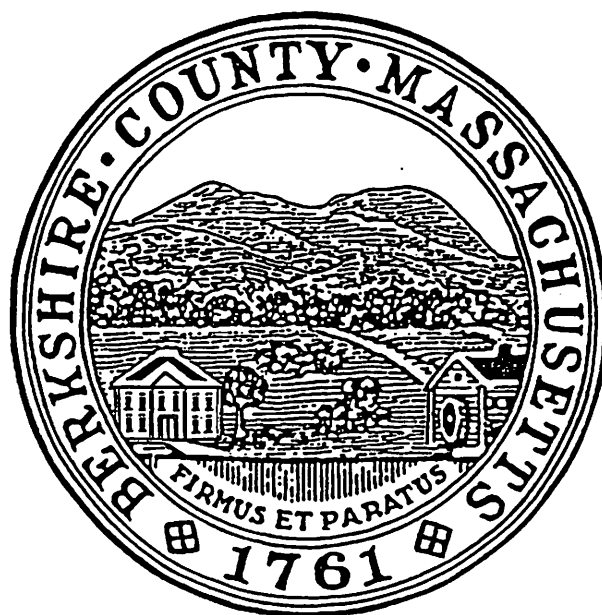


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Berkshire Genealogist



BERKSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY ASSOCIATION, INC.

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

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

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BERKSHIRE GENEALOGIST

Donald L. Lutes, Jr.

Managing Editor

BERKSHIRE MEN OF WORTH

From *The Berkshire Evening Eagle*, Joseph Ward Lewis' Columns, 1933-35.

JANUARY 24, 1934

Ebenezer Fitch, born at Norwich, Conn., Sept. 26, 1756; graduated at Yale in 1777; was tutor there for several years; and from October 1791 was principal of the "free school" in Williamstown which was chartered in 1785 and endowed by a bequest of Colonel Ephraim Williams. In 1793 the school was erected into a college, Williams College, chartered June 22, 1793. He became its first president in August 1793 and continued in that capacity until May 1815. He had been ordained a minister in June 1795, and when he left Williams he became pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Bloomfield, N.Y. in the fall of 1815. He served that church until Nov. 25, 1827. He died at West Bloomfield, N.Y., March 21, 1833.

It was during President Fitch's administration that Samuel John Mills held the prayer meeting which was the forerunner of the American foreign missionary movement. The "Haystack Monument" in Mission Park marks this epochal place of prayer. Mills entered Williams in 1806 and graduated in 1809. He engaged in both home and foreign missionary work and was an active promoter of the American Bible Society. On a return voyage from Africa, Mr. Mills died at sea June 16, 1818. He was rightly called "the father of foreign missions in America." "Memoirs of Rev. S. J. Mills" was published in 1820 by the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring, famous pastor of the famous Brick Church in New York from 1810 to 1873.

* * *

Henry Philip Tappan, D.D., was born at Rhinebeck, N.Y., April 23, 1805; graduated at Union College in 1825; studied theology at Princeton, and after having been associate pastor of a Dutch Reformed Church in Schenectady for a year became in 1828 pastor of the First Congregational Church in Pittsfield succeeding the Rev. Dr. Heman Humphrey; four years later he went to the university of the City of New York where he had the chair of moral philosophy; after six years, Dr. Tappan opened a private school; in 1852 he was elected chancellor of the University of Michigan; he resigned that position in 1863

and went to Europe; and died at Vevay, Switzerland, Nov. 15, 1881. Dr. Tappan published works on metaphysics, logic and education. Our interest is naturally in his review of Edwards' inquiry into the "The Freedom of the Will, which Tappan published in 1839, followed by two further discussions of the doctrine of the will, published respectively in the years 1840 and 1841.

Philosophical theologians of the last century were almost sure to pay critical attention, friendly or hostile, to the great work on the freedom of the will composed and published by Jonathan Edwards during his residence in Stockbridge.

Daniel Webster's views on theology and religion might not meet general acceptance but I doubt if anyone will question his ability to judge of a product of pure reason. Here is his judgment of the work of the Stockbridge missionary: "'The Freedom of the Will' by Mr. Edwards is the greatest achievement of the human intellect."

Dr. Tappan was one of the most scholarly men who ever lived in Pittsfield.

It is an interesting fact that five of the first nine pastors of the First Congregational Church in Pittsfield became presidents of colleges after the termination of their pastorates here:- Dr. William Allen of Bowdoin, Dr. Heman Humphrey of Amherst, Rufus W. Bailey of Austin, Dr. Henry P. Tappan of Michigan, and Dr. John W. Yeomans of Lafayette. Dr. Samuel Harris after leaving the South Congregational Church became a professor in Bangor Theological Seminary, president of Bowdoin College, and a professor of great distinction at Yale.

JANUARY 31, 1934

At the sitting of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, June term, 1815, at Wiscasset, in the county of Lincoln, Isaac Parker, chief justice, addressed to the grand jury a sketch of the life and character of Daniel Dewey, a deceased associate justice of that court. (It will be remembered that Maine was still a part of Massachusetts and that in those days the full court conducted the trial of criminal cases.)

At the sitting of the same court, September term, 1866, at Lenox, in the county of Berkshire, resolutions of the Berkshire bar were presented

on the death of Charles Augustus Dewey, an associate justice of the court.

These two men whose memory was thus honored, were father and son, both natives of Berkshire county.

Judge Daniel Dewey was born in Sheffield in 1765. His son was born in Williamstown March 13, 1793. Both were college men, the father, a graduate of Yale; the son, of Williams. Daniel Dewey studied law with Judge Theodore Sedgwick of Stockbridge; the son had his training in the law from his father; both men had long and successful years of practice at the bar before their appointment to the bench; and both were lawyers of great ability and profound legal attainments.

Judge Daniel Dewey's service on the bench was for only a few months over a year, death cutting short his term, one of the shortest on record. Judge Charles A. Dewey performed his judicial duties for a longer period of time than any associate justice of the court, either under the Colonial government or since the adoption of the Constitution, with the single exception of Mr. Justice Wilde whose tenure was from 1815 to 1850. Chief Justice Shaw served 30 years but he was never an associate justice. Reckoning from the time our present chief justice, Arthur P. Rugg, was appointed an associate justice, in 1906, he is now approaching the record of C. A. Dewey for continuous length of service on the Supreme bench.

Daniel Dewey was a descendant in the fourth generation from the Englishman Thomas Dewey who in 1634 settled in Dorchester. After completing his studies with Judge Sedgwick he began the practice of law in Williamstown in 1790, three years before the birth of his son Charles. He early achieved an assured position at the bar, characterized by an assiduous study of facts and law, skill in the conduct of trials, and a high reputation for legal learning. He was a member of the Governor's Council for two years and then was elected to the thirteenth Congress. The Congressmen had been for four or five successive terms of the opposite political faith. For some years the judge had been a victim of consumption but in the milder climate of Washington, the progress of the disease seemed to have been arrested. When Governor Caleb Strong of Northampton offered the appointment to the bench Mr. Dewey accepted the offer and took his seat in February 1814. But he was fearful that his health would not hold out. The fear was justified and he died at his home in

Williamstown May 26, 1815, after a service of about 15 months.

Judge Theodore Sedgwick, who was an associate justice of the Supreme Court from 1802 to 1813, had died the year before Judge Dewey's appointment. He had known the younger man from his student days and once spoke of Mr. Dewey "as possessing a purity and simplicity of character rarely united with such powers of mind, as void of all ambition but that of doing right, as unassuming and even humble in his opinion of himself, as exhibiting, in the whole course of his business and engagements with the world, that stern integrity of thought and action, accompanied with that urbanity and kindness of manner, which commanded the respect of all people at all times."

Chief Justice Parker said of his associate: "In such times of political division as we have unfortunately lived in, to be believed honest, able, uncorrupt and a friend of one's country, by the party opposed to us, is perhaps the most conclusive evidence of our title to such a character; for it is the testimony of those who may, in a certain sense, be considered as enemies. This evidence exists with reference to our departed friend."

FEBRUARY 8, 1934

Lawyers especially will appreciate this, Chief Justice Bigelow of the Supreme Judicial Court of this State, once said of Charles Augustus Dewey, an associate justice: "Possessed of a keen and discriminating mind, he had at the same time a far reaching sagacity and sound judgment which held in check the rapid successions of his intellect, so that his ultimate conclusions were always wise and safe, fully adequate to the occasion, but never extending further than was necessary to the decision of the question before him."

The essence of a well grounded and well written opinion on a law question presented to a judge is in that sentence. It is worth reading again.

This Judge Dewey was born in Williamstown March 13, 1793, graduated at Williams College in 1811, studied law with his father, Judge Daniel Dewey; hung out his shingle in the college town but practiced his profession throughout Berkshire and, his father's friends and clients becoming his friends and clients, was retained in most of the important cases tried in the Berkshire courts.

In 1824 he moved from Williamstown to

Northampton. But during his residence at the Hampshire County seat, he was present at almost every term of the courts in this county, and always with one or more retainers.

He saw service in both branches of the State Legislature. For several years preceding his appointment to the bench, he was district attorney for the western district which at the time included the four western counties. In that capacity it was said of him that "he seemed controlled by the conviction that it was the duty of the government to protect the innocent in the exercise of its powers, as much as to punish the guilty. He personified the Commonwealth, dispassionately administering protective as well as penal justice."

The conception of the official duties of a prosecuting officer, may be commended to the thoughtful consideration of the prosecuting officers of the State everywhere and at all times.

Governor Edward Everett appointed Mr. Dewey judge of our highest court in 1837 and he held that office until he died at Northampton August 22, 1866.

He always maintained his interest in the county of his birth. He made a witty after-dinner address at the Berkshire jubilee in 1844. The resolutions of the Berkshire bar presented by Hon. Henry W. Bishop to the Supreme Court at Lenox in September 1866 refer to the large debt of Williams College to Judge Dewey "for his constant supervision of its administration for more than forty years. By his labors and his economy its foundations have been preserved and enlarged, its system of instruction improved and its contributions to literature and science increased." He was an LL.D. of Williams.

Ten days before his death he wrote the Chief Justice - "I am happy to say that I have been able to dispose of all the cases assigned to me."

Lawyers especially will be interested in that fact.

This learned judge, the son of Judge Daniel Dewey, was admitted to the bar at Lenox; fifty-two years afterward in the same court room, the bar of this county presented to the Supreme Court the resolutions already referred to. They were supported by Mr. Bishop and by Increase Sumner of Great Barrington; responded to by Chief Justice Bigelow; and entered on the records of the court.

This quotation from the response of the Chief Justice would seem to strike the keynote of Judge Dewey's life: - "His success in life was due to

his constant devotion to his profession. From the time of his admission to the bar to the last day of his life, his main object was to discharge his duties as a lawyer and judge with fidelity. From these he did not suffer himself to be diverted."

FEBRUARY 14, 1934

On the first day of this month St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Stockbridge celebrated its centenary. What especially attracts my attention in connection with this occasion, is mention of a clock and a clergyman and they suggest the subject matter of my writing today and next Wednesday.

It appears that for scores of years the only public time piece in Stockbridge was in the tower of St. Paul's. A couple of years ago the clock, which had outlived its usefulness, was removed to make place for an electrically operated clock. The discarded clock was given to St. Paul's by an Englishman, a novelist and poet, and a consular representative of Queen Victoria in this State, from 1850 to 1852, and later for four years in Richmond, Virginia. This gentleman was George Payne Ransford James, 1799-1860, who is commonly referred to as G. P. R. James. Great Britain was accustomed to deal generously in the matter of its civil service with literary men and while James was not in the first rank by any means, he was one of the popular writers of his day. During his residence in Massachusetts he established himself in Stockbridge, occupying a house in the valley on the easterly side of Monument Mountain well set back from the highway. It may be assumed that he was a member of the Established church and naturally attended St. Paul's.

What his services to his country amounted to during his residence in the United States, I cannot say. I should presume the office was a sinecure. What interests me most is that in the number of his works in prose fiction, verse narrative, and history, he runs a close second to E. Phillips Oppenheim and the late Edgar Wallace. For thirty years he poured forth historical novels in a steady stream. They are said to have exceeded one hundred in number; sixty-seven are catalogued in the British Museum. So much for numbers; but in bulk his output greatly exceeds that of the later Englishmen. It must be remembered that in the days in which James wrote, a three-volume novel was the rule, and many of the volumes were of several hundred pages.

Without taking on the job of counting pages, I venture to say that the earlier writer used more paper and printer's ink than either of the later writers.

As to quality, James had little pure literary talent, but he had a genuine knack of narrative writing and he pleased his readers. Sir Walter Scott and Washington Irving were his friends and advisers. *Henry Masterson*, published in 1832, is considered his best novel. I will have something to say of the St. Paul's rector next week.

* * *

All the standing justices of the district court of Central Berkshire have been graduates of our Berkshire college.

In 1869 the Legislature established that court, believed to be the first district court in this Commonwealth. It was so called because a number of the towns in the central part of the county were joined in a district for purposes of a common law court of first instance. The first Judge of the court was General Henry Shaw Briggs, distinguished son of a distinguished Governor of the Commonwealth, George Nixon Briggs of Pittsfield. The boulder near the northwest corner of the courthouse on East Street was placed there in memory of the general.

Judge Briggs graduated at Williams in 1844. He was succeeded by Joseph Tucker, class of 1851, Charles E. Burke, class of 1884, and Charles L. Hibbard, class of 1892. These four men have spanned the period from 1869 to the present day.

Come September 13, 1934 Judge Hibbard will have been the standing justice of this court for 21 years. The judge took the oath of office on September 13 and he heard his first case on the 15th.

FEBRUARY 21, 1934

Now for the clergyman whose name attracted my notice in connection with St. Paul's Rector Pynchon, who was later president of Trinity College at Hartford. He was a preacher, a versatile and solid student of the natural sciences, a teacher of rare acceptance, a business man of sound judgment and discretion, and altogether a very likable man.

Thomas Ruggles Pynchon was of the eighth generation from that William Pynchon who was born in England about 1590 and was one of the

original patentees of the Massachusetts Bay Company. William settled at Roxbury but in 1636 founded Springfield on the Connecticut River, named after his residence in Springfield, Essex County, England.

Rector Pynchon was born at New Haven Jan. 19, 1823; studied in the Boston Latin School and at Trinity College, Hartford, where he graduated in 1841; tutored in the classics and lectured in chemistry at Trinity from 1843 to 1847; was ordained deacon at New Haven and priest at Boston the next year, 1849; was rector at Stockbridge and Lenox from 1849 to 1855; was called to the chair of chemistry and the natural sciences in Trinity and in preparation for that work studied in Paris in 1855-56.

He received the degree of D.D. from St. Stephen's College, New York, in 1865 and of LL.D. from Columbia in 1877; from the latter year to the end of his active life he was professor of moral philosophy at Trinity. On Nov. 7, 1874, Dr. Pynchon became president of Trinity and continued in that position to 1883, meanwhile continuing his work as a professor. The period during which Dr. Pynchon was president of the college was one that called for diplomacy and executive ability. The State purchased the college site for its new capitol building. This State capitol, by the way, was constructed within the appropriation, and the commission having charge of it turned back money into the treasury, a most unusual, if not altogether unprecedented proceeding.

President Pynchon thus had charge of selecting and acquiring a new site for the college, that now occupied by Trinity, designing and erecting buildings, and the transfer of the library of the college to the new buildings. According to all accounts he was a successful administrator.

Dr. Pynchon was a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of the Geological Society of France, and of many other learned bodies. He was the author of scientific treatises and of other publications. He died in 1904.

* * *

Simeon Parmalee, a Congregational clergyman, a centenarian, was born at West Stockbridge Jan. 16, 1782; studied at Middlebury and at West Rutland in Vermont; was ordained pastor at Westford Aug. 31, 1808 and continued there until 1837. From 1837 to October 15, 1869 he

was in home missionary work and acting pastor in Vermont churches, his active ministry extending through a period of 61 years.

Mr. Parmalee held many positions of honor and trust in his adopted State and for years was one of the corporation of the University of Vermont. That institution gave him the degree of D.D. He died at Oswego, N.Y., Feb. 10, 1882, at the age of 100 years and 25 days.

* * *

Berkshire County has furnished seven of the fifty-one Lieutenant-Governors of the Commonwealth, as follows: George Hull, 1836-1843, of Sandisfield, born at Farmington, Conn., Jan 8, 1788; Henry Halsey Childs, 1843-44, of Pittsfield, born Pittsfield, June 7, 1783; William C. Plunkett, 1854-55, of Adams, born Lenox 1799; John Z. Goodrich, 1861, of Stockbridge, born Sheffield; Joseph Tucker, 1869-73, of Pittsfield, born Lenox, Aug. 21, 1832; Byron Weston, 1880-1883, of Dalton, born Dalton, 1832, and W. Murray Crane, 1897-1900, of Dalton, born Dalton, April 23, 1853.

FEBRUARY 28, 1934

Berkshire County can throw out its chest if 35 college professors are correct in their list, just published, of the 100 outstanding books of world literature for the National Council of Teachers of English as a students' guide to good reading. The list include books of all time from Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* down to writers on modern problems, Lincoln Steffens and H. G. Wells; it includes books of all types, *Arabian Nights* and the *Republic* of Plato; Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson* and Darwin's *Origin of Species*; Eugene O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones* and Anatole France's *Penguin Island*. The list is apparently inclusive and suggestive not only of the outstanding but also of the best. It shows catholicity of taste and breadth of selection.

And two books written in Berkshire County are included in this list. One out of every fifty of the world's outstanding books of all the centuries, is credited to Berkshire County, with its less than one thousand square miles in area and with less than two centuries of recorded history. That is not quite all there is to this showing of Berkshire's genius. One of the two books is a story of Berkshire itself: the scenes are Berkshire scenes and while the characters are fictitious, the

men and women of the story are like the men and women of the time and might well have been real Berkshire characters.

In the classification Nineteenth Century American Fiction, Melville's *Moby Dick*, written in Pittsfield, is listed along with Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, Poe's *Tales* and Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer*. Berkshire just missed out on the selection of Hawthorne's books, which was published only the year before he established his home at Tanglewood in Stockbridge, where he was one of the few persons with whom shy Melville ever became intimate.

The other book appears in the list of Modern American Fiction, where Edith Wharton with her *Ethan Frome* appears with James Branch Cabell, Willa Cather, Theodore Dreiser, Hamlin Garland and Sinclair Lewis. Edith Wharton's story was written during her residence in Lenox.

In 1925 an abridged edition of *Moby Dick* with a biographical introduction and notes was prepared by Hattie L. Hawley of the department of English in one of the Worcester high schools. In the foreword, the editor speaks of it as "the greatest whaling novel ever written. Yet in the form which Melville gave it to the world it is full of long digressions on all conceivable subjects. There are countless quaint moralizings, long explanations, scientific and otherwise, concerning the anatomy of the whale, endless dialogues, and rhapsodic monologues." "Nevertheless the narrative is full of thrilling action, alive with interest, absorbing in its frequent crises. Melville's vivid imagination makes even the most improbable episodes seem real." The edition was prepared for young readers and "represents the narrative in all its essentials, stripped only of those parts which are difficult for inexperience to comprehend." For the students for whom the 100 outstanding books were listed, I can recommend this edition which is published in the MacMillan Pocket Classics. Oldsters, too, may profit by this suggestion. If they enjoy the abridgement, they may then with better understanding and with keener appreciation tackle an unabridged edition.

* * *

Here is a clergyman whose grandfather and four uncles were ministers. Francis Brown Wheeler was born at North Adams, Sept. 9, 1818. He graduated from the University of Vermont in 1842. From Jan. 22, 1845 to 1859

he held Congregational pastorates in Jericho and Brandon, Vt. and Saco, Me., and afterward until his death he was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Hamilton College gave him the degree of S. T.D. in 1868 and 20 years after his alma mater gave him the same degree.

In 1878 President Hayes appointed him one of the board of visitors of the West Point Military Academy. Dr. Wheeler was a frequent contributor to religious and secular papers and was the author of many hymns. He died Dec. 27, 1895.

MARCH 7, 1934

A distinguished Berkshire native, Chester Dewey, graduate of Williams College, class of 1806, educator, naturalist and divine, devoted a long life time to the study of the natural sciences, and to the active pursuits of a teacher. He was born in Sheffield Oct. 25, 1781 and died at Rochester, N.Y., Dec. 15, 1867. He left Berkshire for Rochester in 1836.

Dr. Dewey, for he held the doctor's degree in divinity and also in philosophy, was for many years Professor of Natural Philosophy at Williams. The Berkshire Medical College at its inception, was an adjunct of Williams College, and Dr. Dewey came to the county seat in the fall of 1823, as a lecturer in the medical faculty, on the subjects of chemistry, botany, mineralogy and natural and experimental philosophy. The college was organized not only to promote medical science, but other kindred sciences, and to organize a lyceum of natural history. The branches of instruction in Professor Dewey's department were intended for this general purpose and were taught "in strict reference to the arts of life, and as courses of rational amusement and moral improvement." There were only five members on the faculty in the early years and each had a heavy assignment of work; Professor Dewey certainly had his work cut out for him, in addition to his professorial duties at Williams College. His residence was then in Williamstown. When the Berkshire Athenaeum was established, it acquired the mineralogical collections made for the medical college principally under Professor Dewey's direction. One of the students at the medical school was Mark Hopkins, a native of Stockbridge.

In 1812 the United States Government bought lands in Pittsfield for a cantonment or depot, for

the rendezvous for recruiting and for half formed regiments, a place of confinement of prisoners of war, and the purchase and deposit of military supplies. In 1826 the government sold the cantonment property to Lemuel Pomeroy who removed the barracks and constructed what is now known as the Maplewood property, three large brick buildings, two of which, though greatly changed, are still standing. The buildings were intended for the use of the Berkshire gymnasium, "a school of a high and peculiar character for young men," which was established by Mr. Pomeroy's son-in-law, Professor Dewey. The school flourished until 1836, when it passed into other hands, and Dr. Dewey went to Rochester, N.Y. to the presidency of the Collegiate Institute. One of the teachers at the Berkshire Gymnasium was Mark Hopkins, who in that same year was called to the presidency of Williams College. One of the pupils in the school was Thomas Allen, who in later years made a proud name for himself as a railroad builder in the Southwest. At his death he was a representative in Congress from the St. Louis district in Missouri. This Thomas Allen was a grandson of the fighting Parson Allen of the Pittsfield First Church.

Dr. Dewey retained the presidency of the Collegiate Institute in Rochester until 1850 when he became a member of the faculty of the newly-organized Rochester University. He was on the committee which planned the course of study for the new college and he became Professor of the Natural Sciences. On account of advancing years, Dr. Dewey was relieved of some of his duties in 1861, retaining only the chair of chemistry. For some years before his death in 1867, he had ceased to give instruction, although he was named in the catalogue of that year as "emeritus professor of chemistry."

There is a tradition that Dr. Dewey was piqued at having been beaten for the presidency of Williams by Dr. Hopkins, his former pupil and his assistant in the gymnasium, and that for that reason he pulled up stakes here and went to Rochester. If that were true it did not prevent his returning for the Berkshire Jubilee in 1844, even if Dr. Hopkins did preach the sermon for the occasion, "occupying about an hour and a quarter in the delivery." Dr. Dewey delivered an after dinner address at the Jubilee, witty and wise, and abounding in noble sentiments of liberty and patriotism.

* * * * *

OBITUARY SKETCHES

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

MARY BREWSTER LAFLIN February 1, 1902

Early in January George H. Laflin of Chicago, himself much enfeebled from an accident happening to him in that city in the fall of 1900, brought hither the remains of his beloved wife, Mary Brewster, for interment in the family lot in the Pittsfield cemetery and to join the great throng of upwards of 6,000 souls awaiting final summons therein. Both Mr. Laflin and his wife were descendants of prominent old time Berkshire families whose history has been closely interwoven through the past and present with it, in the localities of Becket, Lee, Dalton, Lenox and Pittsfield, and whose love and reverence for their native hills has not only been demonstrated by summer residence for many years, but by unusually marked and generous contributions of their means to its worthy and charitable institutions. Mrs. Mary Brewster Laflin was a wife of rare qualities of soul and intellect and for her beautiful qualities of heart and mind will long be remembered not only by her kin, but by a multitude of acquaintances in Chicago and Pittsfield. It was always a matter of especial pride to this Christian lady that she was in line of direct descent from Elder Brewster of the pioneer Plymouth Colony, and that she was Berkshire born, reared and educated, she having been a graduate of Maplewood Young Ladies Institute in its brightest and happiest days.

She was the daughter of Dr. John Milton Brewster and Philena Higley of Becket, her father having been born in 1789 and her mother in 1787. Her grandfather, Dr. Oliver Brewster of Becket, was born in Lebanon, Ct., in 1760 of Mayflower lineage, was the surgeon in the Berkshire regiment commanded by Col. John Brown of Pittsfield and was in the memorable battle of Stone Arabia in the valley of the Mohawk, besides he was a Christian father and physician of rare qualities of decision, determination and courage, and more than all was always the friend of the poor, the needy and the suffering. He deceased at the bedside of a patient from apoplexy and was succeeded in practice by

his son, Dr. John M., the latter having been educated at the old Lenox Academy, studied with his father and graduated at a Boston Medical College in 1812.

Dr. John M. Brewster removed to Lenox in 1821 where he practiced over 16 years, and where Mrs. Laflin was born in 1832. In 1837 Dr. Brewster removed to Pittsfield, purchasing the old Simon Larned place on East street, now the site of the William Russell Allen residence. He practiced here for 30 years, was one of the grand old Abolitionists brought to the front by God to initiate the overthrow of slavery, and died here full of honors in 1869 at the age of 80. In Lenox and in the old Brewster homestead nine other children were born, none of whom now survive but the venerable Dr. John Milton Brewster of Pomeroy avenue, who, after 84 years, for the greater proportion of which he has been most active, faithful and prominent as a physician and administrator of public affairs, has long been a patient and cheerful invalid and awaiting the final summons of the great physician on high. The others of this old time family are a daughter and a son who died early in life, and Dr. Oliver F., Joseph H., Flavia, afterwards Mrs. Franklin W. Gibbs of Lee, William C., and Sarah P., afterwards Mrs. Robert W. Adam of Pittsfield.

Mrs. Laflin was married in the Brewster homestead in 1850 and took up her home in Chicago where her husband was prominent in the wholesale paper trade for many years and since the great fire of 1871 has been busy in the management of the large real estate interests. The eldest child of five was born in Chicago, the four others in Pittsfield, where for nearly a dozen years after 1850 they had a residence at "The Gables" at the corner of Pomeroy avenue and East Housatonic streets, whence again after a number of years absence from which in Chicago, they returned for summer residence, spending their winters only in their western home. Her faithful and affectionate husband, her sons, Arthur K. and Louis E., and Grace, now Mrs. Elisha P. Whitehead, are her survivors, the married son and daughter having seven children.

MRS. REUBEN D. WOLLISON
February 1, 1902

The death of Mrs. Wollison, whose maiden name was Mary Helen Sophia Stevens, at the dawning of the year 1902, aged 75, after a married life of nearly 50 years, marks the extinction of one of the most prominent of the pioneer families of Pittsfield. She was the youngest of five children of Abner Stevens, her father having been born in Killingworth, Conn., now Saybrook, in 1770. In 1786 Eliphlet Stevens and family settled in the east part of Hancock on the Pittsfield and Lebanon road where young Abner began the manufacture of drums, his first attempt being worked out of the hollow section of an old birch tree. His drums soon became widely known all over the United States and Europe, and to increase his business facilities, between 1795 and 1800 he removed to Pittsfield, opening a shop just north of where the Read Block now stands. Commencing to purchase real estate, he at one time owned land on all sides of the old Park, which was then called a public square.

During the years 1805-8 he built a two story wooden house with two wings on the present site of the new England Block on North street, to which he brought his young wife, Sophia Moseley of Westfield, and where his children Emeline, Angelo, Happy-lonia and Moreley were born. In this building he ran the first store opened on North street under the firm name of Stevens & Bannister, was succeeded by a man named Tryon and then by Eaton Plumb, and the place was afterwards turned into a boarding house. The bureau and sideboard of the young couple, then said to be the handsomest in the town, are still preserved as heirlooms, while the old homestead cellar in Hancock still remains intact. Abner, growing prosperous in business, bought the site of "The Wendell" on North and West streets for \$400, removing an old wooden store building therefrom, and built the old United States Hotel on this site, conducting the same for several years and where he died in 1842. He had previously built the two story brick building for a long time occupied by Willard's drug store, in which Mrs. Wollison was born in 1826. All of the Stevens Family were

members of St. Stephen's church, and were among its earliest communicants, while Mrs. Wollison was an early pupil of Prof. Tyler at the Maplewood Institute.

The Stevens family owned all the North street front between the Reed Block and the Academy of Music, or the Phinehas Allen homestead, on which a home was built and in which members of the family resided from 1848 to 1871, and until their death, this being the site of the England Block, the Young Men's Christian Association and the Wollison Blocks. The deceased having married in 1852 resided for a time on the site of the Pierce Block on North street, when in 1859 the present homestead on Union street was built. Mrs. Wollison was most familiar with the history of Pittsfield and the county, was a woman of rare executive ability and whose kindly qualities of heart which had endeared her to all those with whom she had become associated in her earlier life and down through to her later years. She is survived by her husband and three sons. Henry V. Wollison, her eldest, has for the past 20 years been a resident of St. Petersburg, Russia, where by his skill in dentistry he holds the enviable position of Honorary Dentist to the Emperor and Royal Family, having been decorated with orders three times by the Czar, the last bestowed a short time since, being that of the Order of St. Ann. He studied the profession in which he became so eminent in New York, under a Mr. Rice, a former resident of Great Barrington. In 1900 he joined his parents at Southampton, England, and with them visited London, Paris and Switzerland, which proved most enjoyable to them, as he could fluently speak all the European languages. It was his intention to again visit Berkshire the coming summer. The second son is Herbert Stevens Wollison, the well known North street merchant, and the youngest, Robert Morley Wollison, a successful dentist in New York city.

GEORGE B. PERRY
February 1, 1902

George B. Perry of North Adams died at Boston last month at the age of 74 from heart disease. He was born in Stockbridge and went in 1837 with his father, Dr. Alfred

Perry, to Illinois. After the latter's death, at the age of 10 years, he came with his mother to Williamstown and followed the mercantile business until his removal to North Adams in 1864, where he was for many years engaged in manufacture, holding the city as his residence, though afterwards engaged in other business enterprises in New York state. He was a Deacon in the Congregational church for 30 years and very active and earnest in all church and Christian work. He is survived by his wife, M. Louise, daughter of the late Deacon Duty S. Tyler, a son and two daughters.

HIRAM T. OATMAN
January 1, 1902

Within a few short days from the close of the past year Hiram T. Oatman, 57, most prominently in the front for twenty five years as a Berkshire journalist, correspondent, and as the most talented and skillful stenographer and type-writer in Western Massachusetts, passed from a life of ceaseless industry and exacting mental toil in his profession into his final rest. Having experienced a year of total blindness from the results of failing sight, succeeded by a sudden hemorrhage in his right eye and the failure of his left eye from cataract, he bravely continued his exacting labors as an editor and correspondent with his typewriter and the help of an amanuensis, until, in his home on Christmas morning, the summons suddenly came to him, rendering him unconscious until the end.

Though Mr. Oatman was not a native of Berkshire County, he was for nearly 27 years one of its most loyal adopted sons, true to its highest interests and its peoples. a lover of its beautiful hills and its charming landscapes of valley and lake, mountain and plain. Coming hither from the locality of his birth in Northern New York in 1874, as a faithful and trusted foreman and assistant editor of the writer on the Pittsfield Sun, he thus served for three years and there received as he often said, "a training school education in newsgathering which stood me in great stead in my hard and exacting work in later years." Though with tireless activity embarking in successful and non-successful newspaper enterprise afterwards, the close friendship and esteem between him and his first em-

ployer never waned. In reviewing his busy life, it is good to remember that with his ardent and ambitious temperament there was an underlying honor and integrity of purpose which always led him to confess his mistakes to real friends; that it greatly rejoiced him to see the right triumph and true manhood succeed; that he was faithful unto death to those who were dependent upon him, and seeking to do his duty in all the paths of life and living, he most nobly and courageously struggled on, "doing the best he could."

MRS. WILLIAM H. PHILLIPS
January 1, 1902

The delay in the appearance of "*The Berkshire Hills*" this first month of the new year has for its cause the sudden removal from earthly scenes to a brighter and better state of existence, of Mrs. W. H. Phillips, the beloved and faithful wife of its editor and his steadfast companion for forty-eight years. This breaking up of his home has been preceded by long years of sorrowful invalidism, marked by intense and continual pain, but borne with great bravery and cheerfulness, and Christian fortitude, and for a few months past calling for all that tender sympathy and care due from the stronger to the helpless in the battle of life. Mrs. Phillips found much comfort in the monthly appearance of "*The Berkshire Hills*," so familiar to her in girlhood and in early years in North Adams and in her last and declining years in Pittsfield. She was 67 years of age, was born in Dalton, and had stood a firm helpmate to her husband in his wide newspaperial career in North Adams, Bridgeport, Worcester, New York, Pittsfield and St. Paul. Her maiden name was M. Melissa Gallup and she loved and was beloved by a wide circle of relatives in her native county and by the many friends she had won to herself by her noble, social and benevolent characteristics. Her only daughter Miss Clara Harris and the writer mourn her as having found sweet rest, having passed throneward from beneath the shadows of great physical tribulations in which she kept the faith whose reward is eternal ransom.

WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLIN
September 1, 1901

Suddenly stricken down with heart trouble early in August, William H. Chamberlin at 60 years of age, was called from life in his Pittsfield home, when on the eve of a business journey to many prominent southern and western cities as the long trusted representative of the great Dalton paper making firms of Crane & Co., and Z. & W. M. Crane, which position he had filled for thirty years with great ability and fidelity to his firms and to their patrons. Most thoroughly esteemed by all who knew him in both Christian, social and business life, an unassuming, quiet, kindhearted and philanthropic citizen, a conscientious, honorable and upright man, he had reflected in his countenance the constant sunshine in his soul.

Mr. Chamberlin was a descendant of one of the oldest pioneer families in Dalton and Pittsfield, was most familiar with the scenes of his boyhood, and his life was full of brave and faithful service to his country, his flag, his friends, and to mankind. He was born in 1841 in the story and a half house fronted with a long porch just west of the school house in Coltsville. He was a direct descendant of the pioneer Father Chamberlin, in whose day and in whose barn the early Methodists used to hold their meetings in East Pittsfield, and keeping firm to the faith of his ancestry, he was an earnest member and generous trustee of the Methodist Church of Pittsfield at the time of his death.

His father, Griffin Chamberlin, kept a store in the vicinity of the present government mill in Coltsville, but after the deceased had received his education in the public schools of the town, removed to Belvidere, Illinois. Young Chamberlin enlisted as a private in 1861 in the 34th Illinois Regiment, serving mostly in Arkansas, & Missouri and was in the battles of Pea Ridge and Perrysville and Stone River, in which latter he was wounded in the arm and taken prisoner, being discharged in 1863 for disability. His patriot service under the flag was a memory of especial pride to him in all his after days. After the war he came to New York city where with his brother Edward he commenced the manufacture of paper, the concern at that time being the largest in that metropolis. Disposing of his interest to his partner, it was then carried on as the Chamberlin-Whitmore Company, and the deceased

returned the Berkshire in 1878 to enter upon his duties here.

He was a member of the Veterans Association of the West, was a commander in both the Rockwell and Berkshire Grand Army Posts, a member of Crescent Lodge of Masons and of the lodges of Royal and Select Masters and Berkshire Knight Templars, and had taken all the higher degrees in that ancient order. He was also a fellow of Onota Council of the Royal Arcanum, and at the time of his death the president of the Young Men's Christian Association, to the promotion of whose interests he had long been ardently devoted, and to the building up of which Association he had been a most generous contributor of both time and means. He is survived by his widow, having lost his only child and daughter by death in her infancy.

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. McKuran, 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 S. 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 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.

LEVI L. BROWN

September 1, 1901

In the latter days of August northern Berkshire, the county, and a multitude of friends in this State and far beyond its confines, were inexpressibly saddened by the death of Levi L. Brown of Adams, for many years preeminent in the manufacture of paper in his native town, a leading character in the development of other great manufacturing interests therein and in its immediate locality, as well as elsewhere, an earnest, quiet, unassuming and successful pioneer in the development of all that might bring prosperity and thrift and the blessings concomitant in their train, a genial, faithful, helpful, trustful and honorable gentleman in every walk of life, a great captain of industry, a synonym for honesty and probity, his name was never tarnished by a single spot or stain.

Levi L. Brown in noble presence, in great

manufacturing and business ability, in wealth of honorable and scrupulously pure and truthful methods, character and intentions, was a product of Berkshire citizenship who from the beginning to the end of his eventful life stood like an oak among his fellows, and though in the midst of gigantic business enterprises his fortunes waned and financial misfortunes came upon him in darkening clouds, strong and helpful comrades in the busy walks of life and business went down to death at his side and left him to struggle on alone through the mazes of great financial and business perplexities, he grandly sustained his faith and courage through the dark environments which beset his later days down to the very last.

Levi L. Brown was a self-made man, an uplifter and maker of many other men and their fortunes, an apprentice in a paper mill who by indomitable interest and energy rose to a great competence, to make his manufacture so superior as to quality as to gain a worldwide fame and it was a sorrow to all who knew the man and his great calmness and fortitude in his adversity in later life, that the strange contradictions in his financial standing in the reputable establishment which bears his honored name, and which he developed from the site of a saw mill and a big spring into name, fame and fortune, could not have been satisfactorily adjusted while he yet lived.

Levi L. Brown was born in Adams in 1826, was a son of Rufus Brown who died when he was a child, and a great-grandson of Levi Brown, who was one of the pioneer settlers of the town. Receiving a limited education in the district schools of the town, one of his schoolmates being Henry W. Bowerman of New York, at the age of nineteen he was sent to Dalton to learn the trade of papermaking in the Crane mills, and towards whose then ownership and their successors he ever held the highest regard. Beginning in the rag room he worked his way up through every department, thoroughly mastering the business and taking the keenest interest and delight in its acquirement. He often in after life referred to this two years of his life as his experience in "high school."

Soon after learning his trade, and at the age of 22, he was offered capital and site by a wealthy resident of Ballston, N. Y., to

commence the manufacture of paper there. But in a family conference, his uncles William and Daniel Jenks concluded to take a half interest with him in starting a mill at Adams, he having borrowed his mother's and sister's means for his half of a total capital of \$26,000, the uncles furnishing the site and water privilege. The mill was built in 1848, starting the following year, Mr. Brown acting as manager, book-keeper, salesman and general overseer. The business prospered from the outset, good outside investments were made with spare capital which cleared \$150,000, the mill kept calling for increased help, while its printing was largely done at North Adams. In 1873 the L. L. Brown Paper Company was organized with Mr. Brown as president and six years later his uncles having deceased, he became the chief owner, continuing to make it his especial pride and to enlarge its output on successful lines. Interesting himself in other branches of business he was the chief factor in the establishment of the Freeman and Windsor Print works, the Renfrew Manufacturing Company, the Whiting Paper Company at Holyoke, the American Zylonite Company, and numerous other enterprises. He was also the principal factor in founding the old Berkshire Bank, now the First National of Adams and also the South Adams Savings Bank. At his suggestion the Berkshire Bank patriotically telegraphed to Washington the first \$1,000,000 to the first loan called for by the government in the civil war, thus setting the example for its speedy and total taking up in those perilous days. Much could be written and much will be in time to come of this truly grand character of our county in the years just passed and gone. He was an ardent lover of his Berkshire home, its past and its present, and sanguine of its future prosperity and thrift.

THOMAS McMAHON

June 6, 1902

There never settled among the Berkshire Hills a representative young Irishman who in the last century so thoroughly endeared himself to the northern county people of all ranks and stations and of all religious and political beliefs, as Thomas McMahon of Williamstown, who died quite suddenly in

May, to the general regret of a multitude of warm friends at home and a myriad of the alumni of Williams College, from 1845 down to the present. Tom McMahon was born in humble circumstances at Limerick, Ireland in 1827. While in the flush of young manhood, bright, witty, courteous, industrious, sympathetic and brimming over with good humor, with a keen eye and smiling but courageous lips, he took up his residence in Williamstown, and readily finding occupation in the care and management of horses, of whom he was an ardent lover, he soon became an expert stableman, reinsman and stage driver.

His first experience was with Blair Kellogg, and when the latter joined with D. J. Kimball of North Adams in running a stage line from Williamstown to North Adams, on the opening of the Pittsfield and North Adams Railroad, he took a position as driver. When James A. Bridges bought this route he drove for him until the latter's removal to the American House stables in Pittsfield in 1859. In partnership with Charles Marsh at that time conductor on this road, he bought out the stage line, livery and homestead of Bridges, and for twelve years after with Jerry Pratt as his assistant, made four trips per day between the two villages.

It was a busy and arduous life, for besides accommodating all the travel between the towns, the students and college commencement visitors, Mr. McMahon not only handled all the freight and express business between North Adams, Williamstown, Greylock and Blackinton, but was a very heavy parcel carrier between the sections and his experience gained in transacting bank business for his patrons afterwards led him to take a deep interest in planting a prosperous banking institution in the college town. In 1861 Conductor Marsh, having been transferred to the Boston and Albany road, sold out his interest to Mr. McMahon, the latter conducting the stage route until the opening of the trolley road between the two towns, in the meanwhile conducting the favorite and principal livery business in the college town, in which he has been succeeded by his son and namesake, Thomas McMahon.

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THE OLD PITTSFIELD QUARTET

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

It gives us great gratification to present this story of five prominent and enterprising Pittsfield citizens who were thoroughly on deck from 1850 down to 1880 in all matters pertaining to its welfare as a business and resident locality, and who were as well active promoters of all those permanent improvements, conveniences and safeguards which today have grown into a perfectness of public service second to no locality of its population in the State of Massachusetts.

From the fact of this group keeping constant companionship in all their recreative and leisure hours, it was known in its time as the "old quartet," although its membership was five instead of four. It was full of life and vigor as a rich nut of meat whatever be the public, business, social or pleasurable scheme it had in hand, and what knowledge of the old town and county of any vital and interesting nature whatever was to be had was sure to be in the possession of this remarkable group, whose lives and deeds became so thoroughly interwoven in the history of both the town and the city as in a great measure to defy forgetfulness down through the after rolling years.

Edwin Clapp, son of Jason Clapp, the pioneer carriage manufacturer, its first fireman Captain, its second Fire Chief, and the founder of the Pittsfield Fire Department. George Brown of South street, in his time so prominent in bringing pure water from the Washington mountain heights, and in many other distinctive enterprises, and being a member of the great old time dry goods house of James M. Beebe & Co., of Boston. Robert Pomeroy of East street, of the pioneer woolen firm of Lemuel Pomeroy and Sons, the father-in-law of Gen. William Francis Bartlett, Henry W. Bishop and Col. Walter Cutting, who imported into Berkshire County, "Rebecca," the finest piece of statuary in the state, and which occupies the central pedestal of the Berkshire Athenaeum collection. Col. David Campbell, who for so many years kept the books at the Pontoosuc Manufacturing Co., and was a member of that pioneer corporation while he lived. During his life, and before his illness, which necessitated his retirement to a sanitarium, he was a model gentleman and of so courteous and polite a bearing and so fastidiously neat in his attire that he was universally known as "King Campbell."

George H. Laflin, who after an afflictive accident in Chicago in 1901 and the loss of his beloved wife, is spending the present season with his children at his beautiful Pittsfield residence, the "Gray Gables." He is the only survivor of this notable group and bears himself with the rare cheerfulness and marked sympathy and benevolence which has always characterized him from boyhood down through an active and useful life. He conducted a large paper business in Chicago, where in this and other lines he acquired competence. When the war broke out he was in Pittsfield, and in response to a telegram from Capt. Henry S. Briggs of the Allen Guards, to then Lieut. H. H. Richardson from Boston, to have that company send him forthwith to join Gen. B. F. Butler's Eighth Regiment at Springfield the next morning, Mr. Laflin was the Master spirit who saw that the Guards were on hand. Placing the brave little band upon the cars, he set a sentry at the car doors that none might escape therefrom at Chester, and delivered them in person to Capt. Briggs at the American House in Springfield, as Berkshire's first contribution of minute men patriots to save this grand Republic. It was Mr. Laflin also, who so patriotically, earnestly and successfully devoted his time and means to recruiting the Pittsfield Companies in the 37th and 49th Regiments, that then Major Edwards insisted that he should take a high command in the 37th, which he modestly declined by saying, "that he was no soldier, but rather aspired to be a faithful citizen in a time when his country needed both."

It was this "old quartet" that Pittsfield was indebted to for its old Pleasure Park. Conceiving that the old town needed a place for harmless sport and recreation the five together with William Pollock, George Y. Learned, P. J. Russell of Great Barrington, Charles K. Plunkett of Hinsdale and others, subscribed \$1,000 each to open this park, construct a race track and build suitable buildings in the east part of the town. Previously the only place for outdoor public resort was the Cattle Show grounds, and for quite a number of years this Pleasure Park proved to be very popular and much frequented and gave to the town its kindergarten lessons in the love of fine horses as well as for the sport of witnessing trials of equine speed. ■■■■

SOFT SOAP AND PHRENOLOGY

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

To look down from upper or North Church street, North Adams into Willow Dell, now graced with many neat and comfortable homes, and their surroundings, it would seem to take on an exceedingly pliable stretch of imagination to go back and people this locality with but a single solitary habitation, and a single inhabitant, with its every level and sloping hillside acre grown up to willows, alder and other bush, and carpeted with unkempt grass in the summer, and covered with an undisturbed crust of ice and snow in the winter. Yet this is a true picture of this well known locality in 1846, which was only to be entered by a narrow path, winding along the banks of a small canal connecting with an old mill dam at the foot of the east side of precipitous Drury hill, and by a treacherous and dangerous strip of sheer downgrade highway leading out from the old Clay Road into the Union.

In these days the North branch of the Hoosac river was famous for getting high up on its ear in the annual spring freshets, and there was but one slight eminence in all Willow Dell which failed to be submerged with turbulent and angry billows, as also to be covered with a medley of huge ice cakes, flood salvage in the shape of trees, logs, lumber, the fragments of wrecked bridges, and oftentimes of undetermined buildings caught up in the swirl of torrents poured down over the rocks from the northward. This slight rise of land was at the northeast corner of the Dell, and bordered on the channel of this most treacherous stream, which, even in late years, has ever been a threatening water bully, continually imperiling the property and safety of the more densely populated portion of the village of North Adams. In the center of a grove of a dozen lordly pine trees, of ancient forest growth, which had bidden bold defiance to many years of storm and flood, as also to the axe of the woodman, arose a large, rough board shanty of the most economic build. A single uncouthly door gave entrance to this strange abode, which was fastened with staple and padlock when the owner was absent, and which was securely barred at

night, gave no other evidence that he was at home, as neither through window pane, crack or crevice was there ever to be seen any light which was perceptible from without.

For very many years this was the solitary home of Elder Daniel Haynes, as he was called, the first soft soap manufacturer in the old town of Adams and its first phrenologist. Daniel Haynes was a stoutly built, thick-set, and well proportioned man, with grizzly gray hair and beard, and of a decidedly swarthy complexion. He was an American by birth; gave evidence of more than ordinary literary attainments; was fluent in speech, and commanding in argument, brilliant in conversation, and swift in repartee, and the fire in his eye, when engaged, as he often was, in debate with professional citizens of both the villages, betokened a no mean supply of wit, sarcasm and intelligence. He had sometime met with the loss of his right arm, which had been amputated just below the elbow. To this stump was always stoutly strapped a wooden socket, protruding from the center of which was a small rod of iron, the end of which was finished off with a hook, which he used almost as handily as though possessed of a living arm and hand of flesh.

To the east of his primitive shanty was a row of hogsheds filled with wood ashes, from which he leaches the lye which he commingled with the rinds of port and scraps of grease which he industriously gathered up, together with his ash stock, at the well-to-do village residences of the then North and South Adams. But few persons were wont to disturb him in his seclusion from the outside world in Willow Dell, the necessary effluvia accompanying soft soap manufacture, being rather too plenty in that vicinity for full-fledged nasal enjoyment, and it being much more enjoyable to look down upon him at his solitary labors, from the hills above. But he made a number one brand of soft soap, which always commanded a good market, and after deducting the grease scrap and wood ash toll from his bills against customers, he always received a

handsome cash balance from the good housewives of the two villages, whom he invariably treated with scrupulous honesty and a marked politeness in the conduct of his business.

His constant companions were two large Newfoundland dogs, with whom he lived on the closest terms of intimacy. These animals always seemed to be well fed, very tractable and docile, and apparently preferred to society of "old Haynes," as he was familiarly spoken of by both old and young, outside of his immediate presence, to any canine society to be found in the whole town. At any rate, their master seemed never to be out of their hearing, or they to be out of the range of his call. When out on his business trips, they were harnessed to a crude four-wheeled cart, containing three old barrels, one of which was a receptacle for soft soap, another for old grease, and the other for wood ashes. Thus he collected his raw material and marketed his manufactured product at one and the same visit. So thoroughly trained were these huge dogs that he never hitched or watched them while serving his customers, though they would often lay down in the traces for a rest when he tarried longer than usual to gossip with the women folks.

Occasionally, when thus left alone, the more adventurous of the then canine population of both the villages would cautiously trot up to this dog span, and to all intents and purposes pass the time of day, or inquire after their individual health, but their formidable size and stolid-like business demeanor seemed to impress these visitors with an innate sense of dangers, and with a strange lack of social instincts, to such a degree, that long visits were sedulously avoided on their part. When out on these business trips, Elder Haynes walked by the side of his soap cart, and directed the movements of his dogs with his voice alone. But occasionally he would make flying pleasure trips to the two villages, and was often seen whirling down Church hill, holding the reins over his dog-span with his iron arm, yelling at his steeds with the ardor of a full fledged jockey on the race course. In these events it was difficult to determine, as each shout brought forth a fresh burst of speed, which was getting the most sport out

of these lighting express train trips - these splendid animals, or their eccentric master.

A few years prior to his sudden disappearance from Willow Dell and Berkshire, and before a phrenologist had been heard of therein, much less put in an appearance in the locality, Elder Haynes had loaned a human skull from a then resident physician, for alleged occult and scientific experiments, which, of course, he forgot, after the habit of the majority of borrowers, to ever return. After a season, he announced to several of the local medical profession his ability to trace distinct and prominent traits of character by running his fingers over head bumps upon the bare bone, as developed upon the human scalp. He gave a local lecture or two upon this then mysterious subject, and experimented upon the heads of several waggish citizens, who at the time thought to humor him in what they conjectured to be marked symptoms of disorder in his own cranium.

It was not long after this that the soft soap making establishment wound up business, though known to be solvent, while the faithful canine copartners of this eccentric manufacturer suddenly proved to be missing. Just as dusk, at the close of a bright summer day, Daniel Haynes was seen for the last time in Adams, striding leisurely down Main street, clad in a shining suit of black broad cloth, with a glossy black beaver hat upon his head, giving him the air of a dignified college professor, or a judge of the supreme court.

Several weeks later, while passing through Willow Dell, a prominent citizen was struck with the air of general desolation which seemed to hover about the old shanty amid the moaning pines, and glancing into its interior through its wide open door, beheld sundry heaps of ashes, and piles of old straw, a miscellaneous collection of well-gnawed bones, a few old pewter plates and iron spoons, utter loneliness, and ominous silence. The inference drawn was that the Elder had graduated as a soft soap manufacturer and taken to the road as a lecturer on phrenology. At any rate, the two villages which had now him so long and so well, knew him no more henceforward.

* * * * *

BERKSHIRE BEAR STORIES

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

Joel P. Cada and a man named Shippee were boon companions in the early days at Adams, and took every occasion they could spare from agricultural labors to hunt on the western slopes of Greylock and Mount Williams and on the mountain looming up unto the sky to the north of North Adams. While coon hunting was a favorite pastime, the known presence of a black bear aroused all their Nimrod energies. Cada lived on his farm where the road to Williamstown branches off towards the Notch, just this side of Braytonville. He was a large, brawny muscled man, full of fire and energy, and though relishing a good joke, had a power of language and of physical brawn that made it very unsafe to rile him up, for he was afraid of nothing and equal to any emergency. Joel got wind late one September that a big black bear was roaming about on the North mountain. Consequently one Saturday night he and Shippee fully armed, equipped and provisioned, clambered up the densely wooded mountain side thinking to camp out and get up early Sunday morning and devote the day to looking Bruin up, having heard that he was of unusual size. Coming to a huge low branched chestnut tree they sat their trusty rifles up against its trunk and gathering together a heap of logs and brushwood by the help of a pocket lantern they soon had a rousing fire. After a lunch and a quiet smoke they replenished this fire and had just stretched themselves out for a night's rest and closed their eyes, when down out of the tree rolled a great black form plump into the center of the flames and which with fearful snarls, yells and growls scattered the flaming brands and live coals in all directions completely extinguishing them and leaving the hunters in total darkness. The happening was so unexpected that both the hunters lost their courage and their presence of mind, didn't know where they were or where to look for their lantern or guns. The air was filled with a strange odor, the night was dark as pitch and there was an ominous silence in the woods. Superstition fastened its fangs upon them and so added to their terror that they thought they had a visit from his Satanic

Majesty. They could feel the slope of the mountain and hand in hand commenced to descend it, but it took them until daylight to reach a clearing. Then they sneaked off home resolving to keep shady and thoroughly ashamed and disgusted. Joel climbed the mountain Sunday morning and recovered the muskets and bags, but came home none the wiser. A few weeks afterwards a Pownal trapper caught a great bear in a trap, and found that the hide and fur had been so burned previously that it was worthless. Joel heard of this and the mystery of the trip up the mountain for this same bear was fully explained. Bruin was resting in this low tree and feeling the grateful warmth of the camp fire had crawled out on a huge branch towards it, too far for the safety of his balance. While Joel publicly confessed to his fear and the panic which followed, and that he was "almighty scared," yet he asserted that it was the first time in his life that he had dropped his wits and that it would be the last, "devil or no devil, bear or no bear."

For many years, Deputy Sheriff Morey was a brave and efficient officer in Stamford, Vermont, and was as such thoroughly well known in Clarksburg and North Adams. When the Sheriff was a boy black bears and other game were very plentiful on the mountains in that town, and his father was a noted bear hunter. It is only once in a while now that a bear is shot or trapped in Stamford, though hundreds of their carcasses in past years have been brought down to North Adams, and the steaks retailed to the inhabitants by the market men. Bear's meat in those times was considered a great delicacy, and it seems that the Morey family used to have plenty of it. Somehow or other the late Lorenzo W. Preston, a lawyer of Vermont birth and many years a resident of North Adams, became aware that Sheriff Morey had sometime over ate bear steak and was so sick of it that the very mention of the dish would nauseate him, much more than the sight of it. Both Preston and Morey and a number of their acquaintances were attending

(Continued on page 128)

UNCLE TIM HALL OF PITTSFIELD

From The Berkshire Hills, August 1, 1902.

While Pittsfield has had in its history some most efficient custodians of the public peace in its constables, sheriffs and police, it never had a more courageous of efficient officer than its early pioneer constable, Timothy Hall. He came to Pittsfield in early life having been born in the year 1800. The first mention to be found of him was when at the age of 16, as he was passing a country graveyard in a neighboring town in the night, he observed a white figure therein which he supposed to be a ghost. At first he thought to take safety in flight, but something admonished his brave spirit if he did this he would become a ghost-coward for life, and he resolved to face the music. He therefore boldly made his way through the lonely graveyard to this object, which he found was a shroud, which had been left behind by some medical student resurrectionists who had been robbing a grave of a subject for their anatomical studies, a desecration which caused a deal of trouble, excitement, and affright as well, among the people of Berkshire in the early days of the Pittsfield Medical College.

Tim Hall, as he was always familiarly called, faithfully served the old town of Pittsfield as an efficient and unterrified constable during many of the earlier years and in this office, whatever the dangers which he encountered, he never was known to show the white feather. Though not of great size, lean, sinewy, athletic and agile, he never was afraid to tackle a single individual or a crowd in the service of law and order, and for a series of years with John C. West as his coadjutor was the terror of all evil doers in central Berkshire. Many were his deeds of personal prowess, his hairbreadth escapes from serious injury, his contests with the brutal and vicious, while his victories as a servant of the law would fill a good sized volume in their narration. There are quite a few men in Berkshire who will remember this sturdy and unflinching fighter and mob suppressor on the old cattle show grounds, when with his gold-headed cane he would charge into a quarreling, drunken and infuriated crowd, over and upon whose heads his cane would fall with the rapidity of a flail,

whom he never failed to disperse and often made arrest of the ringleaders single-handed and placed them in durance.

For thirty years previous to his death in 1881 at the age of 81, he had served the county under several administrations as deputy-sheriff with great credit to himself and to the highest satisfaction of his superior officers and his fellow citizens. Though inflexibly stern in the performance of duty, never found wanting in times of danger, and always ready for any emergency, he was a most companionable man, full of native wit and good humor and devotedly attached to his friends, the town and the county. He was married at New Lebanon, N.Y., April 18, 1821 to Sarah DeMaranville, a daughter of one of the federalists who dwelt in cottages side by side in Federal city in Cheshire, of which locality so much historically has been written, and who like himself was born in 1800. In 1871 they held their golden wedding in the old homestead on Seymour street, now owned by their son, George T. Hall of New York city. His wife survived him until Feb. 20, 1902 and was 91 years of age.

An amusing story is told of Uncle Tim Hall when in his early married life he kept the old brick boarding house for the factory help on the summit of Pontoosuc Hill, which structure is still standing. It was in 1840 when the then lads James, Theodore and Thaddeus Clapp, walked over 100 miles to Troy and returned, having made the journey to purchase a small press and types to print a paper. Taking one Charley Ward into partnership, they hired a room of Uncle Tim in his boarding house wherein to hoop it up in a small newspaper for William Henry Harrison of Indiana for president and John Tyler of Virginia for vice-president, the whig candidates then known under the famous rallying cry of "Tippacano and Tyler too." The enthusiastic partisan boys named their journal "Old Tip," and the four were its editors, compositors, pressmen and printer's devils, and they made things lively for their democratic opponents in Pittsfield and the county.

Of course an appropriate sign for their office had to be had and "log cabins and hard

cider" being a catching card with the Whigs in that noted presidential campaign, they finally hung out from the point of the roof an empty barrel on which was painted in conspicuous letters, "Hard Cider." When Uncle Tim, who was a democrat to the core, caught sight of that sign he was madder than a hare, and sailed into those boys roughshod with the most emphatic language he could command. They coolly answered him that they hired and paid him for the premises which they occupied and thought they were legally entitled to throw out a sign to designate and announce their business. Uncle Tim was almost non-

plussed by this argument of the boys and the coolness with which they asserted their legal rights. "Yes," replied Uncle Tim, his eyes snapping fire and his fingers twitching with eagerness to take them across his knee and give them a spanking, "you hired my room, but that don't include the roof of my buildin' and thirty acres of fresh air all around it." But the barrel remained in position until the boys became tired of politics, as Uncle Tim was too great a stickler for legal rights to disturb even political opponents, be they boys or men.

* * * * *

Berkshire Bear - from page 126

a session of the court on Bennington Hill, and ate dinner at the old Walloomsac House, Preston was at the head of the table and before him was a huge platter of very dark colored beef steak. All the guests at the court table had been served, when Sheriff Morey came in late, seated himself and passed the time of day with those he knew. "Sheriff," loudly said Preston, with knife and fork in hand, "shall I serve you with some very fine bear steak?" Morey glanced at the platter, turned pale, hurled back his chair and fled from the dining room, and the laughter of the guests, who had been posted previously on the trick to be played, and for which Morey never forgave the perpetrator.

Up in the foothills of Greylock mountain opposite the village of Zylonite, Gov. George N. Briggs and Dr. Henry P. Phillips when young men, shot a fine black squirrel when out on a hunting trip, which was very rare game. It was here in after years that Major Resolva Wood and Darwin Allen of South Adams were hunting one October day, and having become separated were silently stalking the woods for squirrel, partridge or fox, or whatever might come within range of their shotguns. Darwin was finally attracted by the strange moving of something in the dense bushes which he watched for some time with great anxiety and which he finally convinced himself from appearance and actions was a young bear cub. It was an exciting situation and he finally fired at the object. There was a great human cry of pain and rushing forward to his horror he found that he had well

peppered the posterior of the Major with small bird shot. Fortunately the wounds were not fatal, but the Major had to take to his bed, submit to the manipulation of a surgeon and was confined to his home for several weeks.

In the early summer of 1845, after a heavy rain, the tracks of a wild animal were observed on River street, North Adams, some thinking them to be of a big bear and others a wild cat. The local hunters armed themselves and traced the animal to a lair beneath a great shelving flint rock beyond a slightly wooded knoll in Clarksburg, just across the Adams line, where all traces disappeared. This strange visitor was finally decided by an experienced huntsman to have been a lynx of an unusually large size.

Samuel Chapman, who lived in East Cheshire from 1810 to 1845, was known throughout all the region as the champion story teller, and this was his favorite bear yarn: During the snow bound winter of 1810 a bear was reported as being on Mount Amos to the northeast of Cheshire village. Eight to ten men and as many dogs started on a bear hunt tracking Bruin over, around and across the mountain all day long, both men and dogs being nearly exhausted on account of the depth and softness of the snow. Just before sunset, however, the bear made a break for the west mountain, but in crossing the Jessie Jenks meadow just above Cheshire Harbor, he encountered a gang of men who were *haying*, who killed him with their pitchforks.

CAPT. SEELEY AND HIS POWDERED HAIR

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

Upwards of seventy five years ago, there resided in that part of Great Barrington called Long Pond, a plain, well-to-do farmer, whose title and name was Captain Bethuel Seeley. He was one of three sons of John Seeley, who came from North Haven, Conn. and settled in Great Barrington about the year 1791. Though a steady young man, Bethuel was very bashful in the company of young women. On a certain occasion when he was about 18 years of age, the girls and boys of that neighborhood invited him to attend a dance and bring a young woman with him. This invitation, so very pleasing to a majority of young men, caused commotion in the mind of Bethuel and prevented his usual calmness by day and much needed sleep at night. As the time for the dance grew nigh he summoned all his courage to his aid and for the first time in his life he invited a neighbor girl to attend the dance with him. This she promised to do and he was to call for her at the house of her parents.

The day of the dance at length arrived and by early candle light Bethuel dressed himself in his best swallow-tail coat, tight knee breeches, black silk stockings and silver buckled shoes. But the most elaborate part of his costume was his bushy hair, which according to the style of those days was oiled and powdered in a profuse manner with flour. Thus decorated he went to the home of the young woman and while she was dressing for the party he was invited by an elder sister to a seat in the parlor.

As related by Mr. Seeley himself many years after, he was greatly embarrassed and could feel the blood rush to his head. He crossed one leg and then the other as he sat in a straight-backed chair, and while in this uncomfortable condition the girl came into the room. As she was putting on her bonnet and he was about to ask for his hat the climax was reached. At that moment the father of the girl suddenly entered the parlor and surveying Mr. Seeley from head to foot, finally set his eyes on the powdered hair and in a squeaky tone of voice exclaimed: "Bethuel, Bethuel, if you will shake your head over my swill barrel I will give you a quarter of a dollar." At this

unexpected salute the young woman laughed and Bethuel became so agitated that it was a full half-hour before he could regain sufficient composure to attend the ball.

Several years after he was offered 25 cents for the flour in his hair, Mr. Seeley was elected captain of the militia company then drilling at Great Barrington. At this period of life Bethuel was not so bashful as when a young man, but he was quite forgetful, or perhaps we should say, absent minded, and the first time he called out his company he forgot the word of command. But drawing his sword he cried out: "Attention! The whole universe wheel by kingdoms." In his old age his forgetfulness increased and on a certain occasion he arose early in the morning that he might finish milking and prepare himself for a trip to Hudson, which was then a great market town for the farmers of South Berkshire. As he hurried out of the house to milk, he did not notice that he took a half-bushel basket in place of a milking pail. As he sat on a stool milking one of the old cows, his son came into the barn yard; as the son saw the situation he exclaimed, "Father, what are you doing? Are you straining the milk as fast as the cow gives down." Mr. Seeley as if struck with a whip, jumped to his feet and shouted, "Thompson, Thompson, if you ever tell of this I will kill you."

But bashful and awkward as he was, the captain got married to a worthy woman of the town, and settled on a farm not far from the original location of his father. When past middle life, with his wife he attended a dinner party where a number of guests were present. By accident or design, he was seated at the head of the table, and was called upon to carve the turkey. As his wife had been the carver at their home, Captain Seeley had but little skill in the art of poultry dissection. But he plunged the fork into the breast of the bird, and was on the point of cutting off a wing, when the carving knife slipped and the turkey rolled from the table and went under the bed. Time passed on and finally Capt. Seeley died, and for upwards of 50 years a plain marble slab has marked his last resting place in the Mahaiwe Cemetery. ■■■■

TWO PIONEER PITTSFIELD DOCTORS

From The Berkshire Hills, August 1, 1902.

Among the five Aesculapians who lived for the weal of Pittsfield in 1842, there were two who seemed destined by the law of their natures to afford a perpetual and ludicrous contrast. The one, Dr. H. Childs was a short, stout, ruddy faced man, somewhat past middle life, with a knowing look and a flexible nose, to which he could give a whimsical twist when he had a mind to be roguish. The other, Dr. Charles Bailey was tall far above the common size of tall men, clean, bony, and pale complexioned, a dry shrewd kind of a body, with eyelids hanging down over his dull gray eyes like cotton window shades. The first, Childs, was quick, straight, direct in all his movement, sudden in temper, rapid in thought, and vociferous in conversation; blustering when he was likely to be opposed, like the noisy tenant of a poultry yard, and closing upon his opponent with some unanswerable quotation, ended by a scrape of the foot, and a prodigious *ahem*, that always left him the victor in the field of argument. Dr. Bailey was slow and halting in speech, stooping in person, and so awkward in gait that his legs at every step seemed parting company at the knees, like the two sides of an isosceles triangle; and yet withal so doggedly obstinate that he was never known to have changed his opinion, when it had once been given. In short, Dr. Diddle (Childs) was a smart man; Dr. Biddle (Bailey) a judicious one. Dr. Diddle was a democrat; Dr. Biddle, a federalist. Dr. Diddle was an advocate of general principles in the medical art, while Dr. Biddle was devotedly attached to a particular theory. Both were prominent men in the town, and both practicing physicians. It often times happened that they met together in the chamber of disease in professional consultation, and while each argued for his own opinion and supported it by abundant references to his favorite author, neither abating a jot from his first expressed opinion, the sick man, wearied and wasted, grew sicker and died.

It also happened on a time that they were both called in a case of sudden extremity and both arrived at the same moment - the one in his mud-bespattered sulky, his horse sweating

and foaming from the rapid speed he had been forced into over two miles of rough, hilly road, the other upon his slow jogging mare, his knees reaching upwards at every step for the pommel of the saddle, and his pantaloons ambitiously aiming to rise above the knees. The case was one of emergency requiring prompt and decisive action. A little wilted and dried up Frenchman, 80 years of age, in his wonderment and dotage had clambered up into the tender of a locomotive which was being run on a first trial trip over the then Western Railroad, and seated himself in the rear with his legs dangling over the iron ridge. Dizzy with the rapid motion and from frequent sips at a black bottle, he tumbled from his perch, and turning a somersault struck upon the earth. At first it was thought he was dead, but showing a pulse he was carried home, and had just been placed in a bed when the two doctors reached the door of his habitation.

Dr. Diddle entered the house first and passing up to the bed on tiptoe, uncovered the bruised and broken octogenarian, and gently raising his arm applied the fingers of one hand to his pulse, at the same time passing the other down to the stomach and limbs. Dr. Biddle stalked in after him and bending over the sick man passed his rough digits over his sides and back, when suddenly the patient groaned. "A broken leg," says Dr. Diddle; "an injury to the spine," says Dr. Biddle. "an undoubted case for amputation," says Dr. Diddle; "internal injuries about the abdomen, probable hemorrhage, liver deranged, patient old, strength of life gone, must die," soliloquized Dr. Biddle as if no one was present but himself and the patient.

It's a clear case for amputation, and the sooner it is done the better," says Dr. Diddle; "it will do no good, the spine is injured and the patient must die," replies Dr. Biddle. "But I say you must remove the injured part and give him a chance, *ahem*," says Dr. Diddle, scraping back his foot. Says Dr. Biddle, "it will only cause unnecessary suffering." "Amputate, or the patient will die," thundered Dr. Diddle. "He'll die at any rate," replied Biddle. "I don't believe it,"

says Diddle. "You lie," says Biddle.

Just then the patient groaned aloud and the old wife cried, "Hush up John; ye might have known you'd break your neck getting on that cussed locofoco. "What's that?" said Dr. Diddle, who could hear no joke on his politics. "I say," said the old woman, "that the locofocosses ruin the country, have almost killed my poor old husband and will make us all town paupers." It was a locomotive that hurt your husband and not a locofoco, and I hope to cure him," said Dr. Diddle. "But you won't touch him with your knives and make him one-legged," said the old woman. This settled it, and the town physician prolonged the old chap's life for several years.

Dr. Biddle was exceedingly slow and never got into a hurry be matters ever so desperate and urgent. Dr. Diddle was go ahead, but too apt to make more visits to patients than necessary. The old ladies used to say "that Dr. Biddle was good enough if you ever got him." Obediah Burt was a very fleshy man and of odd character. On a certain morning his son was very sick and fearing something serious he went for Dr. Biddle, who promised to come right over. But it was past noon when Biddle arrived at Burt's house, when old Obediah came out upon the doorstep and informed him that his son was dead. Of course, Dr. Biddle was shocked and was full of regret over his tardiness, for he was very kind-hearted. When he asked "what was the matter with the poor boy, Mr. Burt, that he dropped off so suddenly?" Thereupon Obediah folding his hands over his portly stomach gazed quizzically at the melancholy doctor, and cried out, "I say, doctor, don't feel too bad. The lad didn't die of the disease he had when I called you this morning. He completely recovered from that, but passed away after a lingering old age."

Dr. Diddle was a good deal of a humorist and once accounted for the death of a child patient being announced in a town paper two days before the sad event happened, by saying "that the death had not been anticipated from the nature of the disease, but from the nature of the physician." A doctor of divinity friend having asserted that the Hebrew was the most perfect of all languages either ancient or modern, this doctor of medicine argued as stoutly and skillfully for the Italian language, which was his favorite. "But," said the minis-

ter, "you cannot deny that when God the almighty thrust Adam out of Paradise he spoke Hebrew." "That may be," rejoined the doctor, "but if God spoke Hebrew when Adam was thus cast out, I'm as certainly sure the Eve spoke Italian when she seduced him into partaking of that fatal apple."

The above amusing sketch of these two old time Pittsfield physicians was drawn from the New England stories of John Carver, published in 1842. Of course Dr. H. H. Childs will be remembered as having been the principal in founding the old Berkshire Medical College, of which he was the president for many years, and which after an existence of 44 years was closed in 1867, having graduated 1138 doctors of medicine equal to any in the profession at that day. This college, from its establishment, was cramped in finance and having in its later days to meet the competition of the medical schools of New York and Albany, as well as similar institutions in the west, wound up its affairs in 1867 with the graduation of 35 students. In 1871 the town purchased the new college building at the foot of South street for \$8,000, and turned it into quarters for the high school until its destruction by fire, since which time its site has remained unoccupied. The first Medical College was a wooden structure on the site of the old Democratic hotel building being utilized for a college boarding house and being near the corner of East and First streets. This wooden structure was destroyed by fire in 1850. In 1844 the Association of the Berkshire Medical College or alumni was formed of which Dr. H. H. Childs was president and which existed until the last commencement in 1867.

Among the most active members of this Association were Dr. J. G. Holland and Dr. Charles Bailey, they having written the constitution of the Association and delivered its first two commencement orations. The two were partners in the practice of medicine at Springfield for several years when Dr. Holland abandoned the profession for literature and Dr. Bailey adopted the homeopathic and eclectic practice, and removed to Pittsfield, where for many years he was a successful practitioner of that school throughout the county and was the Berkshire pioneer in this practice.

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STATE CENSUS OF MASSACHUSETTS, 1855

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[Continued from Volume 37, Number 3, Page 108]

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

30	31	John C. Hayden	5 M		Berkshire
		William F. Hayden	3 M		Berkshire
		Mary Hayden	2m F		Berkshire
31	32	Jane Judd	38 F		Conn.
		Dwight Judd	18 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Emma S. Judd	15 F		Berkshire
		Phebe Judd	9 F		Berkshire
		Edward N. Judd	7 M		Berkshire
		Henry B. Judd	4 M		Berkshire
32	33	Chancy Dowd	25 M	Rake Maker	Berkshire
		Laura Dowd	23 F		Berkshire
		William W. Dowd	2 M		Berkshire
33	34	Abiram? Garfield	49 M	Rake Maker	Berkshire
		Mary Garfield	73 F		Berkshire
34	35	Matthias J. Broga	47 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Olive B. Broga	36 F		Berkshire
		Orson D. Broga	19 M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Norman M. Broga	17 M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Newton W. Broga	11 M		Berkshire
		Orpha E. Broga	10 F		Berkshire
35	36	John Bing	38 M	Forgeman	England
		Mary A. Bing	47 F		Conn.
		Charles A. Bing	13 M		Conn.
		Edwin J. Bing	11 M		Berkshire
		Benjamin S.? Bing	6 M		Berkshire
		George Bing	3 M		Berkshire
		William A. Morehouse	19 M	Laborer	Conn.
		Hannah J. Morehouse	17 F		Conn.
36	37	Richard D. Pearl	48 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Elanor Pearl	48 F		Berkshire
		John H. Pearl	24 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		William N. Pearl	18 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Elenor S. Pearl	12 F		Berkshire
37	38	Vining Rudd	65 M	Mason	Berkshire
		Clairissa Rudd	61 F		Berkshire
		Elizabeth Rudd	35 F		Berkshire
		Catherine E. Rudd	24 F		Berkshire
		John B. Rudd	15 M		Berkshire
		Laura A. Rudd	14 F		Berkshire
38	39	Justus Meritt	55 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Sarah Meritt	51 F		Conn.
		Julia Meritt	26 F		Berkshire
		Stilman Merrit	20 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		John Meritt	6 M		Berkshire
		Rachael Meritt	85 F		Middlesex

39	40	Moses Wells	52 M	Lumberman	Conn.
		Love C. Wells	45 F		Conn.
		Martha E. Wells	17 F		Berkshire
		Francis T.? Wells	15 M		Berkshire
		Mary E. Wells	13 F		Berkshire
		Ruth M. Wells	11 F		Berkshire
		Robert M. Wells	7 M		N.Y.
		James Mackley	20 M		Berkshire
40	41	John Bates	55 M	Forgeman	England
		Elizabeth Bates	49 F		Penn.
41	42	Jerome Sowle	27 M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Mary L. Sowle	21 F		Conn.
		Edwin J. Sowle	1 M		Berkshire
42	43	John Hunter	49 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Eunice Hunter	43 F		Hampden
		Edwin Hunter	14 M		Berkshire
		Robica Hunter	87 F		Hampden
43	44	Enos Smith	57 M	Blacksmith	Conn.
		Milla Smith	52 F		Berkshire
		Hannah E. Smith	24 F		Berkshire
		Hannah Shaw	56 F		Berkshire
		Samuel J. Shaw	54 M	Gentleman	Berkshire
44	45	Gordon Gile	65 M	Laborer	Conn.
		Sally E. Gile	50 F		Hampden
		Nancy Gile	14 F		Hampden
		Elanor Gile	8 F		Hampden
		Julia Gile	6 F		Berkshire
		Charles Gile	4 M		Berkshire
45	46	John C. Hanover	28 M	Gentleman	Conn.
		Hariet A. Hanover	20 F		Franklin
		Arthur J. Hanover	1 M		Hampden
		Mary Gauld	30 F		Franklin
46	47	Wait C. Broga	38 M	Rake Maker	Berkshire
		Mary Broga	28 F		Berkshire
		Marcus M. Broga	9 M		Berkshire
		Julia E. Broga	5 F		Berkshire
		William W. Broga	1 M		Berkshire
		Hellen A. Broga	1 F		Berkshire
		Jackson Bristol	30 M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Clinton Dowd	22 M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Isaac Bristol	38 M	Rake Maker	Conn.
47	48	Marcus Phelps	60 M	Farmer	Conn.
		Susan Phelps	55 F		Conn.
		Julia A. Phelps	26 F		Berkshire
		Henrietta E. Phelps	20 F		Berkshire
		William W. Phelps	16 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Josaphine A. Phelps	12 F		Berkshire
		Frances E. Phelps	9 F		Berkshire
		John Hosley?	11 M		Berkshire
48	49	Thomas D. Dimmock	48 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Hariet C. Dimmock	50 F		Conn.
		Cordelia E. Dimmock	9 F		Berkshire
49	50	Abel Peckham	49 M	Farmer	R. I.
		Rebecca Peckham	46 F		R. I.

		William F.? Peckham	23 M	Farmer	R. I.
		Abel Peckham, Jr.	20 M	Farmer	Conn.
50	51	Alanson Kibbee	48 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Fanny L. Kibbee	40 F		Berkshire
		Chester L. Kibbee	22 M	Farmer	Berkshire
51	52	Thomas B. Seeley	42 M	Lumberman	Vermont?
		Laura E. Seeley	40 F		Berkshire
		Sarah A. Seeley	15 F		Berkshire
52	53	Almon Curtis	34 M	Labourer	Hampden
		Orcilla Curtis	23 F		Berkshire
		Ann M. Curtis	5 F		Conn.
		Franklin Curtis	4 M		Hampden
		Almon Curtis	2 M		Berkshire
53	54	Richard Butler?	36 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Elizabeth Butler?	23 F		Ireland
	55	----- C. Watson	42 M	Farmer	Hampden
		Betsey Watson	25 F		Hampshire
		Ellen B. Watson	14 F		Berkshire
		Joseph J.? Watson	1 M		Berkshire
		Asal Prentice	22 M	Laborer	Hampden
54	56	Oliver Watson	73 M	Gentleman	Hampden
		Mary L. Watson	71 F		Conn.
		Maria D. Watson	32 F		Hampden
	57	Benjamin F. Watson	36 M	Farmer	Hampden
		Sarah Watson	30 F		Berkshire
55	58	John McDonnor	29 M	Laborer	Ireland
		Hannah McDonnor	22 F		Ireland
		Henry McDonnor	9 M		Hampden
56	59	John Hugins	36 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Emeline R. Hugins	32 F		Conn.
		Meritt L. Hugins	11 M		Berkshire
		Dwight C. Hugins	8 M		Berkshire
		Laura ? Hugins	5 F		Conn.
		Frank P. Hugins	1 M		Berkshire
57	60	Eugene Hugins	33 M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Dolly Hugins	24 F		Berkshire
		Ella Hugins	4 F		Berkshire
58	61	Alpius Printice	28 M	Farmer	Hampshire
		Rosanna Printice	23 F		Hampden
59	62	Elisha Printice	29 M	Farmer	Hampshire
		Julia Printice	25 F		Hampden
60	63	Phineas Kibbee	61 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Elizabeth Kibbee	55 F		Hampden
		Milton Kibbee	32 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Thomas Kibbee, Jr.	23 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Mary Church	83 F		Hampden
61	64	Moses Hurd	49 M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Phebe Hurd	38 F		Hampden
62	65	Warren S. Mitchel	28 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Harriet Thompson	60 F		Conn.
63	66	William L. Saunders	27 M	Farmer	Conn.
		Emaline Saunders	25 F		Hampden
		Salinda Saunders	2 F		Berkshire
		William S. Saunders	1 M		Berkshire

		Edward M. Blakely	22 M	Laborer	Conn.
		Harriet E. Blakely	19 F		Berkshire
		Henry H. Spelman	35 M	Physician	Hampden
		Nancy M. Spelman	34 F		Hampden
Date of Enumeration; 25 Sept. 1855 Enumerator: Alanson Crittendon					
1	1	Stephen Clark	66 M	Farmer	R. I.
		Anna Clark	55 F		R. I.
		Jabez Clark	34 M	Farmer	Hampden
		Esther E. Clark	23 F		Hampden
2	2	Judah Fuller	28 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Mary E. Fuller	24 F		Berkshire
		Carlos M. Fuller	3 M		Berkshire
3	3	Thomas S. Webb	31 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Angeline L. Webb	27 F		Berkshire
		Henry T. Webb	10 M		Berkshire
		Eunice S. Webb	6 F		Berkshire
		Samuel M. Webb	4 M		Berkshire
		Everlin A. Webb	4m F		Berkshire
4	4	Milo Webb	54 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Louisa Webb	41 F		Berkshire
		Charlotte L. Webb	2 F		Berkshire
		Ellen A. Tillotson	17 F		Berkshire
5	5	David Oles	64 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Betsey Oles	66 F		Conn.
		Eliza Oles	37 F		Berkshire
		Henry N. Oles	25 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Hannah Oles	22 F		Berkshire
		Charles Hall	6 M		Berkshire
		Mary J. Hall	4 F		Berkshire
6	6	John Oles	35 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Lucy Oles	28 F		Berkshire
		Lucy J. Peck	6 F		Berkshire
		Edwin Peck	2 M		?
7	7	Erastus M. Whitney	58 M	Blacksmith	Berkshire
		Mary Whitney	58 F		Hampden
		Miles Whitney	17 M	Farmer	Berkshire
8	8	Alanson Thompson	50 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Caroline H. Thompson	44 F		Berkshire
		Elizabeth C. Thompson	18 F		Berkshire
		Catherine J. Thompson	16 F		Berkshire
		Marcus A. Thompson	13 M		Berkshire
		Edward D. Thompson	3 M		Berkshire
9	9	Nathaniel Dowd	47 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Julia S. Dowd	39 F		Berkshire
		Jerusha H. Dowd	17 F		Berkshire
		Warrin D. Manley	7 M		Conn.
10	10	Lyman Bosworth	60 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Wealthy W. Bosworth	37 F		Conn.
		Henry W. Bosworth	25 M	Student	Berkshire
		Lyman H. Bosworth	21 M	Book Keeper	Berkshire
		Mary E. Bosworth	13 F		Berkshire
		Delia E. Rood	12 F		Conn.
		William Benton	34 M	Farmer	Berkshire

		Robert McGinis	15 M	Laborer	Ireland
		George McGinis	11 M		Ireland
11	11	Jonah Webb	87 M		Conn.
		Lurinda Webb	67 F		Berkshire
12	12	Thomas Collins	54 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Rhoda Collins	54 F		Berkshire
		Harlo Collins	21 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Huldah Collins	17 F		Berkshire
13	13	Elizabeth Gleason	55 F		Berkshire
		John Parsons	28 M	Farmer	Conn
		Elizabeth A. Parsons	25 F		Berkshire
		Ida J. Parsons	2m F		Berkshire
14	14	Roxy Oles	58 F		Conn.
		Hiram Oles	21 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		George Oles	20 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Maryett Oles	13 F		Berkshire
		Julia Hyde	24 F		Berkshire
		Levi Oles	22 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Martin W. Oles	8 M		Berkshire
15	15	Lorenzo Webb	44 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Rhoda Webb	36 F		Hampshire
		James Webb	15 M		Berkshire
		Harvey Tyrel?	23 M	Farmer	N.Y.
16	16	William Cornwell	31 M	Farmer	Hampden
		Clarrisa A. Cornwell	26 F		Berkshire
		Clarrissa J. Cornwell	6 F		Berkshire
17	17	Charles Cornwell	68 M	Farmer	Hampden
		Matilda Cornwell	56 F		Berkshire
		Mariah Cornwell	21 F		Berkshire
		Henderson Kimberley	18 M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Williamm Kimberley	14 M		Berkshire
		Sidney Yates	23 M	B Laborer	Berkshire
18	18	Samuel A. Jones	37 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Fostina C. Jones	28 F		Berkshire
		Miles B. Jones	22 M	Farmer	Berkshire
19	19	Stephen Benton	78 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Susan Benton	76 F		Berkshire
		Daniel W. Benton	42 M	Laborer	Berkshire
		James Benton	6 M		Berkshire
20	20	Elijah Ransome	66 M	Farmer	Conn.
		Candace Ransome	61 F		Conn.
21	21	John Breckenridge	64 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Susan Breckenridge	66 F		Berkshire
		William Breckenridge	25 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Nancy J. Breckenridge	20 F		Berkshire
		Eunice Breckenridge	61 F		Berkshire
22	22	Daniel Jones	67 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Rhoda Jones	66 F		Hampden
		Olive S. Jones	29 F		Berkshire
		Alfred D. Jones	27 M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Rhoda J. Jones	25 F		Berkshire
23	23	Isaac Hall	37 M	Farmer	Berkshire

(Continued on page 140)

RANDOM HEARTHSTONE REMEMBRANCES AND GLEANINGS

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

The first hen fancier in Berkshire County who ever turned attention to the business of breeding rare fowls of this description in the interest of rich egg production, was a popular young clerk in the dry-goods store of McLellan & Magee, which stood on the southwest end on the site of the present Wilson House in North Adams. This store was a two-story wooden building afterwards owned by the late W. W. Gallup, and there was a little red barn in its rear in which Johnny Magee had his amateur "hennery," in which Dr. Nathan S. Babbitt also kept his horse. John was so interested in hens that he was on the constant lookout for good layers, especially that kind of fowl who couldn't fine time to set still and raise a family, and hesitated at no figure charged him for rare birds supplied him by friendly farmers and others. To such an extent did this hen fever grow upon John, that if he was measuring off a dress pattern for a lady customer, and one of his hens made a vocal announcement out in the little red barn that she had produced an egg, and was about to be off on other business, that he would drop everything and run bareheaded to her nest to inspect the manufacture. Dr. Babbitt was so much amused by the antics of John, and his deep seated interest in hens to the exclusion of almost everything else, that he resolved on bringing about his practical cure with a wicked joke. Securing a goose egg at a farm house where he was attending a patient, he hid away in the barn, and keeping the big egg warm in his hands, awaited the coming off of her nest of John's latest investment in what he had decided was a gilt-edged biddy. Finally the hen came off with vociferous advertising of her feat, the doctor slyly substituted the goose egg for the fruit in her nest, having had barely time to conceal himself before John came plunging bareheaded into the barn. Through a broad crack the Doctor gleefully beheld Johnny's eyes dilate almost to double their natural size, a proud smile of triumph light up his handsome face, and to see him rush into the store holding "the wonder" in his outstretched palm. From the store John bounded into the street exhibiting his prize to his many friends, who

strangely preserved gravity of countenance, and thence rushed into the office of the village newspaper and was written up, "John Magee has laid an egg on our table measuring eight by ten inches." Several days later it was reported that John was convalescent from the hen fever, having sold out his feathered property for a song and he never had a relapse.

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

It is related of a good old Northern Berkshire farmer that he fell into the habit of taking too much "corn juice," as it was called in those days, and that he promised his good pastor that he would stop the habit, with the single exception that he might thus indulge when he washed sheep. It ran along a spell when it began to be observed that the old farmer was in a very "mellow" condition for the greater portion of the time. On being closely watched it was discovered that he kept a scraggly old ram in his barn near a watering tub, to whom he gave a bath quite a number of times a day. It was Horace Taylor with whom a friend was

expostulating about drinking, who informed this gentleman that he only used intoxicating liquors on two occasions. His friend thereupon apologized for his previous remarks, and pressed Horace to name the only two occasions in which he thus indulged. "Certainly," says the witty Horace, "when I go fishing, and when I don't."

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

All the way up through the past century there has been a good many mad dog panics in all the Berkshire towns, and some of them proved to be pretty lively occasions. Somewhere about 68 years ago two mad dogs came rushing over Furnace Hill into North Adams from Williamstown, having bitten

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

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

agony and fright to rid themselves of these pests.

Miss Julia Cushing, the beautiful and sprightly young daughter of Dr. David Cushing, the famous pioneer physician on Stafford's Hill, once took a prominent part in a harmless play gotten up by the pupils of the old Brick Academy in Adams, whose site is now occupied by the Town Hall. A very pious old lady of one of the prominent families of the village was so exercised over the "heathenish performance," as she called it, that she drove down to the academy and soundly scolded the pupils during a rehearsal of this play, predicting that one of the participants would die before the year expired. Strangely enough the lovely Miss Cushing deceased that year and Elder Sweet, who delivered her funeral sermon, fanatically alluded to her participation in this harmless pastime. With so many amusements of this character on the part of the schools and churches of today, so say nothing of general society in such, the strict bounds in which Berkshire childhood was penned within, can be appreciated by the relation of this anecdote.

Sixty eight years ago Ira Richardson of Cheshire visited New York city with his two daughters, the latest survivor of the latter being Esther, who died on the old homestead a few months ago at the age of 82 years. While walking up the then fine residence portion of Broadway, they came in front of a mansion on the sides of whose huge granite entrance steps were seated two imposing lions, fashioned in a kind of dark bronze metal and of charming contour and majestic form. They stopped to admire these lions for quite a spell and afterwards they were the subject of frequent conversations. Henry W. Richardson finally built a fine mansion opposite the old homestead, which was afterwards purchased by a Mrs. Durant of New York and which is now the homestead of David Bowen of Cheshire. By a singular coincidence Mrs. Durant purchased the two lions above mentioned at an auction in New York for an insignificant sum, they having belonged to an English family which had become extinct, and which she brought to Cheshire and erected on the front steps of the Richardson mansion where they have since remained. The bronze or

metal lions were imported from England, are the finest works of art of this character in the United States, two similar bronze lions in Philadelphia being next to them in size, beauty and symmetry.

A good many anecdotes are told of the old churches which once stood in the west part of Pittsfield. It is related that a wandering minister who was called the "Stone Parson," who in walking from town to town picked up every loose stone in the highways, occasionally preached in the old yellow meeting house in the west part. Striding into the church with his pants tucked into his great heavy boots, clad in several pairs of pants and wearing no suspenders, he would ascend to the pulpit, and jerking up his clothes in a kind of sailor fashion would always cry out in a mighty voice "Teach me the measure of my days." A man named Bowen, who had never been inside a church was persuaded to go and hear the Stone Parson. Bowen stalked into the edifice in his cowhide boots and thumping down the aisle, everybody looked at him in amazement. Thereupon the Stone Parson invited him right up into the pulpit, which invitation the unsophisticated Bowen accepted amid the laughter of the congregation. It proved to be the last as well as the first time that Bowen ever darkened a church door.

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

There used to be a good deal of sand digging for supposed buried gold in various parts of Pittsfield in the earlier days. Over at lower Barkerville a strange old hermit lived for many years in a tumble-down cabin and after his death it was rumored that a big pot of gold was buried under his doorstep. The earth was all dug over in that vicinity, but no treasure ever rewarded the labor. Then the rumor that old Williams money was buried

under Squire Sharer's barn caused a deal of unrewarded search of this character. This was the squire who wanted to give a gift to foreign missions and proposed to send out a barrel of cider. The Squire was a Democrat in politics and a toast given by him at a party banquet at one of the old hotels ended with "The Lord bless you and send you where the Devil can't find you."

Among the old town of Pittsfield's queer characters of early date, an octogenarian remembers Crazy Seth Allen, who took a bee line for the village from the west part, and refused to deviate therefrom, walked off into the waters of Onota lake and drowned.

There was also eccentric Billy Trainor, Nash Noble who went by the name of Capt. Mack, and brother Seymour, who though a faithful plodder for bread and an industrious worker, would never wear a hat.

Strange to relate that after a faithful search for all the bands of music ever organized in Pittsfield and Berkshire, the oldest one was omitted. This existed in the town over 100 years ago and was known as the "Hoboy Band." The instruments were the flute, violin, drum and a rude clarionet, which in those days went by the name of "hoboy."

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Census - from page 136

23	23	Eliza A. Hall	32	F		Berkshire
		Ira D. Hall	10	M		Hampden
		Valletta S.? Hall	7	F		Hampden
		Clifford W. Hall	5	M		Hampden
		Samuel G. Hall	2	M		Berkshire
24	24	Alva G. Dorman	46	M	Farmer	Hampden
		Almira P. Dorman	42	F		Hampden
		Marcus O. Dorman	13	M		Berkshire
25	25	Daniel W. Dorman	69	M	Farmer	Conn.
		Mary P. Dorman	66	F		R. I.
26	26	Sarah Chase	68	F		Berkshire
27	27	Isaac Finn	53	M	Farmer	Conn.
		Alma Finn	53	F		Conn.
		Isaac S. Finn	27	M	Farmer	Conn.
		Tertius Finn	25	M	Farmer	Berkshire
28	28	Levi Waters	59	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Lucinda Waters	54	F		Hampden
		Truman Root	79	M		Conn.
29	29	Daniel P. Smith	29	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Louisa C. Smith	26	F		Berkshire
		Jackson Smith	23	M	Farmer	Berkshire
30		Ira Smith	55	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Caroline L. Smith	45	F		Berkshire
		Lawrence Smith	20	M		Berkshire
		Lovina Smith	16	F		Berkshire
		Ira A. Smith	14	M		Berkshire
		Shubal O. Smith	9	M		Berkshire
		Emaline O. Smith	7	F		Berkshire
		Thomas Z. Smith	4	M		Berkshire
30	31	Chester Webb	70	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Wealthy Webb	52	F		Berkshire
		Hellen L. Tyrel	13	F		Ohio

(Continued on page 142)

SOME LAUGHABLE MEMORIES

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

We are indebted to our old and valued friend, Henry L. Smith of Williamstown, for a few old time reminiscences of Northern Berkshire with the promise of much more as he can recall the same with a very bright memory of past events for his years. In speaking of his first acquaintance with Judge Thomas Farnum of the then village of South Adams, he recalls being sent by his father one bleak cold May day after the judge to hold court at his father's Union Hotel on Park street. The orders were to "hitch-up" and "go-for" the old time magistrate at once. At the door of the Judge's home he was met by a matronly woman in Quaker dress who informed him that this dignity was at home.

Suddenly the Judge appeared, but it was with no magisterial tone that he said "Boy, what do you want?" Explaining his business, the Judge quickly donned his "jury coat," returned with him to the village and presided at the hearing in a most masterful and impartial manner. Though not in any sense a dressy man, for natural shrewdness and superior judgment in his official capacity, he had few equals among the olden time Justices of the Peace and of the Quorum, and his decisions were invariably sustained by the higher courts whenever an appeal was taken thereto, which was of rare occurrence. Judge Farnum was the owner of a monstrous English bull, well broken to harness and doing all the team work on his farm. Instead of being driven, he was led about by a rope which was attached to a ring in his nose, implanted therein in his calf-hood days, the wound having grown so nicely together that no evidence of a surgical operation could be detected.

One bright October day a party of hilarious and vivacious Williams College students were visiting South Adams, as they occasionally do other localities at the present day, and were stopping at the then Park Street Hotel, evidently having in mind the idea of painting that vicinity a bright crimson, when a novelty suddenly appeared in front of the hotel which filled them with merriment. This was Uncle Tom Farnum with his bull attached to a thirty bushel load of fine potatoes. Of course the

boys hustled out into the street and gathering around Uncle Tom and his turnout began to interview him as to his bull's age, docility, capacity for business, powers of draught, but most particularly they sought information as to how that ring was placed so nicely in his proboscis. Uncle Tom enjoyed all the questions, but the last, pretending that he did not wish to give the trick away, and was very much amused with their guessing how this feat was accomplished.

Finally, after an immense amount of urging, Uncle Tom consented to enlighten the students, provided that they would keep the method a profound secret, to which they one and all readily consented. "You see," says Uncle Tom, "I slipped it on over his tail when he was a calf." If there ever was a locality where a good joke could travel around in seven-league boots, and with a rapidity that would rival the telegraph and telephone of today, it was in South Adams at that period. This one went so rapidly from mouth to mouth and curiosity was so great to take a look at the collegians whom Uncle Tom had so completely "done-up," that they tarried but a short time after the event. The historian thinks the mortified students kept their word, and never divulged the secret, as it was never known to have reached Williamstown.

Mr. Smith further writes, It was 66 years ago last April that as a boy of eleven years of age I first became a resident of South Adams. My father's home was the Union Hotel on Park street, so transformed at this time as to be unrecognizable. At this time the "dug-way road" so called, reaching from the Berkshire Cotton Mills to Renfrew station had just been completed, and there were only two small dwellings the whole distance between these points. David Anthony's Cotton Factory was the first building on the left on entering the village, and his residence on the right, the site of the present elegant Catholic Church. The village had many unique characters whose memory has ever remained fresh in my mind.

South Adams' most substantial farmers in those days were Quakers, and among the

most thrifty of these was Humphrey Anthony, from the products of whose farm my father's hotel table was largely supplied. On a certain April day I was sent to the old Quaker farm for a half-dozen nice hams, in the curing of which this farmer was an expert. The hams were placed in the wagon and as I was about ready to return to the

village, Mr. Anthony casually informed me to inform my father that "the pigs from which these hams were taken had died." I at once insisted on leaving the hams, but suddenly changed my mind, observing a merry twinkle in Uncle Humphrey's eye, when he said: "Boy, we cut their necks before they died; thee wouldn't eat them alive, would thee?"

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Census - from page 140

30	31	Alonzo Powers	12	M	M		Hampden
31	32	Ambrose Hubbard	62	M	B	Laborer	N.Y.
		Lucina Hubbard	32	F	M		Hampden
		Proctor Freeman	2	M	B		Berkshire
32	33	Volney W. Haskell	36	M		Pedlar	Berkshire
		Mary M. Haskell	33	F			Berkshire
		Frances E. Haskell	12	F			Berkshire
		Mary E. Haskell	6	F			Berkshire
33	34	Roman Alford	62	M		Farmer	Conn.
		Charlott Alford	61	F			Conn.
		Eunice M. Alford	26	F			Berkshire
		Mary C. Alford	20	F			Berkshire
		Henry B. Alford	18	M		Farmer	Berkshire
		Everett B. Alford	13	M			Berkshire
34	35	John F. Marcy	53	M		Farmer	Berkshire
		Sarah Marcy	56	F			Berkshire
		Elizabeth Marcy	17	F			Berkshire
	36	Newton F. Marcy	30	M		Farmer	Berkshire
		Mary F. Marcy	20	F			England
		Carl M. Alford	37	M		Farmer	Berkshire
35	37	Mary L. Alford	30	F			Conn.
		Abigal Taylor	54	F			Conn.
36	38	David Deming	29	M		Farmer	N.Y.
		Adaline J. Deming	27	F			Berkshire
37	39	James Clark	68	M		Farmer	N.Y.
		Fanny Clark	54	F			Berkshire
		Charles Clark	32	M		Farmer	Berkshire
		James Clark, Jr.	30	M		Farmer	Berkshire
		Sarah B. Clark	20	F			Berkshire
		Amelia Clark	17	F			Berkshire
		Mary J. Clark	15	F			Berkshire
38	40	Lewis Edgecomb	66	M		Laborer	Conn.
		Malissa Edgecomb	66	F			Berkshire
39	41	Lafaett Proper	35	M		Laborer	N.Y.
		Sarah Proper	43	F			Berkshire
		Wealthy A. Proper	4	F			Berkshire
40	42	William W. Walley	28	M	B	Laborer	Conn.
		Candace M. Walley	28	F	B		Conn.
		Caroline M. Walley	15	F	B		Conn.
		Thomas Hall	30	M	B	Laborer	Conn.

(Continued on page 144)

THE FIRST METHODIST MEETING HOUSE GREAT BARRINGTON

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

Previous to 1845 there was no meeting house owned by the Methodist Episcopal Society at Great Barrington. There were a few Methodists in the northeast part of the town previous to 1800, but these worshiped in a school house, or residence. In the spring of 1830 a class was formed at Great Barrington, with John Harman, leader. In a year or two a class was organized at VanDeusenville with Thomas Lyons, as leader; and one at Seekonk led by Eliphalet Lester. For some years, they held week day evening meetings in school houses, and on Sunday in the old Congregational Church in which Dr. Samuel Hopkins preached during his ministry at Great Barrington. This old building stood in the northwest corner of the Cemetery, a few rods east of the so-called "Great Bridge" on Water street. It had long been abandoned by the "standing order" and was used by the town as a place for holding town meetings. In the spring of 1837 this meeting house had become so dilapidated that it was torn down and during that summer a new Town House was built on its site.

In 1843, the Methodist meetings were so largely attended that it became necessary for the leaders to lease the new Town House. The conditions were that the Methodists should have the building insured for twelve hundred dollars. They began to hold meetings there and in the fall and winter of 1843-44 occurred the greatest revival of religion ever known, at one time in the town. It was estimated by good authority that 500 were converted. Those that attended came from Egremont, Alford, Sheffield and other places. Not only the Methodist, but the Congregational and Episcopal churches received additions to their membership. The night of November 9, 1844, the Town House was destroyed by fire. A political caucus had been held that evening and it was supposed that the fire was caused by the chairman of the meeting, who thoughtlessly threw the candle snuffings into a wooden spittoon filled with sawdust. As the building was insured by the Methodists, some of the prominent

citizens of the town said to the leaders of that denomination, "now is the time for you to build a church, as you have saved the town, the sum of \$1,000." Acting on this advice a subscription paper was circulated, and sufficient money was soon obtained with which to begin the work.

But where to locate the new meeting house was the important question. In a short time a decision was reached and a good central site on Main street was purchased of Major Samuel Rosseter. The deed of conveyance was drawn by the Hon. Increase Sumner, Justice of the Peace. It was witnessed by Nancy Crossman, a member of the Rosetter family, and recorded by Samuel Newman, Register of deeds for Southern Berkshire, in Book 88, Page 339, at Great Barrington. As this deed is a part of the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church, never before in print, the following is an outline of the document: February 1, 1845. Samuel Rosseter in consideration of \$200 conveys to Nicholas Holt, John D. Noxon, and Elisha Hasard a piece of land in Great Barrington village bounded as follows; Beginning at the southeast corner of Reuben Hamlin's land 8 rods; thence southerly on a line parallel with the line of said Hamlin to the west line of the highway; thence on said line of the highway 5 rods to the place of the beginning. Before opening this lot the grantees shall make a good board fence on the west and south side of said premises, so that Rosseter's meadow adjoining shall not be exposed. Sheds however shall answer the same as a fence and when the fence is made the grantor shall maintain one-half of it, the sheds of the grantees to be regarded as part of their share of the fence. But sheds shall not be built on the south side of said lot. The same day the deed was created, the grantees conveyed the lot to the Trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Society.

The grantees as first recorded were also the building committee. As such, April 12, 1845, they contracted with John Briggs to erect a stone foundation, for \$120. The

committee also contracted with Henry Lacy, a somewhat noted carpenter, to do the woodwork, for which he received as head builder, or boss, \$1.25 per day, while the common laborers received \$1 per day.

It was the intention at first, for lack of funds, to close up the edifice in the fall and not complete it until the following spring. But Major Rosseter came forward and loaned the committee sufficient money for the completion of the church the first year. From the burning of the Town House, until the completion of their meeting house, the Methodists worshiped in Mechanics' Hall on Main street, where the Sumner block now stands. This hall was over the old drug store of the late Frederick T. Whiting. In after years the room was the law office of Judge Increase Sumner, whose very natural portrait may be seen on the wall of the County Court Room at Pittsfield. In this hall the late Justin Dewey, Judge of the Superior Court, studied law as a pupil of "Squire" Sumner, and not a few noted lawsuits were outlined in that room.

At the dedication of the meeting house some time in the fall of 1845, the first sermon was preached at 10:30 A.M. by Rev. John Crawford, who was then the Methodist preacher at Sheffield. In the evening the sermon was by Rev. David W. Clark of Salisbury, a few years after Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The first Circuit Preacher to minister in the new meeting house was Humphrey Humphries, a native of Manchester, England. He was of Welsh descent and was born in 1785. After being a member of the New York Conference for 30 years he died September 29, 1852. He was buried at Washingtonville, N.Y.

At a session of the New York Conference in 1846, Rev. Charles Chittenden was appointed to Great Barrington and the old circuit system in South Berkshire was a thing of the past. In 1866, while Rev. George H. Corey was pastor, the meeting house was enlarged and thoroughly repaired. Again in recent years, during the ministry of Rev. William F. Albrecht, important changes were made in the church interior.

* * * * *

Census - from page 142

40	42	Henry Williams	23	M	B	Laborer	Conn.
		Mary J. Anthony	20	F	B		Conn.
41	43	Warren Pittsinger	40	M		Farmer	Hampshire
		Alvira Pittsinger	37	F			Hampshire
		Climena Pittsinger	15	F			Berkshire
		Lovina Pittsinger	13	F			Berkshire
		Henry Pittsinger	10	M			Berkshire
		Mary L. Pittsinger	6	F			Berkshire
42	44	Truman Lumley	35	M		Laborer	N.Y.
		Polly Lumley	35	F			N.Y.
		Mary C. Goodwin	13	F			Conn.
		Stillman Lumley	8	M			Berkshire
		Hannah J. Lumley	5	F			Berkshire
43	45	Jairus Haskell	66	M		Farmer	Hampden
		Electa Haskell	56	F			Conn
		Philip Haskell	21	M		Farmer	Conn.
		Ann E. Pearl	19	F			Berkshire
		Herman M. Haskell	16	M			Berkshire
44	46	Lester Filley	64	M		Lawyer	Conn.
		Maria Filley	55	F			Berkshire
		William M. Colbarn	25	M		Epis. Clergy	Hampshire
45	47	Ransley Brooks	52	M		Farmer	Conn.

(To be continued)

MAP OF
CONNECTICUT VALLEY,
IN MASSACHUSETTS.
EMBRACING THE COUNTIES OF FRANKLIN, HAMPSHIRE & HAMPDEN.

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK (1879)



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