lived as brothers without a single controversy, or passage of ill feeling, until he passed from among us Saturday afternoon, October 20, 1900.

Mr. Warner was born of Puritan stock at Plainfield, Massachusetts, September 12, 1829. His father, Justin Warner, a man of culture, died when Charles was four years old. At the age of eight he moved with his family to Charlemont, Mass. He inherited from his father a taste for literature and even in boyhood he was a willing student and learned readily. The books to which he had access in his younger days were comparatively few, only such as were found in the average Puritan household of that time,—Calvinistic treatises, biblical commentaries and biographies of austere divines. Nevertheless he found the time and opportunity to study and made considerable advancement particularly in the classics.

At the age of twelve, Simon C. Hitchcock, the uncle and guardian of Charles and his brother George, brought them and his widowed mother to Cazenovia, Madison County, New York, where they resided. Charles prepared for college at the Oneida Conference Seminary, a Methodist institution of high repute with an excellent faculty. I was in the same school two years before I entered Hamilton College in 1844 as a sophomore. I was three years older than

young Warner, but we lived together on equal terms. When I graduated in 1847 Warner entered the same college, graduating in 1851, taking the first prize in English.

While in college he found opportunity to pursue his literary tastes, contributing to the "Knickerbocker" and "Putnam's Magazine." Shortly after leaving college he prepared a work entitled, a "Book of Eloquence," published at Cazenovia, New York, in 1853.

About a year, during 1853 and 1854, he spent with a surveying party on the Missouri frontier. Returning from the West he entered the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania and prepared himself for a legal career. Graduating in 1856 he practiced in Chicago until 1860.

In my zeal for the new Republican party I had abandoned the practice of law in 1856 and united with William Faxon as editor of the new Republican daily, the "Evening Press." Mr. Warner had for some years been a contributor to various literary journals. We frequently corresponded and had many old friends in common. In 1860 I wrote him that in my opinion he was misplaced as a lawyer and ought rather to enter the literary field. We invited him to join us in the conduct of the "Press," and he gladly came to Hartford. When the war for the Union broke out I immediately enlisted and went to the front leaving Warner in charge of the paper. He carried it through the war with eminent ability and the warmest patriotism. In 1867, A. N. Clark,

owner of the "Courant," sold us his paper and the "Press" was merged in the "Courant," which was established in 1764. Mr. Warner then became, and continued to the time of his death, one of the owners of the "Courant."

He always manifested a fondness for travel. In 1868 he went abroad for the first time, spending about fourteen months. While there he wrote many bright and interesting letters for publication in the "Courant." They were extensively copied by other papers. During his life he traveled much, visiting the interesting and historically important places of our country, Mexico, Europe and the Mediterranean coast. He was a keen observer and the reminiscences of his travels were the foundation of some of his most interesting writings.

He wrote a series of papers for the "Courant" under the title of "My Summer in a Garden," combining humor and philosophy in a charming style. He also published in 1877, "Being a Boy," depicting most amusingly rural life in a Calvinistic New England community.

Among other works of Mr. Warner's might be mentioned:

"As We Go," "As We Were Saying," "Backlog Studies," "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing," "A Visit to Nova Scotia," "In the Levant," "In the Wilderness," "Mummies and Moslems," "My Winter on the Nile," "Studies in the South," "Mexican Papers," "Studies in the Great West," "Our Italy," "People for Whom Shakespeare Wrote," "Relation of Literature to Life," etc.

He devoted several years to the editing of the massive and valuable work in thirty volumes entitled "Library of the World's Best Literature, Ancient and Modern."

"The Gilded Age," published in 1873, was composed jointly by Mr. Warner and Samuel L. Clemens.

In 1884 he delivered a series of lectures before Yale Law School. He also delivered an address at Bowdoin

College on "Higher Education," and an address at the unveiling of Paul Gerhardt's statue of Nathan Hale in the State Capitol at Hartford.

In 1884 Mr. Warner became co-editor of "Harper's Magazine," for many years conducting the Editor's Drawer, the humorous department, and later the Editor's Study, contributing frequently to the literary pages of the periodical.

He always took an active interest in matters relating to social and municipal reform. He made social science a life-long and careful study, using both his voice and pen in its service.

In 1856 he married Susan, daughter of William Elliot Lee, late of New York City. His widow survives him.

In 1872 he received the degree of A. M. from Yale; in 1884 Dartmouth conferred the same degree upon him as did his alma mater, Hamilton College, the same year. In 1886 Hamilton College conferred the degree of L. H. D. and Princeton conferred the same honor in 1896. In 1889 the University of the South conferred upon him the degree of D. C. L.

At the time of Mr. Warner's death he was vice-president of the National Prison Congress and president of the American Social Science Association. He was a member of the University, Century and Players' Clubs of New York; the Authors' and the Tavern Club of Boston. He was one of the early members of the Colonial Club of Hartford; also a member of the Monday Evening Club, a trustee of the Wadsworth Athenaeum, a member of the Board of Park Commissioners of Hartford and a member of the State Commission of Sculpture.

Mr. Warner's intellectual ability and his success as an author of books are known to a great public, but a smaller public has known him in his home and in the sweet daily exchange of affection. He was completely a gentleman. He lived a religious life, but said little about it. He regularly

attended his church, respecting and obeying its observances. I never heard from his lips an indelicate or coarse story, or an unclean idea. He abhorred injustice, meanness and dis-

honor. It is a cheerful spirit and a true wit and a sweet humor that we find in all his works. We may never see his equal. I cannot expect an equal friendship and love.



## AS THE GOODLY SHIPS GO BY.

BY HENRY RUTGERS REMSEN.

Skies laugh to-day,  
 And the harbor's gay,  
     As the goodly ships go by ;  
     And I at my open window sit,  
     (Ah, the joy of it and the pain of it !)  
 Who am one with the sea and sky.

They have no bounds to keep them,  
 The goodly ships that go,  
     But fearless, free,  
     The farthest sea  
 And the nearest sea they know.

They tramp on the ocean's highway,  
 They capture the wild wind's will ;  
     Serve them or no,  
     They rise and go  
 From the harbor beneath the hill.

The sheltered life and the bloodless,  
 The toil-planned day that brings  
     But care and fret  
     And a wild regret,  
 Where the chained soul feels its wings.

Little they know as they follow  
 The breeze that slips to sea,  
     Past buoy and bar  
     Where the long leagues are,  
 Of the love that is calling me.

I, too, would weigh and follow,  
 House anchor and loosen guy ;  
     But I at my open window sit,  
     (Ah, the pain of it ! Ah, the joy of it !)  
 And the goodly ships go by.

## CONNECTICUT AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

BY ELIZABETH GERTRUDE DANIEL.

California monopolizes the fruit section but I found Pennock apples from E. C. Warner of New Haven, Gilliflowers apples sent by Chas. Moore of Southington, Champion quinces from New Haven county completed the representation. Methought of the luscious Hale peaches and asked for them. Not because I expected to find fresh specimens but I hungered for more display by the Nutmeg State. One regrets very much, if one is from Connecticut, that we take such small part in the exposition. You will recall my observation that this state is strongest in mechanics. Proof of this is furnished by the following summary:

The Pratt and Whitney Company cover considerable space and to an interested party must furnish valuable information. The judges thought well enough of their products to confer the Grand Prize on the concern. The Bullard Company, machinery makers, of Bridgeport, are directly adjoining the Hartford exhibit and the Hendey Machine Company are close by. The awarding committee missed them evidently.

A. D. Quint of Hartford shows a drill and the Rice Gear Company, also of the Capitol City, exhibit one of their machines. All of the above are at the Vincennes Annex, "six miles away" from the main portion of the exposition. No doubt interested parties will seek the displays but I cannot help harboring the suspicion that they are working at a disadvantage. You would not feel this so keenly but you are an American and foreign-

ers' spaces are located right in the track of the crowds. Machinery galore is to be found at the Palace of Mines and Metals at the Champ de Mars.

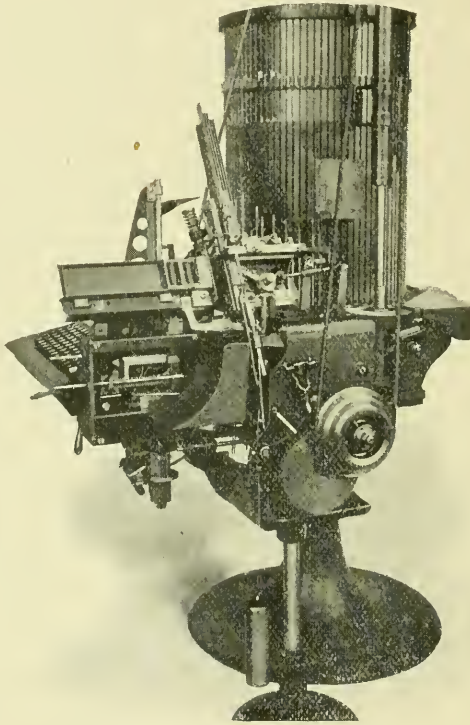
It is no special pleasure to cast reflections on the United States commissioner but would humbly inquire as to where he was when the good sites were being apportioned.

The Shelton Tack Company, from the village bearing the same name, the Stanley Rule and Level Company and Stanley Works of New Britain, and Yale and Towne Company of Stamford occupy with displays, show cases in the hardware section, Champ de Mars. The last two concerns were awarded prizes. Not for the beauty of display I can assure you. They were for the most part very commonplace. These exhibits are all in the balcony of the building and therefore not very well placed. For some particularly French reason the moving staircases by which you may ascend to the upper floor charge 2 cents per ascension. It is not a matter of two cents which keeps these balconies deserted but the unwarranted expense involves a stubborn principle. The American Hosiery Company of New Britain, prize winners, are similarly at a disadvantage for they, like the Canfield Rubber Shield Company of Bridgeport are "balconists." The Eagle Lock Company, Terryville, can enter the same complaint but find some consolation perhaps in a prize for excellence of production. The singular thing about most of exhibits just mentioned is they seem to have

no "living representative." I understand certain concerns in Paris look out for the interests of several displays. A number of returns to the same sections in quest of some one to "talk to" failed to disclose him. It is my opinion that if I spent enough money to make a display I would spend a little more and have some one "on the spot" to capture the in-

trical machinery a prize went to the Hart and Hegeman Company of Hartford.

Williams Typewriters are shown and the Unitype Company of Manchester have another display of their latest mechanical compositor. The Hartford Typewriter is in the French section. I do not know why. You would scarcely recognize that little



DES JARDINS TYPE JUSTIFYING MACHINE.

ternational patronage sure to be found at such an enterprise.

Rockville upholds her reputation for textiles. The Hockanum Association and the New England and Springdale Mills were all awarded highest prizes. They are well placed on the main floor.

The Veeder Cyclometer has an octagonal case under which repose tiny booklets describing the merits of the smart little counters. For elec-

Parkville product in the maze of Frenchy literature, signs, etc., which surround it.

Connecticut can claim another exhibit of which it can be proud. I refer to the exhibits of the DesJardins Type Justifier Co. and of Mr. B. M. DesJardins of Hartford. It has been officially announced that there has been awarded on these inventions three diplomas, a gold medal, a silver medal and an honorable men-





DES JARDINS TYPE-WRITING ADDING MACHINE.

tion, the largest number awarded to any other Connecticut exhibitor. Below is shown illustrations of the type justifying machine, the space where it is on exhibition in the American Publishers' Building, the typewriter adding machine and a portrait of the inventor, Mr. B. M. DesJardins.

Mr. T. L. DeVinne, the well-known printer of New York and an expert in matters pertaining to the mechanical department of his business, has stated that he has found in his own experience that the cost of justifying type composition averages considerably more than one-half of the expense of composition. By the present system, the first corrections, revision, author's corrections, revisions and re-revisions all require rejustification. The great expense of this work is manifest even to the layman.

It will be seen that the Des-Jardins type justifier is a matter of great interest to all printers and publishers, and Hartford is to be congratulated in having the company establish its business there. "In designing his justifier," says a writer in the "Inland Printer," "Mr. DesJardins has aimed to eliminate all of this unpleasant feature of type composition, which all together, including corrections and alterations, amounts to fully one-half of the cost, where good work is required."

Mr. Charles H. Cochrane, secretary of the New York Typothetae, writing for the "American Printer" gives the following description of the machine exhibited:

"The work of the justifier begins after the type has left the channels, and has reached a point at the right side of the keyboard. The types are stacked up into words by the movement of a little star gear, the words being separated by thin brass separators, which serve as temporary spaces during the composition. These separators are slightly longer than the type, and are fitted with pronged ends.

When the line is composed as fully as desired the operator touches a line lever to start the justifier. The line is then lifted into a second channel, swung slightly to one side, being brought under the measuring bar of the computing device. Another part of the computing device has been previously adjusted by the striking of the space keys in composing the line. The device being thus informed of the amount of shortage in the line, and of the number of spaces into which such shortage must be divided, decides on the proper spaces for justifying, selecting them from among four thicknesses. The words of the line are taken one at a time, and held while the brass separator is discarded and a space of the proper size substituted.

The process of justifying a line of type is strictly automatic, and occupies only about ten seconds, and the justifier may be speeded higher if necessary, but in ordinary work the machine will outstrip the swiftest operator, so that by the time the second line has been set the justifier is waiting to receive it and repeat the process.

The automatic mechanism comprises three main groups of devices. The principal group is the one which determines the sizes or width of spaces. It is a mathematical instru-

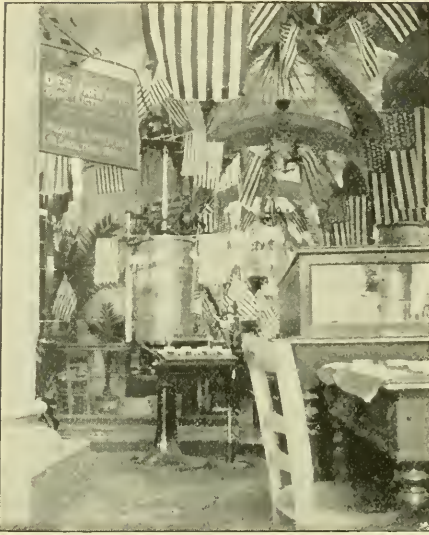


EXHIBIT OF DES JARDINS JUSTIFIER  
COMPANY. PARIS EXPOSITION.

ment capable of performing all kinds of examples. This computing device is a complete scientific mathematical instrument, capable of performing general arithmetical operations, as adding, dividing, giving the product and remainder (the duty which it performs in the type justifier), multiplying, subtracting, and extracting the square root. It can be used for performing a number of peculiar examples in mechanics that cannot be very easily performed in any other way without the use of many figures. This computing device very easily and gracefully performs the example in division needed by the line which it has in its possession, giving as a result the number and size of the piles of spaces which the machine is to use for each line.

The second group of mechanism is called the action of the machine, that is, the part which does the handling of the words with their separators, and which collects and inserts the spaces. It is really a separate device and may be easily detached from the rest of the machine.

The third group comprises a short shaft with its three operating cam wheels, and produces all the motions for the other two groups, directing the various strokes necessary.

The general operation of the machine is very simple. While the operator is striking the space keys to bring the separators between the words, the machine is made to count the number of spaces, and when the line is pushed up into the justifier, the measuring bar of the computing device is displaced to give the length of the line. The inter-operation of these two devices performs the example and directs the machine to take the spaces of the widths needed, and when this is done the machine has nothing to do but insert the spaces and deposit the line on the receiving galley."

In closing this description of the DesJardins Justifier it will be interesting to hear what the Scientific American says of its remarkable accuracy: "In properly proportioning his spaces, the printer calculates by the eye, as best he can, the spaces required between the words of a line,



B. M. DES JARDIN.

and the greater the accuracy required the more time will be consumed in justification, but this machine secures absolute mathematical accuracy, such as is demanded in the best work, and leaves no room for carelessness or bad judgement."

The French Journal "La Machine a Ecrire" for September, devotes its leading article to the DesJardins Type-writing Adding Machine which occupies a prominent place among the type-writer exhibits at Champ de Mars. The writer refers to the inventor as "truly belonging to that type of American inventors, to that race which has produced its Franklin and its Edison." The following description of the Adding Machine is taken from the August number of the "Stationer and Printer," London.

"This attachment, with a few changes in the connections, can be fastened to the side of any of the regular typewriters. It is operated by the regular keys of the machine, which are connected at the will of the operator whenever the column to be added is reached. It is then set for the number of figures to be written by a motion which also locates the carriage of the machine at the proper place, and when the right number of figures is written the keys are automatically disconnected, leaving the machine free to write words and figures without disturbing the adding machine. When the bill or statement is finished the operator writes the figures shown on the register at the bottom of the column, the attachment having performed the addition while the figures were being written."

In addition to the two labor saving machines referred to, Mr. DesJardins exhibited models showing the computing device as operated in the Justifier and a slightly modified form showing its various applications as a scientific instrument capable of working all examples on the ground rules.

In the Fine Arts (Beaux Arts)

William M. Chase has been awarded a prize.

I journeyed to the forestry section. What a bitter disappointment not to see a single revolver of Connecticut make. Not a rifle. Not a gun. Why have our past-masters at the art of their manufacture chosen to conceal their cleverness? Why have they missed this opportunity to convince the world and gain much trade thereby? It is almost a crime. The Bridgeport Wood Finishing Company deserved the prize they won for veneers. I am assured that no better specimens of wood finishing exist. Surely I saw none surpassing at the exposition.

The Columbia and Electric Vehicle Company have an exhibit at the Champ de Mars and another at the Vincennes annex.

The Columbia Bicycle was awarded the grand prix in competition with all other American wheels shown at the Paris Exposition.

The manufacturers of Columbias took the American cycle industry at its birth and have led it through each step of its progress. Master minds in mechanics have given their ripest thought to perfecting the Columbia; to harmonizing and improving its parts—to embodying in it every feature of excellence. The models which are shown here are the result of what has thus been done to keep the Columbia at the front for twenty-three years,—covering a most remarkable progress in things mechanical.

The company's product has been represented in many industrial expositions and it has never failed to win first place whenever and wherever awards have been made according to a fixed standard of excellence.

The photograph here gives you an idea of the showing made by the great Russell and Erwin Company of New Britain. A concern which could make a display to bring substantial praise. The exhibit pictured is by the Geo. A. Fuller Company of New York, builders, contractors for the

Broadway Chambers. You will observe, if you observe closely, samples of Russell and Erwin's locks. They are in the lower right hand corner. They furnished the locks for the skyscraper and sent the half dozen specimens for the Fuller Company exhibit. Surely not a very ambitious representation for a concern of its size.

his own country to introduce. The exposition would have been a grand chance to convert the old world to the strength and compactness of the American lock.

Mr. Robert L. Fuller, who is in charge of the exhibit illustrated, told me that the idea of buttons in the door to release the spring lock fairly took foreigners' breaths away. They



AMERICAN BICYCLE CO.'S EXHIBIT.

French people marvel at the cleverness of American locks. The Yale pattern is practically unknown. Other countries are equally surprised at this particular example of Yankee ingenuity. Here is apparently a golden opportunity neglected. On the voyage across I was introduced to a German gentleman who had an immense packing case filled with Connecticut locks. Samples he was carrying to

are so used to clumsy keys that our improvements seem magical. The night key of the house my husband and I stopped at was large enough for a prison lock and an old fashioned one at that. And yet in every other way the people were most progressive.

Connecticut beer (the Quinnpiac Brewing Company's decoction) and Heublein's Cocktails were close

neighbors at the Agricultural building. I scarcely think I have underrated the State's representation. The need of a third paper on the subject is not apparent.

To the volumes on the exposition

I will not attempt an addition. There was much worth seeing and coming many miles to witness. True, some was mediocre, but withal it was a splendid spectacle.



THE SYLVAN SINGER.

BY BURTON L. COLLINS.

He poised upon a bough and overflowed with song,  
The song the Joys forbade him long to hold ;  
And as it flooded my entrancéd soul,  
How common seemed the earthly harps attuned for praise or gold.

## CHARLES J. HOADLY, LL. D.

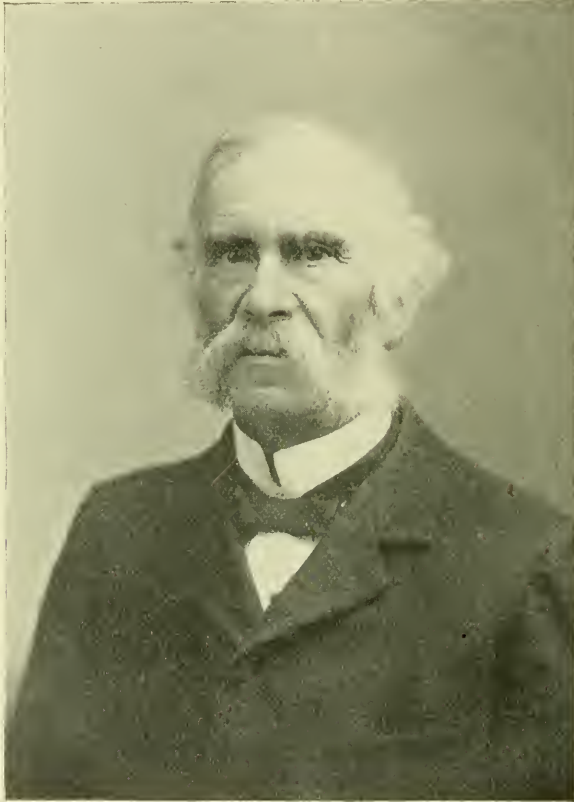
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Charles J. Hoadly, LL. D., was appointed librarian of the State library of Connecticut in 1855, and held the position up to the time of his death, Oct. 20th; a period covering forty-five years of continuous service.

Dr. Hoadly was a member of many learned bodies; among these

he held at the time of his death.

In personal qualities he was admirably adapted for the office that he held. His mind and memory had encyclopedic powers in all that related to American literature, and covered much that embraces the best of every



CHARLES J. HOADLY, LL. D.

were the Massachusetts Historical Society, the American Antiquarian Society, the New England Genealogical and Historical Society, and the Connecticut Historical Society, of which latter he was for many years corresponding secretary, until he was

land. He was patient in research, luminous in speech, and kindly and willingly gave of his best to help all seekers for knowledge.

In his death the state has sustained a great loss, for nature sends us few men so well fitted for the work as he.

## HISTORICAL NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE HOOKER MEMORIAL WINDOW IN CENTER CHURCH, HARTFORD.

There has been erected in Center Church, Hartford, a beautiful memorial window to Thomas Hooker. The gift is made by Edward W. Hooker, a descendant of the famous Hooker.



HOOKER MEMORIAL. CENTER CHURCH  
HARTFORD, CONN.

A picture of the window is here shown, but the original itself will have to be seen to realize its full beauty.

The window is made of Favrite glass. It is the work of the Tiffany

studios, and is a fine specimen of artistic work, and a proof of the high standard attained by the American glass worker. The design shows the interior of the first meeting house in Hartford, and gives a picture of the pastor addressing the congregation of Colonists. In speaking of this part of the design a writer in the Hartford Courant, who has studied the artist's purpose carefully, says, "It is very forceful in treatment and conveys a realistic idea of the personality of the people who braved the dangers and hardships of the wilderness of an untried country; built their homes and made the desert blossom as a rose. In the person of Thomas Hooker, there is shown a type of those pioneers who, making the best use of that which was given them, sowed the seeds of a civilization that stands pre-eminent today. His sturdy character and strong personality made him a leader among people: whither he would go, there would they go also, and their confidence was in his strength and guidance. They shared with him a belief in the right of men to live by the dictates of conscience, and their practice of it laid the foundation for a permanent and stable government, whose directing voice is the free will of the people. This line of thought was the temper of the times, and the designer has chosen its expression as the theme of his subject."

"The sombreness of the costumes and the plainness of the surrounding features of the composition, left the artist without the usual opportunity for brilliant coloring in glass. The peculiar qualities, however, of the glass and its possibilities of adaptation, have been so successfully employed, that a warm and lustrous effect has been secured."

The congregation of Center Church is to be congratulated in having so appropriate and so beautiful a memorial.

WILL OF MAJOR AARON COOKE,  
AN OLD WILL DATED  
AUGUST, 1690.

"Whereas, I Aaron Cooke Senr, of Northampton in the Colony of ye Massachusetts Bay am senceable of my frailtie & Mortalitie & yet most uncertaine of ye tyme & day of my death doe therefore at this tyme, being of perfect memory & understanding make and ordaine this my last will & testament in manner & form following makeing voyd & null all former wills by me made, etc. \* \* \* when it shall please the Lord to finish my dayes in this world by death I doe first desire to resigne my immortal soule to God that gave it, trusting through his free grace & rich mercy in ye mirits of his deare Son, my blessed Saviour "redeemer that it shall then bee received into Glorv & everlasting Blessedness prepared for all those yt believe in him & love his appearance," bequest my Body unto the dust, to be decently buried at their direction of my Executors hereafter named, resting in hope of a blessed & glorious Resurrection.

My will is that after my death an Inventory be made of such Estate as God hath given and \* \* \* to me & that there in law be attended. After my Debts be payed & funerall Expenses discharged the remainder of my Estate I ordaine, Will and dispose all in manner & form following.

Whereas though my Loveing Son Noah hath on his Marriage my inheritance at Westfield given him, as my Loveing Son Aaron had my inheritance at Windsor given him at his Marriage, & inasmuch as my Son

Noah hath left his dwelling at Hartford to come to Look to Ocasions & nurse me in my age at Northampton I doe Will & bequeath my house & Barns and homestead & Orcthard with all appurtenances thereunto belonging to my Loveing Son Noah to him & to his heirs forever. I meane my house in Northampton, likewise all my meadow land in \_\_\_\_\_\* with my pasture Land Next my Brother John Stronges Northerlie & Joseph Leeds' land Southerly, my Son Noah paying my debts & giveing such Legacies as I shall after express as Soone as he can doe it without selling off Land.

Namely—Unto his brother my Loveing Son Aaron fortie pounds he acquitting the Estate of former debts & challenges by heirship or otherwise.

Likewise to pay on the former condition as he can to my daughter Miriam Leeds twenty pounds to be at her own dispose as an addition to her portion formerly wch I guess at to be about an hundred & fiftie pounds, as appeares on the booke.

My Will is that you pay your Sister my Loveing daughter Elizabeth Parsons twenty pounds as an addition to her portion formerly which was an hundred pounds as appears on ye booke. My Will is that she shall have ye great Brass pan that was her own Mother's.

My Will is that Moses Cooke my Grandson, of my son Moses deceased borne of his Wife Elizabeth, Sgt. Clarke's daughter I give & bequeathe to him & his heirs forever a parcell of Land lyeing within the Bounds of Wnidsor on ye little river over against \*\*\_\_\_\_\_ farme, the upper end being at ye foote of ye three islands, the Lower end joyneing to Strawberry meadow a brook running through both ends as it is Bounded in ye Windsor booke of Records 150 acres—as alsoe a Bible.

\*Not decipherable.

\*\*Not decipherable.



Alsoe I give to Elizabeth Cooke my Grand daughter, my son Moses' daughter—One Cow more to that she had already as alsoe a Bible.

My Will is I give & bequeath unto my Grandson Aaron Cooke Son of my Son Aaron a parcell of Land being 300 acres lyeing between Middletown & Wallingford being in ye Colony of Coniticot formerly Granted to Major Nash of New Haven by ye Generll Corte & Soe by deed to me which deed my Will is shall be delivered to him with all Securitys made to me—I say to him & to his Natureall heirs if continueing if a failure to his next kindred of ye Cooke I doe give unto my Son Aaron my Leadeing Staff Sword & best belt & the military book entitled \* \* \* and the Cane Leadeing Staff that my Son Aaron Cooke hath ye use of I

give to ye use off Northampton foote Company. I give to my Son Noah Cooke my Partison & my Corselet & Buff Coate & ye Military booke called Par—\*\*\*, etc.

My Will is that there shall be a silver bowle bought & given to ye church of (Xt?) at Northampton continueing in the Congregationall way. I say a Bowle of Six pounds price.

And it is my Will that out of my Estate Either of my Grandchildren shall have a Bible bought & given them, etc.

As for my Executors I ordaine my son Aaron & Noah Cooke, dated August, 1690.

Aaron Cooke Senr & a Seale.

Witnesses:

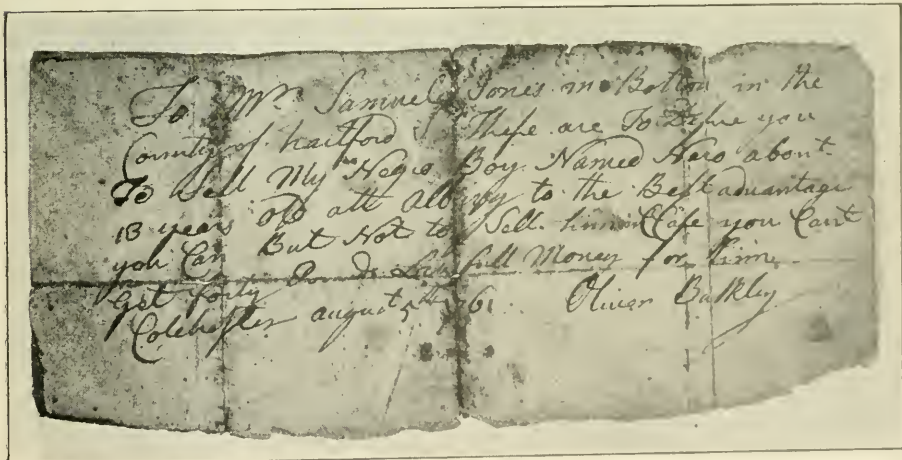
Philip Parrie,  
Judah Hutchisson.

\*\*\*Not decipherable.

The foregoing will may be found in Book A of Hampshire County land records, in the back of the book. When reversed it will be found on page 1, and the book called "2nd book" beginning Sept. 30, 1690. An agreement of the heirs is on record on page 10.

ROLLIN H. COOKE.

Pittsfield, Mass., Nov. 30, 1900.



AN ORDER FOR THE SALE OF A NEGRO BOY, DATED AT COLCHESTER, AUG. 5, 1761.

The above interesting relic was handed us by Mr. George Langdon, of Plymouth, Conn., with the request to publish a reproduction of it in these pages, and after its appearance to present the original to the Connecticut Historical Society.

## FLORICULTURE.

BY REV. MAGEE PRATT.



ROSE GARDEN. C. P. LINCOLN, WETHERSFIELD AVE.

Among the strange philosophies that I have heard propounded, the strangest perhaps is this, found as the basis of Rousseau's thought, that instinct is better than intelligence; the condition of life produced by the observance of the simple laws of nature higher than the artificial condition created by the culture of man. I do not believe it at all, though the struggle with adverse elements in winter time may demand all the energies of man to make life bearable; yet the hardships and the evil

are preferable to the long torpor of any hybernating animal that so wastes nearly half of life. When we remember that we may brighten and cheer our hours of strife by the ministry of beauty and life culled from all the summer places of the earth, we see that man's place in nature is better after all.

Every flower we grow successfully in our houses in the winter time is a witness to the sovereignty of man over the forces of the universe, a testimony to the superiority of his pow-

ers over all others. The chill of the north winds may stagnate the blood of the hardest trees so that their skeletons make the landscapes look like the cities of the dead; the coverlet of snow enwrap the fair green verdure with white mantle of desolation; the outside world appear like a sheeted corpse; pallid and helpless in the arms of the destroyer, and then within the sheltering transparency of our windows we may see the fresh green of tropical palms, and the slender beauty of the fern brought from the depths of the forests of sunny lands, with the sheen and fragrance of the flower gems that shone on the breasts of many a far away field, all won by the craft and skill of man. And every leaf and frond, every blossom and faint sweet odor that cheers the homes where we dwell is the badge of our courage and the honor mark that proves our powers.

The love of flowers is one of the signs of culture, but it is not always the love of flowers that sends people to the florist's store to buy clusters of roses or masses of violet bloom; sometimes it is little more than mere love of vulgar display that orders that mission, though better to have the flowers that way than miss their lesson altogether. A true love of flowers makes us wish to understand their nature, superintend their growth, minister to their necessities, and the result is a sort of dual culture; the flowers grow and bloom both before our eyes and in our hearts; and those that blossom in the garden of the soul yield the fullest crops of blessing, for neither blight nor age can wither their infinite variety. As one broad principle of culture for the window garden this may be accepted as true for most of the plants that the amateur can succeed in growing: that conditions of temperature, atmosphere and light that are good for healthy men and women are good also for the flowers. The overheated room into which no

breath of the tonic outside air is ever allowed to enter will choke up the fountain of life of every living thing in it, belonging as it may to vegetable or animal kingdom. Strong currents of zero air will destroy, but the moderate, regular admission of nature's mixture of oxygen and hydrogen is a necessary fertilizer for all sorts of life. I cannot enter into any question of quantity of plants you should have; that can only be settled by the conditions that exist in every different home, and the amount of time you can give the flowers, though in this last respect I may say that if regularly cared for a little time will do for a great many plants; neglect will induce weakness, and nursing back to health is a tedious task.

I do not need to speak of arrangement, nor would I here; every person should make that a study; it aids in the development of the art faculties to practice regularly how with almost the same materials to every now and then compose a new exhibit of color effects, and you will never be able to properly appreciate an oil painting or water color until you can mass flowers artistically and organize your window plants to the best advantage. Treating your window garden as a picture, you must first have the background, and Nature has already selected your primary colors. You must have green; not all of one shade either, but a variety of greens, modulated as in a landscape. No palm that will stand imprisonment is better than the *Areca*, though if you are rich there are many varieties of greater beauty that can be bought, still it is charming in its way, but as there is a certain stiffness about all the family you want to destroy the formality by something graceful, and the *Grevillea Robusta* or *Silk Oak* is extremely attractive. Pinch out the top shoot, give it light.—sun is not necessary, rich earth and drainage, and when it is well grown you will thank the *Connecticut Magazine* for

the introduction, if you are not acquainted with it. Besides, try the *Asparagus Plumosis*. I am convinced that this sort is the best for house culture. The *Sprengeri* turns yellow and sickly nearly always out of the greenhouse. I do not love the *Aspidesta*, but some people do. The variegated sort is the prettiest, but it is too upright and proper in its unbending propriety for my liking. The *Pandanus Veitchii* is very decorative and adds to the splendor of the picture. And for beauty of form and joyous suggestiveness of ever-flowing streams in lands of mystery; place on the edge of your mass a well-grown *Cyperus* and give it root room and water in plenty, and so far your picture will do. There are, of course, many more that are suitable; the *Nephrolepis Bostonians* is a wonderfully effective fern if quite large and well grown, but small plants are very straggling and large ones are sufficient to themselves. Never let them get dry or overheated, if you do their beauty is destroyed. *Araucaria Compacta* is valuable and the best of the pines for house culture, but again too stiff to be beautiful. One or two *Dracenas* should be used, the *Fragrans* or *Massangeana* for choice; they lighten up all the rest and give quality and tone. Some people are satisfied with a symphony in green. I am decidedly of opinion that it is very imperfect.

No window garden is complete without bloom, and there are so many superb flowering plants that love the house better than the garden that every one may have flowers in plenty; and let me say emphatically that there are some that the amateur had better leave alone: not one rose in a hundred pays for its keep; you may buy for a quarter better carnations than you will grow in half a dozen pots; violets die in the close atmosphere of a house and even the geranium hardly satisfies from January to April, though the newer va-

rieties are trained to give some bloom in the darker days. The bulbs do best of all. For some of these I refer you to the last issue of the Magazine, only supplementing that by advising you that if you want Hyacinths in glasses it is much the better way to grow them in pots until the flower shoot is well above the bulb, then stand for an hour in a pail of water, and taking from the pot wash the earth from the roots and insert in the glass; your flower will not suffer from this treatment.

Few bulbs have so many merits as the *Clivia* or *Imantophyllum*, one of the *Amaryllis* family; its crystal brightness of orange, tinged with ruddy gold, its masses of flowers and its easy care make it a treasure, as are nearly all the *Amaryllis*, especially the Hybrids of the *Johnsonii*. Water freely when growing and you will be satisfied. The *Oxalis* bloom freely and always look full of life; the *Bowcii* and *Arborea* are the best.

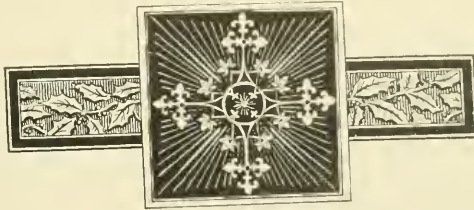
If you can give some moisture then have *Begonias*, but not otherwise; the new *Glore de Loiraine* is a treasure, although it will kill itself giving all its strength in blossom. The *Bijou* is of the *Vernon* tribe, but has red flowers, and any of the family are worthy, either in bloom or out. But for the window garden nothing equals the *Cyclamen*; not a poor, starved seedling forced into premature bloom in a 3 in. pot, but a well-grown plant in a 6 in., with variegated leaves that form a massive mat that looks like a crown, above which the flower stalks bear in profusion white or pink winged jewels; and your bouquet lasts for months and transcends all the rest.

Besides your bulbs, have some yellow flowering sorts. The *genistra* is worthy, looking like a fountain of gold flowing at your side.

Of the *Primroses* and *Browalia Elata* I have written, but secure some of each, and with any others you may choose that will please you.

Try and capture for your homesome of the summer life and brightness. There is darkness and care enough in the world for all of us beyond peradventure, yet even in the worst of all we can treasure the witness of a happier time and love

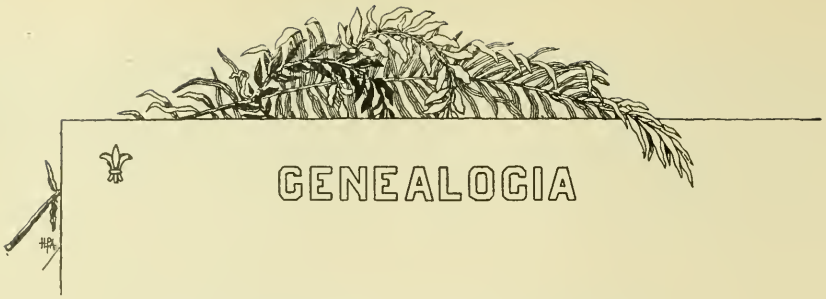
them, either as a legacy of the splendor that has faded all away, or better far, as the pledge of lengthening days; and earnest of the restful beauty that is before us when once more the world grows young.



## THE DREAMER.

BY CHARLES G. GIRELIUS.

As one on a desert lost—  
 Seeking for shelter and rest,  
 Wearied, tormented with thirst,  
 He beholds in the distance a scene  
 Reposing in quiet and calm—  
 A lake with soft ripples of light,  
 And shores all covered with green.  
 Toward this he hastens his step,  
 And finds—but more gravel and sand,  
 And boulders, and rocks, and doubt;  
 But fancy still paints him a dream,  
 And hope leads him onward again.



## GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Querists are requested to write all names of persons and places so that they cannot be misunderstood, to write on only one side of the paper, to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and ten cents in stamps for each query. Those who are subscribers will be given preference in the insertion of their queries, and they will be inserted in the order in which they are received. All matters relating to this department must be sent to THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE, Hartford, marked Genealogical Department. Give full name and post office address.

It is optional with querist to have name and address or initials published.

### ANSWERS.

To No. 44. If T. G. C., Query 44 in Historical Magazine for July and August, 1900, will consult Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation, published in 1898 by the state of Massachusetts—(a copy of which will be found in the Historical Library of this city) he will find on page 532 that "Mr. William Mullens and his wife, and two children, and a servant Robert Carter" came over on the Mayflower, and on page 536, that Mr. Mullens, wife, son and servant, all died the first winter. This would indicate that Robert Carter left no descendants.

Hartford, November 27, 1900.

To No. 30. Ingham. — Benjamin Ingham, son of Joseph Ingham and Abigail — (probably Abigail Wright of Saybrook).

Joseph Ingham was eldest son of Ebenezer Ingham of Saybrook and Dorothy Stone of Guilford, who were married July 9, 1701. Joseph was born October 8, 1705, and removed to Durham, Conn., when about thirty years old.

Dorothy Stone was daughter of Thomas Stone of Guilford and Mary Johnson, married Dec. 2, 1676.

Ebenezer Ingham (born —) was son of Joseph Ingham of Saybrook and Mary —. Joseph was born August 30, 1656.

Joseph Ingham was son of Joseph Ingham of Saybrook and Sarah Bushnell. They were married at Saybrook, June 20, 1655.

Sarah Bushnell was daughter of Francis Bushnell the younger (Deacon Bushnell), who was son of Francis Bushnell the elder. The elder Bushnell died in Guilford in 1646. Deacon Francis Bushnell, his daughter Sarah, and Joseph Ingham removed to Saybrook in 1648, where Deacon Bushnell, who was a miller, built the first mill in the town, afterward called Jones' mill. He died in Saybrook, Dec. 4, 1681.

I take these facts from a pamphlet printed in Hartford in 1871, entitled "The Ingham Family: or Joseph Ingham and His Descendants. 1639-1871." If your correspondent, "M. M. G." desires, I shall be glad to furnish any further details within my possession. Very truly yours,

John A. Ingham.

QUERIES.

46. Potter—Gilbert. David Potter, who was born in East Haven, Nov. 26, 1717, died in Hamden after 1773, mar. Sarah Gilbert of Hamden, Conn., on Nov. 17, 1748. Sarah Gilbert was the eldest dau. of Stephen and Elizabeth (Sherman) Gilbert. Stephen Gilbert was a great-grandson of Matthew Gilbert, deputy governor of New Haven colony, who died in 1636. What relation was the above Sarah Gilbert to Samuel Gilbert of Hamden, Conn., who was born in 1750, and died in New Haven, June 21, 1827, aged 77— Was she his sister?

47. Smith—Cowles. Wanted, parentage of Martha Smith, who was born Oct. 10, 1739; died April 4, 1814; married March 16, 1763 Abijah Cowles, who was born Aug. 10, 1735, d. Dec. 10, 1782.

They lived in East Hartford, Conn. She had a brother who was a sea captain but retired and had a farm; died about 1796. The dates of her birth, etc., are from the family Bible (still in existence) of her son, my grandfather, Timothy Cowles, who was about five years old when his father died, when he was taken by his uncle, the retired sea captain referred to above, who left him some money when he died.

F. N. Chase,  
Box 1229,  
Lowell, Mass.

48. (a) Wheaton.—Will anyone having Wheaton records kindly overlook them, and give me the names of children of James Wheaton, who lived between 1726 and 1806 probably—with name of wife, dates covering their births, marriage and residence. Also dates of births of their children. He was doubtless my great, great grandfather. Any information or clues will be greatly appreciated.

(b) Wheaton.—Can anyone tell birth-place or birth date of Jehiel Wheaton? He married Mary — and died 1816. Who was Mary? and when were their children born, and where? They had at least two daughters and one son.

(c) Welles — Gilbert. Was Mary Welles who married Jonathan Gilbert, born about 1626, the dau. of Hugh and Frances Welles of Hadley and Hartford? If so can some one tell maiden name of Frances, and any dates concerning herself and husband Hugh Welles? When was their daughter Mary born?

(d) Hall—Flint. Can not some one tell me parentage, or give clue to the ancestry of Mary Hall, who as second wife, mar. 11 April, 1745, Samuel Flint of Windham. Samuel Flint was born 1712. E. A. S.

49. Skinner.—Was Benjamin, son of Elias Skinner, born in Bolton, Conn., on the 20th of April, 1766? The New England Genealogical and Historical Register for July 1900, published a part of the Church Records of Bolton, Conn., giving the date of baptism of Benjamin, son of Elias Skinner as April 27th, 1766.

Lester C. Skinner,  
607 Hough Ave.,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

50. (a) Barnard—Hinsdale. Who were the parents of Sarah Barnard, b. in Hartford, Conn., Sept. 27, 1727; m. Dec. 1742, Jonathan son of Isaac, and Lydia (Loomis) Hinsdale of Hartford.

(b) Stephens.—Who were the parents of John Squire Stephens, (or Stevens), m. Jan. 5, 1793, Anna, dau. of Abner and Hannah (Dyer) Woodworth of Salisbury, Conn.; lived in Canaan, and Norfolk; removed to Pompey, N. Y., about 1806? S. H. McK.



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

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CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. In the death of Charles Dudley Warner, which occurred at Hartford October 20th, a singularly felicitous life has gone from us.

How many of us who have lingered in the "Editor's Study" of Harper's Magazine for so many happy hours will not for many a day to come breath a sigh of genuine sorrow at the absence of the genial, cultured, the ideal man of letters, whom we, though seeing not, yet knew and loved so well.

It is idle to speak of Mr. Warner's literary standing; that is too well known, but it is pleasant to record here that the concensus of opinion, as expressed by the press of the country, is that Mr. Warner was undoubtedly one of the foremost literary men in America.

In his domestic life, in his intercourse with his friends and in his duty as a citizen of both his state and of the city in which he lived, Mr. Warner has left no uncertain impress of his power, and of his willingness to meet all the demands made upon him, and all was done in a manner at once forceful, graceful and unaffected to the point of simplicity itself. We can ill afford to lose such men!

Dr. Charles J. Hoadly, State librarian, whose death occurred on Oct. 19th, has the distinction of having completed, with one exception, a longer term in office than that of any state official we have had. His forty-five years' service has been continuous through all the changes of political parties, an eloquent tribute to his eminent fitness as a librarian, and his personal popularity. Dr. Hoadly comes from a family notably rich in historical associations, of which we hope at an early date to give our readers an extended account.

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THE REMEDY. The recent heavy defalcations in two New York banks, and the extraordinary ease with which the crimes were covered, should certainly lead to a system of keeping accounts in financial institutions that will make it impossible in the future to misappropriate any part of their funds, large or small. To do this, it would seem that every one employed in a bank should take part in the care of the bank's funds and a system be devised that would make the misappropriation of the funds of



the bank by a single official, no matter for how small an amount, open to immediate detection. The making of an error or false entry in the books of the bank will then, like the introduction of a foreign body into a cog wheel, throw the entire establishment out of gear, making the discovery of any discrepancy an easy matter. This is a layman's view of the situation. An expert fiduciary official may smile at the notion of such a complicated system of accounts so accurate that, should a dishonest man corrupt nearly the whole force governing the bank, thievery of any portion of its funds can nevertheless be at once detected by the remaining two or three not in the combine to steal. Still, it is not an impossible thing to do and where there is even a remote possibility of accomplishing the desired end it should be undertaken. It may be argued that such a system would entail extra and heavy expense, more than the bank could afford. To this we would say, let such banks go out of business and let others with adequate means to run a financial institution take their places.

There is one aspect in this melancholy business where long trusted officials have at last proven recreant to their trust, that stands out in bold relief, and that is that in a majority of cases these officials have remained honest, resisting temptation to steal for years, to fall at last before the fatal Temptation. Going back to first causes, and knowing as we do the sorrowful and most unaccountable weakness that has been displayed by some who hitherto were the best and most upright men that ever lived, we are forced to admit that it is because we have placed before them temptation of the most intense kind, and these men have gone home to be tempted there too by ugly conditions growing out of the position they occupied; the importunities of extravagant wives or children alive to the opportunity they possess-

ed to gratify their evil desires. What wonder that even the strongest swerve from the right at last to become in the end irretrievably lost?

We are confronted with the one solution to end the miserable Lusiness once for all—remove temptation. Make it impossible to steal a bank's funds and there will be no temptation. To be sure, to make it impossible for any one connected with a bank to steal its funds is to change a method that has given us tried and trusted officials. The work of financial institutions will then become mere machine-like tasks, and those who make banking their profession will feel the loss of pride that goes with the exercise of conscious virtue and strength—the strength to resist temptation. All this, from the standpoint of the moralist who likes to see men run and win their race under difficulties, has in it something to commend; for a race, if obstacles are removed, is no race at all. It is here that the principle, that the greatest good to the greatest number, should rule. A banking institution does not represent merely the life of an individual or a score of such, but is the source upon which hundreds of lives—a whole community—depend for existence. The interests of these should not be made subordinate to sentiment or experiments in ethical science. Every clerk in a financial institution should insist, as a matter of fairness to himself and of duty to the depositors, (the thousands who do not know him, and who have no check upon his dealings), that the opportunity and consequent temptation to wrong-doing should never for an instant be placed in his way. We would have these bank officials mere automatons in so far as pertains to the handling of the funds entrusted to their care, leaving to them such satisfaction in their work as may be derived in the knowledge of doing their part well.

and the consciousness that a savings bank, so far as they are concerned, is what its name implies, independent of whether those in whose control it is are honest or dishonest. Of course, if every one connected with a bank were dishonest, if there was not one honest man from president down to messenger, precautions would avail nothing, but this is a contingency too remote to be considered here.

Parents exercise watchful care that the temptations of drunkenness and many other crimes of the day should not be placed before their children. Why, then, should they not insist that the temptation to theft should be guarded against as well? Let every parent who sends his boy to serve in a bank exact the agreement that it must be made impossible for his boy to steal at any stage of his connection with the bank. Virtue may look askance at such a compact as this, but a savings bank, or safety vault, should be what it is advertised to be, absolutely safe, and this cannot be claimed so long as the institution rests upon the foundation of more or less human frailty. Let a bank clerk as such enter upon his duties as a soldier does his, in an impersonal aspect, knowing that he is simply a unit around whom thousands revolve, having no feeling save the simple satisfaction of executing the duty in hand, consciousness in all else, a condition that he must see precludes the idea of turning a bank into an experimental station for the propagation of integrity.

The depositor for the savings of the old and infirm, the poor no less than the rich; the orphan, the widow, the hard-working laborer, the factory girl, in fact, for all conditions of life, should be independent of human action except in so far as it may be made automatic—a machine with energy, but no conception of, nor power for wrong-doing. Not until this is brought about can we claim that a bank is what it is designed to be, a place to put our money where it will be absolutely safe.

THE INCREASE IN  
PRICE OF THE  
CONNECTICUT  
MAGAZINE.

The publishers of *The Connecticut Magazine* have found that to issue a magazine of its present standard and afford the means for enlarging and otherwise improving its quality, it will be necessary to increase the price of subscription to \$2 per annum. In a special publication like that of the *Connecticut Magazine*, with its more limited field in which to circulate and its less general advertising patronage in consequence, it is too expensive to publish at one dollar per year. This holds true in regard to all the special state and historical magazines published in this country. The majority of these magazines do not furnish illustrations as does the *Connecticut Magazine* and have fewer pages of reading matter, yet these publications command a price of two and a half to three dollars per year. To cite a number of instances (taking the copies on file in this office) we have the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, quarterly, 110 PP., occasionally illustrated with two or three cuts, subscription price \$3 per year. The *William and Mary College Quarterly and Historical Magazine*, 72 PP., no illustrations, price \$3 per year. The *New York Genealogical and Biographical Record*, Quarterly, 64 PP., one or two illustrations, price \$2.50 per annum. Publications of the *Rhode Island Historical Society Quarterly*, 64 PP., no illustrations, price \$1 per annum. The *California Register*, Quarterly, 32 PP., no illustrations, price \$2 per annum. The "*Old Northwest*" *Genealogical Quarterly*, 48 PP., one or two illustrations, price \$2 per annum. The *Essex Antiquarian Monthly*, 16 PP., one or two illustrations, \$1 per annum. The *Texas State Historical Quarterly*, 72 PP., no illustrations, price \$2 per annum. *North American Notes and Queries*, monthly, 40 PP., 2 or 3 illustrations, price \$3 per annum. The *Genealogical Advertiser*, Cambridge, Mass., Quarterly, 32 PP., no illustrations, price

\$1 per annum. The Cambridge Encyclopedia, Monthly, 56 PP., one or two illustrations, price \$2 per year.

The American Monthly Magazine, 96 PP., occasionally illustrated with a number of cuts, price \$1. Putnam's Historical Magazine, Monthly, 32 PP., no illustrations, price \$2. Annals of Iowa, Quarterly, 81 PP., five or six illustrations, price \$1. Essex Institute Historical Collections, Quarterly, 80 PP., \$2 per annum. Referring to the more extensively illustrated state monthlies we find that the Vermonter, monthly, liberally illustrated, but has only 16 PP., charges \$1 per annum. The Granite Monthly, 52 PP., well illustrated, price \$2 per annum. The Portland Home Journal, 44 PP., fairly illustrated, \$1 per year. Land of Sunshine, 36 PP., generously illustrated, \$1 per annum. The Spirit of '76, monthly, 16 PP., quarto, several illustrations, price \$1 per annum. The New England Magazine, a well edited and handsomely illustrated monthly magazine, while not properly a special state publication, a fact that has enabled it to acquire more general circulation, is nevertheless obliged to charge its subscribers \$3 per annum. With the exception of the New England Magazine and the American Monthly, The Connecticut Magazine gives more reading matter than any other special historical publication, and proposes to give more and make still further improvements for next year, but it is clear that it cannot do this at one dollar per year. The publishers have stated in their prospectus what they propose to introduce for

next year, and the editor feels correspondingly encouraged for the success of the magazine from the reader's standpoint.

WE WIN A  
PRIZE.

It will interest our readers to learn that a Grand Prize has been awarded the Connecticut Magazine in the publishers' collective exhibit of the United States at the Paris Exposition. This award indicates the great value in which state historical publications like ours should be held.

We are naturally much gratified in receiving such flattering recognition, and feel a corresponding incentive to still greater effort to make the magazine the very best of its kind in the country.

AN EXPLANATION  
TO OUR READERS.

Our present issue does not contain as many pages of reading matter as we have usually given our readers. This is owing to the fact that we are late with the issue and deem it wiser to carry some of the matter intended for the present number over to the next issue; a plan that will enable us to make better progress in catching up with date of publication.

The November-December number will contain sufficient matter to make the number of pages to the volume about equal to that of Vol. V, and over a third more than Vol. IV.



## BOOK NOTES AND REVIEWS.

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### THE EARTH AND ITS STORY.

(By Angelo Heilprin, Professor of Geology in Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science. Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston, Chicago.)

There are many people who regard Geology as one of the sciences that are exceedingly difficult to understand, and who believe it is the labor of a lifetime to master its principles. It is one of the merits of this book that it will completely disabuse the mind of this false impression. Any one of average intelligence can study the book in a month and thus acquire a new insight into the processes of Nature when she wrought for man his dwelling place of earth. It is a book for beginners, and owes its greatest value to the fact that it was written by a master whose knowledge comprehends the teachings of all the authorities, supplemented by close personal study of natural formations.

It treats especially of those features of the science that will interest not only the pupils of the schools, but also those who are anxious to know the essential facts about the world's formation without mastering all the details; how to classify rocks and stones and their method of growth; what to believe when they walk mountain ranges; how the history of the world is graven on its fossil forms; what earthquakes and volcanoes do. It describes the chemical operations in Nature's laboratory, and does it all so simply, and yet with such forceful skill, that it interests and instructs in equal measure. It is a book that the student, beginner and general reader should buy and study. It is well and fully illustrated and will rank as one of the best elementary text books we have.

### WILDERNESS WAYS.

(By Rev. Wm. J. Long. Belknap & Warfield.)

Nothing too good can be said about "Wilderness Ways." It was penned by a poet, with the eyes of a seer, and abounds in literary charm. The boys will revel in it, and men who have tramped the woods in search of game and camped near lonely lakes will find in its pages the afterglow of many a happy hour. Mr. Long has spent years in the solitudes, and cultivated acquaintance with all kinds of animals that shun the face of man. And his book is a series of portraits by pen and pencil of deer and loon, of eagle and bear, and other strange beings that hide mostly in places that are hard to reach. The book is filled with the soul of romance, and yet the graphic sketches are every one of them true to life. Every care has been given to make the pictures accurate portrayals of the nature and habits of his very singular and retiring friends. Some things we believed about them are found to be false; many facts of which we were ignorant are described, and when we have read the book, not only have we left to us the impression of adventures that were blood curdling in their risk, but we know more than we did of actual and interesting things.

It is an invaluable service rendered by Mr. Long to his fellows in giving the story of his work and play in the northern parts of our country, or it will be if it proves to the overworked business man the superiority of the forest to the hotel; the greater attractions offered by a simple life in the woods over the rush of fashionable holiday resorts, where a man can plunge into the fountains of life and

be recreated in the truest sense. For this purpose the book was written by a missionary of Nature to woo world-weary men to worship in a temple not made with hands. All should read it as the very best book published with an example of holiday life that they can imitate, it differs from Henry Van Dyke's "Little Rivers" in this; that fascinating as that charming book is, it always seems as if Mr. Van Dyke wore kid gloves hunting and fishing and invariably dressed for dinner. Mr. Long roughed it in the woods, brought himself into harmony with the life about him, never spared himself to find the truth, and thus all his pictures were painted from life.

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"SPEEDWELL."

(By Anna J. Grannis. Darling & Co., Publishers, Keene, N. H. 1 Vol. Cloth. Price, 50 cts.)

This is a volume of verse, matching in size the former ones issued by the authoress, and having the same characteristics that mark all the other songs; clear insight into the beauties of nature, large sympathy with all who suffer, and warm encouragement to those in difficulty and trial. They might well be called the songs of hope. Nearly all of them are excellent, and one or two reach the heights of genius. This is especially true of "The Lament," a poem that will live; and "When Sleep Overtakes," a touching song, revealing deep feeling and the strong sympathy that is the sign of true hearts.

There is a peculiar, womanly quality about the work of Miss Grannis that makes it very welcome to all other women whose burdens are often heavier than they can carry; and that it will be widely read, and very helpful, is assured by its worth.

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CHRISTMAS PUBLICATIONS.

(Raphael Tuck & Sons. London, Paris, New York.)

This well-known art-publishing firm has placed on the market a large assortment of tasteful and beautiful Christmas cards and calendars.

The Alma Mater calendar is perhaps the most striking. This calendar shows six pretty girls dressed in the colors of the colleges they represent. On the background of each picture is a view of the respective university buildings. The universities represented are Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, Chicago, Princeton and Columbia. This is a large calendar, 12x15. It is handsomely mounted and held together by a heavy silk cord.

Another handsome calendar is the Longfellow calendar, printed in colors. There are many others, all handsomely printed in colors and tastefully mounted.

A series of fifty Christmas cards of different sizes and designs are shown, some of which are neat and tasteful; many are beautiful; a few are somewhat garish in color, but these we presume are for very young folk, who we know affect strong contrasts.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

Our readers are invited to look over our prospectus for 1901, on the colored page next to the frontispiece in this issue. The complete list of those who will contribute to these pages the coming year will be given

in our November-December number. The names of writers and the subjects upon which they will discourse, as shown in the present issue, are a sufficient guarantee of the purpose of the publishers to produce a still

more popular and valuable historical magazine, and should influence all our subscribers to send in their renewals early and not wait until the exact time when their subscription expires. There are several thousand subscribers who have been with us from the start; who have, in a word, been steady in their support despite the many annoying delays in the publication of the magazine. To these we are under great obligations (not as a private money-making concern, but as a public enterprise in the interest of the people of the whole state) for their friendly co-operation.

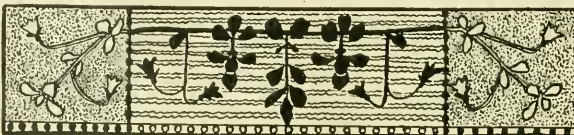
As time rolls on, each volume of the magazine increases rapidly in value. To-day, only six years after its initial appearance, the first volume of *The Connecticut Magazine* cannot be bought, although we advertise for it freely, unless a premium is paid, and even then they are difficult, if not impossible, to obtain. As we bound a great number of these old copies of the magazine for our subscribers when they were first published, the supposition is that they form part of the many public and private libraries over the state and country at large, and this would account for the difficulty in securing copies. We have now on our file nearly five hundred orders for Vol. I, which we are unable to supply. It is within reason to predict that within ten and twenty years hence the holders of the present volume of this magazine will be able, if they so desire, to dispose of it at twenty

(perhaps even more) times its original value.

It should be observed here that the edition of *The Connecticut Magazine*, in comparison with the magazines of national circulation, with their hundreds of thousands' impressions, is an *edition de luxe* of a kind, that is, it is a limited edition, and this always means a future special value for the work. The wise ones will subscribe *now* and hold fast to their purchase.

We refer our readers to the editorials in this number on the subject of the increase in price of the magazine. We are sure that no further statement in justification for this increase is needed when we say that this magazine cannot be issued promptly at one dollar a year, and meet its expenses. The subscribers will find in this number renewal blanks for the coming year, which we hope they will fill out and return to us at an early date, so that it will enable us to gauge the number we should print. All this information has to be secured in advance of publication, and as we are several months late with the present issue, and several weeks with the next number, our readers can see that the request for early renewals is not unreasonable.

The illustration showing a view of the exhibit of the Russell & Erwin Company of New Britain, and mention of which is made on page 435 was missent and is unavoidably left out.





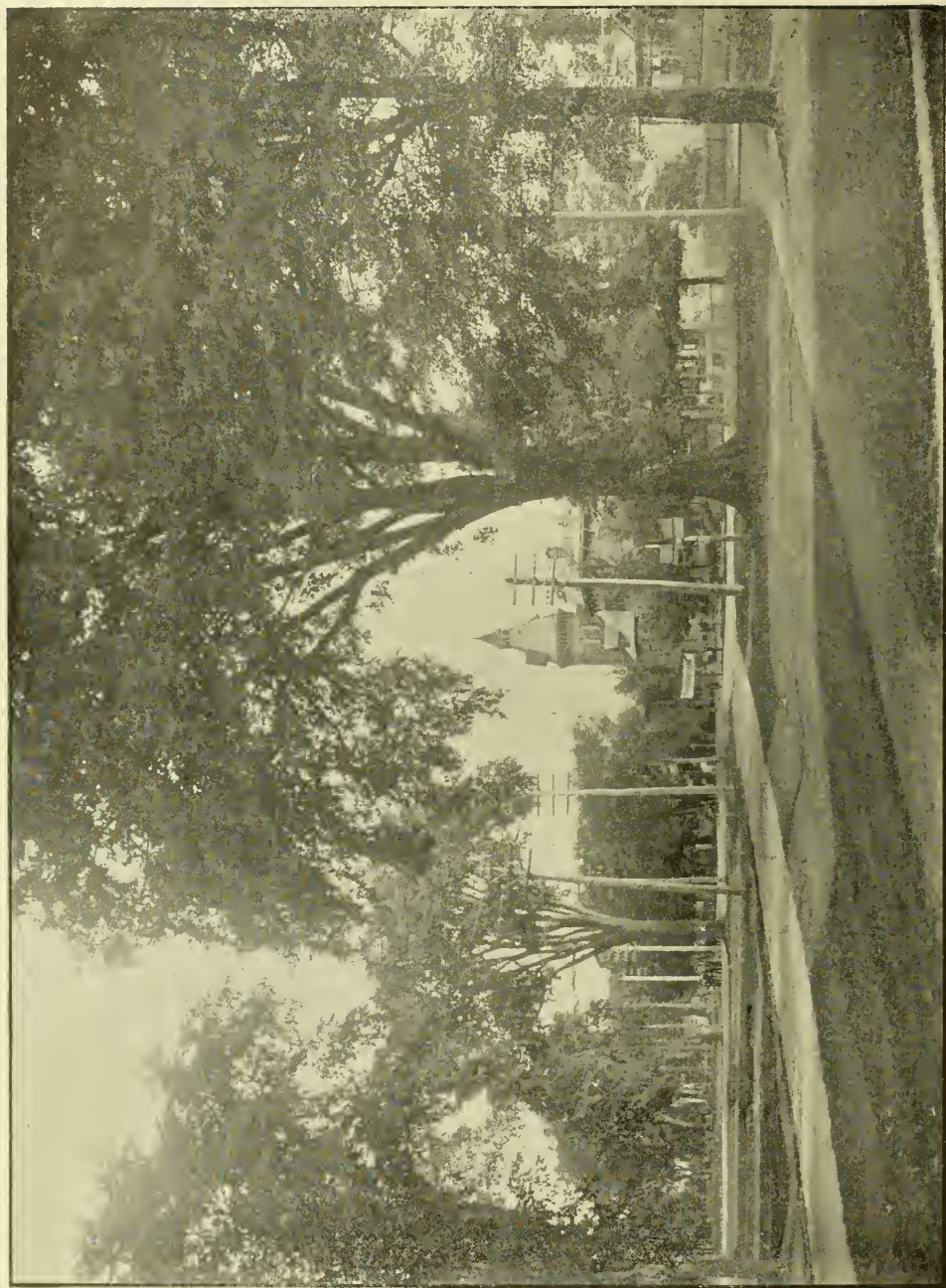


Photo by John S. Bower.

WINDSOR CENTER SHOWING TOWN HALL AND POST OFFICE.



# THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE.

VOL. 6.

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1900.

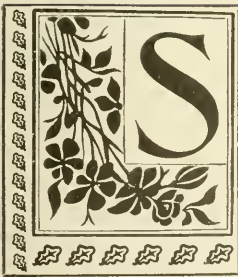
NO. 7.



## OLD WINDSOR.

### RETROSPECTIVE AND PHOTOGRAPHIC.

BY CHARLES FRANKLIN OLIN.



**S**KIRTED by the winding, silvery sheen of the Connecticut and broad acres of verdant meadow, divided by the narrow course of the Farmington, whose waters are presently to merge with those of the greater river, stands Windsor upon the hills, her thoroughfares crowned with the homes of the prosperous and thrifty. Older than the nation by a century and a half, this Cambridge of Hartford com-

mands the affection and reverence of the Saxon world, because of her wealth of historic achievement and the honor of her sons.

The soft waves of the Connecticut, stealing in from the Sound, kiss shores around which center much of the vital history of the land in its most uncertain stage. Saybrook, Wethersfield, Hartford, and Windsor owe their present honorable positions in history to this river, within whose arms are held romance and tragedy, patriotism and ambition, joys and pains, and a great wealth of unwritten story of centuries. No spot upon her picturesque shores is more closely associated with the pages of

early history than grand old Windsor. Each hill is crowned with a distinguished memory. Its acres are jeweled with happy reminiscences. Could the rocks and trees speak of the past the Saxon world would halt and listen. The cold clear waters of

Plymouth, and established the first permanent English settlement in Connecticut—scarcely twenty-six years after Captain John Smith and his little band founded at Jamestown the first English settlement in the United States. The site of the trading-house

is marked by a boulder, suitably inscribed and erected a few years ago, by the Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Windsor. This boulder stands about a mile southeast of the "meeting



the river whisper to him, who hears aught, of the time a little more than two and a quarter centuries backward when Captain William Holmes with a few other men (who had landed at Plymouth but thirteen years before from the good ship Mayflower), sailed carefully up its length, pluckily disregarding the threats of the Dutch commandant of the fort at Hartford, and landing at Windsor, erected a frame trading-house that had been hewed and fashioned at

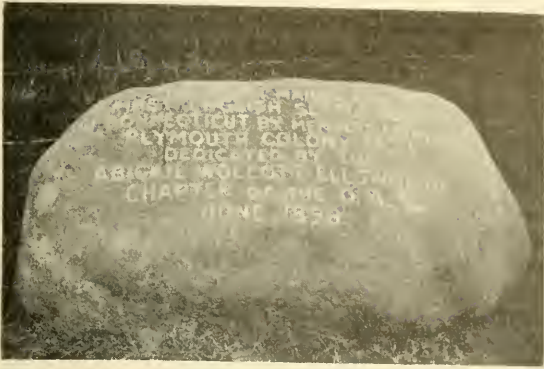


THE FARMINGTON RIVER AT "BREAK NECK."

Photo by H. W. Benjamin.

house" on what is called "the island," and designates where the first frame house in Connecticut was located.

The venture of Captain Holmes was made principally because of the persistency with which certain Indian chiefs had represented the country



BOULDER MARKING SITE OF TRADING HOUSE.

to be rich in opportunity for agricultural development and trading. The Pequots had been successfully aggressive against these chiefs and their anxiety for the coming of the white man was undoubtedly because of their desire to secure as allies the mysterious flint-locks, the possession of which by the whites held the savages in check for many years.

Holmes brought with him several banished Indians who had taken refuge in Massachusetts. The further fact that the Pequots were on friendly terms with the Dutch at Hartford created excellent cause for apprehension of danger by the Holmes party. However, the vessel that brought them was sent back home and other Colonists from Plymouth followed within a few months; among them the son of Governor William Bradford, whose letters to his father, recently discovered, have thrown much light upon the trials and experiences of the Holmes party.

The meadow in the vicinity of where the trading-house stood is known to this day as the Plymouth Meadow.

The towns of Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield possess the unique distinction of being the first towns in America to be settled by Colonists coming overland. The Plymouth colony had been established but two years when a company of men, women, and children from Dorchester ar-

rived, after that hard and memorable journey through the wilderness, and claimed possession. The Indians about Windsor had never been numerous, but the few there were had been most friendly with the Plymouth people; hence the greeting accorded the Dorchester Saxons was far from being cordial.

About the same time a considerable company, known to history as the Francis Stiles party, arrived from England, sent hither by Sir Richard Saltonstall, one of the patentees of Connecticut. A three-cornered dispute for the control of the land immediately ensued. The Dorchester people built their cabins on the bank overlooking the Plymouth and Great Meadows. The Stiles party settled a little to the north, being, however, practically a part of the Dorchester colony. The land involved was that between the meadows and what is now known as the Windsor Plain, a barren stretch of sandy soil two miles west of the present center. This land came to be known as "The Lord's Waste," a name given it by some wit of the Dorchester colony because of the persistent defence of the Plymouth leaders that the Providence of God had led them hither, given them right of possession, and in His name they proposed to maintain ownership. Two years elapsed before the dispute was settled, the Plymouth colony being practically forced to abdicate.

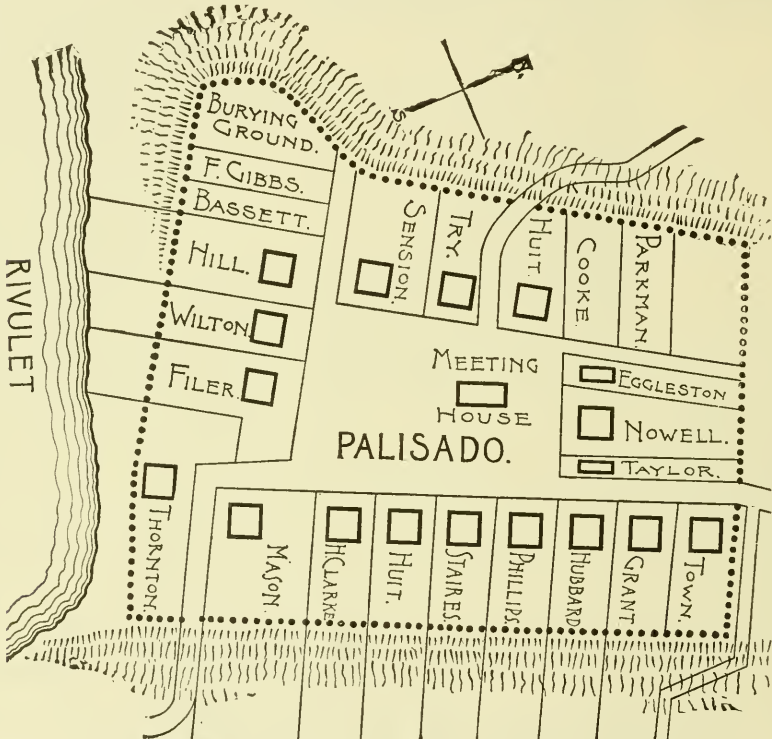
The power of attorney to sell out to the Dorchester people all but one-sixteenth of the land and the trading-house finally was forwarded to Captain Holmes from Plymouth in an elaborate document signed by all the dignitaries of the Puritan community. The heroic Plymouth company speedily departed for the home they had left four years before, where no doubt

they found it easier to serve God in temporal things.

This tract was forty-five miles in circumference; yet once a year the able-bodied men were ordered out with spades and axes to "run the boundary lynes" by piling heaps of earth and notching the trees. It is related that little difficulty was experienced in securing a full company of men after liquor was provided them at the expense of the public treasury. The breaking of twigs and the heap-

from Dorchester Plantation to Windsor. It does not appear what particular reason there was for favoring the name of Windsor. The supposition is that, following the usual custom of the Colonists of naming new settlements after prominent towns in England (the mother country), the preference in this case was Windsor, a name that had not hitherto been chosen on the American continent.

It is variously stated that there was but one Colonist killed by Indians,



PLAN OF THE PALISADO, (ENLARGED BY J. H. HAYDEN.)  
From Stiles's "Ancient Windsor."

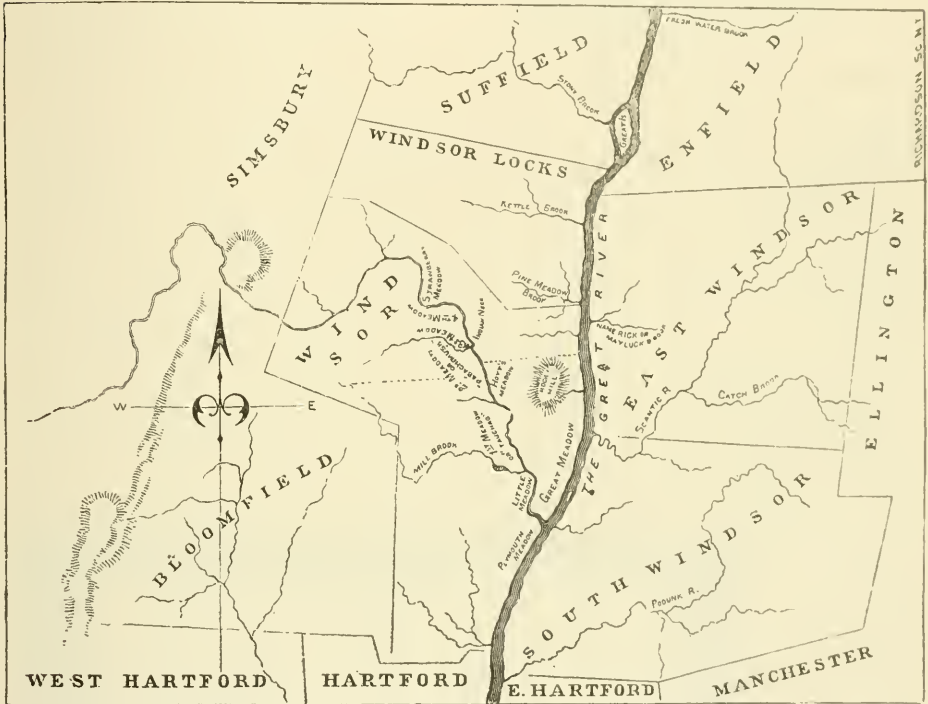
ing of dirt were the common methods of indicating the boundaries of individual grants or purchases. The tract embraced the present towns of Windsor, East Windsor, South Windsor, Ellington, Windsor Locks, Bloomfield, and a part (if not all) of Salisbury. The Dorchester settlement was what is now the northern section of the present town of Windsor. About this time the name of the town was changed "by order of the court"

and again, that there were several. Be that as it may there were numerous alarms and early in the history of the settlement a palisade was built for protection of the Colonists against attack. This enclosure contained a town house and embraced the territory now occupied, as then, by the Congregational church and cemetery, the triangular plot of ground at the fork of the roads just north of the church, and the land in the imme-

diate vicinity. The triangular plot is now called Palisado Green and was the site of the public house or "Towne House," as it was called. Within the palisade, plots of ground were assigned the heads of households. Upon some of them houses were built for either temporary or permanent occupancy.

An interesting fact in this connec-

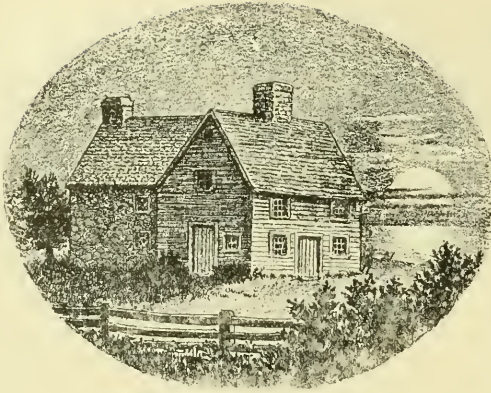
tion of Dewey little is recorded that throws any light upon his character or position in the colony. Matthew Grant, however, was the church and town clerk and his records have been commended as being the best of those of the colonial period anywhere in existence. These records are a study by themselves. They are now in the possession of the town at



MAP ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE INDIAN PURCHASES OF ANCIENT WINDSOR.  
From Stiles's "Ancient Windsor."

tion is that Matthew Grant, the American ancestor of General and President U. S. Grant, and Thomas Dewey, in the same relationship to Rear-Admiral George Dewey—forefathers of the distinctive heroes of the most important wars in which the country was involved in the nineteenth century—had plots on either side of the town house.

the clerk's office. But for some reason, and contrary to the action of other old towns of New England fortunate in having old records in hand, small effort has been made to preserve them against decay and mutilation. The edges are already crumbling and some leaves are badly torn. At an expense of not more than \$500 these records could be placed in ex-



THE OLD STONE FORT.  
From Stiles's "Ancient Windsor."

cellent condition, preserving them for almost an indefinite period of time.

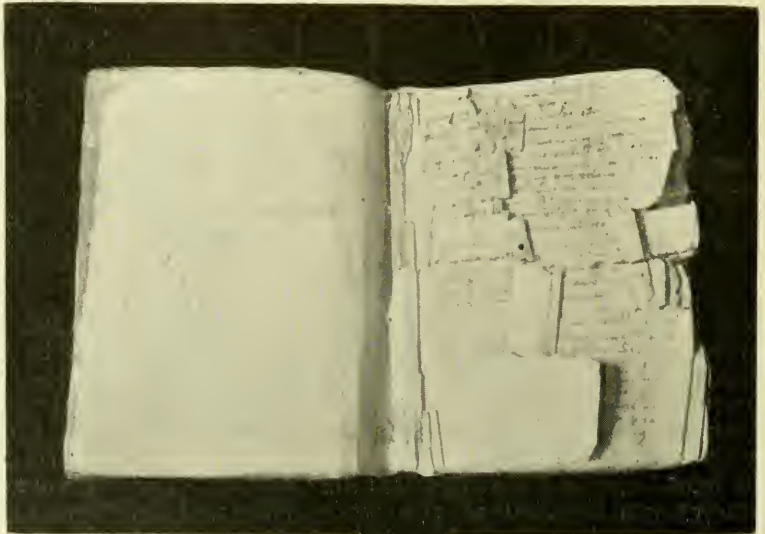
The church records are of even greater value, from a historical point of view. From them we learn, for instance, that in 1640 the adult male members of the Windsor settlement were:

Henry Wolcott, Esq., William Phelps, John Whitfield, Humphrey Pinney, Deacon John Moore, Deacon Wm. Gaylord, Lieut. Wm. Filer, Matthew Grant, Thomas Dibble, Mess. Newberry, Roger Ludlow, Esq., Joseph Loomis, Jno. Loomis, Jno. Porter, William Hill, James Marshall, John Tayler, Edw. Pomeroy, S. Phelps, Nathan Gilbert, Rich'd Vose, Abraham Randall, Bigot Eglestone, Geo. Phelps, Thos. Ford, Edw. Griswold, John Bissell, Thos. Holcomb, Dan'l Clark, Peter Tilton,

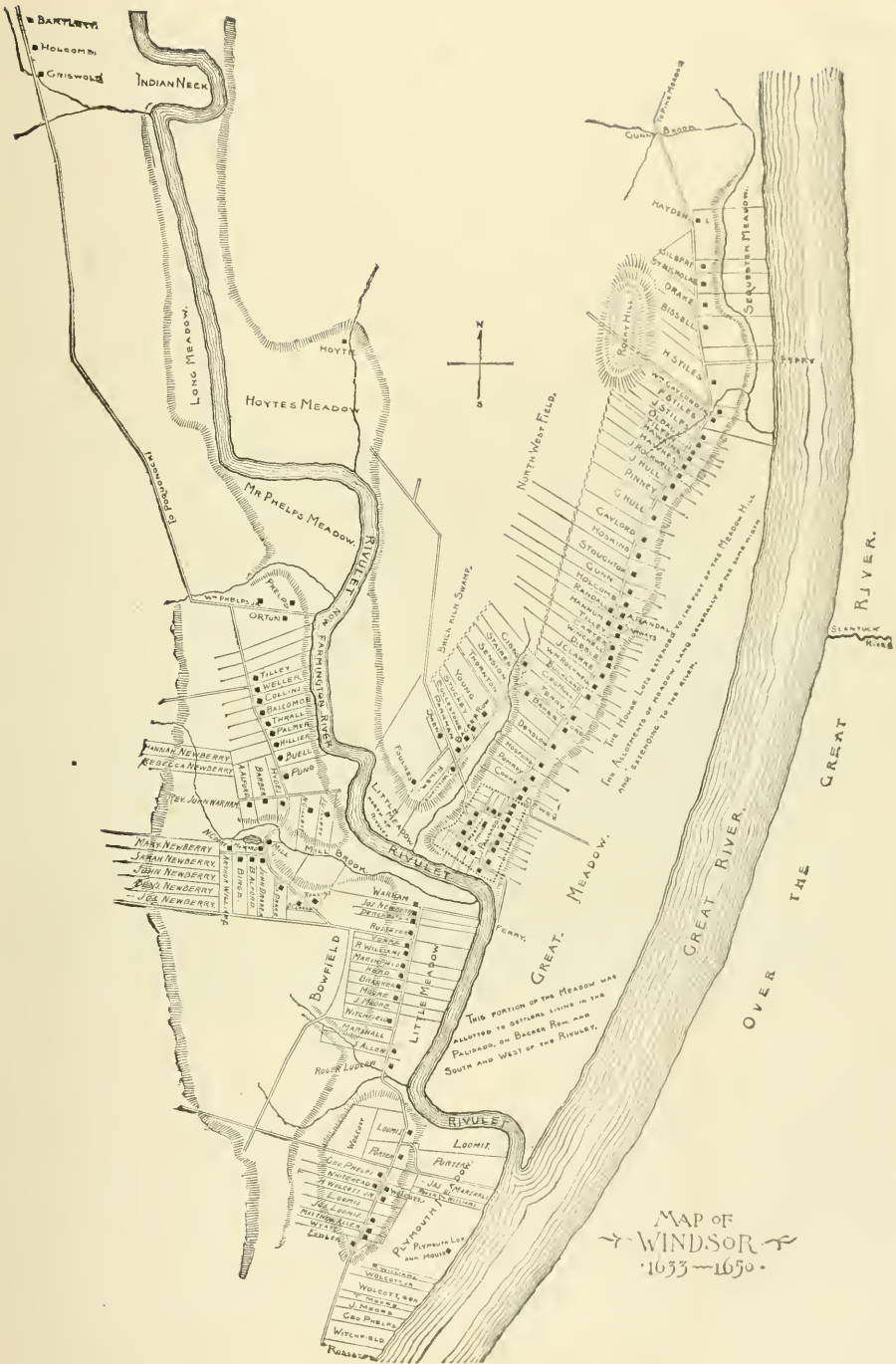
Robert Watson, Stephen Terry, Bray Rosseter, Thos. Dewey, William Hurlburt, Roger Williams, Nicholas Denslow, William Hosford, Aaron Cook, Elias Parkman, Thomas Stoughton, Owen Ludor, Captain John Mason, Matthew Allen, Richard Oldage, Henry Stiles, William Hayden, George Phillips, Return Strong, Jno. Hillyer, Thomas Barber, Nicholas Palmer, Thomas Buckland, Isaac Shelden, Thomas Bascomb, Thomas Thornton.

This list establishes the fact, beyond dispute, that Windsor furnished in the person of Captain John Mason, the heroic leader of the small band of eighty Colonists, who, with some Indians, stole in upon the Pequots at their fort at Groton and defeated them decisively, notwithstanding they outnumbered their assailants.

Windsor people, learned in the history of the town, say that smallpox and the Pequots had all but entirely finished the Indians in the vicinity of Windsor by the time the white man



THE MATTHEW GRANT RECORDS.



MAP OF WINDSOR SETTLERS, 1633-1650.  
From Stiles's "Ancient Windsor."

arrived. They assert that but one man of the Colonists was killed by the copper-hued natives, and he in the present town of Windsor Locks during the time of King Philip's War. The exact spot of the tragedy is claimed to have been where a stone, properly inscribed, has been placed in recent years on the Webb farm.

The following memorandum from Grant's records probably refers to the deaths of Windsor Colonists, who fought in the King Philip's War:

"Here I set down the Deaths of several persons that were against the Indians, and were wounded that they dyed, it was on the 19th day of December 1675 Corpo'l Marsh, Edw'd Chapman, Ebenezer Dible, Nathaniel Pond, Richard Saxton."

Another entry relates the manner in which John Drake, Sr., met his death:

"August 17 1659 John Drake Senr.

Dyed accidentally, as he was Driving a Cart Loaded with corn to carry from his house to his Son Jacob's, the cattle being 2 oxen and his mare in the highway against John Griffen's. Something Scard the Cattle and they Set a running, and he Labouring to Stop them, by taking hold on the mare, was thrown down on his face and the Cart wheels went over him: brake one of his Legs, and bruised his body. So that he was taken up Dead, being carried into his Daughters house, had Life come again but

Dyed in a Short time, and was buried on the 18th day of August 59."

The Congregational church edifice, of strictly plain colonial architecture, with tall columns in front and a square steeple, stands, as do nearly all of the really old churches in New England, on a hill, at the end of the wind-swept causeway, which terminates with the old covered bridge across the Farmington river. The simple structure, so symbolic of the manner of worship in days gone by, is in one respect at least, the most in-

teresting of any church in America, in that it has been for more than a century the home of the oldest Congregational church in the New World, and the second of all now in existence on this planet. As the church is somewhat removed from the center of the town it is utilized for worship only on the Sabbath.



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

A chapel erected some years since at the south end of the causeway is much more convenient of access, in winter especially, obviating the necessity of crossing the causeway, which is certainly one of the most bleak and uncomfortable places in cold weather to be found anywhere in the State. The church edifice is larger than the usual country church, and it is practically a hundred and four years old, although the interior of it was remodeled fifty odd years ago. It occupies the same site as its prede-



cessors, from the time when Rev. John Warham's congregation was called to worship by the beating of drums, the men coming with guns on their shoulders, ready to defend their homes and loved ones from the Indians.

Had we record of the prayers that have been offered on this particular spot we would undoubtedly find them eloquent with the anxieties and the thanksgivings of the people throughout the entire history of America. It was only recently that the days were recalled when the God-fearing people

neath the uncushioned seat. He brought the article to light and was surprised to find that it was an old foot-warmer, such as people carried to church before the days of stoves and furnaces. Covered with the dust of decades it was indeed an interesting relic.

The well-kept churchyard is made sacred by the last physical evidences of the lives and activities of Windsor's distinguished sons, whose names are not alone graven on the weather-beaten stones reared above their dust, but illumine the most precious pages



THE OLD WOODEN BRIDGE OVER THE FARMINGTON.

of the community sat through long sermons in this very structure, with no heat in the room but that saved from the body by closely buttoned great-coats and tightly drawn wraps. The incident referred to is not only unique, but remarkable, and will bear reciting. It happened on a day four years ago when Mr. N. W. Hayden, with others, was in the church decorating the audience-room for the coming observance of the one hundredth anniversary of its dedication. Mr. Hayden was in the gallery. Presently his foot struck an object under-

neath any place else in the old town, is the past—even down to the very beginning of the commonwealth—most real. One's feelings can be better imagined than expressed when confronted with these ancient epitaphs and the knowledge that beneath one's feet repose the mortal remains in their original elements, of many who so long ago migrated hither through forest and thicket, enduring severe pain and hardship with Christian courage. Yonder, for instance, is a most noteworthy grave in that the oblong

stone that marks it is the oldest in America, having been erected in 1648. It has been partially restored, but the inscription-stone is the identical one placed in position two hundred and fifty-two years ago. It marks the burial place of Ephraim Huit, the first

Here Lyeth  
EPHRAIM HUIT

sometimes teacher to ye church of Windsor, who dyed September 4th, 1644.  
Who when hee lived wee drew our



THE CAUSEWAY AND STONE BRIDGE.

teacher in the Windsor colony. The concluding line of the epitaph has been the subject of much speculation and thus far no one has succeeded in explaining its meaning. The inscription reads:

vital breath,  
Who when hee dyed, his dying was  
our death,  
Who was ye stay of state, ye church-  
es staff;  
Alas, the times forbid an epitaph.



THE OLD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH-YARD.

The burial-place of Roger Wolcott, who, one historian says, was Connecticut's only governor that never at-

tended school, is marked by a flat stone, upon which the following words are graven:



TOMBSTONE OF EPHRAIM HUIT.



THE TOMBSTONE OF ROGER WOLCOTT.

Here lyeth the body of the  
Hon. Roger Wolcott, Esq.  
of Windsor, who for several years  
was Governor of the Colony of Con-  
necticut died May 17.

Aetatis 89

Anno Salutis 1767.

Earth's highest station ends in  
"Here he lies"

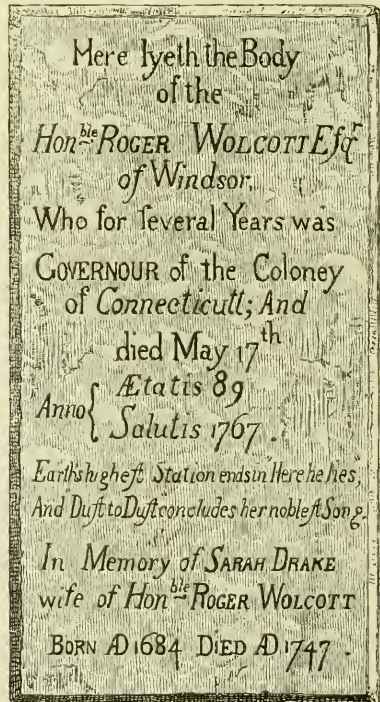
And dust to dust concludes her  
noblest song.

The Oliver Ellsworth monument  
of white marble, marking the graves  
of the distinguished jurist and diplo-  
mat and his good wife, attract atten-  
tion. Especially noticeable are the  
elaborate inscriptions recording the  
various honorable offices filled by the  
second Chief Justice of the United  
States, and giving a pronounced  
eulogy on his wife.

Of course there are many of these  
interesting tombstones. The epitaphs  
are worth a visit to the church-  
yard, and many of them will bring a  
smile to the countenance of the most  
serious-minded. There is unmis-  
takable evidence that many of the early  
people of Windsor lie in unmarked

graves in this yard.  
Matthew Grant and  
Thomas Dewey  
were buried here,  
but where it is im-  
possible to say.

From the earli-  
est days until now  
the cemetery has  
been in charge of  
the "First School  
Society," a name by  
which the voters of  
six of the ten pres-  
ent school-districts  
are known. These  
voters annually  
elect the cemetery  
trustees. Another  
colonial institution  
that has been per-  
petuated until the  
present time is  
what is called the  
"Academy Fund."



INSCRIPTION ON TOMBSTONE OF  
ROGER WOLCOTT.  
From Stiles's "Ancient Windsor."



THE ROGER LUDLOW SCHOOL.

The original amount of this fund is not known. At present, however, it amounts to about \$2,000, and the income from it is used for the payment of part of the expense of the town high school. The present high school is located, by the way, in the handsome, brick, graded school-building, the site of which was a portion of the grant owned by Roger Ludlow, the brilliant political lawyer of colonial times, who, with Thomas Hooker, the Hartford preacher, drafted the original and famous Constitution of Connecticut.

The school bears his name, notwithstanding that after a brief residence in Windsor he preferred to return to England, where he ended his days as an upright magistrate of the realm.

A glance over the extensive list of Windsor's notable citizens in her earliest days, brings one almost to the conclusion that whenever a leader through hard places was wanted the Colonists turned to Windsor. And subsequent history demonstrates the wisdom of their choice. Indeed, by virtue of the service of her sons the name of the old town is interwoven with every fiber of American history as developed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. A brief re-

view of the careers of the most noteworthy of Windsor's earliest citizens will be interesting.

There is Roger Ludlow, a native of Dorchester, England, and born in the twilight of the sixteenth century, who is now accepted by many careful students of history as the drafting author of the Connecticut Constitution, the first instrument of its character ever written.\* His career, although brilliantly begun, closed in disappointment in America because of his impetuosity. He was accounted during his residence in Windsor as one of the most learned and gifted exponents of jurisprudence in the colonies. He was the first attorney to practise in Connecticut, but his counsel was sought from beyond the limits of the Connecticut settlements.

Before coming to Connecticut he served as deputy-governor of



WHERE THE BROOK AND RIVER MEET.  
Photo by H. W. Benjamin.

Massachusetts, and Windsor owes his presence within her borders, as well as his departure therefrom, to one man, John Haynes, whom Ludlow called his "evil genius."

Ambitious to an extreme that could not recognize failure, Ludlow, while serving faithfully and well as deputy-governor of Massachusetts, desired the governorship and was defeated by Haynes. Immediately he departed and took up his abode in Windsor. Here also he was the deputy governor for several terms; and upon the election as governor of his old adversary, Haynes — that gentleman having come to Hartford meanwhile — he left Windsor and established the present town of Fairfield. For awhile he flourished to the utmost of his desire. But when the General Court at New Haven discountenanced his declaration of war against the Manhadoes, who threatened Fairfield, and even went so far as to punish his officers for insurrection and for raising of volunteers, he considered the action a reflection

upon his patriotism and declared he would not continue to live under such jurisdiction. Taking the town records, his family, and a number of followers with him, he went to Virginia. His biographers have said that there he died without having again come into prominence in public affairs. But it has recently come to light that after a season he embarked for England where he spent the remainder of his days as a magistrate. Had it not been for his morbid, suspicious temper he might have reached the highest pinnacle of his active ambition.

Captain John Mason, whose gracious friendship for Miles Standish has been made immortal by Longfellow, was another of Windsor's earliest citizens, whose claims to distinction are by no means confined to the poet's chronicles. Trained under Sir Thomas Fairfax, bred to arms in the Dutch Netherlands, he was a thorough soldier. Indeed, so

thoroughly marked were his martial bravery and vigor that Sir Thomas sent for him to return to England and take up arms in behalf of the Crown at the time of the struggle between Charles I. and Parliament. The tall and portly Colonist refused the summons, however, and who shall say that his decision was not inspired by the All Wise Providence?

The General Court, sitting the first day of May, 1637, at Hartford, took



THE MEADOW GATE.

Photo by H. W. Benjamin.

\*See "Roger Ludlow, the Colonial Lawmaker." By J. M. Taylor, (G. Putnam, Publisher,) and "History of the Connecticut Constitution," published in "The New England States." Vol. I.

"In January, 1639, he was a member of the Connecticut Constitutional Convention, and is believed to have drafted that document."

—*Appleton's Encyc. of American Biography.*

action, the recording of which opens with the following language:

"It is ordered that there shalbe an offensive warr agt the Pequoitt, and there shalbe 90 men levied oot of the 3 Plantacons, Harteford, Weathersfield and Windsor (vizt) oot of Harteford, 42 men, Windsor 32, Weathersfield, 18, under the Comande of Captaine Jo: Mason."

Windsor was to provide 60 bushels of corn—and the other "plantacons" proportionately — one-half to be baked into biscuits and the remainder to be in ground meal. Windsor was also required to furnish fifty pieces of pork and four cheeses. The other "plantacons" were ordered to provide rice, butter, pease, fish, salt, and Indian beans for the expedition. In due time the expedition started down the Connecticut river and proceeded to Groton, where Mason, impatient to attack the Pequot fortification, and not waiting for the delinquent companies from Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies, surprised the savages, and, with eighty-six men, completely defeated them. He thereby secured to the Colonists immunity from Indian attack for forty years, and probably saved the entire English communities from utter destruction. The expedition returned after an absence of twenty days. Soon after, Captain Mason was made major-general of all the forces in Connecticut. King Charles II. further rewarded him when, in the issuing of a new charter "comprehending the colonies of Connecticut and New Haven in one government." he appointed him their first deputy-governor till the second of October following. The General Court elected him to the same position at that time and he continued to occupy it honorably and well until 1670 when old age and infirmities compelled his retirement. A few years after the Pequot War he removed from Windsor to Saybrook and thence to Norwich, where he died in '72 or '73 at the age of seventy-three years.

Roger Wolcott, governor of the

colony, was the first native of Windsor to become distinguished. He was born in this town in the cold of the old-fashioned January in 1674. He had no opportunity for acquiring an education. At the age of twelve years he was apprenticed to a weaver and upon reaching his majority he established himself in business successfully. He served in various public capacities: in the militia as commissary of the Connecticut forces in the expedition against Canada, in the Council as representative, and as judge of the county courts and of the Superior Court, of which last named he was the chief judge at the time of his election to the governorship of the colony in 1750. He held the position four years when he retired altogether from public life, devoting his time and energy to literary pursuits and religious meditation. He produced several works, including a volume of very excellent poems.

Crowned with even greater distinction is the name of Roger Wolcott's son, Oliver, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was born in Windsor, November, 1726. Being graduated from Yale, at the age of sixteen years, he was almost immediately commissioned by the governor of New York to be a captain of militia. He raised a company of volunteers and served on the frontier until his regiment disbanded after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Returning to Connecticut he studied medicine for a time with his brother, Dr. Alexander Wolcott of Litchfield; but upon being chosen sheriff he discontinued his efforts to master the science of that profession. He served as a member of the Council and also in minor judgeships. In 1775, he was appointed from Connecticut to the Continental Congress and was soon appointed to the commission raised for the purpose of inducing the Iroquois Indians to remain neutral. It can also be stated that his qualifications as a diplomat were thus early indicated in his successful arrangement of a compromise

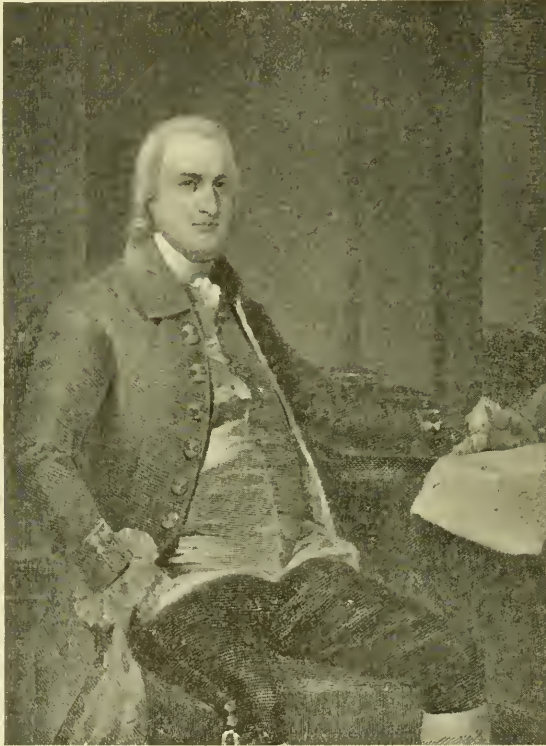
in the Wyoming controversy between Connecticut and Pennsylvania, and also in the dispute between Vermont and New York authorities. It was Oliver Wolcott who sent to his home, then in Litchfield, the gilded leaden statue of King George III, that had been toppled from its pedestal in Bowling Green in New York in 1776, and his daughters converted it into bullets for the Continentals.

The next few years of Wolcott's life are intense with patriotic service and achievement. Elected again to the Continental Congress, in 1776, he remained through that memorable session, returning to Connecticut at the first opportunity, when he was appointed to command the fourteen regiments of his native State. After organizing the force, he resumed his seat in Congress for

a time, leaving it to take part in the war. He was in command of a brigade that assisted in the defeat of Burgoyne, and he returned to Congress immediately after. He was elected lieutenant-governor of Connecticut in 1786 and re-elected every year for the next ten years, when he was chosen governor, which position he held at the time of his death. His son, by the same name, was the first auditor

of the Treasury, comptroller of the Treasury, and later was offered the presidency, but refused it, preferring his present position. He succeeded Alexander Hamilton as secretary of the Treasury.

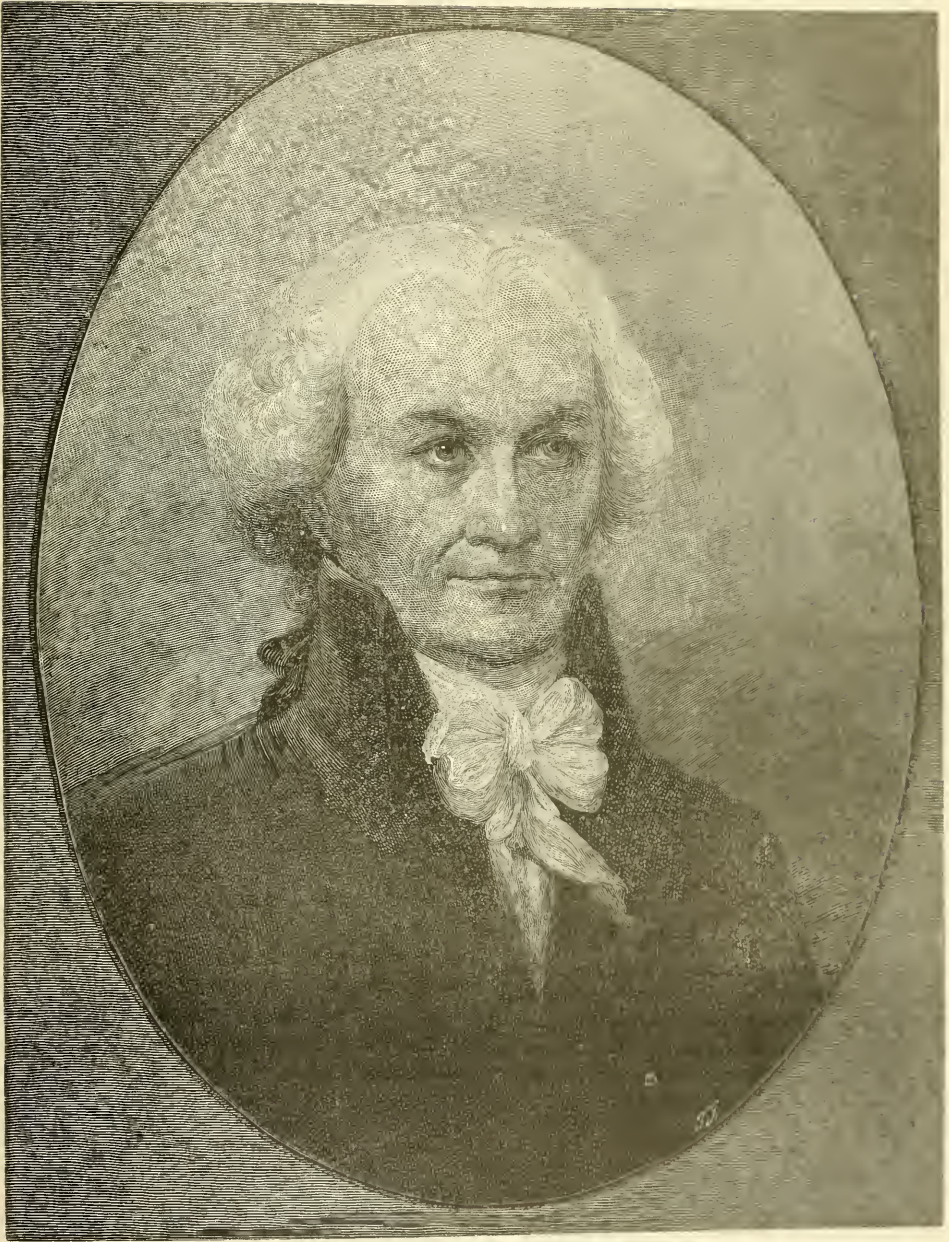
Oliver Ellsworth, the distinguished jurist, was also born in Windsor about the middle of the eighteenth century, closing his honorable career in the seventh year of the century just concluded. He studied theology at Yale and Princeton, finally abandoning the cloth for the law. His progress was marked by continued success at the Bar and on the Bench. He was chosen one of the first two senators from Connecticut in Congress, and was active in behalf of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the framing of which was largely influenced by his counsel. He



OLIVER WOLCOTT.  
Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut, 1786-1796.  
Governor, 1796-1797.

also secured its ratification by the Connecticut Convention, where it met with much opposition. He did not sign the instrument because of press of domestic affairs which kept him from attendance at Congress. The bill for organizing the United States Judiciary was in his own handwriting and was adopted without amendment. This law is yet practically in force as it was enacted, hav-

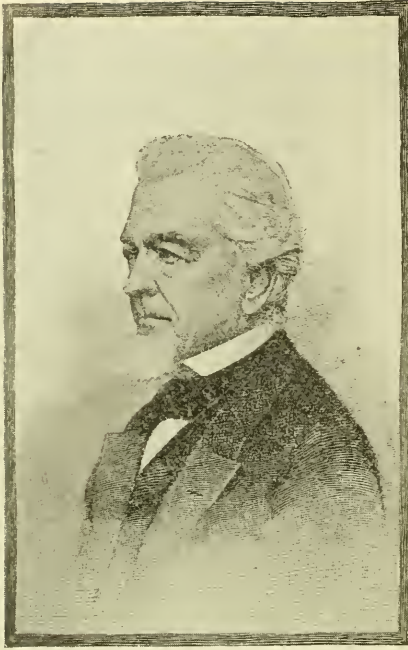




OLIVER ELLSWORTH.

APPOINTED CHIEF JUSTICE OF SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1796  
BY GEORGE WASHINGTON.

From Stiles's "Ancient Windsor."



WILLIAM WOLCOTT ELLSWORTH, LL. D.  
GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT, 1838-1842.

ing been sufficient to meet all changes of conditions satisfactorily.

Chief Justice Ellsworth was one of the most esteemed friends and advisers of President Washington. John Adams once said of him that he was "the finest pillar in Washington's administration." Adams afterward proved the sincerity of this sentiment by appointing him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the second to hold that office. Ellsworth was also appointed by President Adams a member of the extraordinary commission to investigate the possibilities of

a treaty with France, our relations with that power being seriously strained. The mission was eminently successful, and several of the tokens received by the Chief Justice at that time are admired by visitors to the old Ellsworth mansion.

In England, where he visited, he was received with marked courtesy by Bench and Bar. Returning home in 1801, he sought to retire from public life, but consented finally to serve the State in the Governor's Council, then the Supreme Court of Errors. In 1807, the year of his death, the State Judiciary was reorganized and he was chosen Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Errors. After a few months, however, he was compelled to resign, and soon after he passed away. He was a man of extraordinary endowments and accomplishments as a jurist and advocate and as a legislator and a diplomat. Unaffected in his personal presence and courage, he impressed everybody with whom he came in contact with his scholarly dignity and a courtly gentility. His son, Dr. William Wolcott Ellsworth, was professor of law at Trinity College—when that institution was known as Washington College—a member of Congress from Connecticut, and in 1838 he was chosen governor, serving for three consecutive terms, during which he declined an opportunity to become a United States senator. He served as a judge of the Supreme Court of Errors, and held this position until he reached the age of seventy years, when he was retired by virtue of the statute of limitation.



## IN UNKNOWN SOUTHERN SEAS.

Being the Story told by Captain Frank Reynolds, who sailed from New London, Conn., in the Francis Allyn, in 1872.

BY CHARLES CURTIZ HAHN.



Out upon the great western prairies of North America, two thousand miles from the seaport from which he sailed, I sat one afternoon and listened to the tale of the first steamer voyage ever made to the extreme south seas. That was thirty years ago when the good ship Francis Allyn weighed anchor and sailed out from New London, Conn., U. S. A. The exact date was August 20, 1872, and the object of the voyage was to discover new sealing grounds in the South Polar regions for the American Fur Company, Williams, Havens & Chapel, owners.

Captain Glass, an old man born on the little island of Tristan da Cunha and brought up, almost literally, in the surf of the southern waters, was in command. His father had been one of Napoleon's guards on St. Helena. All the land explorations, however, were under the command of Chief Engineer, afterward, Captain, Frank Reynolds, and from him the story of the cruise was received.

It required bravery to start upon such a voyage in those days when no charts had been drawn of the vast extent of icy water south of the Shetland Islands, for it meant a venture into unknown seas which, perhaps, never had been crossed except by floating derelicts or ship-wrecked vessels.

"For days," the captain began, and at once I seemed transported from the little office in which we were seated, out upon those wild and untried seas, so earnest were his tones. "For days we drifted before storms in entirely unknown waters and every minute our nerves were strained to the tightest tension, for we never knew what moment we might strike land or rock and go down. The chance that we would ever return was about one in a hundred, and to accept a berth on the Francis Allyn seemed almost equivalent to signing one's death warrant. You can understand, then, how difficult it was to secure the right kind of men for the crew.

For on such a voyage it was absolutely necessary that every man should be brave, no shirker of work, and that his disposition should be a pleasant one. Imagine how much discomfort a quarrelsome, or discontented man could make on a two years' cruise where we had no other faces than our own to look upon.

"We spent Thanksgiving day, 1872, on the Falkland islands and sailed the day after for the South Shetland islands. About December 10 we encountered a fearful gale south of Cape Horn during which two things occurred which none of the crew ever forgot. John Sands, who was lost in the Arctic ocean on the ill-fated *Narvach*, a few years ago, was taken up by a heavy sea and swept overboard. We never expected to see him again. But the return of the billow, in the receding of the sea, washed him back on deck again. He caught at the rigging and was not hurt.

"At noon, on the third day of the gale, as we were seated at dinner, the steward was sent up to the after deck for some spring water which we had shipped at the Falkland islands. As he opened the companionway a sea fifteen feet above the deck rolled in, filled the companionway, struck the deck on a slant and came down into the cabin. Tons of icy water rushed in, smashed the table and threw us into corners. Everything was split to pieces and the cabin was half filled with water.

"We got the companion way closed, pumped out the water, put on dry clothes and made a new table. We took it all as a good joke, but it was a joke we were not likely to forget.

"At the Shetland islands we made a good harbor surrounded by islands, which had been named 'Desolation' by Captain Loper. I have always believed that his idea of perfect desolation was a correct one. We got there at night and it was not until

morning that we realized our situation in all its stillness. It seemed as if one could hear that imaginary pin drop any place within miles of the ship. Not a sound was to be heard, not a bird there to flutter its wings, even the sound of the sea was cut off by the islands which surrounded the harbor.

"From here we began our search for seal rookeries. At Cape Sheriff we left six men with a tent and provisions, as there was no harbor there and it was a dangerous place to reach. They were to kill and pack the skins ready for shipping. I do not know whether any of the men thought of it, but there was about one chance in a thousand that they would ever see the ship again.

"We went next to Ragged island, so called because it is about as ragged a place as could be made of earth and rock, and here we left another party, this time one of four men. Then we decided to go into harbor at Potter's cove, a good harbor under a glacier.

"After anchoring we went ashore to examine the beach and see if there were any seals. As soon as we landed I saw what I supposed was a man's footprint. We knew the island was uninhabited and at once spread over the beach, tracing the footprints. There were tracks all around but at last we struck a trail. More puzzled than ever we followed it until we came to a cave down into which the sun was shining, and there, in that cave, I saw what I thought at first was the skeleton of a man covered with penguin skins. I called out:

"'Here's the skeleton of a man!'

"But as I spoke the skeleton opened its eyes and looked into mine. It was a living skeleton and there were places where the bones stuck through the skin. It was really nothing more than a bundle of bones covered with skin, and the hands were like the claws of a bird. He could talk very little, but after we got him back to the ship and doctored him up a bit,

he told us his story. But almost all his memory had left him, and it was months before he could eat anything but weak beef broth.

"He was one of seven men in an open boat from a ship that had been wrecked south of Cape Horn, 600 miles away. They had landed on this island and built them a hut from ship timbers which drifted ashore from the numerous wrecks in that latitude. This was two years before. Two of the party, he told us, had lain down in a glacier and been frozen to death. He described the location and we searched for their bodies, found and buried them. They still lie on the island, covered with stones and gravel and enclosed with whale ribs twenty feet long which the crew dragged up from the shore. We selected a part of a whale's paw as a headstone for the grave.

"Three others of the party had decided to go up along the lee side of the island in search of sea elephants, but he had refused to accompany them.

"After hearing this, we made a search for them also, and sixty or seventy miles away found where a boat had disappeared. A little further on was a narrow beach, and beyond, a beautiful harbor, filled with sea-lions and seals. Evidently they expected to make their camp here, but to do anything they would be obliged to go clear around the island to get to the harbor, for there was a swift current running through the channel in which we came near losing our lives. All our strength was required to keep from being drawn into this current, the cause of which we could not determine. We found two broken oars on the beach and supposed the four men lost their lives trying to reach the bay by a direct course.

"When left alone by the rest, King, the man we found, had no weapon except the remnant of a sheathknife with a blade less than two inches long. He lived upon penguin legs,

the body of that bird being nothing but oil. He had no means of building a fire and could get warm only by going to the penguin rookery, knocking a lot of the birds down and piling their bodies over him. When they grew cold he would kill more and crawl in among them. When we found him he had made what he had decided would be his last visit to the rookery and had lain down never intending to get up again. He never fully recovered his mind.

"This island is entirely covered with snow.

"While among the Shetland islands I made a discovery. It had long been the belief of the sailors that the stormy petrel, or Mother Cary's chickens, hatched their eggs under their wings, as none of them were ever seen on land, although they are found on every ocean in the world. The vessel was shut in a bay surrounded by a pack of ice at the time and we did not know whether we ever would get out or not. Before us was a high mountain, one side of which was nearly perpendicular. It was formed of stratas of rock, up and down, and the action of freezing and thawing had separated them so that some had been thrown down on one side of the mountain and we could climb up. Sands and I made the ascent and at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, came into a belt of stormy petrels. There must have been hundreds of thousands of them. It was their rookery where they hatched their young. So fierce were they, dashing into our faces and fighting us, that it was difficult to keep them off, and we were obliged to retreat.

"At another time while searching for a harbor we ran into a bay where we saw a big pier, or column, standing up in front of us, and this was one of the strangest freaks of nature I have ever seen. There was a foundation of rough boulder rock reaching to about twelve feet above the level

of the sea. Rising from it was a pillar 300 feet high composed of triangular rocks as true as if chiseled out by a sculptor. Each side of the triangle was about twelve inches and the whole pillar looked like a gigantic bundle of triangular mouldings tied together. On top of this pillar was what looked like a great mass of rock and earth, so heavy that it had bent the column out of line and broken off some of these triangular pieces.

"In this same island we also found pillars from 200 to 300 feet high, not much out of the proportions of a church steeple and made of layers of different kinds of rock. Some of these, harder than the rest, were not affected by the elements. Others, softer, were worn away, giving the pillars a scallopy look.

"These pillars were of an entirely different kind of rock from that upon which they rested. If a geologist should visit this island he would find much interesting work before him.

"At another place we found a volcano which had belched out pure copper and half burned quartz. This copper had spread out in thin sheets over the rocks as it ran down the mountain side, and thus cooled. We cut some of it into strips, rolled it up and carried it aboard ship. The harbor bed must also have been of copper for bits of the metal were brought up on the flukes of our anchors.

"At Elephant island, about ninety miles east of the Shetland, we also came upon copper. It had flowed out of a crevasse several hundred feet wide in the side of a mountain.

"We remained on the Shetland islands until the middle of January, 1873. We had seen the top of a mountain, or island, in the distance to the southwest, and after sailing ninety miles came to Smith's island. Here was a precipice, one side of which was 6,600 feet high. It was thirty miles long and ten miles wide. We sailed along the side and saw

snow-caps overhanging us. At one end there was a sort of point where we took 300 choice seals.

"We then pushed on in a southeasterly direction towards the south pole, and when sixty miles south of Shetland, saw an island ahead of us upon which there was no snow. As this was a novel sight in Arctic regions we sailed directly for it and on approaching found that it was of volcanic origin. There was no eruption and no smoke, but the air was hazy. The walls of the island were about 2,500 feet high and composed of stratas of ashes and lava. Where the ashes were, the sea had made inroads.

"Anxious to land, we sailed clear around the island but found no anchorage. Then we noticed a block of ice drifting in shore which finally disappeared. As it was flood tide we followed the block of ice, stood in for a time, and then lowered a boat. We found a crevice in the rock, or wall, shaped like a letter 'S', which had evidently been caused by an eruption. Rowing in, we took sounding and found that what we supposed was the center of an extinct volcano was now covered with a pool of salt water a mile and a quarter wide and 5,400 fathoms deep in the middle. This was Maria island.

We brought the ship into the channel and anchored her there with a small rope for twenty hours while making repairs. At the end of that time, although our work was not completed, there was such a rumbling underneath that we left.

"I believe that we are the only men in the world that ever spent a night in a ship in the crater of a volcano, for threemonths later, when we returned that way, we found there had been some kind of an upheaval, for we walked through the crevice where our ship had passed and found the pool within had disappeared.

"From this island we sailed directly for the South Polar continent. There is not a land animal to be found

in the country, but you can find every land animal of the northern hemisphere duplicated in the water. Of course I am stretching that a little, but there are very many such cases. We found sea-lions, sea-elephants, sea-leopards and sea-dogs. These animals can live in the water or on the land.

"When we left New London, Bar-num had offered us \$10,000 if we would bring him a full grown sea-elephant. The first one we tackled, we harpooned as we would a whale and were five hours killing it. We took eleven barrels of oil from it.

"The sea-leopard is the most savage of all sea animals. It is twelve feet long and its skin is as handsome as any leopard's. And it has the largest and ugliest mouth I ever saw. The leopard lives on penguin and the others on fish.

"We had two boats destroyed by leopards. The first one we struck with a harpoon, turned on us, grabbed the boat with its teeth and tore out the stem. After that we tackled them on shore with the rifle. They will follow and fight until dead.

"After searching the South Polar continent for sea-wolves, but finding none, we returned to the Shetland islands, on our way passing Window island, so named because it has a hole through the mountain on it. Here we took 2,200 seals in about twenty-two hours. A storm drove us away. There is no harbor at this place and it is dangerous to approach it except in moderate weather. We found this seal rookery by the scent, which we discerned while ten miles away.

"At Elephant island, ninety miles east of the Shetlands, we took 500 seals. There is no anchorage here, but the ship was protected by a small island on one side. In a lagoon here we came upon a cave filled with stones which sparkled so brightly that we picked up several. But a heavy sea came rushing in and we barely escaped. We remained watching for an-

other opportunity to enter, but the seals followed one another in such rapid succession that we did not dare attempt it again. The stone I picked up I had cut and set in a ring when we returned to New London, and it proved to be a ruby. I have it in my possession still, and I have every reason for believing that many of the stones in that cave were precious ones. Here we also found a bed of copper containing some gold.

"We cruised all along the South Polar continent and found that seals do not live in extreme cold. They are to be found in belts of a certain latitude.

"We ended our voyage in the South Georgia islands, 1,000 miles east of Cape Horn. Here is the most beautiful harbor in the world—the Cumberland. It is surrounded on three sides by mountains 16,000 feet high, down which five cataracts flow during the summer months, fed by the melting snows on the mountain tops. No storms are ever felt in this harbor, although we could look up and see them raging around the tops of the mountains.

"We anchored in Frenchman's bay and there found a house built of ship-cabin timber, every inch of which was carved with the history of seven men who had been lost off Cape Horn. There were seven at first, but three of them we could find nothing about. They had been lost twenty years before, had drifted 1,000 miles to the Georgia islands, and lived in this house for seven years. The last man had died thirteen years before we found the place.

"The records carved on the walls told of a seal rookery on an island very difficult to reach. Going to it we found a pile of rich seal skins rotting away, and believed the men were not strong enough to handle their boat and so were lost.

"Here I headed a volunteer party to explore the interior. Coming to the top of a mountain range which

we wished to cross, we let down John Sands with a rope. He called back that he thought we could make our way and we followed, but left the rope hanging in case we could not proceed. Soon we had to make use of another rope, and then another, until, when we reached the valley below, we had left six ropes hanging from the cliffs behind us.

"We found here a harbor strewn with the wrecks of thousands of ships which had been lost off Cape Horn and carried to this place by the oceanic current which flows directly to it from the southern end of the Western continent. The beach was thirty miles wide and was enclosed by two mountains. It was inaccessible for boats on account of the dangerous reefs in front.

"In returning we examined every foot of the mountains for another way back, but the only one we found was the way by which we came, and if we had not left those ropes we would have passed our lives there. We were absent one week and brought back with us 113 seal skins.

"In getting out of the harbor as we started on the home voyage we were compelled to break ice an inch thick and after that was done we let down lines and caught a barrel of fish so as to have fresh food for a while. After passing out of the harbor we entered a large bay which was almost enclosed by land. As we approached the outlet we saw what looked like a solid wall, but what it was none could guess. Some thought it was fog, others snow. When we reached it we found it was a wall of water, a heavy storm raging without which continued for eight days.

"Nothing exciting happened on our homeward voyage until we were a little over eighty miles of Montauk lights at the east end of Long Island when there was an occurrence which confirmed me in my belief that a man

does not die until the work that is laid out for him to do here on earth is done. We had been away for nearly two years from any place where we could regulate our chronometer.

"We knew we were nearing land and at noon when Captain Glass made his reckoning he said:

"'At this rate we should, at 10 o'clock tonight, be exactly eighty miles from Montauk, but as we are not positive that our chronometer is correct I think we had better heave to at that hour and wait for daylight.'

"We did so and at two minutes of ten that night the captain said, 'Time's up!' and he went on deck. It was thick weather with a strong wind from the east. Mr. Holmes, the first mate, went forward and a second after he did so he called out:

"'Hard up with wheel!'

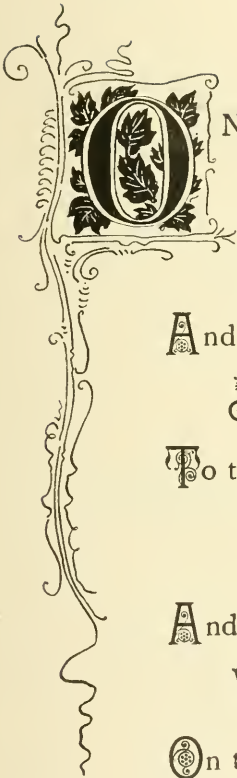
"We put the wheel up and the ship wore off pounding several times as she did so. We knew there was a dangerous shoal fifteen miles off Montauk light. We stood on and off until daylight under short sail and then wore ship and stood in for land. On reaching Montauk we found our chronometer was just eighty miles out and if we had not acted promptly to the minute, in that gale not a man would have been left to reach home. As it was we returned after an absence of twenty months without losing a man or having any trouble with one another."

The Francis Allyn arrived in New London May 10, 1874, with 9,275 fur seals and 42,000 gallons of sea-elephant oil. The former had been contracted for before the voyage began at \$20 each so that the furs alone brought \$185,500. After all expenses were paid the voyage netted \$130,000 profit. This success was so wonderful that five other ships were fitted out and sent to the same region. Not one of them was ever heard of again.





## CHRISTMAS.



ONCE on a Morn, in a Manger old,  
A Child was born ; and they brought their Gold  
And their Spices sweet to lay at His feet :  
And Wise Men came with a rev'rent will,  
Journeying far over vale and hill  
To the little Town where the Star stood still.

And they knelt in the lowly Stable there,  
While the cattle gazed with a wond'ring stare  
On the Virgin Mother so pure and mild,  
Who held in her arms the Holy Child.  
And they brought their Tribute unto Him,  
The Child they found in the Manger dim.

Centuries pass ; and He who came  
 The homeless Child and the Heir of shame,  
 Ruleth now with a mighty power :  
 Kingdoms and Empires bring their dower.  
 Pontiff and Potentate bend at His feet ;  
 And the world repeateth the Story sweet—  
 How the Lord of all from His Home on High  
 Stooped for a sinful world to die—  
 Came unto men His life to give,  
 Lived as a man, that men might live.

And His Church is mighty and Fair and Strong,  
 And the riches of Nations to Him belong ;  
 And they who serve Him wax wise and great,  
 And the noblest land is the Christian State ;  
 For the Cross hath conquered and high we raise  
 The Sign despiséd of ancient days.  
 For the Christ-child reigneth and low at His feet  
 The wise World's Kingdoms lay offerings meet.

But still He comes to the hearts of men—

Lo, He speaks and He waits—and speaks again—

Softly and still as the little Child

Who was born on Christmas of Mary mild.

And who shall find for Him room within

Shall shrived be from His ev'ry sin,

And strong, yea, and safe shall he journey on

Till, at last, life's Burden and Battle done,

Full Blest and Blissful he enters in

To the Royal Realms of the Saved from Sin.

Then Praise ye the Name of the Holy Child

Who was Born of old unto Mary mild;

And praise ye the Love which in hearts of men

Forever Y earns to be born again.

GENEVIEVE HALF WHITLOCK.

## A VISIT TO THE OLD HOMESTEAD OF OLIVER ELLSWORTH.

BY MRS. WASHINGTON IRVING VINAL.



**I**n this the day of patriotic reminiscences, any house once honored by the presence of George Washington becomes an object of interest to all true Americans, and more especially so when it has associations also with other statesmen who were influential in the formative period of the nation's history. Hence, a visit to the old homestead of Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth at Windsor, Connecticut, may well tempt the traveler passing between Hartford and Springfield to break his journey at Hayden's Station and take the half-mile walk to "Elmwood." The house itself with its lofty elm trees and high colonade used to be quite a prominent object from one's car-window, but now it is almost veiled from sight by the low-drooping branches of the trees. These used to be thirteen in number and they were named for the original States. Some gaps there are now in the line where the axe had to be laid to their roots to keep their oft-falling limbs from becoming a source of accident to the wayfarer. The tooth of time and disastrous storms have also completed the ruin of the famous old cedar, inside the fence, and it no longer holds its distorted boughs on high. It was once decorated with a huge pair of deer's antlers and it is thought to

have been so marked by the Indians as a gathering place, before the first settlement of the town of Windsor. Now, only a tangle of rustic branches converted into a summer-house marks the spot where it grew, and inside the house a handsome polished chair reveals the color of its once brave red heart.

Swinging the quaint, old-fashioned, iron knocker on the upper half of the divided front door, we wonder if this same knocker announced the advent of General Washington that rainy morning more than a century ago. He speaks of the visit in his diary under the date, October 21, 1789. President John Adams also called here October third, ten years later, to consult the Chief Justice about the mission to France of which he was the chosen head. Hanging in the little reception-room to the right of the wide hall, which divides the house, we find a printed copy of the treaty between the United States and France which was the result of this mission. In this room, too, is a register for visitors' names, and here may be found more modern names, famous in the world of letters and of politics.

As we pass now into the large drawing-room behind the colonade there are to be seen the wide low sofa and the half-dozen mahogany chairs, which have borne burdens of wisdom and experience, besides their own weight of years, and yet show no marks of change and decay. In con-

firmation of this statement, observe the same original wool material of a dull red color and brass nails which ornament the chair on which sits Judge Ellsworth in the large painting of himself and his wife, suspended on one of the side walls. The picture was painted in this room about a hundred years ago by Ralph Earle, an American by birth and a pupil of Benjamin West. He spent six months in the house and it is said that Mrs.

to apply that term to place as well as time.

On another wall of the same room hangs "The Shepherd Boy," a piece of Gobelin tapestry, one of those works of art, which, as has been said, are produced only after years of labor and are intended for the palaces of kings. It was presented to Judge Ellsworth by the first Napoleon as an expression of his appreciation of those services which had helped so



CHIEF-JUSTICE OLIVER ELLSWORTH AND WIFE.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY R. EARLE, 1792. NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Ellsworth's kindly disposition was often severely tested by getting ready to sit to him when he was in no condition to paint, on account of his intemperate habits. We may know just how the exterior of the house looked at that time by examining the view of it in this picture. It is represented as seen just outside the open window by which they sit,—a curious anachronism, if one might be allowed

much to dispel the war-cloud that hung over the two republics. Here also are some other objects of interest—the old coffee-urn in which was brewed the coffee for General Washington and two or three of the old broken, silver-handled knives and two-tined forks which, tradition says, also graced that occasion. Here too is shown, as brought from over seas by Oliver Ellsworth, a sort of zoe-



THE SHEPHERD BOY.

A piece of Gobelin Tapestry, presented by Napoleon Bonaparte, the first consul to Oliver Ellsworth on the conclusion of the treaty between France and the United States in 1800.

trope, showing from what a humble beginning modern science has evolved the cinematograph.

Let us imagine General Washington sitting in this corner by the window, as family tradition relates, while Mrs. Ellsworth enters the room from her bedroom opposite, her baby of nine months in her arms and an elder child clinging to her skirts. The Father of his Country gives illustration of the habitual courtliness of old-school manners and of his paternal instincts, too, as he rises and takes both the children and placing them upon his knees sings to them "The Darby Ram" — an incident handed down with proper pride from one generation to another. An examination of the family record in the old Oliver Ellsworth Bible enables us to decide upon which children this honor fell, although for many years a mistake as to their identity has been perpetuated. Family traditions, unless committed to writing while events are fresh in mind, are very liable to err.

Remembering this, we can readily understand also how the traditionary accounts of the visits here of two presidents of the United States, Washington and Adams, have become somewhat confused and difficult to disentangle.

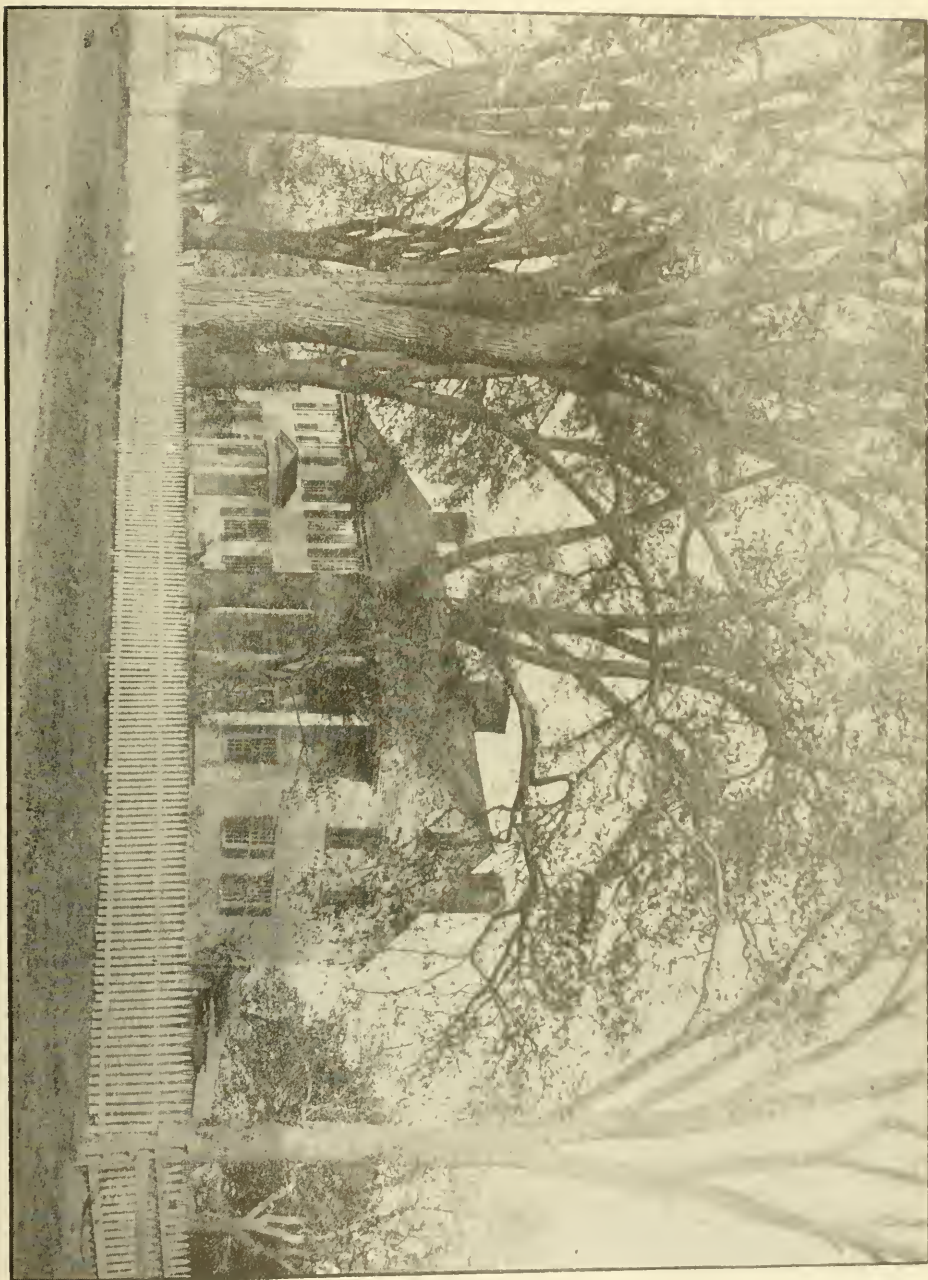
On going up stairs, we are shown one of the guest rooms, its walls covered with French wall-paper of "ye olden time," of a bluish-gray shade; it is stencilled with a small conventional pattern of dark colors, and around the ceiling and each window, and at the top of the base-board runs a narrow border to match. The peculiarity of the paper is that it is made up of small sheets, perhaps three-quarters of a yard long and half a yard wide. It may not be uninteresting to recall briefly by what a clumsy and laborious process it was made in those days, and the following is an extract from an old book printed in London in 1744:

"Wooden blocks with the designs cut in relief, one for each color, are applied by hand after being dipped in an elastic cloth seive, charged with



FRANCES ELLSWORTH.

One of the babies who sat on Gen. Washington's knee while he sang the "Darby Ram," Oct. 21, 1789. Photograph from the original by Brewer, Hartford.



THE CHIEF-JUSTICE ELLSWORTH MANSION, WINDSOR, CONN.

tempera\* pigment, great care being taken to lay each block exactly on the right place so that the various colors may register or fit together."

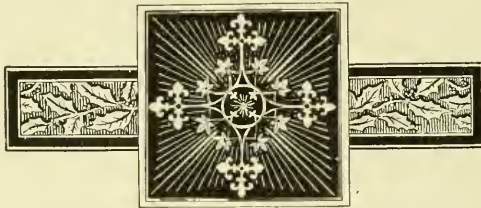
This house was once filled with a large and merry company of brothers and sisters and was visited by numerous cousins. The room over the drawing-room, approached by its own set of three or four ascending stairs, still shows the hospitable accommodations furnished to the "girls" when they came home to visit, after marriage, with their small children. See the old-fashioned four-post bedstead—its high well-rounded feather-bed covered with a white spread, elaborately decorated with raised leaves and flowers of stuffed cotton, hanging generously over the sides, while a "teester" skillfully draped forms the canopy, and is edged with yards upon yards of netted fringe, the product of domestic industry.

This room was also called "The Bee Room" from the following curious circumstance. The large closet

adjoining it contained some cracks through which the bees found entrance from the outside. Being left in undisturbed possession they began to fill the closet with honey which finally worked its way down into the more inhabited part of the house. This led to an investigation, and thirty pounds of delicious honey were discovered and taken out for family use. The bees were then accommodated with boxes, but they were fastidious and did not take kindly to the change.

To this home Oliver Ellsworth returned after a protracted absence abroad in the vain hope of recovering his failing health; and before greeting his dear family he bowed his head upon the gate-post, returning thanks to Almighty God for his safe return.

The old cemetery, two or three miles away, contains the monument to himself and his wife, and ancient memorials of the ancestors of General U. S. Grant and of other interesting and distinguished old families.





## PROBLEM OF DOMESTIC SERVITUDE.

BY REV. MAGEE PRATT.

The physician who is careful to treat only the symptoms of a disease will never cure it. It is easy with the help of modern anodynes to smother pain into insensibility, but the operating causes are not removed that way. Nor can any occasion of social disturbance be remedied by casual consideration of a few of its most prominent and annoying features.

During the last few years the management of most American households has been rendered exceedingly difficult by what is styled, in the angry newspaper correspondence on the subject, the ignorance, obstinacy, and incapability of that large class of domestics upon whose good-will and efficiency so much of our comfort depends.

The question is one that cannot be settled upon any basis that considers only the questions of money payment for the services rendered, or the duration and character of the labor performed. It can hardly be doubted by any person of experience and travel that in these aspects of the case the American servant enjoys by far the best position of any servant class on earth, and it is equally true that here there is more friction and dissatisfaction between employers and employed than anywhere else.

There are higher elements in life than any that can be defined in terms of money and considerations that are nearer to the hearts of men and women than exist in any commercial arrangement. These may be just beyond question and yet much trouble may exist. There is for instance the national spirit, embodying itself in instincts that are part of our thought-habits, not always easily defined, but absolute in their power. The operation of this spirit is seen in one fact

that rules our young women absolutely: they elect to live in lower states of comfort, bear more penurious lives, endure comparative hardships in shops and factories, and preserve in some measure their independence by their self-denial than to choose the easier life offered to the servant in the houses of the well-to-do. By this choice of theirs the sum total of happiness in the country is considerably decreased. It is very doubtful if the large labor disturbances in the coal and iron fields, or the strikes that paralyze our street-car service, inflict so much real misery upon the employer class as the ignorance and suspicion of those who do our work in our homes; or, driving the intelligence of the American girl from the kitchen, leave the work of our households in the hands of the ignorant women drawn from the potato-fields of Europe by the offers of a larger reward for their labor.

It is the social stigma that brands domestic servitude, that is the impassable barrier between the large class of American girls who depend upon their own exertions for a livelihood, and the work that American housewives need to have better done than any other in their domestic economy. This is the most false and foolish sentiment that can sway the thought of men and women, and for its existence, it is not the servants who are responsible, but those who employ them; who expect the cheerful and efficient performance of work and repay it, when given, by a spirit of insolent superiority that provokes revolt. This spirit is concrete in the common expression, "The servant must keep her place," and that place today everywhere is outside the boundary of politeness and honor

that fences in nearly all other workers. If, by any accident, a servant and a lady meet on neutral ground most ladies will refuse the ordinary courtesies of life to the former while they would be freely granted to the wife or daughter of a workingman. Yet, no real necessary work is barren of dignity. And it is doubtful if any bank-manager who does his work well is thereby entitled to more honor, as a worker, than the woman who sweeps a room or cooks a dinner, and does it with all her heart and strength.

It is the quintessence of injustice to place a penalty, however small, upon any person who occupies a position into which the circumstances of life have forced him, independently of his will and consent. Neither rich nor poor make choice of their birthplace. As large a proportion of the children of poor parents do their best in life as do those of the rich, and are entitled everywhere to equal honor; while to set the mark of inferiority upon any worthy class in society is an act of cruelty for which no adequate apology can be offered.

It should always be remembered that the opportunities for the higher education and the culture of the superior qualities in us are ever the privilege of the few, and but seldom earned by personal merit. And the greater society has a right to demand some payment by the select few for their more advantageous life; in a very large measure of personal service rendered to their less favored fellows; to make them happier and more satisfied in their lowlier lot, while, if they treat the less fortunate with arrogance and scorn they make plain exhibition of an ignoble soul. Noblesse oblige.

No dream is vainer than that of social equality. In the nature of things it is neither possible nor desirable, but it is the duty of the rich

to make the differences of fortune as small, and not as large, as possible in the eyes of the poor. Laws, rules, regulations, will not do this. All may be just and fair. It is an atmosphere of justice and kindness that is needed. To honor the womanhood of a servant everywhere, at home and abroad; to recognize that under the artificial differences of station there is equality of nature; to give freely as much thoughtful consideration to the innate dignity, the craving for respect, the love of honorable recognition that the doing of duty will always expect; to treat the servant as you would treat any honorable woman anywhere—this is what is needed; and until it is granted the comfort of our households will be in the hands of those who cannot speak our language, nor cook a potato properly, and who never saw a carpet until they entered the room to see an anxious woman who badly wanted help, and to speak the only words they had learned in the English language, "Sixteen dollars a month, mum."

Then, the house in which they live should be made a real home to them. They expect to wait at tables and not dine with the family; and this would be willingly done and all other needful work, gladly, if they could be made to feel that both parties to the social contract were mutually interested in the well-being of each other. They are expected to live nearly all their lives in the house; frequently alone. They are not mere labor-performing machines, but women, with the hopes and fears, the passions and virtues of all womankind. If kindness and trust be granted to them they will do what the majority of women will; respond with a sense of responsibility and a spirit of gladness to every overture of good will.

## OLD LANDMARKS OF SEYMOUR.

BY REV. HOLLIS A. CAMPBELL.



ONE OF THE OLDEST TREES IN SEYMOUR.

IN studying the old homes and landmarks, many proofs are found, that men come, only to go, as if overwhelmed by the burdens of life, to be lost and forgotten like the fallen leaves whirled away by the wind.

Such is the feeling, when approaching the Fishing Place of the Indians, the Naugatuck Falls, often called "The Little Niagara," the most remarkable work of nature in the whole valley. A ledge of rocks extend across the river forming a natural fall of nearly twenty feet, making the place a favorite one for the Indians in the fishing season. A little distance from the Falls on the east side of the river, there was a grove of thrifty oaks, and here beneath their shade the petty sachem, Chuse, or Joseph Mauwehu, with a small company of braves, built their wigwams, getting their living by hunting and fishing.

The name "Chuse" was probably a part of the name of an Indian ancestor of Mauwehu, and is said to have been first applied or given by Gideon Washband, who is said to have lived below the first brook south of the village, if not on Little River.

It was about 1740 when Chuse began his life at the Falls, the land being given to him by his father, one of the Derby Indians down the valley.

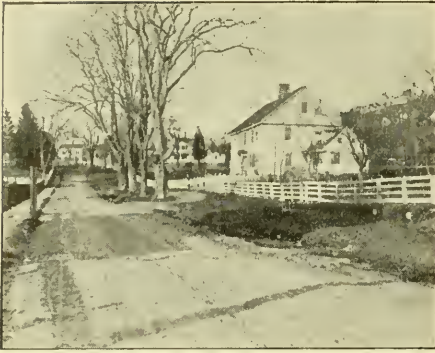
Besides the flat by the river, his land extended over the hill toward the east, known for many years as the Indian Hill. About half way up the north portion of this hill was the Indian burying ground. Chuse had a family of eight or more children, two sons and six daughters; one of the sons served in the Revolutionary War at Boston, though he was poisoned on his way to his native village.

At the time of the coming of Chuse to this vicinity, there were only two or three white families, but soon after 1740 they began to settle on both sides of the valley.

At the foot of Indian Hill, toward the river, now marked by a well 12 feet deep, there was a spring of sweet sparkling water, where Chuse was accustomed to recline, and wish there was another spring of rum by the side of it, from which he could drink; then he would be perfectly happy.

Desiring to be a neighbor of the white people, he early moved to the southwest part of the Indian Hill, on the corner of what is now South Main and Pearl Streets, known as the Dr. Stoddard place. After spending about forty years on his reservation, he returned to the Falls for a time before leaving the vicinity, little dreaming of the days that would bring the present civilization, when there would be no fishing, no large game in the forests, and no Indian; all are gone and forgotten like the fallen leaves.

As the name Chusetown originat-



THE BIRTHPLACE OF GEN. DAVID HUMPHREYS.

ed from the chief, Chuse, so the name Humphreysville was given in honor of Gen. David Humphreys who established at the Falls one of the first woolen industries in the Country. It is therefore fitting to recall the stately mansion, the birthplace of Gen. D. Humphreys.

This fine old homestead was about five miles below the Falls, on the east side of the river and opposite the

old Episcopal cemetery, on Elm St., now in Derby. It is a large two story house, with a heavy roof, and ell on the southeast, facing the west. In front there are large elm trees, indicating that the place must have been very attractive in its better days. The architectural plans are worthy of study. This was the home of the Rev. Daniel Humphreys, who was ordained to preach in Derby, 1733, in the Congregational Church. After serving the people 54 years, he died on the Sabbath, July 29. His wife also died on the Sabbath five weeks before him. Reference is made to the house in 1737, though it may have been standing many years previous. It is known by the later generations as the Capt. Vose place. The preacher married Sarah, Mrs. John Bowers, the daughter of Capt. John Riggs, whose ancestors aided the regicides in their home in 1660. The marriage took place in 1739 and for 48 years she was known as Lady Humphreys.

She was elegant in manners, re-

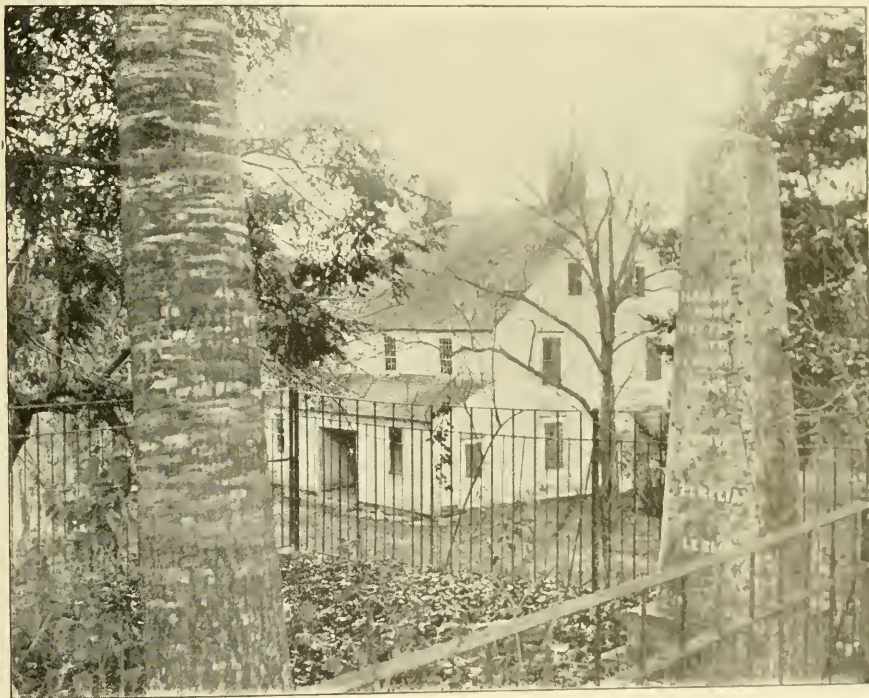


THE HOME OF REV. RICHARD MANSFIELD.

fined, and became celebrated for her knowledge of local history. Their distinguished son was born July 10, 1752, showing in his early years a love for books. At the age of 15 he entered Yale College where he became noted for his poetical gifts and graduated with honors. On entering the army in 1778, he took the rank of Captain, to be soon promoted to be aid to General Putnam, he was promoted again shortly after by the

phreys spent much time with Washington at Mount Vernon at the close of the war.

In 1790 he was appointed minister to Portugal; and in 1797 he went as minister to Spain, remaining until 1802, when he returned with a hundred merino sheep, the first imported into this country. Arriving with his precious cargo, these sheep were pastured in the field near the old homestead and doubtless feasted in



THE HENRY WOOSTER-MOSS PLACE.

recommendation of Gen. William Hull, one of his neighbors, to become aide-de-camp to Gen. Washington. Remaining with Washington through the war, he was honored by being appointed to receive the colors surrendered by Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, October 19, 1781, and afterward was granted the high honor of taking these colors to Congress and presenting them in the name of the Commander-in-Chief. General Hum-

phreys were, for the value was from a few hundred dollars up to \$2,000,—for a single ram or sheep. At once Gen. Humphreys began his woolen industry at the Falls, to be related elsewhere.

As one now looks upon that old homestead, neglected, beaten by the storms of many decades, occupied by the transient and the foreigner, there is a feeling of sadness over the

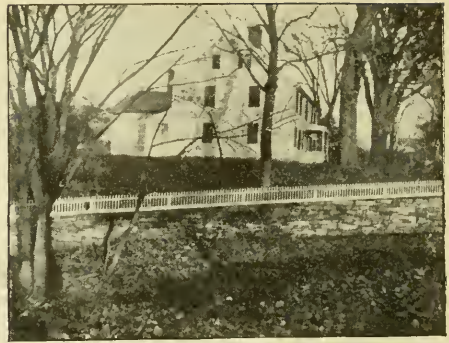
changes coming to life and the places so sacred to memory and association. We have lingered upon the name and work of Gen. Humphreys because, in honor of him, the place was named Humphreysville. A more complete tory belongs to the limits of Derby, but he conducted his business here until the time of his death in 1818. His birthplace should be known and visited by all interested in the history of our old homes.

About a half mile north of the Humphreys' place in Derby on Jewett St., there stands another ancient looking dwelling of two stories in front and one on the back, on the west side of the road as one descends the hill. This was the home of Dr. Mansfield, the first pastor of Trinity church. This dwelling and land was transferred to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in 1747, which may have been the date of building. From this time up to the Declaration of Independence, Dr. Mansfield received 40 pounds sterling from the S. P. G., England, to aid him in his work, besides Bibles and other books.

The Henry Wooster place is located on the east side of the river, in Seymour, about a mile below the falls and is the finest of our ancient mansions. The Woosters settled here more than 200 years ago, and the residence is supposed to have been built as early as 1700. Before this date the name of Henry Wooster appears in the records, and whenever there was difficulty with the Indians, he was one to be chosen to confer with them to settle the matter.

This representative of that famous family selected a beautiful place for his homestead to be handed down to the five Henrys who followed him in as many generations.

There is much to interest in the surroundings, as in the little burial lot on the rising knoll northeast of the house beneath thick overhanging trees, and evergreens that suggest teachings of the life that never dies. Here is the little iron fence about the



DR. T. STODDARD'S PLACE.

monument raised in memory of Capt. Henry Wooster, who died Nov. 18, 1842; on the other side were the names of the five children none of whom were buried there: Harriet, Henry, Olive, Cecilia, and Leslie B. This last Henry was lost at sea, being with Capt. Leslie Bryson, when he fell overboard, and before he could be rescued a large albatross flew down, lighting upon his head, and Henry was seen no more.

The widow of Capt. Henry married Capt. Daniel Moss, and since that time the place has been known far and near as the Moss place by the large circle of distinguished friends. The last occupant of the Wooster family was Harriet.

Capt. Henry was a man of affairs, being engaged in trade between New Haven and the West Indies. His wife was Harriet, daughter of Samuel Riggs of Oxford.

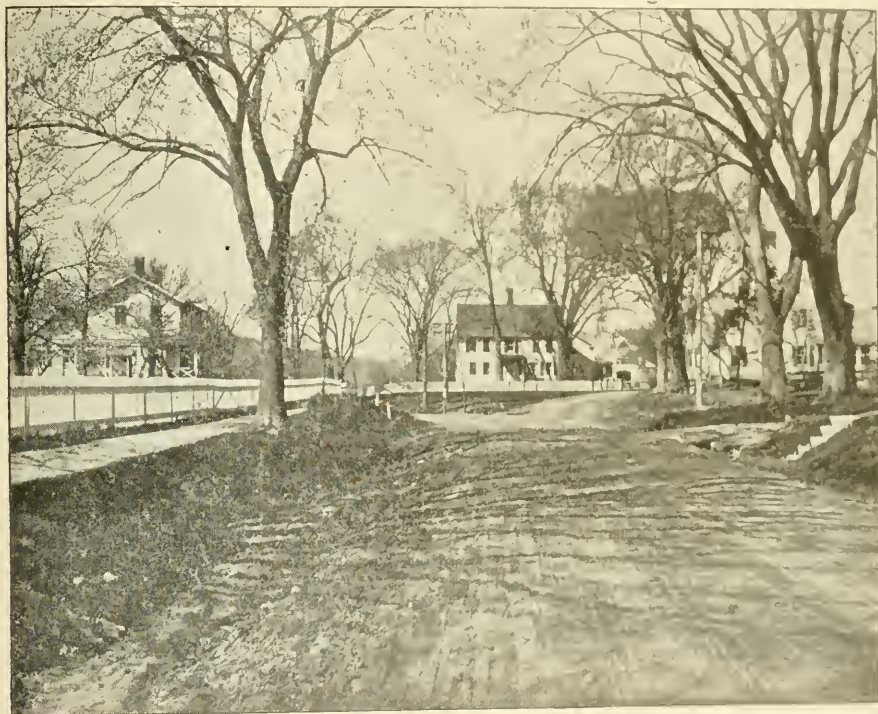
A little distance from the bridge up the old ford-road there can be seen the ruin of an old cellar, where was the home of a family by the name of Bryson, three generations, Maxwell, Leslie and Leslie J. Capt. Leslie of this family followed the sea. Mr. John Bassett tells the story of this seaman, transporting a company of Chinamen. Moved by some philanthropic spirit or desire to civilize these Orientals, he cut off their queues. Not counting what might follow, he was surprised and over-

taken by the spirit of revenge, which appeared in mutiny, to meet with the loss of life. Thus Bryson was killed, and the chinamen were heathen still.

Because of Derby being the port of entry, nearly a half a century before New Haven and Bridgeport were developed, there were many sea captains and seamen who brought wealth to many homes in this vicinity. For

last days. This old house was built in 1774 by Levi Hotchkiss.

This house was burned in Oct., 1894, revealing to the public for the first time the sub-cellar 12x15 ft., and 7 ft. deep. Many came to see the ruins and the sub-cellar which was used for household purposes, there being nothing superior for a cooler. If this had been connected with a



WHITTEMORE TAVERN. STILES AND STODDARD PLACE. DAYTON TAVERN.

A STREET IN SEYMOUR.

many miles around the trade centered at Derby port.

Only a few rods from the Henry Wooster place across the road to the north, there stood near the sharp point of rocks the home of the noted Dr. Abiram Stoddard, who came to town in 1804 as the second local physician. At first he lived on the west side of the river near the Episcopal church, but in this house he spent his

public house, one might think of it being used as a hiding place, and a station of the "underground railway" when the fugitive slaves fled to the North. It may be stated here that runaway slaves were aided in this valley by the good people in sympathy with them.

Levi Tomlinson lived in this house as early as 1789 and became one of the first deacons of the Congregation-

al church. He sold the house and farm to Dr. Stoddard who had a common rail fence in front of it. The more recent owners were Harvey Hotchkiss 1857, Judge S. L. Bronson 1872 and L. G. Weaver the present owner since 1886.

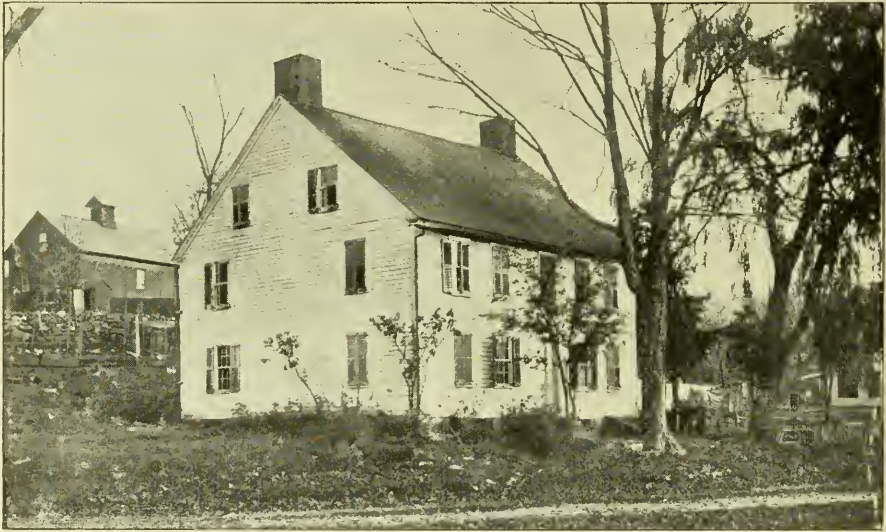
This location is one of remarkable beauty situated on the high bluff overlooking the river and valley; the river winding in curves of beauty fringed by the rich growth of timber; the valley made narrow by the Bluff on the east, and on the west guarded by the sharp rugged Castle Rock that rises more than 340 ft. in height

to the General Assembly in 1814, besides holding offices of public trust in Derby for many years. His practice was extensive and lucrative.

His family has been noted for the many names that have won distinction in the legal profession.

Dr. Stoddard was born in Watertown, January 27, 1777, came to this place in 1804 and died December 23, 1855, aged 79 years.

Full of eccentricities, Dr. Stoddard once was called to see a hysterical woman in Watertown, and ordered a jacket of raccoon skins to be made for the woman to wear and in the



DAYTON TAVERN.

standing like a sentinel watching over the march of progress up this narrow valley, the gateway to the "City of Brass,"—a way of more consequence than the entrance to the "Garden of the Gods."

If this aged doctor loved the beauty of nature, there was no better place to study the changing shadows of the declining day, the frescoes of the skies, the pictures of rocks and hills, at the same time listening for the faint music of the Falls.

Dr. Stoddard was a representative

meantime to amuse her with the music of the fiddle,—no medicine. After two weeks the jacket became very unpleasant, and the disconsolate husband sent his boy to report. Meeting the doctor he said, "Mother is no better." "Did you make the jacket?" "Yes." "Has she worn it?" "Yes." "And is no better?" "None." "Did you cut the tails off?" "Yes." "There it is; I didn't tell you to do that; the whole curative virtue was in the tails."

About a quarter of a mile below





THE DE FOREST-FRENCH PLACE.

the Falls on the east side of the river there are three houses of historical interest, on the border of Indian Hill overlooking the valley westward. This was the center. As already said the Indian Chuse came from the Falls to be neighbor to the white people soon after 1740, building his home in the fork of the roads, known as the Dr. Thomas Stoddard place. His white neighbor must have lived across the road where Mr. M. Castle now lives, the house standing near the year 1740. Some years after Chuse left, Mr. Nathan Stiles had business at the Falls, and built his spacious house in 1795 on the spot where Chuse had so long lived. He married Phebe, the Daughter of Capt. Ebenezer Dayton. He died in 1804. The Methodists had their meetings in this house as they also did in the Dayton house across the road to the south. In 1812 Phebe Stiles bought another portion of Indian Hill, and because of her holding it, the name of the hill was changed. The story is this: New comers desired to buy land of "Phebe," as she was called, and received a promise. These promises to sell land were so many times repeated, without selling, that the name "Promised Land" was given to the hill property,—a name which it still bears.

In the course of years, Dr. Thomas Stoddard received the Stiles homestead as a gift from his father, to en-

joy many years of happy life, his home being a gathering place for the social people.

The Stiles-Stoddard house was large and square with a lean-to and ell on the north. Standing in the fork of the roads, it faced the south, being overshadowed by large handsome elm trees. Its location was above the road, the spacious grounds on the west side being supported by a terrace wall crowned with a low fence. At the front door, there was a square porch with side seats, the door itself having a large brass knocker. Besides the rooms in the attic, there was an upper attic with a small window. Close by the chimney there was a little room used for a smoke-house for hams, etc. There were several fireplaces, and the home was one of comfort amid beautiful surroundings. But now the old brass knocker is gone to be heard no more; the old look is swept away; the name is also changed. The present owner, C. H. Lounsbury, raised and repaired the house in 1898 making it suitable for two families.

This house and the other two referred to form a triangle, each standing on the opposite side of the three roads that meet at this point. These houses have an interesting history because of the exciting incident which occurred in the time of the Revolution, during March 1780.



HOME OF JOEL CHATFIELD, 1ST.

Probably this house, known as the Dayton tavern, and later as the William Hull place, was standing before the war, located on the east side of the highway facing the west. In 1806 Gen. Humphreys had rooms here during the time of building the woolen mill at the Falls. When used as a tavern, Mrs. Dayton had a noted reputation for her skill in mixing drinks to the satisfaction of the 'old appetites.'"

west side of the main road, on the high bluff above the river had a fine location, occupied since about 1740. The first name associated with this place is Turel Whittemore, who kept tavern for many years, probably the principal tavern for the region.

The Turel Whittemore house was then a low one story house, very much like the red house directly east, next to L. T. Wooster's. In 1867 Mr. Castle made it into a two story house,



DANIEL HOLBROOK OR JOEL CHATFIELD HOMESTEAD.

This house was large, having two stories, with an ell on the east side. The two great chimneys are very noticeable. The general surroundings together with the great weeping willow at the south corner give the place a gloomy appearance. So are some of the rooms, one of which is cut diagonal, destroying all natural proportions. Even the neglect is of the nature of exclusiveness, and the once white is becoming brown.

The third house standing on the

taking the stone from the old chimney to make the terrace wall in front, caused by the lowering of the road. The barroom where the robbery was planned was on the northwest corner.

Other names associated with the place in later years are Castle, Roth and Lees, who kept the house in 1822 and John H. DeForest had rooms here while building his house opposite the railroad station, later the home of Raymond French.

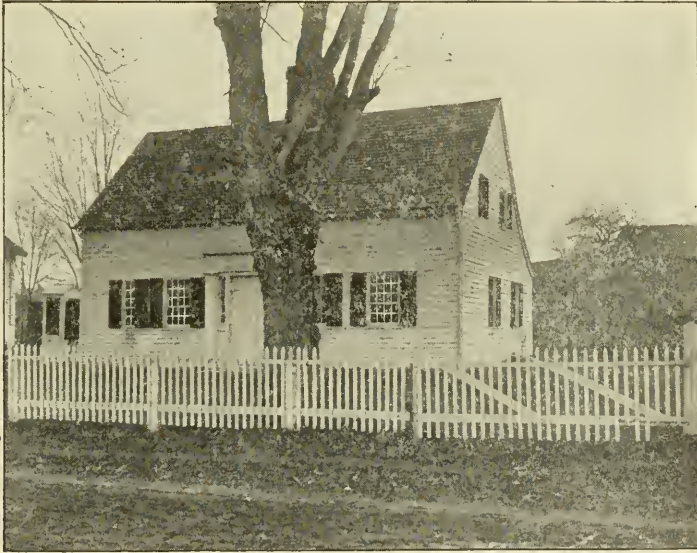
The Whittemore tavern was the

place where the great robbery was planned by a British Officer in March 1780.

At that time two strangers came to remain over night, and soon they were in conversation with a company of young men who frequented the place during the long winter evenings. The name of one stranger was Alexander Graham, who had a commission from Gen. Howe to enlist soldiers for the British army. He was the leader in the robbery of the house of Capt. Ebenezer Dayton, a

gave the measles to nearly a hundred people, some of whom died. Cap. Dayton fled with his family, money and goods to Bethany. Graham succeeded in snaring several young men into the plan to rob the Captain, on the ground that it would be paying him in his own coin; he robbed the British, and the British officer Graham was going to return the compliment.

But it was a sad beginning for all concerned, as will be seen. The young men had relatives in Gunn-



BIRTHPLACE OF MRS. ANN STEPHENS.

brave American patriot who had carried on privateering against the enemy on Long Island Sound. At this time Dayton lived in Bethany six miles away from the tavern mentioned. He had taken quarters in Bethany to escape just such a robbery as was then being planned. Capt. Dayton belonged to a good family in Brookhaven, L. I., where he carried on the mercantile business. Because of his zeal for the patriot cause, on one occasion in East Hampton, L. I., he was mobbed and carried out of town, at which time he was ill and

town, a district west of Naugatuck, who were also drawn into the scheme, making a company of about eight.

On a bright moonlight night they went to Bethany, and as it happened, Capt. Dayton was in Boston, and other occupants of the house had moved out the day before, leaving only Mrs. Dayton, the children and servants, which made the task more simple and free from bloodshed. After ransacking the house, they carried off £450 in gold and silver, and large bundles of silk goods.

Making all secure, and leaving the

family and servants bound, they hastened away to their acquaintances in Gunntown, meeting on the way a young man about 16 years of age who had been home with a young lady, the night before, though the hour of meeting was 3 o'clock in the morning. This was Chauncey Judd, who knew the party.

This meeting was another sad incident in the affair, and Graham sought several times to kill the innocent youth, that he might not be-

the deep snow in the night over Great Hill with the view to go to Derby, and from thence escaped in a boat to Long Island. Capt. Bradford Steel in pursuit on horseback, but the robbers avoided the road and escaped in a whale boat a little in advance of them.

Hoping to overtake them before they got into the Sound, they followed them, but failed in this on account of the width of the river near its mouth at Stratford. However, an old



THE SEYMOUR HOUSE.

tray them. But his friends each time succeeded in deferring the deed. After hiding, undergoing many vicissitudes and having many narrow escapes from the pursuing officers and vigilance committee, they hid in a barn in the meadow opposite the present Staples Washburn place about a mile and half from town on the Oxford road, to wait for the passing of a severe snow storm. Almost famishing, they failed to get provisions at Capt. John Wooster's, then keeping a large tavern where now lives Mr. David Riggs, they started through

sea captain went into the belfry of the church in Stratford and watched their course to Brookhaven, where lived a noted tory. This being ascertained, a party of thirty patriots gathered at Derby in two whaleboats, and being well armed rowed down the river and across the Sound, captured all the robbers but one, all being found in deep sleep. Graham knew he would have no mercy. Being handed over to the army after returning to Derby, he was tried, found guilty of treason, having deserted the American cause, and was exe-

cuted in Morristown. Chauncey Judd, broken down and exhausted, was found in the company with the robbers, and was tenderly cared for by his brother. The other young men and their helpers were yet to suffer.

Two were allowed to turn state's evidence; the others suffered fines, or imprisonment, or both. Three were sentenced to four years' imprisonment in the Newgate state prison. Those persons who aided them also were fined. Besides, Capt. Dayton received large sums for damages amounting to several thousand pounds. Chauncey Judd received \$4,000 for injuries, his hands being frozen and made a cripple for life.



JUDGE JOHN HUMPHREY'S PLACE.

However, when the war was over, there was some modification of the court's decision.

Some time after this incident, Capt. Dayton came to Seymour, and occupied the house opposite where the plot was made to rob him, and there he kept tavern for some years; in the meantime planned and made the Dug Road to Naugatuck along the river, that his house might have the benefit of the extra travel.

This cluster of historic houses is at the extreme southwest of Indian Hill.

Indian Hill, or Promised Land, rises to the height of 220 feet, and there were no dwellings on it until long after the beginning of the pres-

ent century. The first house was built by Daniel Banks Johnson for John Corey who worked in the cotton mill, the house still standing just north of the home of A. B. Dunham, on Washington Ave. William Losee lived here for many years.

The second house built was the home of the late Geo. Lester on the bank just beyond the station. This was built by Isaac and William Losee in 1841, a pleasant little one story house looking west across the valley and the Falls, and upon the busy village where once the Indian had his wigwam.

Passing the old red house, a low one story building with long sloping back roof, the cellar containing a sub-cellar, known as the Tucker place on the right, on leaving the Dayton Tavern, and the little house known as the Kinney place, on the left, we come to the four corners, the crossing of Pearl and Maple streets. Here was a store built in 1820, and occupied by Mr. Sanford, "Pitchfork Sanford," so called for killing a man many years before with a pitchfork, when he was a blacksmith on the Woodbridge road. He was tried by the court, branded and was to wear a cord about his neck the rest of his life.

On the opposite corner stood the tavern built by Seba Moulthrop in 1812, continuing the business about twenty years, followed by David Clark. In the ball-room the Methodists held services. The house was moved to the lane north of Frank Beecher's house, leaving the old cellar still surrounded with maples.

The special object of interest on the cross roads is the old blacksmith shop, belonging to Edwin or Edmund Page in 1798. It stands in the highway close to the roads, and formerly was built on proprietors' land, or undivided land. In 1798, to avoid disputes about the location, the north side was taken out and replaced by a stone wall, making the old shop look quite ancient. During late years the

music of the hammers has been irregular, but formerly it was a busy place, where the making of augers was carried on early in the century and perhaps for a half a century previous, the blacksmith may have had his shop here. The road from the shop to the Falls bridge was laid out in 1802, and the turnpike to New Haven in 1798.

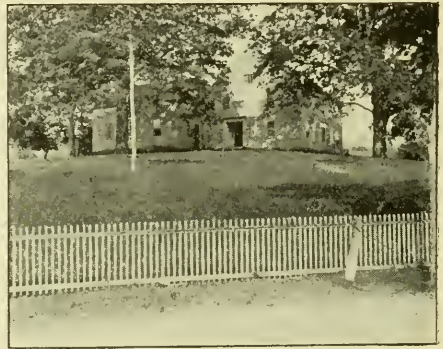
After leaving the west side of the river about 1800 Deacon Bradford Steele, Jr., built a house more than a mile southeast of the Falls on New Haven turnpike at the corners where now the Johns live. This house was small, one story and now is ancient looking. Considerable of the interior was finished in wood. Its location was well chosen facing the east, a wide tract of land sloping westward, making a fine farm. Deacon Bradford was a useful man, and raised a large family. His daughter married a Holcomb who built the large house adjoining the old one facing the north? The more recent owners were Davis and Johns. In the triangle of the roads there is room for a fine park.

This section might have been called Steele district because of the families by that name. Edmund, son of Deacon Bradford was m. 1809 and built the house beyond the old blacksmith shop, at the west end of Union St. on the bank sustained by stone wall and terrace, the entrance to the cellar being an underground tunnel from the street. The house is medium size, a story and half, with addition on south corner. A flight of steps lead to the walk and front door. The well is in the narrow space in front of the house. With the walls this place is most substantial in appearance to stand another century. John Burton Steele followed his father in living here, until he built the place south known now as the Steele farm. Henry Wyant occupies the house described. Several other Steele families were within half a mile south, but now they are all gone. The little red house, known as the Squire's place

was one, the Steele farm house another, now occupied by Chas. Maybury.

The next place of interest is the First Congregational parsonage built in 1789 by Rev. Benjamin Beach who occupied the house in March 1790, coming from North Haven.

The parsonage stands on the corner of Pearl and Elm streets, the land being given to Rev. Beach by Isaac Johnson, who also later gave the land where stood the church. At first the house was one story, facing the north, having the appearance of comfort. It was well built and somewhat ornamented as is still to be seen about the front door.



THE WASHBURN HOMESTEAD.

Rev. Beach served the little church faithfully for 15 years, after which he moved to Milton.

This first parson of Seymour was the great-grandfather of the respected citizens in the town today, bearing the name Beach.

Besides being a preacher Rev. Beach was a maker of brooms, and it was his custom to give a new broom to every couple, who were married by him.

The Methodist beginnings date back to 1797 when the first class was formed, holding meetings in houses of members and friends. There were nine members. The first church was organized and trustees elected in 1817, and the Congregational church

was bought on September 22, 1818. The church was then opened for their services. The building was cold and unadorned. In Jan. 18, 1848, the new church was dedicated by Bishop Janes, being of Gothic design. This was a pleasant church 40x60 feet, in a fine location. But with the growing industries and town, ambitions also grew, and a new church was built 1891-2, the total cost being \$18,000. The old part of the church is used for Sunday school and social meetings. The new part will seat about 400. It has a sloping floor, two large windows, and steel ceiling. The membership is between two and three hundred. L. T. Wooster is one of their leading members. Rev. E. C. Tuilar

ago or that of the Revolutionary period. The west part of the second story was used as a ball room, but no balls have been given in recent years. The chimney is large, and several fireplaces add charm to the rooms, some being in use at present. This was the home of Mrs. E. A. Lum, the daughter of Jeremiah Durand, who lived here many years. In the previous century the house was occupied by Hezekiah Johnson, who was married Dec. 12, 1784, and if he occupied the house at that time, it is probable that the date 1784 is about the time that the house was built.

Mr. and Mrs. Lum with their daughter Lizzie make their home a center for the many social people who gather here. Dea. Lum is the senior deacon of the Congregational church, and has in previous years held many positions of trust.

The White home is towards Bladen brook beneath the shadow of the great oak, a story and a half, with homelike surroundings. Fred Peck is the present occupant.

Across the meadow directly east is one of the old Botsford homes, made conspicuous by its pleasant outlook and solitude, as well as the large spruce tree overshadowing it. This was the home of Samuel Botsford. The Eibel family, or the Bay family have lived here in recent years.

This being a hilly country, with three rivers to make it more so,— Little River from the northwest and Bladen Brook from the east, it was natural for the people to build their houses at the cross roads or opposite, making two or three in the vicinity. And if there were about twenty houses in 1740 in the vicinity of the Falls, there were eight such localities.

Bladen Brook was one of these favored localities, due in part to the water power. The names Johnson, French and Chatfield were among the first. Joel Chatfield 1st settled early



FIRE-PLACE IN HOUSE OF  
ALEXANDER JOHNSON.

is the present pastor and is doing an excellent work. The parsonage is close by.

The Dea. E. A. Lum house near the Beach parsonage, is a large, square two-story dwelling, painted white and facing the south. The front door wears an old iron knocker, the hall is small with winding stairs, the rooms large and pleasant with ornamental wood work. At the east end also there is a hall and a little porch. It is stately in appearance, high, and looks as if it had been a tavern. The architecture represents that of more than a century

on this brook more than a mile eastward of the Falls, and upon that land he built in 1784 a large two story house with a large addition on the east end, the house facing the south, and the brook immediately back of sufficient size to furnish water power for several mills.

A mill was standing near this estate close to the house, before the Revolution, belonging to Raymond Sanford. The date of the first mill is uncertain, but the last mill was owned and run by Joel Chatfield after his coming in 1784. Very little now remains except the stone work and banks of the canals.

The house which Joel built is now shaded by trees and evergreens which make it appear very old looking, giving one's fancy a wide range.

Joel had a son Joel who lived to be very aged.

Skokorat—where is Skokorat? It is the large, broad hill 420 feet high north of Bladen Brook. The Indian name was Scucorra, or Snake Hill. A number of fine farms are now on this hill, it being the locality first occupied by the pioneers.

This hill slopes gradually southward, and near the foot where now Howard Chatfield lives, there came one of the first settlers, Benajah Johnson, in 1728, who was married to widow Sarah (Brewster) Hawkins, Oct. 10, of the same year. He has been mentioned in history as building the first house in Seymour, but there was a Mr. Riggs near Pines bridge, besides the Henry Wooster place already mentioned and Miles in 1724 on the Bungay road. In 1750 Johnson built another house just north of the present Chatfield house, and directly opposite William Gilyard, which was torn down before 1880. Benajah was the first of the many Johnsons of this region, they having come from the prominent families in lower Derby.

For situation scarcely a better one could be found, and here the lonely

couple lived with only a path leading out of the wilderness to the civilization a few miles down the Naugatuck river. For 12 years they were without neighbors, until 1740 when Israel French secured land and built a house where now stands the home of William Gilyard, across the path west of B. Johnson. Israel French married Sarah Loveland September 11, 1739. Portions of this first house of Israel French were doubtless used in the present dwelling of Mr. Gilyard,—the Gilyard family coming from England 1807-8.

The outlook over the country from this place is beautiful and charming. The land is productive. The moss covered orchards, further up the hill, with age resting upon them, bear witness to the past generations, that have gathered many harvests.

Near one of these old moss covered orchards on Skokorat, there stands another old house of two stories facing the west with the overhanging upper story. This house stands back from the road, having a number of large maple trees in front. It is shingled on the sides and very brown with age. As one approaches in dusk of the evening, one might think the grove a good place for the witches to frolic.

This house was built by Col. Daniel Holbrook for his son Daniel who was married 178—.

For many years it was the home of Joel Chatfield, 2nd, until his death, having lived to be very aged.

The interior arrangement of rooms shows the lack of skill and plan, due in part to the great chimney, as did many of the oldest homes, yet the common room was convenient, and there were comforts in those days amid great trials.

Other old houses on Skokorat have been replaced by modern houses, thus removing many of the ancient landmarks, if not the ancient bounds. The distance from the Falls is about a mile and three quarters.



Capt. Robbins followed the sea, and his family lived in the oldest house on Main street, known as Robbins' Nest, now occupied by The Record office, W. C. Sharpe, editor. There were nine daughters in the family, and some living at present remember the good times at the "Robbins' Nest." In the attic was a loom where Mrs. Robbins wove carpets. At present none of the family reside here.

Directly west near the river is the old Humphreys woolen mill, built in 1806, and said to be the first in the country of its kind, which made the best broad cloth. The merino wool was used here. This old mill is a curiosity, having lived through the era of the development of manufacturing. The mill is long and high, with long windows and many dormer windows. There were formerly a tower and bell on the east end. Thomas Jefferson procured from this mill cloth for his inaugural suit.

The large house opposite the railroad station was built by John H. Deforest, first President of Humphreysville Mfg. Co., in 1829, for his own dwelling, a model for its day in architecture, location, and comfort. The fancy woodwork compares well with the best of the present day. The rooms are high, large, cheerful, and fourteen in number. Everything about it is substantial. Also the grounds testify to the taste of the occupant, there being numerous trees and a variety including the musical pine and spruces. Deforest lived here until his death in 1839, the property then passing into the hands of Raymond French who lived here for many years. Mr. French did much toward building up Seymour industries.

Leaving the east side of the river, one crosses the bridge below the Falls to a slight elevation which becomes a small island in high water, and during floods is nearly covered. The first bridge built here was before 1763. On this island there are two houses of note, the Sey-

mour House on the south and the little dwelling on the north, a small house of one story with two windows in front. This was the house in which John Winterbottom and family lived only for a season, the summer of 1817. The daughter Ann was about eight years of age. She became the distinguished writer known as Mrs. Ann Stephens. This house has been pointed out as the birth place of Mrs. Ann Stephens; but it is not. She leaves a letter that removes all doubt and corrects the error. She tells of living in this little house next to the "Pines," a beautiful grove of white pines with scattering



PRIEST ABNER SMITH'S HOUSE.

oaks, where she spent many a happy day through the summer, while waiting for the completion of the new house with stone foundation on the corner south of the old blacksmith shop on the hill.

Following events soon led them to move from town, and the little house was occupied by Richard Hine, who built before 1820 the east part which is the same shape as the old, but about two feet higher, though not quite as long; the like of which is rarely seen in these days, though a hundred years ago, more common, building on a little as the family increased. At present the house belongs to the Strapp family.

The birthplace of Mrs. Stephens is on West St. more than half a mile

from the Falls, in a house standing on the south side of the road, known in late years as the Swift house. Ann was born here between 1807-10. This house was built in the preceding century, a story and a half, facing north, and the south roof somewhat longer than the other.

To the writer the following description was given of its appearance seventy-five years ago: "It was then an old red house, whose partitions inside were ceiled up to the top and painted a deep red. It had the usual fire-places upon which Mrs. Stephens remembers 'warm drink was kept in a tin cup' during sickness, the cup standing on the hot stone hearth. After this there was a change of owners and the house was clapboarded and painted white. Besides many other improvements were made costing more than to build a new house."

While living here Ann attended school in a little red school house a little way up the road where also attended the children of Dr. Stoddard. In her "recollections," she refers both to her first home, the little red school house and those families living near. During the last visit of Mrs. Stephens to this home, she peeled some of the bark from the large maple trees, standing in front of the house, as a memento of her birthplace. They were little trees when she was a little girl living there.

Among her many writings, there was one of local interest, "The Gold Brick" in which she describes many localities, and some of the characters of the book were chosen from among the people who had sometime lived within the borders of Humphreysville.

The Seymour House stands on the south side of Broad St. on the bank of the river close to bridge. It was built by John Moshier in 1824, the main part being of stone, cemented and painted, the other additions being of wood. In its early history it became the center of great activity because of the stage route passing here, and this was one of the places for changing

horses on the stage line between New Haven and Albany. Thus it continued for many years until the coming of the railway in 1849. During the period of travel by teams exclusively there were occasions when dozens of teams stopped here for the night, and like other prominent houses in those times, this was witness to exciting scenes, and strange it would be if there were no romances worthy of a longer story. For many years this was the chief tavern and hotel for this vicinity. In 1830 Ezekiel Gilbert kept tavern here for two years, after which time he built the house and store on the bank at the east end of the bridge, property now owned by Mrs. Rاندell. Again John Moshier occupied the old tavern. In later years Henry Dunham has kept the hotel, and the hostelry has been in the hands of A. B. Dunham, under whose skillful management, it has done good service. Mr. Holloway now is owner. With the coming of the wheel and railroad, the hotel meets the new demands of modern days.

The Congregational Church and parsonage are located on the corner of Broad St. and Derby Ave., facing the north and directly south of the Falls a short distance, as the river makes a turn here to the east. The parsonage is nearest the corner west of the church.

The society was the first, being organized on Nov. 3, 1789, with 27 members, from the First Church, Derby, and the Rev. B. Beach was the first pastor.

There is an old house known as the Abel Bassett, Lum, or Holloway house, and formerly stood where the road now runs, having been moved back about ten feet. The south part stands in the original form and is very old, the date 1747 being found on the stairway which was replaced by a new one many years ago. This house served as a tavern, being the nearest to the ford on the west side of the river nearly a quarter of a mile above the ford. Dancing must have been

common in those days, and to aid the sweet and harsh sounds of music, there was a mysterious sounding apparatus placed in the ceiling. It can hardly be called a sounding board. A number of bottles were imbedded in the plaster of the ceiling with their necks down three inches, and when the fierceness of the dance and music reached their height, strange sounds came from the ceiling, being sent forth from the empty bottles. Certainly those sounds could not have been like the sweet music of the wind. Little is known about this place through its long and eventful history. Like the ancient homes in general, the passing public does not even give a

part being now the west part, while the large square house in front facing the east is the work of Gen. Humphreys, at least so stated by the best authority. The Hon. John Humphreys occupied it early in the century. He was a lawyer, being called Judge. Judge John and William were nephews to the General and had charge of the woolen mill, T. Vose & Co.

Mrs. Ann. Stephen says, that Judge John and his wife, called Lady Humphreys, an elegant, handsome lady, were great favorites with the General and were generally looked up to in the neighborhood as superior persons. The whole Humphreys family were remarkable for their personal beauty. Judge John had two daughters, Mrs. Canfield and Mrs. Pease, who were beautiful and elegant women. Judge Humphreys died in 1826, and between that time and 1830 the house was adorned by A. M. Bassett with the present style of colonial architecture.



THE GUNN-NETTLETON PLACE.

thought concerning the history of their past. Now the thousands of wheels pass by where more than a century ago was only a path for the Indian and pioneers. Under the shadow of Castle Rock this house stood on the land which David Wooster bought of the Indians in 1692.

The first physician was Samuel Sanford, coming to town about 1790 and died in 1803 at 38 years of age. He lived on the right hand corner going up the Bungay road, or West Church St. Across the road towards Castle Rock, there was a pest house for small-pox patients, in which the town took an interest.

The house of Dr. Sanford has passed through many changes, the old

Capt. Bradford Steele has a large place in the memory of this town, a zealous patriot, a soldier in the Revolution, a man of business at home. He was with Washington at Boston, engaged in the defence of New Haven and along the coast. In 1757 he was in business in Derby; then went to Hartford. Returning he settled in this place on Little River. He had a fulling mill at the mouth of Little River, a finishing shop up the hill and built other shops and houses. In 1785 he was one who first used the power at the Falls. He afterwards moved to the southeast part of town on the place where now lives the Johns family. He died in 1804, age 69 years.

The most conspicuous building in town is the Episcopal church located on the hill west side of the valley. It is white and having a tall spire, can be seen from all directions. The location is an exceptional one, also that of the rectory, overlooking the valley. It will seat about 400; it has a fine

organ. Back of the altar is a beautiful window, given by Hon. Carlos French in memory of his daughter, Carlotta.

Trinity Church was organized Feb. 20, 1797, the meeting being held in the house of Samuel Sanford, M. D., and soon after a church was built. In 1841 the church underwent a complete repair. In 1858 a new church was built except the frame, and was consecrated by Bishop Williams May 11.

The Roman Catholic, St. Augustine's church, is located on Washington Avenue, on the east side of the valley. The first church was built in 1856. Under the leadership of the popular pastor, Rev. R. C. Gragan, a new church was built to meet the growing needs in 1888-9, with a seating capacity of about 600. The church is now presided over by the Rev. F. M. Rigney.

The German Evangelical church has grown rapidly within a few years, and since the little church has been built, 1894, the German people have shown great interest. The church seats about 200, the Sunday school about 100. The pastor is Rev. P. Lemke.

The Pritchards had a land interest in this locality as early as 1740, the year that James Pritchard, Jr., was married, being the first of the several generations that lived here. In 1760 the town granted to James Pritchard the right of and use of Little River for mill purposes from the mouth up to the Fairchild place.

It is not known when the Pritchard house was built. If not in 1740 when James was married, it is probable that 1760 is the date, when the grant was given for the use of the river. The old house was a story and a half, facing the east and looking down upon the saw mill and river. About 1848 the house was torn down, soon after the new house was built a little south, which is now occupied

by Mr. Abrams, the inventor. During late years it was known as the Betts place.

Following James Pritchard was his son Jabez who married Eunice Botsford Oct. 31, 1764, and his son Lev-erett was born Sept. 16, 1765, who spent his whole life on or near the homestead; his son Jabez E. was born there, and his son Edward Pritchard was also born there May 24, 1830. B. Steele, Jr., and Jabez enlisted for the war July, 1777, and were taken prisoners near Fort Independence while aiding a wounded companion.

Falling into the hands of his in-human captors, Jabez survived but a short time after being taken to the prison ship in North River. Before his death he gave his money to aid others, and especially Bradford Steele, Jr., who used some of this for provisions which preserved his life, until released; then he was scarcely strong enough to get home. However, he recovered, and lived a very useful life, and his name is revered even to this day. He was deacon of the Congregational church. He died 1841, aged 80.

About the time of opening the Oxford turnpike, 1794-5, New Haven was building the long wharf so as to make the city a port of entry, and soon after there was a large trade for many miles around, and much of it came over the Oxford turnpike, passing the Washburn place. The distance favored the establishment of a tavern, so a large addition was built,—in fact a separate house set at the same angle as the old one, the corners meeting. The new was built on the south corner of the old.

In those days a tavern was not complete without a bar, nor was this large estate complete without a cider-brandy mill. Cider-brandy sold at this tavern at six cents a glass. For the most part the teamsters brought their lunch, and sitting at

the table ordered tea, which was the only article of food furnished for the table; so also the feed for the horses was carried by their drivers.

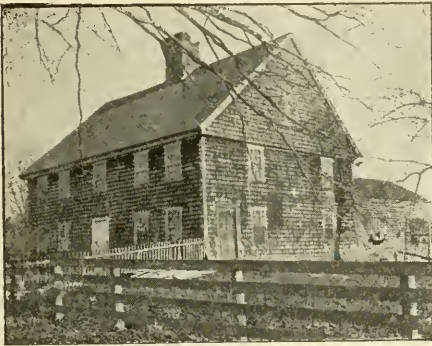
Rimmon Hill is an elevation of 400 feet nearly two miles long lying between the Naugatuck and Little Rivers. The land for the most part is well adapted for agriculture. Near the northern portion there are three old homes which belonged to the first settlers. Back a little west of the highways is a house in the last stage of service, long used for storehouse and shed. More than 300 broad acres stretch out over this region sloping to the east and northwest, now one of the best farms in the

dwelling. The property now belongs to Albert Carrington. During the best days in a single year \$3,000 worth of cattle were sold from this estate. Near the corner of there stands a famous chestnut tree 20 feet in circumference, having increased three feet in 30 years. It is a fine specimen of a chestnut, with wide spreading branches, and still growing.

Pine's bridge was the locality two miles north of the Falls where the Johnsons bought land previous to 1700 of the Indians, and came here to settle about 1720. A little red house still stands on the hill above the road on the east side which was the home of Alexander Johnson, the son of Timothy and Abigail Brewster, a descendant of Elder Wm. Brewster of the Mayflower, who were married 1725. Alexander was born 1730 and married about 1760, which date represents nearly the date of the house. It is probable that Timothy did not live there, but rather south near the ford of the river, below the pines and cemetery. Alexander gave the ground for the cemetery near 1795, after which the old cemetery on Rimmon road was deserted. The great white pines add beauty to this solemn place.

It is said that Alexander was very much troubled by the wild beasts coming down from Rock Rimmon to the injury of crops and flocks. In connection with the history of the Indian Chuse, there was mentioned as the most famous hunters among the whites the names of Alexander Johnson and Gideon Washburn.

On going up the Bungay road more than a mile westward from the Falls there is a rise of 400 ft. the views eastward being of the finest and most varied for a country road. This was the locality of several of the early families, the Canfields, Botsfords, and Miles. This region was a part of the Camps Mortgage, and when it was divided among the proprietors March 12, 1702, section No. 10 was set off to the Widow Miles,



THE HOLBROOK-RUSSELL PLACE.

region of miles around. The house is a large two story dwelling, with long sloping roof to the north. The house was well finished, having a corner closet for the better household utensils. The old stone chimney to the very top bears witness of its age.

The earliest names now to be found are those of Clark and Edwin Hine. The family of William Clark is associated with this homestead. William was married about 1774 and his oldest daughter Eunice became in 1804 the wife of Dr. Stoddard.

In later years Sheldon Sanford kept house here while building a new house on the corner a few rods east. He was the last to occupy the old

wife of Samuel, the land extending from the Bungay road to the Naugatuck river. Jonathan, son of Widow Miles, built a house on this land about 1724, and left two sons, Theophilus born Feb. 11, 1730 and Jonathan 2nd. born 1745. Theophilus had a son Theophilus born Nov. 27, 1778, who married Freelove Nettleton and had six children, Mary Jennett, who married Isaac Botsford; Clark; Lucretia, who m. Jebez Pritchard; John; Sarah, who m. Judson Canfield, and Sheldon Miles, now living in an octagonal house which he built in 1855 on the southern slope of the ancestral lands.

The Miles house now standing was built about 1768, a large, square, two story house, facing the west, with foundation 32x40 feet. The square stone chimney 12x13 feet foundation rises above the roof; the house is red, and homelike in its appearance. The fireplaces are of the generous size, and many have been the occasions when the family circle gathered about the flickering fire. Seven generations have come to the shelter of this old homestead and have gone forth again, and now the name Clark Chatfield designates the old place. The ancient surroundings invite one's attention, as the great and high stone posts for the gates to swing upon, the old stone walls colored with moss and age. The next house south was also an old Miles homestead, said to have been Jonathan Miles's, 2nd., a small red house.

Some distance south, on the east of the road, on the crown of the hill, there stands a small red house known as the Isaac Botsford place, built by Clark Botsford 1816, with a little veranda set into the corner, covered by the main roof.

Lovers of nature pause to take a view of the broad landscape from the crown of this hill,—a view that lingers in memory.

Near by is the Bungay school where many generations of the boys and girls began their distinguished

career. This was the locality deeded to Joseph Canfield in 1747, two houses near by have held families by the Canfield name. At the Canfield homestead, Sheldon Miles when a boy was thrown into the well by the breaking of the well-sweep. The water was deep, and he was not injured. He is now living, 83 years of age, this year 1900. The old homestead stood second from the school house, east side of road. This location has been chosen for a summer residence because of good air and wonderful natural beauty.

Great Hill was early the most important part of town. The section was purchased from the Indians in 1670, but in 1702 much of it was included in the Camp's mortgage, which was divided up soon after this date. Samuel Bassett was the first to settle on his land about 1717 on the south side. Previous to 1745 a road was laid out over Great Hill on to Woodbury. This locality covers two miles east to west, and three miles north to south, the highest point being 640 ft. from which the widest views may be had of the country and the waters of the Sound. At this highest point, stands the house built 1788 by Priest Abner Smith, the pastor of the Congregational church from 1786-1829. It is located on the west side of the road, a good sized gambrel-roofed house, in good repair and well preserved, now owned by J. W. Tomlinson. In front stands an old cherry tree, and the big swing gate balanced on a post guards the entrance on the south.

Going north from the Priest Smith's house, the first place on the right is the home of Capt. Abel Holbrook, a soldier of the Revolution. It is a modern looking dwelling with two stories, and painted white. The plan and rooms are much like those described. The large addition by the back corner gives it a spacious appearance. The well-sweep, having the orchard for a background, makes one of the finest pictures of the kind.

This Holbrook family represents one of the swarms, coming from the Holbrook "hive" that will be mentioned later.

The next home, a little to the north, is located on the corner, and is known as the old Davis homestead, and one of the best on the Hill. Being occupied by an early family, it has a history and many have gone forth into the world. The most familiar name is John Davis.

In 1779 Russell Tomlinson was living here.

In 1891 the family living there together with the help were taken ill and all died of the typhoid fever, originating from the well.



BACK PORCH OF THE LUM-HOLLOWAY HOUSE.

This is a neat, attractive, first class home, with everything in order, a row of trees in front, and open grounds at the south. The house is two stories, irregular in shape, with several later additions. Some of the upper rooms are still unfinished. It is now called the Scranton place.

From this point the road goes down hill, overlooking the great basin or hopper formed by the encircling hills about the valley with the Four-mile brook. The hill beyond rises 590 ft., called Rockhouse Hill. On the very summit, back from the road and facing the north stands an old house built for Isaac Tomlinson. As there were many in that family by the

name of Isaac, tradition must aid us in fixing the right date.

Isaac Tomlinson was married to Sybel Russell in 1750, which date corresponds to tradition as handed down by Mrs. Lum who lived to be 97 years of age, the present year 1900, who lived in that house. The sad end of Mrs. Lum was caused by choking while eating.

The house is two stories in front, with roof sloping back to one, with a very large chimney. On the north and east there is a terrace, with the old time cherry trees to make the place more ancient looking. The entrance to the cellar is on the east terrace.

Like some other old houses, this one has a spirit peculiar to itself, impressing one while wandering through the unfinished rooms, for only one, the front room, has been finished, painted and papered. This looks out upon the road and the wild scenery beyond, down into the valley and beyond in stretches of beauty.

The other rooms appear in their rude, unfinished state, with no ceiling but the timbers and floor above. This house is without a hall. The cold of winter must have found free access through many thin places and cracks to the outer world. A feeling of primitive simplicity comes to one while looking into these rooms where a stove never stood, yet where many have lived and slept the sleep of the just.

The kitchen occupies the center of the back part, with a fireplace about ten feet across and near four feet deep, having two huge ovens directly back, one each side of the fire, about four feet apart. The fireplace has been described to be large enough to roast an ox in it. Doubtless with this great chimney heated, the house would feel a little less like winter.

One peculiar thing about the house differs from all others known is the way to the upper story; instead of stairs of wood, there are stone steps made of long stone laid into and sup-

ported by the chimney. It is very uncommon to have stone steps to the attic. Among other attractive things a few years ago were several pieces of ancient furniture, not then discovered by the antique "hunter." This old home, known in more recent years as the Truman Tomlinson place, has sheltered one of the best families in New England, and doubtless some in the cities who have spent their youth here, look back in fond recollection of those sacred memories that cluster about the old homestead that has braved the blasts of one and a half centuries. Glancing back there stands the long stone wall supporting wooden posts, rails gone, holes gone, yet the sides stand moss covered with age.

In the north part of the valley referred to very near the four mile brook and at the base of a great hill rising to the north, there stands the old red house known as the Capt. Nettleton place. Though the builder was forgotten, his name was Capt. Levi Gunn who lived here as early as 1740. His name is mentioned when the new society at Oxford was being planned, the south boundary being at the "brook and bridge between the dwelling houses of Abel Gunn and John Holbrook."

Some distance southward from the Nettleton place on the main road, there stands the old "hive," a large square two story red house shingled all over. Located on the east side of the road it faces the west looking toward the brook and Rockhouse hill. Besides the front door, there is one near the corner on the south. This corner door is common in the homes of the period.

With the ell on the east side, the house is roomy and well worthy of the name "hive." It was built by John Holbrook for his son John in 1745. There may have been a house on the same foundation or near occupied by John Holbrook as stated in connection with the boundary. John Holbrook raised a large family here, and

many were the times of swarming during its history, hence the name of the old "hive." Six generations, John, John, S. D. Russell and others have been sheltered beneath the broad roof and within the spacious rooms through passing joys and sorrows.

It was John Holbrook who gave the land for the cemetery which was located on the corner of his farm not far eastward from his dwelling, a beautiful place on a low-lying hill of a dozen feet or so, and with the many white stones is the most conspicuous object from the encircling hills. More by far are buried here than there are living in the region round about.

Looking once more upon the old "hive" surrounded with fences, giving it a shut-in appearance, the great maple and the rock by the roadside, one beholds another picture where the swarming has ceased with the great family here and a new but sad period of history has already begun.

Our search after old landmarks now ends and we return to the Falls. The waters here rose on the first of March 1900 to the height of 17 feet until all the rocks were covered, the river banks more than full, dashing and foaming in the mad race towards the sea. But only a few hours passed, when the river returned to its natural and common place. So is the flight of time, the making of history, the experience of our lives, at the greatest height at one time, but mostly in the natural and common level.

The old homes are but landmarks along the river of time, and while we have considered these as the humble and more spacious dwellings of men, our history is not complete without a look at one who has been a builder of home and church and state,—the "old man."

The "old man" has more than passed the span of life, four score years. He still lives upon the southern slope of his ancestral lands, where in graceful curves the fields extend toward the river and woodlands. He looks eastward across the valley upon the



real pictures of nature, growing more beautiful with his years.

His dwelling is not of the ancient type, rather it is octagonal in shape, two stories, always receiving the light from the morning to the evening. Encircling his grounds at his very door runs the swift brook, adding both music and a charm to his quiet home. The roadway winds from afar along the hillside, by the side of a great rock covered with a grape vine, and nearer still the long arbor shades the path to his quarters. To many, he would appear lonesome and alone; but he is not alone. The enlarged house makes room for a son and children. Their happy faces drive away the care of years. Yet he is alone. The companion of many years has fallen asleep, now resting in the narrow home of waiting.

In the bright March sunlight, the trees about his dwelling shine with a shimmering light, intensifying the natural beauty and giving a new warmth as often seen before the springing forth of life.

Here lived the aged man,—a little man, who is the last of all his schoolmates and youthful companions. But he remains peaceful amid all these changes. His locks are white with age, his eyes a little dim, his hearing a little dull. But his voice is still sweet and clear, as he tells of his ancestral people and the days long since gone, of those events that have made history what it is. There is a

nobleness about his countenance and a neatness about his appearance, his clothes well worn and well cared for. Like the strength of mind, his spirit is strong, and thus the more willing to wait the coming of the reaping angel.

His room of waiting is one of simple comfort, full of light and cheer. The old wood stove, the cushioned chairs, a place to recline add to the comfort of his surroundings. After his day's work is done, and while the sun is still high, he sits by the window, and draws near to him, not a table, nor a stand, but a little frame made strong to hold the great Book upright with its large clear letters that reveal the light, and truth of the other world. He again listens to the Sweet Singer of Israel; he walks by the side of the Man of Galilee; he waits by the sea shore; he goes into the mountain to pray; he again hears the invitation "Follow me." In company with John he beholds visions of strange and beautiful things. Though in the evening of life, he does not look down into the valley of the shadow of death to fear, but rather, his look is upward, looking the way that angels and spirits go. He is not like the bud, nor the flower; he is the ripened grain, clad in righteousness, ready and waiting for the breath from heaven, to drive the little chaff away, thereby freeing the spirit, that it may fly upward and away.



## THE CONNECTICUT CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

BY GEORGE H. WARNER.

The Connecticut Children's Aid Society has been in existence only about eight years, and incorporated only six. Its rapid growth is accounted for by the need, which is apparent, for such work as it endeavors to do for children, and by the circumstance that those ladies who began it had already had several years' experience in the aid of children in and around Hartford. They had been managers in and contributors of money and services to the "City Mission," which was chartered primarily as an association for church co-operative work among the needy in the city of Hartford. The sudden stoppage of the work of charity by the Mission seemed to those experienced women a sufficient reason for a new society, and the Children's Aid Society was immediately formed and its special work for children begun. Having before them the history of other Children's Aid Societies and their valuable work, led them to enlarge the local organization to embrace the entire State in a scheme of co-operation. As a result, the Connecticut Society now has members and agents in every county and in nearly every town in the State, and its founders are now sure that the step was a wise as well as a much needed one.

What is the need? There are, as every one knows, public schools for all children. There are orphan asylums. There are various charities that apply ample means to the care of the poor in general. There are the out-door alms systems of the cities,

and the in-door poor-house. But it has been the almost life-long work of one, at least, of the founders of the Children's Aid Society to keep children out of the poor-house. To get children out of that place so wasteful of children, she devised and got enacted into legislation the County Temporary Homes for children. But this, giving as it did merely relief, was not the very best relief. A temporary home must be converted into a permanent home, if possible. Therefore the leading idea in the aid of children is, first to put them out of bad associations and surroundings, and, as soon as possible, into better homes and with better people; and then, as the next and important step, to find homes for them in families willing to adopt them, or, at least, to be responsible for their care and education and their future occupations. There is no place like home—for children. Not all homes are alike, but all are better than no home. It is the fixed idea of all modern sociologists to provide a home, the best one available, for all children who have none; or, if they have a bad one, to get them a better as soon as may be. Education is good, both manual training and book training, but they are not the primary necessities of a child.

And it is not alone the care of those children who most fill the public eye, those who are able to roam about, to frequent the streets, or those who are celebrated in the children's stories as "waifs;" it is the very young, babies even, whose situation in squalid places

and with incompetent parents, is often deplorable. In many cases the birth-place is not a home, and the sooner it is exchanged for a place that is one, the better. And it follows that the sooner some parents are exchanged for others, the better.

The reports of the Society show that 1,479 children have come into its care and that several hundreds of this number have been placed in permanent homes and watched over by the Society unless legally adopted. About fifty have been legally adopted,

The work of helping women with a young child to support is always carried along and the free employment bureau connected with the office is a reason why such work increases. Especial pains are taken to find homes where young women will be sheltered and respected for their determination to support and devote themselves to their children.

The boarding of children in family homes is often found necessary, and the Society is constantly called



HOME FOR INCURABLES, NEWINGTON.

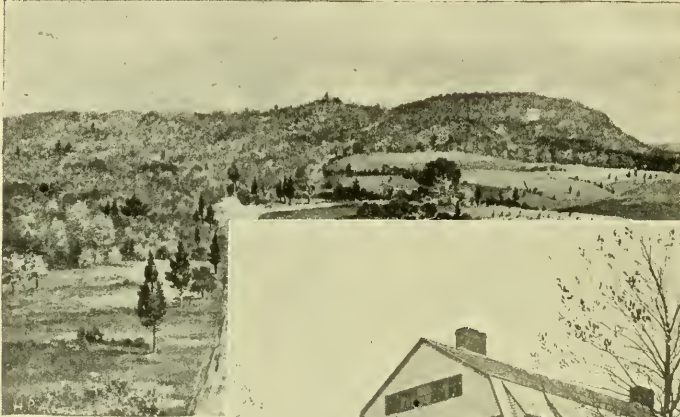
and when, by adoption, they become as though born to the family receiving them, they are no longer visited by the Society or in any way reminded of their early and homeless life.

In watching over and visiting the children not adopted relocations are sometimes inevitable, and that particular work is attended with especial solicitude, in the endeavor to more perfectly meet the requirements of the child in a family willing to give him proper consideration and wise training.

upon to arrange for such cases. Parents, guardians, or towns become responsible for the board, and parents are encouraged to keep their children in desirable boarding places when they cannot give them suitable homes, paying for them from their earnings, when possible, two dollars per week. Every effort is made by the Society to find employment for parents that their payments for board may be made regularly.

A free bed in the New Haven Hospital is at the service of the Society, made so through the influence of one of its members, and it has been a great help in the care of acute and curable cases.

The Hartford branch of the Society supplements in every way possible the work of the State Society.



Among other things—such as the investigation and care of cases coming to the Society—they inaugurated, eight years ago, the

Sewing Society, and make and distribute articles of clothing to a large amount for needy children. Individuals and societies have become interested also in many places throughout the State, and send at different times and with a knowledge of what is needed, children's clothing, bedding and appliances to such an extent that the Society con-

tributes largely to the need felt in those matters. The yearly receipts of money have been remarkable and nearly all in the small sums of one dollar from the membership. There are members who give \$20, \$50, and \$100 each; but the rank and file furnish most of the sinews of charity. From the small beginning of the first year when the whole receipts were but \$550.51, the report of October,



HOME FOR INCURABLES AND VIEW OF SURROUNDING SCENERY.

1900, shows collections of nearly \$10,000—to be accurate, \$9,725.29. This does not include the income from the invested fund in the hands of the treasurer. So far there have been realized no large bequests, so that these receipts show wide-spread and general interest for children. A bequest of \$5,000 from Elisha Turner of Torrington, who died a few months ago, has become the Society's, but is not yet

available. There was a small fund in the hands of Mrs. Virginia T. Smith, for some years, waiting for an opportunity for use, which has now found most interesting employment. Early in 1898 the Society bought a farm of fifty-six acres in the town of Newington, five miles south of Hartford, and, receiving permission from the authorities in town meeting, determined to build there the long contemplated home for incurable children; that is, a home for such children in the State as were both incurable and dependent, or partly dependent. The State has

fortune, might as well not try, unless some society (by which of course I mean some good women) will make a home for them. Some such failures of nature have homes and natural mothers, and, as we know, do come into their own intellectual rights. But the pity of it is that there are many who have none of these two greatest things in the world, mothers and homes. How many are there in this good State of Connecticut? We do not know. At the Newington home there are now twenty-eight. They nearly fill one large and comfortable



PROSSER COLD SPRING FARM—BLOOMFIELD, CONN.

no institution to which such children may be sent, these cases of small children being as yet outside any specific notice of the State. These children are not mentally defective; they are physically defective. They have crooked spines, bent and dissimilar legs and arms, queer bodies that no human ingenuity can mend or set straight. In these feeble and almost fictitious structures are often enshrined minds that shine like stars, minds that, lodged in bodies that Nature was not ashamed of, would do the world's work, and play, and poetry, and art, it may be, but who, under the mistaken conditions of their birth or

house. There are certainly twenty-eight more somewhere in our State, and probably there are twice twenty-eight more. An estimate made some years ago said there were one hundred in the State who actually needed help.

The Society at the end of 1899 and the beginning of 1900 put up a house on the hill at Newington, a house costing nearly \$10,000. They had not money enough on hand and they began and went on on faith—faith in the good people of the State. But the only thing those children owe on their home is \$2,000, borrowed to make it the charmingly convenient

house it is. And if anyone has \$2,000 not better employed just now, and will give it, that debt would "lift" easier than any mortgage I know of on record in Hartford county.

The fact is, this beautiful fifty-six acres of farm and woodland, with its view of all the western hills, is as thirsty as a desert for more children to sit in its expanse of sunlight and shade, and its stretch of landscape, and be made happier than lords. For this house is a home, not an "institution." That ever-ruling idea that children need a home was not forgotten. And so four or five good women with a family of twenty-eight is about the limit unless the applications are very pressing.

What is urgently needed is another house in the vicinity of the first one, but under separate housekeeping, for the second twenty-eight, and that would take another \$10,000—not all at once, but within another year or so.

Then there is another thing about the land at Newington. It all lies out of doors! Certain visionaries in the Society say that (given the money) the thing to do with the upper plateau at the edge of the steep hill where the woodland begins, is to make there a summer school for girls, not at all connected with the Homes for Incurables, but occupying land not needed for the purposes for which it was originally bought. I had almost written a school for poor girls, but there are no poor girls. They are all rich because they are women. Let us say, then, for girls whose fathers are poor. In that beautiful spot build a large camp, with a central palace for the school, and a light, airy, and cheerful place for girls to sleep—not a "dormitory." Then, near that, a banquet-hall, with kitchens and pantries in the rear of it. These three buildings ought to make at least two hundred girls of Connecticut happy for the whole vacation of a Connecticut summer — the very pleasantest summer there is anywhere out of doors.

This is visionary, of course. But so is everything that is good. First the vision, then the reality. If it were not for the imagination there would be no public parks, no statues, no pictures, no vacation schools. It took a poet to imagine a vacation school. It takes a very unpractical person to imagine every child in our modern social scheme well fed, comfortably dressed and housed, and happy. And yet there are those who think it ought to be, some who think it might be, even some who believe it will be.

But as to this imaginary school at Newington, the idea is, not the teaching of such studies as the children are pursuing in the regular schools, not merely a repetition of the useful or the secondary branches. They should be taught the very "highest branches." These branches are Astronomy, Botany, Biology, Music, Reading, and good English. These are high sounding and foolish words. That is why they are written—to shock the imagination! Froebel shocked it. Miss Peabody was positively rude about it. And yet, Gardens for the Kinder now exist everywhere.

The teachers of the school of our vision will be volunteers, like those who carry on the various "settlements;" young women of education, refinement, and capacity, who will make the camp a really polite and agreeable home. The formal instruction should be, what children so much long for, all those ideas about nature, the beautiful in it—the exceeding interest there is in trees, their variety in form and picturesqueness; in all shrubs, plants, and flowers, which grow so lavishly in this region; and in all the birds that haunt the places we love. Not only this; they should be taught the aspect of the sky, how it affects the landscape in color and in form. And not only about the sky by day, but by night; the splendor of the stars, their names, the constellations and their stories. In short, give to the girls who live in this camp those ideas of the arts,



LITTLE TEA-PARTY AT THE "HOME."

of the enjoyments, and of living, which more fortunate children so freely and often so unconsciously get.

From these hints may be gathered the idea that it is due to the girls that some one must try to repair for them some of the inequalities of life, must try to give them mental resources to serve them in their hard lives, and help them to refinement and pleasures, and, above all, to enable them in turn to help abolish those hard conditions and bring in better ones.

Besides the Newington property the Society owns an unencumbered dairy-farm of over two hundred acres in Bloomfield, some six miles from Hartford. This was known as the Cold Spring Farm when its owner devoted it to the uses of children for summer vacations. Mr. Levi Prosser had the cause at heart; and but for poor health would have pressed his ideas and hopes of good from his property much farther. The situation of the farm for the purpose of summer homes is unrivalled in salubrity, picturesqueness, and in the variety of its formation of meadow, pasture, and woodland. The farmhouse and extensive barns are sufficient to accommodate a working force and an amount of stock to supply all the principal wants of a large colony of boys for a summer, and to supply besides the milk, eggs, butter, vegetables, and much of the fruit needed at the Newington home, where the production will be restricted by lack of meadow and pasture.

The report of the secretary shows what was done in the "Fresh Air" project for 1899. That was the second year the Society had held the property, it having been originally given by Mr. Prosser to the City Mission of Hartford for children's use, and acquired by the present owners by adjustment with the City Mission.

It is needless to say that some of the same ideas for the future prevail about a summer home and school for

boys as for girls. But the problem is somewhat different—boys being different from girls. Boys cannot be taught "farming" within a summer vacation, for that requires, as some of us know, an apprenticeship that begins at four and ends not at all. But they can be inspired. Almost any boy can be inspired. And there is enough in this world to inspire all the boys in it, if you go at it right.

What is needed just now is what is the hardest thing in the world to find; namely, a corps of young men to match these noble young women who are now serving their day in the various attempts to pull humanity up to its privileges. If such men would only appear there would soon come some other young man with not only heart and brains, but with the money that so often now makes him go and do noble deeds—build palaces and parks and schools—to forever abolish that most wicked idea that we must always have the poor, the idea that poverty is natural and right, and in some cases absolutely blessed, and want and misery and bad sanitation the real scheme of society devised by what someone recently called an unwise creator.

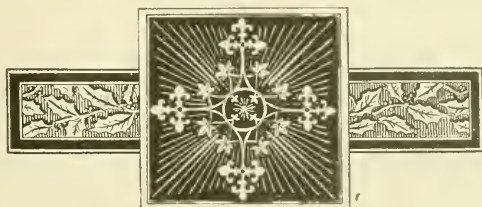
Besides these enterprises there is in progress a seaside home, for which the New Haven branch has a fund and which it is expected will come into use in the not distant future.

There is a tract of land, too, in the town of Wethersfield, given before the Newington farm was bought for the Home for Incurables; but not now in any special charitable use, except that it, like some other property in the same town—meadow-lands near the river and a house and lot in town—are earning something against the expenses of the Society.

The membership of the Connecticut Children's Aid Society in 1900 was large, and its future, under the enthusiasm of its active managers, looks bright. They believe that the cardinal ideas on which the Society



rests, child - saving, child - helping, child-cure, and child-happiness, are now universally accepted, and that its methods are accepted, and will be continued until something better or more generally and fundamentally applicable may be instituted for the solution of the child problem—the problem at least of the unfortunate children.



## MIZPAH.

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A. H. T. FISHER.

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To-day we bid farewell to all the past,  
 Before us lies the future, dim and vast,  
 While sadly our memorial stones we raise,  
 Clasp hands, and part, and go our separate ways,  
 Mizpah !

Therefore for thee and me I still will pray  
 The prayer of that far-off, forgotten day ;  
 That what soe'er shall sunder friend from friend,  
 The Lord may watch between us to the end,  
 Mizpah !



GEORGE S. GODARD.

## GEORGE S. GODARD, STATE LIBRARIAN.

BY H. PHELPS ARMS.

The Committee of the State Library, which consisted of Governor Lounsbury, Huber Clark, Secretary of State, and Judge William Hamersley of the Supreme Court, held a meeting on November 28, 1900, and unanimously elected George S. Godard State Librarian to succeed the late Dr. Charles J. Hoadly. Mr. Godard had been acting librarian since the death of Dr. Hoadly.

George Seymour Godard was born in North Granby, Conn., June 17, 1865. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Godard. Mrs. Godard's maid-

en name was Sabra Lavinia Beach. Mr. Godard is descended in both lines from early New England ancestry. William Spencer of Hartford and John Case of Windsor and Simsbury, Conn., were his ancestors.

Mr. Godard prepared for college at Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Mass. He was graduated from Wesleyan University in 1892. In 1893-4 Mr. Godard was a student at the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., and during the vacation season in 1893 he was a sergeant in the guide corps at the World's Fair, serv-

ing a part of the time as an orderly to Col. Edward Rice, U. S. A., the commandant of the Columbian Guard.

In 1895 Mr. Godard received the degree of B. D. from Yale. He was engaged in post-graduate work at Yale in 1896 for the degree of Ph. D., when he was called home by the death of his father. In August, 1898, he was appointed assistant to Dr. Hoadley, the librarian. Dr. Hoadley and Mr. Godard had a previous acquaintance of several years' standing, and the Doctor was sensible of his young friend's fitness for the duties of assistant State Librarian.

When the Cossitt Library at Granby was established, in 1890, Mr. Godard was appointed on the building committee, and later he arranged and catalogued the books in the library. In 1897 Mr. Godard married Miss Kate E. Dewey, a sister of County Commissioner Edward W. Dewey of Granby. They have one son, George Dewey.

The new librarian has always, even from his early days, shown a taste for library work. His practical work as a librarian began when he was at Wilbraham, and he has been actively engaged in such work ever since.

Until Dr. Hoadley's failing health forced him to relinquish the work of the library, Mr. Godard, from the date of his appointment as assistant secretary, was in close touch with him; and this intimate association with Dr. Hoadley proved to have been a most exceptional training for Mr. Godard for his new position.

Mr. Godard brings to the duties of his new office a well-rounded personality that readily adapts itself to the exacting demands that daily confront him; and his quick and clean-cut answers to those who make inquiries of him argue well for the government of the library. The committee is to be congratulated upon making so excellent a choice of a successor to Dr. Hoadley.

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## AMBITION.

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FRANK BURNHAM BAGLEY.

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Thou secret, fatal fever, self induced  
 By hoping man and nourished as a germ  
 Of thought, until the sole desire a firm  
 Command assumed and every sense seduced !  
 Did thy contagion ever visit soul  
 That would not for thy shimm'ring fantasies  
 Relinquish friends, forget affection, cease  
 All laws to heed and strive for thee, its goal?  
 Thy slaves give all to thee for one dear end ;  
 That end attained, its poorness is a goad.  
 Their virtues, disappeared beyond the bend  
 That's ever just behind them on this road,  
 Will not be called ; they must press on and spend  
 Their last few values for a hated load.

## IN BUSHNELL PARK AFTER AN ICE STORM.

BY PHIL HOE.



HERE is an artistic perfection about the scene pictured on the opposite page that can hardly be excelled at any time of the year, for winter

gives a setting to the white marble of the Capitol that harmonizes better with its chaste architecture than the richer colors of spring and summer. And when all the trees are clothed with crystal, and the gentle slope that frames the front of the building is carpeted with snow, and the sun lights up the whole scene, there are few more charming sights for those who have eyes for the softer glories of art and nature. And the beauty of all that the artist has shown consists in this: that there are no tawdry effects or coarse attempts at sensational impression. The soft gray light, the sheen on the water—just rippled by the light wind of the winter day—the expressive outlines of the Memorial Arch, and the white building where centers the power of the State, with just a hint of action of human life, make a composite that is satisfying in its suggestion of ideal completeness in nature and work.

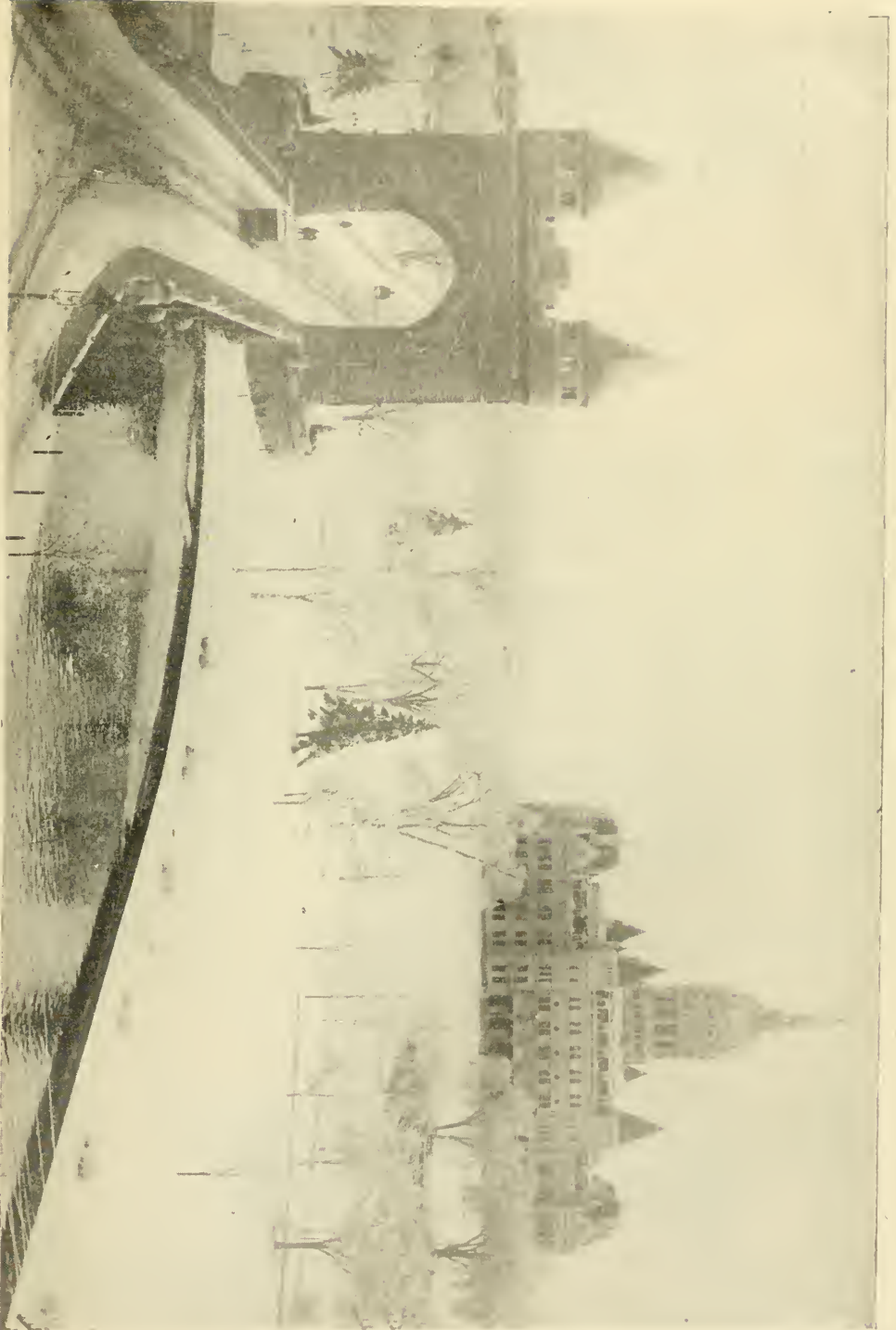
Both of the structures are worthy of constant study; for both are related to the same thought—the order and unity of the land. The Capitol is the symbol of intelligent progress; it represents the combined virtue of the people. It is the expression of the

intention of the State to secure the highest good in law and life. And under its dome the representatives of the people work for the welfare of all. Whatever there is of living patriotism in the hearts of the masses here should be concentrated in speech and act, to guide the State to greater attainment and nobler doing.

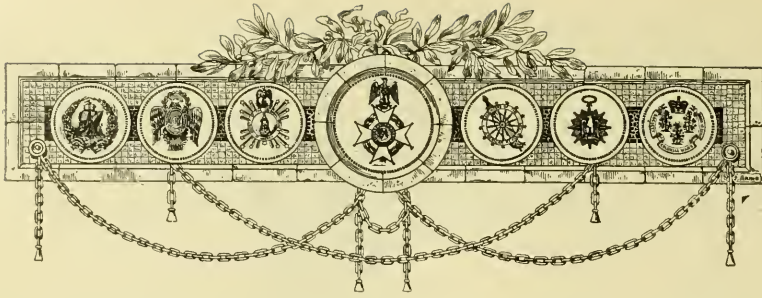
The Arch memorializes the devotion and fidelity of the sons of Connecticut to all the great ideas of liberty and progress, and is a constant reminder to the youth of the nation that brave men thought great truths more worthy than life.

Both the Capitol and Arch are fitting embodiments in material form of these spiritual ideas that are essential to the weal of the future. They are pure and strong, silent yet eloquent witnesses that all that is best in man's thought can be made permanent in tower and dome as on printed page, and speak to the generations that come and go of truths that must never be forgotten if that which makes men great is to do its work.

And those who care for the surroundings of these edifices deserve the thanks of the people. Every year witnesses some improvement, some addition to the beauties of the Park. And it is always a restful place; either shining in the spring green that is quick with flowing life, or still in the hush of a winter day, when the mantle of purity draped by the skies, wraps its white folds about the trees and shrubs and bids us remember that all the charms of life are not kept for its summer hours.



BUSHNELL PARK AFTER AN ICE STORM.



## NOTES FROM THE STATE SOCIETIES.

A letter dated Oct. 31, 1900, has been issued from the office of the chairman of the Sons of the American Revolution: The Hon. De Haven Ross, Vice-Pres. General, S. A. R., Wilmington, Del., asking that the different State Societies express their views in regard to the form of a proposed National Register for the Sons of the American Revolution.

The proposed volume is to be octavo size and will contain at least one thousand pages.

Two forms of registration are suggested: the first one gives the pedigree of members and the service of ancestors, and although this would swell the number of pages in the volume, is the one that ought to be adopted.

The second form omits the pedigree and gives ancestors' service only as a record.

The letter urges that a committee be appointed from members of the different State Societies to confer with the officers of the National Society in regard to this matter. It is signed by A. Howard Clark, Registrar-General, Secretary, and Howard De Haven Ross, Vice-President General Chairman.

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The Ruth Wyllys Chapter, D. A. R., of Hartford, has arranged an at-

tractive program, instructive and entertaining, to extend through the months of November, December, and January.

Historical lectures on the Constitution, and Constitution-makers, will be given as follows:

Friday, Nov. 9th, "Connecticut's Part in the Federal Constitution." By Prof. John Fisk.

Friday, Nov. 16th, "Alexander Hamilton—Framer of the Constitution." By Prof. John Fisk.

Friday, Nov. 23, "James Madison—Framer of the Constitution." By Prof. Williston Walker.

Friday, Dec. 7th, "Benjamin Franklin—Framer of the Constitution." By Rev. Harold Pattison.

Friday, Jan. 4th, "George Washington—First Executor of the Constitution." By Rev. Rockwell H. Potter.

Friday, Jan. 11th, "John Marshall and Oliver Ellsworth—Expounders of the Constitution." By Arthur L. Shipman.

Friday, Jan. 18th, "Daniel Webster, Expounder of the Constitution." By Mr. Wilbur F. Gordy.

Mr. Louis F. Cornish, Editor "Spirit of '76," will also give his illustrated lecture, "Colonial Life Among the Puritans of New England," on the afternoon and evening of Dec. 14th, the proceeds from which are intended for the Groton Memorial Fund.

The Daughters of the American Revolution are raising funds to purchase that enormous flag, which is said to have cost the life of its maker, Miss Josephine Mulford, of Madison, N. J.

It is the largest flag in the world and the D. A. R. propose to present it to the American nation in "Honor of Our Victorious Army and Navy."

All contributions are to be sent in care of First National Bank, Madison, N. J., with the designation "For the Flag," or "For Cedar Chest to protect Flag."

Miss Mulford's patriotic enthusiasm at the time of the Spanish-American war found expression in the conception and successful completion of this gigantic work.

The flag was designed by her and made entirely by her hands. It measures one hundred feet, fly, by sixty-five feet, hoist. The blue field is forty by thirty-five feet. Each star measures two feet eight inches across. The stripes are five feet wide. The bunting, of extra width and of a superior texture, was made specially for her.

On each star she embroidered the name of the State which it was meant to represent, with the date of admission to the Union. Miss Mulford's message, also embroidered on the flag, is as follows:

*To our Victorious Army and Navy:  
while making this Flag I have followed*

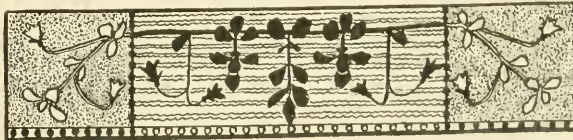
*you with my thoughts and needle all through this late war and taken a stitch for each of you. I felt confident from the beginning that you would overcome all difficulties and return, as you have, still under the glorious Stars and Stripes, for which I am truly grateful; and I would like the people of our country to present this Flag to the Nation which you have so nobly preserved, as a thanksgiving to you all.*

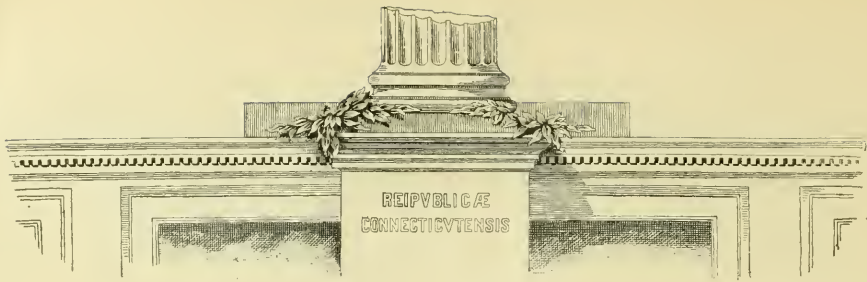
*Josephine Mulford.*

Mrs. Agnes Martin Dennison, charter member and treasurer general of the National Society, Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America, died July 3, 1900. She was also registrar-general of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, and in both capacities was well known for her conscientious work.

Miss Eugenia Washington, also one of the founders, and the first president-general of the National Society, Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America, died Nov. 30, 1900. She was a member of the Colonial Dames, and a founder of the Society, Daughters of the American Revolution. She served in different capacities in the latter society for years.

Miss Washington was a great grand-niece of General Washington.





## HISTORICAL NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

### MEMORIAL TO CAPTAIN JOHN GALLUP.

The movement to erect a memorial to Capt. John Gallup was started by his descendant, Mrs. Annie B. Gallup McCracken, who has no fear as to the result, having received offers of assistance from Mrs. Caroline Gallup Reed, Regent of the Manhattan Chapter, D. A. R., of New York City, who proposes to call to their aid in this task delegates from the Manhattan Chapter, D. A. R., the Wyoming Chapter, D. A. R., the Societies of Colonial Wars, the Founders and Patriots, the Colonial Dames, and the Sons of the American Revolution, who all have members in their societies that are descendants of Capt. John Gallup, the heroic soldier of colonial days who assisted his father in the first naval battle fought in American waters.

They have associated with them Mrs. Harriet A. Stanton, a well-known historian, who, though not a lineal descendant of Capt. Gallup, is in many ways connected with the family by marriage; being descended from nearly all of the oldest and most distinguished families of this section of the country. She is also a direct descendant of Thomas Stanton, the famous Indian interpreter, and one of the founders of Hartford and Stonington. Mrs. Stanton is willing to work for this memorial to one of the most noted warriors of that day—in fact she is willing to work for any memorial of a patriotic nature.

Mrs. Reed is an accomplished and able woman, a connoisseur of memorial art, who has seen the best specimens of sculpture in the world, and who proposes to make the memorial something worthy of the country, the age, and the hero who founded this distinguished family. Mrs. Reed's daughter, who married Francois Millet, a son of the great French painter, is now a resident of Paris, France, where she is interested in founding a Society of Colonial Dames.

The promoters of this work hope to reach the many descendants of Capt. John Gallup and his noble wife, Hannah Lake, throughout the world. Her descent is the most distinguished among our annals, being of royal lineage. It is an honor to all to aid in any way toward the memorial of such worthy ancestors who have lain so long undistinguished by a stone.

The burial-place, known as Whitehall, lies in a beautiful spot near the banks of the Mystic river, and on land granted to Capt. Gallup. No better place than this can be found—the one which he selected and where his wife and sons were laid to rest surrounded by a throng of descendants.

Promises of substantial aid have already been received from prominent members of the Gallup family. All persons interested in aiding this work can address Mrs. Annie B. Gallup McCracken of Mystic, Conn., from whom they will receive all necessary information. She will also act as treasurer of the funds.



Any one having any old engravings of Washington, or any numbers or volumes of Massachusetts or Connecticut magazines (published prior to 1810), will confer a favor by addressing N. S. B., No. 1224 Lord's Court, New York.

A hearty response should be made to the following letter, which was recently published in *The Hartford Courant*:

There are many Connecticut families who trace their ancestry back to the "Worthies of Devon." Those especially whose first ancestors in America were among the founders of Windsor, will, in many cases, find upon investigation that they are entitled to become members of the "Devonshire Association."

After all, the years have not been so many since the good ship, *Mary and John*, brought from the mother country that now famous party of influential, wise, intelligent, and earnest men, many of whom a little later brought their families away from Dorchester, Mass., and founded Dorchester, afterward re-named Windsor, in Connecticut.

And Sir Roper Sethbridge's letter should meet with a quick and sympathetic response from Connecticut.

The following is the full text of it: To the Editor of the *Courant*:

The Manor House, Exbourne,  
R. S. O.,  
Devon, England.  
5th December, 1900.

Dear Sir:

As President-elect of the Devonshire Association for 1901, I am desirous of submitting to the Association at its meeting in the coming year, some notes on the history and the distribution of the descendants of Devonshire families permanently, or temporarily, settled in the British Colonies, or in the United States of America.

I also wish to invite any such, who may chance to be visiting the old country in August, 1901, to become members of the Association, and to attend the three-days' meeting in Exeter.

I shall feel greatly obliged to any persons of Devonshire descent, or Devonshire connections, now in the Colonies or in the United States, who may see this invitation, if they would be so good as to write me as soon as possible to the following address:

Sir Roper Sethbridge, The Manor House, Exbourne, R. S. O., Devon, England. With any particulars they can give me of the emigration of their family and its subsequent history, together with the names and addresses of its living members.

Hoping you will be so good as to aid me in making this invitation known, by kindly inserting this letter, I am, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,  
Roger Sethbridge.

The ties that bind those of English descent in America to the country which gave their ancestors birth have been much strengthened and renewed of late. Facilities of transportation bring those old localities near, and differ as we may have done in the past on many questions, still the ties of blood are strong; and allied in speech and habits of thought as we still are, it is right that we should take advantage of such a friendly—we may say "cousinly"—invitation to further extend the pleasant relations now existing between England and America.

We hope that those in whose veins runs the blood of the Grants, Haydens, Drakes, and many others, will send an encouraging word to Sir Roger in his very interesting undertaking.

At that gathering of clergymen, who in 1700 established Yale College, Windsor was represented by the Rev. Samuel Mather. The latter was the

second pastor of the Windsor church, having succeeded the venerable Warham.

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#### THE MIDDLETOWN CELEBRATION.

On the 10th and 11th of October, the city of Middletown celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the town. Thousands of people attended the different exercises and witnessed the parade.

The literary program was carried out in the auditorium of the town's pretty little theatre. Professor John Fiske of Harvard, the greatest living authority on American history, and himself a native of the town, delivered the historical address.

Mr. Frank Farnsworth Starr, the genealogist, also a native of Middletown, gave a very instructive paper on the letters of Mettaheseck (Middletown) 1650-1660.

The hymn which was sung by the audience, led by the Wesleyan University Glee Club, was written for the occasion by Professor Richard Burton, Ph. D., University of Michigan. Professor Burton was formerly of Hartford and is descended from the founders of Middletown.

The literary exercises were conducted both in the afternoon and evening by the Hon. Owen Vincent Coffin, L.L.D., acting as chairman.

Nearly all of the first settlers in Middletown went to the place from the already flourishing settlement of Hartford. Some few came from Rowley and Cambridge, Mass., some from Guilford, and some direct from England.

The Rev. Nathaniel Collins, the first settled minister of the church there, was a man of great learning. And when he died in the midst of his usefulness in 1684, Cotton Mather paid a tribute to his memory in his own peculiar language. He said that

"more wounds were given by his death to the whole colony of Connecticut than the body of Caesar did receive when he fell wounded in the Senate House—that the church of Middletown upon Connecticut river was the golden candlestick from whence this excellent person illuminated more than the whole colony."

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#### AN OLD WILL.

Mr. C. W. Manwaring, that indefatigable hunter for old documents and forgotten wills of "ye olden time," kindly consented to allow us to publish one of his late "finds," that will undoubtedly be much appreciated by our readers.

"Boston ffebr 20th Anno Dom 1681."

"Dear and loving Uncle and Aunt William and Ann Cheney I yr Cozen Benjamin Hands Son of ye brother Benjamin & Katharin Hands of little boston near banbury in Oxford Shier hear presenting my love & Searvise to you both know one hopeing yt you are In good health as blessed be god I am at this present time and my dear father & mother & all ye rest of our friends in Augst in our country thanks be to all mighty god for it. I hear Satisfie you yt having hade a great desier for to come to you land longe agoe but my friends ware not willing yt I should come away from them & I being at London it was my heard fortin to come now wt Captain Fenners living in Charlestown in New England having not money for to pay my pasedge ly hear in distrese and misry & If It Should be your good will & pleasure for to Redeme me I Shall be yr trusty & faithful Searvant my passedge being 6 pound with three pound yt Mr. Fenners paide for me at london and now I am come in to a Strans plase amongst Strangers having nobody to loke upon me (ye lord help me) only mr. Witwell being a quanted wt you is

very kind to me for yr Sakes & if he could but hear the least from you he would it leav me & bring me up wt him in his vesell intending to come god willing in ye beginning of march I having Sent to you one letter before but I suppose it did not come to you be cause I did hear any answer from you by ye friend Mr. Willsōn I seeing him in boston Febrairy 12th I lying hear at a great charge and can get nothing to doe to Imploye my Selfe to get anything. Loving uncle and aunt if it should be ye good will & pleasure for to Redeme me I Shall Remaine ye tru & trusty Searvānt tell death God willing.

“Benjamjn Hands.”

“Ioving uncle for god allmighty sake look upon me in this my poor Condition for god sake take pity on me.”

“In the year 1681 ensign William Cheney was informed that he had a cozin come to Bouston from England which he had so often sent to his brother Hands: ffor one of his sons to Injoy what god had given him in New ingland Isaac Johnson and his wife satisfieth and sayeth that ensign Cheney employed him to go Doune to fetch his cozin up from Boustin if he nowe there to be found: and allso tould me if his name was cheney he would not owne him: but if otherwise it was his brother Hands son: then he should bring him up and accordingly I did and ensign Cheney and his wivf received him as their cozen thir brother hands son Isaac Johnson Senior of Middletown and his wife did personally appear before me this 5 of December 1705 and made oath to the above said Testimony. Nathll White, Justice of the peace.”

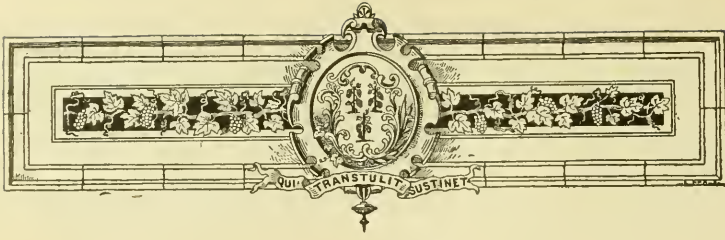
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A CORRECTION IN REGARD TO  
THE TUNXIS INDIANS AND  
THE HART FAMILY.

In the very interesting account of Kensington, in the last number of

the Connecticut Magazine, reference is made to the time-honored story of the burning by the Tunxis Indians of the Hart house in Farmington with the whole family save one. The writer had apparently good reason to believe a story that, no matter how often disproved, is sure to reappear the next time the history of Farmington or of the Hart family is written about. The proof of the story, as usually printed, is that the General Court demanded “satisfaction of the Indians at Farmington for such damage which can be duly proved to be done by the late firing a house which was by one of that plantation,” and the agreement by the Indians is cited that they would pay therefor “for the term of seven years the full sum of eight fathoms of wampum well strung and merchantable.” This was in the year 1657, and the Hart house was burned Dec. 15, 1666. The prescience of the Court which could punish an act nine years before it occurred is remarkable.

The Rev. Samuel Danforth, pastor of the First Church in Roxbury, kept a diary, and under date of February 11, 1666 (O. S.) entered, “Tidings came to us from Connecticut, how that on ye 15th of 10 m. 66, Sergeant Heart ye son of Deacon Heart and his wife & six children, were all burnt in their House at Farmington, no man knowing how the fire was kindled, neither did any of the neighbors see ye fire till it was past remedy. The church there had kept a Fast at this mans house 2 dayes before. One of his sons being at a farm, escaped this burning.” The Rev. Simon Bradstreet of New London also kept a journal, and under date of December, 1666, entered, “There was a house burnt at Farmington in Connecticut jurisdiction. Theman, his wife (who was with child) and six children were burnt in it. The Lord is to bee feared because of his judgments. 129 Psal. 120.”



## FLORICULTURE.

BY REV. MAGEE PRATT.

I am strange to myself sometimes. I sit alone and lay down my pen and think, and dreams come sooner than thoughts at times. Then, when I come to myself with a start I try to recall the wandering, fugitive imaginings that have possessed me.

Just now I found that I was not dreaming of this world, but another, and the vision of St. John, as I have read it, sent my mind out of itself, far away. Yet, somehow, the beautiful imagery of the City of Rest made no appeal to my mind; its shining glory had but little charm for me, and it may seem strange, but I could take no comfort in the revelation of golden streets and alabaster throne. And I do think I shall want, sometimes, if ever my tired feet reach that land, to leave the glittering highway far behind and find some quiet place hidden near deep cool woods, where shallow rivulets of crystal waters sing a lullaby as they play 'round the moss-green rocks, and the dear flowers I love dapple the lush grass waving about me as I lay me down where the shadows of great trees fall. I do not believe that I can be quite happy anywhere unless I can see the white anemone in the spring, and breathe the subtle perfume of the violet, and have far and wide shining on every hand the jewel-blossoms of God.

Men do not love the flowers as they ought. It might be that if

another dream of mine came true that then they would learn how truly precious they are. I was in the border-land; and it was spring—spring, with its life and brightness. The green grass carpeted the wide earth; the living leaves were gently moving in the soft, warm breeze; love-songs from mating birds trembled in ecstasy, but, go where I would, I could find no flowers. I sought the cool shadows where the hepatica loves to shine; wandered to the orchards where I had often seen the crab-apple bloom—that fairest sight of all in all the land—but there was “nothing but leaves.” Eagerly I hurried to the sunny banks that used to blossom out in a mat of blue with violet face, but it was just the same; only the grass and early weeds. In all the gardens men and women watched with almost frightened wonder. The beds where the bulbs had slept through the winter nights and days had no masses of amber and azure and cardinal crowning them to satisfy the long anticipation. As the year went on it was just the same. No roses rivaled the sunset in the early summer days; no peas glowed on the vines when the sun shone in its strength; no cardinal robed in scarlet held conclave over the concourse of the waters as they bubbled through the silent fields and woods; and the world wondered. Men, who

had never tended a flower or thought of its beauty with a conscious meditation, believed they were robbed and hurt by the strange power that killed the buds in the bulbs or roots and made all earth monotonous with the dearth of beauty born of the flowers.

Even a foolish dream may have its lesson, if the thought of what it would mean—if true—helps some few more of us to begin when the year is young to make ready for the garnishing of our gardens.

It's a very pleasant work for me to sit down quietly on a wild night in February or March, just when we begin to realize how long the winter is and how tired we are of all the ice and snow, and pile up on the table all the catalogues, the very kind florists send out in such profusion. The pictures do one good. Strawberries that ought to be swamped in cream, they look so ripe; peas that actually call for lamb, they are so plump and large; pinks and sweet peas and roses, large, perfect and delightful, such as never grew in gardens yet, where my feet have strayed. Oh, I think, if they were only real, or ever would be, how content my heart would be! It is a pleasant work to make selection and plan a garden that shall be better than it ever was before—at the very hour the snow is falling outside in deep wreaths of troublesome purity and close-packed crystal flakes.

There will be new fruits and flowers; there always are, but the blossoms from which the color-plates are always made were grown in the same gardens where the apples of the Hesperides reached their tempting beauty. They never grow so large and charming in this northern land. If you are tempted, try a few. Better be sure of much that you know is good than waste money, time, and precious space in experiments that nearly always disappoint, and then if the things are just as perfect as the artists say who make the catalogues,

all you have to do is to wait one year. The new introduction, if it is worth anything, trumpets its own praises far and wide in one summer's life, and everybody knows how good it is by the time it is cheap enough to buy.

Of known things always buy the best. You can get twenty roses for a dollar. But if just laws were put in force it would cost twenty dollars to pay the fines for the bad words muttered over them as they slowly die, or waste the precious days of summer getting up force enough to send out one or two sorry blossoms when the fall is almost gone. Four good plants will give you four times the satisfaction. It's all a bag of moonshine you buy when you purchase cheap flowers or seeds. Get the best.

About the first of March the amateur, with limited conveniences, should plant his seeds. They were better done a month earlier, but unless you can transplant them into flat boxes or thumb-pots as they grow large, it is well to leave the seeds until later. Always remember that if the seedlings are rather small and backward when you plant them in the beds, that a week's growth out of doors will do as much for them as a month inside, unless you have greenhouse conveniences. While, if you leave them too long in crowded seed-beds they grow spindly and lank, and look like a half-starved turkey—all legs and wings.

As soon as your seedlings grow keep them as cool and light as possible. For most growing plants the law of health and strength is to "go slow."

The best way I know to plant seeds is this: Get a flat box, about fifteen inches long, nine wide, three deep, with holes in the bottom. For drainage put in small cinders about one-half inch level, first, then fill up with two inches of good, light earth sifted fine; press that down firmly, and put on top about one-fourth inch of well-washed sand, with all the

earthy matter out. I am convinced that the reason why failures take place so often is this: that the element of decaying vegetable matter found in all loam, and useful when the plant is strong, is too much for the life that is struggling to reach the seed-leaf stage; it is poisoned. Planting in clear sand prevents premature death. On the sand place your seed very thinly, and after putting on as much more as will hide them all, gently press again, then cover it all with about one-fourth inch of spragnum moss, and keep that moss moist. Don't let the seeds get cold, nor boil them either; from 50 to 55 degrees will suit most seeds, though 60 will not hurt. When the young plants show, very gently lift the moss away and set the boxes in the light. Don't give sun. Light shade is all they want till they are strong.

Halve your packets of seed; sow one-half early, the other a month later; you will have blossoms longer

that way. And while you are doing it, study the mystery of a seed, the marvel of the life enwrapped in a covering so small. Picture-galleries are in every packet, food-magazines, and chemical laboratories. Its powers go out to meet the distant sun, its beauties rival the grandest thoughts that mortal ever knew; no dreams compare with its reality, and the more you think and know of it the more wonderful will seem the whole mystery of life.

Enwrapped in the seed is more than vegetation: Courage that bids the heart wait and be strong when all is desolate; Faith that sees the satisfying plenty when the barren earth moans and sobs in its emptiness; and the Spirit of Life that stimulates effort and nurtures skill; so that by the ministry of patience the small things that cannot give content may be nourished into treasuries of wealth and gladness that shall maintain the heart in peace and plenty for evermore.





# GENEALOGIA

## GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Querists are requested to write all names of persons and places so that they cannot be misunderstood, to write on only one side of the paper, to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and ten cents in stamps for each query. All matters relating to this department must be sent to THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE, Hartford, marked Genealogical Department. Give full name and post office address.

It is optional with querist to have name and address or initials published.

### ANSWERS.

To No. 48. Welles—Gilbert. Mary Welles-Gilbert, wife of Jonathan Gilbert, was born about 1620, and was fourth child of Hugh Welles, one of the founders of Hartford, Conn., and niece of the Hon. Thomas Welles, Governor of Connecticut. Hugh Welles, Mary's father, removed with his family about 1650 to Hadley, Mass. His widow Frances married Thomas Coleman and died in 1678, bequeathing property to the family of her son, Thomas Welles, deceased, to her son John Welles of Hatfield and his children, and to her daughter Gilbert, appointing her son Jonathan Gilbert executor of her will. Jonathan Gilbert died 10 Dec. 1682, age 64. Mary, his (second) wife, died 3 July, 1700, age 74. Their gravestones were restored not long ago and they lie side by side in the Center Church grave-yard (Hartford). Hugh Welles was a son of Thomas Welles one of the English Puritans. A short history of the Welles or Wells family by Albert Welles may be found in the Atwater, Dane, Lawrence, etc. Genealogy.

(Miss) M. C. Tuller,  
43 Park street,  
Hartford, Conn.

### QUERIES.

51. Rice—Gates.—I have examined the genealogy of the Rice family, and it says Adonijah Rice married Persis Gates, of Worcester. She died at Worcester, June 6, 1760, and he died January 20, 1802, in his eighty-eighth year. They had a son Seth, who, the book says, "settled at Guilford, Vt., had a family, and died there." Can any one give me the date of Seth's birth, whom he married, and, if they had any children, their names? Did he marry Sarah Lynde, who was born at Guilford, Vt., and died there 1812 or 1813?

Miss Nellie G. Fox,  
29 Wall St., Room 47,  
New York, N. Y.

52. (a) Carrington—Hunn. — Ancestry wanted of John Carrington of Farmington, Conn., and of Deborah Hunn his wife. They were married by the Rev. Jeremiah Curtiss of Southington, 6 November, 1729.

(b) Ancestry wanted of Lydia Hull who was born about 1749 at Allingtown, New Haven, on land now occupied by Donald G. Mitch-

ell. She married John Alling, fourth in descent from Roger Alling of New Haven, and lived until her death in 1840 on the farm now owned by her grandson, Silas Pardee 2d.

(c) Ancestry of Silas Pardee, born about 1760, who married Elizabeth Alling, daughter of John Alling and Lydia Hull. They had eleven children who lived in or near New Haven.

(d) Ingham — Clark. — Ancestry of Mehitabel Ingham who was married to Israel Clark of Southington 3 August, 1743. She was born about 1720, died in Wolcott in 1812. Daughter Susanna married Noah Neal. Son Ingham married Sarah Beach. Thankful, born 1754, married Deacon Isaac Bronson of Wolcott.

(e) Peck—Cook. — Family name of Lydia —, wife of Abel Peck of Wallingford, whose daughter Esther Peck married Ambrose Cook in 1766. Abel Peck was son of Stephen Peck, and Susanna Collier.

(f) Saxton—Cook. — Ancestry of Jerusha Saxton, wife of Isaac Cook of Wallingford, and mother of Ambrose Cook. She was probably sister of Ebenezer Saxton of Wallingford, who sold land there in 1749 and removed to Waterbury, Conn., where his sixth child, Jerusha, was baptized in 1751.

(g) Johnson—Weeden—Sloper. — Ancestry of Edward Johnson and Esther Weeden, his wife, of New Haven, or Branford, whose daughter Experience Johnson married Robert Sloper in 1717-18.

H. T. B.

53. (a) Allen—Benton. — Wanted the ancestry of Anna Allen with dates and places of birth and marriage; also the places and dates of birth of her children (except that of Dr. Allen Benton)—Anna, Isaac,

Clarissa, Auelia, and Hunan. Annar Allen had several brothers, among them William, Theophilus, and Gideon and a sister who married a Reed—afterward a Holiday. Her grandson says she was a relative, he thinks a cousin of Col. Ethan Allen. Some records point to her being a sister. Can any one give her relationship to Col. Ethan Allen of Ticonderoga fame. She married Isaac Benton, who was born in Salisbury—the son of Isaac—Public records of Salisbury fail to give dates.

(b) Benton—Allen. — Dr. Allen Benton, born in Greenville, N. Y., was the son of Isaac (of Salisbury) and Annar (Allen) Benton, and grandson of Isaac (of Salisbury) and I suppose Jemima St. John of Sharon, Conn. Salisbury records record the birth of only two children to Isaac and Jemima: Anna, born Sept. 14, 1756; Isaac, born Dec. 28, 1758. Allen Benton said he had an Uncle James. Records give the land transactions of James, his death and that of his wife Mary. Anna married a Nichols. Were there other children and if so are there any descendants living of the brothers and sisters of Isaac, born in 1758.

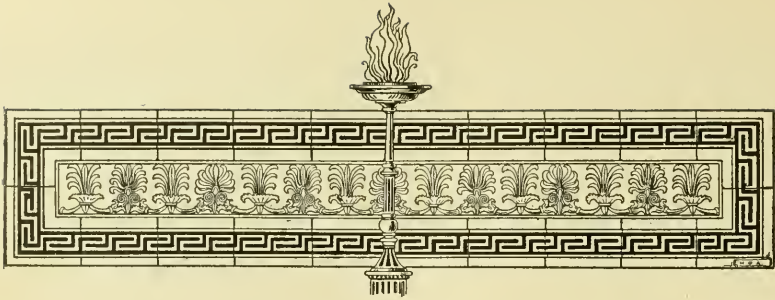
(c) Dickinson — Boardman. — Wanted, the ancestry of William Dickinson, b. in Wethersfield, the son of Jonathan Jr. and grandson of Jonathan, Sr., as far back as possible. Jonathan Jr. b. —. Mar. May 8, 1754; died April 18, 1776. Married Hannah Boardman who died June 18, 1777. Children of Jonathan and Hannah: Levi, born Jan. 22, 1755; Simeon, b. Dec. 22, 1756, mar. Deborah Ackley; Martha, b. July 29, 1759; William, b. Nov. 17, 1761, died —; Lemuel, b. June 6, 1763; William, b. Nov. 18, 1765 or Oct. 9, 1766; Hannah, b. June 14, 1768; Abigail, b. May 21, 1770; Samuel, b. June 21, 1773.



(d) William — Smith. — Born in Wethersfield, died in East Haddam Sept. 9, 1815, aged 48 y. 11 m. Married Elizabeth (Betsey) Smith who was born in Hatfield Aug. 1769. She died Jan. 15, 1848 in Freetown, N. Y., age 78 yrs. 5 mo. Children of William Dickinson and (Betsey) Elizabeth Smith: Walter, b. in Hadley, Mass., Jan. 20, 1789; d. in Lysander, N. Y., Apr. 30, 1852. Betsey, b. in East Haddam, Ct., Oct. 26, 1791; d. in Easton, N. Y.,

June 12, 1816. Samuel, b. in East Haddam June 9, 1794; d. in Hannibal, N. Y., Dec. —, 1850. Abby Ann, b. in East Haddam, Oct. 8, 1796; d. Apr. 20, 1797. Abby, b. in East Haddam, Mar. 30, 1798; d. in Avon, Conn., Oct. 20, 1818. Clarissa, b. in East Hartford, Mar. 24, 1800; d. in Fulton, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1882. Infant daughter died in East Haddam. Emma, b. in East Haddam, July 29, 1805; d. in Freetown, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1897.





## EDITORIAL NOTES.

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THE NEW  
CENTURY.

We are now on the threshold of a new century. Before us loom the tremendous possibilities that the event carries. We stand today, as our forefathers stood two centuries ago, and endeavor, like them, to penetrate the vista of a hundred years; and like them, too, we ask with anxious voice, What of the future? Greater questions than any of old remain to be solved. The dangers of early times—the war with savages and the elements, the bitter experience of privation and unceasing toil in a wild and uninhabitable region—are replaced by the dangers of vice, of civil impotence, and moral decay, the inevitable result of idle, luxurious, and profligate living, and thoughtful men ask, What of the future? Another hundred years and the Republic of the United States, with its hundred millions or more of inhabitants and its untold wealth, will be the scene of a vast social drama in which each State has an awe-inspiring part to play.

That our State may be enrolled as one of the greatest in the constellation of the Union; that her name may stand for all that is lofty in thought and noble in deed; that her land may blossom as a rose, and that every field and every tree and every stream within her confines may yield an abundance of their store, is the hope

and the confident assurance of every son and daughter of the State.

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CONNECTICUT  
CHILDREN'S AID  
SOCIETY.

Mr. Warner's paper describing the work of the Children's Aid Society, which appears in this issue, is something that every thoughtful man and woman in the State should read and ponder upon.

Society, by its more or less lax supervision of causes that lead to the bringing among us of deformed and incurable children, is in that degree responsible for them, and should, even if considerations of charity are left out, be quick to meet the issue.

We understand that there are some three thousand contributing members to the Society; a truly gratifying showing. But there should be more. The work should go on until every hopeless little sufferer in the State can be accounted for in a manner to reflect the highest honor upon all who are interested in the good work.

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A QUESTION OF  
CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

It may seem ungracious to speak against the usage of giving presents at Christmas time, just when we are in the midst of the preparation for mak-

ing those gifts; it would perhaps be kinder to those who are planning to be generous of their store—and also to our merchants and advertisers—if we would wait until the season was over before we enter protest against the custom; but it is impossible to restrain the inclination to speak at once and with all the force we can summon and all the regret that the occasion demands. We wish that we could say otherwise; but the observance of Christmas, as it is now observed—taking the people as a whole, the rich and the poor—is, in our opinion, nothing less than a stupendous commercial movement, as humiliating in its practical application to Christmastide as it is the antithesis of the ideal observance of the day.

This question of Christmas gifts has been forced upon us (it matters not if we are rich or poor) year after year. With each recurrence of the Christmas season we put the question, "What shall we give those less influential friends and relatives of ours?" And before we know it, we are deeply involved in an ignoble dicker with our sentiments. We stoop to the meanness of giving our mother a trifle, while we give some one else's mother something of intrinsic value—as well as something beautiful. We go to the length of deciding that "So and So" of our less rich and influential friends will be satisfied with some useful little present; a mere bagatelle—something useful, make note, please—a reminder of his poverty, though not so intended; while for those who are rich and have social influence we are not satisfied unless we send them something that costs money, more sometimes than we have any moral right to expend, with no suggestion of utility in the gift. We, in short, spend days and weeks in jotting down a scale of value of our friends and acquaintances, dumping on them the present we think fits each. Some of us even speculate as

to the probable returns, and many more of us resent being passed over after having acquitted ourselves more or less handsomely in our Christmas expenditures. Women are more outspoken in this phase of the matter than men.

We ask Miss A— what is it that she is going to give Miss B— for Christmas and we are met with a snappish, "I am not going to give her anything, she did not give me a present last Christmas." The naivete thus displayed is amusing enough, yet how demoralizing in its effect is the sentiment on the character, the meaning, of Christmas. This matter of exchange, or say, "swapping"—that's a meaner word and suited to the action—this swapping of Christmas presents can have but one result, and that is, to belittle a day that all Christendom designates as one of transcendental glory and gladness to mankind. What place in this masteract of the Creator are we to have that this petty, driveling, pushing, calculating bargain-hunting trade of Christmas; this sham, this hypocritical generosity; this dicker with sentiment; this forcing of the location of odds and ends of merchandise, making us debtors against our wills—with all the unwilling sense of obligation that goes with it; this era of unjust discrimination against old friends and the unfair branding of selfishness on generous souls—the pain, the disgust and mortification of it all—what, we ask, has this to do with the birth of the Christ Child? These are bitter words, but the half has not been told!

There are many who, though generous to a degree, and would freely make gifts to their friends; but through adverse circumstances are obliged to pass over every one whom they have hitherto remembered, and also are obliged to forego remembering with some appropriate gift those new acquaintances who have shown them courtesy during the year. In short, all these are forced

into a false position by the senseless custom of Christmas giving. And to make matters worse they are treated to a detailed account of the receipt of gifts by some acquaintances whom they had, preforce, failed to remember, a vulgar act to be sure, but common enough. These people, who have been caught short of Christmas money, cannot very well go around explaining why they do not remember their friends according to the custom of the season, and no one knows of their straightened circumstances. Hence they are set down as perhaps selfish and forgetful, when they are neither.

And here is another point. We see a young man or woman of refinement, but poor, saving their money through self-sacrifice to purchase acceptable gifts, tasteful and of some intrinsic value, that they send to their rich friends and relatives who number it may be a score or more; and all they receive themselves is some cheap and perhaps inappropriate cards that the publishers intended for children. It would seem, if we are to have reciprocal Christmas cheer, such as many count upon (though it is not clear that they should do so) that this is unjust. There is something amiss, to tell the truth, for those who are in moderate circumstances making gifts to those of more affluence and receiving from these same people mere trifles of no value whatever. This is, we venture to assert, the experience of thousands in every State of this broad land of ours. The more we look into the matter the more intense is our disgust. Unpleasant situations multiply, there seems to be no end to them! Come and stand outside of the post and express offices in every city, town, and hamlet you can name, and you will see people rushing in with gifts consigned to relatives and acquaintances—and sending them days in advance of the occasion that called for the shipment; a suspicious proceeding to say the least. Any

express agent will tell you that Christmas packages are sent and delivered a considerable time before Christmas. It is quite true that people of culture and refinement do not transgress good taste in this direction, but it is also true that even these people are not above criticism in their manner of making Christmas gifts; they are liable to make mistakes like the rest of us in the rush of the holiday season.

Reducing the subject to its last analysis, it can be stated here without fear of contradiction, that there is not an element of society that can claim exemption from the pernicious working of the Christmas-gift custom; it attacks all alike, only differing in degree.

The custom of giving Christmas gifts can be perhaps indulged in with less concern by the very rich, but to the poor it is a season of vexatious worry; of regrets, and (we would better speak out plainly), degrading makeshifts. It should be observed here, when we say those who are rich can indulge in the practice of Christmas giving with less concern, we do not claim that they are altogether free of the evils that beset the custom. Could we claim this, these words would not be written, for it is not held here that the fortunate, the capable, and the thrifty class—the people who have the money to spend—should accommodate themselves to the situation of those who are lacking in these respects. The rich have their trials at this season of the year no less than the poor, and secretly, if not openly, condemn the custom of Christmas giving as a nuisance.

Even considerations of business, of material demands, it is held here, does not commend the custom. A congested state of trade as that which recurs once a year, the holiday trade, brings in its train the aftermath of discharges in "help," accumulations of enormous quantities of "dead stock"; the result of the public whim

—which can never be safely gauged as to which way it will go in the rush and scramble of belated holiday buying. Many business establishments have been pressed close to the wall by the unexpected apathy of the public to buy its goods. Many of these concerns feel the evil effects of the annual congested conditions of trade for months after it is over in the dull and listless custom that follows in its wake. Those firms that reap the most this year are next year likely to fall decidedly behind in their returns—thanks to let us call it the annual Christmas panic.

All the good that can be claimed for the custom will not compensate one iota for the enormous waste of energy, the humbuggery of sentiment, the miserable expedients so many resort to to meet the always unprepared-for demands of the season—demands that come with the inexorable certainty, the speediness, and the unpleasantness of a promissory note.

Would it not be the better plan if the custom of giving Christmas gifts should be limited so as to include only very young children; making Christmas a childrens' festival, as a perpetual and living memorial to the Child of Bethany? And we who are older, cannot we give gifts of the mind and heart to Christ Himself on the recurrence of His birthday, and do away with the colossal and rapidly increasing mockery of the day that confronts us now?

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THE STIGMA THAT  
ATTENDS  
DOMESTIC SERVICE.

We see it claimed in divers directions that the question of domestic help is being solved through the agency of cooking-schools and kindred institutions, and that in the government of our homes our long-suffering housewives will soon enter upon an era of justice, peace, and har-

mony, if, indeed, they are not even now enjoying that blissful experience. Could anything be further from the truth! The social stigma that brands domestic servitude was never keener or more bitter than it is today.

The finer instincts in our nature must always make us pause before we deliberately set about arraiguing any of our race for acts that practically amount to savagery; we hesitate to defame our kind, but is it not true that a vast majority of us do not treat our servants with ordinary human consideration? We are not advocating social equality irrespective of quality. The barrier that separates the better educated, the better mannered, and the finer grained class from those found wanting in these respects is a natural one, and impassible. We know that the well-bred and the more highly educated of our specie cannot, in the nature of things, move in the same orbit of a specie less endowed, however worthy in other qualities. But while we recognize the principle that like should consort with like—a truism that the experience of all ages seems to confirm—we fail to see that this spirit of exclusiveness should be made the scape-goat of those who would cast a stigma upon a person simply on account of his work. By all the laws of reason and by the instinct of true courtliness we should in our greetings know nothing of discrimination against honest men and women, be they the humblest in the land. For those who, by force of the circumstances of their employment in our homes, are of necessity frequently in our presence, ordinary fair play (to use a homely phrase) would dictate that, instead of trying to avoid bestowing the usual civilities upon them we should make it a point to exercise special care that these people are the recipients of friendly and respectful consideration—not punished for doing their duty and assuming tasks

that we are unwilling to do ourselves and for which we pay them for doing for us. To put the matter plainly, every man or woman who fails to show these people (presumably because of their more common origin) the usual civilities they freely extend others with whom they have dealings, along with their friends and acquaintances, proclaim the plebeian strain in their own blood. It may be distant, it may be smothered in silk and laces, and glossed over with acquired polish; but the boorishness of the plebe is nevertheless there.

The chivalry, the courtliness, that breathes in every act of the well-born, is the last element to fear contact with the humble of our kind, and the last to inflict pain and chagrin upon any human being. It need not necessarily excite comment if we occasionally break bread with our servants. This does not mean that our house-help should make it a practice to dine with us, for we pay them to attend to their respective duties, to wait upon us, if that is the contract, or to cook our meals, if it be so nominated in the bond. As for the butler, his salary is supposed to pay for the performance of certain acts pertaining to that office, which allows him no discretionary powers in the matter of leaving his post to mingle in the society of his employers. The coachman, the gardener, the nurse, and that person of some prominence in the house, the house-keeper, are members of our household by virtue of dollars and cents in return for labor, not by courtesy and should have no desire, and certainly no right, to expand beyond the boundaries of their particular spheres. We have said it should excite no comment if we occasionally break bread with our household employees. It should be taken as a matter not at all extraordinary if we should, through some special circumstances, find ourselves at the same table with a servant. It should not, as many

seem to think, be poison to our system to eat off the same board that another human being does, who happens to be an employee. It may be argued that if we unbend in our strict exclusiveness and break bread with members of the working-force of our household we open the way to infractions of domestic discipline; but it will be safe to say that this would only hold true with a few of the present class engaged in domestic work. The new element that would be attracted by the changed conditions of the service would be the last to presume upon the courtesy of employers. If the brand of slavery (let us term it) and the stigma that marks domestic service of today were transferred to the army, and its members were required to "know their places," there would not be a man in the service under the general-in-chief; and yet the rigor of rank, and consequent "place," is defined with all the circumstances that laws, especially enacted for the purpose, can make of it. No private soldier would presume to sit at the mess of the general-in-chief, and never expect it, not even if he were the general's son; but if, through some special circumstance he finds himself breaking bread with the commanding officer, he accepts the situation as a matter not at all out of the way. So, too, his superior officer is completely oblivious of anything unusual in the act; there is neither complaisance on the one hand nor a cringing humility on the other, each recognizing that the exigencies of work, and not social intercourse, brings them together.

In another place in this issue there is an eloquent plea for justice to the servant. As the writer of it, the Rev. Mr. Pratt, forcibly puts it, "It is the quint-essence of injustice to place a penalty, however small, upon any person who occupies a position into which the circumstances of life have forced him, independently of his will or

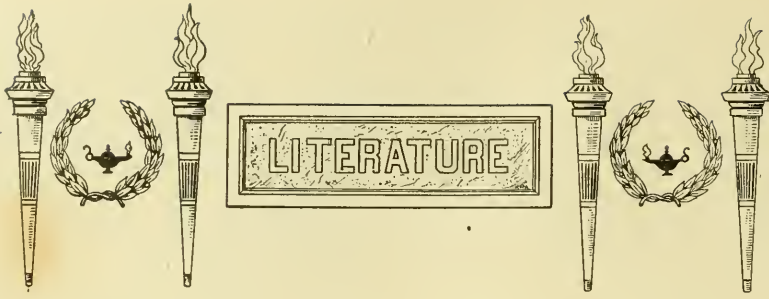
consent." Why cannot we treat our household servants with the same civility that marks our treatment of those who work for us in our offices? The truth of the matter is that we are rushing on to the age of downright snobbery, a snobbery that must go to the length (if we are to believe the press reports) of giving balls in aristocratic English country families and inviting the butler, the coachman, cooks, and housemaids to join in the festivities, where we are treated to the incongruity of a bejeweled and dainty duchess on the arm of an obtuse, but otherwise correct, coachman, as coachmen go; of a man of distinction, of education, refinement—possibly a polished diplomat—dancing with an illiterate maid of the house. Here earls, dukes, ladies of noble birth and fine manners, are elbowing cooks, butlers, and chambermaids—an exhibition, in short, of unctious condescension on the one hand and abject flunkyism on the other. All concerned seem to forget that the age of vassalage, when the lord of the manor was the guardian of all

the people in his domain, is no longer with us. The dependence of the poor, which included the serving-class in those times, was genuine; and the attempt to perpetuate what was then a pleasant and kindly custom by giving present-day exhibitions of spurious equality with cooks, chambermaids, and butlers is a proceeding that needs no comment.

The sinister thing to observe about this proceeding is that, aside from a vulgar fad, the real reason for the custom of giving these annual exhibitions of hobnobbery with servants is that it is done as a concession to the serving-class, by way of humoring them and stilling the spirit of discontent that is constantly arising. So they are treated to a parody of good manners and are so dazed that they are, for the nonce, blind to the colossal farce of which they are the innocent victims.

In conclusion, we beg in all earnestness that all should acknowledge that work, it matters not however humble, carries no stigma with it, and once acknowledging this truth, live up to it.





## BOOK NOTES AND REVIEWS.

ROGER LUDLOW; THE COLONIAL  
LAW-MAKER

(By John M. Taylor. G. P. Putnam's Sons;  
N. G. Knickerbrocker Press.)

There is no real service that the living can render to the dead. Even the attempt to rescue their names from the oblivion of universal forgetfulness is not so much for the sake of the dead workers as in the hope that the brave deeds of the long ago may be the incentives to braver ones in those who read the story of their lives. This is always possible; that the grave shall not be the limit of a good man's influence, but rather that the strength of his life shall infuse others with the courage that made his service to men possible. Mr. Taylor has done his work well in the story he has written of the life of one who was active in the foundation of Connecticut, and in the formulating of the Constitution that has fostered the growth and development of its citizens.

Roger Ludlow came to Connecticut in 1630, and the opening chapters of the book describe the condition of the first settlement in New England, and are interesting in the proof they furnish that no good large thing can be given to man in a perfect state.

The men who left England in the search for liberty had but little

knowledge of what it really was, and the system they established in Massachusetts was too intolerant for the noblest minds among the Colonists. So the best of them started on a new quest for the highest boon in natural life: the power of each person to do in all things that which conscience approved as right and best. And the foundation of this State was laid by hands that were too clean to be soiled by any work of tyranny over mind or body.

The author traces the development of the State; exhibits the great service rendered by Ludlow; gives the reader some glimpses of the struggles of the early settlers, and as we read the history anew, the quality of their dauntless courage is seen in all its deathless worth. The student will value the work for one great thing in it; that the story of Ludlow's life is told right to the end, and instead of the mystery that once covered him after he left the commonwealth here, we learn of other honors done a brave, true man by Cromwell (who knew a man when he saw one) in the motherland.

The literary work is excellent; clear and sharp, exhibiting exact research through all the little known authorities. Those who read the book will be richly repaid.



## THE SALT BOX HOUSE.

(By Jane DeForest Shelton. Baker, Taylor & Co. Publishers, \$1.50.)

Circumstantial evidence is seldom to be depended upon, more especially in literature, else the careful reader would assert that the author of this very clever book must be at least two hundred and fifty years old! She begins her story soon after the Pilgrim Fathers first saw Plymouth Rock, and carries it on for nearly two hundred years, and with absolute fidelity to detail. With almost miraculous accuracy she describes nearly everything that marked the development of the family round whose fortunes, mostly happy ones, she weaves her wonderful descriptions.

The book has genius in it, and it is shown in the very great attraction that fills the petty details of everyday life. She writes about the construction of a house, and is as exact as an architect in her specifications. Yet, the story reads like the building of a fairy palace. She tells of costumes and dinners, and a dressmaker or cook could do no better. So strong is her touch that you cannot help being interested in every little stitch or ingredient, though you smile at your own fatuity. You can learn how the old people made coffins, and what they said in their love-letters, about the books they studied at school, and be charmed with every word of it; for the work is done by an artist in words. Only once or twice are errors made, and it is singular that they are about things that most moderns know. She talks of "lilacs and syringas," and they are the same; and tells of "plaiting the roots of pinks together to make them yield flowers of different color"—an impossible task in floriculture.

The book will have great interest for all who wish to learn the ways of old. And the Colonial Dames, and the Daughters of the Revolution will revel in its pages, while a care-

ful reading will be good for everybody, as it will prove that everything which is good in the world was not kept for the twentieth century.

The best character in the book is Miss Mary, an old maid, who never grew old, though she lived to be eighty, and kept a diary. The sayings in it are worth printing in gold and are as witty as true—just the spice of malice that a good-hearted person must have who sees all round the lives of the people about her. It is a pity she is dead, for her will was "long enough to go 'round a barn," and her kind are as valuable as scarce. May the author find more of her wisdom to help us see the good of life.

## ANCIENT WINDSOR.

(By Henry R. Stiles, A. M., M. D. Case, Lockwood & Brainerd Co. Publishers; Hartford. Price \$20.00.)

The second edition of this important work is in the office of The Connecticut Magazine, and we again call attention to it in connection with our two articles on Windsor. For the work is one of the most complete and exhaustive that has yet been published in the State. It consists of two large volumes of nearly nine hundred pages each, and gives the genealogies of every family that has ever been resident in Windsor from the year of its settlement. The arrangement is admirable, enabling the reader to trace with ease the various branches in all the important actions of their lives. In the instances of prominent men and women very exhaustive sketches of their doings are recorded in the book, so that it is more than a work of genealogy—a collection of the biographies of the people that have brought honor to the town of Windsor. Besides this, there are splendidly executed portraits of all celebrities, and maps that prove the title of the people to the properties they acquired by purchase from the original Indian proprietors,

with others that define special localities identified with different families who made Windsor what it is.

In the preface to the book the author writes that he has a strong impression that he has known every man, woman, and child who ever dwelt within the bounds of Windsor, and a careful perusal will almost force the same belief upon the mind of the reader, it is so well done, and is a monument to the patience, fidelity to truth, and talent of the author.

The book is of great service to specialists in the study of genealogy, as they can refer to its pages with entire confidence that if they cannot find the fact they want in them, there is little likelihood that it can be found in any other place.

It would be an act of great injustice to the memory of a very talented woman if acknowledgement was not made of the service of Miss Ruth T. Sperry in the preparation of these volumes. It is indeed doubtful if they could have been printed at all without the help she gave.

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LET THERE BE LIGHT.

(By David Lubin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers; New York.)

It is not possible for any thoughtful and just person to be satisfied with human society as at present constituted. The presence of the ignorant, criminal, and destitute classes—destroying themselves and injuring others—prevents either contentment of mind or safety in life. And all thoughtful attempts to show a way out of our troubles is worthy of earnest consideration.

It is not necessary for us to agree either with the premises or conclusions of the author to accord him warm praise for his work. Anything that compels serious thought is worthy of regard. "Let there be Light" will do this, and in the same

way as Bellamy and Prof. Herron do it: by clearly proving the evils have a remedy, even if we cannot accept the one they offer.

The form of the book is attractive—presenting the reader with a series of discussions upon the vital elements in social science and religious life—and the method chosen is a good one. The interest of the reader is aroused and sustained, and the thought is clear and logical, the reasoning close and true. It is good in showing how many minds of different quality will view the same fact; and illustrates the crucial difficulty that confronts the reformer in every department of his work: that few people see the same thing in the same way, or can think the same thoughts about it.

It is very unlikely that the author's scheme of an universal church that will manage everything—from the decoration of our houses to the saving of our souls—will meet with very wide approval; but that fact will not weaken the value of the book, which is simply this: that it will help to make men think seriously of serious things. It may induce the worldly rich to be less selfish; the poor to be more provident; the cultured to forget their exclusiveness. And if the world will not walk in the path, pointed out by Mr. Lubin, to his common meeting-place where Capital, Labor, and Culture will meet on equal and friendly terms, the book will show that a way and meeting-place may be found, and make us both desire and work for them.

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What a pity it is that the author of "Alice of Vincennes" did not repress the personal element in that otherwise well-written book. It makes much seem crude that without it would be good work from the literary standpoint.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

We again invite our readers to look over our prospectus for 1901, on the page next to the frontispiece in this issue. The list of contributors and the subject-matter are sufficient guarantee that the publishers will be able to produce a still more popular and valuable historical magazine than heretofore, and should influence all our subscribers to send in their renewals early and not wait until the exact time when their subscriptions expire. There are several thousand subscribers who have been with us from the start; who have, in a word, been steady in their support despite the many annoying delays in the publication of the magazine. We feel under great obligations to these staunch friends for their hearty cooperation, which is not given us because of personal interest, but for the reason that The Connecticut Magazine is a public enterprise for the benefit of the people of the whole State.

As time rolls on, each volume of the magazine increases rapidly in value. Today, only six years after its initial appearance, the first volume of The Connecticut Magazine cannot be bought, although we advertise for it freely, unless a premium is paid, and even then it is difficult, if not impossible, to obtain. As we bound for our subscribers a great number of these first copies of the magazine at the time of publication the supposition is that they form part of the many public and private libraries throughout the State and country at large, and this would account for the difficulty in securing copies. We have now on our file nearly five hundred orders for Vol. I. which we are unable to supply. It is within reason to predict that ten years hence the hold-

ers of the present volume of this magazine will be able, if they so desire, to dispose of it for far more than its original value.

It should be observed here that the edition of The Connecticut Magazine, in comparison with magazines of national circulation, with their hundreds of thousands of impressions, is an edition de luxe of a kind; that is, it is a limited edition, and this always means a future special value for the work. The wise ones will subscribe now, and hold fast to their purchase.

We refer our readers to the editorials in our last number on the subject of the increase in price of the magazine. We are sure that no further statement in justification for this increase is needed when we say that this magazine cannot be issued promptly at one dollar a year, and meet its expenses. The subscribers will find in this number renewal blanks for the coming year, which we hope they will fill out and return to us at an early date, so that it will enable us to gauge the number we should print. All this information has to be secured in advance of publication, and as we are late with the present issue, our readers can see that the request for early renewals is not unreasonable.

The following letters speak for themselves:

\* \* \* "Enclosed please find my check for \$2 for subscription for 1901. With such a magazine as you publish the price per annum is low indeed. I regard your publication as highly interesting in State and historical news, and it is one of the best edited journals I have ever read. I am, most sincerely yours, Charles James Fox, M.D., Willimantic, Conn."

\* \* \* "I have subscribed and paid for the magazine from its start, and like it much and want to keep on with it. \* \* \* I am glad you are to raise the price to \$2, if that will enable you to send all the numbers to your subscribers promptly. I shall remit to you promptly for the next year on receipt of your reply. Yours truly, A. R. Pierce, Suffield, Conn."

\* \* "I was not born up among the hills of old Connecticut without being attached to them and the people there, and I value The Connecticut Magazine, for it writes of that country and those that dwell there and have dwelt there. I hope the subscription list may be increased thousands. Yours truly, Mrs. J. L. Duff, Lyons, Iowa."

\* \* \* "The Connecticut Magazine ought to have a wide circulation in central New York, a region originally settled almost exclusively by men and women from Connecticut. Please continue my subscription at the advanced rate. Yours very truly, Andrew C. White, Assistant Librarian, Cornell University."

\* \* \* "The Connecticut Magazine has been of much use to us in this Society on account of its local history. I really think you give your readers far more than their money's worth. Your decision to advance price of the magazine to \$2 in January is wise. Continue the genealogical pages of your magazine, and you may continue our subscription for 1901 at \$2. Yours, Horace Edward Hayden, Cor. Sec'y., Wyoming Historical and Genealogical Society."

\* \* \* "Please place my name on record for another year. I consider your price of \$2 very reasonable for the mass of useful reading, historical and otherwise. Wishing you lots of good luck in your enterprise, I am, Very truly yours, S. G. Stanley, 1609 Beverley Road, Brooklyn, N. Y."

\* \* \* "I have taken The Connecticut Magazine since its birth, and am very much pleased with the improve-

ment which has been made. Very truly yours, D. Smith Sholes, Ridgefield, Conn."

\* \* \* "I hand you herewith my check for \$2 to renew my subscription. The Connecticut Magazine has been furnished below cost from the first and I hope you may have a large subscription list at the new rate. \* \* \* With best wishes, I am, Yours sincerely, H. W. Carter, Norfolk, Conn."

\* \* \* "I think the magazine is worthy of success, and take pleasure in renewing my subscription at the advanced price. \* \* \* Mrs. Edward Olmstead, Wilton, Conn."

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The correction in regard to the Tunxis Indians (page 531) and the Hart family was sent us by Mr. Julius Gay of Farmington, Conn.

In our next issue there will appear a second paper (illustrated) on Old Windsor, by Charles Franklin Olin.

\* See page 488.

*Tempera*, or *Distemper*, is a method of painting in which solid pigments are employed, mixed with a water medium, in which some kind of gum or gelatinous substance is dissolved to prevent the colors from scaling off.

—*Encyc. Brit.*

Since the sketch of the Old Homestead was written there has passed from earth the soul of Mrs. Frederick Ellsworth, the last surviving member of the old Ellsworth household to reside there.

It is owing to her faithful care that so many precious relics of a former generation (her husband being the grandson of Oliver Ellsworth) have been so long and so carefully preserved.

—*Editor.*

















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