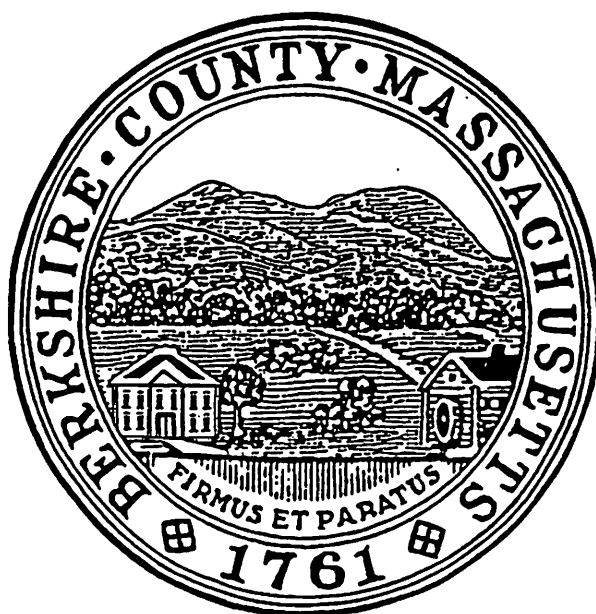


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Berkshire Genealogist



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 GENEALOGIST

Donald L. Lutes, Jr.
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PITTSFIELD REMINISCENCES

From *The Berkshire Hills*, January 1, 1906.

We are greatly indebted to J. S. Barrett, an aged resident of Pittsfield, for the following melange of old town reminiscence:

In my youthful days I formed the acquaintance of an old gentleman named Levi Simpson, and he was notably quick-witted and laconic in his speech, and a thorough master of repartee. He was a blacksmith by occupation, once owned his own shop, but for the most part was in the employment of others. He had his failings, both financially and otherwise, as most have in a greater or lesser degree, and seem bound to have however long or short may be in their lives. He was unfortunate in getting into debt for small amounts, and did not always have the cash on hand to liquidate these small bills on demand. While walking down Fenn street one day he ran plump upon a creditor to whom he had been in arrears for a long time for a small amount. Both halted, warmly shook hands, congratulated each other on their health and good looks, and soundly criticized the weather. Finally, remarked the creditor, "When can you pay me that little bill?" to which the debtor glibly replied, "I will see you next Monday, or the Tuesday following, but I *expect to be disappointed*." The creditor, who was fonder of a joke than of his dollars, was so elated at this funny promise that he drew twenty-five cents from his vest pocket and gave it to Simpson for his wit.

While Simpson was conducting business on his own account, he contracted with Curtis Pomeroy, who then kept a saloon on West street, to make him a set of bob-sleds. While he was at work on this job he visited the saloon from three to ten times a day for a tippie of rum and molasses, which was then a favorite beverage of the old times. Finally, one morning, he made a call on Curtis for his usual liquid refreshment, and was informed by him that he had already drank up the entire cost of the bob-sleds with the exception of the *pole*. "All right," retorted Simpson, "then I will commence on the pole."

A customer visiting his forge one day grew quite loquacious and told Simpson a

very long and tedious story about what he had seen and heard in his past life, emphasizing his yarn with very excitable gestures and frantic bodily contortions. The customer was almost exhausted when he wound up his tale, and asked Simpson what he thought of it. Simpson, who had not taken any stock in the story, brought down his huge hammer on the anvil with a fearful blow and replied, "You can tell any yarn to my old friend, blacksmith Sanford Drake for he *will believe anything*."

When Pittsfield was a town much interest, and in fact enthusiasm, was always displayed by its voters in attending the spring town meetings. Here the learned and the unlearned, the rich and the poor, met on a plane of equality once a year to discuss and vote upon questions which arose for adjudication and of vital interest to the township. At such a meeting the proposition came up to appropriate \$10,000 to pay for setting poles and stringing wires thereon in different portions of the center and in outlying districts for a fire alarm telegraph, such alarms having been previously rung in on the town church bells.

The question was warmly argued pro and con for a considerable length of time, and by different individuals, until finally the general tenor of the gathering seemed to be in favor of the scheme and the consequent pecuniary outlay. At this juncture Hon. James D. Colt quietly arose and was promptly recognized by Hon. James Colt, the moderator. The speaker proceeded to state that as he was recently returning from Lowell to Boston in the cars, a gentleman inquired of him if he had heard of the plan to encircle his native town in a network of wire. He had replied that he had not, when this gentleman proceeded to give him a detailed account of what his fellow citizens contemplated doing.

He, the speaker, had then and there concluded to return to Pittsfield at once and to be present at this spring town meeting. He was surprised to learn in the past hour that so many of his fellow citizens were favorable to such a measure at this time, as it was well known that the present indebtedness of the town had nearly reached its legal limit. He

could not see the necessity of stringing wires all over our town to form a *spider's* web which would entangle the careless and the thoughtless in its strong meshes. He had serious thoughts in regard to the future of his old friend, Oliver Robbins, when he found that he had been unwittingly caught and rendered helpless in such a bewildering maze.

It was then that Oliver Robbins arose to his feet and vehemently denied that he had any thoughts of being enmeshed in any portion of this delusive web, and, in his usual strenuous and forceful manner, which gained him the appellation of the "watch dog of the Pittsfield town treasury," repudiated the implication that he had any faith in this spider-web proposition. Then, in his most convincing manner, he informed the voters present that it was an awful easy thing to hold up their right hands and vote away \$10,000 for a senseless scheme, but that it was a pretty serious matter when this had been done, to thrust those same right hands down into pockets and count out the hard-earned dollars to settle with the tax collector when he called with his bill. It was then that Oliver Robbins took his seat, having this adroitly been *pushed to the front* by Mr. Colt, and when the question was called, on a showing of hands the measure was overwhelmingly defeated for the time.

The eccentric Joseph Shearer was the owner of a very large flock of sheep, and these were highly prized by him for their size, form and docility, and for the length and fineness of their wool. The old gatherings at a river pool to wash these sheep were wonderfully interesting to the boys and men who handled them had to be mighty watchful and athletic. Shearing time was also chock full of interesting scenes and human and animal struggles. Shearer was very particular about having his work done in a first-class manner and always had every mistake rectified on the spot. One day, Samuel M. Gunn, now living in Lanesboro at advanced age, and who was then young and full of alertness, push and vigor, which physical qualities he has retained in a measure for many years, was assisting in deftly removing these white fleeces, when he accidentally cut the skin of a badly frightened sheep. Shearer witnessed

the mishap, and thereupon asked Gunn if he had any tobacco in his mouth, to which the latter replied in the affirmative. Then said Shearer, "If you would be kind enough to force a little saliva upon this wound, it would gratify me, otherwise you may make a spittoon out of my hand and I will make the surgical application myself."

In the east part of Pittsfield, way back in the forties, there lived a respected and venerable citizen by the name of William Brattle, and he was remarkably well informed on matters connected with the early settlers of the town. In early life he had studied medicine, graduated as a doctor of the old school, and had practiced here for many years. He was deformed from his birth, and besides his countenance was horribly distorted. His shoulders were nearly as high as his head, his ears were very large and situated far back on his head, his nose was large, long and pointed, one of his feet was "clubbed," and in walking he turned the club foot inward and stepped forward over it with the perfect one. The whole physical make up of this kindly educated and skillful old gentleman was so odd and repellent, that on seeing him the boys and girls from fear and timidity invariably took the other side of the street, though he was as harmless as harmless could be.

When a boy, Mr. Barrett became intimately acquainted with Dr. Brattle and familiar with his habits, ways and speech, which latter had a curious sound or twang unlike that of any other human voice, which was not easily understood at first, but with which after a while one grew more familiar and less mindful of any incongruity. Added to this, Dr. Brattle was very methodical, sympathetic and emotional, and often when recounting the scene of the death and burial of some departed friend, would shed tears. Says Mr. Barrett when in his youth, Dr. Brattle used to relate to him tales of the early settlers and their discomforts, and of the Indians, wolves, bears and wildcats they had to contend with, until he often felt that his cap was disappearing in a lift from his head by his frightened hair. He says of these conversations:

"I often took long walks with Dr. Brattle, in which he pointed out to me where Indians use to live in the 'dug-outs.' I can pilot the curious at this late day to the earth hollows he

showed me where the noble redman, his squaws and papooses once had their habitations in this locality. He related to me that when S. M. Gunn built his house in the east part, workmen in digging the cellar found charcoal, a small grindstone and the bones of a child six feet below the surface, and that this was the site of an Indian wigwam, long before his father came to the settlement in the seventeenth century, and in 1763 built the first malt house, whose product was warranted not to sour in a week, for the accommodation of settlers who wished to brew beer, this Brattle first residence and malt house being about a hundred yards from the house of the Gunns."

"Dr. Brattle also related to me many facts concerning the Demings, the first family settling here, the members of which he often saw and conversed with. He pointed out to me a large number a Maple trees which Mr. Deming set out on the highways, four of which are still standing as mementos of the enterprise of this brave man. He also showed me the well that was dug and stoned up by him; his first frame house built in Pittsfield, with its hewn timbers and braces, wide board sides and ceilings, which building is now used for a wood shed and shop and its upper rooms for storage. It was Dr. Brattle who made me familiar with the old living room in this house, where the Demings, husband and wife, died, and in my mind's eye I can still see the huge fireplace, the andirons on which the huge back logs were piled for so many years; the iron crane and hooks with which the cooking was done; the old brick oven for baking bread, pies and meats; the ancient cupboard, where the good wife once kept her good brown bread and piled up her wooden platters and spoons; the wooden cradle in which she rocked her babies, and the chair in which she used to sit and sing lullabies to her sleeping innocents with an outside audience of prowling bears and wolves. The old rope corded bedstead on which this pioneer family slumbered is still preserved in the Athenaeum, and a fine monument, the gift of the town, marks the site of Mrs. Deming's grave in the east part burial ground.

It is a fact of historic interest that Mr. Barrett was shown by the late Collins B. Warner the original spot on which the pio-

neer Demings camped over night on their first arrival in Pittsfield, and can still guide the curious to its locality near a large rock in the vicinity of the lower reservoir of the city water works. This knowledge was obtained by Mr. Warner from a book which came into his possession while visiting the home of a son of Berkshire, while on a trip to Illinois. Before it is not too late to do this would it not be a praiseworthy act for the city to erect a suitably inscribed marker on this spot, which would be so full of interest when in the future it observes Old Home Week.

In these modern days of rare dental skill and pain-saving anesthetics, it is a contribution to ancient county history which has never been seen in print, to make a place for Mr. Barrett's description of an old-time tooth extracting operation, a process personally remembered now but by a very few individuals, but with horror if any of such were ever the victims of an ancient surgical inquisitor. Says this gentleman: "When I was eleven years old I witnessed Dr. Brattle extract a molar for Mrs. T. E. Johnson, whom he requested to take a seat upon the floor. The instrument used was called a 'hawk-bill,' having a weight ball on one side and a steel hook resembling the beak of a hawk upon the other. Winding his handkerchief around his right hand to prevent the short handle from turning in the same, he stood upright behind his patient drawing her aching head backward against his knees. He then very deftly proceeded to locate the offending molar and with a sharp lancet to carefully cut the gums surrounding it. He then placed the horrible clutch of his instrument upon the tooth, while the patient rent the air with frightful groans. Then the hawk-bill, with its fearful leverage, was given a quick turn, and the tooth was wrenched from its socket amid a tornado of yells, screams and bodily contortions on the part of the patient and of the most agonizing character. This scene warned me if such a misfortune should ever overtake me, that rather than submit to such an operation for relief, it would be far better to imitate Judas of old and go out and hang myself."

* * * * *

FAMILY HISTORY OF THE REVEREND BENJAMIN JUDD

By Frank F. Judd, Ph.D.

[Continued from Volume 36, Number 3, Page 87]

Unfortunately, the particulars of Benjamin Judd's indiscretions at the Pound Ridge Presbyterian Church are not known. And yet, the wording of that entry in the church records concerning his dismissal seems a tad harsh in light of the magnitude of service he seemed to have rendered. However, one may not be too far off if the good Reverend's follies may be attributed to his temper and lack of patience with those he was hired to shepherd. It appears that this behavior would follow him in his next ministerial experiences as well.

4. Windsor Presbyterian Church, Windsor, Broome, New York

We next find Benjamin Judd farther west on the frontier of New York. At the time this area was called the western frontier of New York, but was really in Broome County which is just north of the Pennsylvania border along the Susquehanna River. This would have been a dangerous place for Benjamin and his family, due to its relatively unsettled and lawless nature, but would have been a fruitful field for proselytizing. It has been said, in retrospect, that "We should bear in mind that frontier life was stern and hard, and both Pastor and people lacked the finer qualities of tolerance, understanding and compassion of a more refined society." [47]

The Presbyterian Church historian, Ezra Hall Gillett, in his description of the emigration west into the Susquehanna Valley of New York, described the state of religion in that area as follows:

"The character of this immigration was one to excite alarm and apprehension. The first settlements were formed at the period when French infidelity had attained the largest influence which it ever possessed in this country. Even where pious families were to be found, they were as sheep without a shepherd, and were disheartened and discouraged by the prevalent irreligion around them. Some who had been members of churches in New England seemed to have left their religion behind them. In many places there was no one to be found to take measures for the establishment of public religious worship. The habits of the people were loose and irreligious. The Sabbath was made a day of business, visiting, or pastime. Drinking and carousing were frequent concomitants. In other places, however, there were those to be found who were still mindful of the professions or the privileges of earlier days, and who longed for the enjoyment of the means of grace." [48]

Beginning in 1790 the Presbyteries of New York and Suffolk started sending missionaries into "the frontier settlements of New York and Pennsylvania, for at least three months each." These

[47] "Our Heritage," Compiled and published by the History Commission of the Presbyterian Church in New Scotland, New York, Rev. Gregory J. Pike, for the 200th anniversary (1787-1987) of the church, June 1987, Page 39.

[48] "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, Page 398.

missionaries proselyted in such places, in what then was called “western New York,” as “Newtown (now Elmira), Unadilla, Chenango (now Binghamton), and Owego.” Then, “In 1793, Rev. Benjamin Judd and Rev. Ira Condict were appointed, each for four months, and Mr. William Spear, licentiate, for two months, to itinerate among the frontier settlements, from the east branch of the Susquehanna river, inclusive. These missions were performed.” [49]

Benjamin Judd must have been pleased with the success of his missionary efforts. “Of the ministers sent out by the Assembly, Rev. Ira Condict organized a church in Palmyra in 1793; Rev. Benjamin Judd, one at Windsor, at nearly the same time” [50]. Actually, the area where Rev. Benjamin Judd was laboring would later be known as Colesville.

“The church which is known on the records of the Presbytery as the church of Colesville, is the church of which mention is made in a former chapter, and which was organized by Rev. Benjamin Judd, at Oquago (now Windsor), in August, 1793. At that period, all the eastern part of the present county of Broome belonged to the town of Chenango, and was mostly a wilderness. The church, at its organization, consisted of seven members.” [51]

The town of Colesville was established in 1821 [52] from that part of the town of Windsor where Benjamin was laboring. Interestingly, in 1830 another religious revival would sweep Colesville when Joseph Smith and other Mormon missionaries had great proselytizing success among many of the same families who had been previously contacted by Benjamin Judd. Unhappily, it was Rev. John Shere, minister of the local Presbyterian Church, the same Presbyterian Church that Rev. Benjamin Judd had originally organized, that provided so much torment to Joseph Smith and the new converts to the LDS Church in Colesville and Windsor in 1830. “Reverend John Shere, who was losing some of his Presbyterian followers to the restored gospel, stirred prejudice against Joseph. Shere’s followers interrupted baptismal services, and Shere himself kidnapped Emily Coburn in an attempt to prevent her baptism.” [53] One can only hope that Rev. Benjamin Judd would not have approved of such behavior from the descendants of his converts.

Subsequent historians would disagree on the number of members listed in that original church which Benjamin Judd organized. Historian Howard A. Snyder wrote, “When the Windsor Presbyterian Church was organized in 1793 (there were) . . . ten founding members.” [54]

H. P. Smith not only agrees that there were ten original members, but gives the names of those

[49] “A History of the Purchase and Settlement of Western New York: And of the Rise, Progress and Present State of the Presbyterian Church in that Section,” By James Harvey Hotchkin, Published by M.W. Dodd, New York, Vol. 2, 1848, Page 180.

[50] “History of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America,” Page 399.

[51] “A History of the Purchase and Settlement of Western New York: And of the Rise, Progress and Present State of the Presbyterian Church in that Section,” Page 302.

[52] “Colesville, New York,” From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia.

[53] “Making Sense of the Doctrine & Covenants,” by Steven C. Harper, Published by Deseret Book, Salt Lake City, Utah, 2008, Page 83.

[54] “Populist saints: B.T. and Ellen Roberts and the first Free Methodists,” By Howard A. Snyder, Published by Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing, 2006, Page 42.

who Rev. Benjamin Judd had organized into a church:

“The Presbyterian Church of Windsor was organized on the 15th of August, 1793, by Rev. Benjamin Judd, ‘A Missionary of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America,’ assisted by Rev. Daniel Buck, of Great Bend. The organization took place in what is now Colesville (which, with Windsor, was then called the eastern part of the town of Chenango). The following named persons were members of the organization: David Hotchkiss, Penina Hotchkiss. Isaac Foote, Sarah Foote, David Guernsey, David Payne, Dorcas Lane, Ebenezer Elwell, Isaac Guernsey, Mary Badger.” [55]

The area serviced by this new church was considerable in extent albeit somewhat indefinite. Benjamin Judd and his companion, Rev. Daniel Buck may have visited families as far north as Nineveh, as far south as the Pennsylvania border, as far east to Randolph Center, and as far west as Stilson’s Hollow. All of this would have been in Broome County, New York, but constituted nearly a two hundred fifty square mile proselytizing area. Since there was no church building in which to meet, services had to be held in the homes of prospective members, possibly in barns or schools, or since it was summer time they might have been held out doors in the open air.

Among the early records of the First Presbyterian Church in Windsor is a statement written by Rev. Benjamin Judd concerning the organization of the church. It reads as follows:

“Chenango, the 15th of August 1793. The following persons (viz) David Hotchkiss, Isaac Foote, David Guernsey, David Payne, Ebenezer Elwell, Isaac Guernsey, and Dorcas Lane, wife of Nathan Lane Esq., having been members of different churches where they formerly resided, desiring to be constituted into a Church that they may enjoy Gospel ordinances, after a solemn manner give their full assent to the Articles of Faith as contained in the Constitution of the Pres. Church in the United States of America and solemnly engage to walk in all the ordinances of the Gospel as becometh Saints. They were constituted a church & received into the fellowship & Communion of the Pres. Church in the U. S. of Am. and as part of our lay members. We, the subscribers, one of the Missionaries of the Assembly of the Pres. Church in the U.S.A. to the frontiers together with the concurrence and assistance of the Rev. Mr. Buck.” [56]

This entry, on the first page of the church record books, was signed by Rev. Benjamin Judd and Daniel Buck. They signed as “Commissioners to the Frontiers.”

Those same early church record books indicate that shortly following the August organization an additional four persons were admitted to membership. The names of those who were thought by

[55] “History of Broome County,” Edited by H. P. Smith, Published by D. Mason & Co., Syracuse, New York, 1885, Page 291.

[56] “History of Windsor Presbyterian Church 1793-1893,” by Miss Ada Hotchkiss, privately published in 1970 after her death in 1920, a copy is in the possession of the Windsor Town Historian, Helen Osborne, see Page 2.

some to have been part of the “ten” original members are listed by Benjamin Judd in the church records as having been admitted following the 15th of August organization.

Benjamin Judd probably did not stay in Windsor long after that original organization. His name is not found in those early record books after the 15th of August entry. It seems apparent that the little fledgling organization had a tough time following 1793. Although the little congregation began building a meeting house in 1800, they were not able to attract a permanently settled minister until 1812. However, Benjamin Judd would have been pleased with the progress his little flock was making, even though he was not there to share in their successes. He was being called to other pastures in which to serve the Lord.

5. New Scotland Presbyterian Church, New Scotland, Albany, New York

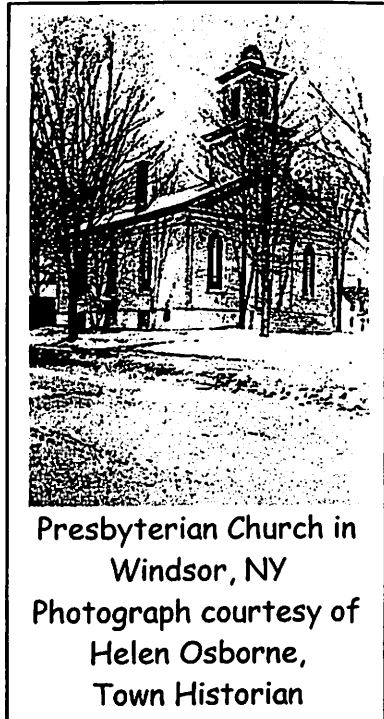
The majority of the early settlers of the community from which New Scotland was formed were of Scotch descent. They were generally described as “exceedingly poor,” and were partial to the practices of a Scottish brand of ministry. Moreover, four of the first five settled ministers had received their education in either Scotland or North Ireland. How then did Rev. Benjamin Judd fit, as the first settled minister of the New Scotland Presbyterian Church, into this mold? As we know, Benjamin Judd was descended from strictly English Puritan stock. One answer to this curious question was that he was available.

As early as 1787 Presbyterian missionaries were holding worship meetings in New Scotland. A mission church was soon after established, and the pulpit was supplied by ministers from the Presbytery of Albany.

“Presbytery then named three ministers who should each give a Sabbath to New Scotland. For years this continued to be the way in which preachers were secured. There were but six ministers in the Presbytery, while the Churches numbered fourteen without counting the mission stations among the Indians. It was necessary then that each pastor be absent from his own pulpit very often in order to give the other Congregations which were without a pastorate, the services of preaching.” [57]

One of those supplied ministers during that time was a Rev. John Lindsley, who was an acquaintance of Rev. Benjamin Judd, and who we will meet again in this narrative. Benjamin himself was busy trying to supply the pulpits of many of the less fortunate churches in the area.

During this same time several attempts were being made by the lay leaders of the New Scotland



Presbyterian Church in
Windsor, NY
Photograph courtesy of
Helen Osborne,
Town Historian

[57] “Our Heritage,” Page 60.

church to secure the services of a permanently settled minister.

“Although the Church had made two unsuccessful attempts to secure a pastor, it was not disheartened; and in March, 1795 extended a third call, in this case to Rev. Benjamin Judd. He was a member of the Dutchess Presbytery. He accepted the call, and was installed on the 2nd of September, 1795. This was the first pastorate. But it did not imply continual presence with the people, for within two months he was twice summoned by Presbytery to vacant pulpits. The Minister belonged to the Presbytery and not to the individual Church.” [58]

Benjamin must have been pleased to be able to locate his family in a community where he could have hope of a more permanent settlement. He even had the benefit of a relatively new building in which to hold services; it having been built in 1791. There was even a stove installed in 1793. Unfortunately, “the heating capacities were so limited that families continued to bring their footstoves with them” to services [59]. However, some of the pews were of a unique design; they were square with seats on all four sides.

“The peculiar arrangement of square pews, with seats upon all sides excepting that where the door opened, caused one third of the Congregation to sit with their faces toward the minister, one third with their sides toward him, and one third gave him the inspiration of their backs. In the middle of these boxes stood small tables, upon which were placed the Bibles and the Psalm books. Whenever an evening service was held, which was very seldom, each family brought a tallow candle and stood it on the pew table so as to be able to follow the Scripture reading.” [60]

On those occasions where Mrs. Judd accompanied her husband to meetings at the church she would have had her four daughters in tow. By late 1795 Nancy Judd would have been twelve years old and may have been beginning to notice the boys her age in the congregation, Wealthy would have been ten years old and a big help to her mother around the home, Lucy was nine and was still a student of the arts of making a home a lovely place to live, while Bethsheba at six years old looked up to her older sisters and longed to be like them. Sybil (Davis) Judd would likely not have objected if one of the mothers with much younger children needed their help with a toddler. However, mothers at that time were fairly independent when it came to the care of their children in public places.

“The babies who were always carried to Church, were placed upon the floor where they could play to their hearts delight, provided they did not become too noisy. The dogs, which were constant attendants upon service either divided the floor with the babies or kept guard outside the pew door. The seats were far from the floor, and the backs of the pews very high, so that children unable to reach the floor with their feet or to reach the top with their heads, found the uncushioned planks a place of torture. But in case they

[58] “Our Heritage,” Pages 60-61.

[59] “Our Heritage,” Page 62.

[60] “Our Heritage,” Page 61.

attempted to leave the benches and get down on the floor, they straightway had their ears boxed and were obliged to sit bold upright thereafter. Many a scene of discipline occurred within those high partitions. Sometimes, however, a zealous mother anxious to administer punishment with a severity the solemnity of the place would not admit, was seen to usher from the pew, and lead the recalcitrant child without the Church. The quiet of expectancy would then rest upon the Congregation, until discernible above the pulpits most earnest utterances were heard the sounds indicating that discipline was being faithfully performed.” [61]

At first, the relationship between minister and congregation must have been cordial enough. In fact, Rev. Benjamin Judd set out to provide the one Christian ordinance that the New Scotland church had not had since their inception; that of the Lord's Supper.

“In all respects but one the Church was now well established. That one exception was, there was no regularly constituted Session and no stated dispensation of the Lord's Supper, although there was a settled pastor. Presbytery therefore after serious consideration appointed a Committee ‘to visit New Scotland and devise such measures as may appear calculated to promote its spiritual welfare.’ The result was that on the second Sabbath of May, 1796, the Communion of the Lord's Supper was celebrated for the first time. David Alien and Michael Bruce were Elders. Besides these and Rev. Mr. Judd, there were twenty communicants.” [60]

Indeed this must have been a happy occasion for the people of New Scotland, and a significant achievement for Rev. Benjamin Judd. But, all was not well in the little congregation as feelings toward their new Pastor began to sour. It may be a little hard to understand how the tone of community feelings could turn so quickly, but as we will see the good Reverend was in for yet another setback.

(To be continued)

[60] “Our Heritage,” Page 61.

[61] “Our Heritage,” Pages 61-62.

CAREER OF JAMES FISK, JR.

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

[Continued from Volume 36, Number 3, Page 92]

There was present in this singular gathering of old friends, after many years of almost total separation, one who had through many years of intercourse with men in all circumstances in life become a keen student in human nature. Besides, he had been a faithful observer of the career of James Fisk, Jr., from a near standpoint in both his earlier and his later life. He had once detected that Jim Fisk wished to creep down from the high place he had attained as a financier and railroad magnate, back into the friendship and esteem in which these mates of his had held him in the earlier years. Then facing his host squarely this individual suddenly said, "there has not been much of interesting history of your mates here gathered that you would care for, and you can thank your stars that they have been so faithful and honorable in the performance of the duties of life and living, that escaping the halter and the prison, they are now your humble guests.

Taking upon myself the office of their spokesman, and knowing that you are anxious to let them know what you have been about since your days of boon companionship with them in New England, and that they are as fully anxious to hear from you, will you please take the witness box, and answer all the questions propounded to you and respectfully listen to all conclusions which may be with due deliberation arrived at. The applause which greeted this announcement, above which was heard the ringing laughter of the host, showed that the nail had been fairly driven home and in a most happy manner. Then was elicited from Jim Fisk in reply to pointed questions many of the facts which have already been brought out in this sketch. Besides this he made a clean breast while plied with hard and tougher facts as connected with his career, aside from his financial scheming and cunning. In this confidential "smoke talk" it was with deep gratification that his companions became convinced that he had reached a turn

in the tide of thought and life, which leading him up towards purer and nobler aims, would be of great gain to the nation and mankind.

"Faith, hope and charity, but the greatest of these is charity." It was passing strange that the greatest virtue known to humanity should have been so prominent in this man toward whom the world at large showed no recognition, because forsooth he let not his right hand know what his left hand wrought in deeds of sympathy and charity. It was a revelation to his assembled mates, while he sat before them like a great guilty boy, blushing to the very ears, to have this spokesman turnover so many soiled leaves to dwell upon some of the brighter in his history. To state that he halted his prancing steeds in a winter midnight to hear the prayer of a ragged, shivering little girl for bread. That he picked her up and driving to a poverty stricken tenement found a sick father and mother in a lower room without garments, food or fire. How he sent his coachman for food, fuel, nurse and medical aid, built a fire with his own hands, and before his departure brought aid and comfort alike to this cheerless home - afterwards providing shelter for the afflicted family and securing permanent employment for the father. That the known instances in which he had solicited and unsolicited poured out his wealth to relieve the hungry, the starving, the ill and the helpless were myriad, and those unknown and unadvertised contributions to needy and suffering human kind were past finding out, but had ameliorated the sad condition of thousands of the poor and the penniless. And there sat this great rogue who had startled two hemispheres by his daring moves in the financial world, an unpretentious contributor of his great wealth, wrung out of the grasp of the speculative sharks of his day, and largely poured back to the worthy poor, instead of being used to help fund great educational and religious charities for the sake of aggran-

dizement of name. Yes, there he humbly and modestly sat, acknowledging that he had received bushels of letters for good deeds performed, a host of missives threatening him for what were termed his misdeeds, complaining of imaginary wrongs, and filled with attempts to levy black-mail, and bravely saying, "I may have once been very nervous over such threats, but I am not afraid now, for I shall not die until my time comes."

But a few weeks afterwards Jim Fisk died at the Grand Central Hotel, aged 37, from the effects of a pistol shot delivered on a main stairway by Edward S. Stokes. On the Sunday morning of his death the spacious hotel was thronged by fully a thousand of his firm friends of every rank in life, who were so wrought up to madness by the dastardly murder, committed by one whom he had befriended and raised from poverty, that they were fain to bring him to the halter without the help of judge, jury or sheriff. His slayer was universally denounced by all right thinking men and could never produce any justification in palliation of his cold-blooded crime, though by a strange travesty on justice he was simply convicted of manslaughter and secured pardon after a short imprisonment. For a considerable period after his release he was the proprietor of the most famous gilded saloon in the city of New York, but when last heard of had gone down in the wreck of failure and had become a homeless wanderer.

From his beautiful wife, Lucy Sanderson, he was never estranged. She seemed after his departure from Boston, declining to keep companion step with him in his meteoric career, to excuse everything and to hold him in platonic affection. He wrote her constantly, visited her often and when frequently in New York met her at the home of a mutual friend where she was a guest. She was older than he and was his confidant and advisor in many things. She seemed more like an elder sister to this mercurial husband holding the highest respect for her traits of character, while she humored his many and multiplied eccentricities. Hastening to him after he was shot she was frantic with grief and her unheeded and unknown endearments drew

tears from all present. With her arms around the neck of her dying husband, all hope being gone, she prayed, "Oh God if thou must take him, take his soul." If it was the fault of his wife that she blindly indulged him in his wild and dashing career without attempt to restrain and control him, for this in the end her cup was filled with the bitterest dregs. Residing in Northfield and Hatfield after his death, she seemed to be a mark for some unknown enemy of her husband and was several times routed from her homes by an incendiary. The will of Fisk, made just prior to his death, provided for his wife and relatives and the Ninth Regiment many thousands of dollars. But where his great means went to in the clearing up of his estate, leaving barely \$100,000 and a \$20,000 life insurance policy at the end, no one knew, but those who were thought to have fattened upon it to the exclusion of the widow and the heirs, the latter having been known to have been finally left in slender circumstances.

The remains of James Fisk, Jr., are designated in the Brattleboro Cemetery by a massive granite monument, and which lot he had purchased the year before his death. Though he is said to have laconically once refused to help the Brattleboro authorities construct a fence about this beautiful cemetery, saying, "that one who was out of it wished to get in, and that there was no danger that anyone in it would try to get out" yet during his life he built a fence around a little private burial lot in Pownal in which some of his people were buried.

From the reckless speculation of capital and combination in nearly every necessary for the sustenance of human life, and the machinations of trusts and corporations to rob the people of their hard-earned means in the great majority only measured by the price of the wage of their bone and muscle, who is there in this day to raise their hands in hypocritical horror over the career of James Fisk, Jr., the scapegoat of the financial world but a half century ago, the uneducated New England boy of Berkshire Lineage who outgeneraled and outwitted the financial and speculative bandits of that period, they

preying on railroads and their management, but now multiplied into swarms of vampires seeking to enrich themselves at the expense of draining the arterial life-blood of the nation and those therein who must win their life and living through the avenues of toil and production.

James Fisk, Jr., was born in South Pownal, April 1834, and the physician in attendance was the late Dr. Henry L. Sabin, one of the most distinguished of Berkshire County medical practitioners in his generation. The charge for these services can still be seen on an old account book which has been preserved for this reason. His father at this time was the overseer of a small cotton factory, in South Pownal, and the home was a small story-and-a-half house just west of the residence of Solomon Wright. When the family removed elsewhere, the child was left in charge of an old farmer and his wife and he remained with them until quite a boy. This farmer sent him to the district school, at which after a few days he was punished for some trivial misdemeanor, which so grieved the old agriculturist that he never returned him to school again. He was but ten years old, and neither able to read or write, when his father took him to Bennington where in school he gained an imperfect knowledge of the rudiments of the alphabet and copy book, never mastered spelling and had a life-long contempt for grammar. His father built a tavern at Brattleboro out of his peddling gains and Jim served awhile therein as a waiter. Then he ran away with a circus and for several years was an assistant and tent hand for Van Amburg, the once celebrated lion tamer. While at Bennington he tended a little market stall and here he first met Daniel Drew, who coming for fresh eggs, sold him a dozen imperfect ones which he said "pop pulled off the vines early this morning," and on being called to account for which by Drew turned the rascality off upon Eliphalet Buckham, who had a stall on the same premises, and who received a good whipping for non-committed mischief.

After his circus experience he joined his father in peddling and soon became the principal dry goods jobber in Vermont. It

was a pile of old blankets in the Jordan, Marsh & Co. Boston store which suggested to him the needs of the government for army war equipment in this article. Getting together all the blankets he could obtain he repaired to Washington and speedily selling them at his own price, contracted with the government to furnish these to such an extent that there were no competitors. The purchase of a blanket mill at Gaysville, Vt., and others, afterwards sold back again to their owners, enabled the firm to clear \$200,000. After the war he opened a big dry goods store in Boston in which he lost his entire fortune. He repaired to New York in 1864 and opened a broker's office, his entire capital being a borrowed silver watch. Soon negotiating the sale of the Bristol line of steamers for Daniel Drew, he was set up in business by him, and entered the struggle to capture the Erie railroad for his patron, in which he and Jay Gould became directors. It was not until after the firm of Fisk, Belden & Co. had been mulcted out of a \$1,000,000 bank account in a single day, that Gould joined the combination of Fisk, Gould & Belden, and the two former in spite of the opposition of speculative financiers of America and Europe grabbed the Erie holdings and interest entire. In this combination Fisk was bold, unscrupulous, dashing, enterprising, ready in execution and powerful in his influence over the lower order of men, and Gould was artful, reticent, long headed, clear of brain, fertile of invention, tenacious of purpose and unhindered by scruples. What the wild boy peddler of Vermont lacked in his make up, the ambitious country store clerk of inland New York supplied, the team was well matched, and the results were astounding. Of the millions of dollars amassed in this war of speculation in which the celebrated Black Friday was a dark chapter, no further mention need be made, unless it may be said that the government was forced to come to country's relief by placing \$5,000,000 of gold in circulation, having had to extend similar aid to the people with Fisk and Gould unpresent factors, many times since, while State and National troops have not infrequently been

called out to settle difficulties arising from the abuse of the freedom of power and privilege of this great republic, of which the end is seemingly not yet, and which can only come to peaceful solution across the wreckage of the people declaring for the right against the wrong.

But in two unhidden instances did James Fisk, Jr., loom up into prominence as a public benefactor, and both were on occasions of dire emergency, and known to have been carried out from pure sympathy, regardless of thought of show or applause. The first was when the news reached Boston of the battle of Antietam in 1862, and of the suffering of the National troops. Without a moment's delay he opened a receiving depot in Tremont Temple and quickly gathered together from the people an ample supply of medicines, lint, bandages and delicacies, which he dispatched with great celerity to the army, which was so sadly in need of them. The second was the day after the great Chicago fire, when with his best coach horses he personally drove four-in-hand attached to a big relief wagon through the business streets of the city of New York, collecting a great quantity of food and raiment, which he dispatched at once in a special free train over the Erie railroad to the sufferers, which he continued to do until their wants were alleviated, and which noble deed having for its only incentive sympathy for the starving and homeless, will never be forgotten.

It is told that an old lady once bought a handkerchief of the elder Fisk and who afterwards complained to Jim that his father had cheated her. "No," said Jim, "I am sure the old man would not tell you a lie about that handkerchief for a ninepence, although possibly he might have told you eight for a dollar."

It is related that Fisk was once showing a prominent but stuttering New York broker over one of his Fall River steamboats, and pointing up to the fine oil portraits of Gould and himself at the head of the spacious upper deck stairway, asked him if they were not finely executed. "Yes," said the broker, "b-u-t, b-u-t you've made a mis-mis-take."

"How," asked the astonished admiral. "Ought, ought, ought to have your Lord and Master painted in between you."

In alluding to the dead man in a sermon Rev. Dr. Hepworth of New York said: "a man of good heart, who did good, bright, generous deeds, but like a great big boy seemed to feel nothing to be real in life except money and himself." His Ninth Regiment Chaplain said of him: "A man of good strong qualities, it is not to be wondered at that he had strong faults. His generosity in giving was not for show. His entire freedom from hypocrisy, his manly independence and character even won the respect of his enemies." One of the most eminent divines of New Orleans who was in New York at the time of Fisk's death, said in a sermon: "I am deeply and truly sorry for this deed. Sorry for him who committed it, who will incur divine vengeance if he escapes human justice. Sorry for the victim who had so many noble traits of character and so many virtues that he could not have lived until the good that was in him predominated over the evil. I have long watched him in his strange and meteoric career, and have latterly observed in him a marked change in his evident purpose in life. He had gathered and threshed out his last sheaf of wild oats - immeasurably wild - and had come to discover the value of pure, sound grain above the chaff with which he had so recklessly tried so long to content himself. I believe that if it had been permitted to him to live, that in the near future he would have emerged from a chrysalis of folly into a grand Christian warrior and become a strong factor in the cause of Christ. Out of such material God has fashioned some of his most powerful and chosen instruments in the past."

It was the surgeon who attended him in his last hours who said "that he had always noticed in the long practice of his profession that a really good man is loved by his servants, and that he had never seen such feeling manifested at the death of a man before, although he had seen many good men die." Besides, he added, "he was the coolest and bravest man I ever attended from first to last,

forgave the viper whom he had befriended and who slew him, and calmly looked death in the face. His last words to me were, 'Doctor, if I am going to die, I wish to know it. I am not afraid to die.'" It was Jay Gould who said of him that "he was the smartest business man of his day and generation, for enterprise and courage. That he was always helping the poor and the weak and the struggling and that on such he spent four-fifths of his income. His only luxury was cleanliness. He lived in two rooms quite plainly furnished in one of the plainest houses in the city. He was not understood and there never was a man more thoroughly unappreciated. He was ostentatious of his faults, abhorred hypocrisy and carefully concealed his good qualities from his near friends as well as the public. He was the victim of a partially successful attempt to blackmail, which in the end proved unsuccessful and which had filled the hearts of those who failed with the spirit of revenge and murder, because of that failure. Though his open faults were grave, his virtues overbalanced his vices and often his failings leaned to virtue's side. Having expended great sums in the pursuit of hurtful and unsatisfying pleasures for six months previous to his death he was known to have led a correct life and that he intended to do this in the future."

The history of a locality is the history of those to whom it has given birth, who have adopted it for their homes, and who have filled positions in life which have brought them in a greater or lesser degree into general notice and remembrance at home or elsewhere. The life and career of James Fisk, Jr., was phenomenal in the highest sense of the word. The following taken from the two great newspapers of New York in editorials published just after his death, will most fittingly close this sketch.

The New York Tribune, while condemning his assassin and scourging the Cyprian who marked him as especial prey for plunder and destruction with her beauty and deceit, a veritable Delilah shearing a Sampson of his strength and life, said: "No man in America was better known at home and abroad.

When most dreaded in the business world he had no social relations. His eccentricities marked him out for punishment. He was plucked and stripped by lawless fraud and plunder when he first came to New York, with which he grappled and which he forced to serve him. There were greater rogues in the street then and now than he could learn to be - cooler rogues, who join in condemning him, who will go right on robbing and plundering as before. His carriages, gems and uniforms and daring acts constantly advertised him, as the plumage of a tropical bird betrays him to the hunter. He was a predestined scape-goat for Wall street when living and which put him out into the wilderness of ill repute. He was no hypocrite and devoured no widow's substance with long prayers. The system which produced him and the slyer transgressors are left behind."

The New York Herald said: "The dead man, falling beneath the blow of an assassin while in the act of calling upon a family who had befriended him in youth, filled a large space in the minds of the people and commanded vast interests, having risen from poverty to wealth like Aladdin of the Arabian Nights. Daring, boundless in his ambition, his life gaudy in its splendor dazzled the multitude, though the wiser and graver mocked. His vivacity, comeliness, incessant effervescent good humor, owner and lover of railroads, steamboats, bands of music, theatres, canary birds, decorations, luxury and pleasure, his boyish love of show, colors, gems and gold braid; recklessly frank with the world and making it the confidant of his business, dreams and affections; insatiable of applause, the whole world to him a stage; his whole life, veiled or otherwise, an acting comedy; he was the most striking phenomenon of human nature in our time. There was scandal in his life and stern moralists will find retribution in his death. It is not for us to speak of retribution. But we say, 'Think that the poor always swarmed his gates and never went hungry away, and that those who knew him best shed tears over his deathbed. The best of us will die a blessed death indeed if such memories attend our closing hours.'"

REMINISCENT STORIES FROM SOUTHERN BERKSHIRE

From *The Berkshire Hills*, April 1, 1906.

A full century ago there resided in that portion of Great Barrington called North Plain an honest charcoal burner named Samuel Ives. Ives always bore the title of "Sir," for the reason that in addressing either man or woman he always used this word. It is related of this ancient woodchopper and collier, who deceased 75 years ago, that in 1806 he forgot the day of the week, and unmindful that it was a Sabbath morning, shouldered his trusty axe and clambered up the mountain near his home to fell trees wherewith to stock a fresh kiln.

That morning also his good wife was absent-minded and placing her cream in the churn faithfully labored away at the dasher until the butter came. Suddenly discovering that she was short of salt she sent her son John over to Squire French's house to borrow a bowl full of this necessary condiment. The lad found the worthy Squire reading his Bible, the rest of the family having gone to the Congregational church to attend public worship. In answer to the demand of the lad as to what he wanted, John replied that his mother wished to borrow a little salt for her butter, having just finished her churning and found herself short of that article.

It was then that the Squire threw himself back in his huge arm chair in holy horror, exclaiming, "is your mother insane or has she lost her senses sending you to borrow salt on Sunday." Then the frightened lad proceeded to confess that his father was way up on the mountain chopping wood for his kiln. Being refused any salt he reported to his mother, who speedily sent him up the mountain side to bring home his erring sire. Samuel, on arriving home, found his wife, wringing her hands and shedding copious tears over their sad wickedness, and crying "Oh, Samuel, I do not know how we can make it up with the Lord for forgetting his commandment to 'remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'"

Then the conscience-stricken Samuel took down the old family Bible from its shelf and sitting down in his favorite chair exclaimed: "The Lord - I can make up with Him long before night sets in, but I don't know how in thunder I can make my peace with Squire

French." Now, Samuel was quite illiterate and was a poor reader. Opening his Bible at a certain chapter in the Book of Job he proceeded to read. "And Job ran down from the mountain and shaved himself with a pot lid." While he read his poor wife continued pleading for forgiveness for the grievous sin, when the chapter being finished they called the boys into the house and fervently prayed the Lord for pardon. It was then a calm fell upon this humble and sorrowful home with the comforting thought that they would no longer be troubled whether Squire French forgave them or not.

Among those who settled in that portion of Egremont called Guilder Hollow, previous to the Revolutionary War, was a notable family named Willard. Simeon Willard of this family was supposed to have been the Egremont pioneer. while it is recorded that he was killed by a bolt of lightning while standing in the front door of his house in the summer of 1762. His tombstone, on which is lettered the manner of his death, is to be found in the small cemetery called "Bow-Wow" on the border line of Sheffield and Egremont. Bartemius Willard, another member of this family was noted as a sharp wit and was somewhat of a poet. On a certain occasion "Barty," as he was familiarly called, was summoned to appear either as juryman or witness at a session of the old Court of Common Pleas at Lenox. Nearly all the lawyers of that day were familiar with his eccentricities of talent, his nimble tongue and were always much amused by his poetical squibs and witty remarks. While in attendance upon the court at this time one of these lawyers on the part of his legal companions invited Willard to dine with them, adding to the request as an extra inducement, "that it shouldn't cost him a cent." Barty gladly accepted this invitation, and the company were soon gathered around a sumptuously spread table in the old Lenox tavern dining room. Before commencing the repast one of the lawyers called upon Barty to ask divine grace. Tradition has it that this wag made no pretensions to religion, but rising to the emergency replied, "If I ask this blessing I

hope you will all conduct yourselves as true gentlemen should on such an occasion and be very careful not to make a mockery of it. Besides, at the conclusion of the repast, I desire that some one of your number should return thanks." According to this request one of the members of the bar was selected for the latter duty, whereupon all stood up solemnly about the table when Willard without the least halt or hesitation in voice and with bowed head uttered the following:

"Lord of the climes, haste on the times
When death makes lawyers civil
Lord stop their clack,
And send them back
Unto their parent, devil.
Don't let his band
Upset our land,
Nor let their bold tricks conquer;
Oh let this club of Beelzebub
Insult mankind no longer;
They're bad indeed
As thistle weed
Which chokes our fertile mowing;
Comparing Nigh
To the Hessian fly
Which kills our wheat when growing;
Come sudden death
Shut off their breath
And cleanse them all with brimstone,
Then let them climb,
To hotter clime
To turn old Satan's grindstone."

In relating this incident in after years, the landlord of this old tavern said that "Barty's grace" cast such a gloom over the banqueters that they were able to eat but sparingly of the feast, while the lawyer who had been selected to say thanks at its close, suddenly arose from his seat and made hasty exit from the room.

In 1842 when Elder Billy Hibbard was on the superannuated list of Methodist preachers, he paid a visit to West Stockbridge in order to consult with the minister in that town as the best method of dealing with the Mormons. Through the preaching of a number of missionaries of this heresy several of the prominent members of the Methodist church of the town had become so infatuated with the new doctrine, and taken captive by it, that they had entered the home church and made disturbance therein by contradicting the

minister when speaking from the pulpit. Mormonism had finally cast such a blight on the little community, that those who remained faithful to the old established churches grew discouraged, and there was some talk of selling the Methodist meeting house and of disbanding that society.

As soon as Billy Hibbard reached the village he immediately consulted the Methodist minister as the best mode of warfare to be entered upon against the enemy. He finally decided that ridicule would be the most effective weapon he could employ against the so called Mormon saints and began to repeat some passages from the Mormon Bible which made his brother minister laugh both at the senseless utterances of the Mormon scriptures and the quotations he chose to make from them. They then decided to call a public meeting, the notice of which created great excitement. At the time appointed the church was crowded with people from the village and all the surrounding country, all being eager to listen to the well-known clerical humorist.

Billy Hibbard began his discourse by saying with a peculiar twist of his mouth that it was the custom with ministers to select but one verse of Scripture for a text, but that on this occasion he should proceed on a new plan and take the whole Bible. Then in a tone truthfully imitative of the peculiar drawl of the Mormon missionaries he proceeded to read from the Mormon Scriptures. He had not gone on long in this style when some of the audience began to smile, which was followed by suppressed laughter.

Upon this, Billy looked down upon his audience with a mournful expression of reproof that any one should indulge in merriment over anything so serious, and stated that he should come to something after a while which would make his hearers sober. He then continued his reading and comments until he came to a verse, before reading which he paused as though deeply impressed, and then read in a solemn tone "the devil laugheth." At this the entire audience burst into a roar of laughter, as his tone and countenance were so supremely comical that this merriment could not be suppressed.

Finally, when the laughter had subsided

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TRUE OLD STORIES FROM SOUTHERN BERKSHIRE

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

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

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

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

Many years ago there resided at the foot of Monument Mountain, Caspar Hollenbeck, a tanner. This man was afflicted with a partial loss of voice, and could only be heard a short distance. One of his neighbors on the

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

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

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

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SOUTH ADAMS REMINISCENCES

From *The Berkshire Hills*, July 1, 1906.

A few facts gleaned from an old book which has been sent to us for examination may be of interest to the citizens of the present town of Adams, now the scene of such an immense manufacturing industry. In 1820 the population of both North and South Adams was 1836, but this reached 2,500 in 1830. In 1836 there were but 35 dwellings and 40 families in South Adams, a post office, an academy, a church, four stores, two taverns, two blacksmiths, five shoemakers, two cabinet makers and joiners and two stone cutters.

Russell Brown and others, as the South Adams Cotton and Woolen Manufacturing Co. ran a brick mill built in 1814, 75 by 31 feet and three stories, located a short distance from the centre. Coarse sheeting and shirting to the amount of 156,000 yards were produced annually, with 708 spindles, 26 looms and 35 employees.

Dr. Anthony ran a four story, 56 by 36 sheeting and shirting mill with an output of 136,000 yards a year to the north of the village, with 504 spindles, 18 looms and 25 employees. This mill was originally built by Caleb B. Turner and his brother on the site of the present Broadley mill and was the first factory in the south village, and the first cotton manufactory in the county of Berkshire and state of Massachusetts. In 1819 Mr. Turner removed to North Adams to manufacture cotton cloth in the old Eagle mill at the head of Eagle street in that village, where in 1822 he operated to first power loom ever run in the county and built the first cupala iron-ore blast furnace.

This enterprising man, of whom a portrait is still preserved in company with Giles Tinker built the Gould mill in 1826, where they manufactured machinery, and in 1828 he build the old Union Print Works and in the firm of Turner & Laflin was the first calico printer in Western Massachusetts. Besides this, this cotton and calico manufacturing pioneer of both the villages of the old town of Adams was the first president from 1830 to 1837 of the old Adams Bank, at North Adams. He died December 17, 1858, at the age of 69.

Isaac N. Hoxie ran a cotton yarn mill on Tophet brook to the east of the village with 144 spindles and seven employees. The factory was a wooden building, 40 by 30 feet, and three and one-half stories high. Water was thrown on a huge overshot wheel from a level with the third story of the structure. In this mill \$15,000 worth of machinery was made annually.

George Turner ran a mill, 30 by 30, and of wood, a half mile north of the village, and manufactured 60,000 yards of striped cotton cloth annually with 336 spindles and 13 persons. All the weaving was done in families outside of the mill.

The first mill at Cheshire Harbor was a small wooden structure for the manufacture of yarn and built by A. Anthony and Stephen B. Brown. Here Jesse and Elijah Jenks and Lincoln Brown in 1828 erected a one-story stone and two-story wood structure, 50 by 34 feet, and manufactured 80,000 of coarse cotton sheetings and shirtings annually with 383 spindles, 12 looms and 15 employees. In 1829 cotton and woolen goods were manufactured in the south village to the extent of 570,000 yards annually and 113 persons were employed in this business.

The foundation of the present magnificent library was laid in 1805 by the Adams Library Association with 130 volumes at a cost of \$150.

In 1825 the Adams Academy, a small building, was erected to accommodate a subscription school. In 1830 the village was divided into thirteen school districts. The first money raised by taxation for education was December 31, 1782, when £3 was voted for a grammar school.

The first church organized aside from that of the Friends was the Baptist, July 4, 1827, when under the ministry of Rev. Elnathan Sweet, and with a membership of 14, which had increased to 76 in 1854. Its services were held in the earlier years in a brick building having no steeple, which stood on the site of the present L. L. Brown Company paper mill, and which was originally built by the citizens of the town for a union meeting house. It was torn down in 1859, after

having been used as a store-house of the paper company for many years.

The Congregational church was organized with two members, January 1, 1840, and Rev. Stillman Pratt was its minister from

1839 to 1848, being installed in 1845. Revs. Jay J. Dana and John Tatlock succeeded him. The church edifice dedicated in 1868 has been succeeded by the present fine structure and parsonage. ■■■■

Reminiscences - from page 126

somewhat Hibbard in his dry tone continued his reading and remarks, whereupon the merriment became deafening, and he finally closed by saying "I have heard of Satan's doing some very curious things, but never before that he laughed. But I do not wonder that once in his life he laughed, and that when this Mormon Bible was written." So ingenious had been Hibbard's plan that when he ceased talking he had completely driven all thoughts of the Mormon doctrines from the minds of his hearers and given that faith a setback in West Stockbridge from which it never recovered. Three-quarters of a century ago there resided in West Stockbridge a family named Heywood, and its members were intimate friends of the noted ministerial humorist, Rev. Billy Hibbard. Elizabeth, a daughter in this family, penned about forty years ago her recollections of this much beloved itinerant and her sketch, like most of the reminiscences of him, is very entertaining. She narrates that on a very cold day at the opening of a memorable winter, as the wind was blowing furiously, there was spied approaching in the distance an old wagon, constructed somewhat like a boat, while seated therein was a manly looking figure enveloped in a huge coat, which the wind distended like a balloon. This huge cloak, which protected the driver of the old white horse, was made of a cloth called calmet, cut straight in breadths and gathered full into a high square collar lined with the fur of the

muskrat, flowing out about the body in huge folds and reaching to the feet. As this vehicle drew near our home, we saw a comical face, peeping out and just visible at the opening of the cloak collar. Then the figure alighted, and we made haste to open the door and admit good Billy Hibbard, calmet and all.

"Now, did I scare ye?" said Billy as he entered the hall and observed the curious looks of the children of the household. "I am Billy Hibbard and that is the gospel chariot at your door." All laughed heartily at this illusion to his rickety vehicle and the name he gave to the old wagon, which had carried him up and down the hills and through the valleys of old Berkshire in his itinerant preaching to the people in its towns and villages for so many years. In this mirth Billy heartily joined, for he was always greatly pleased when his odd speeches were thus appreciated. On being conducted to the family sitting room he refused to be seated, but saying to his host "a merciful man is merciful to his beast," followed the latter out to the barn where they gave immediate care to the old equine harnessed to the gospel chariot, and then himself partook of a good old time New England dinner with hearty relish. He tarried with us several hours, having catechized the children, exhorted the elder members of the family, and thoroughly discussed with his host and hostess the state of religion in the Canaan and West Stockbridge circuits. ■■■■

Old Stories - from page 127

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

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

ORIGINAL PITTSFIELD RECORDS

From Original Pittsfield Papers at the Berkshire Athenaeum - Box 1.

FOLDER E-4

At a meeting of the freeholders and other inhabitants of the Town of Pittsfield met on Fryday the 21 Day of April 1775.

1 Capt. Bush be Moderator

2^d Vot^d unanimously to pay the Province Taxes that are Delinquent to Henry Gardiner Esq^r of Stow

3^d That the Constables use their utmost indeavour to collect their rates that are due

4th To adjurn this meeting to the first Monday in May next at 3 o'clock P.M.

At an Adjourn^d Meeting to the first Monday in May the following votes were pas^d Viz

1 Vot^d that the Constables Power^d to collect their Taxes & if any man refuses to pay their Taxes s^d Constables are to make Complaint to the Committee of Inspection & they are to Assist the Constables

2^d Vot^d to Dismiss the 3rd Article in the Warning

3^d Vot^d that M^r Jn^o Brown Coll^o Easton M^r Volintine Rothbone Ezek^l Root be an Addition to the Committee of Inspection

4th Vot^d to Dismiss the Article Relative to the Small Pox

David Bush Moderator
Israel Dickinson Town Clerk

* * *

At a Meeting May 22^d 1775 of the Freeholders & other Inhabitants of the Town of Pittsfield Qualified to Vote in Town Affairs Votes were Pas^d (Viz)

1 That Cap^t Goodrich be Moderator

2^d That Two Members be Chosen to Represent this Town at the Congress but One to Serve at a Time except Absolute Necessaty
3^d That Cap^t Goodrich & Cap^t Dickinson be the two Deligates to Represent them in Provintial Congress

4th That Nath^{el} Fairfield & W^m Francis be in Addition to the Committee of Inspection

* * *

At a Ligall Meeting of the freeholders & other Inhabitants of the Town of Pittsfield Qualified to Vote in Town Affairs Meet on Tuesday the 27th of June 1775 the following Votes were pass^d (Viz)

1^{ly} That M^r W^m Francis be Moderator

2^{ly} That the Committee of Inspection be Impowered to Regulate Quarels Disturbances etc. & to Adopt the Vote Exhibited by M^r Little to be their guide

3^{ly} That the Selectmen Write to Doct^r Childs to Desire him to Return Home as we are very sickly

4th That M^r Stephen Crowfoot L^t Eli Root & M^r Dan^l Hubbard Jun^r be assistants to Advise & Act as Selectmen in the Absence of a Majority of the attending Selectmen

William Francis Moderator

* * *

At a Meeting of the freeholders & Other Inhabitants Qualified to Vote for Representatives in the Town of Pittsfield on Tuesday 27th June 1775 the Selectmen Governing s^d Meeting

1 Vot^d that Cap^t Goodrich & Cap^t Israel Dickinson are Chosen to Serve as Representatives untill May Next and but one to Serve at a time

2^d That Mr. Volentine Rothbone

Rev^d M^r Allen

L^t Eli Root

M^r Stephen Crowfoot

M^r W^m Francis

be a Committee to Instruct these Representatives

Nay Votes
Henry Gardner Esq^r
H. Gray, Esq^r
Cap^t Torey

Yea Votes
David Bagg
W^m Barber
Aaron Baker

Jn^o Sterns
Jacob Gleason
Caleb Goodrich
W^m Francis
I Dickinson
Stephen Crofoot
James Morey
Job Allen
Josiah Talcott

Zebediah Stiles
Cap^t Goodrich
Cap^t Wright
Nath^l Fairfield
W^m Ford
Elias Hopkins
Zinah Judd Jun^r
Cap^t Strong

Oliver Burt
Matt^w Barber
Mr Ensign
Joseph Wright
Coll^o Easton
Jn^o Remington
James Hubbard
Doct^r Childs

FOLDER L-11

At a legal meeting of the Freeholders and other Inhabitants of the Town of Pittsfield, qualified by law to Vote in Town meetings, on Monday the 24th day of March A.D. 1794, the following Votes were passed, (To wit)

Voted, That Joshua Robbins be Mod^r

Voted, That J. Danforth be T.C.

Voted, That Mess^{rs} David Bush, Oliver Root, Jos. Fairfield, Nathaniel Robbins & Thomas Gold be Selectmen. That Mess^{rs} Daniel Hubbard, Jn^o Partridge & Joshua Danforth be assessors the year ensuing

Voted, That Capt. D. Hubbard be Town Treasurer

Voted, That One hundred and fifty pounds be raised for the purpose of repairing the highways the year ensuing.

That swine may run at large in all parts of the Town from May 1 to Nov^r 1 they being well yoked & rung according to law

That the selectmen be directed to divide the Town into districts & Apportion the money raised for Repairing the highway, to the several districts where they shall think it most needewd, and report at the next Town meeting.

Voted That Stephen Fowler, Isaac Ward, Jn^o C. Williams, James Colt, Jr Uriah Lathrop be fence viewers. Jn^o Partridge, Benj^a Cogswell, Thomas Gold, be Tything men.

That Joseph Farr be Sealer of weights and Measures. Who was Excused.

That Benj^a Luce and Joseph Fairfield be sealers of Leather

Jn^o Francis, Joel Dickinson & Ebenezer White be Surveyors of Boards & Shingles

That Darius Leonard, Elam Tracy & Ebenezer White be Measurers of Wood

That Darius Larned, Daniel Merrill & David Linsey be Field drivers

That Joseph Farr be gauger of liquors
Voted, that the 5th article in the warrant be postponed to the next Town meeting.

Voted, that the Selectmen be requested to view the School house in the North district and see whether it is necessary to build a new School-house in said district. Or if not necessary what sum is requisite to repair the old one.

Daniel Weller
Daniel Hubbard
James Taylor
Darius Larned
John Ellis
Linus Parker
Thomas Sylvey
Jn^o C. Williams
be hog-reeves

Voted, That
David Linsey
Calvin Waldo
Zebulon Herrick
James Rathbun
Benj^a Keelor
Rufus Allen
Martin Bagg
Titus Wright

FOLDER H-16

At a Legal Meeting of the Freeholders & other Inhabitants of the Town of Pittsfield Qualified to Vote in Town Affairs at the Meeting House in s^d Town on Thursday the 16th Day of Dec^r 1779 the following Votes were pass^d Viz

1 Voted that Cap^t David Bush be Moderator

2^d That those men who Labored Before the 1 day of April last & after the last Day of Oct^r shall have 10 Dollars per Day & Those who Labored the intermediate span shall have 15 Dol^{rs} per day in the Year pass^d

3^d That Col^o Williams shall have 500 Dollars for Service Done as Delegate in State Convention the Summer pass^d

4th That Joshua Robbins acc^t of Highway be allow^d

5th That Cap^t Francis acc^t be Allow^d of 60-0-0

6th That Cap^t E. Roots acc^t of Highway work be allow^d of

7th That Oliver Roots acc^t of Highway work be Allow^d

8th That Mr Burt be allow^d 50 Doll^{rs} to enable him to discharge an execution against him

15-0-0

9th That Caleb Stanleys acc^t of Highway work -

10th That Caleb Stanleys acc^t of Service as T. Clerk be all^d of 60-0-0

11th That Aaron Bakers acc^t of Bridge Work be allow^d of 169-5-0

12th That James Hubbards acc^t be allowed of £57

13th That Jos. Fairfields acc^t be allow^d of 91

14th That John Barbers & others acc^t for Building a Bridge by M^r Graves be allow^d

15th That Mess^{rs} Barker have 20 Dol^{rs} per Day for himself for aforesaid Work

16th That Cap^t Bush & others acc^t of work at the Burying Yard be all^d of

17th That Matthew Wright & Joshua Narramore's acc^t for work at the Bridge by M^r Wright's Mill

18th That all such acc^{ts} at Building & Repairing Bridges in the Gore before the Town Rate is Made shall be allow^d by the assessor

19th That Matthew Barbers acc^t of Highway work be allow^d of

20. That Aaron Nobles acc^t of Highway-work be allow^d of

21. That M^r Backus's Surveyors Bill be pass^d by the Assessor

22. That M^r Ezra Stearns acc^t be allow^d

23. That Eph^m Stiles acc^t be allow^d of 170-6-18

24. That Cap^t Fords acc^t be accepted of 6-15-0

25. That L^t. Nobles acc^t be allow^d of 6-0-0

26. That L^t W^m Barbers acc^t be allow^d of 124-12-0

27. That L^t Crofoot & Goodrichs acc^t be Allow^d for work at the Bridge by M^r Strongs

28th That the Rev^d M^r Allens be made up the old Way according to our Contract Viz. £80 per annum that it be made in a Seperate & Distinct Rate & delivered to him for him to settle with those of his parishioners as shall think proper to agree and settle with him, and those that shall not have Settled with him by the 1st of May Next must Expect & the Collectors are hereby required to Demand, Recover & Receive such Delinquents Tax at the Rate of 30 for 1

29. That Col^o Williams Stephen Crofoot Caleb Stanley & William Barber & Cap^t Joel Dickinson & Cap^t Eli Root be a Com^{tee} to

ascertain the Number of men the Town have Supply^d the Continental Army for a longer or short time & What Monies are Due to the Town from the State

30. That the Town will tax themselves for the Monies paid the 3 months men.

31. That it will be left to the Discretion of the Assessors to make an Allowance for the Depreciations of the Money paid the 3 Months Men.

32. That the acc^t of getting Wood for Rev^d M^r Allen be allowed

33. The the Town Clerk search the Records & if he finds John Stearns account on the Book Stearns is not to have credit for tending Old M^r Stiles in the small pox otherwise he shall have Credit on the next rate.

34th That Luke (Luther?) Nobles account be allowed of £3-0-0

35th That Cap^t Colts and others be allowed of

36. That L^t Graves be allowed 30 Dol^{rs} for Damage to him in Building the Bridge near his house

FOLDER B-14

March 10. 1795

To the Inhabitants of the Town of Pittsfield - Gentlemen

The Subscribers request you to discontinue a town road lately laid from the north-westerly part of Washington through the lands of Mess^{rs} Sacket & Mosely to the county road leading from Dalton by said Moselys to the Meeting house in Pittsfield & to open a road from said Washington through ----- number sixty one to the road leading under the mountain from M^{rs} Williams farm southwardly to Washington line & you will thereby, as we are of opinion, make a survey of the expense of the damages to be paid Mess^{rs} Sackets, & greatly obliged

Your obedient servants

Josiah Moseley
Zebulon Herrick
Erastes Sackett
Solomon Sackett
Erastus Sackett Jr.
Jonathan Barnett

Solomon Barnet
Abiathar Richmond
Samuel Merry
John Root
Benjamin Trask
Isaac Williams

REV. BILLY HIBBARD - ECCENTRIC METHODIST DIVINE

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

Among the numerous honorable names in the history of Berkshire County which should have a prominent place in its archives is that of Billy Hibbard, a well-known and greatly beloved clerical humorist, during the first half of the nineteenth century. A native of Norwich, Conn., in 1771 he moved with his parents to Hinsdale soon after the close of the Revolutionary War. At the age of twenty-one, under the preaching of the Methodist itinerants, he was convinced of the error of his ways and thorough converted to the sublime truths of Christianity. He soon began to call others to repentance, as an exhorter and local preacher, and so successful was his mission that in 1798 he was admitted to the New York Methodist Conference and appointed to the Dutchess Circuit. In 1802 he was ordained elder and from that time forward, for over forty years, he preached "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." In 1813 he was appointed to the Pittsfield Circuit, and while there was selected as chaplain of Col. Chamberlain's regiment of Berkshire militia, which marched to the defense of Boston. Several years after the close of the war, Mr. Hibbard traveled and preached on the Petersburg, Salisbury and Tyringham Circuits. As he was always a welcome guest, especially in the homes of the Methodists, numerous anecdotes concerning him have been related. But after the lapse of sixty years since his departure from this world the greater part of these stories have been lost in oblivion. However, several of these humorous anecdotes have survived the ravages of time, eight in manuscript or in the memory of venerable Methodists. For several years the writer has had in his possession a portion of the manuscript journal of Rev. Joseph B. Wakeley, a member of the New York Conference from 1833 to his death in 1875. From this manuscript these stories are presented to the reader very nearly as they were written by Mr. Wakeley.

"In 1833, while traveling the Salisbury Circuit, we had an introduction to Billy

Hibbard. He had preached on that circuit some years before, and the people told many anecdotes concerning him. One lonely August day Brother Hibbard came to the house where I was putting up. He had with him for sale his pills, his salve and a book called 'Defection in New England, by "Ammi Philom.'" In this book he was severe on the Calvinists and used great irony and much sarcasm. Some of his friends thought he had taken too great liberties and had gone too far. Therefore, at the New York Conference a complaint was entered against him for its publication. In his reply to these charges he said that, if the book contained anything wrong, they must not blame him, but the author 'Ammi Philom,' and he advised the conference to find this person and punish him, if he had published anything untrue. The members of the Conference smiled and that was the end of it.

"On a pleasant Saturday afternoon (says Wakeley)' "I had an appointment to preach at Mount Riga, and Father Hibbard went with me. Mrs. Brinsmade, with whom we were staying, and Mrs. Wakeley rode in my wagon and I rode with 'Uncle' Billy in his. I had read of him and heard much of him, and had a great desire to converse with him. The person who saw him once could never forget him. It would make a life-time impression. He was of large size, weighting over two hundred pounds and reminded one of the old Knickerbockers. His countenance looked serious, and yet there was something so comical in his appearance you were ready to smile before he said anything. At this time we had to cross a small stream over which was one of the worst bridges we ever saw. We were afraid it would not hold together until we were on the other side. The moment we reached land I exclaimed: 'What an awful bridge that is!' Said he, eyeing me sharply: 'I was just going to say so, Brother Wakeley, till I thought of the old saying, 'Speak well of a bridge that carries you safe over.'"

He was once traveling in Connecticut,

where there was a tax on the people to support the ministers of "the standing order." As he was riding along on horse-back a gentleman overtook him, and inquired: "Are you a clergyman?" "I am," replied Mr. Hibbard. "do you belong to the standing order?" "No," replied Mr. Hibbard, "I belong to the kneeling order."

Mr. Hibbard believed that adaptation is the great secret of success in pleading. He preached while on the Tyringham Circuit on Bear Town mountain, which, in after years, was noted as the residence of Levi Beebe. On this mountain bruin once roamed undisturbed in its forests and among its rocks. On a certain occasion Hibbard took as his text: "Better meet with a bear robbed of her whelps than meet a fool in his folly." His sermon and his countenance, when he described the bear when robbed of her young, and his comic gestures and illustrations were remembered for many years and often related around the fire-places of the inhabitants of that vast mountain region.

On his way to the General Conference many years ago, traveling on horseback, with other preachers, wherever they tarried over night they would preach. According to the custom of those days their host would send a messenger through the neighborhood and thus gather quite a congregation. One evening after one of his companions had preached, and just as the audience were dispersing, Mr. Hibbard arose and said: "If you will wait, I will preach you a little sermon." He took this for a text: "Better meet a bear robbed of her whelps than to meet a fool in his folly." Then he proceeded to preach his famous Bear mountain sermon. The people stared at him and many smiled at his gestures as he imitated the enraged bear and the reckless fool.

At an annual conference in John Street Church, New York, at which Bishop McKendree presided, the character of all the preachers was examined. When the name of Billy Hibbard was called some brother minister objected to him, as he sold pills. Thereupon the Bishop inquired: "Brother Hibbard, are you a physician?" "No, sir, I only give advice in critical cases." Bishop McKendree then inquired: "What do you mean by giving

advice in critical cases?" Hibbard arose, and with the utmost gravity, replied: "When I find people very sick I advise them to send for a physician." This ended his examination and the objection to the passage of his character.

On a certain Fourth of July Rev. Samuel Merwin preached an eloquent and patriotic sermon in the Forsyth Street Church. At its close a collection was taken for the Colonization Society. When the plate was passed around Billy Hibbard, who was sitting in the altar, reached over the rail and laid upon the plate a box of Hibbard's pills, saying, with great seriousness: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give thee." One of the trustees then took the box of pills and put two shillings into the collection.

Billy Hibbard hated dogs to such an extent that he gave a literal interpretation to the apostolic caution, "Beware of dogs." At one time, as he entered the pulpit at Canaan, Conn., a dog followed him up the stairs and was about to enter the sacred desk. The preacher evidently thought the dog had no right in such a holy place, for he cried: "Get out," and at the same time gave the dog such a tremendous kick that he landed down among the audience. The dog came near alighting on the head on an official member who was terribly frightened, but proved to be more scared than hurt.

At another time in the same place Mr. Hibbard was annoyed by the dogs which accompanied the farmers to meeting. Sometimes they growled and again they would quarrel or chase each other across the floor. He considered this insufferable and was determined to endure it no longer. In giving out the appointments for the week he said there was one meeting he wished to hold, but did not know when it would suit their convenience. He wished them to inform him at what time they could best get the dogs in the neighborhood together, for he wished to preach a sermon to them. He disliked to preach to dogs and human beings at the same time, for the same subject would not be applicable to both. He believed in theology for men and dogology for dogs.

In Lee there was quite a revival among

the so-called New Divinity people. The process of converting them was somewhat singular. They were simply to change their purpose, their will -- to use their technical language, "to submit," and then they were converted. The process was quick, and a large number submitted. One of the prominent actors during the revival was a Rev. Mr. Foote. After he left there was a great falling from grace. About this time Billy Hibbard visited Lee and saw the state of things. When he returned to his home some one inquired about the revival and the prosperity of the converts. "Why," said he, "they are very much like my old boots. They need footing pretty often."

Billy Hibbard was very fond of tea, especially that well drawn from the canister. In olden times the housewife put but a little tea in the teapot and then set it down before the fire and let it simmer, and sputter, and boil, and when it was supposed to be sufficiently drawn set it on the table. One day he had witnessed a Methodist sister go through this long process in making tea and when it came on the table it had no charms for him. After sipping a little of this decoction he said: "Sister Smith, you do not understand how to make tea. You have a great deal of unnecessary trouble. If you wish to make a good cup of tea, you must begin right. You must begin by drawing it well out of the canister."

At another time when the woman of the house made tea that was mostly water Mr. Hibbard, in his droll manner, exclaimed: "Sister, it appears to me your tea is troubled with a very great weakness."

Again, he was taking a meal with a family, and the lady of the house made a fine cup of tea - strong and good. But, as the company drank several cups in filling it up with water it lost its strength and flavor. As Hibbard did not believe in going from better to worse, or from strong to weak, he said: "Sister, I believe your tea has back-slid."

He was putting up with a family and they had just been to tea. They were all seated before the fire in the old-time fireplace. The woman, in washing dishes, looked for her dish-cloth, which generally hung in one place, but it was gone. Mysterious, indeed;

where could it have gone? She did not know, and it was one of those things concerning which she did not feel like making inquiry. Another cloth was obtained, and the dishes were washed and put away in a closet. The hour for preaching arrived. "Father Hibbard" entered the pulpit, sang and prayed, and gave out his text. He became warm in his subject, and, perspiring a little, he put his hand in his pocket and took out what he supposed was his handkerchief and wiped his face. But, what was the surprise of the woman to discover her lost dish-cloth had come to light. The audience were greatly amused to see the dish-cloth drawn backward and forward over his face, soiling it and making him appear ludicrous. The secret of it was that while the housewife was hurriedly getting supper Billy was busy talking. Just when the teakettle boiled over, and the fire being very hot, he took the dish-cloth from the corner and with it, so as not to burn his hands, he removed the kettle from the hook and placed it on the hearth. Then, unconsciously, he put the cloth into his pocket and made the exhibition of it in the pulpit.

Some years ago, says Wakeley, in his journal, I called at the parsonage in Hudson. There I met Billy Hibbard. The family had an engagement and were just going out, but had prepared supper for Father Hibbard and invited me to dine with him. I accepted the invitation and sat down. Brother Hibbard being in haste, had asked a silent blessing and commenced to eat. When I sat down he said: "Brother Wakeley, you must ask a blessing for yourself - that is the way I did." I said to him: "Brother Hibbard, what an eccentric man you are - the people call you very odd." He gave me a look I shall never forget, and in his droll manner, without a smile, said: "It is a grand mistake. I am not odd; other people are odd. If they were all like me, there would be no odd folks." When I visited his house in 1835 he told of some of his patients who came for his pills and plasters. One woman, in describing her ailments, said she had the headache in every joint she had about her. Another had a severe pain in her cholera morbus and had come to him in order to be relieved. ■■■■

BERKSHIRE COURTS EMANCIPATED THE FIRST AMERICAN SLAVE

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

During the earlier years of our national history slavery not only existed in the southern states, but in all of the middle and northern, with the possible exception of Vermont. Even up to 1780 it was an institution of Massachusetts and New York and was not abolished in the latter until some time after it had been done away with in the former. As slavery existed in the northern states it did not have the revolting features which characterized it in the south, and sales and the breaking up of colored families were exceedingly rare.

In Massachusetts it was the fashion among the wealthier families to have colored servants, and the number of slaves were very few. Bondage was so thoroughly masked that but slight difference could be perceived between the condition of slaves and hired servants. Slaves were precluded from the table in but few families; the younger slaves not only ate and drank and played with the children, but they became familiar companions with each other. Masters and mistresses wrought in the field and in the home with their slaves, who were well clothed, and a great degree of familiarity was the result of this mode of life and living. Thus the same feeling which induces a father to retain a child in his family, or at least under his control, disinclined him from parting with his slave, while instances of cruelty were very uncommon.

Elizabeth Freeman, known afterwards as "Mum Bett," was born a slave and lived in that condition for thirty or forty years. Her first home was in Claverack, Columbia County, N. Y., in the family of a Mr. Hogeboom. She was purchased when quite young by Col. Ashley of Sheffield and brought into Berkshire County. Growing up to womanhood in this family, in 1780 she received a severe wound in a generous attempt on her part to shield her sister. Her mistress in a fit of passion resorted to a degree and mode of violence most uncommon even at that day, and struck the weak and timid girl with a heated kitchen shovel. Mum Bett interposed

her arm and received the cruel blow, and she bore the honorable scar it left to the day of her death.

The spirit of Mum Bett had not been broken down by ill-usage and she resented the insult and outrage as a white person would have done. She immediately left the house, and neither commands nor entreaties could induce her to return. Her master, Col. Ashley, resorted to the law to gain possession of his slave. The trial took place at Great Barrington just after the adoption of the Constitution of the State of Massachusetts. It was the first practical application of what was known as the Massachusetts Bill of Rights that "all men are born free and equal." She was most ably defended by the late Judge Theodore Sedgwick of Stockbridge, to whom she had fled for protection, and was set free. Therefore to the famous founder of the Sedgwick family of Stockbridge, the most eminent soldier, statesman and jurist of his day and generation, as well as to Berkshire County, must be accredited the emancipation by law of the first slave in Massachusetts and the consequent abolishment of the institution therein, and without doubt the first slave in the United States legally set at liberty.

In gratitude for her delivery she attached herself to Judge Sedgwick's family as a servant, in which station she remained for many years, and was never thereafter disconnected from the family. She was married when young, her husband dying soon afterwards while in the service of the Continental army in the Revolutionary war, leaving her with one child. She remained a widow during the rest of her life and deceased December, 1829 being in the region of 100 years of age. She lies buried in the Sedgwick burial plot in the Stockbridge cemetery, and those who would know what the Negro race is capable of should read her epitaph.

From an address delivered at the Lyceum in Stockbridge, February, 1831, by the late Henry Dwight Sedgwick, on the "Restoration of Natural Rights," it is learned that Judge Theodore Sedgwick was one of the earliest

members of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, founded in 1775, of which Benjamin Franklin was the first president; that he always had intense anti-slavery convictions, though in practice these were controlled by the compromises of the Constitution, and the legislation conforming to them; and that though chairman of the committee that reported the House bill in Congress that afterwards became the odious fugitive slave law, he once purchased a slave girl to save her from a hard taskmaster.

This address further speaks of Mum Bett's life and character, and cites the fact that while she knew her station and perfectly observed its decorum, yet she had nothing of the submissive or subdued character which succumbs to superior force, and is the usual result of slavery. Without ever claiming superiority she uniformly obtained an ascendancy over all those with whom she was associated in service. Her spirit of fidelity to her employers was exemplified in her whole life and has never been surpassed. In confirmation of this fact this single incident is related:

The house of Judge Theodore Sedgwick in Stockbridge was attacked by a body of insurgents during the Shays Rebellion, at which time many of its prominent citizens were taken prisoners and many dwellings were pillaged, though a few days after, the insurgents were met by Col. Ashley at Sheffield at the head of the militia and killed or captured. Mr. Sedgwick was then absent at Boston and Mum Bett was the only guardian of the house. She assured the party that Mr. Sedgwick was absent, but suffered them to search the house to find him, which they did by feeling under the beds and in other places of concealment, with the points of their bayonets. She did not attempt to resist by direct force the rifling of the property, which

was one of the objects of the insurgents. She however assumed a degree of authority, told the plunderers that they did not dare strike a woman, and attended them in exploring the house to prevent wanton destruction. She escorted them into the cellar with a large kitchen shovel in her hand, which she intimated that she would use in case of necessity. One of the party broke off the neck of a bottle of porter, when she told him that if he or his companions desired to drink porter she would fetch a corkscrew and draw the cork, and they might drink like gentlemen, but that if the neck of another bottle should be broken, she would lay the man that broke it flat with her shovel. Upon tasting the liquor they decided that if gentlemen loved a bitter beverage, that they might keep it.

Understanding from that conversation of the party that they intended to take with them in their retreat a very fine gray mare that was in the stable, which she had been in the habit of riding, she left the house and immediately sought the steed. Before the insurgents were apprised of her intention she led the animal to a gate that opened upon the street, stripped off the halter, and by a blow with it incited the mare to a degree of speed that soon put her out of danger from the pursuit of the marauders.

Through all her life she had an air of command which gave her a degree of dignity, and her determined and resolute character and her superior experience, energy, skill and sagacity gave her distinction, though she claimed no pre-eminence above others. She could neither read nor write yet she supported a large family of grandchildren and their descendants by her extreme industry and economy. She was universally beloved and esteemed, and though so aged at the time of her death, was greatly lamented. ■■■■

GENEALOGY OF THE RICHMOND FAMILY

The genealogy of the Richmond family, for many years one of the most prominent in Adams, dates back to Brittany, France in 1483. There have been six successive generations of John Richmonds in this family. The fifth John settled in Taunton, Mass. in 1748 and removed from there to Cheshire in 1787,

where he deceased in 1797. His residence in Cheshire is still called the "Richmond Lot" and was on the famous old-time "Pork Lane." His son Asa was the father of Ira, Daniel, David and Calvin Richmond of Adams, of whom only Calvin, who is advanced in age, is living. (1901) ■■■■

STATE CENSUS OF MASSACHUSETTS, 1855

LENOX

[Continued from Volume 36, Number 3, Page 108]

216	232	John D. McLaish	6? M		Clergyman C.?	Conn.
		Harriet L. McLaish	5 F			Conn.
		Francis McLaish	2 M			Mass.
		Agnese J. McLaish	1 F			Mass.
		William Hauley	16 M		Laborer	Ireland
217	235	Samuel Backus	78 M	B	Laborer	N.Y.
		Lana Backus	65 F			Conn.
218	234	John Hotchkin	61 M		Clergyman C.	Conn.
		Fanny G. Hotchkin	59 F			Conn.
		Fanny Hotchkin	24 F			Mass.
		Mary L. Hotchkin	21 F			Mass.
		Margaret Flanigan	22 F			Mass.
		Lucy Truesdale	22 F			N.Y.
		Harriet Truesdale	16 F			Ill.
		George Egleston	12 M			N.Y.
219	235	Lucy Osborn	73 F			Conn.
		Irena Osborn	48 F			Mass.
220	236	Elijah W. Stevens	46 M		Farmer	Mass.
		Julia Stevens	45 F			Mass.
		George D. Stevens	7 M			Mass.
	237	Lydia Curtiss	68 F			Conn.
221	238	Miriam Williams	80 F			Mass.
		Susan Williams	65 F			Mass.
		Eliza Williams	49 F			Mass.
222	239	James Ward	39 M		Carpenter	Mass.
		Mary J. Ward	28 F			N.Y.
		Eliza A. Ward	9 F			Mass.
		Lydia Ward	8 F			Mass.
		Morey Ward	6 M			Mass.
		Sarah Ward	4 F			Mass.
		Anna Ward	2 F			Mass.
223	240	Huldah Sparkes	51 F			Mass.
		John T. Sparkes	26 M		Laborer	Mass.
224	241	Edward Matnen?	38 M	B	Laborer	N.Y.
		Deanna Matnen?	40 F	B		N.Y.
		Mary C. Bakeman	17 F	B		Mass.
		William H. Bakeman	13 M	B		Mass.
225	242	Lydia Neven	21 F	B		Mass.
		Samuel Neven	28 M	B		N.Y.
		Charles H.? Neven	4 M	B		Mass.
		John Neven	2 M	B		Mass.
226	243	Mary Houghtaling	34 F	M		N.Y.
		Henryetta Cambell	31 F	M		N.Y.
		Emely Cambell	4 F	M		N.Y.
227	244	John Preine?	48 M	B		N.Y.
		Jane Preine?	51 F	B		N.Y.
228	245	C. C. P. Perry	47 M		Farmer	Mass.
		Delia S.? Perry	46 F			Mass.
		Charles W. Perry	23 M		Butcher	Mass.

Lenox, 1855 Census

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		Charlotte A. Perry	16 F		Mass.
		Frances Perry	13 F		Mass.
		Mariah Perry	11 F		Mass.
		Hariet C. Perry	8 F		Mass.
		Allace A. Perry	4 F		Mass.
		Charlotte Gale Perry	71 F		Mass.
		Edwin W. Gale	24 M	Butcher	Mass.
		Daniel Glavens	38 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Thomas Cary	28 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Hannah Perry	23 F		Mass.
		George B. Perry	18 M	Clerk	Mass.
229	246	Edward Spencer	35 M	Sadler	Ireland
		Mary Spencer	32 F		Ireland
		William Spencer	3 M		Mass.
230	247	Peter Brooks	35 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Mary Brooks	39 F		Ireland
		William Brooks	3 M		Mass.
		Mary A. Brooks	1 F		Mass.
		John Hogan	32 M	Laborer	Ireland
231	248	Charles Bangs	45 M	Farmer	Ireland
		Aden T.? Bangs	41 F		Mass.
		Charles G. Bangs	21 M	Farmer	Mass.
		Sarah Bangs	18 F		Ireland
		Susan Bangs	18 F		Ireland
		Edwin E. Bangs	7 M		Ireland
232	249	Levi Butler	57 M	Farmer	Ireland
		Nancy Butler	55 F		Ireland
		John Butler	19 M	Farmer	Ireland
		Sarah Elendorph	19 F		Ireland
		Luther Sears	81 M	Farmer	Ireland
		Anna Sears	77 F		Ireland
		John Mahona	12 M		Ireland
233	250	Levi Horton	80 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Launy? Horton	71 F		Ireland
		Phebe Mulken?	61 F		Ireland
234	251	Henry Brown	23 M	Laborer	Conn.
		Sarah Brown	29 F		Mass.
		Alexander Brown	7 M		Mass.
		Henry Brown	4 M		Mass.
		John Brown	2 M		Mass.
		Charles Brown	1 M		Mass.
235	252	Michael Slaterly	38 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Mary Slaterly	38 F		Ireland
		William Slaterly	7 M		Ireland
		Michael Slaterly	4 M		Ireland
		Ellen Slaterly	1 F		Mass.
		Owen Broderick	38 M	Laborer	Ireland
236	253	Michael Glavel	31 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Eliza Glavel	21 F		Ireland
		Thomas Congen	21 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Daniel Conney	31 M	Laborer	Ireland
237	254	Lawrence Cummings	32 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Bridget Cummings	28 F		Ireland
		Patrick Cummings	11 M		Ireland

		Thomas Cummings	4 M		Ireland
		James Cummings	1 M		Ireland
		James Mackey	11 M		Mass.
		Timothy Mackey	8 M		Mass.
		Mary Mackey	12 F		Mass.
238	255	James Babcock	75 M	Farmer	R.I.
		Mary Babcock	71 F		Conn.
		James Babcock	32 M	Farmer	Mass.
		John Babcock	31 M	Farmer	Mass.
239	256	Daniel Barnes	52 M	Farmer	Conn.
		Polly Barnes	56 F		Conn.
	257	Luthur Butler	32 M	Farmer	Mass.
		Julia Butler	32 F		Mass.
		Marshall Butler	10 M		Mass.
		Anna S. Butler	4 F		Mass.
		Charles Patterson	44 M	Laborer	Conn.
		Fanny Cooper	18 F		Mass.
240	258	Mathew Godson	45 M	Farmer	Ireland
		Catherine Godson	34 F		Ireland
		John Godson	14 M		Mass.
		Mary Godson	13 F		Mass.
		James Godson	11 M		Mass.
		Hannah Godson	9 F		Mass.
		Allace Godson	5 F		Mass.
		Richard Hogant	51 M	Laborer	Mass.
		Daniel Conner	38 M	Laborer	Mass.
		Johanna Godson	3 F		Mass.
241	259	Hannah Pieters?	58 F B		Mass.
		Mary Pieters?	36 F B		Mass.
		Charles Pieters?	41 M B	Laborer	Mass.
		Henrietta Pieters?	35 F B	Laborer	Mass.
		George G. Pieters?	25 M B	Laborer	Mass.
		Henry Pieters?	23 M B	Laborer	Mass.
		George G. Pieters? Jr.	10 M B		Mass.
		Edwin G.? Pieters?	3 M B		Mass.
		Johanna Pieters?	2 F B		Mass.
		Roda Y. Pieters?	13 F B		Mass.
242	260	Michael Green	35 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Bridget Green	26 F		Ireland
		Mary Green	3 F		Mass.
		Catharine Green	2 F		Mass.
		James Green	1 M		Mass.
243	261	Peter Peters	58 M B	Laborer	N.Y.
		Dianna Peters	41 F B		N.Y.
244	262	Martha Michael	49 F B		Mass.
		Alford Michael	10 M B		Mass.
245	263	Peter Prime	56 M B	Laborer	N.Y.
		Anna Prime	52 F B		N.Y.
		August Prime	51 M B	Laborer	N.Y.
		Hanna Prime	41 F B		N.Y.
246	264	Henrietta Fletcher	45 F B		N.Y.
		Hellen M. Fletcher	21 F B		Mass.
		Emely Fletcher	17 F B		Mass.
		Charles Fletcher	15 M B		Mass.

		Anna M. Fletcher	13	F	B		Mass.
		Gonnicia? Fletcher	11	F	B		Mass.
		Mary Fletcher	9	F	B		Mass.
		Sarah Fletcher	7	F	B		Mass.
247	265	Betsey Humphrey	83	F	B		Mass.
		Jane Van Allen	22	F	B		Mass.
		Henry Van Allen	19	M	M	Laborer	Mass.
		Gilbert Van Allen	29	M	M	Laborer	Mass.
248	266	Samuel Wever	24	M	B	Laborer	N.Y.
		Lydia Wever	24	F	B		N.Y.
		Charles Wever	6	M	B		Mass.
		John Wever	3	M	B		Mass.
249	267	John Peters	29	M	B	Laborer	Mass.
		Sarah M. Peters	25	F	B		Mass.
		Charlotte M. Wever	6	F	B		Mass.
250	268	Sylvanus Bourn	65	M		Farmer	Mass.
		Mary Bourn	59	F			Mass.
		Elsea Bourn	19	F			Mass.
		Catharine Bourn	18	F			Mass.
		Margarett Bourn	16	F			Mass.
251	269	Thomas Burk	45	M		Laborer	Ireland
		Nelley Burk	36	F		Laborer	Ireland
		Michael Moricy	38	M		Laborer	Ireland
252	270	John A. Hibberd	31	M		Cooper	Mass.
		Mary Hibberd	31	F			Mass.
		Mary Heberd	75	F			Mass.
		Allace Heberd	6	F			Mass.
		John Heberd	3	M			Mass.
253	271	Thomas Abbott	30	M		Laborer	Ireland
		Eliza Abbott	30	F			Ireland
		Adaline Abbott	3	F			Mass.
254	272	Michael Crowley	35	M		Laborer	Ireland
		Barbary Crowley	30	F			Scotland
		Mary Crowley	4	F			Mass.
	273	Patrick Moore	31	M		Laborer	Ireland
		Mary Moore	31	F			Ireland
		Margaret? Moore	1	F			Mass.
255	274	Jacob? Babcock	69	M		Hatter	Mass.
		Polly Babcock	63	F			Mass.
		Collins H. Babcock	26	M		Carpenter	Mass.
		Julia G.? Babcock	41	F			Mass.
256	275	Thomas? Jenny	86	M		Carpenter	Mass.
		Thomas? Jenny Jr.	57	M		Carpenter	N.H.
		Bethesda Jenny	52	F			N.H.
		Thomas N. Jenny	24	M		Farmer	Mass.
		Erving Jenny	9	M			Mass.
257	276	Jane Jennie	35	F			Mass.
		William Jennie	35	M			Mass.
		Jane Jennie	9	F			Mass.
		Emely Jennie	6	F			Mass.
258	277	Nancy Davis	55	F			Mass.
		Hester Davis	19	F			Mass.

(Continued on page 144)

NEHEMIAH HODGE - A BERKSHIRE INVENTIVE KING

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

To the inventive genius of northern Berkshire, though such was unrewarded and struggled forward to the end suffering great deprivations, hardships and almost poverty, the whole world is today indebted for the pneumatic brake now in use on all the railways on both hemispheres and so important to the convenience of steam and electric railway travel and safety. In 1852 there was not a railway in the United States or the world which was supplied with any appliance which could be brought to bear to check the speed of locomotion except upon a single truck of four wheels, and this had to be applied by one man with a brake wheel at each end of a passenger coach or freight car.

The first invention of an eight wheel brake, whose applications at one end of a car would operate upon the two trucks of eight wheels thereof, was made by one Tanner, which was followed in 1850 by that of Nehemiah Hodge, a talented lawyer and born mechanic of North Adams, then by an invention of one Stevens of Vermont, and lastly by a device patented by William Hall of North Adams, who with his two sons, William and Alfred, had great inventive genius and skill and who had greatly aided Hodge in the preparation of his models. This patent of Hall is still to be seen at North Adams and has for its witnesses or vouchers the signatures of Dr. Elihu S. Hawkes and Mayor Lorenzo Rice attached thereto. Nehemiah Hodge, a talented man and of fine presence, pushed his double acting brake invention by visiting all the prominent railroad officials in the country and urging upon the same the claims of his discovery, but none of these would listen to him, perhaps for their early want of capital, and as it afterwards resulted, in th especial hope to obtain the use of this great improvement without pecuniary expense to themselves and their companies.

It was a Maine railroad which placed the Hodge invention on one or two of its cars without consulting the owner of the patent, and was sued by the latter, who obtained a judgment against this company in 1850, recovering a small sum for this infringement. Soon after through a misunderstanding with

an agent, Hodge was involved in a Western lawsuit for the alleged building of an infernal machine, but was acquitted by Judge Van Buren of Chicago on a flaw in the indictment, this occurrence having been the great misfortune of his life. That this happening was a matter of triumph to railroads who hoped to avail themselves of the result of his invention, is a matter of undisputed record. At this juncture Hodge discovered that neither the Tanner, Hall or his own invention of double acting brakes possessed the mechanical power to bring an even pressure on eight wheels at one and the same instant, but that this important feature was covered in the Stevens patent. Hodge, who was a shrewd lawyer, at once saw that he had not in his own brake the necessary mechanism embraced in the other patents of this character, and set to work and secured a reissue of his own patent, embodying in the same all the valuable devices in the other inventions, and thus secured to himself and for his patent equal pressure on eight wheels at the instant of the application of his brake. But after this, and when the field was clear for his valuable improvement to become of use in the manipulation of railway trains, no corporation would adopt the same which had cost him so much thought, time, labor, patience, expense and deprivation.

In the long interval Hodge, with the Hall boys as his helpers, continued to invent and make models with the view of still further perfecting his valuable invention. While doing this, Nehemiah Hodge conceived the idea of a pneumatic brake, the first model of which was built by his helper, William Hall. Having no money to spare he would have made Hall a partner in this wonderful invention, but neither he nor the latter had the remotest idea of the ultimate value of this discovery, which was made in a little private workshop in the rear of the old Hall homestead on Holden street. Mr. Hodge, just before his sudden death in the Cooley Hotel in Springfield, December 13, 1864, of heart disease, at the age of 54 years, obtained a patent on this first pneumatic brake ever invented, and though tested on several pas-

senger cars it was never sold to a railroad corporation. This was what was called a pressure brake, the air being pumped into a cylinder to feed the brake machinery up to a pressure sufficient to bring the eight wheels to a simultaneous halt, and not a vacuum pressure brake as used on all roads of today, the same principle of mechanism being however involved in both.

A year after his father's death, or in 1865, his son, Abbott Hodge, took the models and patents of the former to New York and sold the eight wheel and pneumatic brake rights to the Westinghouse Company, and tradition has it that he received but \$1,000 for the same. The double of eight wheel brake machinery of the original Hodge invention is in use on all the railways of the world today, the only change in the original Hodge patent being the method of applying it by vacuum pressure instead of by direct pressure. Westinghouse at once secured an additional patent for working the Hodge brake by exhausted instead of by forced air and compelled all the railways on both hemispheres to adopt it, this pneumatic power now being applied by steam to trains direct from locomotives. This the life-work of a poor Berkshire lawyer, having great mechanical and inventive skill locked up in his brain, and the legal shrewdness to adopt the important devices of other inventors into his own discovery to perfect in all its parts, has been rewarded by a paltry \$1,000 obtained by his son and heir, while the railroads of the world have been furnished with a means of safety and economy in management of untold value and its later owners profited by millions on millions of dollars.

Though neither Hodge nor Hall ever realized a single cent from the great invention they gave to the world, yet it was born in the brains of mechanical genius of the Greylock and Hoosac mountains and adds still another fadeless laurel to the brows of the sons of Berkshire county who have not lived in vain, though the world instead of themselves has reaped the benefits of their courageous toil and struggles. Before his death, with the help of William Hall, now living at advanced age in North Adams, and a gentleman of signal mechanical ability, in which he has made a proud mark in many of the states of the Union, Mr. Hodge invented a machine

for pumping water from the holds of ships by the motion of these vessels, as also a paper car wheel which has since come into general use.

Nehemiah Hodge was the fifth lawyer in North Adams, was of a notable pioneer family in that then village, and commenced practice in 1831. He was a master legal mind in the conduct of civil and criminal cases, and of great shrewdness and skill in the practice of all branches of his profession. He was fully six feet in height, of a masterful and commanding presence, of wonderful power in literary and political debate and argument, and could fairly hypnotize a judge, jury of any assembly gathered for literary, political or legal purposes, with his wonderful mastery of language, fact and evidence, combined with an oratorical power which in his time made him the one man eloquent in all Northern Berkshire. It is now remembered that after struggling on industriously for a while in law practice, then not very remunerative, he would suddenly almost disappear from the courts and after a while appear therein again, as though forced by the necessity of obtaining provisions for his family to resume his labors therein. Besides that, on these reappearances, he evidently lost his credit at the village stores, until he could obtain a few law fees, he was so short of funds that he had to resort to all manner of expedients to provide himself with life necessities. Of course the citizenship of that period, which considered itself fortunate to secure his professional services when becoming entangled in legal difficulties, and who flocked together in great crowds when perchance he made frequent addresses on political, legal or literary occasions to listen to his convincing arguments as they came flowing in a torrent of silver tongued and electrifying eloquence from his lips, had nothing but the severest criticism for a man who evidently so grossly shirked his wonderful professional advantages.

It was universally admitted at that period that if Nehemiah Hodge would but follow up his professional career the way was open to him not only to become eminent as a lawyer in the Commonwealth, but to an appointment to a judgeship in its highest courts, and that his political prospects could not fall short of giving him congressional or gubernatorial

honors, to say the least. At this late day it comes to light that this great mind in Northern Berkshire in the first half of the past century was thoroughly misunderstood by its people. That added to his intellectual and legal intelligence, his wonderful gift as a reasoner and legal mind, and as an orator second to none to which this county has ever given birth, that his predominating and overmastering mental gifts were invention and mechanism combined. That the inventive blood and brain which had in addition to his other great mental gifts come to him as an ancestral heritage dominated his other facilities to an extent to prevent him as a lawyer, statesman, orator, philosopher, reasoner and as a political star grasping the frame and emoluments sure to come to him from the possession of such, to wrestle with vexed mechanical problems which caused him to endure poverty, disappointment and almost the loss of high character and reputation to give to mankind the invention so invaluable in the life of swift locomotion and travel, now that the generations of the earth almost dwell above the swift revolving wheels, the pneumatic brake and its method of application go down to his final rest under a cloud of

disappointment and unjust criticism, both unhonored and unsung. It hardly seems necessary after recounting this great and grand achievement in invention of Nehemiah Hodge and the adversities and disappointments encountered by him in accomplishing this, his life task, to add that this strong man both mentally and physically having a love for his profession and for all intellectual, political and social pursuits in which he was the peer of all his associates in the county of Berkshire, like a veritable slave shut himself up with a skilled mechanic in a small work-room in his barn in the rear of his little home on Church street, North Adams, the latter a wonderful den of a modern genii, gave himself up to thought, experiment, model construction and artisanship, while a thoughtless, careless neighborhood, (except perhaps one of two loyal and sympathizing neighbors in the persons of Rev. Miles Sanford and Dr. Henry P. Phillips), knew not the inspiration of the genius of this toiling benefactor of his race, never to be regarded for his great work excepting by the pen of a local historian long after his body had returned to dust and his soul to God. ■■■■

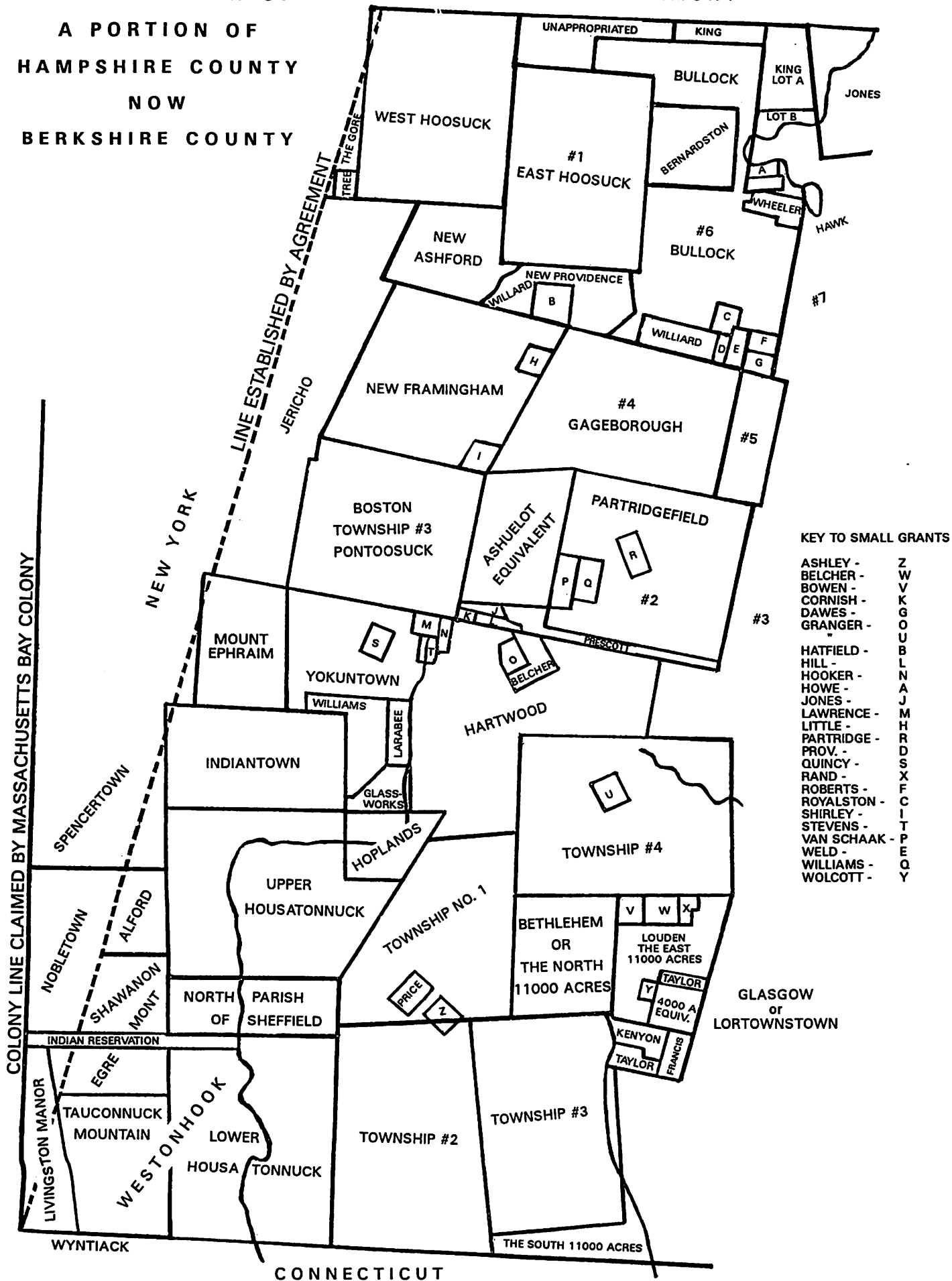
Census - from page 141

258	277	Elizabeth Davis	13	F		Mass.
	278	William Davis	25	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Olive M. Davis	23	F		Mass.
		George Davis	19	M	Farmer	Mass.
		William Davis	28	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Henry Flint	12	M		Mass.
		Susan Flint	12	F		Mass.
259	279	Y.? P. Sears	51	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Margaret Sears	46	F		Mass.
		Ann A. Sears	22	F		Mass.
		John Sears	18	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Marshia Sears	15	F		Mass.
		Michael Broderick	20	M		Mass.
		Edwin Nickerson	25	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Loisa Nickerson	13	F		Mass.
260	280	Patrick Morison	35	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Loisa Morison	38	F		Ireland
		John Morison	8	M		Mass.
		James Morison	6	M		Mass.
		Richard Morison	4	M		Mass.

(To be continued)

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