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BERKSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY ASSOCIATION, INC.

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

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

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BERKSHIRE GENEALOGIST

Donald L. Lutes, Jr.
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A PENSIONER OF THE WAR OF 1812

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

Andrew Jeremiah Whitehorn Vincent of Lanesborough - A man with such a concatenation of names ought to accomplish something in the world, and this man did. About the years 1848-50 a widow, Mrs. Williams, a native of Pittsfield, returned from Georgia, where her husband, a stone mason by trade, had lately died. She brought a child, named Georgiana, who at a very early age showed symptoms of rickets, that eventually made her a hunch-backed cripple. Mrs. Williams went to work in what was then Plunkett's factory to support herself and child.

There was a fashion among the Methodists of holding neighborhood prayer meetings, and an itinerant exhorter, Vincent, chanced to attend one, he was much interested in the widow, and just at that juncture an effort had been made in Congress to secure pensions for the soldiers of the war of 1812, and it had also been proposed that back-pay should be given them. How much real patriotism, and how much buncombe for home consumption was put into these efforts is not known, and the effort at that time failed; but it had awakened hope in many bosoms, and the veterans saw many golden visions. Vincent was *sure* the Bill would pass, and on the strength of that expectation, he wooed and won the Widow Williams.

In a short time after their marriage, he was stricken with paralysis, and she found herself without the expected money, and with a helpless husband added to her burden. He did not survive many years, and several years later a Bill was passed to pension the 1812 veterans, but it carried no back pay. Vincent had left his discharge papers and his evidences of Masonic membership to his wife. She availed herself of the last to the extent of their limitations, and then bethought her of the pension. She applied to Mr. Thomas F. Plunkett, then on his death bed, for aid. He told her that Mr. Dawes was the proper person to apply to, and that it was necessary to know to what regiment her husband belonged. In hearing her relate the story to him I heard her say that the Colonel of his regiment was named Ripley - and such a Colonel had married a very beautiful daughter of Parson Allen.

The papers containing these facts were laid

on a center table in the parlor, to be examined and exploited "for all it was worth" the next day. When I came to look for it this paper had vanished, but so certain was I that it ought to be found in that room, that I even shook open a multitude of books under the delusion that it had secreted itself in one of them - but in vain. The only clues now left was the name of Colonel Ripley, who had commanded a Berkshire regiment, and the fact that he had lived in Lanesborough - and the soldier's singular name. Remembering that now and again during the civil war, men joined passing regiments, and therefore were not credited to Berkshire, recourse was had to the files of the Pittsfield Sun - and a patient search revealed the fact that a regiment under Colonel Ripley had marched from Cambridge, Mass., *en route* to Albany, and had halted at Pittsfield and had stopped on the Cantonment Ground to rest and pick up whatever recruits could be secured. The number of the regiment was given, and armed with this and the Colonel's name, Mr. Dawes set a clerk at work in Washington, who after three weeks of researching the Pension Records found Andrew Jeremiah Whitehorn Vincent, and the widow soon received the pension, which helped her to care for her invalid child as long as she lived, and also buried herself, after being killed in an accident in Harlem, N.Y.

But meanwhile where was that discharge paper? After many years it came to light as follows: Mr. Edward Boltwood was living in the Plunkett family at the time of its loss, and he had occasion to examine a large number of papers belonging to the estate of a deceased brother, and for the sake of an uninterrupted opportunity he went into the parlor and sat at the table, and at the end of his examination gathered up this discharge paper without realizing that it did not belong to him; and years after his death, when searching for some record among his papers, the "Discharge" came forth.

Perhaps you would like to know for what valiant services this pension was given. It seems that "Andrew was a teamster, and in going down hill, stepped on a rolling stone and sprained the calf of his leg and was lame ever after" - so said the widow. - H. M. Plunkett.

FAMILY HISTORY OF THE REVEREND BENJAMIN JUDD

By Frank F. Judd, Ph.D.

[Continued from Volume 37, Number 1, Page 14]

As we have seen in previous segments, Rev. Benjamin Judd had made the jump from Congregationalism to Presbyterianism and back again with apparent ease. While the doctrine he was expected to preach on Sunday may not have been totally different between the two denominations, the governing principles he was expected to impose on his flock could have been a stumbling block. The details of administration between the early nineteenth century Presbyterian and Congregational Churches were not so extraordinarily different that Benjamin Judd should have found himself totally out of place, yet they may have been enough of a distraction that he found it difficult to manage the two. The most significant differences were as follows:

- 1) A fundamental difference existed in church government. "In Presbytery the people have no voice. Every church-act, in the way of government, is performed by a few to whose judgment and will the many are subject. No one church can manage its own affairs,—they are all managed for them, and, if aggrieved, they have only an appeal, which may be carried to a distant court, and be judged of to a great disadvantage." [75] Whereas, in the Congregational Church local church government rests with the members of the local church.

- 2) A Congregational Church, "hath power over every one of its members to retain or to cast out. Presbytery transfers this same power to a representative court of review, composed of the pastors and elders of several congregations: nor does it allow of the actual exercise of this power by any particular church in its members, but only in its officers." [76]

- 3) "... when a man enters the Presbyterian church, he voluntarily chooses to yield obedience to the several judicatories that overhang him;—and one thing more, he can choose a new elder, if one should chance to die, or he can petition for leave to call a pastor—and then submit. But as he enters the Congregational church, he appears in his own personal dignity—free to use mind, and heart, and voice, and vote on all questions that do or can affect either the faith or the well-being of himself or his fellows." [77]

These are certainly not all the differences between the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches, but they serve to illustrate the sort of environment in which Rev. Benjamin Judd found himself as he began his new ministry. One can also see that these differences may have set Benjamin at a disadvantage from the very beginning. Together with what we know about Benjamin's personality and temperament, the fact that he now would be expected to be more

[75] "A Comparative View of the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Independent Forms of Church Government," By Joseph Turnbull, Published by T. Hamilton, London, 1821, Page 68.

[76] "A Comparative View of the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Independent Forms of Church Government," Page 96.

[77] "The Relative Character and Merits of the Congregational and Presbyterian Systems," Page 706.

tolerant of the member's will in his congregation would likely prove to be a stumbling block for him. He had for nearly fifteen years been operating under the expectations of the Presbyterian Church, and now he was entering once again an ecclesiastical environment where he would be under closer scrutiny by his laity.

Linda Hocking, Archivist for the Litchfield Historical Society, indicates that Benjamin Judd served the pulpit of the Milton Congregational Church during the period when the Church's name was changed several times. She points out that, "The Milton Congregational Church was known originally as the Third Society of Litchfield. It became the Milton Ecclesiastical Society in 1795, the Milton Congregational Presbyterian Church in 1798, and was incorporated as the Milton Congregational Church in 1898" [78]. Therefore, while Rev. Benjamin Judd filled the pulpit of this church, it claimed both a Congregational and a Presbyterian connection.

There is no doubt that Rev. Benjamin Judd needed to be more than a minister and preacher of God's word. If he was to accumulate an estate for his descendants he would also need to have some business sense as well. The Litchfield County historian, Arthur Goodenough, gives us an interesting insight into these matters regarding minister in that county.

"Ministers at their ordination were usually given what was called a settlement, a lump sum paid in advance to enable the pastor to own a house and farm. Hence he was expected to be a farmer, whose land was tilled mainly by servants under his oversight, or that of his wife if she were better fitted for the management of worldly affairs than her husband, as was sometimes the case. . . Business abilities of a high order were needed, and a good deal besides books and theology came in the way of the eighteenth-century clergy." [79]

The opening of the nineteenth century saw the beginnings of a number of changes in not only the theology, but also the liturgy of Connecticut churches. There is no doubt that Rev. Benjamin Judd was involved in these changes, and possibly they created a strain on how he thought to manage his ministry in Milton.

"There was little manifest change in the position and work of the clergy of Litchfield County until about 1800, and until that time there was a general agreement in theological belief, . . . [However], For the next sixty years many influences combined to work great and continuous changes. First of all was the readjustment of the Calvinistic theology. Calvinism had long been an accepted theory, but it had probably never been used as the staple in preaching as constantly and thoroughly as in the eighteenth-century preaching of this county. It naturally aroused much opposition and unbelief among men outside the church, but in the Congregational churches it had its own way." [80]

[78] Personal communication from Linda Hocking, Archivist of the Litchfield Historical Society, to Mr. Richard Major, Archivist at the Pound Ridge Historical Society Museum, 16 February 2006. This letter is in the possession of Mr. Richard Major at the Pound Ridge Historical Society Museum, Pound Ridge, New York.

[79] "The Clergy of Litchfield County," Pages 24-25.

[80] "The Clergy of Litchfield County," Page 65.

The tax-paying public was becoming tired of being compelled to pay for the maintenance of every minister in their community. Benjamin would have seen the continued development of these attitudes, although such taxation did not get completely repealed until 1818. The effect of this movement was not just about paying less tax. The resulting separation of church and state had the significant effect of depriving many clergy of their secular authority. This may have been a constant source of stress for Benjamin in those years just following the turn of the century.

Moreover, Rev. Benjamin Judd would have observed a number of changes in church liturgy during his service at the Milton Congregational Church as well. "About 1800, prayer-meetings began to be organized among the people, and a new activity was aroused in the lay element, which formerly had for the most part been silent. In a few years church prayer-meetings on Friday afternoons became customary" [81]. Although not coming into full fruition until well after 1810, Benjamin may also have seen the rise of his parishioners' sentiment for temperance and the need for an organized Sunday School. It is clear that the involvement of the lay members of most churches in Litchfield County was being felt in ways hitherto unforeseen.

In all likelihood Rev. Benjamin Judd's ministry started amicably enough, as it did in other churches he served. However, once again it apparently did not take long before he was embroiled in one controversy after another. Mrs. Orcelia B. Winn, historian at the current Milton Congregational Church, indicates that there are more negative remarks about Rev. Benjamin Judd than positive in the church records. She reports that . . .

"Mr. Judd was the first minister hired by our church, Milton Congregational Church, in Litchfield. He was hired in May 1802 and dismissed in October 1804. The reasons given for dismissal were 'lascivious carriage' and 'falsifying the truth,' admitting his guilt and later denying it. He was also charged that he 'behaved very unbecoming' in remarks he made against the church. This was the summation of an Ecclesiastical Council convened at the home of Nathan Bassett in Milton in October 1804 with Rev. Peter Starr of Goshen as moderator and with representatives from churches in the Litchfield area." [82]

Moreover, Mrs. Orcelia Winn also reports that her research in the records of the Milton Congregational revealed that . . .

"In the history written for the 100th anniversary of the church in 1898 by its pastor then, it is recorded that Mr. Judd's dismissal was because '--the Society was unable to raise his salary'. It was also noted that 'The first pastor was Benjamin Judd, who was installed May 19th, 1802. It is hard to say what sort of man this first shepherd of the flock was. As one studies the records and tries to read between the lines, he cannot but feel that Mr.

[81] "The Clergy of Litchfield County," Page 68.

[82] Personal communication from Mrs. Orcelia B. Winn, historian at the current Milton Congregational Church, to Mr. Richard Major, Archivist at the Pound Ridge Historical Society Museum, 21 February 2006. This letter is in the possession of Mr. Richard Major at the Pound Ridge Historical Society Museum, Pound Ridge, New York.

Judd was too much influenced by the sectarian spirit of his day--He served the Church two years--Mr. Judd was dismissed in 1804 because the Society was unable to raise his salary'. These words were echoed by Mercy I. Birge in her history written for the 150th anniversary in 1948. Another short history mentions that Mr. Judd 'was rather outspoken, causing some dissention within the church' and attributed his dismissal to lack of funds 'perhaps because earlier funds were lost through imprudent conduct'." [82]

Possibly it can be said of Benjamin Judd that he showed great character in continuing his service in spite of not receiving his wages as promptly as promised when he was hired. In fact, a congregation's being late in the payment of their Pastor was not such an uncommon problem in those days. Yet, one is disappointed that this opportunity to serve was once again cut short by a lack of patience on both sides. Mrs. Orcelia Winn concludes by saying that, "This must have been quite an event at that time in our village. Fortunately, it has never been repeated." [82]

There seems to be some feeling that Rev. Benjamin Judd may have been completely embarrassed by this affair in Milton. Following his dismissal in 1804, he appears to take his family and seems to retreat into New York. There is an 1810 Federal Census record for the community of Lorraine in Jefferson County, New York, which places a Benjamin Judd family there with one male over forty-five years of age, and one female over forty-five years. This census record seems to be a close match for Rev. Benjamin Judd's family, but while one suspects that this may be his family, it has not been confirmed.

Then, in 1820 the Federal Census shows a Benjamin Judd family, with no children, but one male over forty-five years of age and one female over forty-five, living in Bainbridge, Chenango, New York. It is highly suspected that this is indeed our Benjamin Judd, for just across the Susquehanna River is Delaware County where two of his married daughters found their husbands. However, by 1825 the New York State Census record for Yates County shows Benjamin and Sybil alone in Jerusalem Township, just west of Penn Yan.

The New England Judd-family historian, Sylvester Judd, provides some small amount of additional information about Rev. Benjamin Judd. "He preached in various places, and was installed pastor of Milton Society in Litchfield, May, 1802, and dismissed Oct., 1804. He subsequently removed to Yates Co., N. Y., and became a Baptist." [83] That Rev. Benjamin Judd indeed became a Baptist after 1804 is not supported by any evidence yet found by the author. However, such an idea may be true since by 1804 he likely had become somewhat disenchanted with both Congregationalism and Presbyterianism. Moreover, while it may be true tenaciously held, than the points of agreement." [84] Yet, one could imagine that Rev. Benjamin Judd may very well have come to the point in his professional career where a change

[82] Personal communication from Mrs. Orcelia B. Winn, historian at the current Milton Congregational Church, to Mr. Richard Major, Archivist at the Pound Ridge Historical Society Museum, 21 February 2006. This letter is in the possession of Mr. Richard Major at the Pound Ridge Historical Society Museum, Pound Ridge, New York.

[83] "Thomas Judd and His Descendants," Page 43.

that in the early nineteenth century the Baptist Churches in rural New York were Congregational in polity, "But the points of difference have proved to be stronger, and have been more to the Baptist faith may have been more palatable to him than remaining in a faith in which he had had so much trouble forging a lasting occupation.

A diligent search of the early nineteenth century records of the New York Baptist Church, held at the American Baptist Historical Society in Atlanta, Georgia, did not produce any evidence of Rev. Benjamin Judd's membership in that Church. However, the archivist, Betty J. Layton, points out that, "I see no indication that Rev. Judd was affiliated with a Baptist congregation as either a minister or missionary. During the early nineteenth century, Baptist congregations were quite small and clustered only here and there throughout the state. I am sorry that we could not be of assistance, but also note that this is a very difficult period for research in Baptist materials." [85]

(To be continued)

[84] "The Religious History of New England," from the King's Chapel Lectures, published by the Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1917, Pages 16-17.

[85] Personal communication from Betty J. Layton, Archivist, American Baptist Society, Atlanta, Georgia, 16 March 2010.

SCOTT FULLER OF NORTH ADAMS

From The Berkshire Hills, May 1, 1902.

An eccentric character in North Adams half a century ago was old Scott Fuller, whose unpoised brain was full of strange hallucinations and whose harmless insane pranks while causing much merriment among citizens at that time, also brought out a good deal of sympathy for his sad infirmities. Of course, as he moved about the village he went poorly clad and exhibited a great fondness for wearing a white stove-pipe hat, as it was called, no matter how worn or battered it might be. He was firmly and stoutly built, was quiet, faithful and industrious and worked on like a patient ox beside other farm laborers, with whom he managed to keep on good terms, though when not excited he was very taciturn, unsociable and uncompanionable.

No one seemed to have knowledge whether poor old Scott's mind had been beclouded from birth, or whether it had been unhinged from other causes, which have strongly raised havoc with the human brain from both mental and physical ills all down through the years without respect to persons or positions in life. Scott was born on the old Fuller farm in the Notch, at the southeastern base of Saddleback mountain, which locality was famous in the olden time for its wealth of wild strawberries and goodly crop of rattlesnakes. In later life, however, he lived alone in a log cabin up in the wilderness of Bear Swamp, going out at day's work among the farmers, and when such occupation was scarce, seeking the village in quest of small jobs, chores and shoveling, and such were held back for him by those who never forgot his necessities.

When about sixty years of age, with an old white hat upon his perspiring brow, the top of which was flapping about in time with his vigorous movements, he was swinging his scythe one hot July noonday with a gang of sturdy mowers on a hillside meadow in Clarksburg which overlooked the village of North Adams and the valley to the south. Just as the gang were about to lay down their implements for dinner, the leader on the front or outside swath cut in twain with his scythe

a big brown paper nest of that most belligerent of the winged insect family, known as the black-headed wasp. Of course the wasps charged furiously upon the mowers, who soon discovered that besides the single nest disturbed there was a large colony of the black wasp family in that vicinity, every member of whom had joined issue to drive the invaders from the locality. Upon this the whole gang threw down their scythes and pitchforks and made a wild break for a place of safety, with the single exception of brave old Scott. He, however, kept right on with his swath, having commenced singing the grand old hymn, "Rock of Ages," in a loud, hoarse voice, while the cloud of maddened insects, through whose dwellings he had ruthlessly cut his way charged upon him in a cloud. So fierce was their attack that his old white hat was knocked from his head and his face and hands at times were covered with them. Yet strange to relate he came off from his exploit without a single sting, and said, "those critters never does hurt me when I am singing the Lord's music to them." Really his escape from injury seemed to be a miracle to those who witnessed the feat, and all appeared to be awed at the behavior of these greatly incensed and venomous bees, who thus spared from harm the victim of a mind diseased.

Scott Fuller had often been heard, while standing on the banks of Hoosac river, to say that he believed he could walk upon the water like the Master when he rescued the despairing apostle Peter on the Sea of Galilee, and in several wild moods in which he had attempted to do this, he had been rescued with great difficulty. It is evident that this hobby or belief became so strong with him that he finally tried it by stealth in the nighttime with fatal results. One bright summer's morning his body was seen floating in the old Phoenix Mill dam at the foot of Main street, and he was found to be lifeless by the hastily summoned village authorities. That he lost his life in the pursuit of testing this strange fantasy was never doubted.

* * * * *

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN STRANGE LEGEND OF AN INDIAN MAIDEN

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

Dear to the generations which have come and gone as well as to the present who have been born and reared in Southern Berkshire, is Monument Mountain, while it is held in veneration by all in the southern county grand old tier of towns who have adopted the locality for their homes. Rearing its lofty and gray old summit towards the heavens, a weird and wild beauty lingers around this sublime and towering line of ancient rocks. Its bold and frowning front extends one mile and so roughly is it flung together by nature and standing at the same time so perpendicular that a tremendous chill hurries over the body as the awestruck beholder gazes up at it. A few knotty, dwarfish pines are to be seen peering obliquely from the narrow crevices, looking green even among rocks, like hope flourishing on the borders of despair.

The red bolt of the thundercloud, the winds and the power of centuries have torn away many fragments of stone from on high and sent them smoking to the base, where already a long pyramidal line is strung along, quite a mountain in itself. The rear of this place falls off with a gentle slope, which is overshadowed by tall and regal looking trees, whose giant roots have never been broken. It presents a fearful yet magnificent appearance. There is no village near to wake the solemnity of its solitude, and silence is as profound at the sun's meridian as at the hush of midnight. The sun in the first rosy sky flash of the morning drinks in the dew-drops from trees upon its brow, and its last rays, long after twilight has flung its dusky shadow upon the broad valley below, kisses its summit with a farewell greeting as if in benediction over the dying day.

The backward slope of this grand old height was once studded with the wigwams of the Indians, called the Stockbridge tribe, and tradition has handed down many an ambiguous and chilling tale in regard to them. It was an established law among them that when

an Indian committed a deed the penalty of which was death he should plunge himself, or, refusing to do this, be plunged by some one of his tribe over this frightful precipice. Many had been dashed to the rocky vale below, and so high was the spot from where the victims were cast off that it was generally supposed that the rapid descent through the air deprived them of breath and few if any had ever been conscious of anything when they had reached the earth.

A beautiful squaw transgressed by marrying into another tribe, and the penalty for such offense was and ever had been death. She was well aware what her fate would be previous to her sealing it, but it did not restrain her. She disobeyed, and nothing could atone but the full extent of the law. Although she had courage sufficient to face death in marrying, she did not feel willing to sacrifice herself according to the mandate, and it therefore developed upon someone to precipitate her over the cloud capped mountain. All her limbs being bound except her hands, she was borne to the verge and launched away with all the stoicism for which the Indians are famous. But here a thing occurred which had never been known before. In her downward flight she came in contact with the long branch of a pine which swung out many feet from the rocks, and, grasping it with the clutch of death, succeeded in breaking the force she had attained, and remained holding fast, suspended between the top and base of the mountain.

There she hung at the mercy of a slender branch, without even the hope of rescue. The space between her and the rocks was too much to think of touching them, and her strength, even in the cause of life, was not sufficient to hold her up to the limb. She cast her eyes up, but nothing was there but her relentless enemies, whose diminished and dusky forms were arranged along the edge of the mount.

They mocked her in the situation in which she was placed, and the aisles of the forest reverberated to their hideous and unearthly yells. Below all was in miniature - the rocks were dwindled to a level with the surrounding vale, the trees had shrunk away to bushes, an old chief who was sitting on a rock stringing his bow, was but a speck and the outline of his form could scarcely be traced.

It was morn when her sentence was executed, and tradition says that when the shadows of evening began to gather round she still was there and her shrill cry was heard disturbing the quietness of the hour. Night came and passed away, and still she was swinging on this sloping pine, and the noise which she uttered told that hunger was doing its work upon her. Late in the morning some of the Indians, going over to the verge of the precipice and bending over, saw a few crows circling round the unfortunate victim's head, as if impatient for her wasting body, which they evinced by diving and darting at her form and then, rising suddenly in the air with outstretched wings, as if some motion of life had deterred them from their purpose. Often did they rest their weary wings upon the very tree by which she was supported, and the long day passed with some one of these sable creatures watching the moment when the grasp should fail and her body fall below.

Tradition has it that when the night of the second day was coming on she was still clinging to this friendly tree which had come between her and a frightful death. The sun fell away at eve with a peculiar splendor, turning every object in the valley to a golden light and causing the Housatonic River, in its serpentine course to gleam up and spangle like liquid fire. Many was the hunter who lay watching the beauty of the beams which were hung around him, and when the last gorgeous streak had faded over Monument Mountain the broad heavens were clear and blue, except the crimson folds which floated in grandeur along the west. Yet the squaw still hung by the branch of the pine, and her cries alternately rose through the deep stillness that reigned around.

Then a leaden haze began to rise along the azure wall of the west and was shortly succeeded by dark, dismal looking clouds, around whose edge the lightning played, as if to light them on their sad and gloomy pathway. The thunder muttered faintly, then sent its roll up to the meridian, and finally, with increased power, cracked and shook through the very heavens. The shriek of the squaw was heard in the profound pause after the roar had died away, but its echoes stirred not the sympathies of any one of the tribe. Higher and higher rose the storm. The lightning crinkles over the sky more vividly, and the report followed so soon and heavy that the gray old trees of the mount trembled as the peals burst through the upper world.

Night had set in with all its blackness, when a party of the tribe proceeded to behold the situation of the squaw. Soon after their arrival a flame of fire suddenly lit up the woods. The pine was struck by a thunderbolt, setting it on fire, which, being parted from the cleft of the rock, spun round and round so swiftly that naught could be traced of the tree itself or the squaw whom they supposed to be attached to it. Upward it hurried into the air, burning and whizzing in its course, the torrents of rain not even dimming its glare. Tradition says it whirled with such a velocity that it did not seem to the eye to turn at all. Away it went, and it is said that the Indians gazed at it until it seemed no bigger than a star, when finally it was lost in the blackness of the sky. The base of the mount was immediately examined, but nothing was to be seen either of the pine or the squaw, when it was finally concluded that it was the work of the Great Spirit. The Indians, therefore, raised a monument by rolling stones together, which stands to this day, and from which the mountain takes its name. To this rude cairn for many years every visitor to the mountain adds a tribute of a stone, if he or she be conversant with the traditional cause and object of its original erection.

* * * * *

ALMOST A CENTENARIAN

JULIA A. SHERMAN HUNT OF STAFFORD'S HILL AND WATERTOWN

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

In the December number of *The Berkshire Hills* in 1900, in the continuing sketch history of Stafford's Hill, will be found noted the visit of Mrs. Julia Sherman Hunt of Watertown, N. Y. to Mrs. Henry Bowen of Cheshire, a blood relative, and both dating their ancestry to pioneers of that first settlement in Northern Berkshire, which ninety years ago was in full tide of prosperity, and where now for many years not one stone has been found supporting another to give trace of its proud site which overlooked the entire area of the north county mountains, hills, vales and streams. The October, 1900 visit of Mrs. Hunt to this deserted locality, was the third and last made by her, and revived in her memory much of the interesting history of this ancient hill town village which has already appeared in these columns, she being then possessed of great mental and physical vigor for the age of 94.

Mrs. Hunt, when at the age of three years, went to live with Capt. Timothy Mason, who was an officer in the Revolutionary War and who had married her aunt for his second wife, her maiden name having been Julia Larned, while another uncle, David Smith, was the landlord of the old stage house on the very summit of this hill. She was the oldest of the only three known survivors of the Stafford Hill citizenship, the others being Capt. John Brown of Adams and Mrs. Rebecca Bradford of Newport, N. Y. At the age of eighteen, Mrs. Hunt removed from the hill to Rutland, N. Y., for residence, where she married John A. Sherman, Nov. 7, 1832. She was born at Utica N. Y., Jan. 27, 1807, and on her mother's side was related to the Brown family, who emigrated to Berkshire from Rhode Island, from which Gov. George N. Briggs had descent, this family having for its ancestors the Huguenots who came over to New England among the pilgrims on the good old ship "Fortune."

Her husband was an enterprising and thrifty young farmer of Rutland, and their wedding trip was made in a lumber wagon with a plain board seat across the box, and

from the home of the bride to the farm house of the groom only, where their early days were spent. Mrs. Sherman enjoyed the distinction of being the first woman to make dairy cheese in Jefferson County, which her husband took to New York City and sold, which business so increased that it proved to be the nucleus of a large fortune. Removing to Watertown, N. Y., he amassed great wealth as a commission merchant, at his death in 1882 leaving his Washington Block to the Young Men's Christian Association of that city, while Mrs. Hunt has devised the beautiful Stone Street home residence, fronted with tall white columns, to the Watertown City Hospital.

The only daughter and child of Mr. & Mrs. Sherman was born Dec. 28, 1833, and was a beautiful and estimable young woman, who wedded Daniel T. Marvin, Dec. 21, 1863, and deceased Oct. 24, 1896. Her husband was highly honored in Watertown for his personal worth, public spirit, and great ability as a horticulturist. For many years this daughter was invalided, her mother traveled with her long distances in the attempt to restore her health, and at her death, issued a beautifully printed, bound and illustrated diary written by her, as a memorial, she having been gifted in mind and as a writer. In 1891 a birthday reception was held by Mrs. Sherman at Watertown, 100 friends being present and offering their congratulations, among whom was Mrs. Hall Cooper, a lifelong friend, aged 80, Mrs. Hoyt, aged 92, Mrs. Dodge, a cousin, of Lowville, N. Y., and Miss Julia A. Bowen of Cheshire, Mass.

In 1897 Mrs. Sherman married Benjamin F. Hunt, an old acquaintance who had resided in her youth on an adjoining farm in Rutland. He was the son of Simeon Hunt, a Connecticut pioneer who planted his home at Rodman, N. Y., when Jefferson County was a wilderness. Because of the advanced age of the contracting parties, and the local prominence of the bride, this event was publicly heralded in the press all over the United

States, and the wedding was attended by 300 of the relatives and friends of both bride and groom. Mr. Hunt survived but hardly a year and deceased in 1898, leaving three sons, B. P. Hunt of New York, D. T. Hunt of Chicago and T. S. Hunt of Bridgeport, Conn.

Mrs. Hunt, who was the oldest patron of *The Berkshire Hills*, in which monthly she took the greatest delight to her final sickness, and who invited its editor a few months before to attend a musical gathering at her home in Watertown, was a great friend to the suffering and needy and was the oldest resident of her city. She deceased at Watertown, Oct. 13, 1901, at the age of 95 years, and was buried in a granite mausoleum erected by Mr. Sherman. She is alone survived by her brother, Marvin Cook, now in his 77th year, a gentleman of strong character and physique, who for 18 years was the agent of the New York Central Railroad at Amsterdam, N.Y., and who resided with his sister in her later years. Her pastor at her final obsequies said:

"It is unusual for a mortal to bear at the age of 95 years, so far into the winter of life,

such vigors of vital force; a vitality which for so many years animated her mortal frame that these years had little power to diminish it. This she carried through almost a century the strength and spirit of youth. To live so long is memorable, but to live so long with satisfaction and enjoyment is most rare. To wed at 91 might not have been uncommon among the ancient patriarchs, but it is uncommon now, yet it was in this secret of youth preserved by her for many years, that at this age she pronounced herself as young in spirit as in her girlhood days. The observance of the laws of health by her ancestry and by herself can only account for the passage of nearly five score years above her head without greatly diminishing her native force, which must have been strengthened by constant cheerfulness, affection for friends, a life of calmness devoid of trouble borrowing, a contented spirit living righteously, soberly and godly not allowing the future to becloud the present with its threatening shadows, with a sympathetic heart for the sorrows of others and practical in the administration of help to the needy."

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THE VETERAN BANK OF BERKSHIRE

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

The Agricultural Bank, the oldest in Berkshire County, was chartered by the legislature in 1818 with Nathan Willis, Joseph Shearer, David Campbell, John B. Root, Thomas Gold, Theodore Hinsdale, Jr., Lemuel Pomeroy, Henry C. Brown, Samuel D. Colt, Josiah Bissell, Jonathan Allen, Timothy Childs, Henry H. Childs and Phinehas Allen as incorporators. The capital stock was fixed at \$100,000, and the par value of the shares at \$100 each. The stock was subscribed by April 27th and Thomas Gold, Nathan Willis, Josiah Bissell, Samuel D. Colt and Henry Brown were elected directors, who in turn elected Thomas Gold, President, and Ezekiel R. Colt, Cashier. Thomas Gold held its presidency until 1826, then Edward A. Newton until 1830, the Hon. Henry Shaw

until 1840, when Mr. Newton was re-elected. Mr. Colt remained its model cashier until 1853, when he resigned and was succeeded by John R. Warriner. In 1851 its capital stock was increased to \$200,000 and in 1865 it became a National Bank. According to the early chronicles this bank was "reared for the public good, to concentrate the money capital of the county, and provide a place for safe and profitable deposit." How well it has answered the expectations of its wise founders and those who have had its management for 83 years, the public are well informed, while its original promoters had but little idea of the great financial structure whose firm foundations they laid for themselves and those who have succeeded them. ■■■■

STATE CENSUS OF MASSACHUSETTS, 1855

LENOX

[Continued from Volume 37, Number 1, Page 36]

	334	Joseph Scoffield	23 M	Laborer	Mass.
		Charlott Scoffield	19 F		Mass.
310	335	Elijah Sears	42 M	Farmer	Mass.
		Matilda Sears	34 F		Mass.
		Sylvia Sears	13 F		Mass.
		Allen Sears	10 M		Mass.
		Chauncy Sears	6 M		Mass.
311	336	Jabez P. Judd	48 M	Farmer	Mass.
		Caroline E. Judd	44 F		N.Y.
		George U. Judd	16 M		Mass.
		Mary J. Coleman	26 F		N.Y.
		Charles W. Coleman	2 M		Mass.
312	337	Lydia Rogers	72 F		Mass.
	338	William Barnes	35 M	Farmer	Mass.
		Mary A. Barnes	28 F		Mass.
		Daniel Barnes	10 M		Mass.
		Eliott Barnes	6 M		Mass.
		Jessee? F. Barnes	4 M		Mass.
		Ellen M.	1 F		Mass.
		Polly Palmer	67 F		Mass.
313	339	Andrew Elmendorf	39 M	Laborer	Mass.
		Elistna? Elmendorf	39 F		Mass.
		Ardell Elmendorf	4 M		Mass.
		Henry Showen?	18 M	Laborer	Mass.
	340	James Burnance	36 M	Laborer	Canada
		Matilda Burnance	22 F		Canada
		Joseph Burnance	2 M		Mass.
		Laura Burnance	1 F		Mass.
314	341	Rufus Parker	58 M	Farmer	Mass.
		Louisa Parker	57 F		Mass.
		Milton Parker	21 M	Farmer	Mass.
		John Parker	23 M	Farmer	Mass.
		Rufus Parker	19 M	Farmer	Mass.
		Mary L. Parker	18 F		Mass.
		Frederick Parker	11 M		Mass.
		Hosea Parker	9 M		Mass.
		Emma J. Parker	7 F		Mass.
315	342	William Williams	75 M	Farmer	Mass.
		Jane Williams	71 F		Mass.
		Caroline Williams	43 F		Mass.
		Mary Williams	41 F		Mass.
		Philander Lawrence	51 M	Laborer	Mass.
		Louisa Lawrence	45 F		Mass.
		William Lawrence	10 M		Mass.
		James Lawrence	7 M		Mass.
316	343	James Hutchinson	33 M	Lime Maker	R.I.
		Mency? A. Hutchinson	33 F		R.I.
		George W. Hutchinson	10 M		R.I.
		Sanferd Hutchinson	7 M		R.I.

		James S. Hutchinson	6	M		Mass.
		Moses Robinson	28	M	Lime	Maine
317	344	Hugh Reynolds	35	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Sarah Reynolds	30	F		Ireland
		Michael Reynolds	10	M		Mass.
		John Reynolds	8	M		Mass.
		Henry Reynolds	6	M		Mass.
		Margaret A. Reynolds	5	F		Mass.
		Hugh Reynolds	2	M		Mass.
318	345	Edwin Chatfield	40	M	Laborer	Conn.
		Mary Chatfield	38	F		Conn.
		Sarah Chatfield	1	F		Mass.
		Edward Duggan	24	M	Laborer	Ireland
319	346	Henry Johnson	38	M	Lime Maker	Mass.
		Catherine Johnson	34	F		Mass.
		Ellen Johnson	12	F		Mass.
		Dwight Johnson	7	M		Mass.
		Eugene Johnson	4	M		Mass.
		Joseph Johnson	1	M		Mass.
320	347	Albert Langdon	49	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Louisa Langdon	45	F		Mass.
		Marshall Langdon	17	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Priscilla? Langdon	15	F		Mass.
321	348	Betty Hoose	75	F	B	N.Y.
		Mariah Hoose	40	F	B	N.Y.
		Richard Hoose	40	M	B	N.Y.
		Emely Hoose	9	F	B	Mass.
322	349	Mathew Doran	50	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Catherine Doran	50	F		Ireland
		Margaret Doran	12	F		Mass.
		Catherine Doran	10	F		Mass.
		William Doran	14	M		Mass.
		Ellen Doran	18	F		Mass.
		Rosanna Doran	16	F		Mass.
323	350	Dexter Alby	35	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Eunice Alby	30	F		Mass.
		Mary Alby	4	F		Mass.
		J. Fenshaw?	73	M	Laborer (Pauper)	Mass.
324	351	L. R. Heath	40	M	Farmer	Mass.
		Eunice L. Heath	41	F		Mass.
		Harit M. Heath	15	F		Mass.
		Henrietta Heath	10	F		N.Y.
		Burt Heath	7	M		Mass.
		Eminett Heath	5	F		Mass.
		Frank Heath	1	M		Mass.
352		Hulda Crosbey	58	F		Conn.
		Sarah F. Savage	52	F		Conn.

OTIS

Date of Enumeration; 25 Sept. 1855 Enumerator: Roderick H. Norton

Contrary to the census rules, the enumerator lists states of birth for those outside Massachusetts, and counties for those within.

1	1	Rufus W. Hunt	51 M	Laborer	Hampden
		Betsey Hunt	50 F		Hampden
		Orlo Hunt	14 M		Hampden
		Orlina Hunt	11 F		Hampden
		Sarah Ann Hunt	8 F		Hampden
		Mary Ann Hunt	8 F		Hampden
2	2	Horace C. Lemley	45 M	Laborer	Conn.
		Harriet Lemley	36 F		Conn.
		Jane Lemley	17 F		Conn.
		George Lemley	14 M		Berkshire
		Ellen Lemley	12 F		Berkshire
		John Lemley	10 M		Berkshire
		Aurelia Lemley	7 F		Berkshire
		Horace Lemley	4 M		Berkshire
		William H. Lemley	1 M		Berkshire
3	3	Joseph Hunt	78 M	Farmer	Worcester
		Hannah Hunt	75 F		Worcester
	4	Artemas Hunt	33 M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Sarah Hunt	29 F		Berkshire
		Etta L. Hunt	5 F		Berkshire
	5	Russel Chappel	30 M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Cymantha Chappel	21 F		Berkshire
		Laura Chappel	5 F		Hampden
		Clinton A. Chappel	2 M		Berkshire
	6	Philo Smith	34 M	Lumberer	Hampden
		Harriet C. Smith	30 F		Berkshire
		Mary E. Smith	6 F		Berkshire
		Dwight M. Smith	4 M		Hampden
		Ida Smith	2 F		Berkshire
4	7	Daniel R. Cotton	47 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Rhoda Cotton	44 F		Hampshire
		John W. Cotton	23 M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Sarah Cotton	17 F		Berkshire
		Amanda Cotton	15 F		Berkshire
		Lydia Cotton	9 F		Berkshire
		Alvah N. Cotton	6 M		Berkshire
		Abigail P. Bartlett	48 F		Hampden
		Rebecca B. Gibbs	20 F		Hampden
6	9	John Hilliard	58 M	Shoe Maker	Suffolk
		Elizabeth Hilliard	41 F		Hampden
		Henry Hilliard	14 M		Berkshire
		Hellon Hilliard	12 F		Berkshire
		Almena Hilliard	9 F		Hampden
7	10	Joel Howd, Sr.	55 M	Laborer	Conn.
		Bethiah Howd	58 F		Hampden
8	11	Anson D. Harrington	51 M	Miller	Hampden
		Sarah S. Harrington	51 F		Berkshire
		Mary S. Harrington	22 F		Hampden
		Thadeus Harrington	21 M	Teamster	Hampden
		Susan P. Harrington	18 F		Hampden
		Joel Harrington	6 M	Laborer	Hampden

9	12	Lorenzo E. Perkins	44 M	Black Smith	Conn.
		Wealthy A. Perkins	33 F		R. I.
		Harriet P. Perkins	18 F		Berkshire
		Angeline A. Perkins	15 F		Berkshire
		Hellen L. Perkins	13 F		Berkshire
		Elijah P. Perkins	71 M	Gentleman	Conn.
10	13	Jarvis Jackson	52 M	Smith	Hampden
		Lydia Jackson	52 F		Hampden
		Dewy L. Jackson	24 M	Laborer	Berkshire
		John W. Jackson	22 M	Mechanic	Berkshire
		Orlo L. Jackson	20 M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Gennette Jackson	18 F		Berkshire
		Bryant Jackson	15 M		Berkshire
		Isaac Jackson	14 M		Berkshire
		Orra J. Jackson	12 F		Berkshire
11	14	Lorenda Pelton	55 F		Hampden
12	15	John Moodey	33 M	Laborer	Conn.
		Marilla Moodey	33 F		Hampden
		Georgianna Moodey	4 F		Hampden
13	16	Jonah Hunt	69 M	Farmer	Hampden
		Anna Hunt	63 F		Hampden
14	17	Arnold Church	62 M	Farmer	R. I.
		Diantha Church	56 F		Hampden
		Sylvester Church	88 M	Farmer	R. I.
		Rachael Church	85 F		Hampden
		Betsey Church	66 F		R. I.
15	18	Lorin Flint	60 M	Farmer	Conn.
		Delia Flint	53 F		Berkshire
		Lyman Flint	27 M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Leverett Flint	22 M	Labour	Berkshire
		Levi Flint	20 M	Labour	Berkshire
		Lewis D. Flint	17 M	Labour	Berkshire
		Andrew J. Flint	15 M		Berkshire
		Joseph N. Flint	11 M		Berkshire
		Catharine S. Flint	6 F		Berkshire
16	19	Elijah L. Flint	32 M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Marcia H. Flint	25 F		Berkshire
17	20	Curtis Hunt	61 M	Farmer	Hampden
		Betsey Hunt	62 F		Hampden
		Orlo D. Hunt	34 M	Gentleman	Hampden
		Charles H. Hunt	25 M	Labour	Hampden
		Mary E. Hunt	20 F		Berkshire
		Orlo C. Clark	34 M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Polly Fay	65 F		Conn.
18	21	Joseph W. Hunt	39 M	Lumberman	Berkshire
		Mary Hunt	39 F		N. Y.
		Julia Ann Hunt	14 F		Berkshire
		Orrin W. Hunt	9 M		Hampden
		Florra G. Hunt	4 F		Berkshire
		Caroline E. Hunt	41 F		Berkshire
	22	Newton Mather	49 M	Mill Wright	Conn.
		Dimis Mather	50 F		Berkshire
		Henry G. Mather	42 M	Farmer	Conn.
	23	William Haskell	27 M	Laborer	Berkshire

		Jane E. Haskell	22	F		Conn.
		Hubert W. Haskell	1	M		Berkshire
19	24	Ira P. Hunt	48	M	Inn Keeper	Hampden
		Sarah H. Hunt	30	F		Conn.
		Charlotte P. Hunt	25	F		Berkshire
		Stalia E. Hunt	2	F		Berkshire
20	25	Nelson Morey	32	M	Laborer	R. I.
		Polly Ann Morey	26	F		Conn.
		Nelson Morey	6	M		Conn.
		Everjane Morey	3	F		Conn.
21	26	Henry Palmer	54	M	Farmer	Conn.
		Abigail Palmer	54	F		Conn.
		Charles E. Palmer	25	M	Labour	Conn.
		Correl D. Palmer	23	M	Labour	Berkshire
		Julia A. Palmer	20	F		Berkshire
		Ellen L. Palmer	11	F		Berkshire
22	27	Alden C. Sowle	50	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Hannah W. Sowle	54	F		Hampden
		Andrew L. Sowle	16	M	Laborer	Berkshire
		William C. Sowle	14	M		Berkshire
		Henry W. Sowle	12	M		Berkshire
		Marshall W. Sowle	10	M		Berkshire
23	28	Hiram Shelden	55	M	Laborer	Conn.
24	29	Gaius G. Johnson	56	M	Farmer	Conn.
		Amy A. Johnson	55	F		Berkshire
		Augusta S. Perkins	19	F		Conn.
25	30	Isaac Webster	28	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Emiline Webster	24	F		Berkshire
		Alice A. Webster	4	F		Berkshire
		William A. Stone	25	M	Laborer	Berkshire
26	31	David Kibbee	62	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Susan Kibbee	62	F		Hampden
		Mary E. Kibbee	11	F		Berkshire
27	32	Joseph Clark	80	M	Farmer	R. I.
		Rosannah Clark	70	F		R. I.
		William Clark	45	M	Farmer	Berkshire
	33	Orrin Phelps	49	M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Mary Ann Phelps	42	F		Berkshire
		George A. Phelps	11	M		Hampden
		C. Marshall Phelps	7	M		Berkshire
		Mariah A. Phelps	5	F		Berkshire
		Etta Phelps	2	F		Hampden
28	34	Philo T. Strickland	34	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Harriet N. Strickland	29	F		Berkshire
		Daniel Strickland	83	M	Farmer	Conn.
		Nelson Norton	20	M	Laborer	Berkshire
29	35	Elias Spring	70	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Betsey Spring	56	F		Berkshire
		Henry Spring	25	M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Betsey Spring	18	F		Berkshire
30	36	Hiram C. Strickland	39	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Mary Strickland	37	F		Berkshire

(Continued on page 58)

OBITUARY SKETCHES

From various issues of *The Berkshire Hills*, publishing dates are given with each obituary.

WILLIAM H. GAYLORD
February 1, 1901

The death of this gentleman, surviving a sudden stroke of apoplexy but a few days after being attacked at his well known and oldest dry-goods house in North Adams, at the age of 65 years, has caused much sorrow. He came hither from Hadley and in his boyhood resided with his half-brothers, Dea. Samuel Gaylord. He was afterwards engaged in business in the South, and opened his store in North Adams with a partner in 1862. He was a successful and sagacious business man, held high financial and social positions, was a devoted member and supporter of St. John's Episcopal Church, a courteous, affable, generous and popular citizen. Some twenty years ago he lost his only daughter and her husband on her wedding night in a fatal and fearful railway wreck between Albany and New York, his first wife having deceased about three years ago. He was past master of Lafayette Masonic Lodge and president of the Berkshire National Bank, and has been succeeded in the later office by Charles H. Cutting. He married Miss Evelyn Stroud for his second wife, who survives him.

MRS. JAMES B. DEAN
February 1, 1901

An afflictive event in Cheshire has been the death of Mary C., 82, the respected wife of James B. Dean, one of its oldest and most esteemed citizens. She was the mother of George Z., Warren B. and Luis E. Dean of Cheshire, and of Mrs. W. S. Jenks of Adams. She was a lady of estimable character, of a bright and sunny disposition, full of good works and universally beloved.

CAPTAIN ISRAEL C. WELLER
December 1, 1900

The citizenship of Central Berkshire deeply manifested its appreciation and esteem in its attendance upon the funeral at the First Church early last month of Captain Israel C.

Weller of Pittsfield, who was third sergeant in the Allen Guard, which so swiftly responded to the first call of President Abraham Lincoln and Governor John A. Andrew for troops in 1861, and hurried to the front in the hastily formed Eighth State Regiment of Infantry, and who afterwards so signally served the county and his country as Captain of Pittsfield Company A in the Forty-Ninth Massachusetts Regiment. The patriotic service of this every genial, whole-souled comrade and friend, beloved by all with whom he became associated in either military or civil life, in distant camps or at home among the Berkshire Hills, is well known.

Captain Israel C. Weller, who was 60 years of age, though having a Pittsfield ancestor, was born in New York state. Coming here at the age of twelve years he resided with an uncle, his father returning to Pittsfield in 1858. He was educated in the high school. For many years he has been in the flour and grain trade, but more latterly pursuing this business on commission, which gave him a wide and extended acquaintance. His wife deceased here in 1884. Of three children but Mrs. Frank Bourne of North Carolina survives him. This daughter returned and cared for her father through a serious illness last fall, and on his recovery returned South. At the time of his decease it was impossible to reach her with the sad intelligence.

WILLIAM H. COOLEY
May 1, 1901

The death of William H. Cooley quite suddenly from acute bronchitis the latter part of April at the age of 69 years has removed another of the prominent, active and popular pioneer business men of Pittsfield from the stage of life in which he had made a distinguished mark. After service in the 34th Mass. Regiment as Captain for the first year of the civil war, with his brother, the late S. M. Cooley, he built up the first high class family grocery business in Berkshire County with headquarters of North Street. Taking the entire business after his brother's death,

he devoted his rare talents to it as a specialist in this department of trade up to within a week of his decease. His clientage has extended over central and other parts of the county for many years, and he has made frequent health and business trips combined to Europe and the West Indies. He was a lover of books and music, of the fine arts, and his personal reminiscence of travel and observation were delightful to this few intimate friendships knowing him best and enjoying his confidence and esteem. Not only was he a notable business man and devoted to the best interests of his family and locality, but a courteous, affable and reliable gentleman. He was though modest and reticent, a man of deep sympathy, an ardent lover of home, and family bereavements came upon him with a force that rudely jarred and saddened an unusually sensitive nature, though unable to quench his cheerful disposition. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Alice Goodrich, sister of Mrs. James Brewer Crane of Dalton, and by Mrs. C. M. Hammond of Chicago, the last of a family of six children. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity and of the Grand Army of the Republic. The attendance upon his funeral was a tribute to his genial worth and courageous manhood, and the tribute paid his memory by Rev. Dr. Davis on this occasion was most befitting.

MRS. HENRY L. DAWES
May 1, 1901

The death of Mrs. Electa Allen Sanderson, the esteemed wife of Ex-Senator Henry L. Dawes, at the age of 79 years, was among the afflictive events in Pittsfield in April. Born in Ashfield in 1822, a daughter of a prominent pioneer citizenship, she was wedded to her distinguished husband in 1844, he being at the time principal of the Ashfield Academy. Soon removing to North Adams they remained there until 1864 when they came to Pittsfield. Their home in North Adams was on Summer street, and here her earlier friends and neighbors knew her best as most loyal to all her religious and social duties, for her charming presence and warm friendships, her charity and Christian zeal. She is survived by her husband, her sons Chester M., of Chicago and Henry L. Dawes, Jr., and Miss Anna Dawes of Pitts-

field. Her funeral on April 17 was conducted by Rev. W. V. W. Davis, pastor, and Rev. J. L. Jenkins of Maine, a former pastor of the First Church of Christ. Senator Hoar, and many sympathizing friends from abroad were present.

HENRY CLAY BLISS
May 1, 1901

Another familiar character of the past century, in North Adams, has passed away by the death of this gentleman the past month at the ripe age of 82. Coming down from Savoy in boyhood, by indomitable, faithful and cheerful industry, from a humble store keeper and accountant he grew to be in the firms of Ingalls, Tyler & Co., and Tyler & Bliss at the Union, a prosperous and successful woolen manufacturer. Reverses came upon his business, but unflinchingly up to a late hour in life he continued to fill public and private positions for which he was so thoroughly fitted, and with a fidelity and integrity that were a crowning glory of an exemplary, industrious and well spent life.

AMELIA McLELLAN
November 1, 1900

Miss Amelia McLellan, who deceased in Chester last month, and who was buried from the Congregational Church in Hillside Cemetery in North Adams, had for the greater part of her life made that portion of Berkshire County her home and in which she had a large acquaintance. For many years she was the fashionable town dressmaker and was universally in request among the North Adams ladies, being exceedingly skillful in her profession. She met with a most painful accident very many years ago, which caused her much suffering and which made her lame for life. On a beautiful moonlight evening, the ground being covered with a coating of light snow and ice, the young men and girls were having a rare frolic in coasting down Church Hill. They loaded themselves upon what was then known as a "bob-sleigh" at the top of Church Hill just opposite to the entrance to the Drury Academy grounds, while the steersman was seated on a small sled in front firmly holding the thills. They had indulged in this perilous pastime many times

previously without a thought of accident, but Elson Blakeslee, a noted athlete and steersman of that day, had always given them a safe but most exciting trip down to old Phoenix bridge. But on this evening he was absent and another was in his stead. Away they glided down the then steep hill and roadway like lightning, but on the shorter hill, dropping off into Main street, the steer-man lost the management of his sled, which resulted in a fearful collision with one of the maple trees then fronting the front yard of Lawyer Thomas Robinson on the north side of the street. It was a most agonizing accident, though fortunately no one was killed. But quite a number of the party were severely wounded, and nearly all of them more or less. Some lost their hair, teeth and clothes, while several were carried home unconscious. Among these Miss McLellan was most seriously injured, having her limb broken and having several severe contusions. The steersman was also badly hurt.

[Editorial Note] The above narrative sounds eerily similar to another sledding accident which, coincidentally, also occurred on a "Church Hill" albeit in Lenox, in the early days of the 20th century, and which was made famous when author Edith Wharton, then a resident of Lenox, fictionalized it in *Ethan Frome*.

MRS. HENRY N. WELLS
March 1, 1902

Maria Elizabeth, beloved wife of Henry N. Wells, died Jan. 26, 1902 at her residence on Washington avenue, Woodhaven, N. Y., at the age of 75 years, of paralysis. She was born in Attleboro, Mass., Jan. 13, 1827. Her father, Virgil Blackinton, was one of the most prominent jewelry manufacturers of his time in Attleboro. She leaves her husband, three sons, Eugene H., Virgil B., and John R., a daughter, Ada McKuran, and five grandchildren, all of Woodhaven and Brooklyn, N. Y., besides a brother, Roswell Blackinton of North Attleboro, Mass., who is well known among jewelry manufacturers. She was married to Mr. Wells, Aug. 10, 1851, at Attleboro, and came at once to North Adams, where she brought up her family and resided until 1893, when the home was sold for a

Rectory to St. John's Episcopal Church. After a year's stay in Chicago, Ill., attending the World's Fair and two years residence in Windham, N. Y., with her daughter, Mrs. Kuran, she moved to Woodhaven, N. Y., where she has since lived. She was for years an active member of the First Universalist Church of North Adams and always took a great interest in the work of the church. She leaves a large circle of friends, not only in Attleboro and North Adams, but also in Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, where she passed many summers with her family. The interment was in the family lot in the North Adams cemetery.

DEACON WILLIAM ROBINSON
MARCH 1, 1902

The venerable Deacon William Robinson died late last month at the ripe old age of 92 years at the old homestead in Lanesboro. Until the past year he had retained his mental and physical powers to such a remarkable degree as to greatly interest the older and younger citizenship of Central Berkshire, to whom in earlier and later years he had endeared himself by strong social and religious ties. He was born in Lenox in 1809, where he learned the trade of blacksmith with Amos H. Washburn. Having married Eliza, a sister of George Wells, he came to Pittsfield, where he first worked for Jason Clapp, the famous old time carriage builder, and then for fifteen years in the Lemuel Pomeroy gun-shop. At the age of 38 he started the blacksmith and wagon works on Church street and remained therein until forced to retire on account of his age. He was the senior deacon of the South Street Congregational Church for 40 years, holding the position until his demise. He had attended every gathering of the New Years' Morning prayer meeting since its institution in Pittsfield, except its last in 1902.

SEYMOUR CRANE
May 1, 1902

The death of Seymour Crane at the Irving House in Dalton late in April, at the age of 75, marks the extinction of the immediate family of Zenas Crane, the pioneer paper manufacturer of Western Massachusetts. He was born in Dalton in 1826, his brothers

having been Zenas, Marshall and James B. Crane, and his only sister Mrs. Lucinda Weston. He was educated in the town schools, married Miss Cordelia E. Loomis of Suffield, Conn., who deceased in 1873, and was engaged in paper manufacture in Dalton from 1850 to 1862, from which he retired on account of failing health. His only son, George Loomis Crane, died in 1888 at the age of 34. He had spent the most of his life in Dalton, and had also been a resident at Saratoga and New York city. His fatal illness from a complication of diseases, dated back to 1899, when he took up his residence at the Irving House, having been confined to his room for two years past and for the greater portion of the time having been a helpless sufferer, though most kindly cared for by his relatives.

MARCIA ARMS
May 1, 1902

The death of Mrs. Marcia, widow of the late Col. Frederick C. Arms, at her late home last month as the age of 84, she being a sister of Mrs. Dr. Oliver Brewster, 86 and of Mrs. Oliver Root, 82, who survive her with one daughter, Miss Elizabeth Allen Arms, marks the departure from earth of another member of the old time prominent families in Pittsfield the past year. She was the daughter of Capt. Jonathan Allen, a noteworthy manufacturer, who at one time had owned the Peck mills and the water privileges on the

stream flowing out of Lake Onota, on which historic ground he finished the first machine made cloth which was woven in the town. Col. Arms, her late husband, was a stirring and wide awake citizen here a half century ago, built the Senator Dawes house on Elm street and served the town as its clerk. Removing to Carlisle, Pa., he was prosperous as a civil engineer, spending his summers, later in life, in his native town, where he built the family residence on Linden street.

DANIEL SPRONG
GEORGE W. HOLLAND
May 1, 1902

Pittsfield has lost two prominent citizens within the past two months by the deaths of Daniel Sprong, who for many years was foreman of the Jason Clapp & Son famous old time carriage manufactory, and who from 1844 onwards was an officer and member of the old Housatonic Fire Engine Co., No. 1. As well as by the death from accident in Boston, of George W. Holland, for many years the leading house and sign painter here, who as a member of Co. A., 49th Mass. Regiment and sergeant in Co. K., 8th Mass. Regiment, bravely served his country in the civil war, Mr. Holland was voted a gold medal by Congress for bravery at Port Hudson, when under the command of General Banks.

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Census - from page 54

		Edmund H. Strickland	9 M		Berkshire
		Wilber L. Strickland	7 M		Berkshire
		Giles P. Strickland	4 M		Berkshire
31	37	Lester Cotton	66 M	Farmer	Conn.
		Sally Cotton	63 F		Berkshire
		Esther E. Sangar	26 F		Berkshire
		Vanilla E. Sangar	6 F		Berkshire
32	38	George W. Prescott	39 M	Merchant	N. H.
		Rebecca W. Prescott	29 F		N. Y.
		George M. Prescott	7 M		N. Y.
		Frances G. Prescott	9 F		N. Y.
33	39	Amos D. Cotton	37 M	Farmer	Berkshire

(Continued on page 59)

QUAINT MEMORIES OF AN OLD-TIMER

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

The venerable David S. Pierce of Lansingburgh, N. Y., who visited the scenes of his boyhood in Peru, Hinsdale, Lanesboro and Pittsfield in the summer of 1900, and whose father, Dr. Enoch Pierce, built the brick mansion once standing on the corner of North and Melville in 1840, the site now being occupied by the England brick block, resides at an advanced age in Troy, N. Y. A large landscape painting, comprising a beautiful view from Hinsdale westward, giving a glimpse of Dalton and the Taconic mountains, was completed at this late visit. He tells us that when he was twelve years of age he went to his father and asked permission to take lessons of Miss Wells in drawing and painting at a cost of \$4 for a course of instruction, this lady being a graduate of the old Rutger school. Dr. Pierce consulted the older Phinehas Allen about the matter and the latter didn't think it a good plan to encourage David this way. David therefore sawed wood and obtained from money thus earned the only instruction he ever had. That he thoroughly improved his crude facilities this painting fully proves.

The grandfather of David S. Pierce was Ebenezer Pierce of Peru, a delegate from Partridgeville to the Massachusetts Convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States, and a compatriot of Jonathan Smith of Lanesboro. In his late visit he stated that this vote of his grandfather for the

Constitution was the proudest act of his Berkshire ancestry. His grandfather was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature for nineteen years. Afterwards he was one of twelve civil engineers appointed by the United States Government to survey the State of Ohio, and was a delegate to the Convention which adopted the Constitution of Ohio. He deceased at Marietta, Ohio in 1800, at the home of a lady who afterwards became the wife of High Sheriff George S. Willis of Pittsfield.

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

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Census - from page 58

		Saphronia M. Cotton	40	F		Conn.
		Exene A. Cotton	15	F		Berkshire
		Catharine A. Cotton	11	F		Berkshire
		Laura A. Cotton	9	F		Berkshire
		Orcelus B. Cotton	7	M		Berkshire
		Hurburt M. Cotton	3	M		Ohio
34	40	Alonzo Waterman	34	M	Farmer	Hampden
		Clarissa Ann Waterman	35	F		Berkshire
35	41	Truman Fay	52	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Alice Fay	52	F		Berkshire
36	42	Elam P. Norton	55	M	Farmer	Berkshire

(Continued on page 60)

MORE ON CAPTAIN CHARLES GOODRICH

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

Previous sketches of Capt. Charles Goodrich, the Pittsfield Pioneer, [Ed. Note: This sketch appeared in Volume 31/1/19, 26/4/127 and 26/4/131 *Berkshire Genealogist*] and of Mrs. Hunt of Stafford's Hill, have brought forth many relatives all over the country, and these have not been slow in communicating their great pleasure, while many readers have passed most favorable criticisms upon this historic work. The article on Capt. Goodrich has elicited great praise from William W. Goodrich of Brooklyn, N.Y., Chief Justice of the Appellate Court, Second Judicial Department, State of New York, a great-grandson of Capt. Goodrich, who has in his possession the silver prize cup awarded his great-grandfather at the first Berkshire County Agricultural Fair.

Besides, this Goodrich sketch has brought to light that it was Capt. Charles Goodrich who was the judge of the Court of Common Pleas whom Edward Bellamy describes in his novel *The Duke of Stockbridge* as being taken from the Court House or King's Bench in Great Barrington, and submitted to harmless indignities by the hardy yeomanry of Southern Berkshire in order to prevent the collection of debts and foreclosure of mortgages during the troublesome times of monetary depression which followed the Revolutionary War, and known as the Shays rebellion.

It has also been ascertained the Capt. Goodrich homestead farm of 300 acres in the east part of Pittsfield was as irregular in its form or survey as the bulky clouds of a cyclone under full motion, that in a inharmonious tumble of cubes and triangles repre-

sented by boundary lines and stretching nearly a mile and a half in length, it extended from south of Goodrich's pond over towards the Sampson place on the Middle road to Lenox, or Middle street, now known as the Holmes road, to Williams street. That the old three story Capt. Goodrich mansion in which Mrs. George Wells, a daughter of James Foote, its purchaser from Rev. Charles Goodrich, herself lived for 44 years, was torn down instead of burned, about 52 years ago. That on this site the Sanford Foote house now stands, built over a small portion of the old cellar, the greater part of which was filled in, and that some of the old mansion timbers were used in the construction of the present building. This house, and the old site, stands the first building north of the Sampson place on Holmes road and quite near the new mansion and grounds of Hon. H. W. Bishop of Pittsfield and Chicago.

A letter from A. C. Goodrich, General Manager of the Keokuk and Western Railroad and resident at Keokuk, Iowa, informs us that Capt. Charles Goodrich was his great-grandfather, and that James Goodrich, of Pittsfield, Vt., was his grandfather, the latter having died at Epworth, Iowa, June, 1870, having attained the age of 90 years and 90 days. The oldest son of his grandfather, James G. Goodrich, is 84 years of age and is now resident in Chicago. Charles Rollin Goodrich, the father of our informant, died in 1898 at the age of 78 years. The latter removed from Pittsfield, Vt., to Dubuque with his family in 1858, and his descendants are all resident in Iowa.

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Census - from page 59

Catharine Norton	54	F		Berkshire
Samuel H. Norton	24	M	Clerk	Berkshire
Mary J. Norton	22	F		Berkshire
Eliza C. Norton	17	F		Berkshire
Elam V. Norton	11	M		Berkshire

(Continued on page 61)

A RECOLLECTION OF JIM FISK

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

[Last year in Volume 36, we ran a three part article on the *Career of James Fisk, Jr.* We have since found this addendum, so in the interest of completeness we are presenting it here.

Colonel Foster E. Smith, formerly of the Wilson House in North Adams was an intimate acquaintance of Jim Fisk, who was a half-brother of the late Frank Alger of Adams, and in whose employ the late Fred Pratt of Stockbridge spent quite a number of his earlier years. Colonel Swift relates that when he was a clerk in a store in Springfield, Vermont, that Jim arrived in the town with his peddling caravan, whereupon the dry goods merchants in the place raised a big row and forced him to take out and pay roundly for a license to sell such goods in that town. This kind of treatment didn't suit Jim and when he bade the locality good-bye, he said to these merchants, "you will hear from me later, gentlemen."

One day the following year, several heavily laden freight cars packed to the roof with dry goods and such rolled into the town, and the faultlessly attired Jim Fisk arrived on the next passenger train. Hiring the large and spacious town hall for a couple of weeks, these goods were nicely arranged therein. Then he secured the services of the local brass band for a series of outdoor concerts from the town hall steps, opened an auction sale and presided as his own auctioneer. Of course the hall was crowded with people

from far and near, until there was hardly standing room. Jim introduced himself and his big stock of goods with a good humored and witty speech, which was tremendously applauded by his audience. Then he had a carpenter open a box of Merrimac calico, standard goods, bringing 12½ cents at retail everywhere, and which had cost him 10½ cents a yard. "What am I offered for this roll of calico per yard," cried he. "Two cents," sang out someone at the rear of the hall. "Gone at two cents," shouted Jim, and he at once sold his entire calico stock, opening box after box, at two cents a yard. The result of this adroit move threw Jim on the top wave of local popularity. He sold his entire stock out clean and made a heap of money. The locality was so thoroughly supplied with dry goods in consequence that every store in the town engaged in this trade soon after failed.

Col. Swift further relates that one day when Jim and Col. George F. Hooker, who married his sister, and now resides in Brattleboro, were riding in a buggy in the suburbs of that town, that they came upon a big drove of hogs. Says Jim, "just see them George; don't you recognize your relatives?" "Of course I do," replied Hooker, "haven't I married into the family?"

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Census - from page 60

37	43	Samuel Tillotson	63	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Lucy L. Tillotson	61	F		Hampden
		Abigail Tillotson	23	F		Berkshire
38	44	Marcus Huntley	40	M	Forge Man	Conn.
		Lucy Huntley	38	F		Conn.
		Ann Huntley	18	F		Conn.
		Ellen Huntley	16	F		Conn.
		Lucretia Huntley	14	F		Conn.
		George Huntley	12	M		Conn.
		Lucy Huntley	7	F		Berkshire
		John Huntley	6	M		Berkshire

(Continued on page 62)

"JASE" JONES AND BIG WORDS

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

Chauncey Jones was a colored man who removed from Blandford to Pittsfield in 1820 and who deceased here in 1877, having brought up a large family of children, some of whom are now living. The family of Chauncey were natural musicians, he himself being a left-handed violinist, his brother Dennis a noted fifer and whistler, while others of the family were also musically gifted. Piccolo Jones, so well remembered for his gift on the piccolo in the later years, and who mysteriously disappeared several years ago, was of this race.

Jason Jones, commonly called "Jase," used to be quite a character in Pittsfield as late as 1820 and thereabouts. He was quite proud of being around the prominent people of his day and was extravagantly fond of using big words and introducing the same on every occasion in which it was possible. He kept up this habit until his death by falling through the open dry bridge of the Boston and Albany railroad over West Housatonic street. Word having once come to the selectmen that an Indian who had his home in Lanesboro Gulf had been stabbed in the abdomen in a free fight in an old house near Peck's bridge, two of them repaired thither. At the head of the stairs where the wounded Indian lay, they found Jase Jones, and asked him how the Indian was. To which he replied, "accordin to the best of my correspondence he's a dead Indian."

Robert Pomeroy was at a certain old town election very anxious that a particular friend

be made selectman, and worked very hard for him. To make sure of Jase Jones' vote he promised him a pair of boots if his friend was elected. The Pomeroy side won the day and that evening while Mr. P. was being congratulated by many of his townsmen over the victory in the old Berkshire Hotel reading room, "Jase" slipped in and said to him, "Mr. Pomeroy, I don't wish to concur, and I would like them 'are boots."

On a Saturday night in 1820 the high bloods among the young men got into some wild mischief about town, removing signs and gates and cutting up other signal pranks against the public peace and quiet. Among other things they took down an oyster saloon sign which Sunday morning churchgoers found nailed upon the wooden door of the First Church - the same building now standing on the Maplewood grounds. This prank caused much excitement, and it was rumored that High Sheriff Brown was trying to ferret out the culprits and was writing down their names on a little high desk which he used, and which stood in a corner of the office of the old Berkshire Hotel. Occasionally he would look up from his writing and glance over the office. Jase Jones, who was around, as usual, becoming scared at the ominous look of the Sheriff, and feeling that he might be an object of suspicion, finally exclaimed, "Them boys ought to be ashamed of themselves, Major Brown; I wish you to misunderstand that I don't circumnavigate with that 'ere company."

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Census - from page 61

		Alice Huntley	3 F		Berkshire
39	45	Henry G. Haynor	47 M	Forge Man	N. Y.
		Martha Haynor	42 F		N. Y.
		Eliza Haynor	16 F		N. Y.
		John Haynor	13 M		N. Y.
		Florance Stevens	6 F		Conn.
40	46	Harry Green	37 M	Laborer	Conn.
		Elizabeth Green	36 F		N. Y.

(To be continued)

RANDOM HEARTHSTONE REMEMBRANCES

From *The Berkshire Hills*, Mixed Issues.

Nate Coville, a rough and illiterate old time character in North Adams in the first quarter of the past century, was for many years the faithful hostler for James Wilbur at Wilbur Tavern. One evening the Troy stage brought to the village the first editor who ever sharpened the goose-quill to write up Northern Berkshire people and affairs from a North Adams standpoint. His name was Dr. Green, he was a hustler for those days, and very energetic, bright and witty and thoroughly saucy. His first office was in the old yellow building on Main street, whose site is now covered with the fine Davenport block, which office was removed to the Franklin building, the present site of the Methodist church. He remained there a little over a year, going to Philadelphia, where he afterwards established the first penny newspaper in the United States. The next morning after the arrival of this editor, who like many of his profession was not an early riser, Nate Coville came into the dining room for breakfast at what was then called the "second table." He was at once ordered out to his astonishment by Landlord James, who told him that he must wait until the "editor had breakfasted." He obeyed but in a half hour appeared again and demanded his meal and was again ordered out and told that he must wait "until the editor had dined." He reluctantly returned to the barn, and at the end of another thirty minutes was on hand again to be again put off by Landlord Wilbur on account of the non appearance of the editor. Now Nate had no idea of what an editor was, and became thoroughly enraged over having to go without his feed so long. Shaking his huge fists at Uncle Jim he yelled, "what in thunder is an eddytor? show me a eddytor and I'll lick an eddytor to shoestrings," and again went off muttering to the barn, yelling the word "eddytor" until he woke Dr. Green up, thinking that the compositors were calling upon him for "more copy." It was this Dr. Green, who failing to make his publication pay, got out his last number and had it left on the village doorsteps in the night, and then drove away from the village never to return. In this edition he roasted the prominent professional

and business men of the locality most unmercifully.

For many years, once said the venerable David S. Pierce of Lansingburgh, N.Y., I was a resident in Albany. It was here that Hugh Hastings, then editor of the Albany Knickerbocker, and who learned the printer's trade in the office of the Albany Argus when it was located on the corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane, used to tell this story at the expense of his then warm friend, Samuel J. Tilden. "When I was a printer boy the father of Sam used to drive into the city regularly from Canaan, with a load of potatoes, apples, eggs, dairy and garden stuffs. His son Sam always came along with him, and finally he gave up his State street trade in horseradish to Sam. Sam began to do an unexpected large business in horseradish, and so much so as to thoroughly excite the curiosity of his parent, who wondered at the quantity of this article which he disposed of, and who finally discovered that the horseradish sold was loudly adulterated with grated turnip." Then, with a hearty laugh, Hugh would end by saying, "and Sam's been grating turnips ever since."

On the highway leading from Van Deusenville to Copake, N.Y. once lived a thriving farmer named Seeley, who for stuttering could outwind with his mangled English any rival in the county. A stranger once approached him and asked the way to Copake and after striving in vain for the utterance of words to direct him, he finally yelled, "keep right on, darn you, you'll get there before I can tell you."

It is related that just after the building of one of the most elegant residences in the town of Pittsfield, quite a number of years ago, and the laying out of handsome grounds filled with rare shrubbery, trees & flowers, and centered with an expensive fountain, that early one summer morning a now wealthy citizen of the town, quite along in years. seeing the place as he supposed still unoccupied, and no signs of "keep off the grass," or of warnings against trespass, lightly swung

his body over the massive low granite wall and proceeded to admire a nearer view of the mansion and its exquisite surroundings. Just then the lady of the mansion appeared on the front portico and asked him if he wished to see anyone. "No," he replied with a profound bow, "I just came into your beautiful yard out of curiosity." "What may your name be?" said she, "and where do you live?" "James Van Ness of North street," replied he. "We are very much flattered by your admiration and attention," she added, "and now Mr. J. V. N. of North street, as we have your full address, when we have need of you we will send for you." After this cool and most sarcastic rebuff, James made speedy tracks for East street, feeling that ice was forming several inches in thickness over his spinal vertebrae. In going down the street afterwards he always took the south side, shading his north eye with his hat for fear of experiencing another "freeze out" even in midsummer.

In the region of 1800 and for quite a number of years following, a man named Cole lived on a tract of land to the west of Maple Grove in Adams which is still known as the King Cole farm. He was a successful agriculturist for those days, had no inconsiderable amount of mental ability, but self conceit stood out in extraordinary bump upon his head. He imagined he was the guiding star for the entire population with a ten mile radius, and for a wonder many people viewed him in this light and kept pattern step to his movements. In the spring these worshipers would say, "King Cole is planting his corn and we must hurry up," and in the summer, it would be, "King Cole has commenced haying and we must all get to work at the grass." On a certain occasion King Cole came down to the country store of Rufus Brown, father of the late L. L. Brown, which then stood on the present site of the First National Bank, and after getting the price of a number of grades of tea asked Rufus to sell him a forty-five cent tea for thirty-five cents, stating that he was a man of much influence in that locality and ought to have these goods at a reduced price. Brown sold him the tea at his own figures, and after it had been wrapped up and paid for, proceeded to rub out the price mark on the tea chest and to re-label it thirty-five

cents, coolly remarking to Cole that other people should have the beverage at the same figure old King Cole had paid for it.

Wesley C. Shepardson, who many years ago was a practicing lawyer in Pittsfield, was as shrewd and sharp as a Sheffield blade in the trial of his cases in the lower court. A party who had robbed the hen-roost of a farmer in the suburbs and who had been detected and arrested had hired this lawyer to defend him, having a poor chance of acquittal. The head and neck of one of the fowls stolen was produced in court, and taking this in his hand Shepardson drew out, in cross-questioning the principal witness for the prosecution, that he could identify one of the fowls by white feathers scattered in with black on this neck. While questioning the witness, Shepardson was quietly pulling out the white feathers in the pullet's neck, and, having finished the sly job, triumphantly handed the neck to the witness for recognition. Of course, the distinguishing white feathers being gone, the witness was foiled and Shepardson's client went clear.

In the earlier days, a familiar Negro character who was a great lover of ardent liquids, one cold winter night was found in a highway snowdrift in Richmond so frozen that it was hardly thought worth while to attempt his resuscitation. However, he was carried into the old Richmond iron furnace, then in full blast, where heroic attempts were made to save his life. Finally he recovered so that he could speak, and on being asked who he was replied, "that when he was on earth his name was Julius Smith and he lived in Becket."

Way back in 1860, a very old and dilapidated house having a roomy gambrel roof stood at the base of the Hoosac mountain range about a mile east of the Renfrew mill in Adams, and was soon afterwards burned down on a Fourth of July night. It was known as the Sprague house, and in a family burial lot near by many of the Spragues were buried, some of the older headstones having Masonic emblems carved upon them. The attic room directly beneath this gambrel roof was very large, was without a single window and a single door led into it. The plastered

walls and ceiling were completely covered with painted Masonic emblems in deep and lasting colors. There was no doubt that previous to the institution of Franklin Lodge of Stafford's Hill, or that during the Morgan excitement, that this was the lodge room of the Northern Berkshire Free Masons.

It was in the region of 1820 that a poor boy came down from the East mountain into the village of South Adams and purchased an English Grammar. On his way home again he met a man at Bowen's Corners who is remembered for his foolish proclivity in delighting to torment children, who accosted him with "what book have you got there, boy?" The lad replied that it was an English Grammar. "Ah," said the teaser, "going to learn to talk properly; next thing you will learn to write, and then you can forge somebody's name." But Sam Bowen failed to make any impression with his nonsense on J. Leland Miller, who was an urchin who happened to know his own mind and sturdily plodded on in the pursuit of an education. When this boy attained manhood he served as a surgeon in the United States Army in the Mexican War and was afterwards Professor of Anatomy and Physiology and the President of the Jacksonville Medical College in Illinois. It was he who gave to the Williams College the sum of \$50,000 to found a Professorship of American History, Literature and Eloquence.

Nearly all the early settlers of Adams were Quakers hailing from Rhode Island. They were a peaceful, truthful and law-abiding people who had for their motto, "Do as you would be done by." They were exceeding staid and not given to being loquacious. However, one of their number became quite noted for reeling off very big stories and of a highly exaggerated character, and kept on until his mischief began to reflect somewhat upon the society. his brethren and sisters finally resolved upon disciplining him, a meeting of the society was convened for the purpose, when the officers arraigned the culprit and gave him a lecture tinged with great severity. He stood up in the meeting with his hat on and acknowledged that exaggeration was his besetting sin, and that he had shed "barrels and barrels of tears" in the

attempt to overcome this one and only fault.

The old time hunt of Pittsfield boys after a gang of counterfeiters on the top of Lebanon mountain has brought out an incident taking place in that vicinity in the general hunt for the Fosburg criminals. Two city officials were creeping up this road in the darkness, one being armed with a shotgun and the other with a revolver, when they thought they heard mysterious whisperings just over a rail fence. One crawled through the fence and with a cocked revolver proceeded to creep towards a clump of bushes, being covered with his companion's gun resting across the fence. The whispering grew louder as he neared the bushes, but when he made a brave parting thereof, there stood a young calf chewing dry corn stalks.

Rev. Albert Paine, who had become totally blind, and who died at Roxbury last year at the age of 81, succeeded Rev. Dr. Crawford in 1856 as the pastor of the Congregational Church in North Adams, where he remained six years, being succeeded by Rev. Henry McGiffert. When in North Adams the big barn of Dr. E. S. Hawkes, which was close to the North Church Street Parsonage, was burned by those opposed to Dr. Hawkes' active temperance work. It was in the dead of night, the structure was reduced to ashes, and without the aid of a fire department, other than bucket and wet blanket brigades, citizens had hard work to save the parsonage and other adjacent dwellings, which were fired several times. It was in the very midst of the fearful excitement that Elder Paine, who was frightened out of his senses, appeared on the little stoop on the north wing of the parsonage, clad in his night robe with a raised umbrella over his head, at the same time making an attempt to cry fire, his usual strong voice having been reduced to a hoarse whisper.

A daughter of Silas Grant, the colored man who was found frozen to death in a Lanesboro snow drift many years ago, is living in Peru, having attained the age of 82 years.

The late well-known State Detective

Moses H. Pease of Lee, commenced his public career as a clerk in the Lenox post office for that old time noted landlord, William O. Curtis.

Dr. Enoch Pierce of Lanesboro and Pittsfield and Dr. Liscomb Phillips of Ashfield and Savoy were studying medicine with Dr. Bryant at Cummington when his son, William Cullen Bryant wrote the "Thanatopsis."

There is an aged resident of Pittsfield who has down through all the years never failed to grow sad over an old memory. It was the howling agony of a little pet dog belonging to Jack Cheshire and accidentally left by his master in the old Phoenix Mill at North Adams, belonging to James E. Marshall, and burned many years ago.

A Northern Berkshire mystery will always be the cause of the mad geyser which suddenly broke out on a side hill in Clarksburg a few years ago, and after a long and uninterrupted flow, and as suddenly disappeared in 1901. Its clay-hue coloring the waters of the Hoosac river until that stream emptied into the Hudson will also be a source of wonderment, as well as its reappearance a few weeks ago.

The first and only almanac ever made by a Berkshire man was gotten up by Jimmy Green, the old Pittsfield Sun post-rider. Such was his thoroughly recognized talent as a mathematician and astronomer, that he was once asked to become a tutor in Williams College. But the trouble was that so learned as he was in these branches of knowledge he had not the slightest gift in imparting this knowledge to others.

One of the most highly prized relics in the Berkshire Athenaeum is the veneered mahogany old-fashioned writing desk used by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his literary work in the little brown cottage on the north shore of Stockbridge Bowl. Upon this desk he wrote "The Tanglewood Tales," and the "Wonder Book for Boys and Girls," and "The House of the Seven Gables." On his removal from the town to Concord, his furniture was sold at auction and the auctioneer telling the story of

the desk while it was under his hammer, it was bid in by James Collin, then a resident of Lenox but afterwards of Pittsfield. Mr. Collin afterwards sold it to a citizen of Pittsfield, but the fact of its presence in the town becoming known to Frank W. Rockwell and John M. Stevenson they interested a number of other than Pittsfield young men and purchasing it presented it to the Athenaeum.

People down Boston way have got over the notion that Berkshire County is a part of New York State as they tried to dream between 1870 and 1880. Politically they are beginning to recognize that Berkshire timber is very sound and reliable, while the two Berkshire cities are fast edging up towards the head of the metropolitan class.

The old Pittsfield Elm was cut down Monday evening, July 25, 1864 and was found to be so badly decayed as to be unsafe. Its age was at that time determined by those skilled in woodcraft to be 340 years, while its extreme height was 128 feet. It had been struck by lightning in 1840 and again in 1860.

The old First Church, now standing on the Maplewood grounds was greatly injured by fire in 1852, when a new edifice was decided upon. This building was purchased by Levi Goodrich, who resold it to Prof. W. H. Tyler for a gymnasium for his Young Ladies Institute.

A Berkshire man who went over to New Lebanon many years ago to get married was always fond of stating that he was wedded in the house of the Lord, and that a Bull tied the knot, evidently referring to old Justice of the Peace Bull of that town.

George S. Willis, the old time High Sheriff, was one of the most athletic men of the early days, and an aged citizen of Pittsfield remembers seeing him playing wicket ball in front of the old Warriner Coffee House and of his driving the ball down West street far above the heads of his opponents.

It was in the fall and winter term of 1852 in Williams College that the noted class of

'55, with a membership of 88, was fitting itself in Freshman year for a notable life service, which made it so eminently distinguished in the career of both 54 graduates and 324 non-graduates in after years. and from whose individual history it is hard to determine whether the owners of sheepskins or those who could not stay to win them, appropriated the most honor and preeminence in the battle of life. About midway in the second story of old West College and facing eastward was a humbly furnished room out of which opened a "dark-bed-room" and a small wood closet. In this main room was a small wood stove, a large round table, some wooden chairs, a corded bedstead and in the unlighted room another rough bedstead, these couches being then furnished with straw ticks and good old fashioned comfortables. On the same floor was Ingalls of Kansas, Missionary Washburn of India, and in the other portions of the structure many who have left honorable mark upon the age in which they lived and in which they moved.

The room in question was occupied by Phineas W. Hitchcock of New Lebanon, N.Y. and the writer. It was a dark gloomy afternoon and Hitchcock, afterwards United States Senator from Nebraska, was home on the sick list. Previous to his departure he had turned his clumsy bedstead on end in the dark room and placed his straw bed on its top to keep it out of the reach of mice, who were very thick in their then catless paradise in the old college. His chum had wrought out alone his problems in mathematics and raising his head from his completed "grubbing" about the middle of the afternoon study hours, his ear caught the rustle of frolicking mice in the straw-mattress, through a crack in the dark bedroom door. Arming himself with a couple of billets of wood he tiptoed into the room and discovered a hole in the tick through which the rodents had entered. He then struck into a grand hunt, punching the tick with one stick and slaying the mice at the hole in their attempts at escape. The last mouse somehow or other, had an intuition of danger, and under the stick punching would course up and down the bed tick, refusing to approach the hole. While in hot pursuit of this cunning rodent there came a very timid knock at the

outer door, which the hunter, thinking to have been made by a fellow student, hailed with, "Come in," and kept at his sport without looking around until the mouse received his death blow. To his great fright and discomfort he then looked up square into the face of President Mark Hopkins, which was lighted up with a friendly, genial smile. He had just wit enough to take the good Doctor's extended hand and pass him to a chair. Without the slightest allusion to the mouse hunt and without any change of countenance or expression Dr. Hopkins engaged this student in a half-hour's conversation so friendly and interesting that in five minutes the embarrassing meeting on his part was entirely effaced from his mind, though he had never been introduced to him previously. On retiring, Dr. Hopkins gave this student some extraordinary privileges and invited him to come to his study should he ever become perplexed or need assistance, and thus a firm friendship grew up which was always much prized thereafter. The Doctor was politely bowed out, and the student sat down to think it out. The solution came to him as his eye fell upon his book and slates open upon the table, for here was indisputable evidence that a lesson had been finished before a hunt had been instituted.

Among the early settlers of Cheshire were Isaac Fish and his wife Polly, and they lived to be very old. Their homestead was some forty years ago occupied by the late Rev. John Vincent, and it was noted for its big stone chimney, which was topped off with brick above the crown of the roof. The Fish family came to Cheshire from Rehoboth, in the eastern part of the state, in Salem witchcraft times, and made no secret that they emigrated to get away from the locality of witches, it being a common belief in the Commonwealth at the time that witches were unable to cross the Connecticut River. Old Mr. Fish never grew tired of relating hair-raising witch stories to the terror of Cheshire children and to the bewilderment of his neighbors. There were some mischievous and interesting boys in what was known as East Cheshire in those days, and John, the son of Elder John Leland, who was their

master spirit, never lacked in recourse to lead them on their wild pranks. This gang of lads were frequent and attentive visitors at the Fish home evenings, and being apt students in picking up humorous odds and ends, they finally determined to reduce the whole mass of witchcraft lore which had come to their knowledge at a practical science.

Mr. Fish was the owner of a very large dog, which was well along in years and nearly blind. The boys had received a hint from a member of the family that if this old dog could be summarily disposed of without the knowledge of its owner, that it would be a kindness to the animal and besides a great favor to the occupants of the home. Therefore these boys met by stealth and decided that not only this dog, but Mr. Fish's vicious bull, in an adjoining pasture, who had recently treed a boy and driven several companions from the lot, both needed attending to. The plot was hatched and the conspirators selected suitable individuals from their number to put it into execution. A very dark night was selected, when one boy called on Mr. Fish, and soon had him deeply absorbed in relating witch stories. Another boy, with a rope and noose, climbed up upon the roof and took his position by the chimney. Another boy stood where he could look in a window; another in the yard, and others in the garden into which the bull had been driven. When the bull was in the proper position, 100 feet of rope was noosed over his horns. A signal from the boy inside to the boy by the window was passed by him to the boy on the roof, when the noose was lowered carefully down the chimney, and quietly slipped over the dog's head by the operator indoors.

Then came another pantomime of signals followed by the hoarse trumpeting of tin horns and blows from pieces of wood on the old garden fence. The bull bellowed with fright and struck out on a wild run for the woods, while the dog went flying up and out the chimney completely wrecking it, and quickly rendered him a dead canine. The roar and the crash was terrific. Old Mr. Fish tremblingly clasped his wife's hand and feebly cried out: "Oh, Polly, the witches have crossed the Connecticut river! Oh, Polly, the witches have got us at last."

In the old days when occasionally a city wholesale merchant used to come up from Boston and New York to Berkshire County to look after his interests imperiled by the failure or misfortune of the keepers of the old country stores, he used to say he was out looking after "lame ducks," but the modern drummer, when having to attend to such matters, says he is "attending funerals." It was way back when Gen. Elijah Bailey kept the Greylock House in Adams that William I. Peake, of the firm of Peake, Oppendyke & Co., of New York, visited that town looking for "lame birds." He arrived from Albany and then took the stage to Adams, the railroad not having been built. It was a cold, rainy afternoon, and he arrived at the Greylock House in the edge of the evening for supper. He was chilled through, and just before retiring went up to the fine looking landlord who stood behind a little pine desk at the end of the office counter, and told him that he felt so uncomfortable that he would like a little nip of spirits before he retired. Gen. Bailey slowly marched out from behind the counter and very pompously said to him; "Nothing of the kind in this house, sir; I keep a temperance hotel, sir." Greatly to the surprise of Gen. Bailey, Mr. Peake who was of small stature peremptorily commanded the pompous landlord to follow him. The latter obeyed and to his astonishment was led quite a round about way to the General's bedroom, when he approached a little cupboard and opened the door, where appeared on a shelf several decanters labeled "rum, gin, whiskey," and informed the breathless mine host that he would smile on a little whiskey. He was speedily served and of course the General wanted to know how he came by his knowledge, as he had never been in Adams before. All the reply he received was: "Don't you ever allow yourself, General, to imagine that New Yorkers are fools." The free masonry which exists between commercial men on the road today, being thoroughly posted as a class in regard to everything in the localities which they frequent, by this it seems had its origin very long ago.

Two of the strongest men who were resi-

dent in Berkshire County in the past century were John C. West of Pittsfield and Josiah Burnap of North Adams. Both were of goodly, but not of gigantic size, but their bone and muscle seemed to partake of the powerful qualities of the most resistant metals. In 1845, Mr. West, with the aid of Sheriff Tim Hall, conquered and put to flight a number of gangs or roughs from the north by his superhuman strength, he having when 80 years of age, shouldered a barrel of flour with apparent ease and carried it across North street, and picking up a large man who was bragging of his powers and hurled him head foremost into a big snowdrift in front of West's corner. Josiah Burnap of North Adams, at advanced age, had a grip of iron, the activity of a panther and wonderful powers of physical strength. Soon after he had built the Burnap Block, in which Morris Gatslick's clothing store is now located on Main street, a powerful six-footer who is now living, as they stood on the walk remarked that he could easily throw to the earth any man in the north part of the county. It was a hot July morning, and as they both stood on the sidewalk in front of the store, the boasting athlete laid his hand on Father Burnap's shoulder. There was suddenly the cyclonic appearance of a pair of boot heels and a big black body in the air, and when the gutter dust cloud cleared away there lay therein prone upon his back and out of breath the fellow who had supposed himself to be the champion of that locality, while Father Burnap stood laughing on the walk with unruffled garments.

The old militia trainings which used to be held in Pittsfield, Lanesboro and Dalton are just remembered by a mere boy then, but an aged citizen now. For a long time at these general musters the Hinsdale company under command of Capt. John Pierce of that town, held the honor of the best drilled company present, and this continued when it was commanded by Capt. David Hinsdale, a cousin of James and Frank Hinsdale, an officer of imposing presence whose fine uniform and military plume is vividly remembered. It was at one of these musters that the Captain of the Dalton company gave this order, which

the old timers who heard it never stopped laughing over: "Stand firm on your feetes, for we're goin to shute." At the last muster of the militia in Pittsfield the military display was a star chamber one, and the old cannon then kept in the rear of the present St. Stephen's Church were fired until they were red hot. There was a large turnout of the militia from the neighboring towns and the soldiers made a fine show as they marched up North street. The dress parade was on an open lot on which the Whelden, Merrill and Pierce Blocks now stand, and the old town was filled with a great crowd of people coming from far and from near. Such a collection of Generals, Colonels and Captains as were then gathered together the locality never before or since has been honored with.

It was in the vicinity of 1820 that a way-side tavern was kept on what is now known as the Bowker farm in Savoy. One evening about that time a strange traveler was seen to ride up to this tavern on horseback and alight. This traveler was never seen afterwards, but his horse was found roaming at large the next day, being both saddled and bridled, but having a frightful wound in the neck. A kind-hearted farmer cared for the animal, healing up his wound, but no one ever appeared to lay claim to him. It was thought in the neighborhood that the tavern keeper had killed and robbed this stranger, cut a gash in the neck of the horse and turned him loose to make it appear that the man had encountered robbers on the highway and that in the fight had probably been killed and that his horse had been maimed in the struggle. It was also said that there were blood stains on the stairs leading to the chambers in this old tavern, which could never be erased, and that as long as the house stood, that on dark, windy and stormy nights the specter of this murdered traveler was often seen at the chamber window in which he was killed. At any rate the old tavern was soon abandoned and went to ruin and the locality seemed afterwards to be prominent for fatal happenings. One of these occurred soon after the supposed murder to a gang of men who were haymaking in an adjoining meadow, when one of their number was instantly killed by being

sudden starting up of the team having struck on his head and broken his neck. He was buried in a small burying ground near where the accident occurred, and for many ears after when workmen were cutting the grass in that meadow they always insisted they could see his ghost standing at the head of his grave watching them while at work.

During the first part of the last century George Martin had his humble home at the base of the Hoosac mountain on the east side of the valley, about midway between Adams and North Adams, and he was noted in his day for his great courage, having been afraid of nothing which could walk, fly or swim. He was a master hand at trapping bears, and besides, she was one of the most profane men who ever lived in the county. If any farmer for miles and miles around was losing his livestock by depredating Bruin, he would send for old George Martin forthwith and old George was sure to capture the marauding animal in a very short time. George Martin's near neighbor was one William Sprague, who was the owner of an adjoining farm. For a long time the two were the best of friends, but after a while they became involved in a lawsuit over a line fence and grew to be the most bitter and implacable enemies. Then one of their cows strayed into a field of rye and they had another lawsuit, over which they got still madder at each other. This was followed by one lawsuit after another, extending over a long period of years, which broke up their families, robbed them of their farms and homes, and which reduced them to rags and wretched poverty and made both homeless. Martin finally died in the poorhouse and Sprague's end was not much happier. The fate of these fighting farmers at law was a lesson to the northern Berkshire people, which is still remembered by a few of the older inhabitants now living in that section.

It was almost seventy years ago that Reuben Humphreyville of Lanesboro and Darius Mead of Pittsfield furnished entire central Berkshire with its music for dancing and other festivities. Humphreyville, who was called the "blind fiddler, and who was a famous old time master of the bow and

strings, was totally blind, while Mead had but one eye with which he could see, and it used to be said that himself and musical partner "had but a single eye between them." Humphreyville played first violin and Mead second, while the former did what was called the "Calling off." So acute of hearing was Humphreyville, without whose presence no dancing party was a success, that if there was anybody out of place in the "sets," even the most distant one from him, with a sharp twang with his bow and a stentorian voice he would call the "bunglers down." In every hotel and house which he had once visited he would move about with great freedom and ease by himself without aid, hitch up to the fire, hang up his garments and take his place on the dance hall platform and at the dining table with astonishing tact for a sightless man. He having had his coffee and butter located for him in a certain place on the dining room table, helped himself to his meals without any difficulty. He was the owner of quite a farm near St. Luke's Church in Lanesboro, where he brought up a large family of boys and girls and was the noted violinist of the old time Berkshire days. While Humphreyville and Mead were at a dance in the old Eagle hotel in Dalton, Mead, who had a diamond in the end of his fiddle bow, cut the names of "Capt. A. S. Chamberlain, Reuben Humphreyville and Darius Mead beneath each other on a small old-fashioned glass pane in one of the office windows, and it remained therein as a curiosity for many years. Several parties tried to buy this window pane of the hotel keepers, but it was not for sale. One morning this window pane was found to be missing, the putty having been removed from the sash by someone who was bound to become its possessor by fair means or foul. But a very few persons are now living who remember the famous signals the dancers used to give Humphreyville when they had formed their sets and were ready for the music, which was: "All right, Reuben."

Rev Dr. John Todd piloted a great many people over to West street to call on Governor George N. Briggs in his latter days, and so warmly were these visitors received that they were filled with admiration for the man

they were filled with admiration for the man. Gov. Briggs was once in a Pittsfield barber shop, when a sudden thunder shower came up, and seeing a colored girl on the walk who was getting thoroughly drenched, he stepped out, raised an umbrella and handed it to her. Some one afterwards remarking, after hearing of the Governor's kind act, "that anybody could have done that," Dr. Todd exclaimed: "true enough, but only Gov. Briggs did do it."

There was one mother of the Revolution in Pittsfield who, though the wife of Dr. Timothy Childs, who served as a surgeon in the Revolutionary War, and the mother of that distinguished Berkshire old time physician, Dr. Henry H. Childs, rose grandly to the emergencies which fell to her lot during that long and sanguinary struggle. One could hardly imagine that when an old lady she afterwards used to sit in Dr. Henry's pew in the old First Church, that while her husband was absent from home in the service of his country, that when the firewood got low at her home, that in midwinter she would heroically hitch a yoke of oxen to a sled and going off alone into the woods to replenish her fuel.

In the old time days one David Fish of Cheshire, who was of feeble mind but a veritable giant in physical strength. was the victim of all kinds of mischievous pranks on the part of a lot of wild boys having habitation in the west part of the town. On a cold winter day some of these boys were engaging in threshing out rye with flails in Elder Leland's barn floor when Fish made his appearance. The boys made some kind of a wager with him, whereupon he stripped off both his coat and woolen shirt and went to pounding out the grain at a furious rate. Beginning to weaken in his labor, the lads crawled upon a loft directly above his head and began dropping the bundles of rye straw upon his bare back, the cut ends of which lacerated his flesh at every bound. Fish caught one of the culprits and was doing his best to give him a sound and merited chastisement, when Elder Leland, attracted by the uproar, appeared on the premises and demanded an explanation. Fish paused for a moment to wipe off the blood from his body and roared out, "Elder Leland,

these are the wickedest boys I have ever seen," adding with a hoarse laugh that shook the barn rafters, "and I swan, they are the cleverest too."

There once lived in Cheshire Widow Swift, who with her daughter Nubby took in weaving for a livelihood. Nubby, who was neither bright, industrious nor comely, was very corpulent and tipped the scales on the outside of 300 pounds. The mischievous lads of the day, professing to have much sympathy for the widow, resolved on a pretended scheme to help her, and in a star chamber session concocted the following: Each boy procured a certain amount of woolen yarn, while the sum of ten shillings was raised for a purse. Then a Negro woman in a neighboring town was hired to knit the yarn into one stocking and the consent of Nubby was obtained to try this stocking on for ten shillings. All the arrangements having been satisfactorily made, the boys cast lots and elected young John Leland treasurer and spokesman. Walking unheralded into the weaving room, he poured the silver into Nubby's apron, and the old lady demanded to know what that money was for, John yelled, "I shant tell." But as Mrs. Swift hustled him out of the weave room he tossed her a slip of paper on which was written:

"There was a stocking four feet long,
'Twas measured by the square;
Nubby Swift, she tried it on,
There wan't a wrinkle there."

John, the son of Elder John Leland was full of his pranks and a leader in mischievous fun in Cheshire. Elder Leland had a habit of carrying his favorite Hymn book in his coat-tail pocket. On a certain prayer meeting evening, the seats being full of people, the Elder reached into his pocket and pulled out a pack of playing cards, which flew around in all directions. Standing for a moment in contemplative silence, he finally turned away from the bewildered stare of the astonished audience, and was heard to murmur in a subdued tone, "My John."

Many years ago an eighteen-year-old lad named William Chapel used to ride a mettlesome

some young horse on the old road between New Lenox and Lake Ashley, on the summit of Washington Mountain. He kept on in the dangerous practice of riding this animal bareback, guiding him only with a halter, until it became frightened, ran away and threw the rider into the road, his skull being crushed in by a small stone, and his death resulting instantaneously. Where the fatal accident happened a cairn of stones was erected, in the center of which this epitaph is written upon a marble slab:

This dark abode proclaims the truth
Of bending age and blooming youth.
You must your active limbs resign
And be a mouldering corpse like mine.

Edwin D. Morgan, the famous capitalist and politician of the State of New York, was born in the town of Washington in Berkshire County, in a homestead on the site of which the old hotel was afterwards built and burned in the center of the little village, and near the old church. When a mere boy he walked from Washington to Hartford with his clothes in a bundle hanging from a stick thrown across his shoulders, and with a cash capital of thirty-seven cents. At Hartford he entered the employ of two uncles who were engaged in the mercantile trade, and it was not many years before he became so proficient in the business that he was sent to New York to buy goods for the firm with unlimited credit at his command. On his first visit he was attracted by the arrival of a large number of corn-laden canal boats, having come down to the metropolis by way of the Erie Canal and the Hudson River. Finally, he purchased three cargoes of corn which were loaded on three of these boats using his employers' money for this purpose. The same day he resold two of these cargoes for an advance in price, which left him the third cargo clear of expense. This corn he reshipped to Hartford and returned home. On reporting this transaction to the firm, the uncles were greatly incensed at the risk he had taken with their funds, but on learning the result of the shrewd youngster's speculation he was promoted to the front and rapidly became a money king. As is well known, this Berkshire mountain boy was not only a Congressman from the Empire State,

but was its Governor in 1859. While Governor he one day took the train from Albany and walked up to his boyhood mountain home from Pittsfield. He called at a house for a drink of water, which was served him by Amanda M. Thompson, and the two getting into conversation, found out that they were old schoolmates, and went over the events of those good old times when they attended the old district school, whose teacher received a portion of his salary in boarding round at the homes of the early thrifty farmers in what has in these later days taken on the fashionable appellation of October Mountain.

Of course many of the old-time jokers were very fond of relating fish stories, but no one up North Berkshire way could ever hold a candle with Captain Asahel Briggs of the south village of Adams in this particular. It was one evening in Major Resolva Wood's grocery store, then located on the site of the present Greylock National Bank, that quite a crowd being perched on the floor and sugar barrels and a few chairs and benches when Captain Asahel surprised himself as well as his hearers with his pickerel yarn about Ponttoosuc Lake. "Oh," said he, "how did they bite the last time I was down there. In fact we pulled so many of them into the boat that it looked as though we had been using a fish net, and we gave up trying to count them. I had a fearful tussle in landing one five-pound pickerel in the boat, and you can see the scars on my hands where the strong linen line cut me before I succeeded. That fish was as straight as an arrow and as plump as a saw-log, and he was by long odds the gamiest pickerel I ever set my eyes onto. But when I got home and was dressing that fish I found out what caused him to make such a fight to stay in that lake." "What was it, Captain?" cried a dozen voices in general chorus. This gave the old joker his longed-for opportunity. "Why," replied Captain Asa, "I found inside of him a lively trout which weighed just an ounce over three pounds." There never was a madder crowd than that which hustled home from Wood's store that night, and their feelings were not mollified any from the fact that Captain Asa was a man of prowess and none of them had dared to question his veracity. ■

GUIDE TO INTERPRETATION OF THE 1855 MASSACHUSETTS CENSUS

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

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

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

1. Dwelling houses numbered in the order of their visitation.
2. Families numbered in the order of visitation, ("family" being all those living in one house, public house or institution.)
3. Name of every person whose usual place of residence was in this family 1 June 1855. Note: Excluded were those born after 1 June. Included were those who had died after 1 June and those temporarily absent. Relationship of household members to the head of the household was not recorded. An aid in establishing relationships exists, nevertheless, in the requirement that the enumerator arrange names in a given order:
 - (1) Master
 - (2) Mistress
 - (3) Children in order of age
 - (4) Male domestics, etc.
 - (5) Female domestics, etc.
 - (6) Boarders, etc.
4. Age. To be given as of last birthday unless next birthday would be within four months, then age at next birthday.
5. Sex.
6. Color. B for Blacks, M for Mulatto, no entry for Whites.
7. Profession, occupation or trade for each male over fifteen. For clergymen, initial letters of denomination.
8. Place of birth. State or territory if native born; country if foreign born.
9. Whether deaf and dumb, blind, insane, idiotic, pauper or convict.

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