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# *Berkshire Genealogist*



Volume 35 Number 3

Summer 2014

# BERKSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY ASSOCIATION, INC.

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The organization is a non-profit genealogical society dedicated to advancing the knowledge, understanding and appreciation of family history and genealogy.

MEMBERSHIP is open to anyone interested in family history and genealogy. Annual dues are \$12.00 for individuals and \$14.00 for families. Overseas dues are \$25.00.

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# BERKSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY ASSOCIATION, INC.

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## BERKSHIRE GENEALOGIST

Donald L. Lutes, Jr.  
Managing Editor

## **Interested in Italians? Facts, Figures and Fancies at the Berkshire Athenaeum**

Kathleen M. Reilly, Local History Supervisor, The Berkshire Athenaeum

Reprinted with permission of the former Friends of NARA – Pittsfield, MA

From *Archival Anecdotes*, Volume 8, Number 2, Page 13

Resources of various types are available at the Local History & Genealogy Department of the Berkshire Athenaeum to assist researchers in tracking down illusive Italian ancestors. Books, microfilm, microfiche, periodicals, on-line databases and interlibrary loans from the Latter-Day Saints – all add up to a plethora of available sources to explore at the Pittsfield Library.

A novice researcher might begin the endeavor with a 'how-to' book on researching Italian ancestors. The Library's holdings include titles such as: *A Student's Guide to Italian American Genealogy* by Terra C. Brockman; *A Genealogist's Guide to Discovering Your Italian Ancestors: how to find and record your unique heritage* by Lynn Nelson; *Italian-American Family History: a guide to researching and writing about your heritage* by Sharon DeBartolo Carmack and *Finding Italian Roots: the complete guide for Americans* by John Philip Colletta.

Additional items are available from CWMARS member libraries by accessing the 'system-wide holds' service. Information concerning this resource sharing service is available on the Athenaeum's website at the following link: <http://www.pittsfieldlibrary.org/reserves.html> or by calling the Reference Department (499-9480 ext. 4), e-mailing ([pittsref@cwmar.org](mailto:pittsref@cwmar.org)) or visiting the library's Reference Desk.

For tracking the immigration and migration of your ancestors specific sources such as the *Italians to America* series edited by Glazier and Filby; Filby's *Passenger and Immigration Lists Index, 1538-1940*; *Westward the Immigrants: Italian adventurers and colonists in an expanding America*, by Andrew Rolle and *Jumping the puddle: Zoldani to America* / by Rudy J. Favretti are available.

Sources of information for tracking Italian ancestors who lived in Berkshire County would include:

- City and town directories, to determine precisely where specific ancestors lived and worked and often to determine their occupation and employer;

- Vertical Files on ethnic heritage, specific churches, or well-known Italian residents;

- Berkshire County State and Federal Census Records;

- Obituaries from Berkshire County Newspapers;

- City and town histories and annual reports;

- Berkshire County Probate Records;

- Vital records of Berkshire County towns and;

- Naturalization records from Berkshire County and other New England courts

Specific to Pittsfield, the Athenaeum even has a 1968 dissertation entitled *A Geographic Study of Foreign-born Italians in Pittsfield, Massachusetts* by Anthony Bonacquisti.

To find ancestors who lived in Massachusetts but not specifically in Berkshire County possible sources include: Massachusetts state-wide Vital Records and indexes from 1841-1915 with an additional index to Massachusetts Death Records up to the year 1971; expanded city and town records for some towns; the complete State Census' for 1855 and 1865; an extensive collection of county, city and town histories; cemetery records; and probate indexes for select counties.

For those tracking ancestors beyond Massachusetts, resources include the Vermont Vital Records from the 1760s through 1908, a large collection of eastern New York vital, church and cemetery

records, the Barbour (early church and vital) and Hale (later records from newspapers and cemeteries) Collections of Connecticut records, the Arnold Series of Rhode Island records to 1850 and a wide assortment of published vital, church and cemetery records from Maine, New Hampshire and New York. Additionally, town and county histories from throughout New England and eastern New York State are available.

Have you found an old town or village name in Italy that you need to locate? Ask the librarian on duty for *Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World* (1900) or the 3 volumes of Karl Baedeker's *Handbook for Travelers* that cover Italy (1882-1912).

If you are planning to travel, or need to conduct some of your research via mail, e-mail or internet you should find books such as *Italian Genealogical Records: how to use Italian civil, ecclesiastical & other records in family history research* by Trafford R. Cole, *Guide to Italian Libraries and Archives* by Rudolf J. Lewanski, and *Permanent Italians: an illustrated, biographical guide to the cemeteries of Italy* by Judi Culbertson and Tom Randall, both useful and interesting.

To extend your local research opportunities far beyond the New England borders without the expense of traveling, over 3 million films from throughout the world are available for ordering through the LDS microfilm-lending program, including hundreds of reels of material filmed in Italy.

↗ A number of additional microfilm resources have been added to the resources in the Athenaeum's collections since this article was originally published. In 2011, the NARA Pittsfield microfilm reading room located at the Conti Archives was closed due to budgetary considerations. At that time, most of the microfilm resources located there, over 70,000 reels, were donated to the Athenaeum. Included in this collection are census records, 1790-1930, for the entire U.S. as well as a large collection of Passenger Lists and many other records.

The specific titles mentioned above are a sampling of titles to be found by searching the Athenaeum's online catalog [<https://bark.cwmars.org/eg/opac/home?locg=260>] using keywords such as 'Italian and genealogy' or 'Italian and research'. Many other volumes of interest can also be discovered. Try a search on 'Italian and cooking' to discover titles such as *Southern Italian Cooking: family recipes from the kingdom of the two Sicilies* by Jo Bettaja or *We Called It Macaroni: an American heritage of southern Italian cooking* by Nancy Verde Barr. Using search terms such as 'Italian and culture' or 'Italian and art (or history, music, literature, architecture, etc)' will help you locate materials through which you can explore your Italian heritage to understand the traditions, lifestyle and folklore of those from whom you descend.

### In Summary

This discussion of sources for Italian genealogical research in the collections at the Berkshire Athenaeum is by no means comprehensive. The volumes and categories listed provide an indication of the types of materials available, most of which can be located via the electronic card catalog by conducting keyword searches. Searching by specific localities or topics will result in the location of other materials. Staff in the Local History Department are always available to help you locate records applicable to your particular research problem.

The Local History & Genealogy Department at the Athenaeum is open Monday & Friday from 9:00 am to 5:00 pm, Tuesday through Thursday from 9:00 am to 9:00 pm, and Saturday from 10:00am to 5:00 pm. [Note: Library closes at 5:00 on Wednesdays during July & August and is closed on most holidays] ■■■

## WAR AT FINEGAN'S SECTION ON THE BOSTON AND ALBANY RAILWAY

From *The Berkshire Hills*, October 1, 1901 and November 1, 1901.

The episode in the history of Pittsfield to be embraced in this article occurred in the first part of the fourth decade of the century just closed. It was the important period when a great change had commenced to take place in the social and commercial conditions of Berkshire. When the stage coach, the one-horse chaise, the ox-team yoked to its two-wheeled cart, the scythe, the cradle and the flail were to be relegated into "innocuous dissitude," to be replaced by railroads and vehicles drawn exclusively by horses in place of oxen, by mowers, reapers and thrashers operated by steam or equine power; when the weekly newspaper was to be crowded to the wall by the daily, and the church, although divided into different denominations still wholly Protestant was to become obliged to share its functions with the Romish ritual. It was the time also when society from being homogeneous was to rapidly become heterogeneous; when the public schools were to be conducted on the graded system; when the domestic and public water supply, instead of being drawn from wells of more or less depth with the sweep, windlass and pump, was to be transported from distant hillside reservoirs through conduits of greater and lesser dimensions; in short the period ushering in the whole system of so-called modern improvements; the resistless throes of the new times bursting out from the fastnesses of the old.

At this period we imagine ourselves one early midsummer morning standing at the base of the big elm in the central square of Pittsfield - that famous tree, ever a source of pride and wonder to all beholders and so often mentioned in local sketch, song and story. How vividly remembered is this famous monarchical elm, which from a twelve foot base diameter, arose with a gradual and symmetrical taper as straight as an arrow up to ninety feet to its first and lower branches, shooting out evenly in all directions, and in the farther ascent of thirty nine feet rounding out into a dome-like top whose summit loomed up 126 feet from its vigorous roots.

As we gaze upward we would fain ask this stalwart relic of the primeval forests some questions, but realize that like the famous sphinx of Egypt standing in dignity and silence, it would be useless. But it is visible to our sense that before the white man placed his foot and cabin in this region, this same tree was towering like Saul above his fellows; that the aboriginal red man of these wooded hills and valleys had acknowledged its majesty and beauty, and that it was a landmark guide to his mocassined footsteps.

Necessarily, before taking up our main subject, which is "The War at Finegan's Section," there are some old war stories of remote date which must be told. The early settlement of the town of Pittsfield took place when some most important events were transpiring in Europe and America, and it would seem to be of interest to learn what the pioneer settlers had to think of and talk about while they were hewing out of the dense forest the space for their log cabin homes and clearing up the land for cultivation.

Reaching back fully 100 years from the summer morning in which we were gazing with pride at the grand old elm, say about the year 1743, we could have seen Col. William Williams, or then Ensign Williams, and his assistants, laying out or surveying a lot in this Pontoosuc Plantation. He is preparing to build a fort here to be called Fort Anson. It is the first of a line of fortifications or wooden stockades which he proposes to erect, of which is to be Fort Massachusetts at Adams, Fort Pelham at Rowe and Fort Shirley at Heath, by which means hoping to keep those pesky Canadian French and their Indian allies out of Berkshire County if possible, as well as the State of Massachusetts. But build as many forts as the American colonists may, and send out as many military expeditions as possible to head off the enemy, for sixteen years they will have great trouble with their northern and western French neighbors, until Gen. Wolfe shall give them their *coup de grace* at Quebec.

The better to understand the condition of

affairs in this connection and at this period, we will imagine ourselves standing at the base of the big elm late one summer afternoon in the summer of 1755, the year of the breaking out definitely of what is known as the French and Indian war. Suddenly from the woods at the east of the elm come forth a dozen white men armed with guns and other soldier trappings and accompanied by two Indians tricked out in feathers and war paint, the latter evidently acting as guides or scouts for the soldiers. Coming near the tree the party halts and commences to make preparation for a night's bivouac. By means of a short spade one of the soldiers makes a small excavation in the earth while the others search around for dead wood, which they place in this hole. A tinder box is produced, the tinder ignited from a spark of fire produced by striking a file upon a flint stone, sticks dipped in sulphur are lighted by the tinder, and the dead wood is soon in a blaze.

When the wood is burned down to coals, a good sized flat stone, which has been picked up somewhere, is placed upon them. While this stone is getting hot, Indian meal is poured out of a wooden bucket into a pewter porringer, some water is added from a pewter canteen and a sprinkling of salt. The mass is then stirred vigorously with a wooden spoon, and the stone being sufficiently heated the dough is deftly placed upon it. In ten minutes a big Johnny cake is ready for eating. A soldier takes a large knife from his waist belt and cuts the cake in pieces and with the point of his bayonet places these upon a pewter platter. The from a small iron kettle he fishes out a piece of cold boiled salt pork and cutting it into proper size, places it upon another platter. The pork and cake had been served to each of the company, the meal was over, and they were lighting their pipes with hot coals, when a sudden noise in the woods brought them to their feet, with guns at their shoulders, and ready for fight if necessary.

Just then four men were discerned coming out of the woods just to the north having axes upon their shoulders. They are some of the pioneer settlers of this Pontoosuc Plantation and have been assisting a new-comer in building a log cabin. The prove to be David Bush, Nathaniel Fairfield, Solomon Deming and Simeon Crowfoot. Approaching the

armed party, Crofoot directing his words to the most intelligent looking one of the number, whom he heard his companions addressing as Major, asked "what is up now?" The Major replied, "perhaps you people up here in the woods haven't heard that England has finally got ready to pitch into the Canuck Frenchmen in dead earnest. The plan is to send this summer a good sized force under Gen. Braddock from the Potomac up to Fort DuQuesne on the Ohio river; still another force under Gen. Shirley to Fort Niagara, and another under Gen. Johnson against Crown Point on Lake Champlain, with the expectation that all of these will be captured from the French. Now, some of us are on our way to join Shirley's force at Albany, and the rest expect to join Johnson's Division."

Says David Bush, "I'm mighty glad on it; this is the best news I've heard on in a long time; those pesky French ought to be driven out of America right away." Says Nathaniel Fairfield, "I am afraid you haven't much to eat. Let us see. Can't we do something for you, and give you a little better than you have got." Says Solomon Deming, "We mustn't let these good men go away hungry. We haven't got much ourselves, having lived here only four or five years; but if you will stay here tomorrow we will see what we can do. I have got a young pig or two that we can kill, we could catch some nice fish, and we will have some rye and Ingen bread baked, and we have lots of milk. Twon't be very grand, but better than nothing."

Says the Major, "We are very much obliged to you gentlemen, and should delight to stay and enjoy your hospitality; but we cannot, for we must be in Albany within two or three days to make sure of joining our forces, have no time to spare, and must break camp at the first streak of daylight." Then says Simon Crofoot, "We are very sorry we can't do something for you, but if it is as you say all we can do is to bid you good-bye and wish you good luck. At any rate we will all pray for you."

The pioneers having departed, the soldiers and their scouts took out their pipes of reed and clay and fell to smoking. But they were hardly out of hearing before the Major said, "I'll bet you anything that those men are all very religious and especially the last one



and the spokesman who said we will all pray for you. Wouldn't it do him good to hear Whitfield preach. I heard Whitfield preach both in Boston and Philadelphia a few years ago. He and John Wesley within late years have stirred up the religious world in England and the American Colonies wonderfully. Some folks are very glad about it, and some are very mad about. Their followers are called the New Lights and those opposed to them are called latitudinarians. I don't belong to either but I do like to hear Whitfield preach."

One of the men, who was addressed by the title of Lieutenant, asked the Major if he thought Whitfield could preach better than Jonathan Edwards. Said he, "I heard Jonathan Edwards preach at Northampton about eight years ago on the doctrine of election and he made out a pretty strong case; I think he is a hard preacher to beat. I heard that afterwards the Northampton people drove Edwards out of their town and that he was preaching about twelve miles south of here, in Stockbridge, to the Indians. I think this is the way real smart men, either in the church or out of it, are apt to get used." "Well," replied the Major, "do you think you belong to the elect, Lieutenant?" "Pshaw!" said the Lieutenant, "that kind of talk hasn't got nothing to do with such a dare-devil as I am, who has nothing but a gun and goes around soldiering where he can get his rations and grog."

Then a soldier with deep-set eyes and swarthy features blurted out, "don't let's talk about dominies and their notions, but about something with more gunpowder and less sulphur in it. These dominies make me think of Commodore Anson, who the English government sent fifteen years ago around South America to punch the Spaniards on the west side of that country, while Admiral Vernon was to make it hot for them in the neighborhood of Porto Bello and Cartagena. If I remember right there is a Fort Anson somewhere in this Pontoosuc Plantation, which bears the name of this Commodore. Well, after Commodore Anson had been absent four years he returned home by way of the Cape of Good Hope having sailed around the world. While absent he had captured a city in Peru and had taken some rich Spanish galleons as prizes. He was a very simple and

artless character, and it was said of him that though he had sailed around the world, that he had never lived in it. So, in the matter of dominies, it seems to me that they are always hovering over the earth, but never coming squarely down to it."

Then continued the fighter, "I must tell you some of my experiences as a soldier in Europe. Just fifteen years ago I became of age and left my home in England and went over to Hanover to visit some relatives, as my father came from there to England when George the First was made king. Having the right to do as I pleased, and hearing over in Hanover that there was going to be some fun between Austria and Prussia, I skipped out and joined the Prussian army. Young King Frederick the Second quickly marched us over into Silicia and gobbled up that gem of a province from the crown of young Queen Maria Theresa before she knew what he was about, for she had thought that what was called the Pragmatic Sanction made her secure in all her hereditary possessions. My first real fight was a the battle of Melowitz." "Ah!" says the Major, interrupting the speaker, "that young King Frederick, they say, ran away like a coward in that battle." "No," replied the soldier, "he didn't really run from the battle-field, for I saw enough of him in that fight to know that this was untrue. But he did get terribly mixed up in it, and made some unhandsome blunders. However, Maria Theresa didn't get back her province of Silesia, and I don't believe she ever will. Soon after the battle some kind of peace was patched up. Then I joined our King George the Second's army, which was on the Continent defending the famous Pragmatic Sanction, and found myself soon after in the battle of Dettingen in 1743."

Here the veteran speaker relighted his pipe with a coal and continued, "Well, I suppose we hadn't ought to laugh at our own king under whose direction we are here tonight in this Pontoosuc Plantation on our way to lick the French, but George Second did cut a queer figure twelve years ago this summer at that battle of Dettingen. They say there is one thing that he can do to a finish, and that is to devour a gooseberry pie. Really, all the credit for the management of this battle, and it was handsomely managed on our part, was due to the Earl of Stair.

Just after the battle began, King George leaped from his horse and wildly flourishing his sword cried out, 'Now, my boys, for the honor of England fire - behave well and the French will soon run!' Then striking a fixed attitude he maintained the same for the rest of the day, his right foot advanced, his sword pointed straight out to the front - the attitude of a fencing master at lunge. Thus stood the royal Guelph in the midst of the racket and smoke of that glorious day, and laugh at him as we may, he proved himself a veritable St. George the Dragon, for he tore the Duke of Novilles, with his 60,000 Frenchmen into shreds, notwithstanding the latter had the advantage in numbers and position at the beginning of the engagement."

"Remaining with the English army on the Continent for about two years, I was caught in another great engagement, the battle of Fontenoy, in which on both sides 7,000 men were put out of action. The Duke of Cumberland, the second son of King George Second was our commander, a man who was said to be *sans peur et sans esprit*. This battle commenced in a brand new way, as when the armies were lined up for battle a French officer stepped out in front of the French line, chapeau in hand, and addressing the English said, 'Messeurs, voalez bien avoir la bonte de tiver premierement?' We plunged into the fight recklessly and at the onset were most successful. Marshal Saxe, the French commander, had the gout so severely that he could not sit his horse, and was carried about the field in a litter, chewing a bullet to keep down his pain. I think we should have beaten him, had it not been for a smart cuss of an Irishman who had more wit than his renowned leader. It was this smart Irishman who gave Saxe a hint as to how he could arrange his artillery so as to rake our whole column. Acting upon this suggestion it was but a short time that Saxe consumed in driving us from the field and the Duke of Cumberland's laurels became fearfully bedraggled."

Just then a big owl loudly hooted in the great elm tree and interrupted the soldier, who on resuming said, "That about this time, Charles Edward, son of the Pretender, had landed in Scotland and aroused the Scotch to attack England. Of course, the army was hustled home from the Continent in

short order and in the year 1746 I was at the big battle of Culloden, which crushed out all hopes of the Pretender and in which the Duke of Cumberland as commander retrieved his military fame. Soon afterwards I came over to America."

Upon this the Lieutenant said, "That was a good story, and just here I would like to say something about what I have been through with in America. You know there has always been more or less quarreling between the English and the Spaniards at sea. Well, about sixteen years ago, or in 1739, Admiral Vernon teased Walpole into letting him have six ships to sail out and capture Porto Bello, which is a little east of the Isthmus of Darien. Walpole was averse to doing this, but Vernon, who had been there sometime, persisted, and had his own way. After a little Vernon captured the place, all England hailed him as a great man who knew how to wallop the Spaniards, and clamored for a chance for him to sail and try it again. Consequently the next year Vernon was sent out with a much larger fleet and force to capture Cartagena, just to the west of Porto Bello, but here his good luck went back on him. The harbor of Cartagena was difficult of entrance, the Spaniards were aided by the yellow fever, and besides Vernon got into a misunderstanding with Gen. Wentworth, who commanded the land forces. The attack proved a miserable failure. There was a young surgeon's assistant there who wrote a funny book about it entitled 'Roderick Random.' If you ever get time and want a good laugh you should read his narrative of droll experiences in this expedition."

"Of course, all this business could not be going on without involving the British Colonies in America in the muss. Much trouble sprang up between the settlers of Georgia under Oglethorpe and the Spaniards in Florida, while Charleston had a narrow escape from being captured by a Spanish fleet sent out from Cuba. These troubles finally resulted in the home government's calling upon the colonies to furnish men for the war. Gov. Shirley of Massachusetts, the same Gen. Shirley whom we expect to meet at Albany in a few days, managed to get 500 men together and send them down to the Caribbean Sea, and I was one of the number. In due time we joined Vernon and made an

attack on Santiago, on the southern coast of Cuba. Vernon's luck wasn't any better than at Cartagena. After fooling around some-time, our men dying off like sheep, while the living almost starved to death, some of us got safely home. It is said that the Colonies furnished 4,000 men for this ill-starred expedition of whom only 1,000 ever returned."

Shirley, who succeeded Belcher as Governor of Massachusetts in 1741, was a good deal smarter man than Belcher, though I suppose I ought not to say it, for I live over here at Belchertown when I'm at home. Shirley was always spoiling for a fight and as he couldn't get at the Spaniards he thought he would try it on with the French, as England was still at war with France about that Spanish secession business. So he proposed to try and capture Louisburg on Cape Breton Island, a great French fortification said to be the Gibraltar of America. He tried to induce some of the other Colonies to help him, but the expedition was finally made up almost wholly of Massachusetts men, who were placed under command of William Pepperell. New Hampshire however furnished a regiment which bore a flag, the motto on which, '*Nil desperandum Christo duce,*' was furnished by the great preacher Whitfield, who no doubt looked upon the French as the sons of Anak, and needing to be driven out of the Promised Land. One of this preacher's disciples, a chaplain in the expedition, carried a hatchet with which he had especially provided himself to hew down the images in the French churches. My friend Seth Pomeroy, the gun-maker at Springfield, as well as many neighbors and acquaintances wished me to join the expedition, and I did so. By the way I understand Seth Pomeroy is going up to join Johnson's forces on the way to Crown Point, and I shouldn't wonder if he did so by coming through this Pontoosuc Plantation. I shall leave some mark on one of these fine trees to let him know that I camped in this beautiful spot."

"You had ought to have been up at Louisburg with us and witnessed the bombardment of those fortifications both by land and sea. Both the land forces and the English fleet were commanded by Warren, and it was the

grandest scene I ever looked upon. The French soon surrendered, but we didn't capture many prisoners, as there were only fifty men in the garrison, with a great quantity of military stores. I grow mad all through when I think of how our English government three years after, in the treaty of Aix - la-Chappelle, gave this fortification back to the French in 1748. The capture of Louisburg occurred the same year in which the battle of Fontenoy was fought, which our friend has just told us about."

Finally the party, wearied by their day's march through the wilderness and tired of soldier stories, disposed themselves on the ground as best they might, and wrapped in their blankets fell off into sound sleep. Breaking camp by daylight they marched to the westward and a few months after the Pontoosuc settlers had news that Braddock had failed to capture Fort du Quesne, had been killed, and those of his troops which had escaped massacre owed it to the bravery of a young Virginia officer named George Washington. News also came to them that the forces under Johnson got no nearer Crown Point than the south end of Lake George, and that Col. Ephraim Williams, who had lately been in charge of the forts in Western Massachusetts, and whom many of the settlers knew personally, while at the head of a force of about 1200 men had been drawn into an ambuscade by the French General Dieskau and had been slain. His death was deeply mourned by the Pontoosuc and Western Massachusetts settlers, as he was an unusually accomplished man. Though his body was left to be buried on the battle-field, his soul like another Pallas-Athene was left to hold up the aegis of wisdom at Williamstown down through the rolling years for the instruction of American youth. Later still it was learned by these settlers that Shirley and his troops got no nearer Niagara than Oswego, N. Y., all expectations for the success of these expeditions having come to naught. The war dragged along without much success until that great English statesman, William Pitt, seized the helm of state in 1747, when in four short years the French were permanently driven out of power both in America and India, and restricted to their own national

boundaries in Europe. So grateful were the settlers of Pontoosuc Plantation for the services of this famous man that they named their town Pittsfield.

Local peace and prosperity ensued in the town for a number of years, though there was much scolding about the Stamp Act and other public grievances which the Colonists were subject to on the part of the home government. After a while these mutterings became more pronounced and public gatherings were frequent and largely attended in the locality to discuss measures for protection. Yet, nothing startling of serious happened until the latter part of April 1775, when one morning a man came dashing into town from the east on horseback, riding estafette, blowing a horn and trembling with excitement. Both the rider and horse were bespattered with mud while the horse was covered with foam. The settlers hastily gathered together at the big elm to hear what it all meant. The rider informs them that on the nineteenth of that month there had been a battle at Lexington and Concord. That the British marched out from Boston to capture some military stores deposited by the Yankee patriots at Concord, and that the patriots had driven them back pell-mell from Concord to Boston. A great commotion takes place here and in all the Berkshire towns, men hastily arm themselves and forming a regiment, march under Colonel Patterson from Lenox to Boston. In June the glorious news is received of the battle of Bunker Hill, and the following spring that under the attack of the Americans, commanded by Gen. Washington, the British army had evacuated Boston and sailed away for Halifax for good and all. The following July the citizens of Pittsfield and the grand old county are reading the Declaration of Independence and glorying in its sentiments.

The times were quiet in Berkshire County after the first reading of the Declaration of Independence in Pittsfield, though there were varied war experiences elsewhere in the country. But in the summer of the next year, 1777, the war excitement was brought nearer home. It was then that the British government proposed to cut off New England from the other confederate states by sending a force down from Canada to join those to be

dispatched up the Hudson river from New York City. The British troops from Canada were led by Gen. Burgoyne and soon captured Fort Ticonderoga, and all the Northern Berkshire patriots hastened to arm themselves against them. The minute men were suddenly called upon to march to Bennington to protect some military stores which had been placed there by the Americans. The force from Pittsfield rejoiced to have itself accompanied by its pastor, Thomas Allen, a man not only able to preach and pray, but to shoulder a musket if necessary, and who at Bennington acquired the sobriquet of the "Fighting Parson."

Gen. Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga and a portion of the prisoners were marched to Pittsfield and thence to Boston, where they expected to be sent back to Europe, but unfortunately for them, had a long and unexpected march to Virginia before they were transported home. Pittsfield had no more near experiences in the war of the American Revolution, but many of its families mourned the loss of dear ones in battle and otherwise, as did also many of those in the county. Finally this war being closed the town had nothing more to do than to grow and prosper for the thirty odd years following, a period of unruffled peace, except perhaps a little civil turmoil during the Shays' Rebellion.

But the year 1812 saw the nation again at war with Great Britain. A large portion of the people of New England did not approve of this conflict, and the part mainly taken in Berkshire therein was rather a war of words than any other kind of conflict. High party spirit in Pittsfield manifested itself in bitter divisions of society, the most marked result of which was a division of the First Congregational Church. This division was caused by political differences between the Federalist and Democratic members, whose feelings ran so high that before the war finally broke out what was known as the Federalist Church was built on South Street, and the fire of this movement of separation from the old church continued to fiercely rage until the war came to an end.

[To be continued]

## CAPTAIN ELISHA SMART

*From the Berkshire Hills, April 1, 1902.*

At the breaking out of the sanguinary conflict between the North and the South in 1861 there was but a single man resident in the County of Berkshire who had really any knowledge gained by personal experience in actual war. This man was low down in the scale of citizenship and in the ranks of social life, and pursued the most humble occupations for a livelihood. Besides he had such an appetite for spirituous liquors that indulgence therein had long kept him poor and prevented his advancement in any line of industry which his pleasant demeanor, wit and intelligence would otherwise have enabled him to take most profitable advantage of. It was the late Hon. Ashley B. Wright, who seemed to have gained some insight into the early history of this man, and who said "that he had some mischievous record in some locality in this country which had caused him to never reveal his true name or where he was born." Yet Mr. Wright never imparted to others what knowledge he had gained, not viewing it to have been of a malicious character, and it is a tradition yet that Elisha Smart was born somewhere in the state of Vermont.

He had been a well-known resident of North Adams for at least twelve years before Fort Sumter was fired upon by the Confederates. With an occasional lapse, in which he dropped out of sight for a "good time," as an industrious and cheerful day laborer he made gardens, dug post holes, and did a thriving business in transplanting trees from the surrounding forests to the village streets and setting out fruit trees and shrubbery in private yards and gardens. He was very skillful in the latter occupation, was popular and friendly with all with whom he came in contact, and was so full of fun and dry wit that he was universally popular. When there was any local sport or excitement on foot he was always prominently on hand to take part in it. He was fond of fishing, a very adroit angler, and it was always his especial delight with boon companions, generally higher up in the social or employment scale than himself, to get out after trout in all the streams and brooks in Berkshire and Bennington Counties. Though full of frolic, which sometimes

in its rank mischievousness bore up closely to a mark for which he was liable to be called to legal account, he was never summoned before the courts, and was always forgiven his most notorious escapades on account of the humor embodied therein and an entire absence of any malicious features.

He was as full of good stories as a nut of meat, and the most sedate fellow citizens would stop at any time of day to listen to them as they were most interestingly and wittily related. He was one of the finest penmen in Northern Berkshire and was so excellent an accountant that he was capable of keeping books for a large concern. There were but one or two signatures of prominent business and professional men in Northern Berkshire which he could not readily imitate, so that these men could not take oath that they were not genuine. But not withstanding this most dangerous talent, he never indulged in it except in the presence and for the edification of these men themselves, and in a single mirthful exploit on a prominent physician. Previous to the war he had lived a mile east of the old village on the old Florida turnpike, above the "Five Points" crossing, and at the time of its breaking out occupied a part of the Isaac Holman house on Liberty Street. In 1859 he was fourth lieutenant in Co. B, Greylock Light Infantry of North Adams, Capt. W. M. Brown, and held this position in 1861. Also in 1861 he was second assistant foreman and clerk of Greylock Fire Engine Company, and when the first news of the actual war was received was doing a big business in selling and setting out elm, rock and silver-leaf maples, bass and balsam of fir trees.

Previous to his residence in North Adams Elisha Smart had served five years in the United States army. He had been a private two years and a half in the Florida or Seminole Indian war in the Second Regiment of United States Dragoons, under command of Col. May of Mexican war notoriety, with Gen. Harney, lieutenant-colonel, and having the notorious Gen. Twiggs as his captain. He had a brother killed in this regiment, and his own health becoming impaired, he was sent

with 100 other invalid soldiers to the hospital at Fort Monroe, where, after his recovery, he completed his unexpired term of service in the United States Artillery which was quartered at that fortress. Not only had he a peculiar fondness for military life, but added to this he was an expert in both infantry and artillery tactics, a thorough and accomplished drill master and was a skilled marksman.

Elisha Smart was one of the very earliest men to enlist in what was first called the Johnson Greys, and which served through the war with most gallant service as Co. B, Tenth Massachusetts Regiment. When he made this move he had not the slightest thought, so humble was his position in life, of serving his country in any capacity excepting as a private. When, however, he found that on account of his military knowledge and his having seen real service, that his brother volunteers, knowing nothing of the dangers, hardships and actual realities of war, were leaning upon him, he was much troubled in mind. At this juncture he sought a citizen who had won his confidence and of whom he had often sought and received advice. This friend so impressed him with the grave responsibilities which rested upon him, that he gave him a solemn pledge that he would abandon his bad habits, arise to the emergency in which he was so unexpectedly placed, and with the help of God be a true man, which from that hour down to his brutal murder, after being shot, while lying wounded on the battlefield of Seven Pines, he nobly and faithfully and honorably kept.

Having made this grand resolve, he dropped all his hitherto easy-going ways and, while retaining the cheerfulness, frankness and kindness which had always characterized him, he naturally took entire charge of his band of raw recruits, who were for the first few weeks often ragged and hungry and exposed to the elements, while the community were waking up to the importance of the raising of these troops and their heroic duties in the premises. These he drilled three times a day without guns, and forced them to complete obedience and the strictest discipline, so that when their muskets were received they were superior soldiers to the previous local State militia company. At the election of officers of this company, April 30, 1861, Elisha Smart was unanimously

elected its captain, with four able lieutenants, chosen also by the 82 enlisted men from their own ranks. May 4, 1861, Camp Johnson was established on the site of the present Arnold Print Works amid great enthusiasm, while cannon were fired and a picket line established and eloquent speeches were made.

From June 14, 1861, when the Johnson Greys left North Adams for the war, and Capt. Smart was presented with a revolver by W. L. Ray and with a silver-mounted dirk, an heirloom in his family, by Dea. Samuel Gaylord, to his sad death, hardly a year afterward, this humble citizen nobly fulfilled his duty to his town, county, state and republic, both in camp and in action. In the memorable fight at Seven Pines, in which the Tenth Massachusetts Regiment won undying fame and by its brave struggle kept the Confederate army at bay, this brave officer fought in the front rank of his company with a breech-loading rifle, firing six times to once by his men with a cool aim, and according to the Colonel in command, "no braver man was in that battle." Going back of his company in the retreat amid a storm of shot and shell, while helping his wounded men to escape and giving them words of encouragement, he was shot through the leg and fell unnoticed in from of the advancing foe. That on his asking a Confederate for a drink of water, there survived several witnesses then lying on the field wounded and near him, who report that this Confederate seized the Captain's own gun and with an oath shot him through the throat, killing him instantly. This to his undying honor can it be said of Capt. Elisha Smart that he lost his life through trust in the humanity of man, though he be a foe, while seeking to do his duty, and more than his duty, in trying to succor those who elected him Captain and pinned their faith to him when a humble enlisting citizen at North Adams. The bodies of Capt. Smart and Private Albert Roberts are buried in a piece of woods near the battlefield of Seven Pines and no effort has ever been made to bring them home to Berkshire, though their comrades marked the location of their interment.

The first domestic water supply of North Adams in place of the village pumps was brought to the village from a large spring in Houghtonville, and only supplies the few

citizens who bore the cost of the enterprise. The water was conducted to the village in long pine logs, which were bored through with a auger run by water power by Oliver Parker in his little mill just north of the old stone mill pond on River Street. When these old logs were finally taken out of the ground, Joel Bacon, who had charge of the works, employed Capt. Smart to do this job. While Capt. Smart was in the army he was frequently asked by other officers what had been his occupation in North Adams previous to his coming to the front. For this question he had this stereotyped answer, and not a muscle of his face changed when he made it. "Why," he would say, "when I enlisted I was in charge of the village water works, but I was not sorry to throw up the position, for I had become thoroughly weary of having to rout out so early mornings." The joke of it was that he was a common laborer and was paid by Bacon for full day's works.

A year or two after the old Universalist Church was constructed on State Street in North Adams in 1851, which site is now that of the spacious Wellington Hotel, Marquis D. Kimball and Capt. Smart lived on the old Florida turnpike a full mile east of the village. Most every night after supper the two would come down to the village for a good time or gossip in Kimball's wagon or sleigh, as the case might be, and sometimes they did not get home again until midnight. Though very close friends and genial companions, they were fond of playing tricks on each other, as well as upon those with whom they associated. They always hitched the horse under the commodious open shed in the rear of the Universalist Church, and though they sometimes went different ways for amusement and frolic, they generally made good connections in regard to going home, at the aforesaid shed. Down they came one bright moonlight, cold Saturday night in the winter, and after seeing that the equine was properly hitched and blanketed, betook themselves to separate village haunts. Somewhere about midnight Smart came to the shed and, finding that Kimball had not yet arrived, wrapped himself in the buffalo robes and dropped off to sleep in the capacious old-fashioned sleigh. When he awoke it was broad daylight, he was chilled to the bone, and the village church bells were loudly ringing for Sunday wor-

ship. The shed, the sleigh, but no horse, was there, and he had nothing to do but to creep out of the church yard by a back alley and sneak home over Church Hill. Kimball had put no bells on his horse that night, and after Smart had fallen sound asleep, crept into the shed, stealthily unhitched the equine from the sleigh, quietly pushed the vehicle from the shed, led out the animal, pushed it back, and rode home on horseback. Capt. Smart before going to the front used to say that this was the nearest he ever was to becoming a church-goer since his enlistment to fight the Indians in Florida.

The late Henry Chickering, then editor of the Adams "Transcript" and later of the Pittsfield "Eagle," always took a kindly interest in Capt. Smart in his humble days, admired his brilliant wit, his wide-awake and industrious qualities, his keenness in picking up interesting news, his genial character and courtesy to every one. He made all kinds of attempts to induce him to leave off his intemperate habits, both by argument and kind offices, but without the result hoped for. It was in one of these temperance talks that Mr. Chickering quoted the Bible as speaking with great stress against this terrible habit. Smart answered him by saying that he had read the Bible over and over again all the way from Genesis to Revelations, and had never found but one place where a man called for water, and that man only wanted but one drop, and that he then was in torment, where he ought to be.

Capt. Smart never denied that he was a Vermonter. Mr. Chickering once pressed him to tell a bear story, knowing him to be a good hunter and story teller and thinking he might have had some startling experiences with old Bruin in the Green Mountain State, which was notably the favorite home of bears in the early days. Smart had promised the editor that he would sometime tell him the longed-for bear story, but had not yet done so. One day Smart came into the "Transcript" office to induce Mr. Chickering to subscribe a small sum for a fireman's benefit, but could not get the editor to contribute - if he intended to at all, - until he told him that bear story. Smart finally said he could not then remember but one bear story in which he was the principal contestant with a bear. He said that once when he was out fishing near North Bennington, Vt., in passing



through the woods he was clasped in the embrace of a big black bear before he hardly realized his situation. He had a fearful wrestle with the monster and the breath was fast being hugged out of his body. He thought of a big jack-knife in one of his pockets but had a hard struggle to get at it. Just then Smart started up and was going out the door when Mr. Chickering said: "Smart, how did the bear finally come out of that fight?" "Oh, the bear," said Smart; "why, the bear killed me."

Among the pastimes which Capt. Smart most delighted in was that of trout fishing, for in his time there was no State game law and not a brook was posted. In fact he used to pick up a good many dollars this way, besides having a good time with boon companions at this sport. Of course, it was not to be thought of in those days (as it is now)? to start out on a fishing trip in the mountain brooks without taking some preventative along to ward off the colds to be incurred from wading in the water and from inclement weather. In fact this custom was in vogue among both the higher and the lower classes, with a very few notable exceptions. But Capt. Smart was not the fortunate possessor of a bank account, although the owner of a fish-pole and line. Therefore he was often put to his wits' end to obtain the "necessary cordial" when about to start on his angling trips. But somehow or other, whatever might be his circumstances, he always had a bottle of gin when out fishing, and for quite a period of time this was a mystery to those with whom he associated, and these were not of the lowest class by any means. How long he had worked his quiet "gin game" on the saloon men and barkeepers is not known, but it was no doubt for years, before he was detected by Jack Fitzgerald of the once famous Pearl Street.

He had taken the opportunity to drop in at Fitzgerald's saloon when no one was sitting around. He had not a cent's credit in that or any other village saloon, but rather big scores were marked up against his name in each. He produced a clean white bottle and ordered it filled with his favorite tippie. Fitzgerald did this as ordered, but on account of some previous transactions of the character with Smart, was on the watch for "tricks." Smart took the filled bottle from the counter and, placing it in his coat pocket, told Fitzgerald

he would drop in and pay for it the next day. Fitzgerald refused to trust him, as he had similarly done before, and to all appearances Smart reluctantly transferred the bottle back from his pocket to the counter. But under Fitzgerald's suspicious eye he was not quite so adroit in sleight of hand as on many previous occasions. Something led Fitzgerald to remove the cork of the replaced bottle and to test the contents. His surprise was great when he found that he had astonished his own stomach with a swallow of pure, cold well water. How many saloonists had in this way been aided in watering their liquors previously no one knew, but there were indications that the Captain had been operating in this sly way for a good while.

It was in 1850 or thereabouts that the late Marquis D. Kimball, the old-time famous horseman, and other lovers of North Adams gossip and humor, used to frequent the spacious office of the old North Adams House, which stood on the present site of the Wilson House at the corner of Main and Holden Streets. This was the first gilt-edged hotel in North Adams and was kept as such for many years by Landlords Smith, Snow and Wilmarth in succession. Here, too, Capt. Smart was wont to drop in and to contribute to the general fund of anecdote, joke and merriment. He was to be found here more frequently in winter than on summer evenings, when he had more time to "hang out nights," because of his occupation as an out-of-door laborer. There was a big fireplace in the hotel office, and in the circle about this fire could very often be found these worthies of the village amusing themselves with "town talk" in the old-fashioned manner. Of course the arrival of a stranger traveler was a toothsome event and afforded some diversion from the common run of things.

One boisterous winter evening a couple of men drove up to the hotel, had their span of horses put out, partook of a late supper and came out from thence to enjoy a smoke around the cheerfully burning big wooden back-log. They seemed to be prosperous drovers, and Kimball and Smart soon decided that they were out in Northern Berkshire on a cattle buying expedition, and resolved on having some fun at their expense.

After a moment or two of silence and the strangers had seated themselves at the fire,



Smart, in a voice which could be heard by them, asked Kimball how much hay he had in store in his "big farm barns." Kimball said he thought "about 40 tons" aside from what he needed for his own use. Smart then confidentially informed Kimball that he had just come in from the country round about with a drove of 200 fat cattle, which he thought he should hold about a month before he drove them down to the Brighton market; that he wished to purchase this hay and would give him \$10 a ton for the lot. Kimball thought he ought to have \$12 and they had considerable debate over the price of this hay. Finally Kimball said that he must be going home and went out, while Smart remained behind, seeming to be deeply wrapped up in thought on the subject of hay, cattle, etc.

It was not long before the strangers hitched up their chairs, scraped his acquaintance and opened negotiations in reference to purchasing that "200 head of fat cattle." They were intent on the purchase, treated Smart to the cigars and something warmer, both had a big cattle talk, told humorous yarns, but, though hard pressed, Smart could not be brought to the mark to fix a definite price on those cattle. He, however, told the strangers that he would think their offer over during the night, and if they would call at his office across the way at nine o'clock the next morning, that he thought it might be possible to strike a bargain. In fact he took the drovers out on the moonlit front stoop of the hotel, pointed out "his office" across the way and bade them a courteous good night. Next morning the strangers went over to "that office" promptly at the hour named and were thunderstruck at the result of their visit. Smart had pointed out as his office what appeared to be the third story of the Sheldon block, a wooden building then standing on the site of the present Burlingame & Darby brick block. The first floor of this structure was then occupied by Burlingame & Ray for a drug and hardware store, the second as a police court room and the "Transcript" office, while the "third" was a "mock story," as the roof, which was adorned with a finished building front on Main Street and ornamented with green blinds, gave every appearance from Main Street of a three-story building to one of two stories only. Previous-

ly this blind story had been called by the village wags the "Zeke Bliss office." Of course this prank of Smart, a common day laborer, and more fond of a good time with jolly, idle company than of any kind of work, afforded the locality "lots of fun," the joke having a good deal more relish with the wags from the fact that Smart was too poor to own a hoof or a horn, either bovine or equine.

The agitation of the vexed liquor question in this State was no new thing as far back as 1840. It was several years after this date that a State law required the sale of liquor "for mechanical and medicinal purposes" by State agents, and the commonwealth furnished these agents with their "stock on hand." In order to procure liquor it was necessary to have an order from one of the village physicians. There were Drs. Tyler, Hawkes, Babbitt, Taylor, Robinson and Phillips at North Adams. Dr. Edward S. Norman, the then veteran druggist of that village, was this state agent, and except for actual necessity the liquid was a hard thing to get, and especially by those who wished it merely for the stomach's sake. Those who tried to outwit Dr. Norman in the procurement of the beverage, by various crooked ways, had always got come up with, for the Doctor was awfully keen at detecting such tricks and wiles and at punishing old toppers with tartar emetic and other mixtures sure to bring them to grief.

Well, a new liquor law had been passed, Norman was in charge of the sale, nothing short of a village doctor's order would move his obdurate heart, be the applicant rich or influential, middle class, poor or very dry. In fact it was a terribly dry time for the habitually addicted or the moderately inclined. The State, being in the liquor business, was also able to enforce the law against illicit sale, and that business was so dangerous that nobody wished to take any chances for money-making in that direction. It was a dire dilemma for a number of jovial souls, to say nothing of confirmed drinkers. Much to his astonishment, as Dr. N. S. Babbitt was passing Dr. Norman's Main Street drug store one morning, to have that worthy ask him if he was not giving out rather more than his share of liquor orders to the people of the village. Of course Dr. Babbitt roundly

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## LEVI RANDALL OF NORTH ADAMS

From *The Berkshire Hills*, October 1, 1901.

Although a Welshman named Thomas was the first tailor in North Adams in 1810, Spaulding Henry in 1815, James Estes in 1817, Alexander Ashley in 1827, Levi Randall, who opened a shop in 1828 on Main Street and for many years was located on the corner of Main and Eagle Streets, was the village pioneer in this trade and at one time had gathered together considerable of a competence in this branch of business. In his more prosperous days Richard Hall was his skillful journeyman and famous coat-maker, and no one was considered to be well dressed if not clothed in a Randall suit of clothes and a coat deftly constructed by "Dick" Hall, everything fitting as smoothly as a glove.

Levi Randall was of a South Adams family and a descendant of the Quakers. He owned a fine residence, afterwards the site of the Mason D. Hodge residence on North Church Street, his only daughter, Helen, was accomplished as a vocalist and pianist, a leading singer in the Congregational church choir, and the home was one of the happiest and most pleasant in the old village. Levi was always finely dressed, very easy in his ways, inclined to be a little fast, but never going to extremes. He was very sympathetic and companionable, loved the humorous side of the world, was thoroughly well posted, keen and sharp witted. When the gold fever broke out in California, he was one of the "forty-niners" who sailed around Cape Horn to get quick riches, his neighbors William Ferguson and David Mattison and several others of North Adams accompanying him.

There were about fifty men in the County of Berkshire who sailed around Cape Horn to accumulate sudden fortunes in washing or panning out gold from the California sands when gold was first discovered, and while the majority of these died there through exposure and hunger, only a few of these original forty-niners came home again to the old county, and all of these much poorer for the venture. Grove Hulbert of Lanesboro and Pittsfield was one of these and also Levi Randall. This unfortunate trip was followed by other losses and disappointments, and although he pursued his trade industriously

for years afterwards, his spirit was broken and finally himself and wife spent their last days in penury.

In the happier and more prosperous days he was the sparkling wit of the village of North Adams, and after being reduced to poverty and unable to meet the necessities of life by uncomplaining toil and the presence of physical infirmities, occasionally his humorous sallies would come to the front tipped with their old-time brilliance. Yet down to this day there are many persons in the north part of the county who like to call to mind the old sayings of Levi, which used to bubble forth so spontaneously in his earlier and later life, while many of these have been handed down as rare crumbs of witticism to a later generation.

It has seemed fitting to put into print a few of the eccentric sayings of this remarkable punster, who once a flourishing business man of the old village, with all the pleasurable accompaniments of a model home, through life's strange vicissitudes and misfortunes, after the loss of means, health and family, went over the hill to the almshouse and thence unfollowed and unmourned over to the cemetery to join those gone before.

It was when having his merchant tailor shop on the Main and Eagle Street corner now occupied by Rice's drug store, that the late Edwin Rogers came over from Conway and started a little shoe store just above him on Eagle Street. Everybody in Conway and for miles about that town knew sprightly, genial Edwin, the son of Dr. Rogers, who had come over to North Adams to win his way in life in a wider avenue than afford him in his native town. Struggling along and without much capital, Edwin had just been married and was getting things together to keep house. Of course everybody in Conway knew this, and when the friends and acquaintances drove over to North Adams, it was the style to take dinner or put out over night with friend Rogers, and friend Rogers and his good wife made everybody welcome. On a certain day Levi was standing in his store door when a man and a woman in an open buggy with two boys seated behind with

their feet hanging out, drove up and asked him where Edwin Rogers lived. "I know where he lives, my friends, but I won't tell you," replied Levi. "Why?" asked the Conway man. "Because," said Levi. "for a whole year now, every man, woman and child from Conway, or ten miles from there, have been driving over here and asking for Ed. Rogers' address in order to get their dinners and eat him out of house and home. He's poor as a rat, and working night and day to get a start in life, would go hungry and sleep out of doors to welcome a citizen from Conway, and I can't stand the pressure, and I know he can't."

The Pittsfield and North Adams railroad had just been completed, when Levi was seen one day standing at the foot of State Street gazing upon the new wooden depot and seemingly wrapped in the deepest thought. Finally a friend came along and asked what was troubling him. "Why," said Levi, "before this new railroad was built we could drink all the whiskey and ale which could be brought into North Adams by the teamsters. But now so much of this is going to be brought in by this railroad that I'm floored. We can't consume it."

In the earlier days when northern Berkshire business men had to depend almost entirely on the Adams Bank, which was then a State Bank, for banking accommodations, sometimes on account of financial stringency in the money market, it was very hard for parties outside the large manufacturing interests, which had to be cared for anyway by the institution, to get notes discounted. Single individuals obtaining such accommodations in these times had to be pretty strong in a financial point of view and to be able to secure gilt-edged endorsers. Levi was having hard work to thus obtain a loan in a time of great business depression, and having fortunately obtained what money he needed from another source, made a witty fling at the institution which was long remembered. At this time there was a strong denominational feeling between the Baptist and the Congregational churches and the majority of the bank officials belonged to the former church. "Why," said Levi, "I could get all the money I wanted out of that bank if I only had one thing." "What is that?" would be the inquiry. "Oh, nothing much," says Levi, "the only

thing I lack is a great big B on the back of my paper."

Levi was always ready to accommodate his friends who were hard up and consequently was a good deal out of pocket on account of being a very liberal lender. One day he was approached by a chap who was never known to keep his word, who wanted to borrow five dollars, and who told him that he would return the loan tomorrow. Levi knew that he would never see the money again after it had passed out of his hand and dropped into deep meditative silence. "What are you thinking of?" asked the would be borrower. "thinking how I can make you keep your promise," said Levi. "I have it," said Levi, "wait until tomorrow and borrow five dollars of yourself."

A neighbor tradesman after closing the Saturday night's business used to call upon Levi at his store and the two would have quite a mellow time over secret potations. And on a certain evening the ardent had such an effect upon his comrade that at midnight he had to procure a wheelbarrow and cart him a long distance over uneven surfaces to his home. This neighbor was on probation in the M.E. Church and after being tipped over several times in the journey, became somewhat sobered up and very repentant over his escapade. "What would my church say if they knew this? What would my Lord say if he knew what I had been doing tonight, Levi?" Levi, who had been tugging and sweating away up over and beyond the Eagle Street bridge, and most sorrowful over the condition of his now maudlin comrade, could stand it no longer, and yelled out, "Shut up you old fool and neither of them will know anything about it!"

Dr. E. S. Hawkes, long prominent in North Adams as a physician, and in his latter years quite successful in real estate transactions there, having built several cheap small tenement houses on lower Chestnut Street for rent, was once the object of Levi's peculiar satire. One night one of the buildings mysteriously took fire and was burned and no cause could be assigned for the conflagration. Levi at once came to the front with the explanation that fire was communicated to the structure by the "unslacked lime in the plastering."

Judge Joel Bacon, who for many years

ran a tin shop on the east side of Eagle Street, was afterwards a Morse telegrapher and Judge of the Police Court, was a great friend to Randall and the two were often in company. On one occasion the pair had started for a ride to Williamstown in a small open buggy, when at the summit of Furnace Hill they ran into an ox-cart belonging to Deacon Orson Wells. Of course the vehicle was smashed all up, the horse ran home to Kimball's livery stable, while the oxcart went plodding along as if nothing had happened. The Judge rather enjoyed the happening and especially so, when Randall all covered with dust, arose from the roadbed, shook his fist at the ox-cart and yelled: "There, I guess you'll know enough to turn out next time."

Very late in his life Levi opened a little shop in the then south village of Adams, and when Rev. Dr. Annable was pastor of the Baptist church there. Dr. Annable had known Levi when he was the pastor at North Adams, gave him his custom, admired his native wit, and was much interested in him

and the cheerful manner in which he had met and was meeting the rough vicissitudes of life. On a certain occasion the Doctor brought him a pair of black pants to be repaired and asked him what he thought about them - whether it would be economy to try and resuscitate them. Levi looked them over carefully and replied and without a symptom of a smile replied: Very badly worn, Doctor, everywhere, except at the knees."

A sympathizing friend went down to the North Adams town farm after the death of his wife to visit and comfort him. Knowing that he had been accustomed to the moderate use of stimulants before he became an inmate there, he put some fine liquor into a bottle of milk and handed it to him and requested him to try it. He took a couple of swallows, looked down very fixedly at the bottle, and deliberately took two more. The putting his hand up to the side of his mouth he loudly whispered: "My dear old friend, don't you ever sell that cow."

\* \* \* \* \*

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SMART - from page 87

denied that such was the case. Thereupon Dr. Norman took him into his store and showed him that he was giving 100 orders to one issued by any other physician of the village.

Dr. Babbitt was nonplused and so was the astute Dr. Norman. Dr. Babbitt examined the orders and declared that his signature, "N. S. Babbitt," was in his own penmanship and could not be disputed. Here was a downright mystery. The two put their heads together to try and solve it. Dr. Babbitt agreed that if any of his patients should come to him for "an order" for a month's time, to send the applicant to some brother physician. Meantime Dr. Norman was on the keen watch for the appearance of another "Dr. Babbitt order," and the unfortunate chap who might have it in hand.

But two days had elapsed when a man not well known to Norman appeared with a Dr. Babbitt order for a pint of whiskey. The order was taken from his hands, and Dr. Norman demanded of him where he had procured that order and threatened him with State's prison for forgery if he did not inform him. The culprit refused and tried to escape

outdoors, but Norman blocked the way, grabbed him and held him fast. Seeing that there was no escape, the culprit confessed that Capt. Smart wrote it for him. It was the first time Dr. Norman had ever been victimized by the wags of the village. He let the culprit go with a sharp reprimand, locked his drug store and went up and called on Dr. Babbitt. Both previously been totally unaware of Capt. Smart's skill with the pen, knew that he was full of mischief that had any humorous features in it, and both decided, on account of their own reputation for shrewdness, to say nothing about it, in order to avoid a triumph on the part of the liquid-loving wags of the village, as well as the witticisms of the temperance people at their expense, well knowing that the "forgery feature" of this escapade of Smart's would prevent its repetition by the popular joker. This happening, however, was too good to keep, and Dr. Norman, who relished real wit, afterward told of it to a few of his intimate friends. Of course Capt. Smart would never say anything about it, except that it was "never safe to talk about some things." ■

ST. STEPHEN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PITTSFIELD, MASS.  
REGISTER OF REV. WILLIAM WILBERFORCE NEWTON  
DECEMBER 19, 1883 - JANUARY 16, 1899

BAPTISMS

Sept. 24, 1898 Merrithew Stearns Crowell, s/o Charles H. and  
Julia Van Renssalaer. Sponsors: Mother and  
Fanny A. Clark, at 14 Maud St., Pittsfield,  
Mass.

Sept. 26, 1898 Albert James Schultz (born Apr. 16, 1842)  
George Schultz (born Nov. 20, 1846)

Oct. 8, 1898 Laurence Chew Swift (born May 9, 1898). Sponsors:  
Parents and Elwood S. Gatch? (by Mary S. Swift)

Oct. 16, 1898 Charles Paul Griffin (born May 18, 1898). Spon-  
sors: Parents, John and Nellie Abenger

Dec. 1, 1898 Myles Weir Read (born July 20, 1898), s/o Harry  
H. and Rosa Georgiana. Sponsors: Parents, at  
Philadelphia.

\* \* \* \* \*

CONFIRMATIONS

<p>At Residence on 2nd St., Pitts- field, Mass., on Sept. 8, 1884, by the Rt. Rev. F. D. Hunting- ton, D.D.</p>	<p>Mary Macy Belle Tower (crossed out)</p>
* * *	
<p>Belle Tower (on her sickbed)</p>	<p>Sept. 27, 1885, by Rt. Rev. B. H. Paddock, D.D.</p>
* * *	
<p>At St. Stephen's Oct. 1, 1884, by Rt. Rev. B. H. Paddock, D.D.</p>	<p>Mrs. A. E. Sommars Mary Louise Langdon Mary Stuart Robertson Isabel Robertson Sophia Youngs Lillian Agnes Robertson Sarah L. H. Morewood Jerusha Angeline Smith Arthur S. Prout Darwin C. Pavey Margery E. Meade Edward McDonald Helen McDonald Sarah Ackland Warner Alice Elizabeth Warner Sarah Dickman Willard Agnes Curtis Rathbun Minnie Anderson Charlotte Ann Campbell Lucia Maria Campbell</p>
<p>Eugene Albert Simmons Ella Jane Simmons Lena Sedens? Georgiana Tower Jennie Crossley Sarah Alice Benson Carolyn Patchen Rees Anna Ridgway Milton Sarah Eliza Taft Nellie May Hallenbeck John Abbott Flora Anna Julia Mary Hayden Talcott Louisa Macy Alice Macy</p>	

William T. Bates  
Louis Herbert Bates  
Lucy Williams Warner

\* \* \*

Sept. 23, 1886, by  
Rt. Rev. Benjamin H. Paddock,  
D.D.

Marion Pratt  
Annie May Gardner  
Ivy Violet Gardner  
May B. Gardner  
Myrtle Shirley Gardner  
Nelson McGifford Dewey  
Carie E. Sprague  
Ida Maria Merrill  
Robert M. Woolison  
Richard Andrew Fair  
Lillian A. Lucas

\* \* \*

Sept. 29, 1886, by  
Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington D.D.

Sarah Elizabeth Platt

\* \* \*

March 28, 1887, by  
Rt. Rev. William C. Doane, D.D.

Marcel Louise Arnold  
Rev. Preston Barr  
Martha Douglas Holyoke

\* \* \*

Sept. 25, 1887, by  
Rt. Rev. B. H. Paddock, D. D.

Lillian Bayley Adams  
Emily Stevenson Newton  
Jenny Augusta Taylor  
Alice E. Woroner?  
Mary Burfitt  
Harriet Malvern Lasseur  
Bessie Bowerman  
Elijah Robbins Sprague  
Charlotte Augusta Robbins  
Isadora Augusta Harendean  
Andrew Elton Greene

Adah Maude Earnshad  
Lena Adriance  
Augusta Baird  
William B. Goodrich  
Clarissa Curtis

\* \* \*

June 15, 1888, by  
Rt. Rev. B. H. Paddock, D.D.

Elizabeth Janet Cooke  
Simeon Gunn Terry  
Harriet Tremaine Terry  
Edith Tremaine Terry  
John Burchard Terry  
Elizabeth McLaughlin  
Clara May Fabian  
Mary Taylor Jackson  
Blanche Harding  
Edward Pomeroy Bohlman  
Mary Ann W. Bohlman  
Amelia Dunn  
Roselle Augusta Manock  
Carrie Elizabeth Burwell  
Charles Richardson  
Addie May Waite  
Laurie Platt Backus

\* \* \*

Aug. 17, 1888, by  
Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D.

Love Lebarron Manning  
Julia Phelps VanRennsalaer  
Harriet Bigelow Elder

\* \* \*

Sept. 19, 1889, by  
Rt. Rev. B. H. Paddock, D.D.  
Presented by:  
Rev. Albert Danker, Ph.D., D.D.

Nellie A. Hurlbut  
Annie E. Hurlbut  
William E. Benson  
Caroline M. Dean  
Mabel R. Crittenden  
Sidney Dudley (in private)  
Nellie J. Weed  
Mary Smith  
Martha Smith

Matthew H. Burton  
John Hall  
Anna Hall  
Moses Smith  
George Neal  
Clara Sharp  
John H. Warner  
Elizabeth Warner  
Byron L. Coon  
Charlotte A. Coon  
Flora E. Livermore  
Henry C. Merrill  
Margaret Merrill  
Mary A. Ingram  
Jessie A. Ingram  
Harriet A. Platt  
Mabel M. Platt  
Christina Holwill  
Olive L. Manning  
Louise C. Pomeroy  
Clara Brimmer

At Dalton,  
Mary Whitaker

\* \* \*

Feb. 28, 1890, by  
Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, D.D.,  
of Rhode Island

George C. Martin  
Bessie H. Martin  
William D. VanDeusen  
Evaline M. VanDeusen  
Kale Farrar  
LYman Dudley  
Emma M. Dudley  
William H. Clifford  
Myra E. Clifford  
Minnie H. McKeon  
Mabel Prout  
Elizabeth V. Morris  
Valentine H. Gardner  
Samuel W. Bowerman  
Sarah Catharine Pomeroy  
Charles L. Adams  
John P. Merrill  
Carrie H. Merrill  
Edward E. Turner  
Ella E. Turner  
Margaret Featherstone  
Bertha Nuss  
Ida Nuss

Mary Cutting  
Frederick Treat  
Horace Treat  
Sarah J. Treat  
Angey Jane Putnam  
Fannie Theodora Brown  
Frederick Sharp  
Frank Empsall  
Frederick Empsall  
Frederick Hoofmeyer  
Mary Lavinia Clark  
Hannah Looney  
Caroline H. Learned  
William Francis Bartlett  
Robert Pomeroy Bartlett  
E. T. Tower  
Charles S. Champlin

\* \* \*

Oct. 24, 1891  
Bishop: Rt. Rev. Phillips  
Brooks  
Rector: William Wilberforce  
Newton

Frederick B. Learned  
Elizabeth Learned  
Edward K. Learned  
Susan L. Pollock  
Henrietta T. Black  
Mary C. Webb  
Ezra D. Baker  
Jennie Louise Baker  
Fannie Day Butler  
Isabel Stone  
Frederick M. Osteeyee  
Frank E. Osteeyee  
Sarah Bessie Gorham  
Annie FitzGerald  
Kate Sykes  
Hattie A. Hadsell  
Ethel Ward  
William Lacey? Root  
Mary Page Root  
Charles S. Brown  
Frank E. Read, Jr.  
Mary E. Read  
Harriet Isabel Fay  
Caroline Elizabeth Hunt  
Myron Hall  
Alice Valeria Smith  
Harry Lament?  
Annie Parker Manning

Charles R. VanBuskirk  
 Ophelia Bowers  
 Ayres Philip Merrell  
 Sheldon S. Wheeler  
 Roderick M. Lowe  
 Lottie Hathaway Lowe  
 Robert Robertson Costin  
 John Ransehausen  
 Anna D. Loynes  
 John Talcott  
 Rodman Schaff  
 William Luther LaRue  
 Charles S. Browne  
 Jennie Earnshawe  
 James Harding  
 Jas. J. Johnson  
 Charles E. Merrill  
 Mary Evelyn Merrill  
 William H. Phillips  
 Melissa M. Phillips  
 Harry Bridges  
 Maud Robbins  
 Fred W. Kingsley  
 Hattie E. Kingsley  
 Lucy P. Clapp  
 Agnes Margaret Clapp  
 Minnie Church  
 Julia Tower  
 Henry P. Lucas  
 Clara Lavinia Clifford

\* \* \*

Nov. 20, 1892  
 Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D.  
 Wm. Wilberforce Newton

Emma M. Cornelius  
 Agnes Morewood  
 Louis Colt Albro  
 Mary Jane Safford  
 ? May ?  
 Minnie E. Henry  
 Daisy L. Phair  
 Olivia B. Phair  
 H. Neill Wilson  
 Olivia L. Wilson  
 Edith Bartlett  
 Laura Maria Powell  
 Sarah K. Allen  
 John Edward Perkins  
 Mary Esther Hunt  
 Harry Oliver Warner  
 Jennie May Chapel

Olive P. Barker  
 Jenny Ruby Winters  
 Edward C. Acly  
 Mary Adelaide Mellin  
 Mary F. Meredith  
 Ida E. Clow  
 George Annie Poole  
 Georgeana Couch  
 Mary Lavinia Clark  
 Harriet A. Bliss  
 Louise Dillingham  
 Annie Earnshawe  
 William Wilberforce Newton, Jr.

\* \* \*

Sept. 10, 1893  
 Rt. Rev. T. M. Clark  
 Wm. Wilberforce Newton

Katherine Marguerite Schurmer?  
 Ella Rogers  
 E. M. Hamilton  
 Ellen Hamilton  
 Ellen Elmore  
 Frank B. Clark  
 Walter Hibbard  
 Nellie B. Haskell

\* \* \*

Oct. 11, 1893  
 Rt. Rev. Wm. Lawrence  
 Wm. Wilberforce Newton

Alice Helen Prout  
 Louise Woodward Allen  
 Edward Simon Osteyee  
 Sarah Virginia Gage  
 James H. Reynolds  
 Florence Maria Locke?  
 Belle Mary Pleu  
 Hovie W? Whitmore  
 Maria Powell  
 Ernest Edgar Wood  
 Charles A. Mills  
 Mae Evelyn Francis  
 Lawrence Martin  
 Caroline Sophia Anderson  
 Charles Jacob Anderson  
 Alice Jane Ackeroyd  
 Mary Jane Elizabeth Elias  
 Nellie Emily Petherbridge  
 Joel Hatheway



Ruth Elizabeth Merritt  
 Charles Herbert Adriance  
 Nancy Church Adriance  
 Louis Hayes Adriance  
 Hannah Merritt  
 Samuel Griffen Cornelius  
 Abigail Nancy Cornelius  
 Hannah E. Ransehausen  
 Catherine Esther Ransehausen  
 Ida Louise Ransehausen  
 Hattie Louisa Ransehausen  
 Sarah Swift Schaff  
 Mary Gofford Symes  
 Mollie Charlotte Albro  
 Walter Henry Way  
 Ellen Cadwell Way  
 Thomas A. Knowles  
 Sarah Alice Knowles  
 Carrie Elizabeth Bristol  
 Lydia Hall  
 Dwight Henry Merrill  
 Harry Monroe Holmes  
 Lottie Pearl Anthony  
 Adela Graves  
 Winifred Hazelton Pelkey?  
 Edward Learned Pollock  
 Chas. Mann Pollock  
 Joseph Ward Lewis  
 Ayers Mason Edwards  
 Lizzie Maria Wood  
 Charles Wilson Mills  
 Alice Vida Empsall

\* \* \*

Oct. 7, 1894  
 Rt. Rev. Wm. Lawrence

Effie Caroline Clark  
 Leila Grace Couch  
 Winifred Maud Harvey  
 Grace M. Iles  
 Blanche Augusta Clifford  
 Daisy Tanner  
 Pearl Marguerite Clifton  
 Jean Elizabeth Meigs  
 George Henry Burghardt  
 Mabel Ross Burghardt  
 George Stephen Hatch, M.D.  
 Charlotte Electa Hatch  
 Victoria Elizabeth Wells  
 Lizzie May Wells  
 Jeanette Wittan  
 Lillian Yates

Mary Hope O'Connell  
 James Louis Pettothory  
 Louise Catharine Pettothory  
 Arthur Rowley? (Bailey?)  
 Sarah Emily Rathbun  
 Clemence Laura Vangier  
 Ralph Tucker  
 Grace Robbins  
 Marshall Rutgers Kernochan  
 Leonora MacDonald  
 Ada May Cornelius

\* \* \*

Nov. 2, 1895  
 Rt. Rev. Wm. Lawrence

Mary Jane Neall  
 Ruth Alice Mills  
 Louise Allen Root  
 Gertrude Wing Webb  
 Chester Averill  
 Mary Fowler Sprague  
 Bessie Sprague  
 Ella Haun  
 Mildred May Bemis  
 Adeline Margaret Phair  
 William Arthur Empsall  
 Edmund A. Perry  
 Ada Perry  
 Helen May Davis  
 Susan May Mellin  
 Cora McAnany  
 Bertha McAnany  
 Mary Cambridge Densmore  
 Anna Josephine McDonald  
 Frank Hugh Pierce  
 Frances N. A. Eustis  
 Harriet Edna Kingsley  
 Mark Barton Smith  
 Zillah Ronald Lewis  
 Thomas Pinney  
 Grace Emily Gerst  
 Emma Clementina Bemis  
 Arthur Clough  
 Wirt Dexter Walker

\* \* \*

Oct. 4, 1896  
 Rt. Rev. Wm. Lawrence

Thomas William Boston  
 Robert Harold Cooper

Amy Gertrude Clark  
 Elizabeth Kimple  
 Blanche Edith Hulse  
 Jean Belden Tucker  
 Albert Belden Tucker  
 Bessie? Florence Yates  
 Maude Caroline Learned  
 Grace Augusta Shepardson  
 Mary Galch Swift  
 Emma May Donn  
 Mary McEnany  
 Gertrude Elizabeth Finn  
 Mabel Klugler?  
 Maria Monet  
 Mary Eda Warner  
 Sarah Laura Peters  
 Joseph Halsead? Tetley

\* \* \*

Oct. 14, 1897  
 Rt. Rev. Wm. Lawrence

Nellie Mary Liddle?  
 Elvora Marie Brown  
 Florence Agnes Grippen  
 Clara Mabel Grippen  
 Matilda E. Grippen  
 Mary Alice Simmonds  
 Mary Akeroyd  
 Florence Mabel Phair  
 Emma Beatrice Stearns  
 Maria Jeannie Powell  
 Benoni Romaine Powell  
 Herbert Gabriel Abbe  
 Clara Josephine ??  
 Arthur Everett Holmes  
 William Otis Smith  
 Gertrude Alice Smith  
 Harry C. Smith  
 James N. Clark  
 Lizzie Martin  
 Mary Helen Goetchius  
 Minnie O. Stone  
 William A. Pike  
 Frank W. Rice  
 Grace Vaughn Bliss  
 Lucy Shaw Reese  
 Levi Parker Ogden  
 Alice Newton Fish  
 Roberta Clarkson Whitelock?  
 William Dana LaRue  
 Margaret Robertson Thomson

Lizzie G. Towner  
 George Adolphus Holland  
 Helen Maria Holland  
 Jane Marian Tillson?  
 Mariette Francis  
 Margaret Jane Prentice  
 Jane Ann Hadsell  
 Fanny Abigail Parsons  
 Bessie Abigail Parsons  
 Ida Mary Parsons

\* \* \*

Sept. 25, 1898  
 Rt. Rev. Wm. Lawrence

Louis George Pettithory  
 Mary Louise Pettithory  
 Holgar? A? Gilbert  
 A. LeGrand Middlebrook  
 Kittie? Jean Orr  
 Edmund Kirby McLaughlin  
 Leman Hatheway Lowe  
 Jane Hatheway Lowe  
 Martha Elizabeth Hoyt  
 Gertrude Evangeline McKeon  
 Florence Vannata? Read  
 Daniel Dodge Read  
 Clarence Arthur Read  
 James Albro  
 Clara Mason Richardson  
 Maud Richardson  
 Isabella Mary Elizabeth  
 Mapletoft  
 Anna Irene Prout  
 Helen Augusta Watson  
 Margaret Elizabeth Temple  
 Ethel Gertrude Wallis  
 Frances Adela Wallis  
 Harvey Edward Harvey  
 Alice Backman Rees  
 Evelyn ?  
 William Arthur Akeroyd  
 Myrtle May Ayers  
 Philip Henry Kugler?  
 Edward William Bohlman  
 Oliver Root  
 William Sims Moore  
 John Parker Manning  
 Carrie Annie Shaw  
 Nora Franklin Kennedy

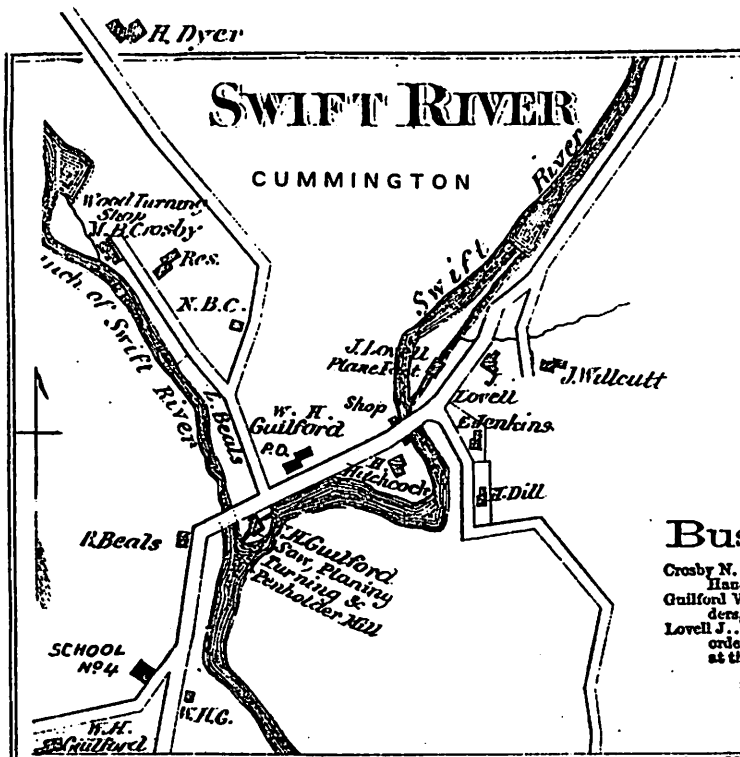
[To be continued]

# STATE CENSUS OF MASSACHUSETTS, 1855 WASHINGTON

[Continued from Volume 35, Number 2, Page 67]

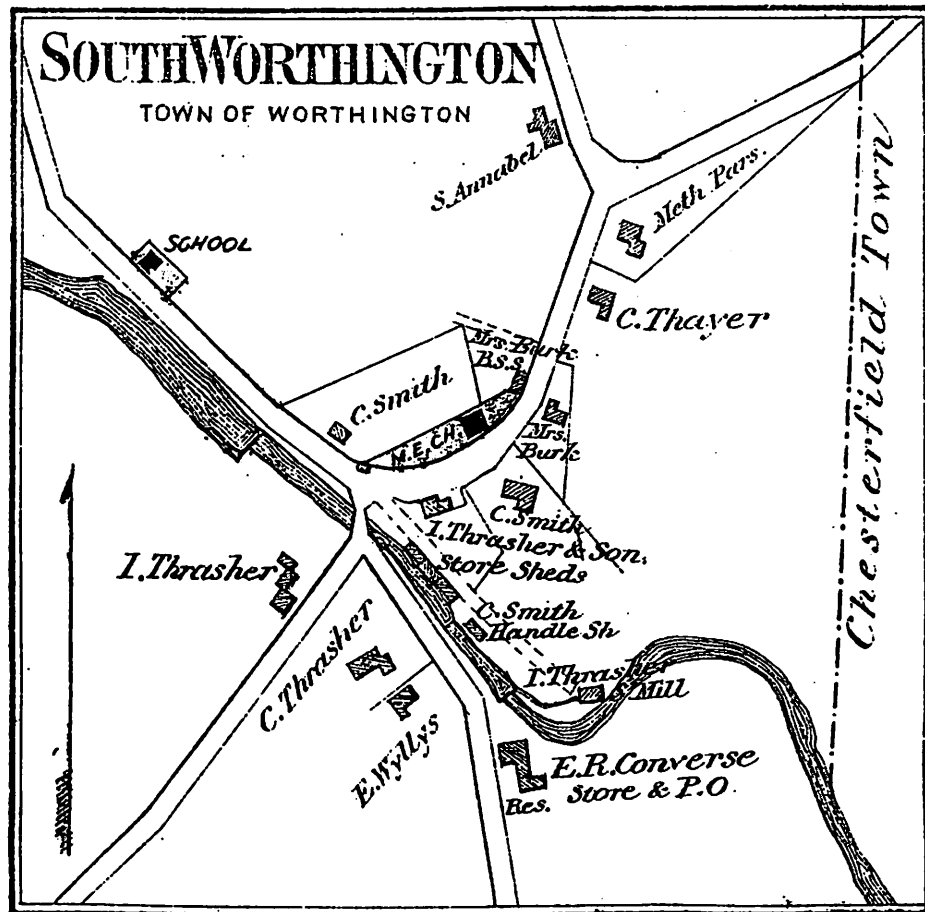
130	1	John Kirk	20-30	M W	Coaling	Ireland
		Ann Kirk	20-30	F W		Ireland
		Mikiel Kirk	0-5	M W		Mass.
131	1	James Welch	50-60	M W	Coaling	Ireland
		Marthy Welch	40-50	F W		Ireland
		Mikiel Welch	10-15	M W		Mass.
		Martin Welch	10-15	M W		Mass.
		Mary Welch	5-10	F W		Mass.
		Tomus Welch	5-10	M W		Mass.
132	1	Tomus Michiels?	20-30	M W	Choping	Ireland
		Mary Michiels	20-30	F W		Ireland
		Mikiel Mich---	0-5	M W		Mass.
		Patrick Flin	15-20	M W	Choping	Ireland
		Mikiel Michiels	20-30	M W	Choping	Ireland
		Paterick Seales	20-30	M W	Choping	Ireland
Date of Enumeration: 17 September 1855						
133	1	Thomas Callen	50-60	M W	Choping	Ireland
		Paterick Callen	30-40	M W	Choping	Ireland
		Denis Callen	20-30	M W	Choping	Ireland
		Bridget Callen	15-20	F W		Ireland
		Margaret Callen	15-20	F W		Ireland
		Martin Callen	20-30	M W	Choping	Ireland
		Jude? Callen	20-30	M W	Choping	Ireland
		Ann Callen	15-20	F W		Ireland
134	1	Paterick Olaflin	40-50	M W	Choping	Ireland
		Margaret Olaflin	30-40	F W		Ireland
		Mikiel Olaflin	5-10	M W		Ireland
		Bridget Olaflin	5-10	F W		Ireland
		Catherine Olaflin	0-5	F W		Mass.
135	1	Martin Berk	30-40	M W	Choping	Ireland
		Mary Berk	20-30	F W		Ireland
		Catharine Berk	10-15	F W		Ireland
		Mary Berk	5-10	F W		Ireland
		Paterick Berk	5-10	M W		Ireland
		Catharine Berk	70-80	F W		Ireland
136	1	Martin Larry	20-30	M W	Choping	Ireland
		Mary Larry	15-20	F W		Ireland
		Mary Larry	0-5	F W		Mass.
136	1	Mikiel Navin	50-60	M W	Farmer	Ireland
		Catharine Navin	50-60	F W		Ireland
		Mikiel Navin	20-30	M W	Choping	Ireland
		Catharine Navin	15-20	F W		Ireland
		Tomus Navin	15-20	M W	Choping	Ireland
		Denis Navin	10-15	M W		Ireland
137	1	Paterick Connells	15-20	M W	Choping	Ireland
		Catharine Connells	15-20	F W		Ireland
		Many? Connells	0-5	M W		Mass.
		Tomus Navin	40-50	M W	Choping	Ireland
		Sam? Smith	10-15	M W		Ireland

138	1	James Welch	30-40	M W	Coaling	Ireland
		Paterick Martin	20-30	M W	Coaling	Ireland
		John Barry	20-30	M W	Coaling	Ireland
		Denis Morisy	15-20	M W	Coaling	Ireland
139	1	William Pateridge	30-40	M W	Farmer	Mass.
		Hanner Pateridge	30-40	F W		Mass.
		Zalmon Pateridge	20-30	M W	Laborer	Mass.
140	1	James Ward	60-70	M W	Farmer	N.Y.
		James M. Ward	30-40	M W	Farmer	Mass.
Date of Enumeration: 18 September 1855						
141	1	James M. Chapel	30-40	M W	Farmer	Mass.
		Lucy Ann Chapel	20-30	F W		Mass.
		James Chapel	20-30	M W	Farmer	Mass.
		Marcy Chapel	20-30	F W		Mass.
		Reva? Chapel	50-60	F W		Mass.
		Harriett Chapel	20-30	F W		Mass.
		Wilson? Chapel	10-15	M W		Mass.
		Liza Stuard	40-50	F W		Mass.
142	1	Joseph Chapel	60-70	M W	Farmer	Mass.
		Nancy Chapel	50-60	F W		Mass.
		Charles Chapel	30-40	M W	Farmer	Mass.
		Lyman Chapel	15-20	M W	Farmer	Mass.
		Mary Chapel	10-15	F W		Mass.
		Celesty Ann Chapel	5-10	F W		Mass.
		Nathaniel Barnum	20-30	M W	Farmer	Mass.
		Caroline Barnum	30-40	F W		Mass.
		Frank T. Barnum	0-5	M W		Mass.
		Joseph Mirrin	20-30	M W	Laborer	Canedy
143	1	John Manion	50-60	M W	Choper	Ireland
		Catharine Manion	40-50	F W		Ireland
		Mary Manion	30-40	F W		Ireland
		Thomas Lucus	70-80	M W	Choper	Ireland
144	1	John Falvy	60-70	M W	Choper	Ireland
145	1	William Cook	60-70	M W	Farmer	Mass.
146	1	Mikiel Welch	40-50	M W	Choper	Ireland
		Mary Welch	40-50	F W		Ireland
		Mikiel Mayhan	10-15	F W		Mass.
147	1	John Danley	50-60	M W	Choping	N.Y.
		Mandy Danley	50-60	F W		N.Y.
		John Danley, Jr.	20-30	M W		N.Y.
		Frederick Danley	15-20	M W		Mass.
		Hanely? Danley	15-20	F W		Mass.
		Benjamin Danley	10-15	M W		Mass.
		Dian F. Danley	10-15	F W		Mass.
		Theadore Danley	5-10	M W		Mass.
		Egbert Danley	5-10	M W		Mass.
		Harriett L. Danley	5-10	F W		Mass.
		Sharlott Danley	0-5	F W		Mass.
148	1	Philip Stump	40-50	M W	Farmer	N.Y.
		Magdalena Stump	40-50	F W		N.Y.
		John Stump	15-20	M W	Teamster	Mass.
		Joseph Stump	5-10	M W	Mass.	
		Philip Stump, Jr.	5-10	M W		Mass.



### Swift River Business Notices

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## THE OLD "GENERAL TRAININGS"

From *The Berkshire Hills*, January 1, 1902.

The Massachusetts State Militia is a very old institution. It was organized under the Crown as far back as 1699, when the state was a Colonial possession of Great Britain. That it was an organization most prominently in evidence during the Revolution all through Berkshire County and the State, the history of that war and its brave and faithful "minute men" has left no doubt. It was in 1792, and after the United States had become a nation, the Congress passed an act more effectually to provide for the national defense by establishing a uniform militia throughout the United States, in which every free bodied male between the ages of 18 and 45, should be enrolled, furnish his own equipments and ammunition, and if unable to do this, to be provided with such by the selectmen of the towns. This act laid down many stringent rules and regulations and fixed the figure of fines for both men, townships and states who did not comply with its requirements.

Massachusetts, of course, was among the first to act through the Legislature in compliance with this national demand and militia companies, regiments, brigades and divisions were formed throughout the state. Berkshire County was not a whit behind in the formation of such organizations, and there were a number of companies within its borders, though facts concerning their make up, officers, reviews and training days are not at this day very plenty. These Berkshire infantry militia companies consisted to 64 men each, each had a fife and drummer and sometimes a bugler, were supposed to be clad in blue uniforms and armed with smooth bores or rifles. Their review or general muster was on the first Tuesday in each May, when they were compelled to meet for drill three times a year at the call of their Captain through a printed notice left at their homes, copies of which have been preserved.

The earliest recollection of such a militia review was related by the late Mrs. Julia A. Sherman Hunt, who deceased at Watertown, N. Y., last October, aged 94 years, she being the last female survivor of the once famous citizenship of Stafford's Hill in Cheshire. Early in the morning the old fashioned

wagons and ox-carts came streaming up the hills into the settlement, crowded with militia men and men, women and children bright in uniforms and their best Sunday clothes. Among them were officers on horseback glittering in brass-buttoned blue coats, with white cockades and gold lace on their Revolutionary boat-shaped cocked hats, with bright sword scabbards and gleaming swords dangling at their sides. Those soldiers in a brigade, each hugging his gun to his right shoulder, with his four fingers pressed upon the seam of the left side of his trousers, drawn up on the side of the broad old street and saluting their General, clad in a dazzling outfit, as his richly comparisoned horse, came prancing along the lines, beneath his proudly uplifted and glistening sword blade, was never to be forgotten by the beholder. The inspection of the guns, the marching and the wheeling, the shrieking fife and bugle, and the thunder of the drums, was an inspiring event and was proudly looked upon by thousands of spectators.

The tallest pine on the mountain had been laid low, neatly peeled and barked, and from its top floated a bright little flag on which were the stars of the then thirteen states and the bars of red, white and blue, so dear to every heart. The ancient peddler of gingerbread was there selling this old time delectable luxury to a hungry crowd of spectators, while the grand banquet to the militia was spread on long tables erected under an evergreen bower, groaning under a load of the best the land afforded, not forgetting the appetizing roast pig with a corn-cob stuck in its mouth. It was only this once that old Stafford's Hill was honored with this great pomp and circumstance of these old time military pageants, which were at their best between the years 1800 and 1820, and which after this gradually became an old story, and almost a farce, until superseded by improved state military laws and a volunteer militia which proved so invaluable at the breaking out of the civil war of 1860 to 1865, marched to the front with such celerity, and the most of whom participated from first to last in that memorable struggle which has made possible

this great and united free republic of today.

Tradition has it that the military reviews and drills after the Revolutionary war and up to 1830, or possibly, 1840; were held in all prominent Berkshire towns, and there is proof that in all of such there were many prominent militia officers from General down to Captain, and that military promotions under commission of such Governors as Strong and Lincoln, were high prizes to be won by arduous service in which the only real fighting done was for such preferment. This for half a century or more after the Revolution there sprang into existence a very large crop of Generals, Majors, Captains and Lieutenants from such service.

Col. William Waterman and Col. Danforth were such old time military characters in Williamstown. James Wilbur of North Adams received a commission from Gov. Caleb Strong in 1813 as cornet of a battalion of cavalry of the second brigade and ninth division of the militia of the Commonwealth, and his sword is still preserved. General Jeremiah Colegrove held the last general training in North Adams and Elijah Pike and Giles M. Tinker were then serving as Captains. The militia formed on this occasion in front of the old Berkshire House on Main street, and marched up and down that thoroughfare, some carrying muskets and many brooms and mopsticks. The drill was held on the present site of the great Arnold Print Works and from 40 to 50 men were in the ranks. It is remembered that Daniel Tinker was the snare drummer, William Jones was the fifer, and that a Clarksburg man presided at the bass drum, and that when the company broke ranks it was for good and all.

It is remembered that at the last training day held at Adams, Gen. William C. Plunkett appeared in a splendid blue uniform adorned with brass buttons and lace with what was known as "beet" epaulets on his shoulders and a high white cockade on his hat, making a fine appearance. It is remembered that the drill was on grounds just off the present Hoosac street. This Northern Berkshire company in 1829 was called Light Infantry, and was attached to the 3rd regiment, 2nd brigade and 7th division of the State Militia. In 1829, John Bucklin, Jr., of Adams and Cheshire was commissioned by Gov. Lincoln as a Lieutenant in the same, and in 1832 as

Captain, with Robert J. Robinson as Lieutenant and Giles M. Tinker as Ensign. The election of these officers was presided over by George A. Lapham, the witness being Resolva Wood. John Bucklin, Jr., also received commissions as Major and Colonel, and there was some dissatisfaction that he was not made a General. One of the old training grounds of this company was on Brennan Hill, between Berkshire and Lanesboro, and to the east of the latter. Quite a number of years since as Hon. F. W. Rockwell was riding through Lanesboro with the now venerable Hon. Martin I. Townsend of Troy, who was born in Williamstown, the latter asked to be taken to Brennan's Hill, where he said in his youthful days he attended a general training that was so full of interest and novelty that it had always been fresh in his memory.

Just before this old company broke up it took on a feature which gave these old military organizations the title of the "floodwood militia." Dr. Nate Babbitt and other jokers of Adams in the ranks paved the way for the election of Asa Lyons, who was somewhat weak minded, but chock full of military ardor, as its Captain. This was done, and the jokers palmed off an old circus handbill on Asa for his commission from Gov. Lincoln. Then they took up a collection and purchased him a gorgeous uniform and a sword. The company was summoned out to drill and appeared with fife and drum, and armed with brooms, canes, mopsticks and an occasional musket. It was the last drill of the company and was replete with side splitting results. Every soldier and under officer strove to make all kinds of ludicrous movements in response to the high word of command of Capt. Asa. Billy Waters in attempts to shoulder his mopstick almost made Capt. Asa frantic, the latter afterwards dying in the poor house.

Between 1830 and 1840 there were general trainings in Lanesboro, Dalton and Pittsfield, but not much is now known of these occasions. That Sloan Powell was a noted drummer in the central part of the county and that the Chamberlin family of Dalton were conspicuous military characters of high degree, and Burr Chamberlin of

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## A FREAK OF ANCESTRY

From *The Berkshire Hills*, November 1, 1901.

The story of the execution of nineteen persons on Gallows Hill, Salem, for the crime of witchcraft, and the torture and imprisonment of hundreds of others in that portion of Massachusetts late in the second half of the seventeenth century for that imaginative offense, has been graphically told by the historian. The cause which set in motion this terrible fanaticism was the superstition engendered by the evil antics and false accusations of seven wild young girls, members of staid and pious families, or doing domestic service therein, helped on by a physician whose diagnosis of their seeming disease was that these were bewitched, the flames being fed into fury by a set of hot headed clergymen, who wished to fight the devil physically rather than spiritually, prominent among whom was Cotton Mather of Boston, whose memory has been execrated all along down the years. First the mentally unbalanced, the poor and the outcast were accused by these young girls of practicing upon them their witchcraft and hanged, tortured and imprisoned, which was followed by the persecution of aged and infirm Christians, until several ministers and their wives and more prominent personages, when the fatal folly was recognized, and its promoters, which included the courts, clergy doctors and the most prominent citizenship, were covered with shame and obliquy for all time. To such extremes was this witchcraft persecution and punishment carried that a minority of the people who opposed this cruelty were unsafe, many of them fled the locality, while the trial of the so-called witches in the courts was so shameful a travesty on justice as to cause a blush to mantle the cheeks of an intelligent Massachusetts citizen down to this day.

But the Berkshire County local interest in this great crime of the remote past was the persecution, trial and execution of Rebecca Nurse of Salem. This most exemplary Christian woman and mother was 70 years of age and of feeble health, and in the hope of saving her life thirty nine persons of high respectability testified in the court to her blameless character. She bore her ridiculous examination in the court with rare dignity and

heavenly patience, while mad women insulted and threw objects in her poor old face, when in deep bodily and mental suffering she exclaimed, "I have nobody to look to but God." The jury pronounced her not guilty, but the clamorous mob forced them to withdraw the verdict, and she was condemned to die. She was excommunicated from the church, denied Christian burial, and was interred in a witch-hole on Gallows Hill. Twenty years later this excommunication was withdrawn, but at the time her husband disinterred her body and buried it in a pine grove on the old homestead in Danvers, which was afterwards set off from Salem, where it is now marked with a granite monument. The old Nurse family house is still standing and is owned by an association of the descendants of Rebecca Nurse, which have been ascertained to number 6,000.

The Lanesboro farm to the north of Pontoosuc lake and of which Constitution Hill is a part, was owned for many years by Hon. Henry Shaw of that town. Though that distinguished son of Berkshire afterwards built the Shaw mansion, one of the most pretentious on Lanesboro street at that time, and removed to the village, the Constitution Hill farm was always known as the old Shaw homestead. This pioneer colonial farm residence, but with slight outward alterations is still standing. Both outwardly and inwardly it retains many of its old time features and in modern language was one of the "swell homes" of the county in pioneer days. It is a square house with two wings, and over and around the old fireplace in the best or parlor room, it is rich in old time wood carving in good preservation.

It was sold by Mr. Shaw to Enoch Nourse, one of the early settlers of Lanesboro, a prominent agriculturist and citizen. Enoch Nourse was a direct lineal descendant of the Rebecca Nurse, hung at Salem for witchcraft, whose daughter married the late Deputy Sheriff Henry H. Newton of Lanesboro and Pittsfield. Since its purchase from Mr. Shaw early in the nineteenth century this

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## REMINISCENCE OF THE FORTY-NINTH

From *The Berkshire Hills*, June 1, 1901.

The Forty-Ninth Massachusetts Regiment having been a distinctively Berkshire County body of soldiers and made up from every town, village and hamlet of its acreage it will be interesting to note that while it was quartered at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, during the winter of 1863, and the following spring, thoroughly holding the Confederacy in check at that point on the Mississippi River, it was not entirely lacking in an institution very dear to some of its members when at home. It happening that all the field officers of the regiment and many of the line were Free Masons, a dispensation was obtained from the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts to institute a Blue Lodge in that southern city.

The name of the organization was the Berkshire Camp Army Lodge. Its sessions were held in the Masonic rooms of an old Baton Rouge Lodge which had a membership of 600 previous to the war, but which the hostilities had broken up. The only member of this Lodge remaining in the city was upwards of 80 years of age, who had held the office of Tiler therein. He promptly came forward and offered these rooms for the use of the Berkshire Yankee Masons, his offer was thankfully accepted, he was made Tiler of the new lodge, and was the only southern member in it. The rooms were richly furnished and all of the elegant paraphernalia and regalia of the boys in gray who were off to the war in the southern armies was utilized for carrying on the ceremonials of the boys in blue for the time being, and relinquished to the native aged Tiler when the regiment started for home.

The Berkshire Camp Masonic Lodge was thus offered, all degrees of rank and station finding one level when it was in session: Worshipful Master, Capt. B. A. Morey of Lee; Senior Worshipful, Charles W. Kniffin of West Stockbridge; Senior Deacon, Col. Samuel B. Sumner of Great Barrington; Junior Deacon, Quartermaster H. B. Brewster of Pittsfield; Secretary, Lt. Joseph Tucker of Great Barrington, Treasurer, Major Charles T. Plunkett of Pittsfield. Though there were quite a number of applications for membership, and a corresponding

number of denials, only two persons were raised to the degree of Master Mason by this organization, these being Capt. Charles A. Garlick and Lt. Fred A. Francis of Pittsfield. The diplomas of these gentlemen were filled out on the diploma blanks of the old Baton Rouge Lodge and are carefully preserved as relics.

It may not generally be known that many southern people of intelligence and a large proportion of its prominent citizenship before the war belonged to the Masonic fraternity, which was very popular and held in the highest esteem. In fact, throughout the conflict, these ties of mystic brotherhood seemed to be the only ones which intelligent southern troops and more especially field officers seemed to hold in respect to the opposing camps. This was soon discovered by northern officers and privates and when home on furloughs in Berkshire the several lodges in the county were often convened by special dispensations to give full degrees to many worthy applicants. It is known that many southern prisoners appealing to the northern brotherhood were used more considerably on this account, while there were quite a number of instances in which Berkshire soldiers received succor from southern officers and soldiers to whom they made Masonic appeal. Dr. Moses of Tennessee, who married an adopted daughter of the late Harvey Arnold of North Adams, and was a prominent surgeon in the confederate armies, though an ardent supporter of that cause, respected the fraternity of the order of which he was a member. On a visit to this county in 1867 he showed a friend in North Adams a packet of fifty letters written him by soldiers and their widows in New England after the conflict was over, gratefully thanking him for his kind offices to themselves and theirs when in suffering and extremity. In several of these were thanks for the forwarding of dying messages and prized keepsakes to the loved ones at home.

Most vivid in remembrance is the narrative which was given by Richard Welch, from 1840 to 1860 the fashionable fine bootmaker for the faculty and students of

Williams College, who were not in the swim of that day in the literary old town without being possessors of Welch's elegant sewed calf-skin garments, no matter the size of the gilt-edged cost. Richard Welch was a very intelligent man as well as a skillful one, and was a general favorite in Northern Berkshire. He was a devoted member of, and a regular monthly attendant upon the convocations of Lafayette Lodge at North Adams. Attacked by patriotic impulse he dropped his tools and profitable business and enlisted in either the 10th or 37th Mass. Regiments. He was a model soldier, but in fighting with Grant down through the Wilderness he was taken ill, and lame and fainting fell out of the ranks by the wayside. With a number of other unfortunates we was captured by a band of Confederate guerrillas and all were pinioned

and shot in an open space in the dense woods. In turn his body was bound to a tree, a dozen rifles were pointed at him awaiting the word to fire, when in a moment of supreme despair he made it evident that he was a Free Mason. The officer in command rushed forward, struck up the guns with his sword and advancing, covered him therefrom with his body. He was released, given food and medicine, and in a short time was, to his astonishment, placed within the federal lines and given directions how to reach a northern camp. At the close of the war he returned to Williamstown and worked at his shoemaker's bench until his death. At any unfriendly mention of the order he would become much excited, the tears would come into his eyes, and he would relate this thrilling story of his strange delivery from sudden death.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Freak - from page 106

farm and historical hill have been in the possession of this Nourse family and their immediate descendants, some of whom are now resident in Pittsfield and Lanesboro.

An amusing fact in connection with this subject is that there is a direct descendant of Cotton Mather, the witch persecutor, now living in Pittsfield, with whom a direct descendant of Rebecca Nurse, the accused

witch, is on terms of social and business friendship. It is no wonder that the two recognize their singular relations, and often banter each other about having to personally settle this very old score of their remote ancestry.

[Is it no wonder that the author of this article discreetly failed to mention the names of these two citizens? Ed.]

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Trainings - from page 104

Dalton a famous fifer, is well known. Col. David Tuttle of Peru was also a noted military officer, whose sword and uniform are still preserved. That Abel West, the father of the Pittsfield family of that name, when coming down from Washington hills in 1800 to enter the employ of Simon Larned, was subject to four days annual military duty, has been well authenticated. In the Pittsfield militia of those days, Major J. F. Allen, Capt. Elisha Allen, Capt. Lemuel Pomeroy, Capt. John C. West, and others figured. Capt. Fenn at one time commanded the Berkshire Greys, Capt. Ensign the Berkshire Artillery in Pittsfield, and there was a light infantry company on Mount Washington.

With a possibility of being able to find

out more about the "floodwood militia" as organized in the earlier years of the past century, this article has been written. That the old general trainings were pretty well attended and pretty lively occasions in Southern Berkshire, would seem to be fully proven by the fact that on such a gathering in Otis in 1820, its three hotels did a good deal of business, one of them having a bard trade of \$116, with whiskey at three cents and brandy at six cents a glass.

It was the old colored woman, "Violet," of Adams and Cheshire, who was the cook at all the independence day and general training dinners, and it was her great delight to announce on those occasions, "I se is de boss of de kitchen."

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