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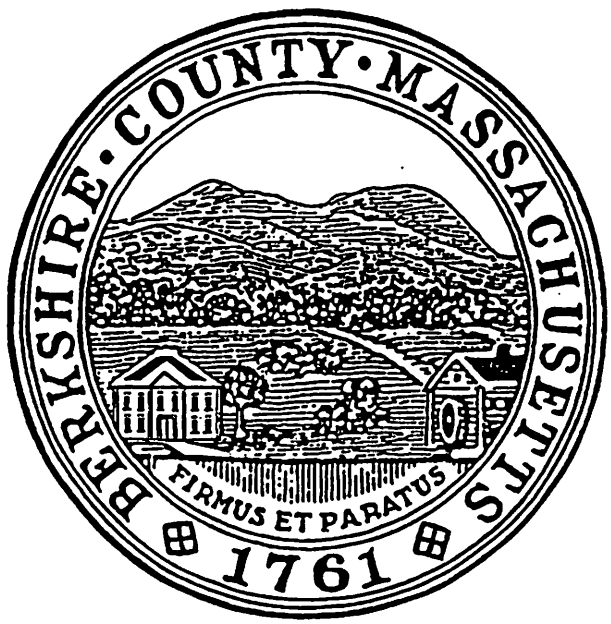

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BERKSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY ASSOCIATION, INC.

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

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

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BERKSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY ASSOCIATION, INC.
P.O. Box 1437, Pittsfield, MA 01202-1437

EMAIL: bfhainc@gmail.com
WEBSITE: http://www.berkshirefamilyhistory.org

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BERKSHIRE GENEALOGIST

Donald L. Lutes, Jr.
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JOHN BROWN, A REVOLUTIONARY WAR HERO

From *The Berkshire Hills*, April 1, 1904.

In 1773 a young lawyer bearing the modest name of John Brown came from Sandisfield to Pittsfield and commenced the practice of law, the only other and the first representative of that profession being Woodbridge Little. His father was a native of Haverhill, was well-educated, very respectable, a prominent office-holder, and removed to Sandisfield in 1752. Young John was born at Haverhill in 1744, graduated at Yale in 1771, studied law at Providence and first went into practice at Johnstown, N.Y., where he received the appointment of King's Attorney and where he formed the acquaintance of Sir John Johnson, through whose wickedness he and many Berkshire men were afterwards brutally massacred.

On his advent in Pittsfield, being talented, bold and prudent, he soon won the confidence of its citizens. Though he was much opposed to the action of those disguised patriots who threw overboard cargoes of tea in Boston harbor, he was strong in protest against the obnoxious acts of the British parliament against the colonies. He was elected to the Provincial Congress from Pittsfield in 1774-5, and because of his wise and ardent love of the colonies was selected by the State Committee of Correspondence in 1774 for the hazardous enterprise of visiting Canada in the attempt to induce the people of that province to unite with the inhabitants of the colonies against the mother country as a common foe. The pretense of this visit was for the purchase of horses, but the Canadians remarked that he was a very singular jockey, for he never seemed to find any equines which suited him. However, his unsuccessful trip was full of peril, and on one occasion the house in which he was lodged was assailed, but he fortunately made his escape therefrom under the cover of darkness, and after enduring many privations and passing through many perils in the trip through the forests and in a frail canoe on Lake Champlain, finally reached Ethan Allen in his Vermont camp, and his home soon afterwards.

Previous to departing on this dangerous mission to Canada for the purpose of sounding the disposition of its peoples, for forming a revolutionary party among them and to secure secret communication with such with the patriot leaders in New England, John Brown resigned his seat in the Provincial Congress, came home to Pittsfield, went from thence to Albany and then on to Canada. On this trip with his two guides he found both the Lakes of George and Champlain to be impassable on account of floods, which necessitated the hardship of pushing through the wilderness on foot for fourteen days when St. Johns on the river Sorrel was reached, and afterwards Montreal and Quebec. It was on this trip that John Brown and his guides gained knowledge from the Indians that the British planned to array the Canadians and Indians against the colonies, and decided that Fort Ticonderoga must be seized and held as soon as possible to head this movement off, evidently having consulted with Ethan Allen, the commander of the Green Mountain Boys, who was stationed with his troops at Crown Point, who was the only military character of the period competent to undertake the surprisal and capture of this great fortress, which had been the key to Canada for a full half a century.

It was owing to the shrewd country people of Canada, who did not fail to observe that John Brown was a queer horse buyer, and never suited with any animal submitted to him for purchase, that he was spotted as a mysterious visitor, and that his capture was undertaken by the military police of that Province to whom some one had communicated suspicions. It was through this information that the house where he lodged was surrounded one night by a large squad of redcoats, but from which he made his escape by a back window, to be pursued for two days through the dense forests by two squads of scouts of 50 men each. It was only through the offices of friendly Canadians that he evaded these scouts and arrived at Crown Point in a canoe. This was the scene of the first meeting of Ethan Allen and John Brown, and it was here that the latter first broached the subject of the capture of Fort Ticonderoga and enlisted the former as the fitting leader in this achievement.

The distinguished military career of John Brown commenced with his enlistment as a private in a company of minute men which were raised, equipped and commanded by Capt. David Noble in 1774, in which James Easton was a lieutenant, and which was included in the regiment which left Berkshire for Cambridge under the command of Colonel, afterwards General Patterson of Lenox. This company of minute men were enlisted, armed and equipped by Captain Noble of Pittsfield at his own expense, though the town of Pittsfield promised it wages, and to accomplish this he sold several of his farms in Pittsfield and Stephentown. It was furnished with 130 stand of arms and uniformed with breeches of buckskin, blue coats faced with white, the material for which was purchased in Philadelphia, from whence a tailor was imported to cut and make them up. It was in this company that Dr. Timothy Childs was surgeon and who was afterwards appointed as such in the regular army. In this company Lieut. James Easton marched and in it John Brown was promoted to the rank of Ensign. After the battle of Lexington the company was reorganized and enlarged and for a season was in service in and around Boston, afterwards at Ticonderoga and Canada, and participated in the battles of Princeton, Trenton and Saratoga, while some of its members were in the fatal ambush at Stone Arabia.

Immediately after the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, Captains Edward Mott and Noah Phelps of Hartford started the movement for the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point by surprise. This decision was arrived at through a private conversation of Benedict Arnold with Col. Parsons of Hartford suggesting this action, but it was afterwards learned that Arnold derived his idea from Adams and Warren of the Provincial Congress, to whom John Brown had communicated the results of his deliberations with Ethan Allen on his visit to Crown Point, that such a step was necessary, and if the Americans held these two strongholds that it would finally enable them to advance on Canada, while it would be of immense protection to the colonies on the northern frontier in case of an alliance with the British and the Canadian Indians.

April 29, 1775, Capt. Mott arrived by overland from Hartford at Daniel Dewey's tavern in Sheffield with sixteen unarmed men dressed in plain clothes. Of these a delegation was sent on to Albany to discover the sentiment and feel over the ground there, while the Colonel arrived in Pittsfield that night and was quartered at Capt. James Easton's tavern which stood at the site of the Natural History and Art Building on South street, The same night the project was communicated to John Brown, Capt. James Easton and a few other patriots, as also to Col. Ethan Allen, who was singularly present in the town, which met with their entire approval, and plans for immediate action were fixed upon, among which was that the surprise force should only consist of 230 men, to be comprised of Connecticut and Berkshire troops and Green Mountain Boys and that all enlistments, marching and movements be made with the utmost secrecy.

Capt. Isaac Dickinson and a few others were enlisted in Pittsfield and the next day Captains Easton and Mott crossed over the mountain into Jericho, now the town of Hancock, and with the aid of Capt. Douglass enlisted 24 men there and 15 more in Williamstown. Capt. Douglass and company followed Mott and Easton to Bennington where they were joined by Ethan Allen, who had come hither to meet John Brown in a council of war, at which Capt. Easton presided. Here the final plans for the surprise of Ticonderoga were perfected and measures taken to prevent Benedict Arnold from wresting the command from Allen, while a rumor that Ticonderoga had been reinforced was not considered. The force assembled under Col. Allen at Bennington was 100, while that of Capt. Easton numbered 47.

On the arrival of Col. Allen and Capt. Easton at Castleton, Vt., the latter's force numbered 100 and the command of Ethan Allen was 230 strong. Here the force was unexpectedly joined by Benedict Arnold with 400 men which he had been commissioned to raise by a Massachusetts Committee to capture this same fort, and in consequence Arnold was much to his chagrin assigned as an assistant to Allen. The combined forces secretly reached the shore of Lake Champlain opposite Fort Ticonderoga on the evening of May 7, 1775. The next day in the early morning Col. Allen with 83 determined men

were ferried across the lake from Shoreham, Vt., guided by a boy, Nathan Beman. After forming his force in three columns, and making them a speech with the boy Beman by his side, Allen led them rapidly up the steep ascent in silence. Before sunrise Allen and force entered the front gate, the gun of the first sentry thereat having flashed in the pan. The surprise was complete, and the guards rushed to the barracks in great fright, though the second sentinel slightly wounded Capt. Easton with a bayonet, for which he received a sword cut in the head from Col. Allen. Then the Yankees gave three cheers, when Capt. de la Place surrendered the fort to Col. Allen, who made the demand "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." A few days afterwards Crown Point was captured and soon after having taken a war sloop, Col. Ethan Allen and his associates were complete masters of the Lake and of all the water approaches to Canada.

Benedict Arnold was made the first commander of Ticonderoga in which was captured a large amount of army stores and ammunition and in July 1775, it had a garrison of 1,000 men, of which was Capt. James Noble's company of 100 men, 27 of whom were from Pittsfield, having for its Lieutenants Joel Dickinson and John Hitchcock. In the meanwhile John Brown had reported the capture to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia and Capt. Easton to the Provincial Congress at Boston, Brown having conveyed the prisoners taken to a proper place of confinement. While in command here Arnold carelessly handled the fort and commenced a series of dishonest peculations of funds which made him an object of scorn to his brother officers and the soldiery. Among other rascalities, while in charge of this fort, he appropriated to himself the pay of Capt. Noble's company, which the Province had to reimburse, and whose officers wrote to Gen. Washington to hold back from this traitor's pay.

The only object of Benedict Arnold in his attempt to steal away the honor of the Ticonderoga capture from Ethan Allen, John Brown and James Easton, was not the command of a few hundred men, but because he with others saw that this capture would be the gateway of a grand campaign of important opportunities wherein to distinguish himself. To accomplish the wresting of the campaign from the leadership of Allen, Brown and Easton, Arnold wrote a letter to Hon. E. R. Colt of Pittsfield in vain hope to accomplish his ends, which was afterwards singularly found among the papers of one David Daniels of Cheshire, a Revolutionary pensioner, and after the latter's death.

After the transfer of Benedict Arnold to the command of a small military fort on the lake, much to his anger, and where he still pursued his dishonest peculations, Col. James Easton was made commandant at Fort Ticonderoga and John Brown was made a major and associated with him. Owing to the important knowledge gained by Brown in his first visit to Canada, his league with the patriots there and his acquaintance with its military situations and defenses, he possessed a great fund of information and of untold value to the American cause. In July, 1775, Major Brown and Col. Allen were sent through the woods into Canada to assure its peoples that their religion and liberties would be respected by the approaching American troops. It was in this campaign that Major Brown, with 100 Americans and 34 Canadians, it being the first detachment to enter Canada, captured Fort Chamblee and secured a great amount of military stores and ammunition. Previous to the capture of Montreal by Gen. Montgomery in 1775, Col. Ethan Allen had attacked that city without orders, was repulsed, taken prisoner and was treated with great severity He had expected Major Brown from the Sorrel river to co-operate with him, but the connection not being made for some reason, he was defeated in what would otherwise have been a startling victory.

Two days after Gen. Montgomery reached Quebec for its attack, Major Brown arrives with his forces from Sorrel and joined the force of Benedict Arnold. In the storming of December 31, 1775, Major Brown with a part of a Boston regiment was directed to co-operate with the force of Col. Livingstone by making a false attack upon the walls south of St. John's gate with combustibles prepared for the purpose. He bravely executed his part of the enterprise, but on account of the deep snow Livingstone failed to assist him. It was in this assault on Quebec that Gen. Montgomery fell.

In 1776 Congress commissioned Major John Brown as Lieutenant-Colonel with work and pay from 1775. In 1776 he conducted a regiment of militia to Fort Independence, and after the defeat of Gen. Baum at Bennington in 1777 he was dispatched from Pawlet, Vt., to the north end of Lake George with 500 men to relieve American prisoners held in that vicinity. Marching all night he attacked the enemy at daybreak three miles from Ticonderoga. Here he captured the lake landing, the fortifications of Mount Defiance and Mount Hope, together with the entire English lines and block house, 200 canoes, an armed sloop, several gunboats, a few cannon and an immense quantity of ammunition, weapons and army stores, having released 100 captive Americans and taken 293 prisoners. The success of Col. Brown in this capture so incited the valor of his men that it led large numbers of the militia to join his forces, and this event was followed by the defeat and capture of Gen. Burgoyne the following month.

Soon after the defeat of Burgoyne Col. John Brown retired from the Continental service on account of his detestation of the dishonest and malicious acts and the presence therein of Benedict Arnold. It was in the Canada campaign of 1776 that he had discovered Arnold's dishonest and treacherous character and his proclivity to crush and conspire against anyone who might chance to stand in the way of his unprincipled ambition. Three years before the treason of Arnold against the American cause was discovered by the capture of Major Andre and he was forced to fly to the English for protection and thence to England, Col. Brown published a handbill when this traitor was at the height of his fame in the Continental army, in which he preferred 14 grave and treasonable charges against him. Among these was a charge of Arnold's levying on the Canadian patriots for contributions for the American cause and his appropriating such funds and supplies for his own private use and benefit, and his treatment of the people of the village of La Province in Canada, which he captured, whom he promised honorable quarters, but to plunder and burn the place and kill many of its defenseless citizens. In this handbill, he being the first to discover the criminality of this arch traitor to the American cause, he said that "Benedict Arnold would finally prove an arch foe to his country for to his knowledge he had already sold many lives of the patriots of Canada and the Colonies for money." In 1778 Col. Brown returning to Pittsfield was engaged in the militia service of the state and was elected as a member of the General Court.

There was probably never so bitter a military and personal animosity known as that which was the result of the capture of Fort Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen of Vermont and John Brown and James Easton of Pittsfield, which Benedict Arnold had resolved to accomplish himself, and in which he was an insignificant participant and therefore gained no notoriety or fame and had to content himself in pilfering from both the patriot soldiery and the enemy. That he failed to pursue Ethan Allen with his venom was probably owing to the fact that he was never under his command, but he fully made up for this in his persecution of John Brown and James Easton thereafter, who were fully cognizant of his unscrupulous and dishonest character and methods though unable to bring him to task, his base acts and falsehoods and deception of Generals Montgomery, Washington, Gates and Schuyler and the Continental Congress having in the end caused these brave Berkshire officers to retire from the American army.

Finally resigning his small post on Lake Champlain, after being succeeded as commandant of Ticonderoga and the appointment of Easton and Brown to the position, Arnold returned to Cambridge army headquarters full of venom and bitterness. In 1775 Gen. Washington decided to spare 1,000 men from the headquarters at Cambridge for the invasion of Quebec, whose command was given to Arnold and with 900 of whom he arrived opposite that city, these troops having undergone great dangers and privations in the march through the Maine wilderness. At first Arnold made bold demonstrations toward the city, but learning that Gen. Carleton was approaching, retired 20 miles to the north. Here he was joined by Gen. Montgomery with a force of 900 soldiers, who were scantily clad and accompanied by Brown and Easton and their Berkshire men, among whom being Captains Eli Root, Israel Dickinson and Jacob Brown and Lieutenants

Joel Dickinson and Joseph Allen of Pittsfield. Gen. Montgomery finding that the storming of Quebec was a necessity, the night assault was led by two divisions under Montgomery and Arnold while Col. Brown made a feint attack on St. John's gate. Previous to the assault three companies in Arnold's division refused to fight under him on account of his unpopularity with them, for which Arnold falsely stated that Brown was responsible in fostering mutiny, which he made the colonial generals believe, and which commenced an acrimonious controversy which lasted for two years. It was evident that the dissatisfaction of these soldiers with Arnold had been brought about by his appropriating to himself the pay of Capt. Noble's Pittsfield company, and a recent attempt, which was frustrated by Brown and Easton, to betray the American flotilla which finally captured St. John's and its batteries and the key of the St. Lawrence river between Montreal and Quebec, into the hands of a British commander. However, the matter was temporarily adjusted and Brown and Easton subordinated the sense of injury to their personal rights to the interest of their country, and did their duty with the dissenting soldiers in the attack, in which Gen. Montgomery was killed and Arnold wounded.

Before this disastrous attack Gen. Montgomery had prevailed upon Col. Brown to raise a regiment from his own troops and others whose terms of enlistment were about to expire, which he did, having eight new recruits from Pittsfield, which he added to the Berkshire soldiers in Col. Easton's regiment, whose time was out the next day after the assault. In the assault Gen. Montgomery led the New York regiments and a part of that of Col. Easton, while Arnold led the Massachusetts troops and the new battalion of Col. Brown, which was in charge of Capt. Jacob Brown, his brother. After the repulse, Gen. Wooster, who succeeded Montgomery, fell back upon Montreal, while Arnold and his force hovered around Quebec during the winter, he having placed Col. Brown and his battalion on the most advanced post and within cannon shop of the city, evidently in the hope that he would never meet with some misfortune therein. Here Arnold and Brown were at swords' points, and so subtle was the traitor that Brown wrote home to Pittsfield that he was in great danger of becoming a second Uriah. Then the ravages of small pox broke up the American forces in Canada, and the rumors of the advance of Gen. Burgoyne led the surviving soldiers to flee from the province. But many died of the terrible disease, and among them the brave Capt. Noble of Pittsfield, who with many of the fugitives had reached Crown Point. The Berkshire men in this expedition were all stricken with the plague and but a few lived to return to the county.

Soon after the death of Gen. Montgomery, Major Brown claiming the rank of Colonel which had been bestowed on him by that brave officer, was refused it by Arnold on the trumped-up charge against Brown and Easton of having committed military crimes, chief among which he claimed was the plundering of the baggage of British officers in their campaign on the Sorrel river. This was evidently Arnold's revenge for having been headed off by these officers from betraying to the British the little American flotilla with which Brown and Easton only held the St. Lawrence in an iron-bound grip after Montgomery had captured Montreal, and until he moved down upon Quebec. Both Brown and Easton tried their best to have a court restore their titles but such was the popularity and trust in Arnold that none of the Continental Generals would call such, though this would have resulted in the downfall of the arch traitor, and which he well knew. Finally Brown brought the matter before the Continental Congress with the result that he was restored to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel with back pay and Easton was restored to the rank of Colonel, but in vain they tried to have the stigma put upon them by Arnold of having the baggage of British officers removed. and it remained until this arch traitor finally fled to the British lines. It was the falsehoods uttered by Arnold out of revenge on account of being thwarted in his ambition for fame, or for opportunities of theft and treason, which caused Brown and Easton, the two remarkable military characters of Berkshire before and after the Revolution, to leave the Continental army, and the history of this military and government refusal to do justice to these brave men is a foul blot upon the pages of the record of the earlier wars in this country.

(To be continued)

WILLIAM BRONSON OF GREAT BARRINGTON AND ALFORD

From *The Berkshire Hills*, April 1, 1904.

In a small burial ground, perhaps eight rods square, a short distance southwest of the farm house of Lester T. Osborne at Alford, may be found an almost obliterated tombstone, moss covered and weather beaten by the storms of a hundred years. The brief inscription, which in a few years will be totally effaced, is in memory of William Bronson, Esq., who departed this life November 5, 1801. Prominent as this man was in the early history of Great Barrington and Alford, it is surprising that his merit has remained thus far buried in silence, and almost in oblivion. His civil and military acts are certainly worthy of preservation in the history of Berkshire and thus to be handed down to future generations. William Bronson was born May 30, 1734. According to the history of Waterbury, Ct., published in 1858, he was a son of Moses Bronson of that town and his wife, Jane Wait, of Stratford.

While a young man he journeyed northward and settled in that section of the province lands which previous to 1755, belonged to the North Parish of Sheffield. Of the youth and early manhood of William Bronson but little is known; but the facts are not lacking that he was brave, industrious and patriotic. As evidence of this, it is recorded in the archives of the state at Boston and in C. J. Taylor's History of Great Barrington, that with others from the North Parish he served in the war of the English colonies against the French and Indians in the campaign of 1755-1756.

On his return from this war he decided to engage in farming on a large scale. He therefore obtained a grant of 1425 acres in the North Parish, which was surveyed and laid out by John Hamlin and Daniel Kelcy in December, 1758. This great tract of land embraced not only the fine farm where Lester T. Osborne now resides, but also three or four other farms adjacent thereto. The original bounds of the entire tract may be found recorded in the book of the Original Proprietors, page 127, at the Registry of Deeds in Great Barrington. We find on the Sheffield records that William Bronson and Esther, a daughter of Deacon Stephen Kelcy, were united in marriage April 5, 1759. They at once began housekeeping on their large estate. Their first residence, which was rather primitive in its construction, stood in the vicinity of their large house, erected in 1775.

Great Barrington was incorporated in 1761 and as the farm of William Bronson was then in its western limits, he became a citizen of the new township. At a town meeting in 1763 he was elected a surveyor of wheat; in 1769 a surveyor of highways, and in 1771 a collector of taxes in that part of the town west of Long Pond mountain and the Green river, and William Pixley was elected collector in the east part of the town. In 1773 the Shamenon Purchase, obtained by deed from the Stockbridge Indians, including the Bronson farm and the Greenland grant of 1,000 acres to David Ingersoll, was taken from Great Barrington and incorporated as the town of Alford.

David Ingersoll, Jr., who had not yet become a tory, rode over the hills and presided as moderator of the first town meeting. At this meeting, Dr. John Hurlbert was elected clerk; and with Deodatt Ingersoll and William Bronson, selectmen. Thence forward for almost fourteen years Mr. Bronson was elected on this board of selectmen. In addition to his duties as one of the fathers of the town, Mr.Bronson was at one time a fence viewer, surveyor of highways, overseer of the workhouse and keeper of the town pound. In the early years of the settlements these offices were more important than they now are. As the country was new, the land was being surveyed and laid out into farms and it was highly important that the bounds and fences which were to establish lines for the guidance of future generations should be as permanent as possible and constructed in a thorough manner. Therefore fence viewers and surveyors of highways were highly essential in the layout of lands in a new township. The earmarks of animals were also recorded and in one place on the records in December, 1773, it appears that a suffering one year old colt, dark brown and a natural trotter, had been taken up by one Thomas Burham. While thus engaged in his public and private

duties Mr. Bronson was called to serve his town in a higher capacity.

Less than a year previous to the opening of the Revolutionary war, on July 6, 1774, the ever memorable Berkshire Congress convened at Stockbridge and continued in session for two days. All the towns which had been organized in the county except two were represented at this congress. The deputies from Alford were William Bronson, Ebenezer Barritt and Deodatt Ingersoll. The Congress was opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Stephen West of Stockbridge, John Ashley was elected president and Theodore Sedgwick of Sheffield, clerk. This congress took a decisive stand in favor of local industries, especially the production of wool for the manufacture of cloth in every household.

Time passed on and all the colonies were soon united in the struggle for liberty. Every town was called upon to furnish its quota of men and supplies for the continental army. Alford, though a small town, did not escape. Neither were the citizens backward, and the official records show that through the Revolution the town sustained its share of the public burdens and sent its quota of 34 men to the continental ranks. Among the officers was William Bronson, who was commissioned May 6, 1776, as First Lieutenant in Captain Sylvanus Wilcox's company in the First Berkshire Regiment. In July 1776, Mr. Bronson did service in the Highlands as a member of Captain George King's Company in Col. Mark Hopkins' regiment, and was honorably discharged August 2, 1776. But the following year it is recorded in the state archives William Bronson served as Lieutenant from July 21 to August 14, in Capt. Ephraim Fitch's Company, in Col. John Ashley's Regiment. At various times during the war Mr. Bronson was one of the committee of correspondence, inspection and safety, and also on the committee of Alford to provide supplies for the continental army.

As salt at that time was very scarce and high, the town meeting voted to store it for safe keeping a the house of Lieut. Bronson. At a meeting in 1778 it was voted to sell this salt and put the money in the treasury. In 1780, with Dr. John Hurlbert, Lieut. John Adams, Lieut. Abner Kellogg and Capt. Sylvanus Wilcox, William Bronson was on a committee to procure men for the continental army. But finally after a contest of seven years the war came to a close and in common with his comrades in the field, our hero retired to his farm which he cultivated and improved to the best of his ability.

Six years pass away and we find no further record of Lieut. Bronson until 1787. In that year he was appointed and commissioned a Justice of the Peace in place of Dr. John Hulburt, removed from office for participating in the rebellion of Daniel Shays against the state. In the Southern Berkshire Registry of Deeds is found at frequent intervals the name of William Bronson, Justice of the Peace. There can therefore be no doubt that he was frequently called to officiate at marriages, to draw up deeds and other legal papers and attend to all duties pertaining to his office. As a further honor for his faithful services in the cause of his town and county, William Bronson was elected as the Alford representative in the Legislature at Boston in 1785-87. In the records about this time he is given the title of Captain. The last office he held was in 1797 when with Enoch Sperry and Rufus Wilcox, he was elected to the school committee.

As Mr. Bronson was now getting well along in years he prepared to distribute his estate among his heirs. His will, dated June 20, 1801, may be found in the Probate Office at Pittsfield. To his wife, Esther, he gave one-third of his real estate; to his sons, Amos, John and Daniel, one-fourth part of all his real estate, exclusive of the one-third given his wife; to his four grandchildren, son and daughters of Huldah Hamlin, wife of Asa Hamlin, one eighth part exclusive of the others; to his daughter Hansey Phillips, the remaining eighth part. After the death of his wife Esther her part was to be divided among the children and grandchildren according to said will. At various times he had disposed of his landed estate so that when he made his will there remained 407 acres, a large dwelling house and two barns. All were prized at $5,000. The executors were John Bronson of Egremont and Daniel Bronson of Blandford, Ontario County, N.Y. Amos Bronson and Josiah West of Sheffield were appointed bondsmen in the sum of ten thousand dollars for the faithful settlement of this estate.

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FAMILY HISTORY OF THE REVEREND BENJAMIN JUDD

By Frank F. Judd, Ph.D.

[Continued from Volume 36, Number 2, Page 48]

It is suspected that Rev. Benjamin Judd began his search for a new pulpit well before his dismissal from the Ware Congregational Church. One would not have been surprised that Benjamin could see the handwriting on the wall, as it were, and he began his search well before he was officially dismissed. We are led to this conclusion primarily because it was only three days after his dismissal on 28 September 1787 in Ware, Massachusetts, that he performed his first marriage in the Pound Ridge Presbyterian Church on 1 October 1787 [32].

3. Pound Ridge Presbyterian Church, Pound Ridge, Westchester, New York

Undoubtedly, he would have been aware of not only the expansion and growth, but also the monumental reorganization taking place in the Presbyterian Church of New York and the eastern seaboard south of New York. Benjamin would likely have seen significant opportunity for his career to blossom in this fast growing environment.

> "Accordingly, in 1785, the Synod of New York and Philadelphia, began to take those steps for revising the public standards of the Church which led to their adoption and establishment of the present plan. A large and respectable committee, of which Dr. Witherspoon was chairman, was appointed to 'take into consideration the Constitution of the Church of Scotland and other Protestant Churches,' and to form a complete system for the organization of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. The result was, that on the 28th of May, 1788, the Synod completed the revision and arrangement of the public standards of the Church, . . . This new arrangement consisted in dividing the Old Synod into four Synods—namely, New York and New Jersey, Philadelphia, Virginia, and the Carolinas . . . and constituting over these, as a bond of union, a General Assembly in all essential particulars after the model of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland." [33]

Not long after May 1788 the New York Synod, which covered Dutchess County, began to investigate the opportunity of expanding the service the Presbyterian Church was offering its congregants. By then, however, Rev. Benjamin Judd was already supplying the pulpit of the Pound Ridge Presbyterian Church in Dutchess County, New York. It may be surprising to many that although Benjamin Judd actually performed three marriages in 1787 as a recognized clergyman, he was not actually installed as the settled minister until at least a year after he had arrived in Pound Ridge. Interestingly enough this was not all that uncommon for ministers seeking a new pulpit.

> "The hiring of a minister in New England became an intricate dance that could keep candidates waiting for months. In the 1720s, Ipswich (Massachusetts) nominated eight candidates and expected each to preach at the church for three months before the congregation chose one of them. The churches then usually required a trial period before

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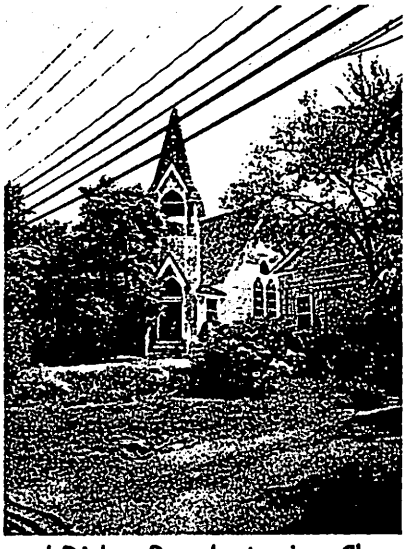
[32] "Births/Baptisms/Marriages/Deaths 1787-1792, 1800-1808, 182-193, Poundridge Presbyterian Church, Pound Ridge, New York," compiled and edited by Richard Major and Peg Malcolm, Published by the Pound Ridge Historical Society, Pound Ridge, New York, 2006, Pages 29-30.

[33] From http://mal.net/EarlyPresbyterians/presinst.htm#General%20Assembly

the signing of a final contract, and the congregation always retained the power to dismiss the minister." [34]

The fact that Benjamin Judd's trial period lasted for nearly a year may have meant one of two possible situations were being considered. First, the laity may simply have been waiting to see if a more worthy candidate would present themselves. Or, second, the laity may have known the circumstances of Benjamin's dismissal from the Ware Church and were waiting to make sure that his installation at Pound Ridge was going to work out satisfactorily for all concerned. The fact that Benjamin was a Congregationalist and of Puritan background, and that he would have to change his denomination to Presbyterian, did not seem to unduly concern him, or the Presbyterian Church members in Dutchess County.



Pound Ridge Presbyterian Church
Pound Ridge, Dutchess, New York

The history of the Congregational Church even in the eighteenth century Colonies is closely associated with that of the American Presbyterian Church. This was especially true in New England where Congregationalist influence was felt in Presbyterian churches farther west. Ministers from the two dominations met together annually, even before the Revolutionary War, in Connecticut to share information in their "united cause." [35]

Actually, there was by 1788 a general agreement between the Congregationalists and the Presbyterians that either of their trained and experienced ministers could occupy the pulpits of their respective churches. This close association between the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches would be formalized in 1801 in the "Plan of Union." [35]

It has been said that, "Presbyterianism, as well as Congregationalism, acknowledges the parity of all ministers of the Gospel" [36]. Moreover, one finds churches in Connecticut and New York who switched denomination from Congregational to Presbyterian and back again several times during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

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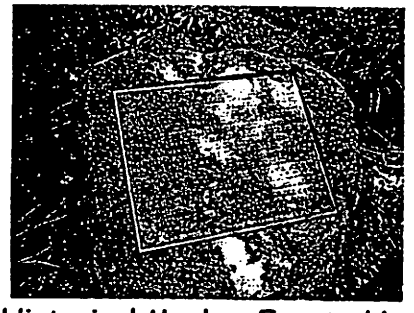
[34] "God's Ambassadors, A History of the Christian Clergy in America," Page 88.

[35] "History of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America," By Rev. Ezra Hall Gillett, Published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia, Vol. 1, 1864, Pages 152, 164, 179, and 432.

[36] "The Relative Character and Merits of the Congregational and Presbyterian Systems," Printed in The Congregational Magazine, October 1845, Published by Jackson and Walford, London, Vol. IX, 1845, Page 701.

On 16 October 1788 Rev. Benjamin Judd was installed as the first settled minister of the Pound Ridge Presbyterian Church. A short article appeared in the New Haven, Connecticut, newspapers, dated 4 November 1788, announcing the ordination of the Rev. Benjamin Judd to his new post.

> "On the 16th last the Rev. Benjamin Judd was installed to the pastoral charge of the congregation in Poundridge, by the Presbytery of Dutchess county. Mr. Lewis, of Philippi, presided upon the occasion, Mr. Burnet of Norwalk, made the first prayer, Mr. Davenport of Bedford, preached a sermon from John 4:36, Mr. Seward of Starwich, made the installing prayer, Mr. Lewis gave the charge to the Pastor, and an address to the people, Mr. Constant of Yorktown, made the concluding prayer. The whole was conducted in the presence of a numerous, solemn and attentive assembly." [37]



Historical Marker Erected by The Sons of the Revolution In Pound Ridge, New York

Pound Ridge had certainly received their share of abuse from the English during the Revolutionary War. Not only were some of their citizens hunted by the British Army, but the town itself was sacked and burned in 1779. This included the church whose affairs Rev. Benjamin Judd had just been selected to guide. A metal tablet, mounted in 1970 on a stone marker in Pound Ridge by The Sons of the Revolution, outlines one of the battles fought in the town. It reads as follows:

> "On July 2, 1779, before daybreak, at Pound Ridge occurred Tarleton's raid. The Colonial Light Dragoons under Col. Sheldon suddenly warned by Major Tallmadge of the fast approaching enemy offered resistance, but were forced to retreat before the superior number of British infantry and cavalry. Continuing to the cross-road, the Colonial troops separated. The British, unable to overtake Col. Sheldon's troops, retired and harassed by them from cover, pillaged and burned homes, including the home of Maj. Lockwood, on whose head the British had placed a price, and the church and meeting house on the site of which this tablet is erected." [38]

Certainly Benjamin Judd would have found it expedient to be more compassionate toward those in his new congregation who had suffered significantly at the hands of the British troops during the late war.

The conversion of Benjamin Judd, and his family, from Congregationalism to Presbyterianism did not come without a specified confession of faith.

> "The Presbyterian church is distinguished by a confession of faith. Every minister and

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[37] Newspaper article dated 4 November 1788, published in the New Haven Gazette and the Connecticut Magazine, dated 13 November 1788, Vol. III, Issue 45, Page 6.

[38] Text of an Historical Marker Erected by The Sons of the Revolution in Pound Ridge, New York.

> church officer, before he can be ordained, is obliged most solemnly to profess, before God, angels, and men, that he does sincerely receive and adopt the confession of faith of that church, and that he does approve of the government and discipline of the Presbyterian church in these United States; and does promise subjection to his brethren in the Lord—that is, as therein taught. Congregationalism, on the contrary, has no creed to which subscription and exact conformity are required. The Bible is the sole test of orthodoxy in her communion; and she welcomes to her communion whoever gives credible evidence of saving faith in Christ—notwithstanding some diversity of doctrinal views." [39]

It is evident that Benjamin Judd's service at the Pound Ridge Presbyterian Church got off to a rousing good start. Just seven months after he had been installed as Pastor he was selected to be a delegate to the very first General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. This General Assembly was held in Philadelphia on 21 May 1789.

> "The first meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, took place on the 21st day of May, 1789. The Assembly met in the Second Presbyterian Church in the city of Philadelphia, and was opened with a sermon by the Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon, from 1 Cor. 3:7: 'So then, neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase.'" [40]

This was indeed an historic meeting for the leaders of the Presbyterian Church in America. There were many ecclesiastical and internal administrative policies which were acted upon at this meeting. The two principle matters under discussion were, "first, the commencement of the missionary work, by requiring collections to be taken up to assist in sending ministers to the frontiers and destitute settlements, and, second, measures to promote the printing and circulation of the Bible." [40] Both of these matters would prove to be of significant interest to Benjamin Judd.

Although Rev. Benjamin Judd was only one of twenty-two ministers and ten elders in attendance at this General Conference, he was the sole minister who had been chosen to represent nine total congregations of the Presbytery of Dutchess County, New York. The following table was compiled to show the congregations of the Presbyterian Church represented at the organization of the first General Assembly. [41]

Benjamin took to his ministerial duties and responsibilities at Pound Ridge Presbyterian with vigor and determination. The archives of the Pound Ridge Presbyterian Church indicate that he performed twenty-nine baptisms from 1789 to 1790, solemnized twenty-three marriages from 1787 to 1792, and conducted at least twenty funerals from 1789 to 1792 [42]. It seems likely

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[39] "The Relative Character and Merits of the Congregational and Presbyterian Systems," Page 702.
[40] "The Presbyterian Magazine," Edited by Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, Published by J. M. Wilson, Philadelphia, Vol. 1, 1851, Page 234.
[41] "The Presbyterian Magazine," Page 234-235.

SYNOD OF NEW YORK.

Names of Presbyteries	Number of Ministers	Congregations Supplied	Congregations Vacant	Total Congregations	Collections
Suffolk	11	9	3	12	
Dutchess	6	5	4	9	
New York	22	20	19	39	25
New Brunswick	16	16	9	25	27
Totals =	55	50	35	85	52

there were more baptisms, marriages and deaths which required the attention of Rev. Benjamin Judd, but these are all that have been found recorded in the Pound Ridge Church records. In addition, Benjamin would likely have taken his turn to occasionally preach from the pulpit of those congregations in Dutchess County who had no settled minister.

Then, in 1791 the Rev. Benjamin Judd had another significant honor bestowed on him. He received from Yale College an honorary Master of Arts degree [43]. While it is unlikely he ever actually attended classes at Yale College, the receipt of this honorary degree must have been a source of closure for Benjamin since he did not complete his education at Harvard College. The M.A. degree was the principal honorary degree awarded by Yale College between 1702 and 1773. The Yale University web site indicates that, "The Honorary Degrees awarded annually at Commencement are intended to be the most significant recognition conferred by the Yale Corporation to signal pioneering achievement in a field or conspicuous and exemplary contribution to the common weal." [44]

Lest one get the wrong idea about this honorary degree, Benjamin Judd was probably not nominated for this honor by the Pound Ridge church, or by one of his minister colleagues. Correspondence with the Yale University Library administration indicates the following:

> "We do not have much information on honorary degree recipients. It seems that on payment of a fee, graduates of Yale and other colleges could ask to receive an honorary degree from Yale. The fact that Benjamin Judd received an honorary M.A. suggests that he had already received a bachelor's degree from another institution, but I was unable to determine where he received the degree. It is not listed in John Farmer's A List of the Graduates, and Those Who Have Received Degrees, at all of the New England Colleges, and I do not have a source to check listing graduates of the middle Atlantic and southern states. Beyond finding Judd listed in the Catalogue of Graduates of Yale University, the only other mention of him that I could locate is in President Ezra Stiles' diary. He lists

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[42] "Births/Baptisms/Marriages/Deaths 1787-1792, 1800-1808, 182-193, Poundridge Presbyterian Church, Pound Ridge, New York," Pages 16-42.

[43] "Catalogue of the Officers and Graduates of Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut," Compiled and Published by Yale University, New Haven, 1916, Page 453.

[44] "Yale Honorary Degree Recipients," From the Yale University web site, http://ris-systech2.its.yale.edu/hondegrees/hondegrees.asp

> the degrees he conferred in 1791 including Rev. Benj. Judd of Poundridge, NY State. Judd paid $4.00 for the degree, which seems to have been the usual sum." [45]

It would have been most instructive if the application filed with Yale College in 1791 for this honorary degree could have been found and examined, but apparently it has not survived. While the conferring of this Yale degree seems to confirm that Benjamin was indeed a student at Harvard College, as previously indicated, it also seems clear that Benjamin Judd likely nominated himself for this honor. It is certainly understandable why Benjamin Judd would have wanted the honorary degree.

Despite the successes that Rev. Benjamin Judd may have had during his ministry in Pound Ridge, there were some of his former behaviors and personal characteristics that were again having a negative effect on his career. It seems that his temper and less than cordial demeanor toward some of his parishioners was again coming into play. A transcript of the Pound Ridge Church records indicates . . .

> ". . . thus ended this ecclesiastical controversy after an exciting period of about three years or upwards engendered in malicious motives and prosecuted with a zeal worthy of a better cause. In short the whole period of Judd's Ministry agitated the Church and disturbed the quiet harmony of the society from his ordination to his dismission 1793." [46]

Unfortunately, the particulars of Benjamin Judd's indiscretions are not known. And yet, the wording of this entry in the church records concerning his dismissal seems a tad harsh in light of the service he seemed to have rendered. However, one may not be too far off if his follies may be attributed to his temper and lack of patience with those he was hired to shepherd.

(To be continued)

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[45] Private Communication from Diane E. Kaplan, Head of Public Services, Manuscripts and Archives, Yale University Library, 25 September 2007.

[46] "Births/Baptisms/Marriages/Deaths 1787-1792, 1800-1808, 182-193, Poundridge Presbyterian Church, Pound Ridge, New York," Pages 4-5.

CAREER OF JAMES FISK, JR.

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

[Continued from Volume 36, Number 2, Page 62]

I stopped the sale of the Tribune on board of my steamers, and permitted the sale of all other New York dailies thereon. Such an unmerciful whipping did I receive from the Tribune, kept up with a systemized daily attack, as to leave me in a position of a venerable Don Quixote in an unequal struggle with a windmill. I saw how weak and helpless I was under the lash of this powerful editor, and incontinently backing down from by boycott of the Tribune, again permitted its sale upon my steamers. But, judge of my surprise and chagrin, to have the Tribune at this juncture punish me with its keenest ridicule, far more bitter than that it had previously indulged in, if this be possible. It was several months after this, that while I was directing my men on the wharf, just before the sailing of one of my Newport steamers, that I observed Horace Greeley ascend the gangplank of the boat. Knowing that the clerk of the boat would fail to recognize him, would measure him up according to the cut of his well-worn suit of drab garments, and assign him to a stateroom fronted by the wheel, I hastened after him. When I reached him, he was just being shown into one of the smallest and poorest ventilated staterooms on the steamer. Taking his carpet bag and persuading him to go with me, I placed him in one of the most elegantly furnished and spacious staterooms on the vessel. Without as much notice of me as one would generally bestow upon a servant, he immediately commenced to disrobe, without even a thank you, and hardly seeming to be aware of my presence. I did not wonder that he was anxious to go to bed, as everyone intimately acquainted with Horace Greeley knew that an opportunity to rest was a treasure to him in a life of tireless mental industry, which hardly knew night from day.

Yet I felt that this was the only square opportunity that I might ever have to speak *privately* to the great editor on a personal subject so vital to myself, and I ventured: Said I to him, Mr. Greeley, why is it that you are so tireless and persistent in raking me over the red hot coals in the Tribune? I have never sought to do you, or it, any injury, and with but one exception, in which my irritation at its stinging criticisms, like a simpleton, I undertook to shut the Tribune off of this steamboat line, have I ever sought to retaliate. What have I ever done to provoke so much bitter attention from you and the powerful newspaper of which you are the head? Did I receive a reply? remarked Jim Fisk. Oh, yes I did, and it was so simple, laconic and spiritless, that I was dumb as an oyster. The great editor, the one man who out of the chaos of the perilous days to this nation antedating the war of the rebellion but a few months, unearthed and gave to his country and to freedom, Abraham Lincoln, kept on removing his garments, and pushing aside the curtains of his berth, without even a glance at me, drawled out in a languid tone of voice, "Go away, James; don't bother me; don't you see that I want to go to sleep?"

A few months afterwards, as I was standing in conversation with two gentlemen on Broadway, in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Horace Greeley familiarly slapped me on the shoulder, and with a smile of grim humor on his countenance, stated that though he was in a great hurry, that he would like to give me at once some very necessary and wholesome advice. Without minding the presence of my two companions, he then and there informed me that if a newspaper man, though he be connected with the most powerful and influential journal in the land, should come to me and seek to negotiate for the sum of $1,000 to publish in ten articles what a grand, good fellow I might be, and laud me to the public for my enterprise, financial skill, acumen, or anything else of a praiseworthy character, not to waste a minute's time of a cent of money on him. But, says he, "If ever such a seeming madman comes along, James, and offers to write you five notices giving you the devil, for a charge of

$5,000, take him up quicker than a wink, and pay him in advance."

Horace Greeley without another word strolled up on Broadway,, while I watched him with a completely astonished stare. Then, for the first time, it became manifest to me that out of the mass of metropolitan newspaper notoriety which had been accorded me, which had been peppered with mean and libelous abuse, good, bad or indifferent, had been owing to the merciless criticisms which had been hurled against me by Horace Greeley in the New York Tribune, who had set the gait for the prominent journalists of the country in this particular, and that to this fact I owed much of my success in life. It was then that I learned that just this persistent whipping had attracted the public and the business world to fix its attention upon me as entirely out of the common, and especially so as commanding so much of the attention of the great editor, who like myself claimed old Vermont for birthplace. After this episode I took pains to have my secretary carefully preserve everything relating to me which he found in the columns of the newspapers, and I took especial delight in the articles which clubbed me the hardest, and often remembered editors with unsolicited favors and gifts, who showed worthy talent in turning me on the spit in a good brown roast in their respective journals. I never wanted any combat with real newspapers after that, for my experience with Horace Greeley had taught me that while such were thrashing me with the keenest satire, that I was most thoroughly advertised for my personal and pecuniary benefit, and thoroughly alive to prosperity and success.

Ever since his wholesale absorption of worthless confederate money in New Orleans, and his purchase of vast amounts of the same for a mere song, which operations placed him under the ban of the United States government, and caused its order for him to swiftly vacate that city, the scheming James Fisk, whose mind then took in the coming victory which was to eventually perch upon the banners of the federal army, had been planning and preparing to execute one of the very shrewdest and daring ventures for wresting pelf from humanity, and leaving it with empty purses, which he had ever concocted. This scheme was so gigantic in conception, that perforce he was obliged to associate two trusted partners with himself in the undertaking. It was before the first Atlantic cable had been laid, and when our armies were closing in about the city of Richmond, whose capture or surrender was to mark the overthrow of the greatest rebellion the world has ever seen, or ever will look upon. At this time James Fisk was with his ear to the telegraph wires in New York city, to catch the first news of General Lee's surrender to General Grant. No ear heard this welcome intelligence to listening millions quicker than his. Then, with his remarkable celerity of action and execution he telegraphed to his waiting partner at Boston in cipher, "Instruct messenger to London to speed for England and unload his cargo of Confederate money on the market, and to sell the same short to any amount as long as he can find a customer.

For many days and nights at the farthest point on the shores of Newfoundland reached by telegraph wires from Boston, the fires had been burning under the boilers of a little steamer, on which was the third partner in this daring speculation of James Fisk, with a picked crew of men, and ready to hoist anchor and steam across the Atlantic at the highest speed at his command. This steamer contained all the Confederate money which could be got hold of elsewhere, besides that obtained at New Orleans. The partner on this steamer was as daring and energetic a man as Fisk himself, and would have obeyed his orders to the letter. The cipher message received from the Boston partner by him waiting on the bleak shores of Newfoundland that dark night was the same as that worded by Jim Fisk from New York with the exception that the Boston partner, fearful of consequences, limited him in the selling in London of Confederate money "short," or for future delivery to a large number of specified millions, after he had sold his money in cargo instead of a limit made by a lack of customers.

The little craft sped away at almost a moment's notice on its way to England, and arriving there, the partner sold his cargo of millions of Confederate money at par, and the full amount short to which he had been

limited by the Boston partner. Before the news of the fall of Richmond and the collapse of the rebellion reached the ears of the heavily swindled English speculators, whose sympathies were from first to last with the south he had time as well as opportunity to have sold millions more of this worthless paper short, so confident were these English financiers that the rebellion would prove successful, and so gullible had they become in their expectations that this free Republic would tottle and fall under internecine strife, and that a monarchy would be reared upon its ruins. Of course, the effectual blockade of the entire South Atlantic coast, and the meager intelligence gleaned from the North, had kept them in complete ignorance of the weakness of the Southern cause and its finances, and left them open to the wiles of this cunning Yankee speculator and brilliant financier.

Although the little steamer got safely away from the British shores with its immense treasure of boodle, and a blow had been struck at English finance which made its financiers and bankers stagger, Jim Fisk was not satisfied, as the crushing scheme he had concocted, through the faint-heartedness of his Boston partner, had been but half carried out.

To use Fisk's own language in describing his anger over this event, "I never was so terribly mad clean through, and I could not sit down, neither could I eat a morsel for twenty-four hours. I don't think I ever should have become reconciled to this blunder at all, if Johnny Bull hadn't squealed so at the amount we really assessed him for, which meant high up among the millions. Why, if my man had received his message direct from me when he steamed for England that dark night, he would have sold Johnny Bull that worthless paper "short" to an amount which would have kept him howling over his losses for more than a dozen years, and made him so choloric that he never could have mentioned the United States without going into spasms. It would have been a tougher dig through the fat in between his ribs than he received when his fight with George Washington and the American Colonies caused him to take both hands off, and be very careful with his fingers on this side of the Atlantic forever afterwards. This plot was the only chance I ever had of getting up on the platform beside George Washington, who licked Johnny in war until he got enough of Yankeedom, as I meant to at finance."

It is certain that however open to criticism this celebrated transaction might have been, no one this side of the big pond, who realized that the war would have terminated much sooner and with much less loss of life had it not been for the sympathy and gold of the British aristocracy, ever did anything else but glory in the masterly strategy of James Fisk in this handling of Confederate rags.

The tireless pursuit of notoriety of this peculiar specimen of New England birth, his fondness for pomp and circumstance, was fully as prominent as his gleesome delight in wresting wealth from those who had acquired such by shrewd financial moves and schemes from the pockets of those who could in the majority ill afford to be thus fleeced. While with the one hand he was constantly drawing public attention to himself by making himself most conspicuous in every part he played and every position into which he had dexterously climbed, with the other, by the sharpest and shrewdest manipulations he drew the strings of his nets about those financial speculators grown lordly and plethoric on gains secured by public and private extortion. Perched and unhooded upon the finger of opportunity he descended falcon-like upon such with a swiftness of flight, and a certainty of execution, which kept the magnates of heartless speculation in his day in constant fear. His "strutting fondness," as it might be termed, having tired of the "admiralty" of the Newport and Fall River Line of Steamboats, in which he had eclipsed the fame of the Vanderbilts as Hudson river navigators, and having brought this New York and New England passenger coast service up to a high plane of financial success and efficiency he turned to other fields to conquer.

At a period when the city of New York was taking great pride in its military regiments, many of whom had been handsomely recruited up to full membership after the civil war, Jim Fisk was chosen Colonel of the Ninth. During the years in which he commanded this crack regiment, by profuse

personal expenditure and by his wonderful tact in organization, he brought it up into full rank with the Seventh and Thirty-First Regiments, and through accouterment, drill and discipline even into greater public prominence than its rivals. With Col. Fisk in command, arrayed in a uniform which eclipsed both in richness and ornament any garment ever worn by a New York officer, in a review of those three regiments on University Place by Gov. Hoffman and many English and American military personages, the Ninth took precedence. In the brigade inspection, conducted by a government officer from Washington, it can here be appropriately noted that a native of Berkshire County, then in the ranks of the Ninth and now living, received the congratulations of the Brigade for having the best kept musket in the same, and for having presented it to and received it from the inspector in a manner superior to any soldier in the ranks.

It was an evening of unusual darkness that these three crack regiments in full ranks welcomed the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston as the guests of New York City under the brilliant calcium lights on Union Square and passed before them in grand review, while the sky was filled with great pyrotechnical illuminations and exploding rockets and bombs. It was an occasion of peculiar pride to Col. Jim Fisk, once the $5,000 a year salesman of Jordan, Marsh & Co., of Boston, to lead off in this welcome at the head of his resplendent troops, and it never ceased to be a matter of especial gratification to him.

It was while Colonel of this celebrated regiment that an element of the population of New York, while insisting on its rights of public parade through its streets, sought to debar through violence similar processions of the colored people because of color hatred, and other nationalities, the latter being refused on account of class bickerings in the Eastern hemisphere. To protect general popular rights the authorities of the city called out its entire military force to protect a public procession of what were known as Orangemen, which resulted in what was afterwards called the "Orange Riot," in which the safety and preservation of the city was for a time fearfully menaced by its violent and criminal population, the latter having as usual taken a hand in class disturbances to loot and destroy and even to burn and kill. The Ninth Regiment was nearly at the front in guarding the small Orange procession, when from sidewalks, windows and roofs came a shower of missiles accompanied by pistol and gunshots, which for a short space of time fairly filled the air, striking down upon the heads of the procession, military and the crowds of spectators filling the sidewalks and every available space. At this first onset some of the most popular officers and comrades of the Ninth were killed, one of the former having been shot by a foe partly concealed by a chimney. A sharpshooter in the Ninth Regiment with the quickness of a flash spotted this coward and firing, his body came tumbling down into the street. Col. Fisk and his officers could not control the maddened regiment and they fired in a body upon the housetops and the whole military line delivered an indiscriminate fire without orders, when rioters and spectators all took to flight, the riot was ended, and the procession and military marched to the Battery without any further disturbance except the shooting of a spectator from a billiard saloon at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Union Square. In this carnage, more guilty and innocent persons were killed and wounded than the authorities dared to make public, but it proved to be a blow to mob and riot in the city, whose effects were most lasting. This terrible and unexpected happening was at that time acknowledged to have rescued this great metropolis from a visitation of murder, violence, rapine, robbery and conflagration.

In the hottest of this memorable attack, Col. Fisk proved himself a courageous leader and a brave and efficient officer. An eyewitness stated at the time that just after the murderous fire had been delivered by his regiment, who calmly reloaded after its delivery, Col. Fisk, who was unmounted, was injured in the leg having fallen over an obstacle which had been hurled into the street by the mob, when he delivered over the command to his Lieutenant Colonel and was assisted into the nearest house. Some inimicable editors who lent themselves to a determined effort to throw undeserved ridi-

cule on Col. Fisk, made a signal failure in an attempt to vituperate this really brave and chivalrous man at the time of this event, but the Ninth Regiment to a man made it so hot for them as to prove most damaging to their reputations for truth and veracity thereafter.

Two months previous to the death of James Fisk, Jr., quite a number of his mates of earlier years were present in the city, and several who had faithfully served in his employ when peddling over the New England highways. At no inconsiderable trouble and expense he succeeded in assembling these at the Erie Offices, connected with which was his fine theatre and his private residence. This proved to be a farewell meeting with his boyhood friends and of great significance in relating to his character and purposes in later life. In a burst of confidence, all ceremony being cast to the winds, and in evident joy over this reunion, he confessed that all those things which during his life he had thought would bring him pleasure and satisfaction, had proved to be an empty dream. Devoting his energies to such whether peculiarly, socially, or otherwise, all had but ministered to an unsatisfying and unsatiated vanity, of which he had become sickened, and had had enough. He had now but one single aim in life, which was the development of the Erie Railroad as the greatest line for both travel and freightage between New York, Chicago and the West. He no longer had a care to amass wealth for himself and itself. He should only strive to attain it in the future for the good which he might accomplish with it in wise expenditure for the relief of deserving fellow men, and for the promotion of those charitable and public purposes which were most commendable and promising of beneficial effects. There were perceptible tears in his eyes when he declared "that if he knew that there was a gold mine on any property owned by him or over which he had control, that he would not open and develop the resources of such for any other purpose but to give relief to the poor, the needy, the despondent and those weary and fainting and sickened on the highway of life. With a single view to develop the resources of the Erie Railroad, I shall hereafter devote all my energies and all my gains to the cause and relief of suffering humanity," were words spoken by him at this reunion, never to be forgotten by those surprised friends who heard their utterance and several of whom were from Berkshire County.

This last reunion of Jim Fisk and his friends and mates of earlier life, was first marked by some reserve on the part of the guests as they were welcomed in front of the box-office of the Grand Opera House on Twenty-Third street by their evidently delighted host, there being some fear that the Jim Fisk of the present, might prove an entirely different individual from the Jim Fisk of the past. But the ice was soon broken by his conducting the party to his private box in the theatre and his giving them most kindly and courteous attention while the drama of "The Streets of New York" was being enacted. The drama being placed for the first time on this, the largest stage in the city on this evening, moved slowly on the boards and came to conclusion within a few minutes of midnight. Fisk was absent but about ten minutes, and on his return explained that he had visited the Erie offices to direct the movement eastward of some trains leaving Chicago. At the conclusion of the play the party was conducted by a private passage from the theatre to his residence. Throwing off his coat on a lounge, the boys followed suit, and all became seated at a capacious round table laden with light refreshments which were washed down with Croton ice-water. The cloth was then removed by the host's colored valet, who afterwards felt his death so keenly that he followed him to the grave carrying his hat and cloak, heart broken at the loss of a dearly beloved master. The valet then brought out a box of Henry Clay cigars, the favorite brand of the host and the latter showed his pleasure by holding the match for his every guest, his countenance beamed with smiles, his humorous individual sallies were exquisite, all formality was notable for its absence, while the long pointed waxed-moustaches twitched up and down on his ruddy cheeks in response to his frequent outbursts of boyish laughter, as hearty and ringing as when peddling dry goods on the Berkshire Hills.

(To be continued)

BERKSHIRE'S GREAT EVANGELIST

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

[Continued from Volume 36, Number 2, Page 56]

Elder Leland was always in great demand as Fourth of July orator, was most eloquent, winsome and instructive in this role, entering into this work full of the old fire and patriotism of 1776, of which struggle he had a most vivid remembrance. That delivered by him at Cheshire in 1802 is preserved in pamphlet form. Its opening words were, "The Revolution of America has been an event which has promised more for the cause of humanity and the rights of man than any other Revolution that can be named. The American Revolution therefore may be justly esteemed the returning dawn of long lost liberty, and the world's best hope. Those who never look beyond second causes may ascribe the glory of this victory to great generals, but those who believe in the superintendence of Providence will render the glory to America's God." The oration is divided up into what is called "seventeen sketches," touching on as many different subjects, and in which American slavery, taxation for religious purposes, and the wicked Federalists are severely denounced. The oration concludes with seventeen wishes or toasts. The second and twelfth of these, and the oddest are, "The People of the United States. May they be virtuous, industrious, and wise, free from the intrigues of lawyers, deception of doctors, holy fraud of ministers, and imposition of lying printers." "Agriculture. Let Americans improve the extensive fertile land which the Almighty has given them, and not amuse themselves with the whimsies of circumscribed islands."

When Thomas Jefferson received the Democratic nomination for President there was a great commotion among the descendants of the Puritans of New England, caused by the report that he was an infidel. Many clergymen preached from their pulpits every Sabbath during the campaign with pleading eloquence for his defeat, asserting that if by any chance he should be elected to the presidency of the United States that all the Bibles, Psalm and Hymn Books and sermons would be cast into bonfires, and that all the Christian altars of the Republic and New England would be demolished and trodden under heretical feet. In many Massachusetts towns these falsehoods were so thoroughly believed that in that many Bibles and religious books were buried in the earth, or otherwise concealed at the time of Jefferson's inauguration. It was at this exciting period that John Leland came out publicly with speech and pen and defended his old Virginia friend with such pathos and power as the champion of American Liberty, as to greatly allay the honest fears of religious persecution which had been falsely raised in the minds of a great multitude in the northern states. Cheshire to a man followed his grand leadership in this political crisis, and today among these Berkshire hills the memory of Jefferson and Leland is cherished almost as one.

During his life in Cheshire many distinguished and humble visitors made pilgrimage to take him by the hand, coming thither from far and near. Among these was his particular friend ex-President Martin Van Buren, who took yearly excursions from his manor-house in Kinderhook, N.Y., with his talented son John, to fish in the then trout-laden streams of Northern Berkshire and Southern Vermont. In these trips Van Buren seldom failed to drop in on his old friend, which did not cease when the sorrows and infirmities of age had come upon him. While Van Buren was President he appointed Elder Leland a member of the visiting committee of the nation to the Military Academy at West Point, which he accepted much to his own gratification as well as to that of the distinguished people with whom he thus became associated.

A strange and unaccountable happening in the history of this celebrated old time divine, while resident in Virginia, was his encounter with the supernatural. While sitting in his house one summer afternoon he was startled from deep reverie by a buzzing sound, seeming to emanate from a large fly

or bee becoming suddenly entrapped with narrow limits, the noise proceeding from the wall of the room. Making an effort to locate and discover the source of the sound, his search proved unsuccessful. The next day he left to fulfill appointments on his circuit, and the incident soon passed from his mind. At the end of six weeks he returned home, and the same evening while sitting in this room he heard a groan which proceeded from this very wall, which was so loud and startling that he leaped from his chair in wild amazement. This was not lessened when he learned from his wife and family that during his absence these groans had been uttered from the same spot every evening for the space of ten minutes at a time.

For the space of eight months, this groaning was repeated every evening, the Elder being absent most of the time on his circuits. During their continuance the children would nestle about Mrs. Leland and exclaim, "the groaner has come." The wall was finally torn out from which the groans issued, but nothing was found to explain their presence. Moving as it were to another portion of the wall, they commenced again and thus defied all attempts at investigation. In the darkness of a certain midnight these unearthly groanings were renewed, when the Elder arose and dropping upon his knees betook himself to the all conquering weapon of prayer. In after days he said, "if ever I prayed in my life, it was then." He pleaded with the Omnipotent that if these groans emanated from a messenger of good, that he might be emboldened to speak to it and learn its errand; but that if they proceeded from a messenger of evil, that it might be commanded to depart and suffered to molest himself and family no more. The groaning grew louder and louder during the prayer, when at its conclusion it closed with a frightful shriek, and was never heard again.

Elder Leland could never explain this visitation, nor was he able to account for it in any way. The narrative as above is his own, as given by him to his friends Gov. George N. Briggs, Dr. William H. Tyler and others. The groans and final shriek were so indelibly fixed in his memory that he repeated them with a mimicry and imitation which would frighten the most stolid. In later years a skeptic has argued that the noise proceeded from a Virginia wildcat, whose vocal powers are of a hair lifting character. But how a wild cat could creep in between the boarding and plastering of a room in a house, so long put in a clock-time appearance for howling, and be moved by the earnest prayer of the righteous to vacate the premises for good, is quite as much a poser as "the groaner itself."

The great local event which gave Cheshire, and Berkshire County as well, a fame with has remained undimmed through all the years, was the making of the Great Cheshire Cheese, weighing when carefully cured 1,235 pounds, and which under the immediate charge of Elder John Leland, was hauled by sled to Hudson, shipped from thence to Washington and presented with great ceremony to President Thomas Jefferson. Immediately on its becoming certain that Jefferson was elected, the exultation of the Cheshire people knew no bounds, and assembling in a triumphant mass meeting the grand old dairy town resolved to put its curds together and build a mammoth cheese which should eclipse all previous workmanship of that character in pyramidical size and weight. It was also further resolved that Elder John Leland, his champion in New England, and Darius Brown, the mechanical engineer in its construction, should accompany the gift to Washington and present it to the great Chief Magistrate as a New Year's present.

The twentieth day of July 1801 was fixed upon for the construction of this great bovine gift. Darius Brown at once constructed a monstrous cheese hopper four feet in diameter and eighteen inches high, while the village blacksmiths strengthened and secured it with huge iron bands so that it could not burst. Elder Leland announced from his pulpit that the curds were to be brought in to Elisha Brown's cider mill opposite the Whitford Rocks on the date aforesaid. Levy was laid upon every milk cow and milk-yielding heifer within the precincts of the town, with the exception of such bovines owned by Federalists, and great caution was exercised to make sure that no Federal leaven of this character should find its way into the combined curds,

lest such fermentable substances should thwart the grand enterprise.

All the preliminaries having been arranged, the immense hoop having been secured in place beneath the cider mill screw, weighing 1,450 pounds, the day dawned which was to witness the successful achievement of this mighty cheese making. It was a proud day for Cheshire, and a glowing sun mounted up from behind the high eastern hills to usher it in. The yellow haze upon the mountain round about never looked so mellow and golden. The soft winds which rustled through the valley were laden with the sweet breath of the hillside woodland wildness, while the old church bell pealed forth with resounding echoings, calling in the pilgrims loaded with precious golden lacteal wealth, and hastening onwards to the cradle of this monster dairy vintage. Every kind of movable conveyance mounted on wheels was brought into requisition; some were on horseback, while others were in huge carts drawn by oxen. The men and boys were dressed out in their Sunday suits; the rosy-cheeked maidens were decked in their best, and their winning smiles were reflected from their immaculate white aprons; the good housewives were clad in the brightest patterns of chintz calico with Vandykes loosely cast over their shoulders, while the children trooped along the highways in the highest exuberance of pleasurable joy and anticipation. Thus the united people came hastening to the place of rendezvous from main highway, cross-road and bridle path, often in procession, then in couples, then as belated contributors and spectators.

As each contributor in turn drew up to the old cider mill, with a great crowd of spectators surrounding it on every side, a committee received the gift with congratulatory greetings to the donor. The rich cream was then passed to a committee of ladies, selected as the most accomplished dairywomen of the town, who mixed the cream with salt and other savory and necessary ingredients, and placed the curd within the great hoop. The last deposit having been made, the giant screw slowly descended from the ponderous beam and taking the monster preparation in its resistless clasp, soon copious streams of foaming whey descended to the ground. Then Elder Leland majestically arose and in solemn and eloquent words dedicated this monster cheese to their honored friend, Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States of America. A suitable hymn lined off by the Elder to the tune of Mear, was sung with great effect. The assemblage was then dismissed with a benediction, and proudly returned to their homes, thoroughly alive to the fact that it had been participant in the exercises of the greatest day Cheshire had ever known as a locality, and which has never been matched in its history since.

The eleventh day after this gathering, this great cheese was removed from the cider press and proved to be in perfect shape and condition. It was decided to remove it to the dairy-house of Daniel Brown to be cured and dried. It was carefully placed upon a sled and drawn by six horses to its place of destination and was followed thither by a multitude of rejoicing townsmen. Moses Wolcott gave a fine feast at his tavern in honor of the event. It was presented to Thomas Jefferson as a New Year's present in 1802. It was accompanied by a finely dictated presentation address prepared by a committee of five prominent citizens of Cheshire, to whom Mr. Jefferson sent back a most grateful and eloquent reply. These original documents are still preserved by the descendants of Darius Brown. Elder Leland in presenting the cheese to Jefferson, it being an occasion of great formality at the White House, eloquently set forth the loyalty of the people of his charge and town, glowingly depicted how nobly that had combated the cowardly attacks of the Puritans to defeat him, and their glorious satisfaction over his righteous triumph. This cheese was a token of their faithful adherence to his administration, of their own home manufacture and in its building every patriot family and cow in Cheshire had taken a conspicuous part.

In response Jefferson returned his warmest thanks to the people of Cheshire, saying that he looked upon this New Year's gift as a token of the fidelity of the very heart of the people of the land to the great cause of equal rights to all men. I shall cause, continued he, this auspicious event to be placed upon the archives of the nation,

while I shall ever esteem this occasion as one of the happiest in my history. And, now, my reverend and most respected friend, I will, with the consent and in the presence of my cabinet officers, proceed to have this monster cut, and you will take back to your Berkshire home a portion of it, that your people may test its richness, flavor and quality, and you will convey to them my heartiest thanks. Tell them never to falter in the principles which they have so nobly defended, having bravely and successfully come to the rescue of our beloved county in the time of its deepest and greatest peril. I wish them health and prosperity, and that rivers of milk may never cease to abundantly flow in to not only themselves but their posterity.

The steward of the White House then, on a signal from the president, advanced with a huge and glittering knife and carved the monster cheese in the presence of the president and cabinet, foreign diplomats and many distinguished men and women of ancient note. Its color was a beautiful annotto, somewhat variegated in shade owing to the mixture of so may different curds, and it was the object of the greatest curiosity. Great slices were served up with bread to the president, cabinet, diplomatic representatives in order of their rank and station, and to others, until all had been feasted, Elder Leland was then introduced, person by person by the president, to the entire gathering. The presentation of this cheese and the attendant ceremonies became a matter of great notoriety in the year 1802, and accounts of the event were published in the press all over the United States and in many foreign countries.

On the trip homeward Elder Leland was highly honored all along the route, and looked upon as a very distinguished personage. The then tedious journey by boat and sleigh being accomplished, he brought up at Cheshire safe and sound, greatly to the satisfaction of the entire township. The Sunday following his return to the church was crowded to listen to the thrilling narrative of his journey and experiences to hear the president's message of thanks read from the pulpit, and to test the quality of the huge slice of cheese returned to them by him and which had been consecrated by being held in his patriot hand. It is further related by Elder Leland that after the above exercises he selected a text from the Bible, but was so full of reverence and admiration for his friend Jefferson, that he had great difficulty in adhering to his subject. In this discourse he is said for a moment to have failed to think of anything with which he could compare this great statesman, when his eye fell upon a very deaf and fleshy old lady sitting in a chair directly beneath his desk. Said he "Thomas Jefferson not only completely fills the presidential chair - but like Polly Smith, slops over all around it."

The following remarkable incident is told in the *Murfreesboro* (VA.) *News* as a part of the unwritten or traditional history of Elder John Leland.

During the latter part of his life, Mr. Leland traveled much over the country in preaching tours on foot. One occasion he had been warmly solicited, in writing, by a widow lady, to visit the part of old Virginia in which she lived and preach, telling him to set his time and her house was at his service, both as a place of abode and also a place to hold his meetings. Mr.Leland replied to her by setting a day that he would preach at her residence at 10 o'clock a.m. The lady was a wealthy planter, in Appomattox valley. She regarded herself as one of the most pious and exemplary persons to be found anywhere. She had been raised in the high circles of life, and knew nothing about poverty, nor had ever associated with laboring classes. She was at this time about thirty-five years of age, and had been a widow two years, but knew nothing of the privations commonly attending the life of a widowed mother. She took much pains to appear pious, and her chief object in inviting Mr.Leland to preach at her house was, that she might make a display of wealth, and thus have the applause of all her associates, not only to show her wealth but her piety as well; so she went to a great trouble and expense in preparing for the meeting. The appointment was spread far and near, pressing solicitations had been sent to numerous friends to attend the meeting; no expense or pains had been spared, not only to have the best and the finest of everything, but to have everything in the very best style.

On the evening preceding the meeting

several carriages had already arrived, to be in good time and enjoy the hospitality of the hostess. About sunset, Mr. Leland came up the mansion on foot. The day was quite warm and dusty when he made his appearance. The walk had caused a free perspiration, which ran down his cheeks, making roads in the dust which had settled on his face during his day's walk. He walked up to the door of the large stone mansion, and his rap was answered by a black servant, of whom he inquired for the landlady; the servant ran down the broad carpeted hall to a door, from which proceeded the sound of talking and laughing. In a very short time a lady, very richly attired, made her appearance, walking briskly and lightly toward the door, where Mr.Leland was standing. He had a fair view of her person, and at once read in physiognomy and deportment something of her leading traits of character.

His intention had been to introduce himself, but before he had time to speak or before she was near enough for him to address her, she spoke in rather a harsh tone:

"Old man, what do you want here? I have nothing for beggars."

Mr. Leland, in a very soft and unassuming tone, said: "Please excuse me, madam; I do not wish to beg for money, but I am very tired from a long walk, and called to know if you would do me the kindness to allow me to stay under your roof during the night."

Viewing him hastily from head to foot she very positively answered: "No; I have company now, and tomorrow the Rev. Mr. Leland is to preach at my house; so I can't take in poor stragglers."

"Well," said Mr.Leland, "I am too much fatigued to travel farther tonight, will you allow me to stay in one of those cabins?" pointing to a row of negro houses just outside the mansion yard.

After a moment or two of reflection she said: "Yes, you may stay there with the negroes if you want to."

He bowed a very polite thank you, and turned to the row of huts. He proceeded to the farthest one from the mansion before he found anyone to whom he could speak, to ask permission to stay, but came at last to the smallest but neatest of all the huts, where he found seated at the door an old negress, who was fanning herself with a wing of a fowl. He spoke to her very gently:

"Good evening, aunty."

His greeting was answered with "Good evin', mosta."

"Well, aunty," said he, "I have come to ask a very uncommon favor of you."

"Bless de Lord, mosta, what can that be, fo' please God I'se got nuffin' to give any one."

"I am very tired from walking all day. I called at the house of your mistress, but she says she has no room for me in her great house. I am too much fatigued to go farther, and so I have come to see if you can allow me to shelter in your house."

"Bress de Lord, mosta, I got no 'commodation for any one; but 'fore a fellow mortal shall stay out do's, I lets 'em stay in my cabin sho', ef da can put up wid my plain hut. Uncle Ben be in directly, den he can keep you company while I fixes you sumpen to eat, for you looks as so you had not eat a morsel for a long time," at the same time pointing to a three-legged stool by the side of the door, saying, "Set down dar and rest yourself, for you looks so wore out."

Mr. L. took the seat as directed, saying at the same time, "I am sorry that I am compelled to put you to so much trouble, as I have no money to pay you."

"Pease God, mosta, Aunt Dilsey never charged any one yit for such 'commodations as I could give 'em, for God knows it's poor enuff at best. You say, mosta, you call on missus at the house dar, and she can't take you in? Well, you must 'cuse her, for she's lookin for a mighty heap o' company tomorrow; dar's a great man to be dar tomorrow, what's gwine to preach in her house, an' a good many folks done come a'ready, an' a heap mo' comin' tomorrow, so missus is mighty busy fixin for 'em. But there's Uncle Ben," she continued, as an old gray headed negro came around the corner of the cabin, muttering to himself about the carelessness of some of the other negroes.

This couple - Uncle Ben and Aunt Dilsey, as they were familiarly called by all who knew them, both black and white - were an old couple, who, from age, had for

a long time lived in a small, but snug cabin at the far end of the row of huts occupied by the younger and more active slaves. Although Uncle Ben was not required to do any labor, yet he voluntarily took a kind of supervision over the farm, stock, etc. When he saw Mr. L. he stopped short and gave him a scrutinizing look, when Aunt Dilsey spoke, saying: "Uncle Ben, don't stare your eyes out at a stranger; dis ole gentleman was out traveling and come to stay in our cabin, kase missus can't let him stay dar, as she's got a heap o' company now."

"Well," said Uncle Ben, "We's commanded dat if a stranger comes along we's got to take him in and give him sech as we have to set before him."

While Aunt Dilsey was preparing supper, Mr. L. learned much about the lady of the mansion from Uncle Ben; he learned with other things, they were a very religious family, but the hostess had been raised in the city of Richmond and had imbibed all the fashionable ideas of religion, with but very little of its true principles, and none of its humility. Soon after Mr. L. had finished a very good coarse supper, he told his host that he was very much fatigued from a long day's walk and wished to retire for the night and that he felt like he wished to return thanks to his Creator for the blessings of the day, and invoke His protection through the night; that if it would annoy them he would retire to some place out of doors.

"Bress God," said both the old folks at the same time, "We allers likes praying in our house, and nebber goes to bed thout one of us tries to pray."

Mr. L. then took a well-worn Bible out of his little bundle, and read in a very solemn tone, the one hundredth and second Psalm. During the reading to two old blacks often said in a low voice, "Amen; bress de Lord." When the Psalm was ended Mr. L. fell upon his knees and poured out his feelings in such an outburst of reverential eloquence as was seldom ever equalled, and never surpassed by mortal lips. His host and hostess were so affected by his reading and prayer that they could do nor say no more than to fix their eyes on their guest, as though they felt that he was something more than a mortal man. He retired to a clean little pallet in one corner of the cabin, where he soon fell asleep. When morning came he was up early; Aunt Dilsey soon had him a good plain repast, after which he seated himself to read, telling his hostess that he felt too much fatigued to travel, and if she was willing he would rest there until the afternoon any way, and then if he felt better he would go on his way.

Aunt Dilsey said: "Yes mosta, stay jist as long as you wan to; we be glad to have you stay with us a fortnight, if you can put up with our far."

Mr. L. seated himself under a shady tree in the cabin yard, with his Bible, waiting to see what the finality would be. About nine o'clock everything was in a bustle at the stone mansion, all the servants were called in to dress in their very best. Carriages began to arrive by the dozen, until the hall and every part of the large and elegant building was crowded to overflowing, but to their dismay no preacher made his appearance, for the last carriage that came in sight had been scanned to get a glimpse of the minister. No one in the large congregation had ever seen him, but all had heard of him. So everyone was full of anxious expectation, supposing that when he came he would be drawn by two or four fine horses, driven by a servant in livery.

Ten o'clock passed, half-past ten, eleven o'clock was announced by the clock on the wall, and no minister.

The company had by this time become restless and were about to disperse, when Aunt Dilsey went to the mistress and said:

"Bress de Lord, missus, why don't you git dat ole man who stayed in our cabin last night to come here to de door and pray, 'fore de folks all go home; he prayed in our cabin last night and dis morning, afore God, in all my born days I nebber heard such praying afore. He's setting dar right now,, under de tall pine tree, and as de preacher's not come, if you'll let him pray, I'll go right now and fetch him down."

The lady consulted with some of the company, the matter was talked of among the congregation, when it was agreed to have that old straggler, as they called him, come and pray before the congregation broke up. So Aunt Dilsey went to where Mr. Leland was sitting, and said, "Mosta,

de folks all dispinted 'bout the preacher coming; he am not cum and da wants you to go down and pray for 'em 'fore da all breaks up. Mosta, I wants you to pray jist like you did last night."

Mr. L. walked down to the front door, and standing on the steps, repeated a short hymn by memory, sang and then engaged in prayer; by the time his prayer was ended all eyes were fixed upon him with amazement. He then remarked that as there seemed to be a disappointment, that if it would not be assuming too much, he would talk to them a few minutes; for a foundation or starting point he would read a short passage from the word of truth, which they would find by reference to the thirteenth chapter and second verse of Hebrews; "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." When he had spoken for twenty or thirty minutes, the hostess, who had refused him the hospitality of her house the evening before, became so deeply affected that she ran and prostrated herself at the feet of Mr. L. and would, had he allowed her to have done so, have washed his feet with her tears. It was said that she was so overcome and affected that from that time forward she as a changed and different woman.

Since penning the previous sketch of Rev. John Leland, which seems to have been most thoroughly prized by our readers at home and abroad, but very few additional facts have come to light concerning him. One of these as that he became at a certain time very much annoyed by a young member of his Cheshire congregation getting up during service and going out of church, these being principally young ladies. Finally, he could bear this interruption no longer, and as two of the latter rose from their seats for this purpose, he paused in the middle of his eloquent sermon and announced in a stentorian voice that he would resume as soon as these maidens had passed the porch on the way home to mend the holes in the heels of their stockings. It is needless to say that he was never disturbed in this manner thereafter in that church.

When on one of his Virginia circuit riding trips he was asked by a farmer who had entertained him to carry quite a sum of money to a party in another town which this farmer owed. He assented and safely deposited it about his person and rode off through the wilderness on horseback. A noted vagabond, who had some knowledge that this money was to be transferred from one party to another, was on the watch, and saw the money placed in Elder Leland's care. Of course, the latter had no knowledge that he was under this criminal espionage. Singularly, as the Elder was about to enter a big stretch of gloomy forest, he had a feeling come over him that something was going to happen, in fact seemed to be forewarned. He alighted from his horse and kneeling down by a large stump uttered a fervent prayer for protection and safety from, perils which might encompass him in is mission. He arose refreshed both physically and spiritually and pursued his journey without delay or accident and with a buoyant fearlessness.

Not long afterwards in that section of Virginia, he was summoned to the bedside of a dying man, who confessed he had followed him on the occasion above referred to with the intention of robbing him, and in so doing killing him if necessary. "Why didn't you do it?" asked the Elder. "I couldn't," said the dying man, "for I was afraid. Previous to your alighting from the horse I did not see but one man, but while you were praying by that old stump another man was sitting on your horse. There were two of you there, I was so scared that I ran from the locality and have never dared to approach it since." Elder Leland was almost as much surprised at this confession as he was by the "groaner."

Elder Leland, who during his great distances covered on horseback as a circuit rider, was very much attached to his equine companions in these journeyings and always saw that they were carefully groomed, fed, watered, and cared for. In fact some of these faithful servants in his travels were never entirely forgotten by him, and he used to often refer to them in conversation with friends in his later life. Of one of these he had a very bright memory, as while being nearly perfect in all other respects, as having two notorious failings, namely "a tough hide and a short memory." ▬

A VETERAN BUSINESS MAN

From *The Berkshire Hills*, October 1, 1904.

Among the very few business men in Pittsfield, of advanced years, who still continue to daily frequent its streets and are to be found at the office desk with old-time faithfulness and regularity, keeping in close touch with the several important interests with which they have long, assiduously and industriously been connected, is Franklin F. Read, Senior.

Of a quiet and unassuming manner from boyhood up to the age of 77 years, this gentleman has pursued his several avocations in town and city life with marked ability and success, and in the many public and civil offices which he has held has won for himself the confidence and esteem of all with whom, in many and varied ways, he has been associated or acquainted.

The remote ancestor of Mr. Read was William Read, of Maidstone, County of Kent, England, whose son, Elias, born in 1595, was the American pioneer, and first made settlement in Woburn, Mass. Of the succession was Philip, born in 1623, a second Philip, born in 1671, and a physician, who first settled at Lynn and then removed to Concord; John, born in 1714; Simeon, born in 1736, and who settled in Ludlow, N.H.; Simeon, Jr., born in 1761, and who settled at Windsor; Festus, born in 1795, and who settled in Pittsfield, and the subject of this sketch, who was born in Windsor in 1827, and since his youth has always been a citizen of Pittsfield. Coming here with his father and mother he obtained his education in the schools of the town, working outside of school hours for his uncle, Nathan Read, who had a meat market on Beaver street. In those days customers were normally supplied from a cart which was driven to their residences in the early mornings, and from which each housewife selected her daily supplies, a custom which has largely gone out of date in thickly settled communities.

On the breaking out of the gold fever in California, Mr. Read became one of the now famous "forty-niners," as they have since been called, from the fact that this great excitement came to the front in 1849, owing to the accidental discovery of gold in that locality. He made the voyage in a sailing vessel, and, after a long and tedious passage, rounded Cape Horn and finally reached what was long termed the Golden Gate. He spent the years of 1851 and 1852 in the mining fields, and at this date is one of but a very few county survivors of nearly a hundred brave spirits, who, in the prime of their early manhood, thus sought their fortunes, and many of whom died fro exposure and privation in a field which had promised such great wealth and success. Returning to Pittsfield in 1854 Mr. Read opened a grocery store, which he conducted with signal ability until 1876. For quite a period thereafter he became a public administrator and successfully settled many estates, some of which involved a wide range of interests. In this service he discharged his duties with marked fidelity and devotion to the adjudication of all affairs committed to him in trust, and added greatly to the confidence and respect in which he was held by his fellow citizens.

Embarking in the ice business in a small way, about thirty years ago, with the late James Burns, Mr. Read was a pioneer in this now extensive and prosperous branch of Pittsfield industry. From that day to this he has been actively identified with the Onota Lake Ice Company, which is one of the best known and most successful in this portion of the state, and in the conduct of which he is associated with his son, F. F. Read, Jr., for the later years it being conducted under the partnership of F. F. Read & Son. In 1882 Mr. Read purchased the insurance agency of Samuel Howe, having headquarters on the corner of North and Fenn streets. In 1883 joined it with that of James Wilson in the Berkshire Life Insurance building, on West street, and formed the company of Wilson & Read, to succeed that of Wilson & Parker. In 1903 the firm name was changed to that of F. F. Read & Son, and the extensive business of fire underwriting is conducted here as it has been for many years, under the same broad and liberal policy. The public official service given the public by Mr. Read has

(Continued on page 102)

THE STOCKBRIDGE INDIANS

From *The Berkshire Hills*, July 1, 1904.

As students of Berkshire history well know, a company of Stockbridge Indians did faithful service in the Revolutionary Army of General Washington, when he was hard pressed by the British forces along Harlem Heights, around King's Bridge and White Plains, New York. But so far as the writer has discovered, Berkshire historians give scarcely any account of the desperate engagement between these Indians and the British near Woodlawn Heights, now within the limits of New York city. While searching recently among the books and archives of the Lenox Library we found the following interesting narrative of the fight, in which that noble redman, Captain Daniel Ninham, and his son John, with others of the Stockbridge tribe, were slain.

During the summer of 1778, the British Light troops, which were encamped about King's Bridge, had frequent skirmishing with the American forces on the highways and byways of the old roads to Yonkers. On August 20, while patrolling the old Mile Square road (so called), the British, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Emmerick, were attacked and compelled to return to their camp at King's Bridge. A few days later a small body of American troops and Indians, under Colonel Gist, who had taken part in this encounter, were posted in several detachments on the heights commanding the old road. One body was on each side of the road just north of the crossing over a small stream, beyond the present Woodlawn Heights, and another some 300 yards west of the road, opposite the Heights. Between the last party and the road were scattered about sixty Stockbridge Indians under their Chief Daniel Ninham.

About this time Lieutenant Colonel Simcoe, of the Queen's Rangers, learned through his spies, that the Indians were highly elated at Emmerick's retreat and supposed they had driven away the whole force of light troops at King's Bridge. He therefore took measures to increase this belief and in the meantime planned to ambush and capture these Indian troops. His idea appears to have been, as the enemy came down the Mile Square road, to advance past his flanks. This movement would be perfectly concealed by the fall of the ground to the right; otherwise down the slope at Woodlawn Heights, towards the stream, and by Van Courtlandt's woods on the left. On the morning of August 31st, the Queen's Rangers, under Simcoe, the Chasseurs under Emmerick and Colonel De Lancey's Second Battalion and the Legion Dragoons commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Tarleton, marched out the Mile Square road, reaching the present Woodlawn Heights about ten o'clock. The Rangers and Dragoons were on the right of (the present) Second Street and about opposite of First Avenue. The instructions given to Colonel Emmerick were to take a position on the left in Van Courtlandt's woods, near Frederick Devoe's house, half a mile up "Lovers' Lane."

By mistake he took his post in the woods near Daniel Devoe's house, which stood on the Mile Square road near the entrance to the lane and sent a patrol forward on the road. Before Simcoe, who was up a tree reconnoitering the situation, could stop this movement, he saw a flanking party of Americans approach and heard a smart firing by the Stockbridge company of Indians, who had lined the fences along side the road on Emmerick's left. The Rangers under Simcoe were then ordered to move rapidly up the stream to gain the heights in that direction, which were occupied by American troops, commanded by Colonels Gist and Stewart. The British Cavalry, under Colonel Tarleton then advanced directly up the hill to where Colonel Emmerick was engaged. But being unable to pass the fences bordering the road they made in circuit in order to return to the right.

As soon as Colonel Simcoe heard of Tarleton's difficulty he left a portion of his corps under Major Ross and breaking from the Rangers, with the grenadier company arrived unperceived close upon the left flank of the Indians, who were at that moment intent upon the attack on Emmerick and Tarleton. Seeing the flank attack on their enemy, the Indians with a yell which resounded throughout the woods fired a sharp

volley upon the grenadier company, severely wounding Simcoe and four of his men. But being outflanked and greatly outnumbered the redmen of Stockbridge were soon driven from the shelter of the fences into the open fields on Daniel Devoe's farm, and north of the road. As soon as Colonels Tarleton and Emmerick saw that the Indians were driven into the open, they charged them at full speed with their cavalry and getting among them began a slaughter with their broadswords.

For a while the Stockbridgers fought desperately and succeeded in pulling several of the cavalry from their horses. But being overpowered by a superior force the Indians broke and ran. They were swiftly pursued over the fields, across the lane, down through Van Courtlandt's woods and over Tippett's brook into the ridge beyond, where the survivors found concealment among rocks and bushes and thus escaped destruction. The exact loss was never determined but the narrative states that upwards of forty were killed or desperately wounded, among the slain being the venerable Chief, Daniel Ninham, and his son, John. Amid the dim of the conflict and seeing that his company was being decimated by the heavy blows of the cavalry, the Chief in a loud voice called upon his people to save themselves by flight, and stated that as he was old he would die upon the field. But not without a struggle did the brave old Captain give up his life, for he severely wounded Colonel Simcoe and was then killed by an orderly hussar named Wright.

In the pursuit, Colonel Robert Tarleton had a narrow escape, for in striking at an Indian, he lost his balance and fell from his horse. But luckily for the Colonel, the Indian had no bayonet and had discharged his musket. During the pursuit the forces of Colonel Simcoe joined the battalion of Rangers, seized the Heights and captured a Captain and several men of the American light infantry; but the main body succeeded in making and orderly retreat and thus escaped. At the close of the conflict the bodies of the Indians were buried in a small clearing in that section of Van Courtlandt woods since known as "Indian Field."

In concluding the above interesting narrative of the fight, in which Captain Ninham lost his life, it may be well to record that his widow lived to such an advanced age that she sometimes expressed her fear that her Heavenly Father had forgotten her and would leave her to live always. After her death her daughter Lucretia, a woman noted for her beauty and her goodness, married Jacob Konkapot. On her deathbed she made a will and passed away in the triumphs of Christian life.

* * * * * * * * * *

Veteran - from page 100

been both earnest, faithful and valuable. He served the old town as assessor and tax collector for six years and afterwards one year as selectman. For three years in succession, from 1891 to 1893, he was elected to the State Legislature by the Republicans, being one of the old guard who voted for Abraham Lincoln, and who loyally cast his vote for every Republican candidate for president since he attained his right to use the ballot. For over ten years a member of the city's school board, and chairman of its building committee when many of its elegant school buildings were constructed, he has always been proud of his labors in helping to furnish the city with the very best conveniences in educational advancement.

For eighteen years Mr. Read was the treasurer of the Methodist Episcopal church and has been a trustee of that society since 1882. He is a member of the Mystic Lodge of Free Masons, was a charter member of the Berkshire Lodge of Royal Arch Masons when recognized in 1874, and served as its financial secretary for twenty years; besides being a charter of Berkshire Lodge, Knights of Pythias.

In 1858 he wed Miss Martha C. Butler, the marriage taking place in the old brick church on East street. Of his two sons, Frederick has deceased, while Franklin F. is associated with his father in active business in 1904. ▬

STATE CENSUS OF MASSACHUSETTS, 1855
LENOX
[Continued from Volume 36, Number 2, Page 72]

164	174	Ira T. Bangs	29	M	Carpenter	Mass.
		Mary Bangs	27	F		N.Y.
		George A. Bangs	5	M		Mass.
		George Lewis	19	M	Carpenter	Mass.
		Mary Goyton?	16	F		N.Y.
		Collins Babcock	24	M	Carpenter	Mass.
165	175	Horace H. Miller	55	M	Merchant	Conn.
		Miller Abigail	54	F		Mass.
		Lucy B. Miller	18	F		Mass.
		Sarah E. Miller	16	F		Mass.
		Ann M. Miller	14	F		Mass.
		Milton Miller	10	M		Mass.
		William G. Miller	7	M		Mass.
		Frank Miller	5	M		Mass.
		Samuel Lasell	25	M	Cooper	Maine
		Charles D. Miller	1	M		Mass.
166	176	Cnoel? Brooks	44	M	Black Smith	Mass.
		Ann M. Brooks	44	F		Mass.
		Elizabeth Brooks	18	F		Mass.
		Almina Brooks	18	F		Mass.
		Ann M. Brooks	14	F		Mass.
		Anson Brooks	12	M		Mass.
		Jane Brooks	10	F		Mass.
		James F. Brooks	2	M		Mass
		Antony D. Wing	30	M	Laborer	Conn.
		Patrick French	32	M	Carpenter	Maine
		Thomas Sherman	24	M	Carpenter	Maine
167	177	J. Rilleller?	44	M	Miller	Mass.
		Welthy Rilleller?	40	F		Mass.
		Mary W. Rilleller?	68	F		Mass.
		Mary Woodruff	21	F		Mass.
168	178	Luther Sears	49	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Jerusha M. Sears	38	F		Mass.
		Martin L. Sears	15	M		Mass.
		Edwin C. Sears	6	M		Mass.
		David H. Sears	1	M		Mass.
		Mary Kenney	16	F		Ireland
		Patrick Kenney	35	M	Laborer	Ireland
169	179	William R. Allen	35	M	Farmer	N.Y.
		Sarah Allen	28	F		England
		Charles W. Allen	4	M		Mass.
		Catharine Cope	22	F		England
		Jarvis Fowler	21	M	Farmer	England
170	180	Joseph Howland	62	M	Farmer	Vermont
		Jerusha Howland	62	F		N.Y.
		George L. Howland	25	M	Farmer	Mass.
171	181	Levi C. Miller	32	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Jane C. Miller	30	F		Mass.
		George Miller	9	M		Mass.

		Clifford Miller	5	M		Mass.
		Emma C. Miller	7	F		Mass.
		Lauretta Miller	3	F		Mass.
		Mary Miller	3m	F		Mass.
172	182	Asaph D. Howland	29	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Abby E. Howland	25	F		Mass.
		Truman R. Howland	3	M		Mass.
		Child	2m	M		Mass.
		Anna Sykes	12	F		Mass.
173	183	Billings Johnson	69	M	Saw Mill	R.I.
		Betsey Johnson	62	F		Mass.
		E. C. Johnson	34	M		Mass.
		Martha Johnson	28	F		Mass.
		Billings Johnson, Jr.	21	M		Mass.
		Hariet Johnson	18	F		Mass.
174	184	George Hall	30	M	Saw Mill	Mass.
		Jane Hall	30	F		N.Y.
		Robert Hall	4	M		N.Y.
		Samuel Hall	16	M		N.Y.
		James Hall	28	M		N.Y
175	185	Peter Marion	50	M	Saw Mill	N.Y.
		Julia Marion	41	F		Canada
		Julia Marion	6	F		Mass.
		Abigal Marion	9	F		Mass.
		Phebe Marion	7	F		Mass.
		Peter Marion	5	M		Mass.
		Simeon Marion	3	M		Mass.
		Mary Marion	1	F		Mass.
176	186	Sidney Dewey	67	F?		Vermont
		Frances H. Dewey	21	F		Mass.
		Frank H. Dewey	21	M	Farmer	Mass.
		George Davis	19	M		Mass.
177	187	Samuel M. Dewey	30	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Bethiah Dewey	29	F		Mass.
		Fanny L. Dewey	4	F		Mass.
		Allice P. Dewey	1	F		Mass.
		Thomas Blevin	22	M	Farmer	Mass.
178	188	Chauncey Dewey	25	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Phebe Dewey	21	F		Mass.
		Mariah Dewey	6	F		Mass.
		Phebe Mattoon	64	F		Mass.
		Margaret Calagan	28	F		Ireland
179	189	Levi Sears	28	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Sarah Sears	29	F		Mass.
		George L. Sears	1	M		Mass.
		Sarah R. Dexter	11	F		N.Y.
		George Gorves?	16	M	Farmer	N.Y.
180	190	Erastus Dewey	66	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Matilda Dewey	59	F		Mass.
		David W. Dewey	28	F	Farmer	Mass.
		Mary C. Dewey	22	F		Mass.
181	191	J.? Sears	78	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Allmena Sears	68	F		Mass.
		Sarah A. Parker	10	F		Mass.

	192	G. H. Whitcombe	28	M		Farmer	N.Y.
		Polly M. Whitcombe	26	F			Mass.
		Sarah? A. Whitcombe	2	F			Mass.
		Eunice A. Whitcombe	1	F			Mass.
182	193	Hiram Hubbey	55	M		Farmer	Mass.
		Polly M. Hubbey	52	F			Mass.
		Eunice A. Hubbey	17	F			Mass.
		L----y M. Hubbey	13	F			Mass.
	194	Dorin Hamilton	61	M		Shoe Maker	N.Y.
183	195	Wally? Sears	53	M		Post Master	Mass.
		Horatio N. Sears	28	M			Mass.
		Chauncy Sears	19	M		Farmer	Mass.
		Lois H. Sears	17	M?		Farmer	Mass.
		Frank Sears	4	M			Mass.
		William M. Hubby	13	M			Mass.
		Hiram Hubby	12	M			Mass.
184	196	Patrick Coleman	47	M		Farmer	Ireland
		Roxana Coleman	48	F			Mass.
		James Coleman	6	M			Mass.
		Martin Coleman	12	M			Mass.
		Margaret Coleman	4	F			Mass.
185	197	Thomas Lahie	30	M		Farmer	Ireland
		Mary Lahie	29	F			Ireland
		Mary Lahie, Jr.	11m	F			Mass.
		Michael Conell	41	M		Laborer	Ireland
		Patrick Welch	38	M		Laborer	Ireland
		John Lorton	22	M			Ireland
186	198	Cornelius Clahassa	61	M		Laborer	Ireland
		Mary Clahassa	61	F			Ireland
187	199	Nicholas Welch	25	M		Laborer	Ireland
		Catharine Welch	25	F			Mass.
		Mary Welch	1	F			Mass.
188	200	James Micholl	35	M	B	Laborer	Mass.
		Semantha Micholl	34	F	B		Mass.
		Mercy Micholl	14	F	B		Mass.
		Caroline Micholl	10	F	B		Mass.
		Charlott Micholl	7	F	B		Mass.
		Theodore Micholl	5	M	B		Mass.
		George Micholl	14	M	B		Mass.
		Grace Micholl	2	F	B		Mass.
189	201	David G. Mattoon	45	M		Farmer	Mass.
		Cornelia A. Mattoon	36	F			Mass.
		Amos W. Mattoon	14	M			Mass.
		Emely Mattoon	10	F			Mass.
		Charles H. Mattoon	5	M			Mass.
190	202	Michael Broderick	55	M		Farmer	Ireland
		Mary Broderick	47	F			Ireland
		William Broderick	13	M			Mass.
		James Broderick	3	M			Mass.
		Margaret Broderick	11	F			Mass.
		Eliza Broderick	5	F			Mass.
		Bridget Broderick	21	F			Ireland
		Esibell Broderick	16	F			Ireland
191	203	John Gorman	45	M		Farmer	Ireland

		Mary Gorman	41	F		Ireland
		John Gorman	17	M	Farmer	Ireland
		Patrick Gorman	15	M	Farmer	Ireland
		William Gorman	4	M		Mass.
		Elizabeth Gorman	13	F		Mass.
		Johannah Gorman	11	F		Mass.
192	204	William Gorman	38	M		Ireland
		Elizabeth Gorman	13	F		Mass.
		Mary Gorman	11	F		Mass.
		Johannah Gorman	4	F		Mass.
		Ellen Gorman	3	F		Mass.
		Child	2m	F		Mass.
193	205	William Donihoe	35	M	Miner	Ireland
		Ellen Donihoe	25	F		Ireland
		William Donihoe	7	M		Mass.
		John Henisee	21	M	Miner	Ireland
		David Brown	35	M		Ireland
194	206	Thomas Conor	33	M		Ireland
		Mary Conor	33	F		Ireland
		Betsey Conor	11	F		Ireland
		Johanah Conor	4	F		Mass.
		John O'Brien	35	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Michael Sulivan	45	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Michael Gayton	25	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Thomas Mackey	28	M	Laborer	Ireland
195	207	Edwin Callahan	31	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Mary Callahan	25	F		Ireland
		Mary Callahan, Jr.	1	F		Mass.
196	208	John Broderick	45	M	Farmer	Ireland
		Mary Broderick	44	F		Ireland
		Margaret Broderick	21	F		Ireland
		Michael Broderick	18	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Michael Broderick	18	M	Miner	Ireland
		Mary Broderick	11	F		Mass.
		Morris Broderick	10	M		Mass.
		John Broderick	9	M		Mass.
		William Broderick	7	M		Mass.
		James Broderick	4	M		Mass.
		Thomas Broderick	1	M		Mass.
197	209	Batton? Colbert	31	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Margarett Colbert	25	F		Ireland
		Deleoraugh Quinsey?	65	M		Mass.
		Mary McLaphlin	18	F		Ireland
		Mary J.? Pierce	4	F		Mass.
		Hellen A. Pierce	4	F		Mass.
		Emma Welch	20	F		Ireland
199	213	Lovina Tucker	60	F		Ireland
		Thankful Symonds	50	F		Ireland
		Mary Tucker	38	F		Ireland
		Mariah Tucker	31	F		Ireland
		Lucy Raymond	41	F		Ireland
		Lucy Raymond, Jr.	21	F		Ireland
		Mary Raymond	20	F		Ireland
200	214	Benjamin F. Parsons	47	M	Farmer	Mass.

		Hulda Parsons	48	F		Mass.
		Benjamin G. Parsons	22	M	Merchant	Mass.
		Lucy Y.? Parsons	20	F		Mass.
		Wells C. Parsons	18	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Anna C. Parsons	16	F		Mass.
		William H. Parsons	15	M		Mass.
		Edward W. Parsons	13	M		Mass.
		Julius A. Parsons	10	M		Mass.
		John T. Parsons	4	M		Mass.
201	215	Alonzo P. Smith	52	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Hulda Smith	48	F		Mass.
202	216	Ferdinand Stanheight?	55	M	Laborer	Germany
		Margaret Stanheight?	50	F		Germany
		Margaret Stanheight?,	Jr. 16	F		Germany
		Mary Stanheight	14	F		Germany
		Andrew Stanheight	12	M		Germany
203	217	Edwin Curtiss	47	M	Tanner	Mass.
		Polly Curtiss	47	F		Mass.
		Charles Curtiss	14	M		Mass.
		Anna M. Tyler	7	F		Mass.
204	218	Francis Brady	27	M	Laborer	N.Y.
		Caroline Brady	25	F		N.Y.
		Anna Snider	22	F		Mass.
		Mary Cook	45	F		N.Y.
		James Finch	30	M	Laborer	N.Y.
205	219	Samuel Blevin	75	M	Farmer	R.I.
		Louis Blevin	52	F?		Mass.
		James Blevin	22	M	Farmer	Mass.
		George B. Blevin	16	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Arthur J. Blevin	14	M		Mass.
		Julia Dunn	25	F		Mass.
		Mary Dunn	3	F		Ireland
206	220	Erastus Parker	55	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Emely Parker	50	F		Conn.
		Sarah A. Parker	24	F		Conn.
		Elizabeth E. Parker	23	F		Mass.
		William Parker	17	M	Laborer	Mass.
		Hariet A. Parker	8	F		Mass.
207	221	Samuel S. Hitchcock	29	M	Carpenter	Mass.
		Mary Hitchcock	28	F		Mass.
		Mary E. Hitchcock	1	F		Mass.
		Lucy Parsons	68	F		Mass.
		Talcott Wheeler	47	M	Farmer	Mass.
208	222	William Brush	27	M	Clergyman M.	Conn.
		Electa Brush	28	F		N.Y.
		Frank E. Brush	2	M		N.Y.
209	223	Enos M. Smith	44	M	Clerk	Mass.
		Edwin Smith	17	M	Student	Mass.
		Enos Smith	15	M	Student	Mass.
	224	James S. Smith	46	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Newton D. Smith	22	M	Farmer	Mass.
		James S. Smith, Jr.	20	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Chauncy W. Smith	16	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Mary A. Smith	13	F		Mass.

		Fanny G. Smith	10	F		Mass.
		Alonso P. Smith	4	M		Mass.
		Allen N. Smith	54	M	Merchant	Mass.
		Ellen A. Smith	28	F		R.I.
210	225	Eliza Dunbar	44	F		N.Y.
211	226	Martha Hall	58	F B		N.Y.
		Thomas Hall	32	M B		N.Y.
		Adaline Hall	21	F B		N.Y.
212	227	Rebeca Sparks	62	F		N.Y.
	228	Bridget Brevort	42	F		B.Y.
		Sarah Brevort	21	F		N.Y.
		William Brevort	17	M	Student	N.Y.
		Allen Brevort	14	M		N.Y.
		Henry Brevort	11	M		Penn.
		Emely Brevort	9	F		Penn.
		Edwin Brevort	7	M		Penn.
		Elizabeth Brevort	5	F		Mass.
		Dorsie Brevort	2	F		Mass.
213	229	Mariah Butler	38	F		N.Y.
		Andrew Butler	18	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Albert Butler	12	M		Mass.
		Sarah Butler	10	F		Mass.
		George Butler	8	M		Mass.
		Catharine Clark	84	F		Conn.
		Haselton Kenion	39	M	Farmer	N.Y.
214	230	David B. Eeles	40	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Sarah Eeles	40	F		Mass.
		John H. Eeles	8	M		Mass.
		Ellise M. Eeles	5	F		Mass.
		William E. Eeles	1	M		Mass.
		John Newton	13	M		Mass.
215	231	Chester Tyler	65	M	Tinner	Mass.
		Nabby Tyler	64	F		Conn.
		Hariet P. Tyler	5	F		Mass.
216	232	John McLaish	27	M	Blacksmith	Canada
		Harriet McLaish	26	F		N.Y.
		Ann M. McLaish	8	F		Mass.

(To be continued)

* * * * * * * * * *

QUERY SECTION

15001

HACKLEY

Simeon and Lydia HACKLEY lived in Canaan, NY where their first child Sabrina was born 6 Jan 1776. Simeon HACKLEY was listed in the Nathan Peirson tanning/shoemaker records on 24 Aug 1774 in Richmond, MA and he served wth his cousin Samuel HACKLEY in Aaron Rowley's company 13 Aug 1777 - 20 Aug 1777. Need a primary source for the marriage date and parentage for Lydia.

Linda Eder, 855 Ruth Dr., Elgin, IL <harleywayne62@gmail.com>

BERKSHIRE COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS

CITY AND TOWN CLERKS

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(413) 528-1800
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Central Berkshire, Bank Row, Pittsfield, MA 01201 (413) 443-7438
Southern Berkshire, 334 Main St., Great Barrington, MA 01230
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