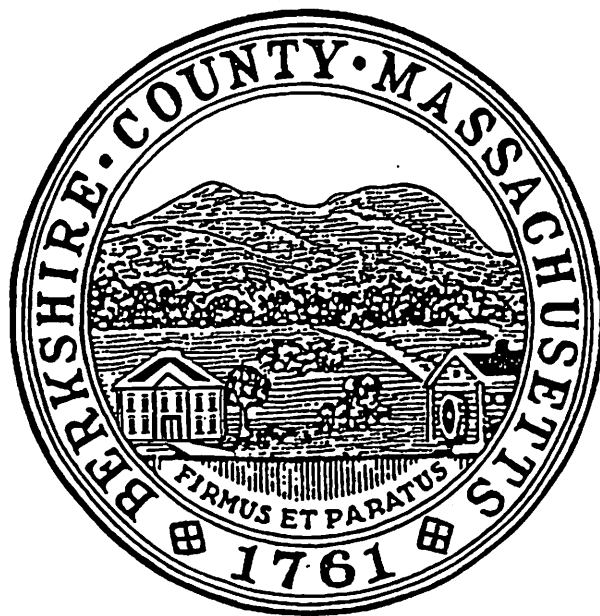


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Berkshire Genealogist



BERKSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY ASSOCIATION, INC.

* * *

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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Pittsfield, Massachusetts

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BERKSHIRE GENEALOGIST

Donald L. Lutes, Jr.
Managing Editor

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

MARRIAGES

(At St. Stephen's, unless otherwise noted. Both residents of Pittsfield, unless otherwise noted.)

WITTAN, Isaac Edward, age 27 and Jennette PERKINS, age 29, Mar. 19, 1884 (name of J. Nesbitt also on this record?)
 WOOD, George H., age 28 and Sabina WALTERS, age 27, both of Passaic, N. J., Apr. 30, 1884
 PURNELL, William, age 27 and Alice WALTON, age 23, at residence of Mr. Thomas Peck, July 25, 1884
 REYNOLDS, John Phillips, Jr., age 21 and Lucretia Revere MONROE, age 20, both of Boston, at 212 Commonwealth Ave, Boston, Nov. 11, 1884
 HAYDEN, John M., age 38 and Addie MATHER, age 24, both of Hartford, at 12 First St., Pittsfield, Dec. 25, 1884
 WATSON, Walter, age 26, of Pittsfield and Gertrude Winthrop SERGEANT, age 28, of Northampton, at Northampton, Dec. 30, 1884
 GAMWELL, Lorenzo H., Jr., age 27 and Minnie C. SEYMOUR, age 22, at Reed St., Pittsfield, Feb. 5, 1885
 FRANCIS, William F., age 29, of Pittsfield and Lana BRECKENRIDGE, age 21, of Troy, at 156 Vail Ave., Troy, Dec. 9, 1885
 HUNT, William Henry, age 24 and Kate E. GLAVIN, age 19, Jan. 26, 1886
 BISHOP, Henry W., age 37, of Chicago, Ill. and Jessie Ayrault POMEROY, age 37, of Pittsfield, Apr. 29, 1886
 FLYNN, John, Jr., age 24 and Mary PINNEY, age 25, both of Dalton, Dec. 6, 1886
 SCOTT, William Owen Nixon, age 36, of Washington, D. C. and Caroline Margaret KERNOCHAN, age 19, of Pittsfield, Dec. 15, 1886
 AYCRIGG, Benjamin, Jr., age 30, of Passaic, N. J. and Abbie BROWN, age 30, of Pittsfield, June 23, 1887
 GIFFORD, Thomas, age 32 and Mary CONDRON, age 31, Oct. 31, 1887
 PETTIJOHN, Thomas, age 60 and Harriet POPE, age 60, Nov. 3, 1887
 NOBLE, William Smith, age 33 and Arietta Cole BRODIE, age 26, at Joseph Brodie's, Dec. 1, 1887
 HART, Manuel Balmer, age 25, of Racine, Wis. and Nellie J. AYERS, age 28, of Pittsfield, at Francis Ave., Jan. 19, 1885
 EVERETT, Henry W., age 47 and Ella DEFOREST, age 32, both of New York, at 48 W. 39th St., New York, Feb. 9, 1888
 PARKER, Lemuel G., age 29 and Charlotte A. ROBBINS, age 26, at 23 Centre St., May 17, 1888
 DURGIN, H. Hurlburt, age 33 and Kate E. WILLEY, age 28, at Pearl St., July 11, 1888
 HALL, Myron R., age 37 and Mary A. NORRIS?, age 37, at Hamlin St., July 30, 1888

- BELCHER, Albert, age 22 and Sarah SINCERE, Sept. 2, 1888
KREB, Henry, age 56 and Mary AUER, age 58, May 10, 1890
BACKMAN, Eugene W., age 28 and Annie E. EARNSHAW, age 21, at 72 Francis Ave., Aug. 20, 1890
WALKER Elliot, age 35 and Alice MACY, age 22, Oct. 15, 1890
RICHMOND, Harry E., age 25 and Emma E. OSTEYEE, age 18, at 3rd St., May 19, 1891
SHAW?, Herbert G., age 22, of Montague, Mass. and Nellie A. HULBERT, of Pittsfield, at 4 Melville St., June 2, 1891
AMES, Harlan E., age 26 and Carrie W. DEAN, age 19, Oct. 7, 1891
JOHNSON, J. Erwin, age 23 and Kittie M. SYKES, age 24, at Daniels Ave., Dec. 31, 1891
BACKUS, Frank C., age 37 and Grace F. WEST, age 36, at South St., Feb. 21, 1882
ANDRUS, Franklin O., age 48 and Palmyra P. PORTER, age 48, at Dr. Stowell's residence, Bartlett Ave., Apr. 26, 1892
HENRY, Ernest L., age 24 and Minnie E. LYONS, age 23, at Appleton Ave., May 25, 1892
FARNUM, Warnie?, age 23, of Cheshire and Grace SMITH, age 19, of Pittsfield, at Adam St., July 28, 1892
POOLE Lucius E., age 24 and George Annie KANE, age 22, July 30, 1892
ANDERSON, Charles, age 21 and Carrie COOK, age 20, Aug. 10, 1892
HUBBELL, George C., age 22, of Torrington, Conn. and Love L. MANNLY?, age 20, of Pittsfield, Oct. 5, 1892
MALLESON?, Frank K., age 22, of New Berlin, N. Y. and Sarah Bessie CLARKE, age 21, of Pittsfield, at 282 North St., Nov. 14, 1892
BURGHARDT, George Henry, age 24 and Mabel Ross NEEFUS, age 19, at Clinton Ave., Nov. 23, 1892
FREEMAN, William, age 20 and Florence GUNN, age 19, March 8, 1893
EVANS, William F., age 19 and Edith JACOBS, age 19, March 22, 1893
MURDOCK, John, age 20, of Pittsfield and Mary THOMPSON, age 20, of Great Barrington, Apr. 19, 1893
PARRY?, Edmund? C., age 22 and Ada HAUN, age 23, at 64 First St., June 20, 1893
LEIDHOLD, Paul, age 42 and Lena SEEFERD?, age 25, July 15, 1893
HOFMEYER, Frederick C., age 21 and Minnie B. TAYLOR, age 21, Aug. 28, 1893
BURNS, George, age 21 and Ellen BENSON, age 25, Aug. 30, 1893
RIVENBURGH, Jacob, age 39?, of Ghent, N. Y. and Mary J. CHAPMAN, age 45, of Hudson, N. Y., Sept. 2, 1893
LEAVITT, Dudley, age 30 and Lura Redfield SMITH, age 25, at St. Peter's Church, Great Barrington, Sept. 7, 1893
LOWMAN, Seymour, age 25 and Kate Harding SMITH, age 23, both of Elmira, Sept. 7, 1893
BURLINGHAM, George W., age 43 and Wavie KELSEY, age 19, Nov. 11, 1893
WHITING, George A., age 23 of Marboro and Hattie E. HOLDERNESS, age 20, of Pittsfield, at Hamlin St., Dec. 25, 1893
FRANCIS, Henry A., age 32 and Agnes BARTLETT, age 27, June 6, 1894
WEBB, George B., age 47, of New York and Marion Ayers SOUTH, age

32, of Pittsfield, June 20, 1894
WHITMORE, Hovie? W., age 21 and Laura M. POWELL, age 35, July 1, 1894
RICHARDS, Ernest, age 20 and Lizzie LOCKWOOD (Stockwell), age 18, Oct. 2, 1894
BARKER, Charles L., age 28 and Ida M. MERRILL, age 23, at 519 North St., Oct. 10, 1894
NELSON, Murry, Jr., age 27, of Chicago, Ill. and Mary Kilbourn BROWN, age 21, at East St., Oct. 11, 1894
RHODES, Arthur, age 27 and Hannah BENSON, age 25, Oct. 24, 1894
BERGER, Louis Emil, age 38, of Brooklyn and Agnes Margaret CLAPP, age 38, of Pittsfield, Oct. 25, 1894
EARL, Charles Roy, age 27, of Lenox and Margaret J. COOMES, age 28, of Pittsfield, Nov. 8, 1894
ANDERSON, Fred B., age 24, of Pittsfield and Ella FINCH, age 25, of Valley Falls, N. Y., Dec. 26, 1894
YOUNG, James H., age 26 and Lizzie MORRIS, age 27, Jan. 1, 1895
EMERSON, George, age 23 and Victoria WELLS, age 21, July 31, 1895
PERRY, Duff, age 28 and Ellen GRANDCHAMPS, age 19, Aug. 15, 1895
CLARK, Harvey S., age 27, of North Adams and Grace K. ROBBINS, age 21, of Pittsfield, at 126 Bradford St., Sept. 25, 1895
REED?, H? J., age 25 and Annie M. PARSONS, age 18, both of Lenox, at C. Wells Parsons residence, Lenox, Oct. 9, 1895
PHAIR, Richard A. and Adeline M. BROOKS, Oct. 19, 1895
KIDD, James Howard, of Tivoli and Caroline E. BARTLETT, Oct. 25, 1895
VANDEUSEN, John F. and Mattie MILKS at Albany, June 4, 1896
JOHNSON, Gilbert W. and Hattie E. LAWRENCE, July 22, 1896
HALL, Edwin Franklin and Jeanne Paine SMITH, both of Stratford, Conn., Aug. 8, 1896
GOODROW, Nelson J., age 21 and Ethel E. CLARK, age 16, Oct. 8, 1896
ELLINS?, Herbert C., age 27, of Framingham?, Mass. and Daisy TANNER, age 24, of Canaan, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1896
ANDERSON, James A., age 36, of Lynn, Mass. and Myra Emily CLIFFORD, age 25, of Pittsfield, Feb. 1, 1897
OSTEYEE, Fred M., age 21 and Hattie D. SHAVER, age 18, Mar. 24, 1897
MEDLYN, Samuel, age 27 and Edith M. ALLARD, age 26, June 1, 1897
CORKHILL, John, Jr., age 22 and Lena ADRIANCE, age 25, June 30, 1897
MORSE, Herbert T., age 27 and Nellie A. KEYES, age 30, Aug. 21, 1897
WARD, James E., age 29 and Fannie Maria ROWE, age 23, Sept. 2, 1897
CLARK, George H., Jr., age 27 and Mary M. TEELING, age 27, Oct. 6, 1897
ORR, James, age 22 and Nettie WELLS, age 20, Oct. 28, 1897
ROBERTS, Alfred H., Age 25 and Bertha THOMPSON, age 23, Nov. 1, 1897
MURRAY, Fred J., age 29 and Amy L. CARROW, age 21, Nov. 23, 1897
STEVENSON, Edward P., age 34 and Valentina H. GARDNER, age 20, Apr. 20, 1897
TAYLOR, Irving F., age 27 and Catherine F.? BASSINGER, age 20,

May 21, 1898
SHEPHERDSON, Frederick, age 30 and Ida L. RANSEHOUSEN, age 25,
June 14, 1898
WILLIAMS, LeRoy C., age 22 and Mabel J. FRYE, age 19, June 22,
1898
MACKIE, John H., age 25 and May B. GARDNER, age 23, June 29, 1898
HARRIGAN, John Francis, age 29 and Maud J. STICKLES, age 27,
Sept. 17, 1898

* * * * *

BURIALS

Locations are in Pittsfield unless otherwise noted. Information in order presented, separated by hyphens, is the Name of the deceased, age at death, place of service, place of burial, and date of burial.

CROSSLEY, Agnes Jane - 20 - Wahconah St. - Pittsfield Cemetery -
Dec. 19, 1883
BROWN, Harry Clinton - 4 - St. Stephen's Church - Pittsfield
Cemetery - Feb. 6, 1884
WOOD, Frances A. - 40 - 16 Railroad Ave. - Pittsfield Cemetery -
May 5, 1884
MEADE, George Washington, Jr. - 49 - First St. - Pittsfield
Cemetery - May 22, 1884
CADY, Frederick C. - 57 - Centre St. - Pittsfield Cemetery - July
3, 1884
THOMPSON, Jas. Edward - 46 - Robbins Ave. - Pittsfield Cemetery -
July 26, 1884
INGERSOLL, Joseph Dudley - 27 - House of Mercy - Lee - Aug. 2,
1884
MOREWOOD, Alfred Pierpont - 32 - St. Stephen's - Pittsfield
Cemetery - Aug. 21, 1884
KERNOCHAN, Frank E. - 44 - First Church - Pittsfield Cemetery -
Sept. 30, 1884
WENTWORTH, Victoria E. - 44 - 14 Pearl St. - Tracey District
Cemetery - Oct. 13, 1884
LINN, William Dexter Brown - 78 - Linden St. - Pittsfield Ceme-
tery - Nov. 17, 1884
ALLEN, Bradford - 30 - Allen House - Pittsfield Cemetery - Dec.
1, 1884
CLARK, Jane Maria - 55 - Reed St. - Lenox - Jan. 1, 1885
LINDLEY, Sarah Crosland - 65 - Pittsfield - Millville - Apr. 9,
1885
RATHBUN, Jas. Sylvester - 59 - Fenn St. - Pittsfield Cemetery -
May 14, 1885
SEDDEN, Arthur Owen - 9 - 2 Bradford St. - Lee Cemetery - May 21,
1885
MCLAUGHLIN, Harriet - 54 - Lanesborough - Lanesborough Cemetery -
June 6, 1885
STAPLES, Theresa Charlotte - 74 - 21 East St. - Pittsfield Ceme-
tery - June 27, 1885
BUEL, Eli W. - 65 - 21 East St. - Pittsfield Cemetery - July 2,
1885

KINGMAN, Morton F. - 2 - Pittsfield Cemetery - Chicago, Ill. -
Aug. 20, 1885
MARTIN, Robert Newton - 9 mo. - Pittsfield - Pittsfield Cemetery
- Aug. 23, 1885
PRATT, Lillian Clapp - 18 mo. - Pittsfield Cemetery - Pittsfield
Cemetery - Aug. 28, 1885
MCGOWAN, Stuart Pomeroy - 14 - Willis Place - Pittsfield Cemetery
- Sept. 15, 1885
MCNAUGHTON, Gordon - 44 - Mill St. - Pittsfield Cemetery - Jan.
12, 1886
TULLER, George W. - 48 - Pittsfield - Stockbridge - Jan. 21, 1886

LITINEW, Josephine - 4 - Onota St. - Pittsfield Cemetery - Feb.
10, 1886
LEARNED, Edward - 60 - Church - Pittsfield Cemetery - Feb. 23,
1886
BURTON, Paul Cladinboul - 6 mo. - Church St. - Oakwood Cemetery,
Troy, N.Y. - Feb. 25, 1886
LITINEW, Clara - 3 - Onota St. - Pittsfield Cemetery - Feb. 28,
1886
LOGAN, Laforest - 67 - Linden St. - Valatie, N. Y. - Mar. 31,
1886
BROWN, N. Huntington - 69 - Pittsfield Cemetery - Pittsfield
Cemetery - Apr. 7, 1886
POLACK, Isaac H. - 44 - West St. - Pittsfield Cemetery - Apr. 30,
1886
ISHAM, Amanda M. - 80 - Second St. - Pittsfield Cemetery - June
7, 1886
DEWKETT, Grace Madeline - 3 mo. - West St. - Pittsfield Cemetery
- July 31, 1886
BENSON, Bertha F. - 40 - Crozier Ave. - Utica, N. Y. - Aug. 2,
1886
BISHOP, Martha A. - 66 - St. Stephen's - Pittsfield Cemetery -
Aug. 3, 1886
HOLMES, Edith Adela - 6 mo. - Daniels Ave. - Pittsfield Cemetery
- Aug. 5, 1886
DEWKETT, Lily - no age given - Crozier Ave. - Pittsfield Cemetery
- June 23, 1886
STEARNS, Marco J. - 22 - Town Farm - Pittsfield Cemetery - Sept.
7, 1886
HIGHAM, Mary R. - 52 - Pittsfield Cemetery - Pittsfield Cemetery
- Sept. 20, 1886
KERNOCHAN, John A. - 53 - Trinity Chapel, N. Y. - Woodlawn, N. Y.
- Nov. 9, 1886
WILSON, William P. - 41 - St. Stephen's - Pittsfield Cemetery -
Nov. 24, 1886
WHITE, Joseph D. - 70 - River St. - Pittsfield Cemetery - Nov.
24, 1886
DUCKWORTH, Ann - 70 - Daniels Ave. - Springfield, Mass. - Jan. 2,
1887
PURNELL, Alice Walton - 25 - Barkerville - Pittsfield Cemetery -
Jan. 4, 1887
HINES, James Henry - 27 - West St. - Pittsfield Cemetery - Jan.
10, 1887

- TURNER, Joseph Mason, Rev. - 47 - St. Stephen's - Cheshire, Conn.
- Jan. 25, 1887
- AXTEL, W. D. - 66 - St. Stephen's - Pittsfield Cemetery - Mar.
29, 1887
- ROBINSON, James - 55 - Taconic - Pittsfield Cemetery - July 5,
1887
- PATTEN, Mrs. - 84 - Fenn St. - Pittsfield Cemetery - July 6, 1887
- BASSETT, Elizabeth - 45 - Pittsfield Cemetery - Pittsfield Ceme-
tery - July 20, 1887
- BRITTAN, Elizabeth - 72 - St. Stephen's, service by J. S. Ellis -
Pittsfield Cemetery - July 27, 1887
- FIELD, Cornelia Mabel - 9 - 105 Fenn St. - Pittsfield Cemetery -
Aug. 17, 1887
- EDWARDS, Rubie A. - 4 mo. - Pittsfield Cemetery - Pittsfield
Cemetery - Aug. 29, 1887
- GRIMES, Anna - 50 - Pittsfield Cemetery - Pittsfield Cemetery -
Sept. 1, 1887
- VANBRAMER, Jacob - 75 - Pittsfield Cemetery - Pittsfield Cemetery
- Sept 4, 1887
- SPRAGUE, Charles F. - 29 - Pittsfield Cemetery - Pittsfield
Cemetery - Sept. 7, 1887
- PLATT, Carl Mason - 14 mo. - Pittsfield Cemetery - Pittsfield
Cemetery - Sept. 9, 1887
- PERKINS, Anna Janet - 5 - Pittsfield Cemetery - Pittsfield Ceme-
tery - Sept. 21, 1887
- BOWERMAN, Samuel Wells - 67 - St. Stephen's - Pittsfield Cemetery
- Nov. 5, 1887
- PLEU, Isabell M. - 53 - Elm St. - Pittsfield Cemetery - Dec. 3,
1887
- BACKUS, Albert P. - 36 - East St. - Pittsfield Cemetery - Dec. 3,
1887
- MCLAUGHLIN, E. Kirby - 53 - St. Stephen's - Pittsfield Cemetery -
Dec. 20, 1887
- HOLDER, Cynthia M. - 67 - Pontoosuc - Pittsfield Cemetery - Dec.
21, 1887
- NEWTON, Caroline - 50 - Pittsfield - Pittsfield Cemetery - Jan.
20, 1888
- VERMILYE, William Edward - 60 - St. Bartholomew's, N. Y. - Wood-
lawn, N. Y. - Feb. 6, 1888
- BRADLEE, Martha - 75 - 1020 Clinton St., Philadelphia - Mount
Auburn, Cambridge - Feb. 17, 1888
- CLOUGH, Adelia M. - 53 - Orchard St. - Pittsfield - Feb. 22, 1888
- PFEUTNER?, John - 55 - Taconic - Stockbridge - Mar. 5, 1888
- PHILLIPS, Clarisa W. - 91 - St. Stephen's - Pittsfield Cemetery -
Mar. 12, 1888
- KING, Lillian T. - 28 - Second St. - Abington, Mass. - Mar. 27,
1888
- VANDEUSEN, James J. - 72 - 16 Bradford St. - Pittsfield Cemetery
- May 6, 1888
- WELLER, Mabel A. - 15 - East Part - Pittsfield Cemetery - June 8,
1888

[Continued on page 122]

FAMILY HISTORY OF THE REVEREND BENJAMIN JUDD

By Frank F. Judd, Ph.D.

Benjamin Judd was born on Sunday, 8 June 1755. Having been born on the Sabbath Day might have been an omen for the Judd family concerning the tumultuous life events for this last son. Yet, it is highly unlikely that Dr. Benjamin and Abigail would have given their son's birth on the Sabbath any more credence than any other coincidental event. Benjamin and Abigail would have been more concerned that this new son would be provided with every opportunity for a moral upbringing. "Puritans did not sentimentalize childhood; they regarded even newborn infants as potential sinners who contained aggressive and willful impulses that needed to be suppressed" [1].

The Barbour Collection for Waterbury, New Haven, Connecticut, clearly shows Benjamin Judd and his older siblings in the following family.

Father:	Benjamin Judd	B: 28 August 1710	Waterbury, New Haven, CT
Mother:	Abigail Adams	B: 2 June 1716	Simsbury, New Haven, CT
Children:	Miss. Judd	B: 30 April 1739	Waterbury, New Haven, CT
	Benjamin Judd	B: 6 June 1740	Waterbury, New Haven, CT
	Thomas Judd	B: 12 April 1743	Waterbury, New Haven, CT
	Annise Judd	B: 25 November 1744	Waterbury, New Haven, CT
	Joel Judd	B: 15 July 1748	Waterbury, New Haven, CT
	Benjamin Judd	B: 8 June 1755	Waterbury, New Haven, CT [2, 3]

Benjamin Judd's childhood must have been very traumatic indeed. Within his first five months of life his mother died, and he may have been forcibly weaned from his mother's breast. He was likely placed with a surrogate family together with his older siblings because his father was busy coping with his medical practice. His father was called away for nearly a year to serve in the French and Indian War. Finally, his family moved their home from Westbury Parish to Harwinton, and he was then raised by a step-mother. One would not be surprised if Benjamin grew up with a critical outlook on life and a deep rooted anger toward relationships he would later have with other people.

It is interesting to note that at the time Benjamin was born, the "Great Awakening" was in full bloom and maturity in New England. This is likely why the historian of childhood development,

[1] "Huck's Raft, A History of American Childhood" by Steven Mintz, Published by Harvard University Press, Cambridge, MA, 2004, Page 10.

[2] "The Barbour Collection of Connecticut Town Vital Records, Waterbury 1686-1853," Compiled by Jerri Lynn Burket, Genealogical Publishing Company, Inc., Baltimore, 2002, Vol. 50, Pages 198, 201, 205, and 206.

[3] "The Barbour Collection of Connecticut Town Vital Records, Simsbury 1670-1855," Compiled by Lorraine Cook White, Genealogical Publishing Company, Inc., 2000, Vol. 39, Page 27.

Steven Mintz, could write, "The middle of the eighteenth century saw the emergence of a new set of attitudes, which came to define modern childhood. A growing number of parents began to regard children as innocent, malleable, and fragile creatures who needed to be sheltered from contamination. Childhood was increasingly viewed as a separate stage of life that required special care and institutions to protect it" [4].

It is difficult to say just which of the children of Dr. Benjamin Judd and Abigail Adams was most traumatized by the untimely death of their mother. We might be tempted to think that the eldest, Thomas Judd, may have been most effected, or possibly the only daughter, Annise Judd. But, if any of the children of Abigail Adams Judd should have been adversely effected by her death, and the subsequent way he was raised, it may have been little five-month old Benjamin.

Some historians have pointed out that Litchfield County in Connecticut has produced more than its fair share of great men. "Men of large information who have lived outside its boundaries have expressed the opinion that in proportion to its years of history and population this county has produced more great men than any other part of the world. Some who live in it are ready to acknowledge the truth of this statement. Among these great men the clergy have always been leaders, and may safely be regarded as an important factor in the production or development of greatness in others" [5]. While we may be at a disadvantage to see this statement applied to Benjamin in its full power, one must still recognize that he made every effort to be that sort of person.

We do know just a tad more about the emotional makeup of Benjamin than any of the other children. We know, for example, that as an adult he was conspicuously seeking the honors of men and the station that his profession and money might afford him. He carried a good deal of anger throughout his life. He was a particularly strong willed and opinionated man, in which the line between right and wrong was most specifically defined. Benjamin was not particularly humble when others spoke out against him or complained about him, but seemed to give offence as good and as direct as was spoken against him. That these personal traits were evidences of psychological trauma suffered as an infant and young boy cannot be conclusively proven. Yet, we would not be surprised if it were so.

BENJAMIN JUDD BEGINS HIS LIFE'S WORK

The Great Awakening probably had as important an effect on the life of young Benjamin Judd as anything else. By the time Benjamin was old enough to begin thinking about what his life's profession might be, the Great Awakening had already produced significant changes in the social and religious fabric of rural Connecticut. One of the results of its influences was that men found a new freedom from the old attitudes and restrictions of the authority of Puritan society.

[4] "Huck's Raft, A History of American Childhood" Page 3.

[5] "The Clergy of Litchfield County," by Arthur Goodenough, published by the Litchfield County University Club, 1909, Pages 3-4.

Benjamin would likely have been encouraged by his father to vigorously pursue any honorable profession he wanted regardless of what restrictions his place in society might have placed him.

By 1773 Benjamin would have reached his eighteenth birthday and old enough to have started his education of higher learning, or to have been well on his way to learning a profession. It has been said of him that he was "Harvard educated." However, Harvard College does not have any record that a Benjamin Judd graduated during this time period. It is certainly conceivable that Benjamin may have been a student at Harvard for one or two years, and then left school to become an apprentice to a practicing minister to complete his religious education and gain practical experience. The evidence available to us today seems to support that that was the approach Benjamin took to prepare himself for his life's work.

The clerical historian, E. Brooks Holifield, points out that, "By 1767, the Boston minister Charles Chauncy could claim, with only a degree of exaggeration, that all the clergy of New England had received an education 'at one or another of our colleges.' About 95 percent of the New England Congregationalist clergy in the eighteenth century had college degrees." [6] Whether or not Benjamin actually did graduate from Harvard College, later events in his life would prove he knew perfectly well the need in his professional life for a college degree.

If Benjamin Judd indeed took the path of apprenticeship to become a minister, he likely began that course of study in Harwinton. He would have had two noted Congregational ministers to begin his studies with; the Rev. Andrew Bartholomew, and the Rev. David Perry. Benjamin would have known Rev. Bartholomew from his earliest recollections as a young boy, but Rev. Bartholomew was nearing the close of his tenure as Minister of the Harwinton Congregational Church. In the January-February 1774 period, a change in settled minister took place in Harwinton. Rev. Andrew Bartholomew retired and Rev. David Perry was issued a call to serve in his place. As a result, Benjamin Judd probably got the bulk of his apprenticeship training from Rev. David Perry.

It was probably during this same time of preparation and education that Benjamin met and courted his future wife, Sybil Davis. Not much is known about Sybil Davis, or her family. While a Davis family is known to have lived in Watertown in the mid eighteenth century, it has not been shown that Sybil was a daughter in that family. It is thought that Benjamin and Sybil were married about 1775, and it has taken considerable analysis of old records to estimate the family structure for Benjamin and Sybil as shown below.

Father:	Benjamin Judd	B: 8 June 1755	Watertown, Litchfield, CT
Mother:	Sybil Davis	B: August 1758	Watertown, Litchfield, CT
Children:	Daniel Davis Judd	B: About 1777	Harwinton, Litchfield, CT
	Nancy Judd	B: About 1783	Lenox, Berkshire, MA

[6] "God's Ambassadors, A History of the Christian Clergy in America," by E. Brooks Holifield, published by William B. Eerdmans Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan, 2007, Pages 74-75.

Wealthy Judd	B: July 1785	Ware, Hampden, MA
Lucy Judd	B: September 1786	Ware, Hampden, MA
Bethsheba Judd	B: 20 October 1789	Pound Ridge, Dutchess, NY [7]

The order of the children in this family, and their estimated birth dates and places, do not correspond well with data published by other Judd genealogists. One need only look at the various dates and places submitted to FamilySearch.org to see the multitude of conflicting ideas about this family. Hopefully, future generations of Judd genealogists will unravel this difficult issue.

The Harwinton Town Records contain some helpful information about Benjamin Judd in those early married years. On 29 March 1779, shortly after the birth of his son Daniel Davis Judd, and in partnership with his step-brother Eliphalet Alford, Benjamin bought twenty-two acres of land in Harwinton from his brother, Thomas Judd, for £20 [8]. On 21 September 1779 Benjamin Judd is listed in the Town Records as having taken both the "Freeman Oath" and the "Oath of Fidelity" [9]. Then, at the annual Town Meeting, on 28 December 1779, Benjamin Judd is elected to serve a one year term as one of the community's two "Tything Men." [10] This is an interesting civil office to which Benjamin Judd was elected, and the only one he ever served as a resident of Harwinton. His junior partner in these responsibilities was Andrew Bartholomew Jr., son of the then deceased Rev. Andrew Bartholomew. However, the more likely reason why Benjamin had been paired with Andrew Bartholomew Jr. in this civil assignment was because Andrew lived on the east side of Harwinton Township and Benjamin Judd lived on the west side of the Township.

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- [7] The birth of Benjamin Judd can be found in "The Barbour Collection of Connecticut Town Vital Records – Waterbury, 1686-1853," Compiled by Jerri Lynn Burket, published by the Genealogical Publishing Company, 2002, Page 201. The exact birth date for Sybil Davis has not been discovered. However, the inscription on her grave stone in the Thomas Cemetery in Pulteney, Steuben, New York suggests she was born about August 1758. The birth place for Sybil Davis is given by Sylvester Judd on page 43 of his book "Thomas Judd and His Descendants." The birth year for Daniel Davis Judd may be estimated from information on his grave stone, which is in the cemetery of the Church on the Hill in Lenox, Berkshire, Massachusetts. Vital data for Nancy Judd is very hard to confirm. The birth date shown here is from FamilySearch.org. The birth date for daughter Wealthy is estimated from her baptism date in Ware, Hampden, Massachusetts. Birth information for daughter Lucy may be estimated from the death date and given age on her grave stone in the Stilesville Cemetery, Delaware, New York. Moreover, Lucy's estimated birth date is consistent with age information contained in the 1850, 1840, 1830, and 1820 U.S. Federal Census records Tompkins, Delaware, New York. The birth information for daughter Bethsheba Judd may be found in the article "History of Cannonsville, Delaware County, New York," by Mrs. Hester Lane Miles, February 26, 1999, and may be found at <http://www.dcnhistory.org/cannon.html>.
- [8] "Town of Harwinton, Connecticut – Deeds," Vol. 3, 1775-1786, LDS Microfilm #04499, filmed by the Genealogical Society, Salt Lake City, Utah, at Harwinton, Connecticut, 24 August 1948, Page 156.
- [9] "Town of Harwinton, Connecticut – Deeds," Vol. 3, 1775-1786, Page 923.
- [10] "Town of Harwinton, Connecticut – Deeds," Vol. 3, 1775-1786, Pages 912-913.

In his duties as a Tithing Man, Benjamin would have been responsible for collecting the taxes the residences on the west side of Harwinton paid to their local Congregational Church for support of their settled minister. In addition, he would have been required to enforce the communities rules related to observance of the Sabbath. At the church services he would have used a "Church-Stick" to make sure that everyone paid attention to the sermon, and to maintain order among the congregants, especially the younger ones [11]. A drawing of one such "Church-Stick" is shown below.



The Church-Stick was a long stick, a yard or more in length, with a fox tail or feather attached to one end and a hard knob or a rabbit's foot attached to the other. The heavy end of his stick was used to

waken slumbering boys by virtue of a tap on the head, and the faces of nodding matrons were brushed with the softer end. This would have been a perfect assignment for a young minister's apprentice.

However, Benjamin Judd would not complete the full term of his elected office. In all likelihood, in the early part of 1780 Benjamin was sending out inquiries about the possibility of becoming an assistant minister in another Congregational Church. It is possible that the Rev. David Perry helped Benjamin find a Church which was looking for such a person. On 18 May 1780 Benjamin Judd and Eliphalet Alford sell the same twenty-two acres they previously purchased from Thomas Judd. But, they sell the property for £100 [12]. They had made a 400% profit on the land in only fourteen months. Now, Benjamin was free to move on to his next assignment in his quest to become a full fledged clergyman. At the Congregational Church in Lenox, Berkshire, Massachusetts, Benjamin Judd's next stop, he would be afforded the title of "Reverend," indicating that he had already progressed beyond the stage of apprentice.

It is likely that Benjamin had at least a rudimentary concept of the power of supply and demand. His choice of career may have been made, at least in part, on the idealistic basis of his desire to serve God, but it may have also been influenced by the obvious fact that there were few ministers in eighteenth century Connecticut to fill the vacant pulpits.

"Whether eminent or lowly in status, the clergy were in high demand and short supply. In sparsely populated areas, churches in New England had to content themselves with lay exhorters or occasional itinerants while waiting for a regular minister. By 1785, Ezra Stiles found 120 churches with vacant pulpits." [13]

[11] See for example www.materialreligion.org and www.wiki.answers.com for information regarding the duties of a Tithing Man.

[12] "Town of Harwinton, Connecticut – Deeds," Vol. 3, 1775-1786, Page 826.

[13] "God's Ambassadors, A History of the Christian Clergy in America," Page 80.

The professional life of Benjamin Judd is a bit of an enigma. There seems to be ample evidence that he thought seriously in his youth about what sort of a career he wanted to pursue. He even made many very mature decisions about his education and training, even though his father and mother, who one would have expected to advise him on these matters, were dead. However, although he was the principal minister in at least seven different churches, his tenure in those churches never lasted longer than three years. Moreover, during the course of his ministries, Benjamin changed his Christian denomination at least three times. It is literally amazing the mobility that Benjamin exhibited during the course of his nearly thirty-year career as a minister. One would not have thought that level of mobility possible in the latter half of the eighteenth century on the frontier of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York.

[To be continued]

* * * * *

Newton - from page 116

HUMPHREVILLE, Ada L. - 48 - Linden St. - Pittsfield Cemetery -
July 5, 1888
SMITH, Julia - 62 - Dunham St. - Pittsfield Cemetery - July 5,
1888
FOLLETTE, Oliver - 74 - Pomeroy Ave. - Bristol, Conn. - July 20,
1888
WASHBURN, Franklin - 74 - Francis Ave. - Lenox - July 23, 1888
MADDOCK, Isabella - 10 mo. - Water St. - Pittsfield Cemetery -
July 30, 1888
MADDOCK, Annie Dunbar - 10 mo. - Water St. - Pittsfield Cemetery
- Aug. 10, 1888
GILBERT, Mary - 38 - Taconic - Pittsfield Cemetery - Aug. 19,
1888
BUCKLER, Harover Percy - 12 - Coltsville - Greenwood, N. Y. -
Sept. 8, 1888
CURTIS, Maria - 88 - 83 Fenn St. - Lanesborough - Sept. 22, 1888
BACKUS, Charles H. - 25 - East St. - Pittsfield Cemetery - Sept.
22, 1888
WATSON, Harold - 6 mo. - Appleton Ave. - Northampton - Oct. 13,
1888
HURD, William S. - 80 years, 6 days - 48 Burbank St. - Pittsfield
Cemetery - July 30, 1889
GARDNER, George - 74 years, 6 months, 9 days - 109 Fenn St. -
Pittsfield Cemetery - Oct. 18, 1889
MUNYAN, DeWitt C. - 64 - 20 North First St. - Pittsfield Cemetery
- Oct. 29, 1889
LASHURE, Howard - 19 - Bel Air - Pittsfield Cemetery - Nov. 30,
1889
BRODIE, Joseph - 73 - Residence, West Part - Pittsfield Cemetery
- Dec. 4, 1889

[To be continued]

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

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

Continued from Volume 35, Number 3, Page 82.

Notwithstanding its lukewarmness in this war the State of Massachusetts did not utterly desert the cause, but erected barracks and other suitable buildings on the Pittsfield Cantonment grounds on North street for a rendezvous for State troops in this portion of the Commonwealth. These Cantonment grounds occupied the present site of "The Maplewood Hotel," St. Joseph's Church and a large contingent plot of ground. No especial war incident was enacted here and after the termination thereof the Cantonment structures were removed, torn down, or went to decay. Strong party excitement then gradually subsided and in three or four years the membership of the two Congregational Churches reunite and peace again reigned in the town.

Several menacing mementos of the war of 1812 were, however, left in the town, one of which was the brick power house erected in 1812 in the north corner of the burying ground back of the First Congregational Church, just south of which was a frame building in which were kept two brass field pieces belonging to the state and some public fire apparatus. This power house was a kind of Temple of Janus which was rarely opened except on Independence and General Training days, and the history of its blowing up in the summer of 1838 has already been recounted in these columns, as also of the paying up of a grudge against Lemuel Pomeroy by firing these cannon in front of his East street residence. How either of these structures came to be built in the old town burying ground was a mystery. Perhaps it was thought that there is a close relation between gunpowder, artillery and death, it might have been thought suitable that structures devoted to its use should occupy the same necropolis. By the blowing up of this power house, while all the public and private buildings in its vicinity were shaken up and shattered, a marvelous exploit of one of its bricks is worth relating.

This brick was hurled with the velocity of a cannon ball westerly towards the Baptist Church. The doors and windows of the structure being favorably aligned for its passage

through it without retarding its progress, it continued its flight across North street. On the west side of North street and directly opposite the church was the house of William Spurr. This house stood isolated in a large open space of ground which at this time is covered with some of the most important business structures of the city. In the front room of this house, at the moment of the powder house explosion, Spurr was lying in his final illness. Jabez Colt, in the capacity of a Good Samaritan, was watching with him and attending to his wants. Just at this moment Colt was handing to Spurr a wine glass containing a medical potion which had been prescribed for him by his physician. The fugitive brick crushed through the panel of the front door of the house, which opened into the sick room, and traversing the apartment knocked off the top of the wine glass in Colt's hand, spilling the medicine, but doing no other damage. Following this power house explosion the two brass field pieces disappeared and the long two story barracks falling into ruins was destroyed by the torch of an incendiary. Then Pittsfield was again left for ten or twelve years without any happening of especial interest.

The next stirring event in Pittsfield was the building of the Boston and Albany Railroad, in which the "War at Finegan's Section" was one of the concomitants of its early construction. Before the building of this railroad was commenced, a genuine Irish emigrant family was almost unknown in Pittsfield. But just before this time an industrious family by the name of Daly, lived on the highway from South street leading down to the east road to Lenox and now known as Crofut street. The home was close by the South street bridge, recently replaced by an iron structure to accommodate the Pittsfield Electric railroad and public travel. About this time a freshet in the east branch of the Housatonic river, carried off the bridge at this point, a new wooden structure had been framed, and all the farmers in the vicinity were invited to a "raising bee." The farmers turned out to the "bee" in good numbers and a portion of them hitched their teams to Mrs. Daly's front fence. Feeling that the lawless agricultur-

alists had overstepped their rights, Mrs. Daly, who could hold her own with anybody, came out of her cottage and commenced to belabor these horses over the head with her broom. The offending farmers were quite wrathful and threatened her with their big whips. She had on her head one of those linen caps with a ruffled border which was the favorite headgear ornament of the Irish women of that period, and this with her head she vigorously shook while she defied the whole farmer crowd. But these farmers soon began to grow in number and the offenders to become more belligerent, when Mrs. Daly taking in the situation, wisely retired to her cottage casting behind her a withering glance of scorn which they long remembered.

But just previous to the grading of the railroad through the town, as if by magic, a great number of hardy Irish emigrants put in an appearance and quickly built their shanties of unplanned boards and turf along the surveyed railroad, preparatory to making a transient home for themselves and their families in America. Just before the appearance of these emigrants from the Emerald Isle, the enterprising grocery firm of Stetson & Brown had obtained the knowledge of what supplies they would need, and put in a large supply of such, potatoes, pork, codfish, with New England rum, being in big stock, and while the road was building they firmly held this emigrants trade.

Again, on a quiet summer morning, we stand under the Big Elm in the park and with listening ear begin to hear mutterings about trouble at Finegan's Section in the west part of the town. The railroad was then being built by the letting out of sections thereof for construction to contractors, each contractor employing such laborers as he chose, and at such wages as he could agree upon with them, said contractors furnishing all the materials and all the implements used in putting the roadbed in proper condition for the laying down of the rails. Finegan's Section embraced four or five miles of the railroad, having its chief center in the west part of Pittsfield near what was then known as the Hancock Shaker Settlement, afterwards called the Pittsfield Shakers. Finegan, the contractor, was quite a stout man, very broad shouldered and was an energetic and thorough business going Irishman. He was generally clad in a blue coat with brass buttons with a buff colored vest, while he wore a light colored high beaver hat. His twenty year old son was associated with him in the business and

was very active and bustling. This son drove about the town everywhere, his rig being a spirited young trotting horse hitched up in a rudely made, unpainted but strongly build two wheeled gig. Young Finegan always carried a long new whip in hand, whether riding or walking, a cigar was constantly in his mouth, he had a swaggerish gait and the general air of a southern slave driver.

The morning in question was very foggy, a not unusual atmospheric condition in Pittsfield after nights of beautiful clearness of sky. Slowly the dense mist begins to dissolve and one can distinguish the facade of the old wooden Congregational Church, afterwards removed the Maplewood grounds, and now used for both domestic and musical purposes by its owner. The facade on this church shows unusual beauty as a specimen of architectural art. Why this feature of this structure has never been referred to by previous writers has always been a mystery. Probably this has been always overlooked and so interesting has been the church's history that it was never minded whether there was any beauty and symmetry in the building itself. And no wonder this has ever been lost sight of in a church edifice having had so many distinguished pastors, numbering among these not only the "Fighting Parson," but three others who became College Presidents, and at this period Rev. John Todd, whose name awakens enthusiasm wherever mentioned in Western Massachusetts and far out beyond its boundaries.

The facade, as revealed by the rising mist is now seen with its projecting vestibule to rest upon a foundation of marble, with long wide marble steps leading up to the front and side doorways. The roof has a gentle slope making the gable angles of the vestibule and of the main facade neither too obtuse or too sharp. The width of the cornice, ornamented with lions and echinus moulding, is properly proportioned to the height of the structure. The corners of the entire building, including the vestibule, are ornamented with paneled work, while the main structure is clap boarded, and the windows are surrounded by pediments. Above the vestibule, being of the same width, arises the clock-tower, finished as to its corners and the cornice in the same design as below. Upon the clock-tower rests the columned and balistraded belfry which is open to the sky. The Tuscan columns of the belfry, arranged in a circle, support an entablature similar to the cornice on the lower portion of the edifice, on

which rests a circular ogee roof terminating in a gilded weather vane. Its admirable proportions and simplicity of ornamentation constitute its architectural completeness.

On this church tower there is a town clock, upon whose face is not only emblazoned the figures indicating the hours and minutes, but also the name of Joseph Shearer, an eccentric citizen of Pittsfield, who of noted miserly habits, in a strange freak of liberality donated this public timepiece to the town. Inside this clock tower is a large chamber dimly lighted and filled with the pungent odor of a colony of bats, who have appropriated the upper beams therein for their residence. Here, between the stout posts and beams which support the belfry with its heavy and jarring weight, is firmly fixed the ponderous machinery of this town clock, with its long and heavy pendulum, its huge cut stone weights, keeping in keen tension the strong but not bulky cords upon which they are hung.

Every Saturday night, rain or shine, there silently climbs up into this clock chamber William W. Walker, the goldsmith and watchmaker, whose shop is just around the corner on North street, and laboring like sisyphus, winds up these great clock weights and regulates the machinery so that mean time can be had by the town in perfectness - a guardianship which he bequeathed to his most respected and skillful employee, William Stewart of Circular Avenue, who though now advanced in years has faithfully performed this service both in this old church and in the new, down to the present writing, and who is the oldest watchmaker still in harness in Berkshire County. Like Mr. Walker, during long years he has also wound and regulated the elegant eight day clocks in the Agricultural and Pittsfield Banks, following up his duties with the town clock every Saturday morning with this service. In this silent clock tower chamber, echoing day and night with the great throbs and pulse-beats of time measuring machinery, and among its massive posts and beams, is to be heard the refrain produced in a fainter manner by the old clock on the stairs in yonder poetic mansion on East street, built by Thomas Gold, "Forever - never! Never - Forever! Joseph Shearer!"

The fog still rising higher from the earth, we learn from the town clock that it is half past eight. Besides, we note with wonder than many armed men are suddenly springing up into sight as if from the ground itself all around the park. Surely some Jason must have been

sowing dragon's teeth about us, or whence come all these people with muskets in their hands. Suddenly comes to our vision a sight still more astonishing and unexpected, for we behold no less a personage than Ezekiel R. Colt, driving about like a veritable Jehu in young Finegan's gig, with young Finegan's whip in his hand and as busy in giving commands to this armed multitude as the boss of a gang of circus bill posters. We can hardly credit our senses as our eyes take in this unusual, not to say improbable vision, for Mr. Colt is one of the staidest men, the cashier and factotum of the Agricultural Bank and the only one in the town, is always engaged in doing his own business and doing that well, a brisk walker rather than a horseman, but never walking elsewhere than from his beautiful residence on South street to the bank building, or at most, to the post office or about the village square. Then what was still more astonishing in the premises, no one had ever seen him drive a horse, and especially so fiery a steed as that of young Finegan.

We ask a bystander appearing near us what under the sun is the matter with Mr. Colt, and what can be the cause of this miraculous assemblage of armed citizens? He replies, "don't you know that there has been something resembling a riot out at Finegan's Section; that the laborers out there are threatening to break things, and especially young Finegan's head, and that the High Sheriff being absent from the town, and Mr. Colt being the Coroner, the duty devolves upon him in the absence of the Sheriff to call out the militia in case of a riot." Another bystander, having a kind of sinister and malicious cast of countenance exclaims, "humph! do you suppose Ezekiel R. Colt is acting altogether *pro bono publico* in this matter? Don't you know that the railroad contractors all do business at his bank; that he is handling a great deal of money for them; and that he isn't going to see them disturbed by their Irish workmen?" We do not stop to inquire whether it is a matter of *meum* or *teum* on the part of the Coroner, for we recognize that he has the law on his side, and that as usual he is endeavoring to do what is evident to him to be his duty.

The next citizen who is seen to step promptly into the arena, and who leads a fine black horse all "saddled and bridled," is Doctor Aaron Clough. He is a tall slim man, who devotes himself not only to the practice of medicine, in which he is very skillful, but he is

also a professional dentist. In fact he devotes more of his time to dentistry than to medical healing. Being somewhat eccentric in his make up, and a great friend to the poor, needy and suffering, just at this period he has commenced to build a great stone house at the upper end of North street, for which he proposes to pay as he goes, and which consequently he will be a long time in constructing. On this morning in question he appears in a brand new role. Though he has on the usual garments which he wears, a black broadcloth swallow-tailed coat and pants and vest to match, he has tied about his waist a red silk sash with its tasseled ends reaching to his knees. To this brilliant colored sash is suspended a long curved sword in a scabbard highly ornamented with figured brass. This huge sword and scabbard reaches to the ground and the trusty steel blade clanks in its metal housing at every step - a sword and scabbard worthy of a Richard Coeur de Lion. Besides the good Doctor's head is decked out with a black beaver chapeau on which is mounted a white feather, similar to the plume worn by the Knight Templars. On inquiring we learn that the Doctor is the authorized surgeon-general of this memorable day.

Just here another unlooked for personage looms up into view with a red sash about his loins, from which descends a sword and scabbard not so formidable as those of the Doctor, but more serviceable. He is clad in gray trousers, a brown frock coat buttoned up high, and a black silk hat ornamented with a purple rosette as an indication of authority. He is of medium height, of rather stoutish build, with red hair, blue eyes, and a ruddy complexion. He is recognized as Col. Barr, the paid leader of the choir in Dr. Todd's church, who with his wife boards at the Berkshire Hotel. How or where he acquired the title of Colonel was never known, at this time he had not been long resident in the town and but little was known of his history. Accompanying him and leading a nervous roan-gray horse is an orderly. It soon becomes evident the Colonel is to act as commander-in-chief for the day. A veritable Orpheus in the profession of music, he may prove himself also an Achilles in the events to follow on this occasion.

It now becomes generally known to the troops and assembled spectators that the laborers in Boody's Section, lying just to the east of Finegan's Section, have quit work in sympathy with Finegan's men, and that large numbers of workmen in both of these sections have assem-

bled in the west end of the deep earth cut where it crosses North street. The Colonel, gathering about him some of the armed men who are more skillful in military drill, if not in strategy and tactics, who are to command the troops, proposes to make a reconnaissance up North street. This movement is quickly executed, and passing up the street they discover at the west, where the ground is lower, a good number of the stalwart sons of the Emerald Isle, dressed in their dark-colored Sunday apparel, who though quiet in their movements appear to be sullen and dejected, though so far undemonstrative and unhostile. The Colonel asserts that although this gathering looks somewhat formidable, that he thinks that it would not be difficult to subdue them, as they are at present unarmed, but that it would be most proper to begin the attack where the riotous proceedings first broke out in the west part of the town.

While the Colonel and his aides were absent taking this reconnaissance, the gathering of recruits and spectators on the town square was much increased. The recruits reporting for duty were in part clothed in the uniform of the Berkshire Grays, the first organized military company in Pittsfield, which for some years had been the especial pride of the locality, but which shortly before this event had been disbanded. The most of the Grays were armed with muskets, but there were many who shouldered such weapons as they could hastily lay their hands upon, such as rifles, shot guns and what not. For musicians there are four or five drummers and two fifers, one of the former having a big bass and the others kettle drums. The old clock strikes ten, and a drum calls upon the troops to fall into line on the south side of the park. The line is divided into a number of platoons of twelve men each and is ready for action. The Colonel heads them mounted upon his steed and in his baritone, rather than his bass voice, gives the order "forward, march."

In the last platoon is conspicuous a very tall recruit clad in his shirt sleeves. He proves to be a newly arrived journeyman in the employ of James Dunham, the prominent merchant tailor of the town, whose shop is on the south side of the square, a few doors east from South street. The familiar saying that "a tailor is but the ninth part of a man," does not apply to this one as to his height, as he towers a full ninth part above his comrades. He evidently is not a follower of Descartes in his philosophy, to reason *a priori*, but prefers the inductive

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CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY

WEDNESDAY, 10th

of the month of

January

1900

at 10:00 A.M.

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method of Bacon, and reasons *a posteriore*, since from an unfortunate rip in the seat of his trousers protrudes what is called "a letter in the postoffice," which sways continuously in cadence with the marching step.

Surgeon-General Dr. Clough upon his black horse is ahead of the musicians by some yards. Notwithstanding the sable color of his dress and of his mount, he has the air of the famous Knight La Mancha mounted on his Rosinante. The roll of the drums, the wail of the fifes and the gleaming of the bayonets in the bright sunshine are too much for the nervous temperament of the commander-in-chief's equine, he snorts, rears, dances, whirls, wheels, and raising on his hind legs almost falls over backwards. But the Colonel stays on his back and manages to make some headway, though he is not always abreast of his troops. Soon the center of South street is reached and the order is given "left wheel." The revolution is not executed with the exactness of the West Point Cadets, and some bystanders in front of George Willis' big brick store are seen to wear a broad derisive smile on their countenances.

The column slowly files down on the east side of South street, past the residence of Madame Jenkins, the eldest of those two very beautiful daughters is married to Robert Pomeroy and the younger to Gordon McKay. Then the homes of Calvin Martin and Ezekiel R. Colt are successively passed, as also those of Samuel Colt and Thomas Strong on the west side of the street, both of which latter were soon to pass into the possession of old George and young George Campbell. Still farther down the street the troops file past the residence of Mather Bissell, and on the corner of West Housatonic street that of Jared Ingersoll. These buildings are mentioned in this sketch because after a lapse of almost sixty years, they are now standing, and so far as their exteriors, appear almost exactly as on the eventful day of which we write.

The troop then wheels to the right into West Housatonic street, crosses the bridge over the Housatonic river, passing to the right on slightly elevated ground the residence of Josiah Pomeroy, from which just to the south is seen that citizen's woolen mill. About this time this home and mill changed ownership, Josiah Pomeroy selling to Theodore Pomeroy, these two gentlemen being only distantly related. Beyond, a small grove of pine trees is passed and then about three miles are traversed to the locality where hostilities are expected to mani-

fest themselves.

With undaunted tread the intrepid phalanx moves on, followed by a crowd of stragglers, the most of whom are curious boys, who indifferent to both danger and fatigue, and animated by fife and drum, are hoping to get sight of that phantom called military glory. Dr. Clough with stately bearing keeps proudly to the front, evidently cogitating how he shall as surgeon-general best staunch the wounds made by fierce sabre cuts, bayonet thrusts and gunshots. Occasionally the Colonel dismounts to punish his refractory steed by pummeling him with the flat of his sword, when a non-commissioned officer (and all in line are such) severely as a subordinate wounds his dignity by telling him "that a nervous horse and a nervous woman are hard to manage."

Fanned by the pure breezes of this beautiful summer day and mentally refreshed by the sight of the Taconic mountains stretching from the northward to the southward, upon whose woodland crowned slopes the shadows of fleeting clouds went stalking with Titanic strides, the word "halt" is a welcome command. Finegan's section is reached, but the expected riotous demonstrations are wanting. Everything looks to be peaceable in the vicinity of the board shanties banked half way up to roofs with green turf. If any of the owners are at home they are sheltered in place within these rude but comfortable cabins.

It is now the hour for dinner, and it is discovered that no quartermaster general or commissary has been appointed to provide for the sustenance of the troops, who have nothing in knapsack or canteen to eat or drink. How can Bellona expect to successfully carry on her warlike enterprises without the supporting aid of Ceres. Most fortunately the settlement of the Hancock Shakers is close by, where it is hoped to purchase food, while in plain sight is an old-fashioned well, around which the troops soon gathered and refreshed themselves with life-giving draughts of sparkling water from the old oaken bucket hung therein obedient to the motions of a sweep pole high in the air.

Then those having money, or who could borrow it, rushed over to the thrifty Shaker Family of food, who though believing that war is the device of Satan, refuse their support to such in money and weapons, fortunately have no hesitation in exchanging food for cash, raising no opposition to Mammon and being no such casuists as to ask where the money comes from which enters their treasury in payment for

the products of their thrift and industry. On this day they had most opportunely a good supply of dried apple pies made savory and intensified in color by means of boiled cider. These pies were divided into quarters and sold for a sixpence each, the same price was charged for a ham sandwich, while bread and butter and cheese came at a still lower figure.

Thus the physical wants of the troops being somewhat appeased they were quite fresh for the business in hand. A squad of soldiers start out in the direction of the shanties, seize upon what few men they can find and bring them into headquarters, whether they be ever so innocent and inoffensive. The anxious wives of these prisoners coiffured in their white linen caps, the skirts of their gray woolen dresses covered with white linen aprons, their manners, and countenances quiet, if not resigned, followed their captive husbands and brothers. The troops are now drawn up in the shape of a hollow square, the captive Irishmen and their women are placed in its center, and the return march to Pittsfield is made amid the martial blare of drum and fife. Alas how many times during the centuries past have the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle been compelled to trudge along as captives surrounded by armed men. They have been great in getting ensnared in difficulties, and equally great in getting out of them. It has always been impossible to hate or despise them long, for they have come to this Republic to stay and will become an important factor in America's population.

Surgeon-General Dr. Clough on finding all his expectations of displaying his surgical skill had vanished, put spurs to his horse and started for home without further delay, hoping at least to be able to pull a tooth or two before night-fall. The homeward march is completed without the occurrence of any important happening. When Pittsfield village is reached the streets seem to be deserted by the inhabitants, nor do they appear at the front doors and windows of their residences as might be expected, to welcome home their valiant and victorious troops. But this failure can be partially accounted for by the fact that at the hour of this return, after the exciting fatigues of the day, they were ensconced in their dining rooms. It was too much to expect that they would abandon their fragrant Bohea and Oolong, their hot biscuits, their cold meats and condiments, and their luscious berries and cream, to shout huzzas to a slip-shod soldiery,

be they ever so valiant, or sing praises of triumph over a victory of so doubtful meaning. This kind of a return was a keen disappointment to Col. Barr, who had started out in the morning to win achievements which might be worthy of a monument to his name and fame, like that of Lysicrates, on the street of Tripods in ancient Athens.

The Irish captives are escorted by the captors to the Town Hall and are arraigned for riot before a Justice of the Peace. A few words uttered by lawyers Henry Hubbard and M. R. Lancton reveal the stupidity of this capture and the absurdity of retaining these modest and harmless prisoners longer in custody, and they are immediately discharged. Thus ended the War at Finegan's Section, and without a doubt the event and ludicrous attempt to win military renown by its suppression by the early militia of Pittsfield entitles Berkshire County to the distinction of having the first hostile labor strike in the United States. In this instance the contractors and laborers came to an amicable understanding within a few days, and the railroad construction in the town quietly advanced to completion without further delay or hindrance.

It has been ascertained that the Berkshire Grays were led on the above occasion by Captain John C. West and First Lieutenant William G. Backus and Second Lieutenant Samuel M. Gunn and sixty men composed this armed force. Just before reaching West Pittsfield the company were halted to load their guns and they went down the hill into the settlement on a double quick march, upon which the few laborers fled to their shanties and the bushes like a flock of wild pigeons. When the capture was made the company was divided into three squads, broke ranks, and each man was ordered to secure his prisoner. Both the men and women loudly protested being placed in the hollow square and marched to the village, and some of the men were terribly scared, while the trial was held in the park. The laborers on the two railroad sections were known as Corkonians and Fardowners. The Agricultural Bank was located in a little story-and-a-half building on Bank Row. His descendants have preserved the sword of Capt. West and a portion of his gray uniform. The venerable Samuel M. Gunn of Lanesboro, now hale and hearty at the age of 95 years, is the only survivor of the Berkshire Grays, and this their last public appearance. ■

WAY BACK DAYS IN DALTON

From the Berkshire Hills, December 1, 1901.

On the north mountain in Dalton was the pioneer home of the well-known Curtis family of that town. Mrs. C. S. Haley, nee Phidelia Curtis, and the writer, pleasure of visiting this old residence and farm of their grandparents. North mountain is about two and a half miles from the center of the town. The three Curtis brothers emigrated from England to Massachusetts, and all served their country in the War of 1812. Elijah Curtis, their grandfather, came to Dalton from Worcester County in 1794 and took up his location as above, his brother John also making settlement near him. The journey was a long one for those days, and was made with ox-team and on horseback. Grandfather Elijah had a horse named "Button," to whose back a feather bed and a flax wheel were strapped, and upon which grandmother Curtis was mounted with Abner, then an infant, (and well remembered in his life by older citizens,) in her arms. At the time of the settlement on the North mountain there was no house nearer them than the center of town, which was then called the "Hollow," and where a few families had cleared up the land and built houses.

Grandmother Curtis' maiden name was Anna Stockwell, and being an experienced nurse she soon became familiarly known to the settlers as "Aunt Anna," who used to send for her when stricken down with illness. She would often relate some experiences in riding old "Button" down through the woods to the "Hollow" at night with a pine torch in her hand to frighten off the wild animals, who were afraid of fire, and this being the sure defense against them in the darkness. Some of the few stories of the many which she related to her grandchildren, and are yet remembered, seem almost incredible.

Near their home was a cornfield and they were troubled to save the crop from bears, who make frequent inroads upon this field. One day when grandfather went out to hunt these animals from this locality, he suddenly

came upon a big bear and two cubs. Firing at the bear, he wounded, but did not kill her, and the cubs swiftly clambered up into a tree. Having no more ammunition with him he summoned grandmother from the house to hasten with a club and beat upon the trunk of the tree to keep the cubs from coming down, while he rushed to the same for powder and ball. This she did, bravely sticking to her position, while the snarling wounded bear tried to approach her, when her husband returned and killed the animals, whose meat made their household many delicious meals.

It was this brave lady who returning home late one night discovered that there was no water in the house. Despite her husband's entreaties not to risk herself, she lighted a pine torch and taking a pail started for the spring, which was a short distance from her dwelling. What was her surprise on reaching this spot to find a huge bear crouching on his haunches beside the spring, as though he was standing sentry thereat. Boldly advancing and shaking her flaming torch at his bearship, she yelled, "don't you let me catch you down in our field tonight stealing our corn." Whereupon the bear, as if understanding her words, but probably in fear of the nearing flame of her torch, slowly ambled off into the dense woods.

Her husband deceased many years before this pioneer grandmother, who afterwards removed from the mountain farm to the Carson flats, occupying a house which once stood on the site of the present Irving House. She deceased at the ripe old age of 85 years, having outlived all but three of her ten children. In this rapid age of intelligence and invention, and enjoying all the comforts and advantages of these modern days, it is hard to realize that our ancestry lived in Dalton when it was but a partially unbroken forest, in which wild animals roamed at large, and full of hardships, privations and dangers to these pioneer settlers. Chloe.

Dalton, Nov. 11, 1901

SKETCH OF HON. ELIHU BURRITT

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

The persons are comparatively few who are living in the county at the present day who are aware than in the first decade of the century just rounded up, that Hon. Elihu Burritt, known to the past in the United States and throughout Europe as the "Learned Blacksmith," spent several years of his early life in Berkshire, and that here, while toiling with the hammer over his anvil, came to him the inspiration and the zeal which made him most notable, learned and honored, and the scholastic wonder of two hemispheres.

His biographer in speaking of his marvelous attainments and achievements, states that his reputation was world-wide for his lingual knowledge, his fluent gift of speaking many languages and remarkable powers as a translator of such. While thus so rich in his mental endowment, says this writer, he was equally famous for his eloquence of speech and for his earnest advocacy of the principles of humanity, peace, freedom and right. His standard motto was: "Toil for the right amid discouragements and oppression, remember that,

Ours is the seed time; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest time is hid with him."

Elihu Burritt was born in New Britain, Conn., in 1810 and was the youngest of ten children. His grandfather Elihu, at the age of 45, and his father Elihu, at the age of 16, both shouldered their muskets and fought in the Revolutionary War. His father, Elihu, was a shoemaker, plying the hammer and the awl in the winter and the hoe, scythe and sickle in the summer. The son, Elihu, chose a wider diversity of employment, and at the age of fifty years there was then no man in America who had handled more tools of varied character in manual labor than himself. At the death of his father in 1828 he was apprenticed to a blacksmith in New Britain, which occupation he followed for several years. Having picked up a good education for those days and with very little schooling, he became the preceptor in an academy in which undertaking he made a failure. He then took a position as a commercial traveler, which he dropped to open a grocery

and provision store, in both of which callings he was unsuccessful.

He then walked to Boston and from there to Worcester, where he secured employment again at the anvil. Here, taking advantage of a large antiquarian library, he faithfully labored at the forge by day and studied by night. Here he made himself a thorough master of all the languages of Europe, and equally so of the Hebrew, Chaldaic, Samaritan and Ethiopic tongues. It was while in Worcester that he attracted great attention from prominent scholars of that day, and was offered a full free course at Harvard College by Gov. Everett, which he declined, and continued his self-teaching and studies and his humble manual labor.

In 1841, under the title of Elihu Burritt, "The Learned Blacksmith," he commenced to successfully lecture taking for his theme, "Application and Genius," asserting that there was no such thing as native genius, but that all attainments were the result of persistent will and application. From that time forward, he was received as a lion in cultured society, and made frequent trips to England and France, where he was proudly welcomed by prominent statesman, scholars and men of letters. It was in London that he commenced to agitate the subject of cheap postage and to these pioneer labors the whole world became indebted to him for giant reforms which followed the advocacy of this cheapness of communication over all lands and over all seas, which has become such a prominent factor in the broad civilization of today. His first promulgated plan for cheap postage was a charge of two cents for the conveyance of a letter anywhere on land, and for one penny on the ocean. He was everywhere in demand for the translation of difficult languages and ancient inscriptions, edited several papers, was a valued writer for both the leading journals in Europe and America, and his efforts in the field of literature for the benefit of humanity were broad-minded and of the most able and convincing character.

It was in the spring of 1831 that Harvey Holmes of New Marlboro started a brass foundry in that then prosperous and noted agricultural town, having also the fame of

being one of the most populous, intelligent and thrifty of the few localities of that character in the county at that period, and comparing most favorably in this particular with Lenox, Lanesboro, Adams, Pittsfield, Stockbridge and Great Barrington. Repairing to New Britain, Conn., Holmes hired a half dozen workmen to labor in this brass foundry, among whom was Elihu Burritt, then nineteen years of age, who at once commenced his labors at the blacksmith's forge. That he was of studious habits and spent all available hours in study when his daily toil at the anvil was finished, was well known to those workmen who came on with him from New Britain. There were nine workman in the Holmes brass foundry, Burritt was the only blacksmith, while the others were all workers either as brass or iron finishers, though Burritt was not considered by his employer as a really first-class mechanic.

This old brass foundry was located on the banks of Umpacheeny Brook, a quarter mile east of the town center on the hill, and on the Sandisfield road. It was destroyed by fire while Burritt was a resident in the town. In about a year after his first arrival, Mr. Holmes disposed of the foundry to others, while Burritt retained the blacksmith shop and began the manufacture on his own hook of andirons, shovels, tongs and other articles of brass and iron then in common use. He continued this business for a year, when he closed his shop, and as above mentioned, sought work in Worcester, and to avail himself of the incalculable benefits which he afterwards derived from the Library of the Antiquarian Society of that city.

During his two years residence in New Marlboro, he was the butt of not only all the jokers in the foundry, but in the town, but so completely was his mind occupied and absorbed with Greek roots and Latin verbs, that he passed by the jibes of his fellow workmen and others unheeded. Though he would hie away after supper to the quietude of his room and delve until midnight into the mysteries of the dead languages, to arise and go about his severe manual labor in the morning, he is said to have been enrolled in the old state militia when the late Deacon Edwin Adams of Mill River was clerk of the company to which he belonged, and to have always come out with his company for drill and general muster. When the old brass foundry was

burned, he roomed in the house of Erastus Sheldon, with his dear friend, George Carpenter. In the excitement produced by the fire Burritt hastily slipped on Carpenter's pants "hind side afore" and rushed to the scene. Carpenter was a short built man and Burritt was very tall, and the ludicrous figure which Burritt cut at this fire was always remembered and was a theme for much sport and the time and thereafter.

While living at New Marlboro, Elihu Burritt fell deeply in love with a young lady named Elizabeth, a sister of Mrs. Dr. Pease, who now resides at Mill River. Though this lady, who afterwards married a clergyman, and is now deceased, esteemed Mr. Burritt very highly, she had no other regard for him, and declined his offer of marriage. There was never any doubt among his New Marlboro friends that the disappointment which he felt at being refused by this lady, for whom he was known to have cherished a deep and abiding affection, materially affected his whole after life. He was never married, and thus remained true to his first and only love. Several articles of his handiwork at his manual labor as a blacksmith at New Marlboro are still preserved by Pittsfield and Mill River residents, and which he presented to old county friends, among which is a brass andiron of his make.

At the age of 65 years, he had been residing in New Britain with his youngest sister and her two daughters for six years, having been steadily declining in health, and where he deceased from a lung complaint. He was at this time still busy with his brain and pen. In July 1877 Harvey Holmes, his old employer at New Marlboro, wrote and invited him to make a trip to that town and revisit the scenes so familiar to them both, to which he replied that "the spirit was doubly willing, but the flesh twice too weak for such an enterprise." He further said that he held in dear remembrance the days of his young manhood which he spent in the quiet town and his acquaintances and intercourse with the people there. The little shop, his friend George Carpenter, the home at Erastus Sheldon's, the Catlins, the Stevens, Nortons, Powells, Risings, etc., were still fresh and vivid in his memory. "I have always been interested in hearing from New Marlboro. It was the first two years in

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STATE CENSUS OF MASSACHUSETTS, 1855

LENOX

[Continued from Volume 35, Number 3, Page 102]

18	20	J. C. Arnold	45	M	Boarding	Mass.	
		Laury Arnold	40	F		Mass.	
		Silas Child	60	M	Gentleman	Mass.	
		Mary Kard	16	F		Ireland	
19	21	Robert Worthington	66	M	Illegible	Conn	
		Ruth Worthington	62	F		Conn.	
		Aulando Warner	29	M	Physician	N.Y.	
		Julia Hunt	14	F		Ireland	
		John Wethervon	14	M	Laborer	Ireland	
20	22	Harriet Hitchcock	69	F		Conn.	
21	23	Alonso Smith	32	M	Laborer	Mass.	
		Roxanna Smith	23	F		Mass.	
22	24	Clarinda Hastings	86	F		Conn.	
		Ruth Hastings	61	F		Vermont	
		Elizabeth Hastings	28	F		Mass.	
		Joseph Hastings	21	M	Physician	Mass.	
		Frank Hastings	19	M	Clerk	Mass.	
		Cornelia Hastings	14	F		Mass.	
23	25	Jacob Grant	69	M	B	Laborer	N.Y.
		Lena Grant	59	F	B		R.I.
		Adaline Grant	37	F	M		Mass.
		Frank Grant	32	M	M	Laborer	Mass.
		Francis Grant	23	F	M		Mass.
		Hellen Grant	20	F	M		Mass.
		Amelia Grant	4	F	M		Mass.
		Charlott Grant	2	F	M		Mass.
		Willis Grant	1	M	M		Mass.
24	26	James Thompson	52	M	Farmer	Mass.	
		Lucy Thompson	52	F		Mass.	
		Harriet Landon	38	F		Conn.	
		Authon? Bleven	14	M	Laborer	Mass.	
25	27	George J. Tucker	50	M	Lawyer	Mass.	
		Harriet Tucker	38	F		Conn.	
		Joseph Tucker	23	M	Lawyer	Mass.	
		Mary C. Tucker	20	F		Mass.	
		Mariah Tucker	18	F		Mass.	
		Harriet A. Tucker	9	F		Mass.	
		Sarah S. Tucker	7	F		Mass.	
		Carolin S. Tucker	5	F		Mass.	
		Cathalina Bradley	25	F		Ireland	
26	28	H. H. Cook	57	M	Castoin? House	Mass.	
		Nancy Cook	66	F		Mass.	
		Ellen D. Cook	21	F		Mass.	
		Willis D. Cook	14	M		Mass.	
		Annice C. Cook	12	F		Mass.	
		Henry A. Cook	8	M		Mass.	
		Allice G. Cook	5	F		Mass.	
		John A. Cook	2	M		Mass.	
		Ellen Karley?	25	F		Ireland	

Lenox, 1855 Census

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		Caroline Comstock	67 F		(Insane)	Mass.
27	29	Albert G. Pevot?	32 M	Farmer		Mass.
		Sarah Pevot?	32 F			N.Y.
		Sarah C. Root	7 F			Mass.
		Albert C. Root	7 M			Mass.
		Charles H. Root	4 M			Mass.
		Laura Root	1 F			Mass.
28	30	Rodney C. Root	37 M	Farmer		Mass.
		Nancy Root	32 F			Mass.
		Rodney L. Root	14 M			Mass.
		Calvin Root	12 M			Mass.
		Sidney Root	8 M			Mass.
29	31	Erastus Reth	36 M	Farmer		Mass.
		Emely Reth	35 F			Mass.
		Louisa Reth	17 F			Mass.
		Adaline A. Reth	15 F			Mass.
		Albert A. Reth	13 M			Mass.
		George D. Reth	10 M			Mass.
		Elsabeth Reth	8 F			Mass.
		Sarah Root	6 F			Mass.
30	32	Phineas Cone	66 M	Gate Keeper		Mass.
		Elena? Cone	61 F			Mass.
		Olive Bartlett	F			Mass.
		Hiram B. Wellington	15 M			Mass.
		Harvy Wellington	13 F?			Mass.
		Johanna Sullivan	17 F			Ireland
		Mary Flemming	14 F			Ireland
		Margaret Wellch	25 F			Ireland
		William Rupell	19 M			Canada
		Chappel Lewis	34 M			Mass.
		Abagail Chappel	33 F			Mass.
		Andrew B. Carlin	53 M	Convict		Conn.
		Ann G. Guiles	37 F	"		Conn.
		Henry Davis	60 M B	"		Mass.
		Jabez Gladding	25 M	"		Conn.
		Mary G. Whitford	25 F B	"		Mass.
		George Noble	20 M	"		N.Y.
		Jacob Winters	18 M	"		Illeg.
		Shepard Allen	18 M B	"		Mass.
		James Shepard	27 M	"		N.Y.
		Ruth Wormsey	18 F B	"		Conn.
		Daniel Griswold	15 M	"		Conn.
		Emely Austin	18 F	"		N.Y.
		Lester Soles	25 M	"		N.Y.
		John Jackson	22 M	"		Conn.
		William S. Miller	26 M	"		Conn.
		Caroline Gardner	17 F B	"		Mass.
		Thomas Gunks?	36 M	"		Ireland
		Jacob Warner	36 M	"		N.Y.
		Eliza Nilson	18 F	"		Mass.
		Charles Brooks	28 M	"		Mass.
		Antony Geatton	26 M	"		Italy
		Derias Reed	37 M	"		Mass.
		Ashur Demming	25 M	"		Conn.

		Lester M. Mullen?	28 F?	Convict	Mass.
		Mary E. Stanton	22 F	"	Conn.
		Hiram Winters	31 M	"	Mass.
31	33	C. P. Gannen	35 M	Builder	Mass.
		Sarah E. Gannen	28 F		Mass.
		Mary G. Gannen	7 F		Mass.
		Anna Perry	23 F		Mass.
32	34	David M. Parsons	37 M	Farmer	Conn.
		Catherine Parsons	31 F		N.Y.
		David H. Parsons	11 M		Mass.
		Celia N. Parsons	9 F		Mass.
		George W. Parsons	7 M		Mass.
		Emigene Parsons	5 F		Mass.
		Walter R. Parsons	2 M		Mass.
33	35	Marshall Sears	55 M		Mass.
		Mary S. Sears	52 F	Farmer	Mass.
		Charles M. Sears	18 F	Merchant	Mass.
		Nancy B. Sears	13 F		Mass.
		Susan Briggs	16 F		Mass.
		Lucy Shepard	53 F		Mass.
34	36	A. G. Belden	48 M	Farmer	Mass.
		Olivia Belden	48 F		Conn.
		Cornelia Belden	20 F		Mass.
		Emely Belden	18 F		Mass.
		Francis Belden	16 F		Mass.
		Henry Belden	11 M		Mass.
		Anna Belden	8 F		Mass.
		Daniel Belden	3 M		Mass.
		Henry Peelem	17 M	Laborer	
35	37	Michael Wyman	45 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Mary Wyman	60 F		Ireland
		John Wyman	20 M	Farmer	Ireland
		Michael Wyman	22 M	Farmer	Mass.
36	38	Marilla Ingalls	55 F		Mass.
		Sarah M. Ingalls	46 M?		Mass.
		Frances R. Beck	52 M?		Mass.
37	39	Edmond Alden	30 M	Clergyman C	Mass.
		Mariah H. Alden	31 F		Maine
		Mary Hangren	36 F		Ireland
38	40	Franklin Dunbar	39 M	Farmer	Mass.
		Mary A. Dunbar	38 F	(Insane)	N.Y.
		George F. Dunbar	16 M		Mass.
		Herbert Dunbar	15 M		Mass.
		Mitton Dunbar	13 M		Mass.
		Eugene Dunbar	10 M		Mass.
		Samuel Dunbar	9 M		Mass.
39	41	Richard Miles	60 M	Carriage Maker	Conn.
		Pehada Miles	53 F		Conn.
		Sarah F. Miles	18 F		Mass.
40	42	Elina Cline	32 F		N.Y.
		Sarah Cline	11 F		Mass.
		George Cline	9 M		Mass.
		Jane Cline	7 F		Mass.
		Edward Cline	3 M		Mass.

		Catharine Cline	1 F		Mass.
41	43	William M. Clark	36 M	Merchant	Mass.
		Irena Clark	26 F		Mass.
		William R. Clark	2 M		Mass.
		George W. Clark	1 M		Mass.
		Johanna Donahoe	25 F	Laborer	Ireland
		Phebe Church	18 F		Mass.
42	44	Oregin Sabin	85 M	Carpenter	Conn.
		Lucy Sabin	65 F		Conn.
43	45	Samuel Washburn	68 M	Blacksmith	Mass.
		Betsey Washburn	65 F		Conn.
		Frederick Washburn	41 M	Blacksmith	Mass.
		Charles Peetens	36 M	B Laborer	N.Y.
		Hariet Washburn	36 F		Mass.
		George Frederick Washburn	11 M		Mass.
		Henrietta Peetens	26 F	B	N.Y.
44	46	John Welch	35 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Norrey? Welch	30 F		Ireland
		William Welch	2 M		Mass.
45	47	Richard Mackey	40 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Ellen Mackey	30 F		Ireland
		Thomas Mackey	3 M		Mass.
		Richard Mackey, Jr.	2 M		Mass.
46	48	John Felix	42 M	Laborer	Canada
		Rosetta Felix	20 F		Canada
		Rosetta Felix, Jr.	4 F		Mass.
		John Felix, Jr.	2 M		Mass.
	49	Joseph Gravel	30 M	Carpenter	Canada
		Melissa Gravel	24 F		Canada
		Mary Gravel	7 F		Mass.
		John Gravel	9 M		Mass.
		Joseph Gravel, Jr.	11 M		Mass.
47	50	William Washburn	43 M	Carpenter	Mass.
		Elizabeth Washburn	38 F		Mass.
		Phebe S. Washburn	14 F		Mass.
		Fanny Peck	10 M?		Mass.
		A. M. Northrop	22 M	Carpenter	Mass.
		William J. Dodge	22 M	Merchant	Mass.
48	51	Joseph Webb	28 M	Miner	England
		Julia Webb	25 F		Mass.
		William H. Webb	22 M	Engineer	England
		Katharine Webb	14 F		England
		Willey Webb	1 M		Mass.
		Catherine Webb	55 F		England
49	52	Jacob Stanley	35 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Jane Stanley	28 F		Ireland
		George Stanley	2 M		England
		James Stanley	1 M		Mass.
		John Stanley	1 M		Mass.
50	53	John Mackey	30 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Johanna Mackey	30 F		Ireland
		Ellen Mackey	7 F		Mass.
		Johanna Mackey, Jr.	5 F		Mass.

		Thomas Mackey	4 M		Mass.
		Michael Mackey	2 M		Mass.
51	54	James McDonnold	55 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Ellen McDonnold	50 F		Ireland
52	55	Timothy Mahana	55 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Bridget Mahana	50 F		Ireland
		Bridget Mahana, Jr.	14 F		Mass.
		John Mahana	12 M		Mass.
		Michael Mahana	10 M		Mass.
		William Mahana	5 M		Mass.
		Mary A. Mahana	1 F		Mass.
		Timothy Mahana	8 M		Mass.
		Henry Clark	23 M	Stone Cutter	Ireland
		Michael Donaly	29 M	Stone Cutter	Ireland
		James Boyle	32 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Daniel Haley	26 M	Laborer	Ireland
	56	Matthew Colbert	30 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Mary Colbert	30 F		Ireland
		Morris Colbert	4 M		Mass.
		Thomas Colbert	3 M		Mass.
		Ellen Colbert	1 F		Mass.
53	57	Martin Sadler	39 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Mary Sadler	35 F		Ireland
		Fanny Sadler	11 F		N.Y.
		Ellen Sadler	8 F		N.Y.
		Ketty Sadler	6 F		Mass.
		Elizabeth Sadler	4 F		Mass.
54	58	Edwin Porter	38 M	Painter	Mass.
		Phebe D. Porter	33 F		Mass.
		Sarah C. Porter	10 F		Mass.
		Allice M. Porter	7 F		Mass.
		Charles C. Porter	2 M		Mass.
		John Miles	27 M	Merchant	N.Y.
		Louisa C. Miles	22 M?	Painter	Mass.
55	59	Eldad Post	76 M	Farmer	Conn.
		Nancy Post	57 F		Mass.
		Thomas Post	21 M	Student	Mass.
		Catharine Dorley	15 F		Ireland
		James Delevan	40 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Mathew Conahan	16 M	Laborer	Ireland
56	60	Joel Davis	76 M	Crier of Courts	
		Aruba Davis	76 F		Conn.
		Samantha Davis	61 F		Conn.
57	61	Amanda Washburn	55 F		Mass.
		Mariett Plumer	21 F		Mass.
		Martha Washburn	19 F		Mass.
58	62	Frederick Washburn	40 M	Blacksmith	Mass.
		Lydia A. Washburn	43 F		Mass.
		Grace L. Washburn	8 F		Mass.
		George Frost	20 M	Blacksmith	Canada
		Mehaley LeBarnes	44 F		Mass.
		Mary Fuller	25 F		Mass.
		Bayona? Snowdon	25 M	Teacher	N.Y.
		Benjamin W. Peck	12 M		Mass.

59	63	Jesse Townsend	49	M	Merchant	N.Y.
		Mary A. Townsend	37	F		N.Y.
		Anny C. Townsend	11	F		N.Y.
		Elizabeth Townsend	9	F		N.Y.
		Sarah Townsend	8	F		N.Y.
		Isaac Townsend	4	M		N.Y.
		Ellen Riley	50	F		Ireland
		Susan Riley	45	F		Ireland
		Catherine James	20	F		Ireland
		Jane Hogan	21	F		Ireland
		Mary Mahonie	18	F		Ireland
60	64	Benoni French	75	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Mariah French	58	F		N.Y.
		William French	64	M		Mass.
		Mary French	38	F		N.Y.
		Sibbel R. French	12	F		Mass.
		William W. French	7	M		Mass.
		George M. French	3	M		Mass.
		John French	1	M		Mass.

[Continued on following page]

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ABRAHAM HEAP'S BEER

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

The first brewery known in northern Berkshire was a home affair, of small proportions and output, and was carried on in the east end of the second and eastern long brick tenement on River street on the old stone mill grounds at North Adams. The old stone mill now in ruins, was erected in 1831 by Edward Richmond and Gen. Jabez Hall. The water power, three acres of land and the old pond cost \$300 and the factory building and three tenements cost \$7,000. It was first run with 20 looms for the manufacture of print cloths, was sold in 1842 to Joseph Marshall and was run under the supervision of James E. Marshall, as his agent, and now living at advanced old age, until it passed into the possession of the Freeman, now the celebrated Windsor Print Works.

It was here that Abraham Heap, a short, rotund and good natured Englishman who for a long time was a skillful operative, with members of his family, in the old stone mill, commenced brewing a gilt-edged English ale which was put up in strong earthen bottles and the corks secured to their necks with

strong twine. This home brewing was commenced by Mr. Heap for the consumption of himself and a few of his fellow countrymen. There was but little ale publicly sold in those days, and this being of American manufacture, was of so poor a quality, that whisky and New England rum were preferred to it by those who publicly or privately imbibed. But the old time physicians having discovered in "Heap's beer" a valuable strengthening tonic for invalids, they commenced prescribing it to such an extent that Mr. Heap gave up all other business but its home manufacture, which he profitably continued until his death. He had no successor in the business, his only son John Heap having early removed to the south where he successfully worked an isinglass or mica mine which he purchased at Jonesville, Tennessee. Afterwards a similar home brew of ale was made for quite a number of years by the late Elbridge Hodskins which was put up in stone bottles and was in similar request for medical uses. ■

Census - from page 137

61	65	Henry Wadams	40	M	Farmer	Conn.
		Theadotia Root	65	F		Mass.
		Nancy M. Guilde	43	F		Mass.
		Henry Guilde	20	M		Mass.
		Mary A. Newton	60	F	Farmer	Mass.
		William G. Newton	16	M		Mass.
		Isaac G. Newton	11	M		Mass.
		Catherine Mackey	6	F		Mass.
		Henry McCodden	22	M	(Pauper)	Mass.
		Henry McCodden	22	M	Laborer	Ireland
62	66	Daniel D. Kendall	46	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Lucy C. Kendall	38	F		Mass.
		Henry D. Kendall	13	M		Mass.
		Catherine P. Kendall	10	F		Mass.
		Jerusha Plumer	33	F		Mass.
		Mary Plumer	20	F		Mass.
		Mary Plumer	20	F		Mass.
63	67	Adison Clark	45	M	Farmer	Conn.
		Mary M. Clark	49	F		N.Y.

[To be continued]

NEW ASHFORD SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION

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

One of the three Revolutionary soldiers who captured Major Andre near Tarrytown, N.Y. was named Ingraham, and he hailed from New Ashford, the smallest of the Berkshire County towns. He said of this capture that himself and his two companions suddenly observed this unfortunate British officer riding through a piece of woods on horseback. They compelled him to halt at the point of their bayonets and thoroughly searching him found no papers either upon his person or upon his saddle. Then one of the soldiers said there is one place we have overlooked, forcing the Major again to dismount from his horse. They then removed the heels of his boots* in which were found small cavities in which were discovered the compromising papers which proved him to be a spy, and for which he was ordered, by General Washington, to be hanged. Comrade Ingraham of New Ashford and his companions, who found him to be a very agreeable young man, very much liked him, and although his execution seemed to be necessary to Washington, were much saddened by the event.

Robert McCarty, a deserter from the

British to the American army in the Revolution, resided in New Ashford after the war was ended. To avoid punishment in case of being taken prisoner by the British, he changed his name to that of Robert Twentymen. He once went to Jordan's Tavern in South Williamstown and ordered a dinner for twentymen, causing quite a scene, as he alone appeared at the dinner and refused to pay only for one man.

Of the considerable number of soldiers which New Ashford furnished in the Revolutionary War, of whose patriotism Orderly-Sergeant Samuel Page Tyler was a bright and shining example, and who gave the alarm to the minute men of not only his town but of Cheshire and Lanesboro the night before the battle of Bennington, was Alex. Reed. This vigorous old veteran walked for miles on the anniversary of his one hundredth birthday, to take dinner with a townsman.

* There are other versions of the capture of the Major. One says that while he was disguised to resemble the local citizenry, he was wearing the boots of a British officer. Ed.

RANDOM HEARTHSTONE REMEMBRANCES AND GLEANINGS

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

As Old Home Week is to be observed by the town of Lanesboro in July, old memories of the locality, which from 1800 to 1840 was the most prominent and prosperous of all the Berkshire settlements, are in order. It was somewhere about 1835 that the "Millerites" had figured out through Biblical studies and mainly from the Book of Revelations that the end of the world was about to come so suddenly that no one was sure of another earthly week or even a single day. In many parts of the United States these honest people had in preparation their white ascension robes, many had thrown aside their life occupations and were anxiously awaiting the sudden rolling back of the heavens like a scroll, and in fact the scare had so permeated the population of many localities, even in Berkshire, that it took all the courage of strong Christians and thorough unbelievers as well to stem the panic which swept over the timid, the weak and the fearful. To help on the general fright in the northern and central Berkshire towns, Elder Elnathan Sweet, a well known elderly Baptist minister, who had filled pulpits on Stafford's Hill, Cheshire, in Hancock, Williamstown, and other towns had suddenly become a convert to this doctrine and was hurriedly passing from locality to locality preaching that the end of the world was at hand with great earnestness, faith and vigor, thoroughly proving to himself and his hearers from the vision of Daniel that the time was then, and if not convincing, completely confounding all who had the hardihood to express unbelief. For a whole week or two the little town of Lanesboro was stirred up from center to circumference as it had never been before or since. Day and evening meetings were held in the little Baptist church at the town terminus of the Pittsfield Electric road, it was filled to overflowing, and great crowds of people gathered outside under the windows listening with awe to the deductions of this honest minister as drawn by him from the Holy Writ. The end not coming as prophesied, the prophet silently departed, the community gradually settled down to its normal occupations and to stronger belief in the fact "that no man knoweth the day and the hour in which the Son of Man cometh." Over half a century

of years have rolled away, good Elder Sweet having deceased at a great age at his home in Stephentown, N.Y., just west of Hancock, and in 1902, sixty-seven years later, Lanesboro celebrates Old Home Week.

The two North Adams ministers in the last century who were ardent lovers of fishing for trout in the mountain brooks were the late Rev. D. John Alden, the noted Baptist divine, and Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, the eminent Congregationalist, author and pastor. Both were clergymen who delighted in nature, with free intermingling with their fellow citizens, and though powerful preachers, did not isolate themselves in their sacred calling from the harmless amusements and social enjoyments of the day. Both had a very lively penchant for harmless sport and for genuine humor, and would go in quest of the speckled beauties of the streams all the day long with a few hard boiled eggs and ginger cookies in their pockets for hasty lunch. It was rare fun to a certain North Adams lad to be permitted to carry the fish basket of Elder John on such trips, and it was to be an always remembered excursion in which this older grown lad in his young manhood slept in a barn and with four other then young business men of North Adams fished for two days in the Vermont wilderness through which the three streams forming the headwaters of the Deerfield river ran. The first two trips to these noted fishing grounds had been previously made in a July in the sixties, but on the third trip one of the "silent six" was absent and a good Baptist fisherman, Dea. Samuel Keyes, had taken the liberty to substitute a good Congregational fisherman for the missing member, namely Rev. Dr. Gladden. Leaving North Adams in a huge, two-horse lumber wagon containing all camping, angling and food outfits, when Canedy's Tavern in Hartwellville was reached for breakfast, all vestiges of social ice had evaporated, the party had resolved itself into a merry load of "older boys." Just at sundown the party partook of a grand lunch in Pardon Smith's barn in Somerset, Vt., and afterwards bedded themselves down for the night on the centre floor for an early morning rise, while a huge outside bonfire kept great swarms of black flies from

attacking them in their primitive bivouac. Before retiring for the night the other initiated five had one by one stepped outside to partake of a little cough medicine to prevent taking cold, but judge of their surprise, just as the lantern was about to be extinguished, to have their reverend companion produce the preventative and say that he did not believe in its general efficacy, but that when good warm beds had to be exchanged for barn floors and brooks were to be waded and forded and garments and boots soaked with water, that he was in favor of this specific remedy against colds in moderate quantities. It was a lesson which cured that party of indulging in any little brown jug hypocrisy forever afterwards.

Men and women of Berkshire County and elsewhere who have passed the age of three score and ten have remembrance of the early days when the church chorister struck the key with his slender steel fork for choir singing in the sanctuaries, and that was when the old bass viol was finally introduced into the choir gallery can call to mind the holy horror of most of the old time saints in the congregations over this new foothold gained by his Satanic majesty. It was over a half century ago when the first church organ was purchased in the then south village of Adams. A committee was appointed to raise funds to pay for the same, and it had a grievous hard time in securing the amount needed. It had to fairly beg contributions from everybody, the rich as well as the poor, both saint and sinner, and it mattered not a bit whether the donors were church disciples or not, or what were their religious views. The committee were however the right kind of energetic stuff and it finally raised the needed wind, which to the gratification of all lovers of good music either in or out of the church. It was a generous old Quaker who contributed \$10 to the fund, accompanied by this suggestion, "If thee intends to worship the Lord by machinery, thee certainly ought to procure a first-class instrument."

Abe Oatman was an enthusiastic trout fisherman and an incorrigible wag from Bennington, who resided for a spell in North Adams, where he married Electa Fenton, who was brought up in the family of Rev. Dr. Robert Crawford. Afterwards Abe kept a little store in East Bennington, just west of Cady's Hotel. What Abe didn't know about Bennington and Berkshire County trout brooks

and expert, and anglers was not worth knowing. To his surprise one morning he saw a neatly clad gentleman passing his store with a magnificent string of trout weighing from a pound to two pounds each, and knowing there were no such catches as this to be had in that vicinity, hailed him and invited him into the store. This is what the fortunate fisherman unsuspectingly told the big-hearted Abe, who afterwards seized the game, boxed it up in ice, and expressed it as quick as possible out of town to a New York city address given him by the narrator: "I am a drummer for a big New York House, but have never been in this vicinity before. Had heard lots of stories about the wonderful trout fishing in Berkshire and Bennington Counties. Took a business trip up this way and was delighted. Finished my soliciting in Bennington yesterday, purchased some fishing tackle and had the negro hostler at the Franklin House dig my bait last night. Fished down the Walloomsac Creek this morning and caught a few little fellows about three inches long, and began to feel discouraged and began to believe what I had heard of Vermont fishing was a big hoax. Clambered up on the bank when through a whole in a high board fence saw a pretty pond in a grove and took out a pound trout as soon as I dropped in and caught the rest of my string in no time. I tell you, old Vermont is a grand old state for trouting, and all the members of our firm will be up here for the sport this spring." The private pond in which the great luck was had belonged to Seth G. Hunt, a prominent merchant of New York, and was fed by water pipes from a mountain spring. For all the trout with which it was stocked the owner, who spent his summers here, paid one dollar apiece.

While that saintly man, Rev. Dr. Robert Crawford was pastor of the First Congregational church of North Adams, he used to hire his horses at the old livery stable of Jenks and Daniel J. Kimball on Main street. The large stable yard was entered by an alley between the post office and the H. B. Fisher shirt factory. Pretty nearly at all times of day this large yard was the rendezvous of all the prominent old horsemen of the locality, and many other characters, and as a rule a good deal of boisterous and bragging talk thickly interlarded with oaths could be heard there. Dr. Crawford was of small stature and always came down to the stable for his rigs, and often hove into sight

at the alley entrance most unexpectedly and often time when conversation was going on in the yard at white heat. On such occasions it was really grand to behold what influence a good and saintly man in whom there was no guile and whose face was always lighted up with the reflection of his soul, had upon his fellow men when coming in contact with the same. On his appearance a deep hush would fall upon these men, and as he entered the yard all greeted him with a courteous obeisance, to which salutations he replied with a bow and a smile, while he shook the hands of those with whom he had personal acquaintance. The effect was always equal to a sermon, and these occasions were really sermons in pantomime. It always took the crowd some time after he had driven out of the yard to rise to the full pitch of extravagant argument, vituperation, uncouth utterance and tough horse talk which had been so suddenly and completely interrupted by a silent mortal presence.

It is a well remembered fact that the brilliant Hon. Henry L. Shaw of Lanesboro, who lost his seat in Congress because he was such an admirer of Henry Clay and voted with his friend for the Missouri Compromise, a concession to American slaveholders for which his constituents in Western Massachusetts buried him deep underground politically, was a wonderfully eloquent statesman and was full of the keenest wit. After his fatal mistake, in which he allowed his warm friendship to warp his better judgment and becloud his after life, he met his similarly unfortunate successor in office, who had been turned down by his constituents for a bad break in voting on the Indian question in Congress, Hon. Henry Dwight of Stockbridge. The meeting was in the office of the old Coffee House in Pittsfield, and after the pair had greeted each other and shaken hands, Shaw in one of his peculiar strains of voice said, "Colonel, you like myself, have had your turn politically, and finally you have been killed by the Indians." "Yes, Squire Shaw," replied Dwight, "but I will put it to the present company to decide whether the most honor lies in being cut down by the Indians or by the Africans?" The humorous retort was so pointed and unexpected that the Esquire hustled over town to finish his errands and hastily returned home to Lanesboro.

When Edmund Southwick kept his grocery store, over half a century ago, about where the

present North Adams postoffice is located, he had for a very waggish clerk one David Marsh, a son-in-law of the veteran Free Mason, Abner Younglove, for so many of the earlier years the Tiler of Lafayette Lodge, and whose home was near the old Eagle street bridge. Both Southwick and Marsh were somewhat eccentric, but they made a good team and kept together for many years. Southwick could not bear the smell of the smoke from a pipe or cigar, which seemed to irritate his bronchial apparatus and which would snap him off into violent fits of coughing. Finally Marsh quit the employ of Southwick, and knowing his strong likes and dislikes ever afterwards made it a point to haunt the old store and hector him. One day he entered the store vigorously puffing away at a very homely cigar, and Southwick was at once taken with a severe fit of coughing, threatening hemorrhage. As soon as he could get his breath he gave Marsh a fearful scolding and told him never to darken his doors again with a cigar in his mouth, and that when smoking his absence was preferable to his presence or custom. Whereupon March removed the supposed cigar from his mouth, one end of which was ornamented with a bit of flaming red tinsel paper, and breaking it in two, showed the irate storekeeper that it was a neat maple sugar imitation of a cigar, and that Southwick's bronchial trouble was a very bad case of imagination.

There are several families who reside north of the Maple street cemetery in Adams who in going to and from the village take a well-worn path giving them a short-cut thorough this hallowed ground to their homes. This was a habit known to exist forty years ago and on a certain dark night a man who was noted for filling up too heavily with intoxicants, became so befuddled on this trip that he lost his bearings and tumbled into an open grave. He was so helpless that he could not climb out, and after a transient terror, fell off into deep sleep. In the early morning he was suddenly awakened by the steam whistle on one of the manufacturing establishments and with great difficulty gained his feet and his head just reaching above the ground, gazed about him in wild wonder, having no memory of how he came there. "Surely," cried he in an agonized tone, evidently having in mind his past misdeeds, "that was Gabriel's trumpet, and this is resurrection day, and here I am the first one to be

called."

A laughable anecdote of two Baptist and Methodist ministers in the county is remembered, who were great friends and who labored shoulder to shoulder in an old time phenomenal local religious revival in one of the hill towns in which a large number of conversions for the size of the population occurred. The Baptist brother, at the close of the religious awakening, wrote to his Methodist brother, "I shall baptize tomorrow; if any of your converts prefer to be baptized in our manner I shall be glad to immerse them as candidates for your church." The laconic reply of the Methodist brother came swiftly back: "Dear brother; yours received; I prefer to wash my own sheep."

The first hen fancier in Berkshire County who ever turned attention to the business of breeding rare fowls of this description in the interest of rich egg production, was a popular young clerk in the dry-goods store of McClellan & Magee, which stood on the southwest end on the site of the present Wilson House in North Adams. This store was a two story wooden building afterwards owned by the late W. W. Gallup, and there was a little red barn in its rear in which Johnny Magee had his amateur "hennerly," and in which Dr. Nathan S. Babbitt also kept his horse. John was so interested in hens that he was on the constant lookout for good layers, especially that kind of fowl who couldn't fine time to set still and raise a family, and hesitated at no figure charged him for rare birds supplied him by friendly farmers and others. To such an extent did this hen fever grow upon John, that if he was measuring off a dress pattern for a lady customer, and one of his hens made a vocal announcement out in the little red barn that she had produced an egg, and was about to be off on other business, that he would drop everything and run bareheaded to her nest to inspect the manufacture. Dr. Babbitt was so much amused by the antics of John, and his deep seated interest in hens to the exclusion of almost everything else, that he resolved on bringing about his practical cure with a wicked joke. Securing a goose egg at a farm house where he was attending a patient, he hid away in the barn, and keeping the big egg warm in his hands, awaited the coming off of her nest of John's latest investment in what he had decided was a gilt-edged biddy. Finally the

hen came off with vociferous advertising of her feat, the doctor slyly substituted the goose egg for the fruit in her nest, having had barely time to conceal himself before John came plunging bareheaded into the barn. Through a broad crack the Doctor gleefully beheld Johnny's eyes dilate almost to double their natural size, a proud smile of triumph light up his handsome face, and to see him rush into the store holding "the wonder" in his outstretched palm. From the store John bounded into the street exhibiting his prize to his many friends, who strangely preserved gravity of countenance, and thence rushed into the office of the village newspaper and was written up, "John Magee has laid an egg on our table measuring eight by ten inches." Several days later it was reported that John was convalescent from the hen fever, having sold out his feathered property for a song, and he never had a relapse.

William Ealer, now a partner in the great ham and bacon house of F. J. Ferris & Co., of New York city, was in the earlier days a clerk in the country store of "Billy" Taylor at Lee. At this time, when Billy made his four annual trips to New York to purchase goods, which all the old time Berkshire County merchants were wont to do several times a year, the modern commercial traveler being a character then undreamed of, he always came home with some brand new ideas for store signs or announcements, which were rudely lettered and hung up in prominent places in the establishment, this custom then being much more in vogue than advertising in the newspapers, which has so materially added to the prosperity of all descriptions of trade today. One of Billy's imported store signs from New York was: "Old Trust is Dead - Bad Pay Killed Him." and another: "Anything you want and don't see you will find somewhere on my shelves or in my drawers." Some one having found fault with the phraseology of the latter announcement, Billy was disgusted and gave the public no more amusement in that line.

It is related of a good old Northern Berkshire farmer that he fell into the habit of taking too much "corn juice," as it was called in those days, and that he promised his good pastor that he would stop the habit, with the single exception that he might thus indulge when he washed sheep. It ran along a spell when it began to be observed that the old farmer was in a very "mellow" condition for the greater portion of

the time. On being closely watched it was discovered that he kept a scraggy old ram in his barn near a watering tub, to whom he gave a bath quite a number of times a day. It was Horace Taylor with whom a friend was expostulating about drinking, who informed this gentleman that he only used intoxicating liquors on two occasions. His friend thereupon apologized for his previous remarks, and pressed Horace to name the only two occasions in which he thus indulged. "Certainly," says the witty Horace, "when I go a fishing, and when I don't."

When his father, George N. Briggs, was running for Governor, and the home was at the top of the long, steep hill stretching up past the Congregational Church towards Cheshire from Lanesboro Main street, the brick story and a half town house was located directly back of and to the north of said church. A cousin of Gov. Briggs was the janitor, or had the care of this town house, and on a certain day after a public meeting had been held therein, this cousin was cleaning up the floor and taking out the surplus ashes from the huge iron stove. George P. Briggs, the eldest son of the Governor, was playing about the town house and having a good time all to himself. Without thinking of any harm he put some old paper in the ash pail when the attention of the janitor was engrossed in lugging in stove wood for use at the next meeting. That night the old town house took fire and for the lack of any facilities to extinguish the flames, was burned to the ground. Some attributed the fire to rats getting at loose matches, others thought that the town had some implacable enemy who had applied the torch of conflagration, and others, though completely mystified, would venture no opinion. But George felt that he knew how that old town house got on fire, and was certain that the old waste paper he had thoughtlessly placed in that ash pail had done the fearful mischief. There was no mending the matter, he had not the means to repair the damage if he confessed, and he therefore kept the secret to himself for many years, having been too thoroughly frightened to ever reveal it except to most intimate friends, long after the fire had been forgotten.

All the way up through the past century there have been a good many mad dog panics on all the Berkshire towns, and some of them proved to be pretty lively occasions. Some-

where about 68 years ago two mad dogs came rushing over Furnace Hill into North Adams from Williamstown, having bitten many animals on the route, and completely terrorized the whole locality. Thirty men armed with all kinds of weapons were passed by these dogs at the foot of Furnace Hill, the latter being untouched by a club or a bullet. As the animals crossed the Phoenix bridge, these men cried out to Hiram C. Benton, then a small boy, to take to a pile of lumber in front of the present famous Hunter machine works. He clambered up the same with one of these dogs close to his heels, when Frank Colegrove brought the dog down with a very timely bullet. The other dog passed up Main street biting many dogs before he was shot. The result was that the dog population of the village was materially thinned out, as the extent to which rabies had been communicated was unknown and every dog uncared for by owners was sacrificed. Fully 100 dogs were killed at this time, whose carcasses were buried in a deep trench dug by Black Jack in the old Kingsley swamp to the south of the village. In the whitest heat of this excitement, Orrin Schuyler, the half negro and half Indian driver of the North Adams and Bennington four horse stage, drove up in front of the Berkshire House with a new dog he had purchased. A man on the hotel platform drew a pistol to shoot this dog, when Orrin covered him with an ugly weapon, saying, "shoot at my dog and you are a dead man." Knowing that Orrin never failed to keep his word, the dog was not further molested.

Great clouds of locusts, dragon and sand flies to such an extent as to shut out the light of the sun from the earth for short periods of time have been frequent visitations in the west in the past, while showers of frogs and angle worms are frequently read of in various parts of the country. The only memorable event of remarkable insect visitation in Berkshire County, occurred early in the past century in the south village of Adams, when for a full half hour the windows of the dwellings therein were darkened by grasshoppers and the air was thick with them. It is related of two pretty girls of those old days that they were on their way to meeting up Maple street to the old Quaker Meeting House, clad in the gauziness of their Sunday best. That these grasshoppers so filled into their capacious width of skirts and became entangled in their outward dress and bonnets,

that they hastened home in great agony and fright to rid themselves of these pests.

There used to be a good deal of searching and digging for supposed buried gold in various parts of Pittsfield in the earlier days. Over at lower Barkerville a strange old hermit lived for many years in a tumble-down cabin and after his death it was rumored that a big pot of gold was buried under his doorstep. The earth was all dug over in that vicinity, but no treasure ever rewarded the labor. Then the rumor that old Williams money was buried under Squire Sharer's barn caused a deal of unrewarded search of this character. This was the squire who wanted to give a gift to foreign missions and proposed to send out a barrel of cider. the Squire was a Democrat in politics and a toast given by him at a party banquet at one of the old hotels ended with "The Lord bless you and send you where the Devil can't find you."

Miss Julia Cushing, the beautiful and sprightly young daughter of Dr. David Cushing, the famous pioneer physician on Stafford's Hill, one took a prominent part in a harmless play gotten up by the pupils of the old Brick Academy in Adams, whose site is now occupied by the Town Hall. A very pious lady of one of the prominent families of the village was so exercised over the "heathenish performance," as she called it, that she drove down to the academy and soundly scolded the pupils during a rehearsal of this play, predicting that one of the participants would die

before the year expired. Strangely enough the lovely Miss Cushing deceased that year, and Elder Sweet, who delivered her funeral sermon, fanatically alluded to her participation in this harmless pastime. With so many amusement of this character on the part of the schools and churches of today, to say nothing of general society in such, the strict bounds in which Berkshire childhood was penned within, can be appreciated by the relation of this anecdote.

Near the present Pittsfield Almshouse once stood what was called the Methodist Reformed Church, but which was nicknamed the "Plumptonian Church." It was here that a colored man named Uncle Billy Potter, who could neither read or write and the skin on whose bald head shone like a polished black ivory ball, used to sing in mighty voice, "Like on de field of battle," while a little old fellow named Butler, who had a musical yell which sounded like "d-a-y, d-a-y, d-a-y," would accompany him.

Among the old town of Pittsfield's queer characters of early date, an octogenarian remembers Crazy Seth Allen, who took a bee line for the village from the west part, and refusing to deviate therefrom walked off into the waters of Onota Lake and was drowned. There was also eccentric Billy Trainor, Nash Noble who went by the name of Capt. Mack, and brother Seymour, who though a faithful plodder for bread and an industrious worker, would never wear a hat. ■

* * * * *

Burritt - from page 131

which I lived outside of my native place, and they made a deeper and more lasting impression upon me than any two years of my life. Your face as you led the village church choir, is just as distinctly before me as though it were but yesterday."

After inquiring after Linus and Julius Catlin of the old town and Seth Norton of Great Barrington, whom he met later in life in Pittsfield when lecturing there, he concludes his letter, "I can hardly realize the life I have led

since I left New Marlboro. I truly have had an experience which I little dreamed of then. It seems a very dream to me when I look back on the track of my life and labors since that time - how apparently trivial incidents or circumstances biased me from one step to another until I found myself in Europe, engaged in great movements and associated with eminent men in England, France and other countries. ■

BERKSHIRE COUNTY

in 1776

A map designed primarily as a decorative local souvenir of the nation's bicentennial. While researched as thoroughly as possible among official and unofficial sources, it is presented to our neighbors of 1976 with the same plea for indulgence made by Hamilton Child in the introduction to his noted Gazetteer of Berkshire County, Mass. 1725-1885:

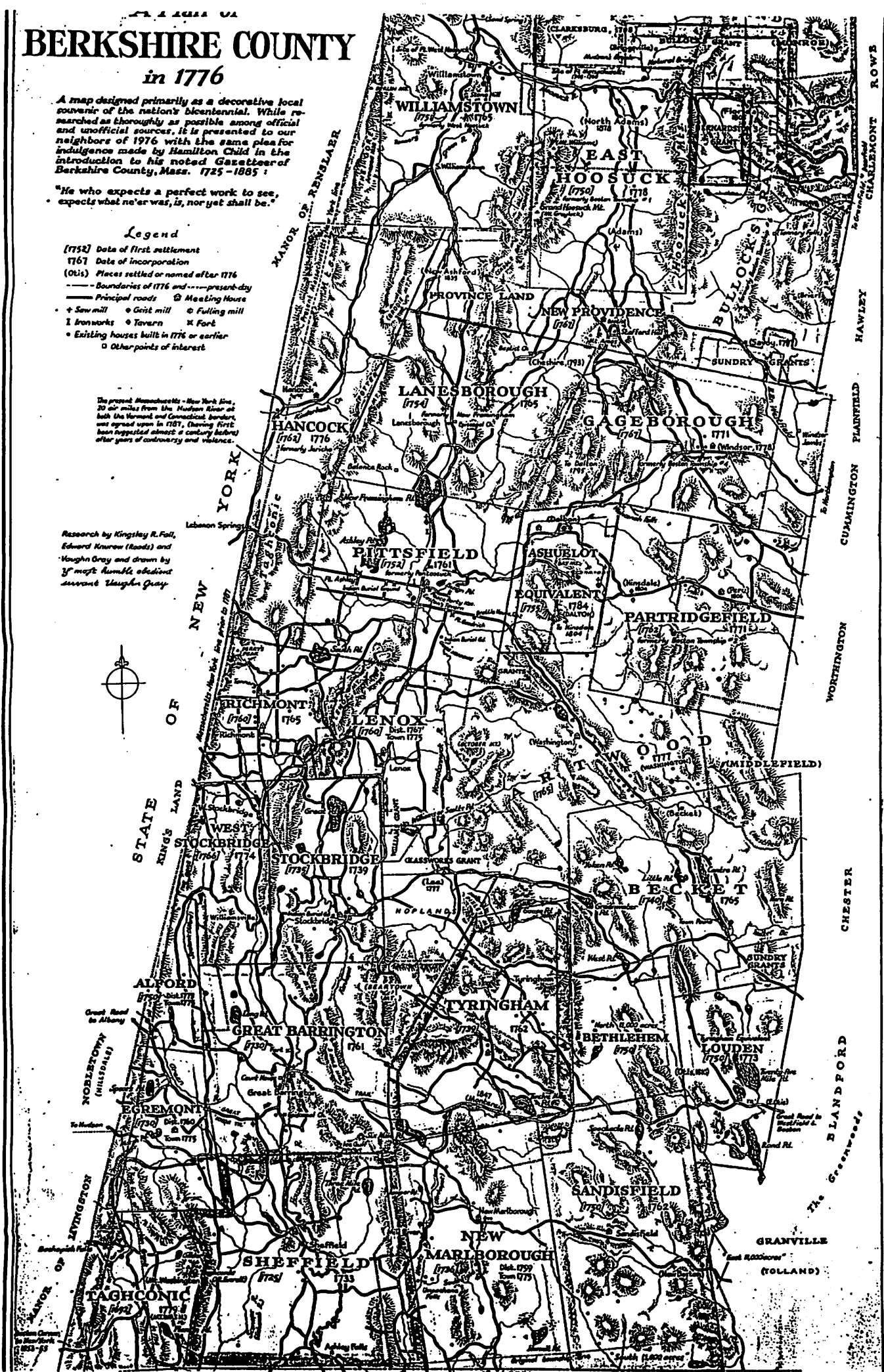
"He who expects a perfect work to see, expects what ne'er was, is, nor yet shall be."

Legend

- (1752) Date of first settlement
- 1767 Date of incorporation
- (Old) Places settled or named after 1776
- Boundaries of 1776 and --- present-day
- Principal roads
- ⊙ Meeting House
- + Saw mill
- ⊙ Grist mill
- ⊙ Fulling mill
- ⊙ Ironworks
- ⊙ Tavern
- ⊙ Fort
- Existing houses built in 1776 or earlier
- Other points of interest

The present Massachusetts-New York line, 20 air miles from the Hudson River at both the Vermont and Connecticut borders, was agreed upon in 1787, (having first been suggested almost a century before) after years of controversy and violence.

Research by Kingsley R. Fall, Edward H. Newell (Roads) and Vaughn Gray and drawn by 3rd most humble obedient servant Vaughn Gray



BERKSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY ASSOCIATION, INC.

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