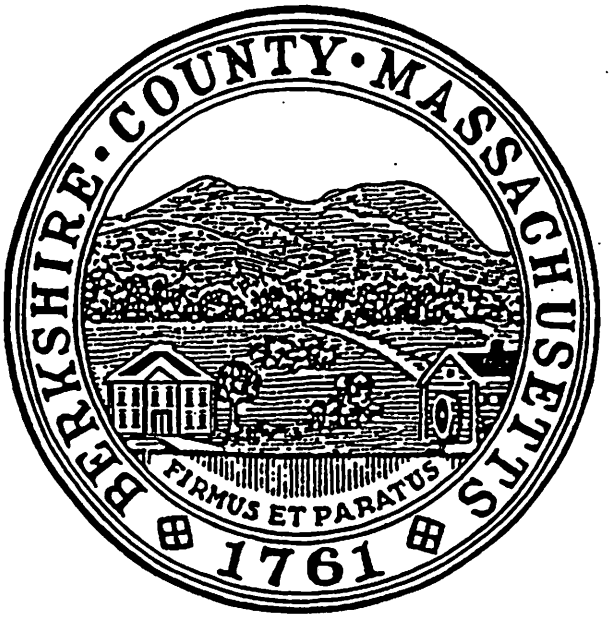
Berkshire Genealogist



Volume 36 Number 2 Spring 2015

BERKSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY ASSOCIATION, INC.

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

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BERKSHIRE GENEALOGIST

Donald L. Lutes, Jr.
Managing Editor

THE OLD PITTSFIELD WELLS

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

It is known that the earliest sections of Pittsfield did not design at first to have the center of the town where it was afterwards located. As a more desirable locality, they fixed up the present site of the Sampson mansion and homestead in the southeastern part of the present city for this purpose. While the location was a charming one and everything else was satisfactory, they speedily found one drawback which upset all their previous plans. This was a lack of water for domestic and other purposes and the great cost necessarily involved in sinking deep wells to obtain even a moderate supply. Therefore to the element of water the city now owes its planting upon its present historic and beautiful site.

Thus, without doubt, having the present charming location in view, the choice of the present site was largely determined by the fact that abundant water could be procured by the sinking of wells at a moderate expense. The first well sunk in the town was on the present site of the great Jones' Machine Shop on Depot street. The water drawn from this well was very pure and palatable, and it was so much of a luxury in the earlier days that the population came from all over the settlement to draw it to their homes on sleds and hand-carts. Some of the old inhabitants who were boys in that day, but who are no longer living, used to relate that drawing water home from this well used to be one of their duties in doing "chores," and more onerous to them than sawing and chopping wood and taking care of the horses and cows.

The second well dug in the old town was that on the old David Campbell place directly south of Backus Block, and which is covered with a large flat rock, so that its exact location is easily determined, and should there be curiosity to ascertain its depth and method of construction, the same could easily be done. In fact, the mention of this well in a previous number of this monthly, has made possible this present description of the location of all the old wells in the Pittsfield village a century ago. The third well in the town was located on the lot of Abraham Mullison, near the corner of Fenn and First streets. The fourth was on the Ensign property, on the corner of North and Union streets.

The fifth was located on North Pearl street and directly opposite the French Catholic Church. All the way through the first half of the nineteenth century many a Pittsfield son paid his way into the circuses by lugging water from this well to the old common. Of course there were a number of other old wells, but those above mentioned were those of general resort, in which at first the old oaken bucket was lowered by crotch and pole for the hoisting out of its aqueous wealth, and finally adorned with huge wooden log pumps supporting the good old fashioned tin dipper hung on their delivery spouts to accommodate the thirsty and the weary in the good old days of long ago.

There used to be a good well of water on the Phineas Allen property on North street, now occupied by the Academy of Music and annex and other buildings. This well had an incident occur in its construction which would seem worth relating. Mr. Allen always made it a rule never to have any work done that he had not the ready money at hand to pay for. The well had been sunk down in the earth to quite a considerable depth when the workmen came upon a large flat rock which filled the entire surface of the excavation, and whose real size was not determinable. Mr. Allen was summoned and the condition of things explained to him. He opened his pocket book and taking therefrom a five dollar note handed it to the boss well digger, saying: "Here is all the money I have. Use it, and if water comes, well and good, but if not, quit work." A big blast was made and the five dollars all put into it in labor and powder. The rock was split in twain and a never-failing volume of water came into the well.

* * * * * * * * * *

RANDOM REMEMBRANCES AND GLEANINGS

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

Colonel Granville Weston, the famous old-time chorister at the Dalton Congregational Church, was very obese and weighed between 300 and 400 pounds, if anything tripping the scales on the 400 side of these figures. It was at one time fashionable among the well-to-do in the old Berkshire towns to own a mule, or a Jack, to do a light draught work about farms and homes. Col. Weston purchased a Jack, but after the novelty of possession wore off got tired of the long-eared animal who use to run about the streets unlooked and uncared for. One Saturday night some mischievous boys captures Jack and shut him up in the little workshop of Peter Renne, father of the late William Renne of Pittsfield, which was on the highway directly opposite the church. All was quiet in this workshop until Granville and his choir opened the meeting Sunday morning with the first hymn. Of course Granville's powerful musical voicings could be heard a half a mile through the open windows, and Jack being hungry, commenced jumping and kicking and creating a tremendous racket, and in agonized wildness to attract the attention of his master, whose voice he recognized, thrust his head through a window sash unmindful of breaking glass and commenced braying so loudly and horribly that the congregation rushing out to ascertain what was the matter, the church services for that morning were broken up. Granville was so mortified over this happening that he is said to have hired a party to take Jack off into the woods for execution. Granville was the owner of much valuable land in Dalton and died it is said "land poor" - the possessor of many acres, but of no money.

It was in 1861 that one of the largest dairy farmers in the old town of Adams, which with the combined villages of North and South Adams was the largest township (six miles square) in the state of Massachusetts, had in his employ a very industrious, faithful and witty Irishman who was brimming over with the effervescent humor so peculiar to American emigrants from the Emerald Isle seeking citizenship and homes under the beloved flag of the free republic. The farmer noticed that Patrick, when helping milk the dairy herd mornings and evenings, always left a certain cow of the number assigned to him to relieve of her lacteal contributions, until the very last of his duties in that particular. Finally, the old farmer's curiosity became so keenly aroused over the repetition of this performance for many days, without a single omission, that he asked Patrick the reason for his persistent neglect of this bovine until he was ready to fill his last pail with the lacteal. "Why" replied Patrick, "An shure, she be a hard milker; she might die, it mought be meself that will be dead and I not have to milk her. -- two big chances, you see, boss." Subsequent events proved that this cow was to outlive Patrick. Enlisting the following autumn in a Berkshire company he early went to the front in the civil war, with many other patriotic Irishmen in the county, and was instantly killed the following May in the battle of "The Wilderness," and when picked up by his comrades it was found that nine Minie rifle balls had passed through his body.

Private Simon Cotton, who served through the civil war as a member of the brave Tenth Massachusetts Regiment, was subject to a kind of mental cowardice, which strive as he would he could not overcome, especially under a hot fire from the enemy, of which this grand old regiment seemed to be always placed in position to take the full target brunt from the first to the last of its memorable service. For such offenses Private Cotton was often placed on a line of plank laid upon the top of empty pork barrels, made to shoulder a musket, and to march back and forth on this improvised elevated plank walk under the surveillance of an armed guard with orders to prick him with his bayonet if he sought to rest. Besides, a large board was attached to his back, hanging down from his neck, on which was roughly inscribed with chalk the character of the offense for which this punishment was being inflicted. When a familiar comrade would come up and say, "Sime, what are you doing

up there?" With the greatest solemnity and sadness and without a twitch of a muscle in his comical face, he would reply, "boarding round." In the summer of 1860, a year prior to Cotton's enlistment, with a few boon companions he took a tramp of inspection up to the Natural Bridge in Clarksburg, and as usual, imbibed more fermented liquor than spring water. Strolling off alone into a pasture he was pursued and attacked by a vicious ram, which seemed to be infuriated at his reeling in the attempt to keep his feet. Finally this ram made a grand charge and knocking him down commenced butting his prostrate form with great force and activity. His companions seeing his trouble, came quickly to his rescue, drove the animal off and asked him what he was doing down there on the grass. "Can't you see, you simpletons," groaned Simon, "that Cotton is down and Wool is up."

Major Resolva Wood of the old-time Adams South Village had a vein of humor in his composition which shone out on his face in every waking hour. His settlement of an old score store account with Jake Thompson was decidedly illustrative of this prominent trait. It was long before Maine and license laws were in vogue, and all the stores dealt in whiskey as well as in salt pork, sugar and molasses. Jake Thompson loved whiskey and spent the most of his trout catching income for this liquid. He brought most of his trout to Major Wood, with whom he had a running whiskey account. This thing had gone along for a goodly period of time, in which the debit for whiskey had plunged far ahead of the credit for trout. At length the major called Jake into his store and demanded that he square up this balance. Jake, who never had any money, told the Major that he would work hard and bring him in trout to square "dat yere bill." But the Major said that this would not answer, that the bill must be settled then and there. Poor Jake was badly scared and didn't know what to do. The Major finally suggested that he give his note for this balance, and proceeded to write one, which he compelled the frightened colored man to sign by making his mark (X). The Major was having rare sport with Jake, but had managed to preserve a grave and solemn demeanor while demanding his dues and during the execution of this mysterious business document to the affrighted colored man. But judge of his surprise the minute that mark had been affixed to the note by the trembling Jake, to have that individual joyfully exclaim, "Tank God, dat yere debt am paid." It was "Black Jake," as he was called, who one morning was seen fishing by a farmer who was crossing the Browning bridge, on what is now called Lime street in Adams. This farmer called out to Jake asking him how many fish he had caught. "When I kotch dat one ober side of dat log, and anudder one, I'll hab two," answered Jake.

Somewhere about 1820 a queer character named Hathaway lived on the Thatcher farm on the main highway leading from Adams to Savoy. It was long a question between those who knew him whether he was strangely eccentric or insane. His house commanded an unobstructed view of the hilly highway for a long distance, and when he saw a stranger approaching thereon he would clamber up to the top of a large rock in his dooryard, and which he called his pulpit, and as he was passing the same would shout, "Freely give, and I'll freely receive; our folks need a cow." Not long afterwards while cutting down trees with a companion named Richards, he attacked him with his ax and murdered him, giving as a reason for the cold-blooded deed that "the Lord commanded him to chop him down." He was arrested, convicted and sent to States prison for life. Some years later a neighbor visiting Boston on business, went over to Charlestown and found that his mental condition was not much changed, but that he had sense enough to piteously plead for a plug of tobacco, which was procured and sent to his cell. He died in this prison without recovering his sanity.

The way some of the modern building contractors throw dwelling-houses together in the county now-a-days can be no better illustrated than by an ancient anecdote of George Mallory of North Adams, who was a more rapid than careful builder, and who could do a job for half the money asked by competitors for such work. It is related that several years before the war he was observed rushing down Main street with one of his hands held high above his head. In vain several of his acquaintances wanted to know what was the

matter. He only spun along the faster; meanwhile remaining as dumb as an oyster. Finally one of these made bold to collar him, thinking he had gone daft, and demanded the reason for his strange conduct. "You must clear out from me, you rascals," replied he, with a strange fire in his eye. "Don't you see I've got the exact measure of the height of a door for Bill Ferguson's house, and I'm going down to Al Darling's after it." No house or barn "raisin" could take place in Northern Berkshire in those days without Mallory, who on these occasions never was known to lift a hand on timber, joist or plank. But he could always yell the other fellows into lifting thrice their weight.

After his unfortunate experience as one of the "forty-niners" in seeking gold in California, Levi Randall was very averse to leaving his home on North Church street in North Adams, but a false report that his only and beloved daughter, Helen, then the wife of Rev. Mr. Walton, was ill at her home in Illinois, drew him speedily thither. He made quite a long visit with his son-in-law and after returning home was met on Main street by Rev. Dr. Anable, then pastor of the First Baptist Church. The Doctor liked to draw the witty Levi out and had the tact to do this, having a genuine friendship for him. Randall, in his peculiar and happy manner, was describing to Dr. Anable the fine things they had out West, and after enumerating in glowing terms some of these which had particularly struck his fancy, would up by saying that the great West was a veritable Garden of Eden in everything that you could think of. "How about the quality of the drinking water out there, Mr. Randall?" asked the Doctor. Levi removed his hat, ran his fingers over his brows and through his hair, and with a sickly smile replied, "Well, now, Doctor, you've got me. The real truth of it is I never tried the water for a beverage the whole time I was in Illinois. Really, I guess they have to take it all down to Milwaukee to make beer of it."

An old resident of Pittsfield named Stockbridge was one engaged in doing some carpentry in the basement directly beneath an open trap door in the old Peck store on East street, when a very corpulent woman suddenly opened an outside back door, nearly crushing the life out of his body. The woman was not much injured, however, though terribly shaken up and frightened. Recovering herself and her wits and while trying to do what she could for poor Stockbridge, the ludicrousness of the situation came home to her, and she suddenly burst out laughing, remarking, "well, this is by all means the quickest trip that will ever be made between Pittsfield and Stockbridge."

The grandfather of David S. Pierce was Ebenezer Pierce of Peru, a delegate from Partridgeville to the Massachusetts Convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States, and a compatriot of Jonathan Smith of Lanesboro. In his late visit he stated that this vote of his grandfather for the Constitution was the proudest act of his Berkshire ancestry. His grandfather was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature for nineteen years. Afterwards he was one of twelve civil engineers appointed by the United States Government to survey the State of Ohio, and was a delegate to the Convention which adopted the Constitution of Ohio. He deceased at Marietta, Ohio, in 1800, at the home of a lady who afterwards became the wife of High Sheriff George S. Willis of Pittsfield.

Dr. Enoch Pierce bought the Lanesboro farm north of the residence of Hon. Henry Shaw from Dr. Asa Burbank, a brilliant writer and able physician of that day, who removed to Albany, N.Y., where he practiced most successfully for a while but finally becoming financially embarrassed, returned to South Williamstown, where he deceased at the home of his brother. This was the spot from which Dr. Burbank took the pear grafts which resulted in the propagation of the Bartlett pear at Boston by the once celebrated nurseryman of that name. It was when Dr. Burbank was in the Legislature that he championed the petition which resulted in the setting off of Lanesboro from Cheshire. He was an ardent Jeffersonian and Baptist, and those not of his political and religious stripe in Cheshire, who were incensed at this action said that they were glad to get rid of him as a townsman.

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FAMILY HISTORY OF THE REVEREND BENJAMIN JUDD

By Frank F. Judd, Ph.D.

[Continued from Volume 36, Number 1, Page 7]

In the last segment of this article we left Rev. Benjamin Judd facing some potential problems in the Ware Congregational Church almost as soon as he had been settled. We wondered what could possibly have happened, and why weren't the people united in his settlement? What did Benjamin Judd do that aroused the ire of the members of his congregation? Didn't the members of the council do a satisfactory job in determining Benjamin's qualifications? Who were these "dissenting parties," and what complaint did they have against Benjamin after such a short time in office?

The answers to most of these questions are tied up in the state of political and economic upheaval in which Benjamin found himself during that time following the Revolutionary War.

> "It was that critical period following the Revolution in which occurred what is known as "Shays' Rebellion." This was a popular outbreak growing from the oppressive taxes, the heavy individual and town debts, distrust of the government and other burdens and misfortunes incident to the War. It is of especial interest to us, because our town was in the midst of the disaffected territory, and many of our citizens aided and abetted the movement." [21]

The Rev. Benjamin Judd could not possibly have known, when he first accepted the call of the Ware Congregational Church, that he would have had to deal with such a politically hot issue. We are inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt in his handling of these matters since he was not as yet an experienced minister. How could he have known the depth of feelings among some of his congregants as he stepped to the pulpit to deliver his first sermon? However, the following quote from the original Ware church records may be indicative of the feelings that were held by Rev. Benjamin Judd at that time: "Sept 27th, 1787, Rev. Mr. Judd remarked about those who joined in Shays' Rebellion, 'that he would as soon pray for the Devils in Hell as for ye insurgents.'" [22]

An interesting perspective is provided by Benjamin Judd's third cousin, once removed, Eben W. Judd. The families of Eben W. Judd and Benjamin Judd grew up together in Watertown, Litchfield, Connecticut, and as a result would have known one another. In 1786, Eben W. Judd was returning to Watertown from an assignment as a surveyor in upper Vermont. He was traveling down the Connecticut River and on Christmas day had decided to stop for the night at West Springfield, Massachusetts, only about twenty-five miles from where Benjamin Judd was struggling with his unruly congregation. From Eben W. Judd's journal we read . . .

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[21] "History of Ware, Massachusetts," Pages 93-94.

[22] "Fragments from Old Records," provided by Mary M. Barroll, Director of the Young Men's Library Association, Ware, Massachusetts, from the records of the Ware Congregational Church.

> "When I first approached this house I saw a most horrid particular company of men under arms with guns and bayonet. Their countenances showed terror and death...They were some of them unruly Drunk and clashing bayonets in a most shocking manner...they were going to breakup the court at Springfield -- Old hateful and angry Mars is now mustering his hellish forces to a horrid and destructive war." [23]

Then, on December 26th he continues to write, "What I have beheld today. What is this land coming to? Surely if I judge arrogant thugs there will be in an hour time...Bloodshed. I see it in the faces of many a man--All law is trampled upon--the Courts are all broak up by mobs and Riots and what will be next--I'll venture to say a most distressing internecine War which if suppressed tis likely will end in the ruin of this State--Far better would it be for you Bostonians to sheath the sword which in your power lust you go so far that there be no recovery." [23]

It may be that Benjamin Judd's observations and experiences with the supporters of Shays' Rebellion were similar. However, the former Revolutionary War soldiers who were impacted by the oppressive post-war conditions were in fact in serious economic trouble.

> "A spirit of popular discontent was abroad in Massachusetts, especially in the purely agricultural communities where the hardships incident to eight years of war were most keenly felt. State, county and town taxes were heavy, and the farmer, who could not by any means conceal his holdings either from assessors or sheriffs, found the burden almost more than he could bear, particularly as the lack of circulating medium made his products unsalable for cash, and he had no other sources of income. Gold and silver there was none, and the voluminous issues of Continental paper currency had lost credit. And the country was flooded with counterfeits of even these nearly worthless bills. Everybody was in financial straits. Real estate was unsalable. The soldiers had come home poor, sick and discouraged. Everybody tried to enforce the collection of debts, and attachments of property, as everyday affairs, wrought the people to a dangerous pitch. No wonder men were ready to resort to force to prevent the sale of goods and lands at the hands of the sheriff. The popular feeling was that the laws were unfair and oppressive, though no one knew in what manner to correct them." [24]

Conditions were so bad that discussions of how to make allowances for the passing of counterfeit bills formed a large percentage of the business during town meetings. In addition, at least three court orders had been served against Ware in 1784 for non-payment of community debt, and there were other town debts as well. With this as a background, we may be able to better understand what Benjamin Judd was dealing with. This would have been a difficult task for any minister, whether in the eighteenth century or the twenty-first century.

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[23] "The Journals and Journeys of Eben Judd: 1761-1837," A talk given by Gregory Sanford, Vermont State Archivist, at the Courthouse in Guildhall, Essex, Vermont, April 11, 1999. This talk may be found at the website of the Vermont State Archives

[24] "History of Ware, Massachusetts," Page 94.

The historian, Arthur Chase, tried to put the matter in perspective by saying,

> ". . . that the movement was of the common people. The better educated and professional classes were most strongly opposed to it. Judges, lawyers and clergymen, as the conservative element in society, were unmeasured in their denunciations. Among these was the Rev. Benjamin Judd. He used his pulpit as a forum from which he denounced the abettors of the rebellion in no measured terms. Deacon Maverick Smith and Abijah Davis left the meetinghouse in the midst of public worship "in contempt of the pastor, or what he delivered." They, together with Deacon Thomas Jenkins, Thomas Marsh and Daniel Gould, thereafter absented themselves from public worship. Both these acts were deemed grounds for the exercise of discipline. Countercharges were preferred against the pastor for harsh expressions both in public and in private." [25]

Benjamin Judd must have felt he was in a no win situation, but his principles would not allow him to compromise on the substantive issues.

> "An Ecclesiastical Council was called to settle the grievances and to restore harmony amongst the divided and excited flock, or else to dissolve the relation between pastor and church. The Council convened, consisting of eight ministers and seven laymen from the neighboring churches. Charges and countercharges were laid before the Council. After mature deliberation Deacon Maverick Smith, Mr. Thomas Marsh and Daniel Gould were censured for absenting themselves from public worship, their conduct characterized as 'a flagrant violation of the Divine Laws . . . and of all order in the Church of Christ.'"
>
> "The charge against Deacon Thomas Jenkins, Lieut. Abraham Cummings, Ebenezer Nye and Lieut. David Brown for aiding and assisting in the rebellion was unanimously supported. The Council characterized the rebellion as 'most wicked and unprovokable, that it was a crime of ye most aggravated nature,' and the four men were declared censurable." [26]

Although the Rev. Benjamin Judd had been vindicated in his dealings with those members of his congregation who were the most ardent supporters of Shays' Rebellion, the church council was not through with their deliberations.

> "The Council's dealings with the charges against Mr. Judd for 'harsh expressions' might serve as a model of casuistry. With respect to the expression 'Hell-Hound,' said to have been delivered but not written, it was declared 'not proven.' 'For calling the Chh. a pretended one. These words used by Mr. Judd are capable of, and often used in a sense that is unexceptionable, and it does not appear to this Council but they were so used by Mr. Judd.' For saying that 'he would as soon pray for the Devils in Hell as for ye insurgents,' Mr. Judd is excused because he 'immediately explained himself as meaning only for their success and prosperity in their unlawful undertakings.' His saying that 'if the Devil was Governor or Ruler the People ought to Obey Him,' was conceded to be a 'rash and unguarded expression.'" [26]

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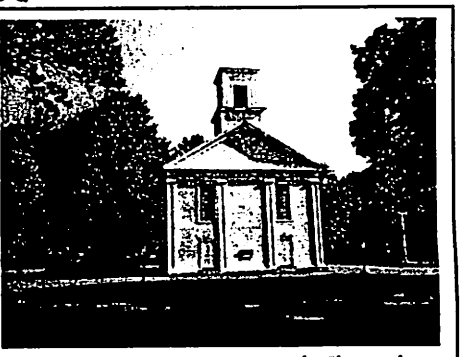
[25] "History of Ware, Massachusetts," Page 95.
[26] "History of Ware, Massachusetts," Page 96.

We are beginning to see now why the great genealogist, Sylvester Judd, had written of Rev. Benjamin Judd that, "He appears to have been a self-educated man, of a strong mind, but passionate, or as one correspondent says, 'of a very hot temper.'" [27] Up until now, however, we may still be inclined to think that Benjamin was acting out of passion for his country. A country whose freedom had just been bought with the best blood that could be offered, and whose freedom was assured by the God they were all worshiping each Sunday. Moreover, his deep seated patriotic feelings apparently would not allow him to be patient with those who were out to do harm to the new found government despite the apparent justness of their cause.

A photograph of the modern day Ware Congregational Church is shown below. Occasionally, worship services are still held in this building, but for the most part it is now an historical icon in the community. A bright red sign out front of this property reads as follows: "Preservation Works! Ware Center Meeting House Restoration, Ware, MA. This property, which is listed in the State Register of Historic Places, has received a matching grant from the Massachusetts Preservation Project Fund through the Massachusetts Historical Commission, Secretary of the Commonwealth, William Frances Galvin, Chairman. Grant Recipient: Proprietors of the Ware Center Meeting House, Ware, MA." It was indeed in this building that Rev. Benjamin Judd encountered so much difficulty with some of his parishioners.



First Congregational Church
Ware Center, Massachusetts

While Rev. Benjamin Judd may have been sympathetic toward the plight of the destitute members of his congregation, he certainly was not supportive of the means being employed to address their grievances. The Ware Church council seemed to agree.

> "Enough has been quoted to show the state of affairs; yet the Council refused to sever the pastoral relation, doubtless hoping that bitterness would die as the rebellion itself had died. Mr. Judd was declared to be 'an honest faithful minister of Christ,' and it was held that 'if the Chh & People in this Town will attend to their duty, lay aside all wrath & bitterness, and put on as the Elect of God, kindness and humbleness of mind, meekness and gentleness, their Rev'nd. Pastor may be a great Blessing to them.'" [28]

Yet, the peace in this rural Massachusetts community was not long enjoyed. The members of the congregation apparently continued their demand that their Pastor be censured for his lack of compassion for their cause, no matter how illegal their methods may have been.

> "Much excellent advice was given both to pastor and people, and as to discipline, a return to duty was declared to be a 'sufficient satisfaction for past errors and misconduct.' Any

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[27] "Thomas Judd and His Descendants," by Sylvester Judd, Printed by J. & L. Metcalf, Northampton, MA, 1856, Page 43.

[28] "History of Ware, Massachusetts," Pages 96-97.

expectation that peace would so easily be restored was manifestly Utopian. Two months later the town in legal meeting voted to dismiss their minister, the vote being taken by a division of the house, and standing 63 to 13. Another Ecclesiastical Council was convened in September, and the pastoral relation dissolved; Mr. Judd being declared 'not to have forfeited his moral or ministerial character.' The Council therefore recommends him 'to future usefulness in any part of the Vineyard where God in his Providence may call him.'" [29]

This monument marks the spot of the final battle of Shays' Rebellion, in Sheffield, Massachusetts From Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia

The Rev. Benjamin Judd was dismissed from his first pulpit on 28 September 1787. It seems such a shame that the community allowed itself to become so polarized by this issue, as difficult a one as it was. Arthur Chase reports that, "After the dismission of the Rev. Benjamin Judd the church was without a pastor for five years. It was a period of reconstruction after the Revolutionary War, a time of hardship and of extreme poverty. For two years the church was at a standstill, not a single official meeting being recorded for that period in the parish records." [29]

This monument marks the spot of the final battle of Shays' Rebellion, in western Massachusetts near South Egremont [30]. South Egremont is about seventy-five miles west of Ware. One may only speculate as to whether the survivors of this last battle, many of whom were members of Rev. Judd's congregation, pressed for his resignation as a result of their failures on the field.

It is interesting to note that the community of Ware picked up the bill for the deliberations of the Ecclesiastical Council that dismissed Rev. Benjamin Judd. It is surprising that there were any expenses at all, but the nature of these expenses is even more telling.

> "The expenses of the Council that dismissed Mr. Judd, which were met by the town, were as follows:
>
> 212 meals at 7d per meal.
> 68 lodgings at 2d each.
> 4d for keeping a horse 24 hours. — 76 horses.
> Four gallons of new rum at 3s per gallon.
> Two gallons of old rum at 5s per gallon." [29]

Apparently the citizens who sat in judgment of Rev. Benjamin Judd in general, and those who

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[29] "History of Ware, Massachusetts," Page 97.

[30] "Shays' Rebellion," From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia, this web site may be found at www.wikipedia.org.

may have participated in Shays' Rebellion in particular, were a colorful and rowdy bunch.

The events surrounding Benjamin Judd, and his encounter with the supporters of Shays' Rebellion, were so indelibly etched in the collective minds of the members of the Ware Congregational Church, that years later in 1951 the Rev. Roland D. Sawyer, the seventeenth settled minister in Ware, would remark that . . .

> "Then came Rev. Benjamin Judd, ordained Oct. 12, 1785. Mr. Judd was a misfit. Coming from Harvard College and the Eastern section, his sympathies were all with the more wealthy people along the coast section and strong against the poor people of this section, who were struggling to recover from the costs of the Revolution and pay off their debts. Our people were in sympathy with Capt. Dan Shays of Pelham who wanted the courts seized so that they could not attach and take away the homes of those who could not pay. On Sept. 28, 1787, six weeks less than two years, a wise Council advised that the union of pastor and people be dissolved." [31]

One wonders if the Rev. Roland D. Sawyer really knew Benjamin Judd as well as he implies he does. Certainly it is conceded that the controversy that resulted in his dismissal was over his lack of support for Shays' Rebellion. Yet, to then draw the conclusion that because Benjamin was Harvard educated he had little feeling for the poor of his congregation seems to be misplaced. The Rev. Sawyer's remarks may be more understandable, however, when we realize that in his political views he was a Socialist activist and Rev. Benjamin Judd was not.

The life of Benjamin Judd and his young family were profoundly affected by this controversy. Certainly, Benjamin would have removed his family from Ware, Massachusetts, but we are not told to where they relocated. His father was certainly dead long before 1787, his older brother Joel Judd had already passed away from his bout with small pox during the War, and his brother Thomas Judd (1743-1828) had previously moved his family to Panton, Addison, Vermont. It would not be a surprise if he had not returned to Watertown, Litchfield, Connecticut, where it is suspected his wife's parents resided. Certainly Benjamin had two elderly Uncles living in that vicinity, and of course his sister Annise and many of his step brothers were living in nearby Harwinton.

Benjamin, however, was not about to let this setback, no matter how uncomfortable it may have been, deter him from pursuing the profession he so dearly loved. And, while his wife and children may have stayed in Watertown for a time, Benjamin did not allow himself much time for rest and relaxation.

(To be continued)

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[31] "Our Church History of 200 Years," by Rev. Roland D. Sawyer, An Historical Sermon Preached in The First Church in Ware, Mass., 5 August 1951, this pamphlet is part of the early records of the First Congregational Church of Ware, Massachusetts, Page 3. A copy of this pamphlet may be found at the Young Mens Library Association in Ware, Mass.

HORACE MANN IN PITTSFIELD

From *The Berkshire Hills*, October 1, 1900.

One previously unannounced reason why North Adams should have the only State Normal School in Berkshire County and upon this side of the Hoosac mountain range, is that the first Teachers' Institute ever held in this county was in Drury Academy, but a short distance from the present Normal School building now standing on the site of what all thought the earlier history of the village was known as the "Sugar Loaf," from its marked resemblance in form to the big loaves of hard white sugar made in those times, and only finding purchasers among the well-to-do families.

Soon after the appointment of Horace Mann as Secretary of the State Board of Education, this great educator started in to improve the instruction in the district of common schools of the state, higher education being confined exclusively to private schools, academies and colleges and a paid tuition therein, by those sending their children to them.

The fame of Horace Mann had reached North Adams before him, great was the curiosity of the entire village to see him, and all the school teachers from far and near flocked hither to meet him. He was welcomed by the clergymen and the prominent citizens of the village and during his visit so endeared himself to all with whom he became associated that his visit and himself were never forgotten by them.

Lyman Thompson, the first principal of Drury Academy, opened the second story of this building for his use and here the first Teachers' Institute in the county was held. The so-called Institute was composed of about forty young men and women, the greater portion of whom were already teaching in the district schools of Northern Berkshire, while the others were seeking knowledge how to become such instructors. Horace Mann opened the Institute, which lasted one week, with two sessions a day, with the announcement that these sessions were to be conducted on the same plan as the district schools of the day, with the exception that as the school progressed he would introduce such new features as he thought might improve both management and instruction.

It was a pleasant time to the instructor and to those seeking for new methods for teaching, and as all were full of earnestness, they gathered around the tall, commanding form of Horace Mann like a family of children. Many of these students afterwards became prominent teachers in the Northern Berkshire schools, and those who at the time held such occupation, received instruction for which they were ever after deeply grateful. The youngest member of the Institute was a bright sixteen-years-old school boy, whose father wanted him to become a teacher and who compelled his attendance. Though seemingly attentive and studious, and to all appearances hanging on the very lips of his eminent and scholarly teacher, this lad was the subtle incarnation of petty though not malicious mischief. But it was not until Horace Mann had ranged the members of the Institute on the broad platform at the south end of the school room in a spelling class, having placed the tallest member at the head of the class and the balance in regular order of height, and this lad was at the foot, that Mr. Mann unearthed in "his model district school" this element of unadulterated fun. This class, he announced, was to be in its appearance and conduct, a model for all teachers, and of course the interest taken in it was great. He began to put out words for spelling and everything went on swimmingly until on reaching the head of the class the third time with a word of five syllables, the first scholar missed it. In fact the whole class fouled on this word, when to the astonishment of all, the lad at the foot of the class rattled it off glibly. Down to him came Horace Mann and taking him by the hand led him up and placed him at the head of that class with high words of praise and commendation.

The spelling went on, when suddenly Mr.

Mann stopped short and returned to the juvenile and apologized for asking him to spell that word again, as he did not feel entirely satisfied. Again the youngster shot the word off in a hurry and again the master was satisfied and complimented him. But five minutes had not elapsed when Mr. Mann was back again in front of this boy and with profuse apologies asked for a third spelling of this knotty word. Whether the roguish fellow was scared in the face of this august but kindly demand, is not known, but this time he was caught. He had spelled the tough word with the exception of a syllable of two letters, which instead of spelling he had sounded vocally with a peculiar adroitness for which the master gave him credit, though he led him down to the foot of the class. But it gave him a theme on the cunning pupil on which he delivered quite a strong lecture to the class. When the Institute closed that boy received the only gift made to its members. It was an interesting book and on the fly-leaf was written, "with kind regards to the lad who was twice too much for his friend, Horace Mann."

On the last Saturday of his stay Horace Mann, with members of the Institute, made an excursion to the Natural Bridge on the Hudson Brook and a most enjoyable afternoon resulted. Standing on one of the high rocks commanding a view of the lower portion of the bridge he made his model district school an eloquent farewell address. Since then this great boulder of moss-grown marble has always been a hallowed spot to those who have survived this once most eminent scholar and teacher of the Old Bay State.

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HISTORICAL BERKSHIRE HOMES

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

The Bryant House was built in 1759-66 by Gen. Joseph Dwight, occupied by William Cullen Bryant during the greater portion of his residence in Great Barrington, from 1816 to 1825. The house stands in the rear of the Berkshire Inn. While in Great Barrington, Mr. Bryant wrote "Monument Mountain," "The Murdered Traveler," the "Hymn to the North Star," "The Indian at the Burial Place of His Fathers," besides many other poems of local and general interest.

Nathaniel Hawthorne lived in the "Little Red House," from the early summer of 1850 until the winter of 1851. In it he wrote "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Wonder Book," and "Tanglewood Tales." The front room was where he did his literary work. The house stood on the south side of the highway leading from the main road from Lenox to Stockbridge westerly to the Curtisville road. It was destroyed by fire June 22, 1890.

The Sedgwick Mansion stands on the south side of Main Street. Stockbridge, and was built by Judge Theodore Sedgwick about 1785. In this house Miss Catherine Sedgwick wrote the "New England Tales," "Redwood," "Hope Leslie," and many shorter stories, besides a great deal of other literary work.

The house of "The Old Clock on the Stairs" stands on the south side of East Street in Pittsfield, and is now (1901) the residence of Mrs. Thomas F. Plunkett. The original design has been somewhat changed by the addition of a French roof. It was built in the early part of the last century by Thomas Gold, whose daughter was the wife of Hon. Nathan Appleton of Boston. On the death of Mr. Gold the house came into the possession of Mr. Appleton, who used it as a summer residence. In 1843 Mr. Appleton's daughter, Frances Elizabeth, became the wife of the poet Longfellow. The "Old Clock" stood on the stairs leading from the lower to the upper hall. When the Appletons sold the property they left town and took the clock with them.

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BERKSHIRE'S GREAT EVANGELIST

From *The Berkshire Hills*, January 1 and February 1, 1901

Elder John Leland, on whose grave in the beautiful Cheshire cemetery rises a shaft of blue marble on which his epitaph, composed by himself, is inscribed, "Here lies the body of John Leland, who labored 68 years to promote piety, and vindicate the civil and religious rights of man," though laid away to rest therein until the resurrection morning, in a wild January month of the winter of 1841,still lives in the memory of many a Berkshire son and daughter and as the years roll on his name and fame will still continue to be treasured by a Berkshire ancestry. Like many great souls, making their mark in American history and having birth in the seventeenth century, John Leland came to the front from very humble beginnings. He was born in Grafton, a hamlet 40 miles from Boston, in 1754. His parents were in moderate circumstances, as has been the case with the most of this republic's most notable citizens in earlier and later dates, in nearly all the ranks of life. His first memories were of the early French and Indian wars and of troubles among the kings of the mother country. In early youth his hunger for knowledge was intense, but at the age of 5 years he could read his Bible. He was stern and rustic, and was neither attractive in person or in manners and was no favorite with his teachers or playmates. He however had a bright, winning hazel eye, a magnetic voice, and his youthful ambition was to become a lawyer. As he grew in years he became ardently fond of fun, merriment, frolic, revel and dancing, in which Sally Devine of Hopkinton, whom he much admired for her fun-loving spirit, was a good female second.

But in 1772, being admonished by an inward voice that he was not pursuing the work that God had for him to do, all such pleasures became distasteful to him, and his young lady favorite having abandoned such, also weighed upon his mind. From this time he began to be religiously impressed, but there was a great mental strife within him until in 1774 he was baptized. He seemed to be impelled to preach, frequently doing this in small meetings, and alone by himself, both saint and sinner predicting that John would be a preacher. Though much exercised in mind as to whether it was right for him to do this, and still seeming to be irresistibly led to do so, he was at the age of 20 licensed as a preacher by the church at Bellingham, with which he had previously united.

In 1774 he went to Virginia for the first time and spent eight months in circuit evangelistic labor, and it was fully five years before he was reconciled to the fact that he was doing God's will, and only then as complete evidences came to him that his mission was profitable to the saving of souls. In 1776 he returned home and married Sally Devine and they removed to Virginia, where he was ordained and where they remained until 1791, he having baptized 700 persons. His life in Virginia was both as a settled and 120 mile circuit preacher. The times were revolutionary and very unsettled and himself, wife and family underwent great privations, and oftentimes their lives were greatly imperiled. He was universally loved and esteemed in Culpepper County, his home, and during the Revolution his burning words for liberty and forceful pen in defense of the patriot cause was acknowledged by Washington, Jefferson and Madison and carried the people of the Virginia, Pennsylvania and Carolina wilderness with him at the polls. It is related that Madison came to him at a time when his election was in doubt, and that the two tied their horses under a tree and held an argument from sunrise to sunset before Leland was convinced of his duty to cast his vote and use his influence among the people for the great statesman, who afterwards won the day.

In 1790 he took ship with his family, and after encountering a great storm on Long Island Sound, arrived at New London, Conn. In this storm the crew of the vessel gave everything up for lost, but Elder Leland remained on his knees all one night in prayer, and Mrs. Leland showed great faith in remaining composed and predicting that all would be saved. The morning broke, the storm lulled and the port of New London was made. The captain of the vessel told the owners of the bark that they owed the saving of the ship and cargo to the prayers of John Leland. They

remained in New London for a season, and then took a flat boat up the Connecticut river to Sunderland, and thence to Conway, where the Elder's father resided. After a short residence in the latter place they removed to Cheshire in February 1792.

In the prime of his life, in 1793, he became associate pastor with the aged Elder Mason, of the Third Baptist Church, which had seceded in 1789 with forty members from the Baptist church on Pork Lane, the first Baptist church in town having been the Church of Christ on Stafford's Hill. Here for nearly half a century, gifted in intellect and eloquence, with strong powers of reasoning, with accurate and peculiarly forcible and highly original mind, tinctured with pleasing eccentricities, zealous, humble and faithful, he labored on, revered and beloved by all. While the Cheshire pulpit was in all these years his central workshop as a wonderful evangelist, he did a great work in frequent excursions of many months in his old field of work in the south, while he held great revival gatherings in New York and New England, more particularly in Massachusetts and Berkshire County. Forceful, eloquent and magnetic as a preacher, he was a molder of public opinion with a convincing pen and from him such great American statesmen as Washington, Madison, Jefferson, as well as others, took counsel, for he was in his time endowed as a patriot and lover of freedom, with great wisdom in regard to his country's welfare, as well as spiritual understanding of the purposes and plans of the God whom he so faithfully served in his day and generation.

Elder John Leland was the most noted evangelist of Massachusetts birth from the days of 1774 to 1841, and has been only succeeded as such in a home and national reputation by the late and lamented Dwight L. Moody. His home history as connected with his Cheshire church; as to detail, as has also his evangelistic work in Virginia, Berkshire County and elsewhere. Though he did not agree with his denomination as to the necessity of observing the Lord's Supper at communion, thought children should be religiously educated at home in stead of in the Sabbath school, the Cheshire church always stood faithfully at his back, though several times the Shaftsbury Association made it so warm for it that it withdrew from that body, though before his death the Elder was the prime factor in bringing the church and association into harmonious relations.

Elder Leland thought to leave Cheshire at one time and removed to New York state, when in 1806, after an absence of two years, he returned. Again in 1814, desiring to live near his children, he started on horseback to look up a home in Genesee County in the same state. But he was thrown from his horse, the animal falling upon him and breaking his leg. He was brought home to Cheshire on a sled, the bone was a long time knitting together, and he gave up the idea of emigration, though afterwards he was called in 1819 to become pastor of the Baptist church in Pittsfield and declined. In 1811 he was sent from Cheshire to the Legislature, where he labored most faithfully against ecclesiastical oppression. In his latest years he wrote: "The sins of childhood, the vices of youth, the imperfections, the pride and arrogancy of riper years, with presumptions and blasphemous suggestions of my thoughts up to the present time lay heavy on my mind and often sink my spirits very low." Yet on his deathbed, and near his end, he smiled and said: "I feel my prospects of heaven are very clear. Bury me in a humble manner without encomium, for I deserve none."

From 1774 to 1835 Elder John Leland preached 8,000 sermons, baptized 1,524 persons, spoke in 436 churches, 37 state capitals and in academies, school houses, barns, tobacco sheds, dwellings and from hundreds of platforms in the open air to congregations varying from five to ten thousand persons. In this work he had traveled a distance of nearly three times around the globe, a distance of 75,000 miles, much of these journeyings having been made on horseback. He had formed the acquaintance of 962 Baptist ministers, had heard 303 of them preach, and 207 had visited him at his homes in Virginia, Cheshire and elsewhere. In this time he had so loved his Bible that he had numbered its 1,189 chapters, its 31,118 verses and its 786,683 words. Besides this he had written and printed many pamphlets and delivered a large number of patriotic addresses.

Elder Leland preached his last sermon on Friday evening, January 8, 1841, in the Baptist church at North Adams, a large attendance

having turned out on the rough wintry night to hear him. He slowly ascended the high pulpit and after prayer by Rev. John Alden, its pastor, reverently rose and took his text from the Bible which so long he had made his inseparable companion. It was from John's First Epistle, second chapter and 20th and 27th verses:

"But ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things."

"But the anointing which you have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you."

The leading points in this discourse as noted by the late Dr. William H. Tyler, were these: "He first spoke of the nature and character of the Holy Spirit and to the unction referred to. He compared the Holy Spirit to oil, as well as to fire and water. Its properties as oil were to lubricate the wheels of life, when ignited to give heat and light, and when applied to a painful limb to mitigate suffering and pain and to heal the injury or wound. True Christians are anointed ones - anointed with spiritual gifts and endowments by the spirit of grace. This coming from the Holy One enlightens and strengthens the eyes of the understanding and enables those who understand it to know all things concerning Christ and his religion. Those who know the truth are prepared to discern what is contrary thereto - it will preserve those in whom it abides and teach them to abide in Christ. He further spoke of the resurrection and of the new birth and upon the necessity of a change of heart for all who believed in Christ. It was with great solemnity and benignity of countenance that he pronounced his final benediction."

He repaired to the residence of David Darling at the head of Main street, and was there called on by many friends. Feeling unwell in the night he attempted to get up, but his limbs failing to support him, fell prostrate upon the floor, which brought the family up to his room. Dr. Tyler was immediately summoned and found that his attack had been brought on by his cold morning ride from Cheshire, and his having afterwards partaken of newly made bread, causing indigestion. This was followed by a chill, a great thirst, laborious breathing, but hardly any pain. He had very little confidence in medicine unless well mixed with prayer and had no thought he should recover. However, for a day or two he grew better and was more cheerful, when pneumonia set in, he lost considerable command of his voice and it was evident he was beyond human help. On the morning of January 12th he rallied, conversed pleasantly, and his eyes sparkled with all that brilliancy of intellect which they were accustomed to show when in health, but that evening he said to his attendant, "I have nothing more to do but to die." For two succeeding days he was worse and suffered from laborious breathing and was faithfully nursed by his daughter, Mrs. Mason. On the morning of January 14th he was visited by Mr. and Mrs. Chapman of Cheshire, with whom he boarded after the loss of his wife, and was so gratified that he began to make arrangements to return home with them. Calling upon his daughter for his garments he clothed himself with slight aid, and in his little satchel he deposited his Bible. He then insisted upon paying his board and doctor's bill and announced that he was ready to go home. By a good deal of persuasion on the part of his daughter he reluctantly allowed himself to be helped to bed in order to gain strength for the journey, having shown some aberration of mind in these preparations, and from which he never again arose. That evening his garments were removed from him one by one, without exciting his notice. On the morning of January 15th his breathing grew more laborious, accompanied by a rattling sound, and though constantly growing weaker, his mental powers were unimpaired and were so until his death, which occurred at 11:00 o'clock on that evening.

Dr. W. H. Tyler left among his manuscripts the account of Elder Leland's last illness, from which the above account is taken. In concluding he writes: "I visited his remains the next morning. A woolen muffler fastened his long cherished and best earthly friend his old blue covered Bible, to the top of his head. My first imaginary reflection was the soul of Rev. John Leland has gone to heaven during the night loaded with the principles of his blessed Book, and his body nad Bible must necessarily tarry until the morning of the resurrection - a great and good man. May I too die the death of the righteous and may my last end be like his."

Elder John Leland was 85 years old. His faithful wife and helpmate through his early life and manhood deceased in 1837, his family

were scattered with the exception of one daughter who nursed him through his last illness. His remains were taken to Cheshire where he had so long ministered, and his funeral sermon was preached to a great throng gathered in the old church by Rev. John Alden of North Adams, who took for his theme Rev. 14:13. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me write; Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

This would seem to be the fitting place in this sketch to reproduce the familiar Evening Hymn written by Elder John Leland in the earlier years of his ministry:

"The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear.
Oh may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

"We lay our garments by
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we have possessed.

"Lord keep us safe this night
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep
'Till morning light appears.

"And when we early rise
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize
And after glory run.

"And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh may we in thy bosom rest
The bosom of thy love."

The eccentricities of this famous pioneer preacher and evangelist were of a character to help deeply impress him and his great work upon those who intimately and remotely knew of him. It is related that when a child, his parents having decided to have him baptized, he ran away from them, but in descending a hill, stumbled and fell upon his nose, which bled profusely. He was, however, overtaken, the blood and dirt washed from his face, and the rite was administered. At his ordination in Virginia he answered the questions of his examiners so independently and perthy that he himself was surprised at being received. After he had been ordained in due form and the ceremony of the laying on of hands had been performed, he said "Well, brethren, when Peter placed his hands on people, and took them off, they had more sense than before, but you have all had your hands on me, and before God I am as big a fool as ever."

In one of his evangelistic visits to Virginia he was advertised a week ahead to preach at a church at a little hamlet named Rye, and great preparations had been made at a farm house near the Rye church for his entertainment. He arrived at this house the night before he was expected, dust begrimed, tired and jaded, and asked for food and shelter. He was told that he could not be accommodated, as the house owners had agreed to entertain the great John Leland and many with him for three days. He told them he would but up with any kind of fare and any kind of a bed. He was given a frugal meal in the kitchen, a great quantity of savory viands for the expected guest being in sight, and went to sleep on a "shake down" in a shed back of the house. The church was thronged with people in the morning, but no great John Leland had arrived. Judge of the surprise, shame and consternation of that household to have the humble traveler after a scanty repast in the kitchen, march over to the church and take his place in the pulpit.

One hot Sunday in the old Cheshire church, during the delivery of a stirring sermon, Elder Leland observed some roguish boys in the gallery with a bean attached to a long string which they were trying to drop into the mouth of a tired farmer sleeper directly beneath them in the body of the church. He bore the mischief as long as he could, when he furiously rapped the pulpit deck three times with the big Bible, and calling the sleeper by name in a thunderous voice shrieked "wake up!" Daniel Warriner, who lived to the advanced age of 91 and who deceased at Great Barrington over two years ago, used to relate this anecdote of Elder Leland. It was a great while ago, on an extremely sultry Sabbath day that the Elder came to preach in the Union Church at Alford. His discourse was deeply interesting and instructive, but the heat soon caused a gentle sleep to fall on several of the elder members of the congregation and it was ludicrous to note the bowed heads and nodding in the different sections of the old church. Suddenly the Elder paused in his discourse

and in a tone of voice so shrilling and stentorian as to be distinctly heard way out across the village green, exclaimed, Wake up! wake up!! wake up!!! There was no more drowsiness in that church during the balance of the sermon, as all were very thoroughly wide awake.

Elder Leland sometimes either vividly dreamed of or saw heavenly visions in the pursuance of his work as an evangel in Cheshire and elsewhere, and preceding a great revival in Cheshire left a written record of an angelic visitor who gave him promise that the Lord would work, and brought him salutations of peace. On this occasion, as he was preparing to take a trip to Virginia, he was impressed that he should preach to the Cheshire people day and evening for two weeks. These meetings were held in a school house and on the village green. The result of this was a great religious awakening in the town. Leaving to fill his Virginia appointments, the people followed him quite a distance listening to his words, and many wept as his departure. After twenty days absence he suddenly canceled his southern engagements, and came riding into Cheshire on horseback at midnight loudly singing:

"Brethren, I have come again,
Joseph lives, and Jesus reigns,
Praise him in the loudest strains."

The town of Cheshire was incorporated in 1792, and just previous to the advent of Elder Leland therein. Its inhabitants were intelligent and frugal agriculturists, who were principally engaged in raising cattle and the management of dairies, and the quality of its cheese was so fine as to vie with like productions of the English Cheshire, from which the town took its name. Before the arrival of Elder Leland, as a thriving farming settlement of the pioneers, as the home of a sturdy, enterprising and industrious New England citizenship, and for pure waters and nutritious grasses as a source of bovine fame and wealth, it was principally known. Moving hence after his toilsome preaching and circuit riding in Virginia and adjoining states, this ardent, eloquent and somewhat eccentric minister and patriot, with a brilliant and wide acquaintance elsewhere, first gave through himself a more than national notoriety to Cheshire. From first to last as a worker for grace and conversion he was thoroughly successful among his own people, as elsewhere, and the unity and love and reverence of his church was his reward for nearly half a century. Whatever down through the years have been disturbing elements in this Cheshire church, it so honored itself in standing shoulder to shoulder with this grand old apostle in the past, that this faithful allegiance can never be forgotten. Whether assailed by malcontents from with of without its membership, or by those in high authority in the denomination criticizing his peculiar beliefs, this old church ever proved to him an impregnable rock of rest and refuge. Other churches of all denominations, and many of the in Berkshire County, have from time to time turned out to grass old pastoral wheel horses who have wrought faithfully and unweariedly for them for years, building them up in synagogues and membership, and often breaking their very hearts, but this Egyptian worldliness never overcame his Cheshire Israelites so far as John Leland was concerned.

As a patriot he was devoted first to his Master, and secondly to the welfare of his Republic. During Revolutionary days his political sagacity and influence carried along his southern acquaintance to follow his lead like a resistless storm at the ballot box, and there he struck mighty and telling blows for liberty and equality - for the right against the wrong. His intimacy in Virginia with Thomas Jefferson had led him into the espousal of strong Jeffersonian principles and to pin his political faith upon that great statesman. Such was his ardor in this direction that he instilled into the minds of the population of Cheshire a regard for Thomas Jefferson with as much zeal and fervor as he did for the fundamental truths of the gospel, and with the astonishing result that a Federalist was in as bad odor in the township as was the ancient Nazarene among the Jews. At one election a Federal vote was found in the ballot box and caused great commotion, it being finally decided that it had been cast by mistake, and was consequently thrown out. In fact for quite a number of years there were but three Federalists who tried to live in the town, their houses being side by side in what was called Federal City, and afterwards Pumpkin Hook.

Though this enthusiastic support of Elder Leland Democracy was so deeply planted in Cheshire that it has taken years to weaken a

tenacious political belief which in the older days bordered on enmity and bitterness, and which, handed down from father to son, is by no means yet extinct. It is related in those days upon the weekly arrival of the Pittsfield Sun, the families would be assembled, one member would read its contents aloud, while the venerable sire or some brainy member thereof would discuss its contents. Then, so treasured was the then young, but now venerable newspaper, that the good housewives would carefully fold it up and place it on the clock shelf beside the family Bible. From this habit arose the fashion of calling this newspaper the "Cheshire Bible."

It was while riding his Virginia circuit that he made the acquaintance of Washington, Madison, Jefferson, Patrick Henry and other brilliant men of that day. He was once asked by Patrick Henry why he chose such singular illustrations in preaching and why he told so many stories in the pulpit. He answered that when he first commenced preaching in Virginia that the young men would get together in the large old-fashioned pews in the corners of the churches and commence playing cards. After trying a number of expedients to attract their attention to himself, and signally failing in all of them, he commenced to tell thrilling stories by way of application, and met with such complete success that he had adopted this plan as a sure means of obtaining the undivided attention of his audiences. In relating his stories it is said of him that he possessed the strange magnetic power of making his hearers laugh or weep as he willed.

As a specimen of his particular wit this anecdote is related of him: Upon his Virginia circuit in his younger days, the Methodists and Presbyterians also had riders. At a certain hotel where all stopped for refreshment and rest, Elder Leland observed that the Presbyterian preacher was the landlord's favorite. After a long and weary day on horseback he rode up to the door of this inn on evening and calling this partial Boniface to him, leaned over and whispered in his ear that he, "Leland, was a staunch and unflinching Baptist, but that his weary horse was a humble, thorough-going Presbyterian." Of course, the privacy between landlord and guest was observed, the former being of a humorous disposition found the joke too good to keep, and the consequence was that all had a good laugh over it, and no more partiality was the motto of that country tavern thereafter.

Elder Leland was facially a very sedate man, and never changed countenance while relating his most sorrowful or laughable anecdotes, no matter what extremes of feeling resulted with his audiences. He once told a Berkshire friend that he remembered having smiled but once in the whole course of his ministry. This was on his first visit to Virginia, and the ludicrousness of a scene of which he was the only witness got complete mastery of him. Said he, "In the midst of my sermon in an old church fronting on a large green and town square, the front door being open on account of the warm weather, I could look out upon the same, the pulpit being directly opposite. Suddenly a very drunken man came reeling up the graveled path, and after great exertion staggered up the marble church steps and seated himself on the topmost, directly in my line of vision. Soon dropping off into a heavy slumber he commenced to sway backwards and forwards, each movement almost making it certain that he would go bumping down the steps, or sprawling into the church vestibule. There chanced to be a huge billy goat nibbling grass on this green, who as soon as he discovered the fearful nodding of this drunkard, accepted it as a challenge to battle. Softly approaching, lowering his head, and doubling himself into a heap, he charged upon the unconscious slumberer, and striking him in the forehead with the force of a catapult, landed him at full length inside the church vestibule. The scene was too much for my gravity, the thread of my discourse was snapped in twain and I could feel that my face was illumined with a great broad grin stretching from chin to forehead and from ear to ear. While struggling to gain my stoicism it caused me the greatest agony to refrain from bursting out into shrieks of laughter, which could I have uttered them, would have fairly shaken the old church. But I conquered myself in the face of one of the most astonished congregations I ever stood before, whose backs being turned from this happening, and totally unaware of it, were of course very much alarmed at my strange behavior."

[To be continued]

CAREER OF JAMES FISK, JR.

From *The Berkshire Hills*, July - September Issues.

Though James Fisk, Jr., whose remarkable career attracted the attention of both continents during the war of the rebellion and a long time afterwards, was born in a humble home in Pownal, Vermont, and a short distance from the Massachusetts State Line, he was of Berkshire County ancestry. The grandfather of James Fisk, Jr., lived for a number of years on Pork Lane, Cheshire, and the primitive dwelling, near the base of one of old Greylock's steep foothills, is said to be still standing. Whether this grandfather emigrated to Cheshire from elsewhere, or was a native of the county, there is no record. That he was a common laborer, was very poor and shiftless, and preferred idleness to hard work has been well authenticated. Besides that it is known that he was loquacious, and spent so much time in talk and twaddle that he was nicknamed "Conquiddle Fisk," the first name having been derived from an old-time small, but uneasy and roving native bird, which is probably now extinct. This bird was always hovering about human habitations, keeping up a constant twittering from daylight to darkness, from earliest spring to latest fall, and often in November could be seen flitting about among the branches of the foliage stripped trees. So shrill and singular and uninterrupted were the notes of this bird that they could be distinctly heard above other feathered songsters of that day, when the woods were full of such. So peculiar was the song of chatter of this conquiddle bird, that an interpretation of his voice has thus been handed down to the present day:

"Quiddle, quiddle, quiddle!
Don't you see the striped snake in the grass?
"Quiddle, quiddle, quiddle!

The condition of things finally became so bad, owing to "Conquiddle Fisk's" laziness, or shiftlessness, or his inability to procure work, that his family became as it were steeped in poverty. Leaving his wife and children, Samuel, John and Eli, Mary, Susan and James, and an infant in the cabin and completely destitute, he disappeared never to be heard of afterwards. In accordance with the custom of those days the children were bidden off as paupers by Russell Brown of Adams, and taken to his factory grounds in the then south village. Probably these children worked for years in this mill from which they were finally scattered or deceased, there being no tradition even of their lives afterwards, with the exception of James, the father of the subject of this sketch.

Of him it is learned that he was in boyhood bound out to an Adams farmer, and given the task of cleansing a garden bed of weeds. He set about the job in the early morning and at noon announced to the farmer that the job was completed and not a weed or thistle was left in the bed. After dinner the farmer went out to his garden and found that Jim has pulled up everything in the bed, both weeds and crops. Of course, he was immediately dismissed and afterwards used to cite this as his first and only experience in farming. How he managed to grow up to his majority is not known, except that he was fond of trading old watches and violins, on which latter instrument he was quite a musician. At one time he kept a little trading shop in one of the old stores which used to stand on the south-end of the Phillips place, now embraced in the grounds of W. B. Plunkett on Park street. This was a great resort of the old south village waggish boys, who cut up many pranks with James, often hopelessly doctoring his old watches and greasing the strings of his violins.

Finally removing to Pownal, Vermont, James Fisk took up the work of a country peddler and speculated in a small way in small things. Here his celebrated son was born, and in early youth the father initiated him into his business. James, Jr. proved to be a valuable acquisition, and from that time on the two were quite flourishing, having enlarged their sphere of trade. From pack peddling they came to drive two horses with a good sized cart, and being keen of observation and having learned to read character, all went well. Besides, in case their finances were low, James Fisk, Senior, or James Fisk, Junior, would be sole owner of the concern, as occasion required, and until threatening

business clouds left them a clear sky. Deciding that the territory was too limited for them they moved to Brattleboro, Vermont, where James Fisk, Jr., the afterwards princely dry-goods dealer on wheels, the daring and successful Boston Merchant, the rebellion cotton broker, the fierce Wall street speculator and manipulator of stocks, the nightmare of British rebellion sympathizers, the terror of American millionaire combinations, the absorber of the Erie Railroad, and a prominent figurehead in many historical and speculative events and crashes during and after the civil war, first entered upon his notable career.

The first appearance of the shrewd and money-getting Jim Fisk, Jr., in business was as the proprietor of a small peddlers' furnishings dry goods store in Brattleboro, which sent out small peddling carts into the rural districts of Vermont and New Hampshire. In 1849 he supplied his store and carts with dry-goods purchased at Springfield, Mass. Later on his business assumed such sizeable proportions as to enable him to purchase his stock from the heaviest New York and Boston importers, and to extend the area of his peddling routes over central and southern Vermont and New Hampshire and northern and central Massachusetts from Greylock mountain to within sight of the gilded dome of the State House eastward.

From 1851 to 1855 the Jim Fisk, Jr., princely dry-goods peddling wagons rivaled the circuses of the day both in the magnificence and spaciousness of these vehicles, and the beautiful comparisoned and mettled horses which whirled them over the highways. If fact nothing like them has been seen in the peddling business before or since. It was not unusual, but a matter of twice a year at least, that this procession of Fisk's dry-goods stores on wheels would roll up in front of the Richmond House in North Adams, the Mansion House in Williamstown, and the American House in Pittsfield, looking as sleek and slick as if just unpacked from an old-fashioned bandbox. Often the procession, as it started out in the morning, one by one dropping out of line, to cover and call, with its driver and salesman, at the prominent residences of the visited town, would consist of five large wagons, drawn by from four to six horses each, with the highly polished vehicles, and harness with silver mountings throughout, glistening in the sunlight.

The wealthier classes on these occasions were always visited by Jim Fisk, Jr., in person, or by his father, both being richly dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion and both wearing big diamonds. Though each wagon had its driver when soliciting trade, Jim Fisk was often accompanied by his tall, dark eyed and beautiful wife, Lucy, in these trips. If fact, the appearance of Jim Fisk, Jr., thus equipped was anxiously awaited by the wealthier ladies in these localities, as well as by many in moderate circumstances, as it supplied needs not met by country stores, and made shopping trips to Boston and other cities at considerable cost quite unnecessary. He carried the richest and the finest silks and satins, and in all the fabrics which delight women, there was nothing which could be called for in texture for feminine wearing apparel which he could not produce, and besides he never failed to be without all the standard goods and all the latest styles.

He carefully studied the tastes of his lady customers, he displayed his goods with an affability, pleasantness and courtesy which nothing could disturb, and which but very few could imitate in the great dry-goods emporiums of today. He invariably trusted the ladies when given the slightest hint that their purses were lean, and he had no poor debts, such was his keen insight into character and conditions. It was seldom that he failed to sell his customers, who generally awaited his coming to supply their needs, as his goods always proved what they were represented to be, while his prices were never immoderate. North Adams people were once very much amused at his shrewdness, it having become known that he had sold a costly silk dress pattern to the wife of a prominent dry-goods merchant of that then village.

When James Fisk, Jr. first came down to Springfield in 1849 to purchase a stock of dry-goods for his little store and first peddling outfits at Brattleboro, he accidentally made the acquaintance of a young lady by the name of Lucy Moore, an orphan who resided with her aunt, Mrs. H. W. Sanderson, who lived on High street. She was yet in her girlhood, and was atttending a school kept by E. D. Bangs, in the rear of the old Court House.

Her only and an older brother, William Moore, was engaged in the crockery trade for many years in that city. Later, in 1853, he wedded Lucy Moore and took her to his Brattleboro home, though she was an almost constant companion of his in his highway trading expeditions, he being very proud of her beauty and showing his fondness for her in many unmistakable ways.

He made his appearance in gorgeous shape at the second horse show held at Springfield in 1855, and the first ever taking place on Hampden Park. On this occasion, Fisk, Senior, drove an elegant four in hand, one of their employees a second turnout of the same description, while Jim handled the ribbons at the head of the cavalcade as it circled the race-course several times amid deafening cheers, over six fine horses, with Lucy by his side. The front dash of Jim's wagon had a full length portrait of Lucy painted thereon, which was the handiwork of a distinguished artist, and which was as natural as life. It is said of Lucy, who was very modest and amiable, as well as handsome of face and figure as the most captivating and lithe-built Kentucky belle, that she did not relish the part she was forced to take in this display, in which Jim was so happy in showing himself and his possessions off.

It was 1857 that Jim Fisk, Jr., began to feel that his business field, having its centre at Brattleboro, was becoming too circumscribed to satisfy his high budding ambitions. He repaired to Boston, and visiting the then, as at present, great dry-goods firm of Jordan, Marsh & Co., of whom he was a large customer, told this firm that though he could meet all of his business obligations, that he should no longer continue in his present field. Knowing Jim for a master-salesman, and both quick and sure to sell a customer, this firm at once engaged his services at $5,000 a year. For from eighteen months to two years he proved a great success in this position. So important a fact had he become in this great Boston establishment, that previous to the breaking out of the war of the rebellion, he had been made a member of the firm.

With the keen scent of the eagle of gain ahead, on the first rumors or signs of the impending conflict between the North and the South, in the spring of 1861, without stopping to consult his other partners, Jim Fisk, Jr., pitched headlong into the buying up of woolen factories, in entering upon the manufacture of shoddy army blankets, and contracting with the United States government for the purchase of the same. He was the first man in the field in this manufacture, could command his own prices of the government, whose hurry in fitting out troops for the war gave no time to its officials to banter over the price of immediately demanded necessities. Though in this swiftly executed scheme he involved the firm of Jordan, Marsh & Co., in millions of dollars, when the tide of sales began to roll back these millions largely multiplied into the firm's coffers, the wisdom of this junior partner's boldly planned and executed ventures vindicated themselves in a most unexpected manner.

But it was at this point that the older and more conservative members of the firm of Jordan, Marsh & Co., became afraid of Jim Fisk and his what seemed to be headstrong and dangerous methods for the acquirement of wealth. It was senior partner, Jordan, who called the "halt." He said that if this firm was going to run factories, that it would make an exclusive business of running factories; or, that if it was to continue in the dry-goods business it would make that business such exclusively. The outcome of this decision on the part of this senior partner, his associates sharing in his sentiments and partaking of his fears in regard to daring Jim Fisk, Jr., was, that the latter sold his interest in the firm to them at a good round figure of profit of his own naming.

Fisk then associated with himself Henry Taylor, who had carried on a dry-goods business in Springfield in 1850, and in 1862 these two established themselves in New Orleans as cotton brokers, and under the protection of the federal troops pursued a thriving business. While thus engaged, as a private side-issue, Fisk managed to get into his possession, by ways that were past finding out, a large amount of Confederate paper money, which had been confiscated by the United States government, as also by purchase for a mere song from the southerners themselves. Finally the government became aware of Fisk's operations in the Confederate money line, but not until he had accumulated a great quantity of the then considered worthless stuff. As he would give no explanation

of what he designed to do with this defunct boodle, he was ordered by the government to skedaddle from Louisiana. It finally grew so hot for him that his partner, Taylor, paid him $100,000 for his share and interest in the cotton brokerage concern, and he had to suddenly light out. The design of his turning his attention from his legitimate business to accumulate this Confederate money cropped out just before the conclusion of the war, in a startling revelation of the deep cunning and wonderful accuracy of calculation of this masterly executive mind.

Returning from New Orleans to New York, Jim Fisk, Jr., made up his mind that the largest metropolis in the United States was an inviting field for financial operations for a man of his cut of garments. After two or three months of examination and observation, feeling that it would be madness for him to plunge into speculation without some thorough tuition, he won his way into the good graces of that notable stock dealer and railway and steamboat king, the venerable Daniel Drew, who from 1860 to 1880 was a prominent Wall Street character and holding, to all appearances, all the tricks of the bulls and the bears in hand. So thoroughly did he ingrate himself into the estimation of Uncle Daniel, that the latter undertook his training in the mysteries of finance and so intimate did the two become that Jim had a desk and seat in Drew's downtown office. This intimacy finally grew to be so close that Jim went up to board at the Daniel Drew residence at the corner of Broadway and Seventeenth streets, and for over a year they rode down and up Broadway in the same cab to and from business. Two months before his death, Jim Fisk, Jr., in referring to his strange partner, or comradeship between financial master and pupil, said in a private and impromptu gathering of boyhood friends: "Uncle Daniel and I got along very well together in both business and social lines, and I had the same freedom in his office and in his residence that I should have had in my own. Very often in the morning and before we started to go downtown, I could hear his wife, 'Aunt Betsey,' as we all called her, giving Uncle Daniel a very pointed, vigorous and emphatic lecture, but I never heard any retaliatory reply on his part, nor saw any change in his quiet and venerable countenance, as we descended the brownstone steps of the family mansion to enter our cab. Several times I had observed that Uncle Daniel's large black silk necktie had been twisted around, and I had as often adjusted it for him without a word on my part, or on his own. On a certain morning, from the discordant sounds which I had heard, and the usual disorder of his neck apparel and his appearance, I judged he had been badly handled by the old lady. As I adjusted the bow-knot in his necktie, I ventured the remark, with as amiable a smile as I could assume, 'Aunt Betsey was pretty severe on you Uncle Daniel, this morning.' 'No she wasn't,' replied the old gentleman very sharply, and without the change of a facial muscle, 'I deserve it. I aggravate that good woman awfully.'"

In the gathering of friends above referred to, Jim Fisk added that there was a broad streak of generosity interwoven into Uncle Daniel's character, and that he was a liberal giver to general charities, especially to the Methodist Church, of which he was a member. But his ruling strong passion was speculation, and when he came to victory in any such schemes, friends and foes were alike remorselessly trodden under foot. He personally cites the case of a Methodist minister in a rural town in New Jersey, who came to Mr. Drew, and having a few thousand dollars on which he wished to realize heavier dividends than by the routine channel of legal interest, plead with Drew to give him a steerer on what profitable stocks he might purchase to accomplish this end. After considerable hesitation Drew gave him the name of a certain stock, putting him under oath that he would not divulge his knowledge, or the means by which he obtained the same, to his ministerial brethren in his state. Uncle Daniel happened to have on hand a heavy holding in the stock, which he recommended this minister to invest in, which he speedily unloaded at a big profit upon a crowd of the New Jersey Methodist clergymen. Of course, these victims had all taken their tips from the minister, who had Uncle Daniel's private ear. Fisk further added, that this was one of the weaknesses, amid a host of virtues, possessed by Uncle Daniel, which he firmly believed the old gentleman couldn't help. "Why," said Fisk, "on Uncle Daniel's advice alone I invested my whole pile in certain securities in

which I had not the slightest idea he had any interest, and consequently woke up one bright morning in the Fifth Avenue Hotel with nothing of any value left in my possession in the world but my gold watch and diamond pin, and without even small change enough left in my pocket to pay for a simple breakfast."

I had learned finance from Uncle Daniel Drew, and this was my final partnership lesson - a complete skinning. I left my chamber that morning, but not before I had concocted the scheme of associating myself with Jay Gould in the Wall Street firm of Fisk, Gould & Martin, and breaking the spine of the Daniel Drew management of the stocks of and his controlling interest in the Erie Railroad, which was his pet and heaviest holding.

Continued Fisk, it was this intolerable and lawless manifestation of greed of Drew's which alone led to his downfall as the king of the Erie Railroad and its bold capture by Gould and myself. If fact we played so fearful a financial card with the Erie stocks when we routed him, that when Drew got wind of the raid and appeared in Wall street, broken in spirit and yelling "I never learned you any such game as this, Jim Fisk," We were both scared, and gave him back some of the grabbed stock, though when he asked for a missing 1000 shares I replied, "There is no use playing the infant act on us, Uncle Daniel, they have gone where the woodbine twineth."

I was with great glee that Fisk once related the flight of himself and Drew, during his tuition in finance, from New York to Taylor's old hotel in Jersey City, to escape arrest for their questionable, if not criminal transactions with the Erie railroad stocks and interests, at that time dubbed "The Erie Steal," in which Drew greatly fattened up his fortune with his gains. They made their escape under the cover of darkness from New York officers who were in close pursuit, and hived themselves up in this ancient hotel on the west bank of the North river for two weeks, and until the storm blew over, being in constant fear of being mobbed by New Yorkers whom they had fleeced, should they discover their hidden retreat. On this occasion, said Fisk, Uncle Daniel was very nervous and cowardly, besides being very dissatisfied at being deprived of the comforts of his own home. He would not sleep in a room alone, and Fisk had to occupy a cot in the same room with him. Neither would he go down to the dining room unaccompanied by Fisk, as he was fearful of assault, if not assassination, for his part in what Charles Francis Adams afterwards wrote up in the Atlantic Monthly under the caption of "The History of a Great Crime."

There was an old arsenal just in the rear of Taylor's Hotel, well stocked with ancient, rusty and uncared for flint-lock muskets. While Drew and Fisk were at supper one evening, the latter slyly crept out into this old armory, and procuring several of these old muskets, made his way up into the hotel upper hall, and stacked the same in front of Uncle Daniel's room door. When the old gentleman reached the landing at the head of the stairs, what was his surprise to find this warlike armament, and to see Fisk pacing up and down the hall with one of these muskets at shoulder, as though a sentinel on guard. Uncle Daniel, who had a terror of such weapons, cried out, "what is the meaning of all this, James? take them away! take them away!" To which Fisk replied, "If they come over here after us they will give us no mercy, Uncle Daniel, and being resolved to die game, as I have lived game, I thought that a man of your known courage would share my sentiments." But Uncle Daniel proved not to be of this makeup of clay, and gave the waggish Fisk no rest until the objectionable weapons had been removed by the servants.

The partnership between Jay Gould and James Fisk was, during its existence, a very peculiar and formidable one, and its sole merit was that it waged sanguine and successful conflict with those heavy speculators and schemers of that day for the most part by the direct and flagrant robbery of the people at large. In this partnership Gould did the planning for the most part, and Fisk was the scheming and executive arm. According to Fisk's own statement, Gould was timid and afraid of his own shadow after dark, and ever watchful for personal danger, Fisk often accompanying him home in his cab after nightfall, on account of Gould's fear of personal violence. In fact, Jim Fisk was a magnificent type of the daring and scheming Yankee, whose wits were on the alert, both

night and day, and an unscrupulous money-catcher in every sense of the word. In fact, while Wall street robbed the people who gambled in stocks and such securities (which it has kept right up down to these later days), Fisk & Gould took their winnings by fair means or foul from the pockets of these Wall street manipulators themselves.

It was in the early years of this partnership, and in the handling of the Erie railroad, of which they had obtained the complete mastery and management, that this precious pair most cunningly caught the great Vanderbilt Central Railroad management in their net. The Vanderbilt lines and the Erie system had been unable to come to an understanding as to rates for the shipment of freight from Chicago eastward. The Erie road at this juncture issued a very low rate schedule for the transportation of cattle, or live stock, from the west to Boston and New York. This was met by the Vanderbilt lines with a still lower bid for this business, when in a single day, Jim Fisk picked up all the hard cash which he and Jay Gould could put hands on. That night Fisk repaired to Jersey City with these funds, a single passenger coach was attached to a powerful locomotive, all incoming and outward bound trains were wired to give a clear track to this special, and with all the speed which was attainable this train flew over the rails westward. Fisk's personal description of this weird journey as the single occupant of this car, running at the rate of a mile a minute, with his piles of money heaped up in packages about him, was wild and thrilling.

He accomplished this secret journey in a then almost incredible short space of time, and arriving at Chicago bought up everything in the shape of hoof and horn he could find, and commenced through secret and trusted emissaries to ship them eastward over the Vanderbilt system. Getting this business well under way, he then sent out his agents all over the west and northwest to purchase cattle, with instructions to bill them for New York over the Vanderbilt lines. It was but a few days before the Vanderbilt system became so crowded with these bellowing cattle shipments, which had to be pushed right along day and night, as to bring into requisition its entire freight rolling outfit and to such an extent that it could receive no other freightage of any kind whatsoever. Naturally this refused freight sought the outlet eastward offered by the Erie line, which for several weeks thus reaped a rich harvest of patronage, and at its own figures. It was for a long time manifest to the Vanderbilt system that every hoof and horn it was shipping at the loss of other custom, and at ruinous low rates, was piling up dollars in the coffers of Fisk & Gould, in addition to their enormous profits on other freights on the Erie road, but there was no help for it until Fisk had exhausted the western cattle market, and had become satisfied with the height of his immense pile of boodle, amassed out of the shrewd transaction.

The experiences of Jim Fisk with the great founder of the New York Tribune, are reproduced from his own statement: "During my entire career in Louisiana and New York, I was unmercifully criticized and attacked by Horace Greeley in his Tribune columns. In fact, no opportunity was lost during the war, as well as afterwards to cut me up with an editorial dissecting knife, having a keen double edge blade, and which, though I appeared not to notice it, pierced me to the very marrow. I had fortunately never retaliated, from the fact of not knowing how to do so, or because I never had the opportunity. When, however, I secured the management of the Newport and Fall River line of steamboats, and Horace Greeley had lashed me to ridicule with a merciless pen for putting on the uniform of an admiral, and as such being present on official duty on the upper North River wharves at the outgoing and incoming of the boats on this line, I became so thoroughly angry over his sarcasms that I lost my head. I tried a newspaper fight with my own weapons, and got so thoroughly whipped out that I never wanted any more battles of that character, nor ever sought to take vengeance upon any of the editorial fraternity, with the single exception of causing the arrest of Samuel Bowles and having him put under lock and key in the Ludlow street jail for one night, in retaliation for what I considered an unjust attack upon my character in the Springfield Republican, not being able to get even with this prominent New England Journalist for his peculiar bitterness in any other way.

[To be continued]

TRUE OLD STORIES FROM SOUTHERN BERKSHIRE

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

Lewis Emmons, a native of New Marlboro, who died out west several years ago, was a schoolmaster of good repute. At one time, he was engaged to teach the Bung Hill School at Great Barrington. At the close of the first day, he went to board at the residence of "Bob" Kilbourne, a well-to-do, but eccentric old farmer in that district. Mrs. Kilbourne received the young schoolmaster in a pleasant manner and gave him the best room in the house. Mr. Emmons, after fixing his toilet, seated himself by the fireplace and awaited the arrival of the master of the house, who was also on the school committee of the district.

Shortly after supper, Mr. Kilbourne came home and by way of introduction the good wife said to her husband "this is Mr. Emmons our new school teacher." Surveying the young man from head to foot, Mr. Kilbourne in a gruff manner replied, "Mr. Emmons, Mr. Emmons; I don't know Mr. Emmons from the devil." However the new teacher soon got acquainted with the old farmer and found he had a good boarding place.

The late Deacon Harlow Pease removed from Egremont to Alford in 1839. At this time the Congregational church, of which he was a member, was extinct in the village, while the Methodists conducted regular preaching services and prayer meetings in the Union meeting house. As several of the old-time shouting Methodists, like Philo Sperry, Daniel Fenn, Captain Tuttle and others were then living. the meetings were somewhat like the present gatherings of the Salvation Army. The first time the Deacon attended, there was more fervency than usual. While one brother was praying, responses of "amen" and "glory" came from various parts of the church. After enduring this excitement as long as was consistent with his views of propriety, the good Deacon exclaimed, "Brethren, keep calm and cool."

Many years ago there resided at the foot of Monument Mountain, Caspar Hollenbeck, a tanner. This man was afflicted with a partial loss of voice and could only be heard a short distance. One of his neighbors on the south was Deacon Beckwith, a very pious man who always had family prayers before beginning the work of the day. One bright summer morning as Hollenbeck was strolling around his farm, he discovered that one of the Deacon's cows had become fastened by the neck in a rail fence and was struggling violently to free herself. He made an effort to relieve the animal, but could not. He therefore ran to the Beckwith house, where he arrived while the Deacon was about half through one of his long prayers. Looking in at the open door Casper saw his neighbor at his devotions, but knowing the dangerous situation of the cow, he bellowed as loud as his feeble voice would permit, "Deacon Beckwith! Deacon Beckwith!! your cow is in the fence." The Deacon evidently did not hear, for he kept on praying, till Hollenbeck in his excitement cried out, "I hope to God she'll die there."

In the early days of the settlement there lived near the boundary between Alford and Green River a certain Deacon Tremaine, who was in the habit of frequently using the word "nefarious." In 1818, at the raising of the old Baptist meeting house in North Egremont, the Deacon was present and with others partook quite generously of New England rum. After the great timbers were put in position, Tremaine appeared somewhat "under the weather," or as is sometimes said, "three sheets in the wind and the other afluttering." About this time one of the more sober brethren remarked: "Why Deacon how drunk you are." "Yes," replied the Deacon, "but it was not the liquor that I drank, but the *nefarious* shuggar you put in it."

About 39 years ago there was employed on a well known farm in Stockbridge a young man who was not very bright, and withal was very deficient in education. His real name we never knew, but he was always called "The Governor." The poor fellow was evidently good at heart, as he was a regular attendant at preaching and prayer meeting services. On one occasion he heard the Methodist minister use the word lethargy.

(Continued on page 71)

GATHERING OF THE 49th

From *The Berkshire Hills*, September 1, 1900.

The 33rd reunion of the 49th Massachusetts Regiment in Pittsfield last month, was a red-letter day gathering, both in point of attendance, its most interesting business exercises, its banquet and the addresses which succeeded it. Its death roll for the year numbered sixteen, four of the comrades being in the county. Williamstown was selected as the locality for holding the 1901 reunion. These officers were elected: President, William L. Crosier of Williamstown; vice-presidents, George H. Kearn of North Adams, Solomon L. Peck of North Adams, Edward McDonald of Lenox; secretary and treasurer, James Kittle of Pittsfield. Regrets were sent to Comrade Capt. I. C. Weller who was unable from illness to be present, and Mrs. W. F. Bartlett was most heartily greeted as she appeared upon the platform.

After the banquet, President H. D. Sisson introduced Rev. Dr. Ballard of New York, who read a thrilling paper by T. Scott Bacon on the running of the batteries at Port Hudson by Farragut's fleet in 1863, which reopened the navigation of the Mississippi river. Judge Tucker gave some very truthful and most happily put explanations of the cause of the great popularity of the 49th Regiment with the people of the county on its return from the seat of war, and in fact ever since. This favoritism had been so marked that other regiments, doing longer service and more of it, had noticed this favoritism and spoken of it. The real reason was that the 49th Regiment was a home regiment and so thoroughly made up from all portions of the county that there was not a Berkshire hamlet of six houses that did not have a representative in its ranks.

For some reason he could not understand, - except that they were born and lived on these old cloud-capped Berkshire hills, and all had big hearts, - why the comrades of the 49th Regiment as they assembled in their yearly reunions never seemed to grow old. From their general appearance you could properly subtract twenty-two years from their real ages, although since the war they had held 33 reunions, and not fall short of doing justice to their youthful carriage. He did not believe these comrades would ever die because of old age, remembered as they were for their patriotism in the hearts of the common people of their county, but only because they were worn out.

His description of the prowess and bravery of the Northern armies in the great struggle which preserved a united nation and has enabled this nation to become the great power in the world it is today, was most forcibly put into language. Afterwards Comrade Cranston detailed the number of battles which were fought in the war of the rebellion to again bring about a united government, which were so far up in the hundreds as to make the battles of the American Revolution insignificant in number to say nothing of the single battle of the late Spanish-American war.

Comrade H. C. Joyner paid an eloquent tribute to the courage of the 49th Regiment in enlisting for nine months and going to the front when the war was at its hottest. When other soldiers in other regiments had gone to the war they did this without realizing the horrors and fatality which resulted. But in the very face of real war the 49th Regiment left Berkshire to fight or die. It nobly did this, leaving a trail of dead comrades all the way down from Long Island, the Atlantic coast, Louisiana and up the Mississippi river, until it reached these hills again. It was fitting that as a home regiment, recruited from the towns, villages, hamlets and farms of this county, it should be gratefully and unitedly honored, but it had a higher right to distinction and gratitude that at its enlistment it solemnly faced a known emergency to aid the country in its deepest peril, and heeding not its term of enlistment fought nobly on until its duty was accomplished.

Comrade W. H. Cranston's remarks after the banquet of the 49th Regiment in regard to the preservation of camp-fire stories of the war, while there were those living who could narrate them, was a suggestion which should be acted upon. He followed his remarks with a humorous description as to how Col. Bartlett ordered him as Corporal Cranston to

(Continued on page 72)

STATE CENSUS OF MASSACHUSETTS, 1855
LENOX

[Continued from Volume 36, Number 1, Page 36]

112	118	Mary J. Root	17	F			Mass.
		John H. Root	8	M			Mass.
113	119	Orin Carpenter	55	M		Farmer	Mass.
		Hariet Carpenter	50	F			Mass.
		Mary Carpenter	18	F			Mass.
114	120	James? Collin	55	M		Iron Furnace	N.Y.
		Chastine E. Collin	35	F			Mass.
		Charles R. Collin	23	M		Merchant	Mass.
		Hannah Collin	23	F			Mass.
		Mary C. Collin	18	F			Mass.
		William M. Collin	13	M			Mass.
		Edward W. Collin	6	M			Mass.
		Mortimer Collin	3	M	Twins		Mass.
		Monliath? Collin	3	M			Mass.
		Catherine Weymore?	26	F			Ireland
115	121	James M. Collen	32	M		Book Keeper	Mass.
		Mary E. Collen	30	F			Ohio
		Frances M. Collen	1?	F			N.Y.
		Sarah M. Collen	8	F			N.Y.
		Emma S. Collen	5	F			N.Y.
		Henry Clay Collen	6	M			Mass.
116	122	Henry Fredericks	41	M		Miner	Germany
		Mena Fredericks	38	F			Germany
		Mary Ann Fredericks	3	F			Mass.
		Catherine Fredericks	1	F			Mass.
117	123	Henry Parker	52	M		Musician	Mass.
		Caroline Parker	52	F			Mass.
		Susan Parker	13	F			Mass.
		John Parker	9	M			Mass.
118	124	Charles Loynes	65	M		Black Smith	Mass.
		C. G. Loynes	36	M		Black Smith	Mass.
		Mary C. Loynes	24	F			Mass.
		Ch. H. Loynes	2	M			Mass.
		Ida M. Loynes	1	F			Mass.
		Celance? Barney	99	F			Mass.
		Mary Joice	25	F			Ireland
119	125	William King, Jr.	30	M		Miller	N.Y.
		Catherine King	25	F			N.Y.
		Adaline King	3	F			Mass.
120	126	Hiram Pettee	45	M		Furnace	Vermont
		Jerushia Pettee	43	F			Mass.
		Adaline A. Pettee	17	F			Mass.
		J. R. Pettee	15	F			Mass.
		Mary J. Pettee	9	F			Mass.
		Mary Cary	12	F			Ireland
121	127	Seneca Pettee, Jr.	36	M		Mechanick	Mass.
		Anna S. Pettee	33	F			Conn.
		Charles Pettee	10	M			Mass.
		Edward A. Pettee	3	M			Mass.

122	128	Leroy S. Kellogg	26	F?	Hotel	Mass.
		Julia A. Kellogg	14	F		Mass.
		Leroy L. Kellogg	1	M		Mass.
		Robert Stedman	14	M		Mass.
		Byron Stedman	4	M		Mass.
		Catherine McCoye	19	F		Ireland
123	129	Joseph Garling	49	M	Miller	N.Y.
		Phebe Garling	41	F		N.Y.
		Albert Garling	24	M	Miller	N.Y.
		George Garling	18	M		Mass.
		Lucy Garling	19	F		Mass.
		Hiram Garling	11	M		Mass.
		Emma Garling	6	F		Mass.
		Hariet Garling	23	F		Mass.
124	130	William J. King	36	M	Black Smith	Mass.
		Eliza A. King	36	F		N.Y.
		Mary L. King	6	F		N.Y.
		Eunice A. King	2	F		N.Y.
		Gilbert H. King	1	M		N.Y.
		Ezra King	26	M	Black Smith	N.Y.
		William H. King	25	M	Farmer	N.Y.
125	131	Michael Lake	27	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Mary Lake	26	F		Mass.
		Michael Lake, Jr.	1	M		Mass.
		Patrick Lawton	26	M	Laborer	Mass.
		Nathan Lawton	23	M	Laborer	Mass.
126	132	Nathaniel Braman	26	M	Laborer	Mass.
		Caroline Braman	26	F		Mass.
		Frederick Braham	30	M	Laborer	Mass.
127	133	James A. Garrington	36	M	Laborer	Mass.
		Mernerva Garrington	32	F		Conn.
		Mary C. Garrington	11	F		Mass.
		Lyman Garrington	10	M		Mass.
128	134	William Thomas	38	M	Laborer	Mass.
		Clarrissa G. Thomas	9	F		Mass.
		Hannah Thomas	36	F		Mass.
		Henry D. Thomas	10	M		N.Y.
		Francis M. Thomas	5	M		N.Y.
129	135	Michael Morison	40	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Margaret Morison	35	F		Ireland
		Michael Gorman	7	M		Mass.
		John Gorman	4	M		Mass.
		Marn Ann Gorman	9	F		Mass.
		Harry Kellor	65	M		Ireland
130	136	Michael Morigan	36	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Mary Morigan	28	F		Ireland
		John Morigan	3	M		Mass.
		Ellen Morigan	2	F		Mass.
		Michael Morigan, Jr.	1	M		Mass.
131	137	Cephas F. Kellogg	38	M	Glass Blower	Conn.
		Marsella Gaylord	36	F		Mass.
		Loyd M. Gaylord	6	M		Mass.
		Sarah E. Gaylord	3	F		Mass.
	138	George G. Spaldwin	30	M	Glass M---	Vermont

		Lucy A. Spaldwin	29	F		N.Y.
		John W. Spaldwin	3	M		N.Y.
132	139	Frank J. John	23	M	Glass Blower	Mass.
		Almina John	28	F		N.Y.
		William F. John	6	M		Mass.
		Celia F. John	4	F		Mass.
	140	Frederick Homocore?	24	M	Glass Blower	Germany
		Celia Homocore?	22	F		N.Y.
		Jacob Homocore?	1	M		N.Y.
		William Homocore	21	M	Glass Blower	N.Y.
133	141	Edwin Casabaon?	38	M	Glass Blower	N.Y.
		Sarah Casabaon?	32	F		N.Y.
		Frederick M. Casabaon?	6	M		N.Y.
		Mary Casabaon?	2	F		N.Y.
134	142	Peter Bankerd	37	M	Glass Blower	Virginia
		Hannah Bankerd	33	F		N.Y.
		Margaret Bankerd	11	F		N.Y.
		Henry C. Bankerd	10	M		Maryland?
		Mary F. Bankerd	5	F		N.Y.
		Isaac N. Bankerd	1	M		Mass.
135	143	W. F. Richmond	30	M	Glass Monie?	Conn.
		Cornelia Richmond	35	F		Mass.
	144	James H. Richmond	36	M	Glass Morse?	Conn.
		Jennet Richmond	36	F		Mass.
		Catherine C. Richmond	3	F		Mass.
136	145	Joseph Wells	44	M	Laborer	Conn.
		Margaret Wells	46	F		Conn.
		Francis Wells	10	F		Vermont
		Joseph Wells	8	M		Vermont
		Davis Wells	4	M		Vermont
137	146	John Joice	35	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Ellen Joice	26	F		Ireland
		Ellen Joice, Jr.	5	F		Mass.
		Mary Joice	4	F		Mass.
		Bartholomew Joice	3	M		Mass.
		Bridget Joice	1	F		Mass.
		Bartholomew Joice	75	M	Laborer	Ireland
138	147	John Henisee	61	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Mary Henisee	58	F		Ireland
		John Henisee	23	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Merick Henisee	21	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Thomas Henisee	17	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Michael Henisee	15	M	Laborer	Ireland
139	148	Richard Morison	42	M	Lanorer	Ireland
		Mary Morison	32	F		Ireland
		Joseph Morison	13	M		Ireland
		Catherine Morison	9	F		Mass.
		Julia Morison	7	F		Mass.
		John Morison	6	M		Mass.
		Mary Morison, Jr.	3	F		Mass.
		Margaret Morison	1	F		Mass.
140	149	Ruben Kelsey	48	M	Laborer	Mass.
		Desire Kelsey	43	F		Conn.
		Rhuben Kelsey	20	M	Laborer	Mass.

		Frank C. Kelsey	18	M	Laborer	Mass.
		Ernest W. Kelsey	13	M	Laborer	Mass.
		Anna D. Kelsey	20	F		Mass.
		Frederick C. Kelsey	2	M		Mass.
		Joseph Allen	20	M	Laborer	Mass.
		Alford Loomis	43	M	Laborer	Mass.
		Aly? Coventry	41	M	Laborer	Mass.
141	150	Patrick Corey	35	M	Black Smith	Ireland
		Ellen Corey	36	F		Ireland
		Mary Corey	2	F		Ireland
		Michael Corey	1	M		Ireland
		Thomas Hewitt	27	M	Carpenter	Ireland
142	151	Michael Cory	31	M	Black Smith	Ireland
		Ellen M. Cory	31	F		Ireland
		John Cory	2	M		Ireland
		Jerry Cory	1	M		Ireland
		Michael Cory, Jr.	12	M		Ireland
		Daniel O'Brien	41	M	Laboring	Ireland
143	152	George G. Cadey	41	M	Carriage Maker	Conn.
		Julia A. Cadey	40	F		Mass.
		Mary A. Cadey	15	F		Mass.
		George F. Cadey	12	M		Mass.
		Cora Graves	6	F		Mass.
144	153	Cyntha Cutting	32	F		Conn.
		Francis M. Cutting	18	M	Laborer	Mass.
		John Cutting	9	M		Mass.
		George Cutting	16	M	Lalio?	Mass.
		Orvile Cutting	13	M		Mass.
145	154	Edward Devens	28	M	Taylor?	Ireland
		Catherine Devens	26	F		Ireland
		John Devens	4	M		Vermont
		Catherine Devens, Jr.	2	F		Mass.
146	155	Polly Knight	59	F	Carpenter?	Mass.
		A. J.? Knight	27	F		N.Y.
		Elenabeth Knight	20	F		Mass.
		Ann E. Knight	28	F		N.Y.
147	156	Catherine Cowigg	55	F		Mass.
		Richard Cowigg	25	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Catherine Cowigg	25	F		Ireland
		Patrick Pagely	28	M	Shoe Maker	Ireland
		James Pagely	25	M	Shoe Maker	Ireland
		Johanna? Pagely	18	M	Shoe Maker	Ireland
		Mary Pagely	13	F		Ireland
		Anna Pagely	9	F		Ireland
148	157	Sidney Washbun	36	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Harriet A. Washbun	35	F	R.R. Clerk	Mass.
		Charles M. Washbun	17	M	Clerk	Mass.
		Ellery Washbun	2	M		Mass.
		Anson Chappell	35	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Olive Chappell	10	F		Mass.
		Mary Corney	19	F		Ireland
		Harison Congden	40	M	Farmer	Mass.
		William Barlow	26	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Wilson Chappell	19	M	Farmer	Mass.

		John Allen	22	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Edson Porter	21	M	Farmer	Mass.
149	158	Lyman Gardner	30	M	Farmer	N.Y.
		Martha Gardner	28	F		Mass.
		Lyman Gardner	7	M		Mass.
		Sarah Gardner	4	F		Mass.
		Cornelia Gardner	1	F		Mass.
		Daniel Ryon	2	M		Mass.
150	159	L. M. McLaughlin	35	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Mary A. McLaughlin	25	F		Ireland
		John McLaughlin	2	M		Mass.
		Henry A. McLaughlin	18	M	Laborer	Mass.
	160	Edward Briskel	35	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Mary Briskel	30	F		Ireland
		John Briskel	14	M		Ireland
		Daniel Briskel	12	M		Ireland
		Richard Briskel	9	M		Ireland
		Edward Briskel	7	M		Ireland
		James Briskel	2	M		Ireland
		Mary A. Briskel	5	F		Ireland
151	161	Morea Liberty	51	M	Laborer	France
		Victor Liberty	55	M	Laborer	France
		Adell Liberty	13	F		France
		Verginea? Liberty	16	F		France
		Joseph Liberty	22	M	Laborer	France
		Christy Shoet?	32	M	Laborer	Germany
152	162	Jasper Mesanes	37	M		Switz.
		Julia Mesanes	46	F		Switz.
		James S. Mesanes	17	M		Switz.
		Joseph Mesanes	13	M		Mass.
		James Suen	25	M	Laborer	France
153	163	Joseph Marshall	47	M	Laborer	France
		Elisabeth Marshall	33	F		France
		Elisabeth Marshall,Jr.	13	F		Mass.
		Mary Marshall	7	F		Mass.
		Joseph Marshall	1	M		Mass.
154	164	Patrick Owens	32	M	Paper Maker	Ireland
		Mary Owens	29	F		Ireland
		Mary A. Owens	9	F		Mass.
		Jane H. Owens	5	F		Mass.
155	165	David Thompson	90	M	Farmer	Mass.
		David Thompson, Jr.	68	M		Mass.
		Hannah Thompson	54	F		Mass.
		George Thompson	20	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Betsey Thompson	18	F		Mass.
		William Bliss	17	M		Mass.
156	166	Francis F. Dorr	40	M	Gentleman	Mass.
		George B.? Dorr	48	M		Mass.
		Susan E. Dorr	35	F		Mass.
		Martha Ann Edwards	40	F		Mass.
		George Graham	25	M	Labor	Ireland
		Elisabeth Bradley	25	F		Ireland

(Continued on page 72)

BERKSHIRE AND HAWTHORNE

From *The Berkshire Hills*, September 1, 1900.

The field day of the Berkshire Historical and Scientific Society held late in August on the north shore of Stockbridge Bowl, and near the neglected site of the Nathaniel Hawthorne little red house, which was burned to the ground ten years ago, has promise of having become the initiative step towards the erection of a monument to this famous writer and novelist, acknowledged to have possessed the rarest imagination since the immortal Shakespeare, and to have been the most original mind America has given to the world.

The spruce grove in which this annual outing was held thoroughly overlooks this charming sheet of water, the foothills of the Taconic dome and mountains, a scene so peaceful, grand and inspiring that when Hawthorne first occupied the little red house, he was so absorbed in gazing upon, that for several months he could not apply himself to his work. This spruce grove is the property of Charles Bullard of Boston and adjoins the Hawthorne cottage lot, now owned by Mr. Tappan of Stockbridge, but which the latter did not see fit to throw open for the use of the society on this occasion. Nevertheless there was an assemblage of fully one hundred prominent pilgrims from central and southern Berkshire, many more would have been present from the north except for the unavoidable postponement of the previous week, the day was a gem of nature's finest handiwork, and the exercises were of a highly interesting character.

President Whipple presided at the literary exercises which immediately followed the basket lunch made more palatable by coffee and ice water furnished by the Lenox and Stockbridge membership. Rev. R. D. Mallary's paper "With Hawthorne in Lenox," though of considerable length, was of profound interest, it being a sketch not only covering the great novelist's few years of Lenox life, but also of his early residence in Salem and his later at Concord. It was in 1847 that he wrote his brother-in-law Horace Mann, that he was coming to Berkshire "for a cheap, pleasant and healthy residence," and just after (in 1850) the publication of "The Scarlet Letter," he moved here and into the little cottage, all of which there is now to show is a piece of charred red clapboard in the possession of Mr. Mallary, and of its domestic surroundings, a few lengths of old board fence, and a rough gate hanging by a single hinge.

Among the multitude of facts brought out by Mr. Mallary was that when Hawthorne came to Lenox the star of his literary fame had just come into notice and according to his son "the Lenox period was that of his father's greatest literary productivity." From the spring of 1850 to the fall of 1851, the "little red house" was a hive of literary industry, and at this intellectual forge Hawthorne shaped some of his mightiest production. Lenox at that time was known a a "jungle of literary lions," and the "summer boarder" was already present there. Miss Sedgwick's creative energy was nearly spent, but Fanny Kemble's masculine vigor was in its prime. Dr. Holmes was in Pittsfield; Lowell, Whipple and James were stopping in Stockbridge, and the presence of Herman Melville was always in evidence.. But here were not the men of letters Hawthorne left behind in coming to Berkshire. His Concord days could scarcely be reproduced, when he had tramped with Emerson, dined with Longfellow, paddled in the historic river with Channing, strolled with Lowell and entertained as intimate friends Thoreau and Margaret Fuller Ossoli. That Hawthorne after drawing his greatest inspiration from the breath of the Berkshire hills grew tired of their rigors was fully brought out, but this was somewhat explained by another speaker, by stating that he was drawn back to Concord by the ties of his earlier companionship, and their frequent appeals for him to do so. Mr. Mallary most fittingly closed with, "The spot where this mighty workman wrought in Lenox ought to be marked by some appropriate memorial."

There were present at this gathering but two persons who had ever seen Nathaniel Hawthorne. One of these was a lady and the other was Henry D. Sedgwick of Stockbridge. When a boy he had guided Nathaniel Hawthorne, David Dudley Field, George W.

Curtis and Cornelius Hopper over Monument mountain. He could not recall a word that he had spoken, but his wonderful eyes had vividly impressed themselves upon his memory. He touchingly dwelt upon the nearby consecrated spot where the literary miracle of "The House of the Seven Gables" had been wrought out.

John E. Parsons of New York and Lenox paid a glowing tribute to Berkshire scenery and to what he said Judge Rockwell used to call the "undulating hills." Chief Justice Coleridge of England, on a visit to Lenox, said he had always thought the scenery of Devonshire the most beautiful, but that of Berkshire greatly eclipsed it, and that the little red house of Hawthorne took not a second hallowed place in his mind as compared with the home of the poet Wordsworth. Berkshire history had been made famous by this character who once lived and wrote upon the shores of Stockbridge Bowl. The speaker felt himself fortunate that he could come and rest in the shadows of the Berkshire hills, and that while they looked down upon him he could look up to them. He felt he might be willing to die and be buried in a Berkshire graveyard, if occasionally he might rise up therefrom and look out upon the grandeur and beauty around him. All through the deep and forceful remarks of Mr. Parsons ran a strong and underlying thought that some permanent general action should be entered upon to keep alive the connection of the past population of Berkshire county localities with the same, both for the present and the future. From his allusions to both prominent and humble characters of the past in these remarks, it was evident that to do this he would call into action not only the sculptor's chisel but the historic pen. In the case of Nathaniel Hawthorne, a monument to mark the site of the little red house, and the publication of Rev. Mr. Mallary's paper for general Berkshire reading, would seem to be a most fitting and lasting memorial tribute.

Rev. Frederick J. Lynch made a telling address on the literary achievements of Hawthorne. Shakespeare and Hawthorne were our best writers, for in their works you see the pictures and forget the authors. In his works the latter in his portrayal of character reached the high-water mark of fiction, and his "Scarlet Letter" is only to be compared with Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." Rev. Mr. Palmer brought out a number of interesting facts concerning the boyhood of Hawthorne, his decision to leave Berkshire, his misanthropic characteristics and his desire of seclusion while at work. His central thought he said was "the problem of human nature." Rev. L. S. Rowland of Lee said that he was not attracted by the personality of Hawthorne, often wondered that he kept aloof from the moral conflicts of his day, but acknowledged him to be one of the greatest geniuses of our English literature. Rev. Dr. Arthur Lawrence also made a brief address, being called upon as a relative of Amos Lawrence to represent Williams College on this occasion. The address of welcome and the closing remarks were by Rev. Harold Arrowsmith.

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Old Stories - from page 63

The following week at the prayer meeting in the village, the Governor thought it his duty to exercise his gift in public. He therefore in quite an appropriate prayer, invoked the blessing of heaven on the church and community. As a fitting conclusion to his petitions, with increased fervor he exclaimed, "Oh Lord, we beseech thee stir us up to lethargy."

A preacher at Lime Grove camp meeting many years ago made a very ludicrous mistake which caused much merriment. Another minister had had his new overcoat stolen from a tent. This preacher in making a public announcement of the theft at the close of a service said, "the thief entered the brother's overcoat and stole his tent."

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Census - from page 69

156	166	B. C. Donnald	25 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Thomas F. Graham	30 M	Laborer	Scotland
157	167	Miles Hoag	35 M	Laborer	Delaware
		Selestia Hoag	34 F		Mass.
		Fitzhue Hoag	13 M		Mass.
		Timothy Hoag	13 M		Mass.
		Miles M. Hoag	9 M		Mass.
158	168	Owen Phillan	30 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Ann Phillan	28 F		Ireland
		John Phillan	6 M		N.Y.
		Thomas Phillan	3 M		N.Y.
		Frances Phillan	1 F		Mass.
159	169	Elijah Gates	76 M	Farmer	Mass.
		Fanny Gates	72 F		Mass.
160	170	Harriet H. Gates	43 F		Mass.
		William M. Gates	25 M	Farmer?	Mass.
		Sarah Ford	76 F		Mass.
		Ruth Scocking	87 F		Conn.
		James Flanigan	19 M	Laborer	Ireland
161	171	Oliver C. Bullard	33 M		Mass.
		Sarah J. Bullard	29 F		Mass.
		William S. Bullard	10 M		Mass.
		Levi J. Bullard	8 M		Mass.
		Lucy M. Bullard	5 F		Mass.
		Lucy W. Bullard	77 F		Mass.
		Ellen Forest	30 F		Ireland
		John Dongan	19 M	Laborer	Ireland
		J. S. Wigman	18 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Mary Thompson	25 F		Mass.
		Lucy Thompson	14 F		Mass.
162	172	Lyman Penny	56 M	Farmer	Vermont
		Fanney Penny	56 F		Mass.
		William Penny	29 M	Farmer	Mass.
		Elena Penny	23 F		Mass.
		Jane Penny	20 F		Mass.
163	173	John Porter	62 M	Farmer	Conn.
		Eliza Porter	58 F		N.Y.
		John F. Babcock	57 M	Hatter	Mass.
		Peelen O'Neal	19 M	Laborer	Ireland

(To be continued)

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Gathering - from page 64

prevent some comrades capturing a pig which they were chasing of his reporting that the pig was tired out and almost dead, and of his orders to get a man to kill it and bring it to his commander's tent. The fact of it was that everyone was hankering for meat at that time to splice out army rations, and Comrade Cranston naively stated that he did not know of any cause for his promotion in the ranks soon afterwards, except if might have been for his quartermaster services thus rendered to the officers' mess. ■

GUIDE TO INTERPRETATION OF THE 1855 MASSACHUSETTS CENSUS

The taking of a census in 1855 was mandated by an act of the General Court of Massachusetts, 21 May 1855. The act provided that a census of each city and town be taken between 1 June and 1 October 1855. The census was to be "as of" the first day of June of the census year.

Reports on the taking of the census stated that the instructions were generally "well observed". Some enumerators, however, were so negligent or heedless that their reports were "scarcely fit to be received". Cautions, still appropriate, were given against relying too absolutely on the census because of "the great liability to error", and the "usual difficulty of arriving at the truth" arising from ignorance and prejudice.

To secure uniform reporting, blank forms were provided and the following data were to be recorded:

1. Dwelling houses numbered in the order of their visitation.

2. Families numbered in the order of visitation, ("family" being all those living in one house, public house or institution.)

3. Name of every person whose usual place of residence was in this family 1 June 1855. Note: Excluded were those born after 1 June. Included were those who had died after 1 June and those temporarily absent. Relationship of household members to the head of the household was not recorded. An aid in establishing relationships exists, nevertheless, in the requirement that the enumerator arrange names in a given order:
   (1) Master
   (2) Mistress
   (3) Children in order of age
   (4) Male domestics, etc.
   (5) Female domestics, etc.
   (6) Boarders, etc.

4. Age. To be given as of last birthday unless next birthday would be within four months, then age at next birthday.

5. Sex.

6. Color. B for Blacks, M for Mulatto, no entry for Whites.

7. Profession, occupation or trade for each male over fifteen. For clergymen, initial letters of denomination.

8. Place of birth. State or territory if native born; country if foreign born.

9. Whether deaf and dumb, blind, insane, idiotic, pauper or convict.

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