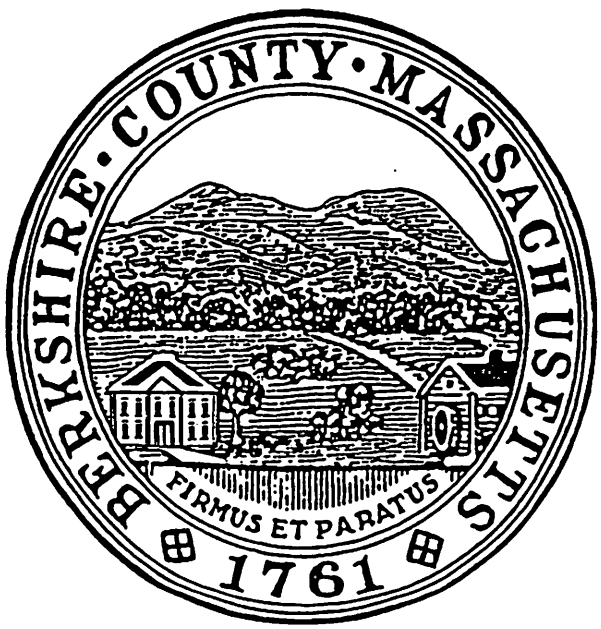
Berkshire Genealogist



Volume 38 Number 1 Winter 2017

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.

MARCH 14, 1934

Henry Parker Sartwell, M.D., Ph.D, was born in Pittsfield April 18, 1792. He began the practice of medicine when he was 19 years of age; served as surgeon in the army during the war of 1812; and settled at Bethel, Ontario County, New York, 1821, and at Penn Yan, 1832. He kept records of the weather for more than 40 years. Our local weather observer, Louis B. Cummings, at the City Hall commenced his records February 1, 1894, and bids fair to surpass the Sartwell record.

Dr. Sartwell was an enthusiastic and intelligent collector of botanical specimens. For many years and until his death he devoted his whole time to the study of the genus carex (sedges) and in 1848 published a work in two parts on that subject. He died at Penn Yan November 15, 1867.

From 1863, the Hamilton College catalogue contained an account of the Sartwell Herbarium. The catalog statement runs as follows: "Through the liberality of Hamilton White, Esq., of Syracuse, the College Collections in Natural History have been recently enriched by the Herbarium collected by Dr. H. P. Sartwell, of Penn Yan, and well known in scientific circles as a very extensive and valuable exhibition of our North American Flora. This Herbarium is the result of fifty years of botanical study, research and correspondence. It contains eight thousand samples of plants, all skillfully cured, accurately labeled and conveniently classified in sixty-two handsome volumes. Among the more unique or useful specimens are 451 Mosses, 225 Lichens, 341 Sea Weeds, 600 Fungi, 575 Ferns, 314 Grasses, 200 Ericaceae."

The president of Hamilton, Dr. Frederick C. Ferry, Williams 1891, writes me relative to the Sartwell Herbarium as follows: "I notice that the man whose name is attached to the Herbarium, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the college in 1864. The gift of the Herbarium to the college by Hamilton White to have been very quickly attended by the conferment of the honorary degree on Mr. Sartwell."

And here let it be noted that Professor Dewey, born in Sheffield, also wrote many excellent monographs on the carices (sedges) of North America.

* * *

John Seeley Stone was born at West Stockbridge in 1795; graduated at Union College in 1823; studied at the General Theological Seminary in New York; and in 1826 took orders in the Episcopal Church. He was rector of churches in Litchfield, Conn., Frederick, Md., New Haven, Conn., Brookline, Mass., and of St. Paul's church in Boston. He was a lecturer in the Philadelphia Divinity School, and at the age of 72 in 1867 was chosen dean of the faculty of the Massachusetts Theological Seminary, to reside in Cambridge. He died January 12, 1882 at the advanced age of 87. Besides sermons and articles in periodicals, he wrote several books in religious and doctrinal topics and on church polity and published the Life of Bishop Griswold, the first and only bishop of the "Eastern Diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church," which was organized in 1810 and consisted of all the New England States except Connecticut. The Life was published in the year following the death of Bishop Griswold which occurred in Boston in 1843.

Some of the authorities give Dr. Stone's birthplace as Great Barrington, but he attended the Berkshire Jubilee in 1844 and registered as having been born in West Stockbridge and as having lived there from 1795 to 1817. He was rector of Christ's Church in Brooklyn when he came on to attend the jubilee.

MARCH 21, 1934

"Miss Grace A. Gallagher of White Plains, N.Y., an educator and lecturer, has recently bought a house in West Stockbridge," according to an *Eagle* item in 1931. There is an especial interest and appropriateness in Miss Gallagher's acquisition of the property for it was the early home of Marcius Willson, historian, educator and text brok writer, who was born in that house

December 8, 1813. His grandfather, Nathaniel, died in West Stockbridge about 1819 and his father, Gilbert, was born in West Stockbridge.

Marcius attended the little brick schoolhouse of the district. When he was eight years old, he went with his parents to Allen's Hill, Ontario County, N.Y., where he was reared on a farm. He was one of the prodigies, an insatiable reader, at the age of 12, he had read all of Shakespeare's plays "with the deepest interest," as one of his biographers says. From 1831 until 1833 he was a student at Canandaigua Academy. An interesting yarn is told about his years at the academy to the effect that in a mock trial Stephen Arnold Douglas maintained the right of a certain student, the defendant, "to squat" in any unoccupied seat at the school table. That argument has been acclaimed by the admirers of the Little Giant as the germ of his famous doctrine of "squatter sovereignty."

Young Willson was graduated from Union College in 1836. For the next four or five years he taught school, first at Newark Academy in New Jersey and then at the Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Collegiate Institution. In the meantime Willson was studying law and was admitted to the bar in 1839. In 1837 while teaching and studying law, he published "Linear Perspective, Landscape and Architectural Drawing" for the use of the Poughkeepsie school and in 1838 "Civil Polity and Political Economy" which was in general use as a school book.

A bronchial affection compelled Willson to abandon the plan of practicing law and for the remainder of his life, he devoted himself assiduously to literary work with particular attention to the preparation and publication of school books. This literary work was his exclusive occupation except for a period of four years when he was principal of his old prep school, Canandaigua Academy. A "School History of the United States," published in 1845, was expanded into "An American History," followed by a "Primary United States History" and by "Outlines of General History" which expounded the author's theory of the philosophy of history. Harper & Brothers employed Willson to write a series of readers on the general basis of popularizing science. Five numbers were issued under the title "School and Family Series of Readers." Then followed three additional readers and a series of twenty-two "Educational Wall Charts" and a "Manual of Instruction in Object Lessons." Six reading books were published as "Lippincott's Popular Series." Four numbers of an industrial drawing series, spellers, and a new system of plane trigonometry were issued. "Mosaics of Grecian History" and a biblical work, called "The Wonderful Story of Old," were among other of the literary ventures of this prolific and popular writer. It is a good guess that his works were popular else these publishers would not have continued for years to take care of his educational and other output.

The titles of his works not only testify to the breadth of this man's scholarship and to the variety of his intellectual interests, but they carry the fair suggestion that the courses of study in the schools which used his text books, may be favorably compared with the school programs of recent times.

Mr. Willson died March 20, 1892 at his home in Vineland, N.J.

MARCH 28, 1934

John Fellows was born in Pomfret, Conn., in 1733, was an officer in the Colonial wars against the French and Indians; and a Sheffield delegate to the Massachusetts Provincial Congress in 1775. He recruited a regiment of Minute Men in Western Massachusetts and soon after the Battle of Lexington joined the Continental Army at Cambridge in 1776, as colonel of the regiment. June 25, 1776, he was commissioned a brigadier-general and led his brigade at the battles of Long Island, White Plains, Bemis Heights and Saratoga and was among the prominent generals of the American Army at the surrender of Burgoyne, commanding that portion of the militia stationed on the east bank of the Hudson. The prisoners were sent to Boston under charge of General Fellows; their line of march was through Berkshire County, 2500 of them passing through Pittsfield.

General Fellows served his town in various capacities and was sheriff of Berkshire County for some years prior to 1781. He married Mary Ashley who died in 1797.

He died in Sheffield, August 1, 1808 and was buried in what is now known as the

Ward family cemetery on the Ward farm (now Greenwood farm) in Sheffield, just around the corner from Walter Pritchard Eaton's Twin Fires. The Ward farm is the scene of Elizabeth Stancy Payne's novel, "These Changing Years," published in 1931.

The obituary notice, which was published in the American Register in 1809, says of him: "He was an honest and useful citizen; a real friend to his country; affectionate as a father and sincere in friendship."

Kenneth Roberts, in his "Rabble in Arms," a story of the second invasion of Canada in the Revolution, makes many unpleasant references to our Pittsfield patriot soldiers, John Brown and James Easton and generally disparages the New England soldiers and their commanders. It is gratifying therefore, to find him speaking in most complimentary terms of General Fellows. With "eighty Berkshire boys" General Fellows went under orders from General Schuyler to take measures to delay Burgoyne's movements in his march toward Albany. The novelist makes one of his characters say: "He was one of those rare militia officers who would go anywhere, do anything, and sit up all night and every night, if necessary, to carry out his orders. Unlike most of our officers, he was grateful for suggestions in stopping the British than in his own importance, which was a pleasant surprise." He had a sour, reluctant Berkshire grin," he was a good judge of human nature and he was good-natured and kind-hearted.

I do not wish by silence to appear to admit that Roberts is justified in his characterizations of Brown and Easton. Their controversies with Benedict Arnold are matters of public record. For the present I am inclined to adopt the remark of Capt. Peter Merrill in the story: "If I've learned anything in my life, I've learned that arguments over war are as useless as those over politics and love."

General Fellows had a son, John, born in Sheffield in 1760 and died in New York January 3, 1844. As a mere boy he was a soldier in Captain William Bacon's company, a unit of the regiment with which General Fellows hurried to Boston on the news of the engagement at Lexington. John Jr. graduated at Yale in 1783. He seems to have devoted his life to study and writing. Among his publications were: "The Mysteries of Freemasonry, or An Exposition of the Religious Dogmas of the Ancient Egyptians, Showing Their Identity With the Order of Modern Masonry," "The Veil Removed; Reflections on Humphrey's Essay on the Life of Israel Putnam" and a work on the authorship of "Junius Letters."

APRIL 4, 1934

I gave some account recently of two sons of Berkshire who became justices of our Supreme Court, the Deweys, father and son, and here are two more Berkshire natives, George Morell of Lenox and Matthew Birchard of Becket, the former of whom became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan and the latter Chief Justice of Ohio's court of last resort.

Morell left the county when he had reached his majority; it may be assumed that he made the decision for himself. Birchard's parents took their eight years old boy with them when they went to the Western Reserve, to what is now Trumbull County, in the northeastern part of Ohio, one county south of Lake Erie and adjoining New York State on the east.

George Morell was born in Lenox, March 22, 1786; graduated at Williams College in 1807 and received the Master's degree there in 1810; studied law in a Troy law office and was called to the bar Feb. 14, 1811; and then moved to Cooperstown, N.Y. There he practiced law, engaged very actively in politics, was elected to many local and county offices and in 1829 to the State Assembly; and served in the State Militia from 1811 to 1832, holding successively all the military titles from sergeant up to major general. He was the first judge of the Otsego County Court, a position he held from 1827 until he went to Albany as Assemblyman. After that year at the capitol, he was again elected to the county judgeship.

On Feb. 26, 1832 he took his place as United States District Judge in the territory of Michigan by appointment of President Andrew Jackson. He remained on the district bench until 1836. On the admission of Michigan as a State in 1837, he became a judge of the Supreme Court and on July 18, 1843, chief justice and served until his death

which occurred at Detroit on March 8, 1845.

From 1832 to 1845, the period of Judge Morell's residence in Michigan, Solomon Sibley, born in Sutton in this State Oct. 7, 1769, was a judge of the Supreme Court of Michigan territory from 1824 to 1836 and thereafter a resident of Detroit where he died April 4, 1846, the year following Morell's death. It may fairly be assumed that the two judges were friends and on occasion referred to their birth and bringing up in the Old Bay State.

Matthew Birchard was born in Becket, Jan. 19, 1804. His parents removed to the Western Reserve in 1812 and there the boy received an academic education and studied law with an attorney in Warren, Trumbull County. He supported himself by teaching school until his admission to the bar at the age of 24. After that he formed a partnership with David Todd, later Governor of the State. In 1832 he was appointed to the court of common pleas.

In 1836, in Jackson's Administration, Judge Birchard became solicitor for the general land office of the United States in Washington where he remained five years. Returning to Ohio in 1841 he was elected judge of the Supreme Court and was chief justice from 1847 to 1849. Judge Birchard's opinions were said to be "the result of careful consideration and diligent research, supported by copious citations from standard authorities and logical reasoning."

In 1867 Birchard bought the Warren Constitution which he published in connection with his son, until his death at Warren, June 16 in the Centennial year.

I may hazard a guess that Morell was a Democrat and that at least until the days of the discovery of gold in California, Birchard also was a follower of Jackson. I have no information as to what became of him politically after he left the bench and before the Civil War and later in his newspaper venture.

APRIL 11, 1934

It was announced last week that Mrs. Mary E. Palmer, widow of William Pitt Palmer, and her two sons, had sold the old Palmer homestead on Prospect Hill Road in Stockbridge. This was once the home farm of John Bacon, father of Ezekiel Bacon, an eminent son of Berkshire. An ell of the present building was constructed by John Bacon as early as 1779. On December 30, 1822, the Bacon 400 acre farm was sold by Ezekiel Bacon to Roswell Saltonstall Palmer. This emigrant from Stonington, Conn. was the father of two sons, William Pitt Palmer and Paul S. Palmer. The later was the father of William Pitt Palmer, whose widow is Mary E. Palmer, above named.

It was the earlier William Pitt Palmer who wrote "The Smack in School" which the *Eagle* reprinted last Friday. He was born in Stockbridge on February 22, 1805, and after his father's purchase of the Bacon place, lived in what is now the ell of the homestead. He died in Brooklyn, N.Y., May 23, 1884. He was a graduate of Williams, class of 1828. In 1825 General Lafayette on his way from Albany to Boston, stopped in Pittsfield where he was received with due honors. David Dudley Field, Williams 1825, whose home since 1819 had been in Stockbridge, led a party of Williams students who came down to Pittsfield to attend the reception and it cannot be doubted that William Pitt Palmer was one of these boys.

After graduation, Palmer studied medicine, but so far as I know never practiced; became a teacher in New York City; was for some years a newspaperman; became president of the Manhattan Insurance Company which was ruined by the Chicago and Boston fires; and later was vice president of the Irving Insurance Company.

At the Berkshire Jubilee dinner in 1844 Mr. Palmer offered a sentiment in verse in honor of Rev. Dr. Alvan Hyde of Lee who died in 1833 at the age of 65.

Saint! In thy loss we learn this blessed lore.
That not to breathe is not to be no more!
Oh, no; to those whose days like thine have passed,
In self-denying kindness to the last,
Remains, unfading with the final breath,
A green and sweet vitality in death!

Mr. Palmer also prepared two original poems for the jubilee entitled "The Motherland's Home-Call" and "Response of the Homecomers," both infused with a practical philosophy of better things than material wealth or fame, full of pleasing pictures of Berkshire's natural beauties and of no little

poetic merit.

Mr. Palmer wrote much verse and numerous essays, mostly published in paper and periodicals. "The Smack in School," often appeared in collections of poetry and prose for use in schools 50 or more years ago and was a favorite recitation on visitors' days. The scene of the episode was a schoolhouse in the northwest part of Stockbridge.

A pleasing story runs that when Charles G. Dawes was vice-president, in 1928, a visitor was introduced as being from Stockbridge. This Ohio school boy immediately recited the first lines of this piece,

"A district school, not far away,
Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three-score mingled girls and boys."

* * *

One hundred eighty years ago, in 1754, the first town bridge in Pittsfield was erected over the east branch of the Housatonic River, at Elm Street.

It was ten years later that parson Thomas Allen began his forty-six year pastorate of the First Congregational Church.

APRIL 18, 1934

At the end of one of the nightly radio programs, which Lowell Thomas recently delivered, speaking from the Western Union headquarters in New York, it was announced that any listener who wished to telegraph him might do so without cost to the sender. Two hundred eighty-eight thousand persons responded.

Notices have been tacked up on the bulletin board in the Sibley College of Mechanical Engineering at Cornell University announcing that engineering and industrial concerns are again on the market for college-trained men.

These two apparently unrelated news items call to memory the native of North Adams who organized the Western Union Telegraph Company and whose name appears on the College of Mechanical Engineering at Ithaca, Hiram Sibley.

I have been long convinced that he was the greatest business man of Berkshire origin and I know of no man who ever lived in this county to compare with him for business acumen, splendid accomplishment and shrewd and broad vision. The story of his noteworthy career in business, in philanthropy and in his devotion to educational interests, must be gathered from newspaper and other publications; it is worthy of an adequate biography. His career was extraordinarily interesting, varies, useful and successful, measure success by any standard you please.

Hiram Sibley, son of Benjamin and Zilpha Davis Sibley was born in North Adams, Feb. 6, 1807. He died in Rochester, N.Y., July 12, 1888. In 1833 he married Elizabeth Tinker of North Adams, a sister of Edward R. (Boss) Tinker, for years one of the most powerful Republican politicians in the State.

He was one of a family of 15 children; had a common school education in North Adams, and became a shoemaker. When Hiram was 16 years of age, the family emigrated to Western New York. Hiram worked as a journeyman machinist for a manufacturer of wool carding machines at Lima, N.Y., and is said to have mastered three other trades before he was 21. He engaged in the business of wool carding on his own account at Sparta and Mount Morris and owned and operated a foundry and machine shop at Mendon. By 1843 or 1844 he had acquired wealth and was a man of marked influence, not only in Western New York but at Washington. At about that time he was elected Sheriff of Monroe County on the Democratic ticket. He moved to Rochester, the county seat and continued to make his home there for the rest of his days.

In 1840 he went to Washington with Ezra Cornell and they were instrumental in obtaining from Congress an appropriation of $40,000 to enable Samuel F. B. Morse to construct a line of telegraph from Baltimore to Washington. Sibley encouraged Morse in his continued experiments in telegraphy. He was for several years managing director of the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana Railroad, and was chiefly instrumental in reconstructing the road and putting it on a profitable basis. He made heavy investments in lumber and salt at Saginaw. After the Civil War he engaged in railroad building in the South on what was at that time a large scale. Banking and various mercantile and industrial enterprises in the Southern States

enlisted the energies of his far-seeing and pioneering spirit - and all these ventures were profitable.

He became the largest individual owner of improved lands in the United States, conducting farming operations on a vast scale. He owned nearly 40,000 acres in the Burr Oakes farm in Illinois. On this farm were discovered large deposits of ore and Sibley went into mining in a big way. His Howland Island farm of 3500 acres in Cayuga, N.Y., was devoted to seed culture. "Sibley Seeds" were known to agriculturists the country over.

His fortune was princely.

APRIL 25, 1934

Hiram Sibley, born in North Adams in 1807, of whose remarkable business career I wrote last week, organized the Western Union Telegraph Company at Rochester. He had become interested in Morse's experiments in telegraphy and with a group of Rochester friends he formed a company in 1851 and operated a line of telegraph. In the first three years this venture went $15,000 in the hole. At that it was in far better condition than most of the 13 other companies operating north of the Ohio River. These companies suffered the disadvantages of multiplied and inharmonious management, doubling the rates when a message passed from one company to another, and unreliable service. Sibley conceived the idea of buying up all his competitors and for his company acquired exclusive control of certain telegraph patents. By purchasing, leasing, improving and extending other lines, Sibley brought system and order out of confusion. The Western Union was the name hit upon for the consolidation and that became the corporate name on April 4, 1856.

In 1861 he built the first line to the Pacific Coast anticipating by ten years the Pacific Railroad. His associates in the Western Union, of which he was president, were unwilling to sanction the company's undertaking the line nor would they risk their money in such a "wild cat" venture. They thought it was bound to be a failure. At a convention of telegraph men in New York City called to consider his proposition, Sibley moved that a committee be named to report on the feasibility and desirability of a line to San Francisco. They not only refused to look into the proposition, but actually ridiculed the idea, to Sibley's astonishment. "Gentlemen," he said, "you may laugh but if I were not so old, I would build the line myself." The convention set up a shout, almost of derision. His fighting blood aroused, he exclaimed: "I will bar my years and do it." He was as good as his word.

By persistent efforts and persuasive eloquence he secured from Congress an appropriation of $400,000 to facilitate the construction between the Atlantic and Pacific. The money was to be paid back in service. The only stipulation was that the line should be completed within ten years from July 31, 1860. Sibley was a doer as well as a planner. He put his own money into the venture. He started at both ends of the line and he had it in operation in four months and eleven days. The Western Union was glad enough to take over the finished line when Sibley proposed to transfer it to the company.

Edwin M. Stanton, the Secretary of War, told Mr. Sibley shortly after the completion of the line, the United States Government might have borne the entire cost of construction better than not to have had the use of the line during the early months of the Civil War; and that rapid communication between the east and the Pacific had undoubtedly saved the State of California to the Union, giving rapid communication with the fleet in the Pacific Ocean.

The formation of the Western Union was a pronounced success financially and of incalculable benefit to business, industry, commerce, and society in general. Sibley was president of the company for 17 years.

For his company, he personally concluded negotiations with the British and Russian Governments for a European line by way of short cables from England to the Continent and under Bering Straits from Siberia to Alaska, then in Russian ownership. By the time these negotiations were completed, however, Cyrus W. Field, another native of Berkshire County, had laid the Atlantic cable, and the Western Union project was abandoned.

(More on Sibley - Next Issue)

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

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

It was always a great pleasure to that distinguished poet and author, Oliver Wendell Holmes, to often publicly proclaim that though he might not be a son or grandson of Pittsfield and Berkshire, that he was proud to know that he sprang from their ancestral pioneer peoples. Col. Jacob Wendell, the great-grandfather of this noted poet, author and orator was born in Albany, of Dutch parentage in 1691, and removing to Boston, became a prominent business man and politician. He married the daughter of Dr. James Oliver of Cambridge, the son of whom was Oliver Wendell, an impetuous Son of Liberty and a prominent member of the Committee of Safety in Boston in 1774, an ardent revolutionary leader and grandfather not only of Oliver Wendell Holmes, but of that fearless abolitionist and powerful and polished orator, Wendell Phillips.

Col. Jacob Wendell purchased in 1738, six miles square of 24,040 acres in Pontoosuc Settlement, named by the Mohegan Indians, "the haunt of the winter deer," flowing through which was the Housatonic River, called by them "the waters beyond the mountains." The portion of this acreage not disposed of by him fell to Margaret Phillips, Catherine Wendell and to his son, Oliver Wendell, whose summer residence on the Wendell Street farm, afterwards known as the Holmes Road, which descended to their heirs and on which portion heired by his mother, Sarah Wendell, Oliver Wendell Holmes afterwards built a villa, now called Holmesdale, and the property of Mr. & Mrs. William Pollock, and where he spent what is known as his Pittsfield life, from 1838 to 1855. All through the years of his boyhood and until he succeeded his ancestry in their land possessions in Pittsfield, his parents never failed to make an annual pilgrimage by carriage to this charming spot among the Berkshire Hills, in which are what are known as the Canoe Meadows.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the last of the great American poets, was born at Cambridge, in 1809, on the old common and within the shadow of the University buildings, and died in the old homestead in October, 1894, at the age of 85 years. He was the son of Abel and Sarah Holmes, the former pastor of the Cambridge First church, a scholar and an antiquarian, and was one of five children. In the historic house of his birth, Washington and the famous old generals of the Revolution had their headquarters, and beneath its roof the battle of Bunker Hill was planned.

After study in the village schools and at Cambridgeport, he prepared for college at Phillips Academy in Andover, and graduated at Harvard College in 1829. He first commenced to study law, but abandoned it in 1833 for that of medicine. His first published poems were "Old Ironsides," and the "One Horse Shay," and his first writings were the "Autocrat" and "Elsie Venner." In 1844 the old family still retained 24,000 acres in Berkshire and Dr. Holmes was a frequent visitor hereto in after years. At the Berkshire Jubilee in 1844 he gave a reminiscent talk concerning the annual visits of his parents to the old county and the old Holmes mansion on the Lenox Road, surrounded by beautiful meadows through which the winding Housatonic made its course in a thousand fantastic curves, and about which the mountains reared their circling heads. He was chairman of the ploughing committee at the Berkshire County Fair in 1849 which inspired his famous poem, "The Ploughman." He also read his poem "The New Eden" before the Berkshire Historical Society at Stockbridge in 1854.

The first burial plot in Pittsfield, on the corner of North and East Streets, was presented by Rev. Thomas Allen to the town in 1791, it being a portion of the church ministerial lots awarded him by the state. This year the ground was cleared, in 1812 new acreage was added, and here Aaron Stiles and other old sextons laid away to rest the early inhabitants up to 1834, when the grounds not only became over crowded, but the growth of the town pressed hard upon this original Gods' acre. During these early years two plots had been used for burial in the west part

Continued on page 13)

ROUGH TIMES IN BERKSHIRE

From *The Berkshire Hills*. October 21, 1902.

Without doubt the first Methodist circuit preacher in Pittsfield was Rev. Billy Hibbard, who has descendants still living in the city. He was born in Norwich, Conn., his father, Nathan Hibbard, being a tanner and shoemaker, and who with three uncles participated in the battle of Bunker Hill. It would seem that Nathan Hibbard afterwards removed to Hinsdale, as Billy, having experienced religion at a Methodist gathering seven miles from his Hinsdale home, here first felt that he was called upon to preach. His first sermon was delivered when he was but twelve years of age on Hinsdale Flats, at which an aged man was converted. This was at the invitation of a landlord named Dent, who kept a tavern on these flats and who made arrangements for the discourse, which was from the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." At this time, though unlicensed by the denomination, the lad felt, though he was ignorant and unlearned, that as in the days of Peter and John, that he was called like them by his inward promptings to the ministry.

The lad then went on preaching in Hinsdale, Hancock, Dalton, Worthington, Mt. Washington, Sheffield and elsewhere in the county, and finally in 1797 under the direction of the denomination, traveled the Pittsfield and Litchfield circuit, and finally in 1813, was appointed to the Pittsfield circuit, in which he broke up a discussion in the old church in the West Part, from which thirty of its members tried to swarm out as Reformed Methodists, but all of whom finally returned to the parent church but four or five, who afterwards united with the Baptists and the Shakers. He afterwards preached in the Petersburg circuit and then in the Tyringham circuit, and while on this charge his son Freeborn G. Hibbard was born, who was the second Methodist minister in North Adams for two years, and who besides kept the first young ladies select school in that village in the Franklin building, which stood on the present site of the North Adams Methodist Church. His health having failed on the Tyringham circuit, after preaching for 49 years, he retired to Canaan, N.Y., where he lived for 31 years upon a small farm and in reduced circumstances, to which was added the calamity of having his little house burned in 1843. While here, and before his death, he wrote the memoirs of his most eventful life.

Through the war of 1812 he was stationed at Boston for three months as chaplain of the militia, in his Petersburg circuit he had for his co-workers of other denominations Rev. John Leland and Rev. Mr. Hull, the principal event in his Berkshire career was after his return from Boston, his preaching to prisoners in the old Pittsfield Cantonment barracks and quite a number of conversions. Of these prisoners he wrote, "they were allowed to work outside the grounds for fifty cents a day and were well treated by those having them in charge." The recollections of Shays' Rebellion as narrated by him are of considerable interest, as the publication of Bellamy's "Duke of Stockbridge" has brought that old time event into fresh prominence. This rebellion of 1786, he narrates was caused by a desire of the men of wealth in the state to convert its domain into a system of lordships, and by the governor and council levying a tax on the people when there was not money enough in circulation to pay one-sixth of this tax demanded. It not being possible for one person in fifty to pay this tax without distress, consequently under the law the lands of such delinquents were to be sold at auction for a one-hundredth part of their value to satisfy this levy. The court or state forces in order to distrain people had gone about and disarmed Berkshire inhabitants, or those of them who had not fled to Hampshire and Worcester counties to join the forces of Captain Shays, a once noted Revolutionary officer, to prevent popular armed resistance to this robbery. At this stage Gen. Daniel Shays had 7,000 men under arms in the state and General Lincoln 5,000, while General Patterson of Lenox had a militia company of 200 Berkshire men to put down from 300 to 400 Shays men who had been recruited in the Berkshire towns and had compelled the discontinuance of the holdings of sessions of the Court of Common Pleas in Great Barrington.

The meeting of these two hostile Berkshire forces in Lee is thus described by Mr. Hibbard, who was then a boy, and whose father

was one of the Shays adherents: "The rebels were drawn up in line of battle, after having lodged a number of prisoners in an old weave building from which they had removed the wooden looms. From this building the rebels had taken a yarn and a cloth beam which they mounted on a big sleigh and pointed them in imitation of cannon towards Gen. Patterson's forces on an opposite hillside. The court soldiers through spy-glasses took these beams for a six-pounder and a smaller field piece, and halted in their charge, although they had three guns themselves just across the valley on the hill and out of range of the yarn beams. By some means terms of peace were proposed which were agreed upon by both parties and the rebels agreed to go home and be quiet, and the court party to do the same. It was just after this that Capt. Shays fled to Canada, and Gen. Lincoln marched up to Berkshire with troops and arrested the local rebel leader and all of his followers which he could find. My father lived a mile from the main road in Hinsdale and the lane thereto was filled with snow drifts. Our house was full of rebel refugees and at one time they thought of sallying out and taking Lincoln and his party prisoners at Pittsfield, but they were dissuaded by my mother. Myself and brother went to Lincoln's camp and reconnoitered and the latter was taken a prisoner. He played the trick of being a simpleton on the guards and after severely pricking him with their bayonets they let him go free. My father finally took the oath of allegiance to the state, and although an effort was made to make him criminate himself about the scare with the "yarn beam cannon," he would not do so.

From other sources it has seemed proper to gather together some facts and reasons for the Shays Rebellion, a patriotic state event which has been frequently mentioned in Berkshire history and within whose acreage after its leader had fled to Canada, for six months it took on the shape of a kind of guerrilla warfare, its adherents skulking around in small armed bodies in the Hoosac and Taconic mountain foothills, making frequent sallies into the unprotected settlements for prisoners and booty, and dodging the militia and local volunteers by sorties from the back roads or from across the boundary lines of the states of Vermont and New York.

The popular foment which prompted Shays' Rebellion, which spread over the counties of Berkshire, Hampshire, Worcester and Middlesex, were the financial circumstances of the state at the close of the Revolution and the cruel means taken to collect public and private indebtedness by the state and creditors with the machinery of the law. In 1786 the debt of the state was $5,000,000 and its liability to the general government was $10,000,000, and the debt of the towns and of individuals therein was so heavy that it seemed that the generation then living, which had won the country's independence through a long and bitter war, must go down to their graves in poverty, leaving the same bitter heritage to their children. The tax gatherer, the sheriff and the constable were everywhere in evidence, and a mania had set in on the part of creditors against debtors, which had clogged the courts with business, and this imposition of taxation and persecution in attempting to collect long-standing debts had completely exhausted the people. Besides, gold and silver had completely disappeared from circulation, continental paper money was utterly worthless, and values were completely unsettled through the fearful depreciation of this government currency, of which there was more than enough afloat in the hands of the farmers and in the knapsacks of returned soldiers to wipe out all public and private indebtedness. Then, too, all manufactures were languishing, the market for fish was curtailed, agriculture afforded a scanty subsistence, farmers were unable to livestock their drained farms which were fearfully mortgaged, and payment for necessaries from elsewhere were draining the state of what little treasure there was in it which was outside the hoarding in buried chests and iron pots and concealed away in woolen stockings.

The long and costly war of the Revolution finished, these unlooked for and unhappy results thoroughly inflamed the masses with discontent and filled them with despair, and it was only by the heroic acts and the greatest faith on the part of a few patriots in Berkshire that a reign of anarchy was prevented by the angry rising of the majority instead of a comparative few of its peoples. Those who had served most faithfully in the war at home and in the field were the most impoverished, while men who had helped their country but little had hoarded their wealth in gold and

were the most clamorous creditors. The state constitution of 1780 had brought no mitigation of hardships and only years of liberal legislation could possibly bring relief. The customs of force in the collection of taxes and debts and imprisonment in the county jails of debtors of all classes who were unable to pay, citizen and soldier alike, and for no fixed time except the pleasure of the creditor and with no provision for bail, was a foul crime of the period. Really, the readiness of the courts, against which the rebellion was mainly directed, to enforce payment or to imprison was in itself an extraordinary feature of these times. No wonder that the long suffering masses proving victorious in the revolution on finding that their success had entailed upon them serfdom, poverty and the poor-house, struggles in this revolt to free themselves from their galling chains even at the expense of all law and order, and by open attack upon those having state and legal government in charge.

Conventions were held by the afflicted people in Worcester, Hampshire and Berkshire Counties in the vain attempt to bring about a new order of things. Though there were many excitable spirits in these conventions, there were also men of prominence and a patriotic set of old soldiers, and the old time sturdy yeomanry. Then bands of armed men estopped the holding of the county courts in Northampton, which was followed by similar proceedings at Worcester, Springfield and Great Barrington. It was on Christmas day, 1786, that Daniel Shays with a large force of Worcester and Hampshire County rebels in which was also 400 Berkshire malcontents under the command of Eli Parsons, attacked the Springfield arsenal. They were met by a discharge of artillery, which killed three and wounded others, whereupon they incontinently fled. From thence they retreated to Petersham in Worcester County, where they were followed through a blinding snowstorm by Gen. Lincoln, who surprised them, captured a large number, and put the rest into a struggling flight. Capt. Shays fled to Canada and thus the spirit of the rebellion was snuffed out in the central and eastern portion of the state.

It is related that Major Solomon Allen of Northampton, who at the attack on the arsenal had command of the Hampshire County militia, had with him at the time his eight year old son, afterwards Hon. Phinehas Allen, the founder of the Pittsfield Sun. Little Phinehas was clad in a red broadcloth suit, the gift of his father's customers, with whom he was a pet. He was seated on a horse in the rear of the militia when the volley was fired on the rebels from the arsenal, when he lifted himself up in the saddle and gave a childish cheer to the great delight of the militia, who took up and prolonged the tiny shout.

After the collapse of the rebellion at Springfield small parties of the disaffected commenced to roam over Berkshire with the intention of forming a rendezvous or camp upon the Hoosac mountain. To meet this the friends of the government raised a volunteer force of 500 men to disperse them. This was done at Stockbridge, when they again rallied at South Adams and being followed up collected again at Williamstown, where they were again put to flight. Then Gen. Lincoln came with two divisions of troops to Pittsfield at the request of Gen. Patterson. Gen. Lincoln sent out skirmishing troops in sleighs to Dalton where they captured one Wiley and six others, and to Williamstown, where fourteen prisoners were taken. It was at this time that Gen. Lincoln had but thirty soldiers with him in Pittsfield and was in danger of capture. This is thought to have been the occasion when the young Hibbards spied upon the camp and when their mother sat down upon the plan of a descent upon Lincoln's forces by the rebel refugees at her house.

It was after Eli Parsons, who was in hiding at New Lebanon, had sent out an inflammatory appeal to the rebel bands to concentrate in Berkshire and at the point of fire, blood and carnage capture Gen. Lincoln, that Capt. Perez Hamlin, the main character in "The Duke of Stockbridge" story, with a body of eighty or ninety men crossed the New York state line, pillaged Stockbridge, made prisoners of many of its prominent citizens and went on to Great Barrington with their prisoners and booty. From thence they proceeded in sleighs by a back road to the western boundary of Sheffield, where they were met by Col. Ashley with a body of eighty militia, where the most severe encounter of the rebellion took place. The insurgents were defeated with a loss of two killed and thirty wounded, and two of the militia were killed and one wounded. Capt. William Walker of Lenox arriving with reinforcements, 150

prisoners were taken and the Berkshire feature of the rebellion was brought to a close. Six Berkshire rebels were sentenced to be hung and eight others in the other counties. Three of these Berkshire men were pardoned, two escaped and one was imprisoned for seven years. A member of the legislature, for seditious words was sentenced to pay a fine of fifty pounds, to give security for good behavior for five years, and to set on a gallows with a rope around his neck. Many rebels were disenfranchised, excluded from the jury box, and were only let off on their taking the oath of allegiance to the state. ▬

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of the town, whose sites are now hard to be found, and that on Honasada street in the east part of the town had also been fully occupied. Then came the establishment of a burial plot on Melville street, followed by interments upon a plot of eight acres on First street south and east of the street railway bridge. In time these locations not only became over crowded but the building of the Boston & Albany railroad and the crowding of residence and population northward, rendered them undesirable. It was a wise forethought which led the town in 1850 to purchase the farm of George W. Campbell, to which a corporation has since added many acres, and which now comprises the Pittsfield Cemetery, one of the most beautiful and appropriate spots for the purpose to which it is dedicated, to be found in all New England. It was immediately laid out by the then celebrated landscape artist and also of national reputation, Dr. Horatio Stone of New York, with charming park like effects, wild wood groves, pleasing views in brook and lake and of which it was long ago written:

"Alternate woods and lawns vary the scene. The irregularity of the surface, now breaking away into gentle inclinations and rounded knolls add to its attractions. Fine trees and deep groves dot the landscape, and wild and rural sights meet the eye wherever turned. Beautiful avenues, paths and retreats are everywhere present in the sequestered miniature vales and sun-kissed uplands. Hidden within the deep shade of its woods, the visitor is shut out for the world, but emerging to the uplands the spires of the city, its tree embowered homesteads and the distant mountains present a scene of enrapturing beauty."

Since Calvin Martin, the first president of the corporation, stood upon the northern slope of Chapel Hill, Sept. 8, 1850, at its dedicatory ceremonies and directed the exercises, at which Col. Asa Burr led the singing, Rev. Henry Neill of Lenox made the address, and Oliver Wendell Holmes delivered the poem before the assembled thousands over a half-century has elapsed, during which the remains of those in the central burial plots have been removed to the hallowed spot, and fully six thousand of the Central Berkshire inhabitants, among them many of its notable sons and daughters have been laid away to their final rest. Since then, too, the hand of man has restored to these acres in which in 1850 not a body reposed, all of the original symmetry of which they had been despoiled, and miles on miles of driveways, walks and paths have been laid out in gentle curves and pleasing stretches, while clumps of trees and evergreens are everywhere conspicuous features. Down near the entrance, the cold and rapid waters of Onota brook come gurgling through the grounds from the northwest, and are trained to a pretty inland lake, called St. John, after that loving and beloved apostle, the consoler of the mourner.

It would seem a duty to the living whose ancestry and kin repose in final sleep in this beautiful spot, to reproduce the grand and pathetic verse of him who penned and delivered these hallowed words, inspired within him through his love of these beautiful hills and valleys and streams and mountains of Berkshire, so resplendent in beauty, pathos and imagery.

However, considering that this poem fills a three column page and a half and contains absolutely no useful historical or genealogical information, the editors of *Berkshire Genealogist* choose to forego its inclusion here, but in the interest of those poetry lovers who would like a free copy, send us a stamped self-addressed envelope. ▬

AN OLD VILLAGE LYCEUM HAPPENING

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

It was over a half century ago that the only winter literary and social recreations in the more prominent towns in Berkshire County, two of which have now grown into cities, were public debating societies, with the usual old donation visitations and a few prominent family house parties thrown in to break up the monotony of long periods of stinging cold and deep snows. Nowhere were these public debates, which were finally succeeded by courses of lectures by prominent men and women, more thoroughly enjoyed then at North Adams, though of course they were events of deep interest in all the towns indulging therein. All the leading lawyers, doctors and business men who could talk and argue and had no fear of being "stage struck" before the large audiences which assembled, which contained most of the village townspeople in the shape of men, women and children both of higher and lower degree in the scale of citizenship. The favorite place of holding these debating societies in North Adams was called the "Methodist Vestry," it being the high brick basement of the old Methodist church, and the only place capable of holding the attendance upon these exercises, which were unhampered with admission fees. After three wise judges had decided at the close of each debate whether the affirmative or negative had won in a debate, often getting up to a white heat and taking all the power of the lyceum president to cool it down, and after calling out the wildest bursts of eloquence and the most ingenious and novel argumentation, a question would be selected for the next session, head disputants or leaders would be chosen for this next struggle, who in turn would choose from know material on hand the best twelve men they could think of.

At one of these gatherings the theme selected for the next meeting was "Should capital punishment be abolished," Dr. E. S. Hawkes, a prominent physician, and J. H. Earl, a village tinsmith and stove dealer, being selected as head disputants and choosing their respective sides.

Never was the old Methodist vestry so packed with people as on that bitter cold night, the mercury dancing way down the tube below zero, the snow being wind packed in huge drifts, and the frost hanging in glittering festoons from the foliage stripped trees without. The heat from the two great box iron stoves, the breath and steaming garments of the big crowd, and the red hot arguments of the head disputants and their valiant forces charging each other at full tilt in a war of words sometimes threatening to creep over the line of good breeding into a physical encounter, made the occasion one never to be forgotten by those present.

But at length a climax suddenly came to the front which changed all this violent wordy scene, in which the audience was wrought up into the keenest excitement not only over the arguments, a relationship or pride in the 26 individual contestants, but also by their own opinions on the vexed question under discussion against and for the rope, for which the electrical chair has been substituted to rob an execution of its deleterious effects upon a crowd of witnesses thereof and a publicity resulting in no good either to spectator or criminal.

Brother Earl arose to make the final argument for the negative and in his deep bass voice exclaimed: "When I was in Sing Sing." This was greeted with a roar of laughter on the part of the spectators. Then Brother Earl again commenced and in a voice both louder and deeper than before, thundered out: "When I was in Sing Sing." this time there came a shout and shriek of laughter from the audience which seemed to shake the foundations of the church in which he was a class leader, if not to make the old steeple tremble. It was not until then that Brother Earl caught on to the situation and the laughable phrase of his two emphatic utterances. "Oh dear me suss," yells Brother Earl in an agonized voice, rising above the din and clamor, "When I once paid a visit to Sing Sing prison, I didn't see anything to laugh at," and then sat down as dumb as an oyster, having forgotten everything he had originally thought to say.

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THE OLD LIBERTY PARTY OF PITTSFIELD

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

The early history of the Abolition Party as connected with Northern and Central Berkshire, though but sixty-two years have gone by since it was born in its extreme feebleness, has grown to be very indistinct. But a few names of those who were original members of "the old liberty guard" of 1840 are now remembered, and these would now have been forgotten had they not been such fearless champions for the abolition of slavery, regardless of persecution, opposition and threats from far and near, and who now are recognized to have been called into heroic action by a higher power and purpose than that of man.

It is somewhat of a coincidence that it was very near the old Bennington battleground, in Vermont state, which never held slaves, that the abolition movement spark was ignited and fanned into a vital flame on August 16, 1840, which first permeated down through northern to central Berkshire. Previous to 1840 a Bennington church was holding "monthly abolition prayer meetings," and when in 1840 the northern and central Berkshire County whigs went up to the heights of Bennington to a great whig mass meeting in honor of the elder Harrison, or "Tipacanoe and Tyler, too," with log cabins, bonfires and hard cider, that a noted abolition missionary took several strong-souled Berkshire men in hand and converted a few staunch "apostles" to the new faith on that historic ground. Very soon after this the national abolition party was formed and put in nomination James G. Birney for president and Thomas Morris of Ohio for vice-president.

Of those who voted this ticket in the November election of 1840, but a few names are now brought to mind, and we shall, if possible, complete the list hereafter. Ridiculed and in many instances severely antagonized by both the old whig and democratic parties, it was a very "forlorn hope" that took the ballot-field in Berkshire for the overthrow of American slavery at this election. There were a few others, but we can only recall the names of Dr. Henry P. Phillips of North Adams, Robert Kirkpatrick of South Adams, Dr. Henry L. Sabin of Williamstown, Zenas Marshall Crane of Dalton, William M. Walker of Pittsfield, Dr. John Milton and Joseph H. Brewster of Lenox and Pittsfield, John B. Stanley, Eldad Post, James W. Robbins, Joseph and William S. Tucker and Thomas S. Curtis of Lenox, George W. Stanley and E. Whiting of Great Barrington, Rev. Mr. Higby of Sandisfield, Andrew J. Babbitt of Savoy, Lyman W. Hall of Lanesboro, and Alonzo Cummings of Cheshire. The same presidential ticket was voted in 1844, eleven persons in Adams, of whom were Lorenzo Rice, T. Palmer Goodrich, William Martin, James T. Robinson and William Brown, then coming up to the help of the single veteran in 1840. The original abolitionists in all the other towns of the county were similarly reinforced with very small additions in 1844, the notable increase having been in Pittsfield, Dalton, Lenox and Great Barrington.

This the anti-slavery or abolition seed was sown by men of strong minds and heroic souls as well as maintaining their convictions, and stoutly upholding the cause they had espoused at the expense of any sacrifice. In 1848 the Liberty party was swallowed up by the Free Soil Party who put in nomination for president Martin VanBuren. It was in the campaign of 1848 that Charles Sumner paid his first visit to Berkshire and made a stirring abolition speech in the old Methodist church on Center street in North Adams.

On this occasion a spectator says: The little audience room was thoroughly packed and though those present were mostly unconverted, all were evidently in search of the truth. The speaker was full of easy grace, and of an intellectual and commanding form. He entered the church with Phillips and Rice and the three sat down in a little wooden bench near the door. When it was time to open the meeting he quietly arose, slowly walking up to the platform, and needing no figure-head but himself, most pleasantly greeted his hearers. This was followed with an address of great eloquence, power and pathos, which will never be forgotten by any

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SOME BERKSHIRE TORIES IN THE REVOLUTION

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

There were a good many adherents to King George, or Tories, in Berkshire County in the days of the Revolution, but for the most part the written and traditional history of these pioneers who believed in monarchy rather than national liberty, has failed to be preserved. That this faith was held by quite a number in every portion of the county, and that the patriotism of the sons of freedom waxed so strong against them that they had to take to the caves of wild fastnesses of the wood and many of them to seek safety in flight elsewhere is well authenticated. It is told that Col. Israel Jones, the original owner for 63 years, of the farm on which stood Fort Massachusetts in North Adams, whose father Elisha Jones, was one of the three original proprietors of the town of Adams, that at the time of the Battle of Bennington, on account of his tory sentiments he absented himself from the town, and that his chimney-tops were at that time painted white, which was then the sign manual of toryism, and that on several occasions he had to barricade his doors to prevent capture. Yet after that date, he being a man of unimpeachable integrity and an earnest Christian, he proved to be a good whig, was a member of the first Adams board of selectmen in 1779, and a representative to the general court for eight years previous to 1798. He was a man of iron constitution, of small stature, and was active, hale and hearty up to the age of 91, having in the forenoon of the day of his sudden death rode on horseback to Stamford and returned. He was one of the pillars of the town amid its early difficulties of settlement, and his demise created a profound sensation in Adams and Williamstown. He was a native of Weston, in 1767 married Aithea, daughter of Rev. Mr. Todd, the first minister settled in Adams, with whom he lived 57 years, and they had nine children. In 1827 he aided in the organization of the First Congregational Church in Williamstown, he was a trustee of the first free school, afterwards Williams College, and died in 1829.

In quite a number of the wild rocky localities in the county these tories are said to have sought refuge from the old time patriots who could not stand their bitterness. Some of these resorts are still pointed out on the Taconic range between Hancock and Lanesboro, while a ravine down through the Roaring Brook comes tumbling and rushing madly five miles from Lake Ashley to the Housatonic river over adamantine flint rocks and through a wilderness of caves, crevices and boulders is located "Tories Gorge," and near by a huge cavern where these old time refugees hid away, their homes having become too hot for them. Only until the defeat of Burgoyne did this element disappear from view in the county, many of the tories being disenheartened and others who had been too outspoken and had gone so far as to fight behind the tory breastworks at Bennington, having fled to Canada, where in many instances they were given land grants by King George, and thus rewarded for their fealty to him and their disloyalty to the patriot cause.

The story of a county tory, as told by the late J. E. A. Smith in "Taconic," is interesting in this connection. In the early part of the Revolution a staunch old tory, openly professing his allegiance to King George and his hostility to the rebel cause, lived in Lenox. He was greatly respected as a friend and neighbor and was for a while left to enjoy his opinions unmolested. Finally matters waxed warm, his sentiments seemed to encourage others to commit outrages of which he personally would not be guilty, and the Committee of Safety were driven to take his case in hand. The committee finally visited him, informing him that he must close his mouth, giving him the choice of taking the oath of allegiance or the hangman's rope. The oath was refused and he was placed upon a temporary scaffold with the rope around his neck, which was tightened about his throat, then loosened, and the taking of the oath again proffered. This was again declined, when he was again drawn up until he was purple in the face. Lowered again the oath was again proffered when consciousness had been restored by restoratives, but his stubborn spirit was not yet broken and he refused to renounce his allegiance to the crown.

Matters had arrived at a crisis, the

committee could not retreat, and on consultation it was resolved that the tory must take the oath or suffer death for his contumacy. He would not listen, and was again drawn up and this time with no gentle hands. The limbs stiffened, the arms hung down and it seemed as though the work of death was only too faithfully done. The sight brought back the former affection of the committee for their old friend, and they hastened to cut down the body and to undo their fatal work if possible. At first there seemed to be little hope of reanimating the senseless clay, but finally the limbs relaxed their rigidity, the eyes moved, the livid hue began to fade from the cheek and consciousness slowly but painfully returned. The victim sat upright and the question was again asked: "Will you take the oath?" "Yes," responded the half dead convert to patriotism. A short time after, while sitting in front of the tavern fire, trying to regain his life warmth, he was heard to mutter to himself, "well, this is a pretty tough way to manufacture whigs, but it will do it," and sure enough, to the end of the war he proved to be one of the most zealous and unwavering patriots.

During the Revolution one Gideon Smith of Tyringham was accused of the high crime of treason, there was no doubt of his guilt, and he was confined in the Berkshire County jail to wait a number of weeks for his trial at Springfield. Unwilling to remain in idleness he persuaded the High Sheriff to let him go outside daytimes, promising to return faithfully to the prison every night. Such was his character for integrity, that although he was committed on a capital charge, and did not deny the charges made against him, the sheriff granted his request, and so well was this confidence deserved that Smith promptly returned every night to be placed under lock and key. The journey was a weary one over rough forest roads to Springfield, and when the time came for Smith's trial, he was the only prisoner the sheriff had to carry there, and as it was a very busy time of the year with him, he complained bitterly at the journey. Smith told the sheriff that it was unnecessary for him to take the trip, as he could go just as well by himself. He was again trusted and walked fifty miles through the woods and surrendered himself, to be tried for his life, upon a charge on which he could not hope for an acquittal and by a tribunal whose right to judge him he flatly denied. On his way he fell into company with Hon. Mr. Edwards of the governor's council, who without making himself known drew from him his name, residence, history and his strange destination. The Springfield court found him guilty and he was sentenced to death. Arriving at Boston, Edwards found no pardon had yet been asked for Smith, and a Springfield member of the council stated that the case was such an aggravated one that there was no reason to grant such. Mr. Edwards then told of Smith's fidelity to his word and his delivery of himself to the court at Springfield, which he had taken pains to have substantiated by the Berkshire sheriff. So great as the admiration of the council board, that it was unanimously agreed that such a man should not die upon the gallows, and an unconditional pardon was at once made out for Smith and sent to Springfield. ■

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present who are now living. There were but few, these few being of the most stubborn temperament, who were not convinced by his masterful argument. At about this time Gerritt Smith, a famous abolitionist, gave a stirring address in Pittsfield.

In 1852 the coalition formed between the Democrats and Free Soilers was so successful that George W. Boutwell, who is still living at advanced age, was elected Governor, and after a grand struggle Charles Sumner, the leading abolitionist of the nation and time, was elected United States Senator on the 66th ballot in the Massachusetts Legislature. From this date the movement of the nation for the extinction of slavery steadily grew in strength and at last culminated in the war of the rebellion and the Proclamation of Emancipation by Abraham Lincoln. ■

RANDOM HEARTHSTONE REMEMBRANCES AND GLEANINGS

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

Ben Williams, a heavy-weight colored man, with a countenance which betrayed the presence of a moderate amount of white blood, was the first public barber of any prominence in North Adams. His shops were in several different locations on Main street, his last being in the basement of the Wilson House, which was on the opening of this hotel a gilt-edged shaving emporium. Ben was very popular and had a host of customers, and was so industrious and saving withal that for many years he kept no assistant. By Saturday night, after his arduous week's work, he would get exceedingly fatigued, and when more customers came piling in close to midnight, he would sometimes grow quite brusque and saucy, especially towards the rising generation. It was late one Saturday night that a bevy of then young men consisting of W. F. Darby, always familiarly called Frank, Rollin H. Taylor, Waterman White, or "Wat," the jeweler, and one or two others, called to get their first shave, their beard crop being of a meager character and hardly entitled to be named "hirsute rowen." Young Darby was the first to reach the chair, a kind of black down having commenced its growth at the age of 18 years upon his chin. Frank was a country boy who had recently come over from South Williamstown to clerk it in the hardware store of Burlingame & Ray, and Ben evidently thought he would be a safe subject upon whom to expend his sarcastic wit. "I want to get shaved," shouted Frank not at all intimidated. "What have you got on your face to shave?" cried Ben. "it's as smooth as a cobble stone, and a cat could smooth it off clean." Ben got no chance to scrape Frank's face then or thereafter, and in no very good humor the latter started for his boarding place. He was prominent in the old state militia before the war and served at the front in the 10th Mass. Regiment during the same. On his return he became a member of the Burlingame Company and is now most acceptably serving the city for a third term as postmaster. During all these years no barber has laid hands on him except to trim, in his later life, one of the most luxurious and handsome beards which either southern or northern winds ever whistled through.

Grove Hulburt is fond of relating how the old residents in Lanesboro fifty years ago used to have a great deal of fun at the expense of Sloan Powell. Sloan had a very luscious pear tree and on a dark night it was resolved by the merry crowd to have a taste of the longed-for fruit. The doors of Sloan's house were fastened on the outside with pieces of wood and a guard placed around the house to prevent him jumping from the windows and surprising the harvesters. I fell to the lot of Grove to go up the tree and shake it while several fellows picked up the pilfered fruit. Sloan hoisted an upper window and pointed the handle of a broom at the culprits and threatened to shoot. Just then one of the chaps below the window cried out "saw the broom corn end off your gun and blaze away." Sloan was so thoroughly disgusted at the exposure of the character of his weapon that he left the rogues to do their sweet will with his pears.

Grove further related of the first appearance of a phrenologist in the old town in which fifty years ago he says there were forty men of good timber enough to make congressmen. The merry crowd after secretly telling the phrenologist all of the points of Sloan's character, promised him a neat little purse and their protection as well to publicly exaggerate them and show him up. The ruse worked like a charm, but Sloan became so excited that he had to be held in his chair while the phrenologist rubbed away at his bumps and gave him a setting out which convulsed him with rage. But the wags had paid for the examination and must have the worth of their money and their helpless victim's expense. "Ah," said the phrenologist, drawing back from Sloan's head, "this is the greatest liar on earth," when Sloan would writhe and groan, and the conspirators would almost raise the roof with their laughter. "Ah," said the phrenologist, "such an old gossip I never laid my hands on, for he sets up all night concocting, knotty stories about his neighbors and which make even the very stars blush."

It was in the summer of 1857 that W. H. Phillips founded the Hoosac Valley News at North Adams, and commenced to cultivate the first Berkshire County field for local news, previous to which time the county weeklies, having almost entirely neglected to chronicle the public and personal happenings in their respective fields. It was in 1858 that Horace Greeley delivered a lecture in the old Universalist church on State street, the present site of the Wellington Hotel, and on this then young editor's asking him, after an introduction as the home scribe, "what kind of paper he (Greeley) would print if located in the country," he promptly replied, "that if a man cut down a big tree, or killed an ox or hog of unusual size, that he would publish the fact in preference to the most exciting article of reprint from the city papers." The fashion of printing every bit of home news of the least interest to the public, as set by this editor of the Hoosac Valley News and afterwards the Adams Transcript, was followed by large inland city papers, notably the Springfield Republican and the Troy Times, and this proved to be the veritable nest-egg of their mammoth circulations of today. A few years before his death Dr. N. S. Babbitt informed this old time editor "that he was the father of Berkshire newspaper gossip, and that his innovation was a tough pill for the residents of northern Berkshire nearly a half century before; that his reportorial nimbleness then was not a circumstance to the flood of 'home stuff' as now published in Berkshire and the inland city papers having circulation therein." It has long been evident that a majority of the public have an itching to be noticed by the local press, however insignificant the cause of the item. The most ludicrous attempt to obtain newspaper notoriety in this county was sprung by a half-witted chap, named Jack Cole, whose father's farm was located just south of the Hoosac Valley Electric Railway Park, between the two Adams villages and through which the tracks of the Pittsfield and North Adams railroad run. One hot July day the engineer on a swiftly moving northern bound passenger train discovered a human form lying crossways of the rails. Down brakes were whistled and the train came to a standstill but a few feet from the seemingly inanimate form of a man lying with his face downwards. He was gently lifted up, when he proved to be poor, simple Jack Cole, and in possession of all the life and sense there ever was in him. Being questioned as to the reason of this mad antic, he replies with a foolish grin, "Jack wants to get put in the papers."

Several years ago an economical old farmer, who could look down into the city of North Adams from his new hillside acres, concluded he could not put a dollar to better use for a day of pleasure than to invest in a church Sabbath School excursion ticket to Saratoga Springs. If there were any elephants or things curious in Saratoga he proposed to have a look at them as at low a price as possible, and at the same time get enough of its famous mineral water into his person to last him for several years. He carried along a generous luncheon in an envelope box, and after an extended stroll over the town, a glimpse of High Rock, the Empire, Clarendon and several other famous springs without stopping to sample their waters, he repaired to Congress Park, to enter which he paid a five cent admittance. Failing to notice the celebrated Congress Spring at the entrance, he passed off into the spacious park grounds, wherein he remained the entire day and from convenient fresh water drinking fountains filled himself so full of liquid that he could feel his tongue swimming around in his mouth. During the day there was fire in the old town, and so short seemed to be the water supply that it was feared at the time that one of the public water mains had collapsed. On his return home the old farmer boasted that he had all the mineral water he could hold and for which he didn't have to put up a cent, when it was ascertained that he had drawn all his water supplies from the Saratoga public water works and hadn't had a single swallow of its celebrated mineral impregnated waters - no, not a single quaff.

Way back in the latter part of the seventeenth century when balls and husking bees were prominent winter amusements of the pioneer lads and lassies of Lanesboro, Cheshire, Dalton and all the old farming towns of Berkshire County, preparations were being made one day on a huge scale for a great public ball of the older-time elite at the once famous Capt. Lyman Hall tavern in North Lanesboro. The ball room was in the third or

roof story of the structure, and occupied its entire flooring with the exception of two small bedrooms, which were respectively used for dressing rooms by the young gentlemen and ladies on these festive occasions. One of the male attendants arrived at the tavern early in the day, and owing to too frequent potations of old time brew, felt very sleepy and late in the afternoon crept into the room in which the ladies prinked up their costumes and smoothed their tresses prior to quadrille, minuet and the good old country dance. Crawling under the immaculate white bedspread in full garment he went off to sleep. As the girls arrived they deposited their bonnets, hoods and wrappings above the unconscious sleeper whose presence was unnoticed. The evening wore on and the ball was at its height, when two pretty girls were smoothing their curls before the little bureau mirror, when one of them confidentially asked the other "what Billy Talcott said about her after the dance." "Oh," replied the other, "he thought you were most elegant and captivating." The other lass asked her mate "if she heard Jimmie Smith say anything about her after their waltz." "Oh," replied she; "he said you never looked so handsome in your life." While this conversation was going on the fellow reposing on the bed beneath a cloud of feminine apparel awakens and rising upon his elbow drawled out, "say, girls, did anybody say anything about me?" The was a wild and laughing scamper from that dressing room which thoroughly sobered the inebriate who caused it.

Previous to 1820 there had been several instances of body snatching from the old cemetery on which the Berkshire County Savings Bank now stands, and two years after, when the Berkshire Medical College was opened, and for a number of years after that, there was a good deal of excitement about this means of obtaining subjects for anatomical studies within its walls by students. After Major Butler Goodrich in 1830 threatened to head a party in demolishing the college buildings if this ghoulism was not stopped, several bodies taken from Conway and Montague and far back mountain towns were traced to the college and recovered, and the practice was discontinued as far as all public knowledge was concerned. An old physician, long since deceased and graduating while very young at this college, often told that his first experience in the dissecting room, which was located about where the chapel of St. Stephen's church now stands, came near frightening him out of ever trying to be a doctor and surgeon. A giant colored man's body, who was fully six feet tall and of corresponding proportions, was on the dissecting table on his first introduction with his class to this room. In order to frighten the new class, older students had connected the hands, head and feet of this subject with powerful galvanic batteries, which were applied just as the class were seated for a lecture, and which threw the Negro's body into violent lifelike contortions and convulsions so natural and vehement that several of the class fainted and several tried to bolt the room, while one or two were sickened and horrified that they were made seriously ill. To look at the peaceful, quiet and beautiful East street of today, who could ever dream that such a scene was ever enacted thereon.

In 1855 a two horse load of brick was left at twilight by the side of the highway in front of East College in Williamstown. The night which followed was one of stygian darkness, the streets being safe to navigate as a pool of ink. In the morning, when the teamster brought his horses up the hill to hitch on to this load, no trace of it was to be found. A spectator, however, happened to glance upward to the north end of the college roof, which was flat, beheld the wagon standing on its outer verge, in which the brick were loaded as skillfully as when the vehicle was left on terra firma the night before. It was in 1855 that John Tatlock, professor of mathematics, a gentleman of rare talent and ardently fond of humor, one morning appeared at the freshman class room in the west end of old Kellogg Hall to hear a recitation. On opening the door he foud the class of 60 members posing over their Robinson's University Edition of Algebra in a suspiciously studious manner. Glancing to the teacher's table and chair at the north of the room he beheld a monstrous old goose which had been stolen from Farmer Hoxie, securely fastened in this seat. With the blandest of smiles, and a profound bow, while his eyes twinkled from above his big gold spectacles, he said, "Good morning, gentlemen, I see you have secured the services of a competent instructor. Good

morning, gentlemen." Whereupon he quickly left the room to start the rumor that the class of '55 had procured a new tutor so that he could take a much needed vacation. It was a stunner to have the tables turned on them so completely by "Old Tat," as he was familiarly called, and it was many a day before that class heard the last of that goose.

It was during one of the many temperance revivals in the state and when no intoxicating liquors were to be obtained for love or money, that the thirsty in a large Berkshire town took to drinking large quantities of hard cider, and being frequently hauled into court would plead for a mitigation of punishment or suspension of sentence altogether, on the ground of a simple cider confusion of the brain. Finally, the justice got tired of this cider racket excuse, and the inebriate who didn't plead that some other liquid than this caused his infirmity got sent up or heavily fined. Finally such a one was called upon to give an account of himself and what caused his inebriation. The culprit was posted up on the danger of a hard cider plea, and replied, "Jamaica ginger." "Where did you get it?" asked the justice. "Jamaica ginger," replied the prisoner. "What is your name," then interrogated the justice. "Jamaica ginger!" replied the culprit. There was a solemn silence for a few moments when the justice cried out in excited tones, "Jamaica ginger, 30 days."

An old time country story will never die out. It was about a well-dressed man of courteous and attractive bearing, who put out at Wilbur's tavern in North Adams in 1840. He had been a guest at this house for two weeks, and occasionally took a stroll over the village without making conversation with anyone. Some women who had sympathy with his seeming loneliness as a stranger, went down to the tavern and modestly suggested that they would be pleased to introduce him in the place if he would give them proper vouchers for his respectability. He thanked them, and said he would give them a full account of himself and the causes which led him to visit North Adams. He had been a prosperous merchant in a Pennsylvania city, but in the course of a business transaction had ignorantly violated the laws of the state. At his trial he was convicted, but as it was shown that he committed the crime unwittingly, the judge showed leniency by giving him his choice of going to prison for a year or to banishment to North Adams for six months. Although he was exceedingly obliged to these generous women for their kindness and interest he "wished to thunder" he had gone to prison.

In 1795, one Josiah Holbrook lived in a log house just below the Witt or Whitman building stone ledge on State street, North Adams. He was a man of giant stature and of monstrous bone and sinew. He had a voice bearing a close resemblance to thunder, and it was said of him that when he struck a high vocal key, it could be heard on the summits of the Hoosac and Greylock mountains, and that even his whisper could be distinctly understood all over the then little village. He was remarkably brave, bold and venturesome, of a determined spirit which would recognize no obstacle, and in fact of such heroic soul in a setting of great limb and strength and iron constitution, that he was peculiarly fitted to grapple with the difficulties, privations and dangers of the then infant settlement. He was one of the Berkshire minute men or volunteers at the battle of Bennington, and tradition has it that singly and alone he made prisoners of thirteen Hessian hireling soldiers who had wandered away from the battlefield in search of water. Having stacked their muskets these soldiers were drinking at a spring when he suddenly came upon them. Seizing and shouldering all their guns and cocking and pointing one of them at them, in thundering tones of command he ordered his imaginary forces to march to his aid, while he drove the frightened and helpless Hessian troop into camp like a flock of unresisting sheep. The affair coming to the ears of Gen. Stark, he summoned Holbrook before him and asked how he had performed this feat. "I surrounded them, General," replied the northern Berkshire giant. Josiah afterwards in 1786, with seven other North Adams men, joined the Shays rebellion and marched to Springfield. After Shays' defeat, he came home and soon after put to flight a party of four troopers who sought to arrest him for his treason. Soon after a company of the state militia surrounded his house in the night, broke in his door and seized and bound him in his bed.

Submitting, because he could not help it, he gave up his weapons, took the oath of allegiance to the Commonwealth and was released. His name, with Junior attached, appears in the records of the old town of Adams as one of the Shays rebels pardoned in 1787 by Governor Lincoln, the name of his father also having been Josiah.

A laughable anecdote is related by Hon. Marshall Wilcox, Berkshire County's well-known veteran lawyer, who with W. B. Rice, also of Pittsfield, attended a reunion of their class at the late Williams College commencement, and of whom but six members are now living. During Freshman and Sophomore year, Henry Barker, the oldest son of Dr. John L. Barker of Adams, a prominent old time county physician, was a member of this class. Young Barker and his chum Desmond roomed in West College on the first floor and near the west entrance. The former was so full of fun and mischief that it was hard work for Desmond to study, and oftentimes Barker, with other kindred spirits, made the old college the scene of great uproar. Prof. Kellogg, a small man, with weak eyesight, had a room in the second story just above that of Barker, and one of his duties was to try and preserve order in the building. One dark night there was a good deal of noise in the structure caused by throwing wood down the stairways and other pranks, and Barker was a leading spirit in the rumpus. Desmond, who could not study, hearing Prof. Kellogg tramping about in the hall above trying to alight on the culprits, resolved on a practical joke. Stealing up in the darkness into the hall he suddenly collared Prof. Kellogg and gave him a severe shaking up, exclaiming, "now I've got you, you miserable old Barker, making this thundering rumpus to prevent our studying or sleeping." "I'm not Barker," pleaded the frightened Professor, "I'm Prof. Kellogg." "Oh Barker, you sinner, you can't play that dodge on me, I know you, Barker, and I'm a good will to shake the life out of you." Then Desmond gave the gasping professor another shaking up which fairly made his teeth chatter. Getting his breath for a moment the professor pled in woe-begone tones that he was not Barker, while his captor shook him up yet more violently and jammed him up against the hard walls. Finally, Desmond said, "I'll take you to my room and I'll know whether you are Barker or not, for I know you are not that quiet scholar and gentlemen, Prof. Kellogg, whom you insult, you coward, by claiming his name." Then Desmond hustled the professor down to his room with a tight grip on his collar. Lo and behold he found that he had captured the professor, and was so humble and profuse in apologies that the gentle old scholar suspected nothing of the hoax. Just before the close of the September term Dr. Barker appeared and took his son Henry home, the latter walking beside his father's horse. He afterwards became a civil engineer of prominence, and for several of his latter years had charge of the South Adams gas works, in which village he deceased.

Many years ago a very wealthy old gentleman who prided himself on his economy in dress, arrived at the old Berkshire House in North Adams in a stage from the east, with a large sum in bank bills, being on his way to the west to make heavy investments in land. He was given his supper by then Landlord Phineas D. Cone, and when it came time to retire, this old time mine host took him a kind of roundabout way to a room which he always held in reserve for stragglers, thinking him, from the cut, quality and fashion of his garments, to be one of these gentry. Setting down a spare candle on a rickety bureau, Phin was about retiring when the old chap pulled off his badly worn old beaver hat and taking an ancient bandanna handkerchief therefrom uncovered a huge bundle of bank notes, the most of which appeared to be of large denominations. Says the old man very blandly, "I guess I will make things square with you now for my keep, as my health is not the best, and I might not be able to find my way down to your office tomorrow morning to settle." Phin afterwards said that he never felt so thoroughly cheap in his life, and that this happening taught him never to pass judgment on the size of a purse of a guest by a glance at his garments. "I was not long in conducting this good-natured old man, who could have bought and sold me out a dozen times over, to a more comfortable apartment, and then he wished me a kindly good night, I felt as though my body would wilt clean out of sight down into my boots. In fact, when he left on an early stage the next morning, I couldn't

look this humorous old duffer in the face, who carried the wealth of a state bank on top of his old grey head, and my face was so flushed that after he departed the village doctor was certain that I was coming down with a billious fever."

Way back a half century ago at all hours of the day and often into the first hours of the night could be seen in the vicinity of old West College in Williamstown, the stooping, gaunt, old form of Sam Field, who in the matter of small beer and peanuts was the sutler of the students, and who had a brisk trade with the Freshmen and Sophomores, and many an old friend and customer among the Juniors and Seniors in East and West Colleges, as well. Like a goblin shadow he would with his little hand baskets glide from room to room and dispense his luxuries, to which was sometimes added the rude confectionery of that day. Long before this he had passed the precipice of bankruptcy, by adopting the rule of no trust, and for a long time thriven without the slightest fear of the downfall of his humble monopoly. But finally opposition came to the front in the person of one "Peran," whom a few jolly students had picked up, furnished with an obedient goat and a rough harness and also with a dry goods box mounted on a pair of old wagon wheels. Notwithstanding the appearance of this new sutler and the consequent division of custom, old Sam, the vendor of peanuts extraordinary to the students, bravely held his own and distanced his rival. Then came a sharper competition, in which old Sam and Peran would successively lead off. Then old Sam by the aid of a fair wind and a smoother sea shot far ahead and managed to hold his lead until Peran drifted sadly in the rear and seemed to be out of the business race. But, alas, the fatal hour came on in which old Sam was tempted to befuddle the brains of the incipient but precious genius of Williams, with potations of fire-water concealed in earthen beer jugs, in order to slip a few more nimble pennies and sixpences into his pouch. He was finally trapped by the watchful faculty, and having been tempted and fallen like Adam, like Adam he toed out of Paradise as best he could. From that time onward this long time enterprising professor was missing, after having catered to the physical instead of the intellectual appetites of so many of the nineteenth century's earlier alumni. Peran, finding himself the master of the entire situation, with an open sea and a fine breeze, was in ecstasy, and greatly rejoiced. There being now no danger of the market's being glutted by the opposition of the enemy, Peran swiftly took the advantage of the situation and raised the price of the peanuts one cent a cup. He thenceforward held in his clutch an incorrigible trust, and as he too would not trust the young disciples of learning, but raised the price at every opportunity. he eventually arrived at that competence which was the dream of poor old Sam Field, the peanut pioneer.

Harriet Hosmer, so celebrated as a sculptress, a daughter of a physician in Watertown, Mass., while a pupil at Mrs. Sedgwick's famous school at Lenox, she gave evidence of the talent which afterwards made her famous, by modeling many busts and figures in clay. She was of a genial nature, was a general favorite and quite fond of mountain climbing. In an excursion to Monument Mountain, Mrs. Sedgwick, in watching her athletic feats, said, that "Hatty could climb better than any girl, but not quite so well as a boy." It was at Lenox, one bright, cold winter night, that Miss Hosmer and a number of her companion pupils stole out of the Sedgwick mansion while its inmates were soundly asleep, and repaired to the old Court House hill, then most famous for its coasting facilities. The roadbed was well worn, and a late storm had made the snow as hard and smooth as polished glass. An old fashioned sleigh was procured, the thills fastened perpendicularly to its body and brought to the brow of the hill and the girls piled in. It was given a push and down the declivity the party went in their madcap descent, the speed increasing every instant, the runners holding sure to the beaten track. But just before the bottom of the hill was reached, a treacherous "thank-you-marm" threw the sleigh from the roadbed track and overturned it upon the frozen and icy crust which bordered it. Such an indiscriminate bunch of blankets, robes, feminine apparel and girls old Lenox never saw before or since. No one received serious injury, but there were a good many bruises and scratches and rent garments which had to be concealed at the early school breakfast by candlelight the

following morning.

In 1842 a sturdy blacksmith named Van Waggoner visited North Adams and being a reformed man gave lectures on temperance, and sought out many of the sturdy old time inhabitants who had gained the reputation of being pretty though moderate, but daily drinkers. He was thoroughly successful in his labors, knew how it was himself, and in a personal way co completely convinced so many of the village fathers that it was best for them to quit the habit, that drinking from that time on became very unpopular with the village's best citizenship. Such men as Ben Hathaway, Fred Rathbone, Allen B. Darling, Alonzo McFarland and Orrin Witherell, and many others, who hadn't seen the hurt of "just a little drop" occasionally, became staunch teetotalers. It was a company of these men fond of resorting to Uncle Jim Wilbur's tavern for their bitters, who at this time called on Uncle Jim, and told him that they hated to lose his company and his friendship, but that that had come to take their last drink with him. The reformed then took a "smile" with the old landlord and it proved as they said to be their last dram. One of the most wary of VanWaggoner's converts was Uncle Orrin Witherell, but he captured this strong, quick-witted and genial son of vulcan by calling on him at his blacksmith shop on River street and offering to help him do a day's work. Uncle Orrin was short handed on that day and his shop was full of work. VanWaggoner so completely tired Uncle Orrin out that he admitted that a cold water workman was the peer of a blacksmith like himself who took his toddy, and he joined the temperance movement heart and soul.

It was when George N. Briggs and Henry W. Bishop were the sterling old Berkshire Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and before the new Superior Court was invented to try and clear off the cumbersome old court dockets which had been so loaded up with a mass of untried and continued cases as to greatly hamper the business of the courts and defeat the ends of justice, that Henry L. Dawes and Jonathan E. Field in the criminal term had appeared as attorneys in a case of assault and battery. It was the July term, Lenox had quite a crowd of summer visitors at Curtis Hotel, and Judge Briggs was presiding. When cases were being heard which would permit the presence of the ladies from the hotel in the small gallery, some court official would give these would be spectators a signal that an unobjectionable trial was about to come on, and they would at once fill up the little gallery. All through the testimony of a loud mouthed female witness who was very anxious to repeat just what language the assailant had used when he made the assault, the woman had been headed of by attorney Dawes, and egged on by the waggish Field. This witness was left on the stand while Dawes was hunting for a missing paper which was to be given to the jury previous to its retirement. The signal had been given that the objectionable case had been concluded, the ladies had filled up the gallery with their rustling summer costumes, when the fun loving Field, before the court or Dawes knew what he asked, in some way gave the witness courage to relieve her mind. She did it with a vengeance, collapsing the court with her vehement uncouthness. Judge Briggs dropped his head upon his desk, the lawyers all had pressing business in looking after stray papers, and the way these ladies piled down the gallery stairway with damaged crinoline, creased muslin and disordered hair was a scene for the pen of Hogarth.

When the late civil war broke out, among the pupils on Prof. Spear's then prosperous Maplewood Young Ladies Institute was Miss Kate Kent of Richmond, Va., and she was a very pretty and spiteful little rebel, if there ever was one, and she wasn't a bit afraid if she was so far away from her southern home. The war feeling was running very high, Prof. Spear was absent from the town, when at the rehearsal for concert at the Institution, Kate saucily waved a little rebel flag. The act raised a good deal of feeling in the town, and when he returned Prof. Spear gave Kate a severe reproof with the young lady didn't mind a bit, so strong were her home sympathies. Then to kind of put Kate's act in the shade he profusely and gaudily decked out all the Maplewood buildings with the stars and stripes.

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OBITUARY SKETCHES

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

BENJAMIN G. OLDS
August 1, 1902

Having passed the age of three-score and ten, Benjamin G. Olds, after a short illness, died at North Adams in June. He was a self-made man, having left the trade of shoemaking, he gained an education at Drury Academy, became a prominent civil engineer in Minnesota and elsewhere in the west in his earlier manhood, and later in life obtained competence at North Adams as a merchant and dealing in real estate. He was a prominent Free Mason and devotedly attached to that order through all his life, and was buried with Masonic honors. He was a man of strong friendships, of a great range of knowledge, a noted hunter and fisherman, and an ardent lover of all that was grand and beautiful in nature. His attachments to his relatives and to the companions of his boyhood was singularly devoted.

DR. FRANKLIN K. PADDOCK
August 1, 1901

The death of Berkshire's most skillful surgeon and physician and prominently known and famed in his profession throughout and outside the county, has been a deeply lamented event, occurring the fourth week of July. The year had already marked the demise of several prominent county physicians, leaving but a very few in practice of the old school, or who had been educated in the old Berkshire Medical College. Dr. Franklin K. Paddock, suddenly passing out from life from a complication of diseases having their origin from rheumatism of the heart, from which he had been afflicted from youth up, and which he has often predicted would cut short his industrious, skillful and notable career, ranked high up among a past and present race of eminent Berkshire County men of his profession. As a surgeon he had no peer in a wide area of territory, while as a physician he was prompt to locate disease and peculiarly successful in its treatment. As a medical adviser in heroic cases he was in great demand and held in the highest esteem and confidence by the fraternity in Western Massachusetts and far beyond it. He filled the office of Coroner and Medical Examiner for many years with signal ability and was untiring in his efforts to found and build up to its present high standard of efficiency and usefulness the Pittsfield House of Mercy, of which he was always chief-surgeon. Though sociable and kind hearted, he devoted but little time to matters outside the pale of his calling, in which despite an air of busy brusqueness he was very sympathetic, which greatly endeared him to those to whom he ministered.

He was born in Hamilton N.Y., in 1841, his mother Eunice Kittredge Paddock, being of the well know Kittredge family of Hinsdale, in this county, famous in the older days for a long line of eminent physicians. Fitting himself for a college course, his health failed him, and coming to Pittsfield in 1862 he studied medicine with Dr. W. W. Green, graduating at the Berkshire Medical College in 1864. Completing his studies in New York, he entered into partnership with Dr. Green, was dean in and held a professorship in the college until its close in 1867. He married Anna Danforth, the youngest daughter of Rev. Dr. John Todd, in 1867, who with three children, Mrs. F. G. Crane of Dalton, Mrs. Charles I. Hibbard and Brace Paddock of Pittsfield, survive him. He leaves three brothers and a sister, his brother Dr. William L. Paddock having been long associated with him in practice. The attendance upon his last sad obsequies bore witness of the deep regard in which he was held as a physician and a citizen.

JAMES W. FULLER
August 1, 1901

A sad happening in the county the past month has been the death of James W. Fuller, 70, from the result of a fearful and cowardly blow delivered upon the back of his head with a heavy whalebone mallet in the workshop of the county jail by a brutal and cowardly convict, who fell upon him unawares and without provocation and would

have killed him on the spot except for the swift intervention of other prisoners. James W. Fuller was the honored and beloved father of High Sheriff Charles W. Fuller of Pittsfield and of J. Frank Fuller of the Concord State Reformatory. He was a former resident of Southern Berkshire and since his location in Pittsfield had been engaged in trade, served on the police force, as city meat inspector, and since his son's election as sheriff had been a trusted and efficient official at the jail, where he was a strict but just disciplinarian, kind treatment of prisoners at this institution having been a marked feature since the incumbency of Sheriff Fuller. His ungovernable and brutal assailant, restive over discipline and being compelled to labor, and a dangerous character both when at liberty and when paying the penalty of ugliness and lawlessness under confinement, roaming the country under the influence of intoxicants and under assumed names, committed this crime through sheer revenge for having been made to observe prison laws by those in charge of this institution. The victim was one of the modest genial and companionable of Berkshire's older citizenship, was well known and highly respected all over the county, in which he had a multitude of friends who sincerely mourn his sad death.

EDWARD SHEPARD WILKINSON
November 1, 1902

North Adams has long been prominent for the number of its self-made men, who, after an education in its public schools, even before such had arrived at the perfection of later years, plunged with zeal into the business of their ancestry or took right hold of busy labor and professional life where they could find position and worked their way by untiring industry and enterprise and sterling character to commanding citizenship, still retaining those social and religious lessons of their youth which bound them close, though deep in the studies of manufacture, politics and finance, to the people of town, city, county and state, and gave them both fame and good name abroad.

Edward Shepard Wilkinson was particularly one of these self-made men, steadily ascending from the ranks of faithful labor and honest service to his elders and his locality, to the education and religious needs of his community, so they he built for himself the steps that aided him upward from toil in the mill and the store to prominence in finance, high position in the church of his faith, distinguished place in town and city councils and management, to the presidency of the Adams National Bank and to the mayorship of his city for a third term. Though for several years in impaired health, brought upon by his onerous duties, like a faithful life soldier he died in the harness. The particulars of the insidious and hidden physical trouble which so suddenly ended his life and brought deep sorrow and regret to all who knew his sterling worth as a man, either in a public or private capacity, are too well known to be dwelt upon here. That he heroically and manfully struggled against the fatality which marked the measure of his days, he left a multitude of sorrowing witnesses. He was born in Rowe in 1842, from whence his parents removed to Blackinton. After a short term of schooling and service in the woolen mill he repaired to Adams and served as clerk in the drug store of his brother and obtained more schooling. After attending a commercial school in Boston he returned to North Adams and again served as clerk in its leading drug and hardware store for a few months. Soon after he became a bookkeeper in the Adams Bank, and in 1864 was chosen its cashier, which he filled with distinguished ability until 1898 when he succeeded the late S. W. Brayton as its president.

When but 21 years of age he was elected treasurer of the old town, which office he held for 16 years. He also signally served it as assessor, auditor and on its financial committee. When the city government was adopted in 1895 he was elected to the council, at the end of two years was re-elected, and made its president, and then successfully elected to the mayoralty for three years. In his service to his town and city his administration, though himself an ardent republican in politics, was so thoroughly in the interests of the whole people, that it disarmed all partisan criticism.

There are but few of those now living who under the revival sermons of Rev. Mr. Andrews in the Baptist church, while enjoying the pastorship of Rev. Miles Sanford,

who with Mr. Wilkinson embraced the faith, while the fathers and mothers of the old church who then reached out their loving, helping hands to them, have long since gone to their reward. This was over 40 years agone, but since that day Mr. Wilkinson has given grand work to the church of his adoption as a member, deacon, treasurer, Sunday school superintendent and in a myriad of ways. Besides this he has rendered great service to the Baptist denomination of the state, as president and director of the home Young Men's Christian Association, and in other educational and financial lines. He is survived by his widow, his only son, Edward S. Wilkinson, Jr., his mother and his brothers, William H. and Charles A. Wilkinson of Binghamton, N.Y., and Warren J. Wilkinson of North Adams, and his sisters, Mrs. W. H. Whitman and Miss Charlotte E. Wilkinson of the latter city, and Mrs. W. H. Eastwood of the former.

JOHN ALLEN ROOT
November 1, 1902

The sudden death of John Allen Root in October, from the neuralgia of the heart, has removed from the county seat one of its most active citizens as well as one of its most prized and respected. A lineal descendant from two of Pittsfield's most notable pioneer families, from early manhood he had ever been a bright, active, conspicuous and trusted citizen, not only industriously devoted to his own business, but ever taking an earnest part in all matters of public, religious and political interest. Though in a certain sense of a retiring disposition, no citizen was better informed on all general questions, and at all times of exigency in the many circles of life in which he moved, he was found to possess the courage of his own convictions and to be able to contribute to the general good from a rare fund of sound common sense. No written words can add to the reputation of a man who possessed such sterling qualities of character and who cherished for his native hills, and their peoples, such a reverent and abiding affection. A higher tribute than such was paid to him by our home citizenship at his final obsequies.

John Allen Root, the eldest son of Oliver Root, was born in Pittsfield, January 18, 1850. From boyhood he was an ardent lover of athletic sports, was a member of the old Elm baseball club previous to 1870 and an ardent lover of this sport always. He was educated in the old town schools, was an enthusiastic member of the George Y. Learned engine company, held every office in that organization, and later became a valued officer in the city's Veteran Firemen's Association. In 1880 he was elected to the legislature in which he served with great ability for two terms. In 1895 he was appointed a license commissioner, was chairman of the board for six years, having previously served his city as assessor for quite a period. For 25 years he had been the faithful clerk of St. Stephen's Episcopal Parish and always at his post. He was a member of Berkshire Royal Arch Chapter, Berkshire Council, Royal and Select Masters and Mystic Lodge of Free Masons, and of the Park Club. He was the senior partner in the longest established shoe store in central Berkshire, having entered the same as clerk for his father in early life. With his brother, Henry A., he succeeded to this business under the firm name of Root Sons in 1874, and was conducting the same at the old original North street stand at the time of his death. He is survived by his wife and one son, his aged mother and his brother.

ERASMUS D. PHILLIPS
November 1, 1902

Erasmus D.Phillips departed this life at his home at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, last September, having attained the age of 93 years, until two years before his death vigorously retaining his rare physical and mental strength. He was the eldest son of Dr. Liscomb Phillips, who a full century ago studied medicine with Dr. Bryant of Cummington, father of William Cullen Bryant the distinguished poet and editor, and who having practiced medicine for a few years at Savoy, removed to Adams, occupying the large white house on Park street, once standing on the north lawn of the present Hon. W. B. Plunkett residence, and for many years known as the "Phillips homestead."

Erasmus D. Phillips was born in this house in 1809, and by the early and sudden death of his father from the bursting of a

blood vessel in his head, with a large family of children was left to his own resources. He commenced teaching when but fifteen years of age, and by this means secured an education, which he finished by entering and graduating at Williams College and entirely paying his own way. In 1837 he took up on government land at Oak Creek, Wisconsin, on which site the southern portion of the city of Milwaukee now stands. Here, while engaged in farming, he studied law and was admitted to the Milwaukee bar, afterwards holding important town offices and prosecuting his profession as a barrister and justice. Almost to the end of his life, such was his knowledge of the site of this famous Wisconsin city, that he was the consulted great authority in regard to its land titles, etc.

In 1856, having come east and married a Miss Browning, whose home was on the Whipple Lime Works farm, just north of the Renfrew Mills in Adams, he settled on a charming hillside overlooking the beautiful Geneva Lake, which for so many years has been the fashionable watering place and resort of Chicago and Milwaukee society for summer residence. He practiced law and became interested in drug and grocery enterprises and in other branches of business, which developed the locality into its present great importance. He was a man of high ideals, pure character and of rare integrity of purpose. He was a student all his life, took great pride in his knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages and up to the age of 92 retained such perfect vision as to make useless the use of glasses. His visits to his native Berkshire were few, and the death of his wife eight years before his own, left him no further desire to again look upon his native hills.

The complete understanding of the habits of animals, fish, bird and insect, was peculiar to this earlier resident of Berkshire and pioneer settler in Wisconsin when it was a wilderness. It was a frequent allusion of the late Judge James T. Robinson of North Adams, himself an ardent hunter and fisherman, that Uncle Erasmus was the king of all fishermen who ever angled in the twin branches of the Hoosac river and their tributaries. Many times, when a boy, Judge Robinson used to say he carried trout for Uncle Erasmus in his piscatorial wanderings, and he would always come in laden with his artificial flies, when these waters were supposed to be barren of such inhabitants. This gentleman was noted in the early Wisconsin days not only for his skill with the gun and rod, but for his success in capturing stores of wild honey in the forests. Boxing in a few honey bees foraging on wild flowers, he would follow these, one by one, liberated captives from a little wooden box, sometimes for days, never failing to trace them to the forest trees in which they were gathering up their products. Marking these trees he would return to them with help, fell them to the earth and carry tons of honey to Lake Geneva. While sighting liberated bees one afternoon in a dense Wisconsin forest, after two days absence from home, he suddenly looked up and saw a Winnebago Indian arrayed in his war paint, about to hurl his hatchet at him. With his piercing eyes he transfixed those of his would be murderer, and said, "How do" in the Indian language, with which he was somewhat familiar. The startled Indian quailed under his commanding look and lowering his weapon, gave a dissatisfied grunt and silently moved off into the forest. At another time while on a bee hunt he struck an Indian trail and in passing through an "Oak opening" in the forest came face to face with an enormous wild cat. He had no weapon and knowing that if he showed the least sign of cowardice that he was lost, kept moving toward the crouching cat with a slow and measured tread keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon those of the animal. The cat showing no signs of uneasiness, he was beginning to despair when he bethought to loudly whistle for an imaginary dog, whereupon the cat slunk off into the woods showing great signs of fear.

Mr. Phillips is survived by Mrs. S. C. Ford of Geneva Lake and his only child, and by his brother, B. F. Phillips, the veteran woolen manufacturer at Adams, now at advanced age. He was a brother of the late Dr. Henry T. Phillips of North Adams and Albert L. Phillips of Racine, Wisconsin. The late Mrs. Stoel E. Dean of Adams and Mrs. William Smith of Berkshire Village were his sisters, and he was an uncle of the editor of "The Berkshire Hills."

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THE FIRST SHOE FACTORY IN BERKSHIRE COUNTY

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

Major Samuel Rosseter, tanner and shoe manufacturer, was not an educated man, but prominent for his forceful way of keeping to the front in church and social functions, his general good feeling and a considerable degree of harmless egotism that engendered smiles, rather than frowns from his friends and neighbors, making it a pleasure to all to keep him perched on some little pinnacle from which he could look down with great satisfaction and happiness to himself.

His tannery, where he made his few thousands of dollars, which in his day were called riches, was on the river side of Main street in Great Barrington, just north of what is now the bridge leading to the Catholic Church. Tanning at that period had one feature profitable to the tanner, yet satisfactory to the farming community, and that was "tanning by halves." If the farmer wanted, as he generally did, leather for his own use for boots and shoes for himself and family, the tanner would tan one-half of a hide for himself and the other half for the farmer, making from the skin of the cow either sole leather, or cowhide for the upper leather of boots, or shoes, as might be agreed upon, while the calf skins were reserved for women's best shoes, although most women wore at the time a kip-skin shoe which for thickness and pliability was about midway between cowhide and calf skin.

It was not unusual to skin hogs and tan their hides, from which stock good saddles were made. I recall hearing a little joke which was played upon the Major during the time which he was personally managing his tannery. Charles W. Hopkins, afterwards a wealthy and prominent citizen of Great Barrington, with another young man, were co-workers in the tannery and like other young men of that, and possible of the present day, did not always find enough at the boarding table to appease their appetites. Therefore the two concluded to have an extra meal, beefsteak included, by doing some private cooking on the sly in the tannery. To be prepared for a possible surprise on the night of their supper, they skinned the stump of a tail from fresh hide, which as soon as their steak was cooked they placed in the frying pan. As they had about finished their repast the outer door was opened by the Major and the odor from the frying pan caused him to hurriedly follow up the scent to find Hopkins and his companion deeply intent on cooking and seasoning the ox-tail.

In response to the Major's inquiry as to what they were doing, Hopkins replied that noticing that the tails looked meaty, and thinking it a pity that they should go to waste, himself and companion had cooked several, which they had found very appetizing. As they had become satiated, they invited him to sit up and partake of the tail they had just cooked. He sat down and ate the tail with an evident relish and then highly commended them for their skill in cooking and practical economy. I do not think ox-tail soup had its origin just here, but it was possible that this was the first ox-tail fry in Great Barrington.

The old Major Rosseter shop was a one story building about 16 by 30 feet, and divided into two rooms, one of which was for storing stock, cutting out shoes and packing the same in boxes when finished. These shoes were of course brogan. The uppers were of a heavy cowhide in three pieces. The two quarters extended from the back of the heel to about the center of the foot and were so cut that they would lap over the "vamp," or front part, enough to lace over so much of the front as was necessary for a tongue. The laces were cut from thin leather and made round by rolling on a lap-board. The soles of thick sole leather were always pegged on with wooden pegs, mostly made by hand. The output from such a shop was not large, but as the shoes were almost entirely for the southern market, and had to be worn by slaves whose masters were selling cotton and tobacco at satisfactory prices, and were not a kind of goods which these masters styled "Yankee dickering," they paid liberally for them and without questioning the prices asked. From what a Negro once said to his owner when the sole of one of these shoes came off, "Massa, I tink dey pick dese shoes

(Continued on page 32)

OLD JOE SHEARER

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

Probably the most eccentric character who lived in Pittsfield in the earlier days, and who through his wealth, made himself most prominent in its financial and local affairs was one Joseph Shearer. He was originally a workman on the farm of Mrs. Hannah Williams, the widow of Col. William Williams, who was a gentleman of great refinement, wealth and prominence. Having succeeded in marrying this lady for her wealth, he became her domestic tyrant and developed into one of the most singular misers who probably ever lived in Berkshire County. During his life he was prominent in the establishment of the Berkshire County Agricultural Society the Agricultural Bank and the old Medical College, and gave costly gifts to the town and the First Congregational church in the shape of the present town clock and a valuable church organ. In the last years of his life he would often frequent a town locality in which the old time lawyers congregated and would excitedly exclaim "this thing has got to be stopped, and the only way to stop it is to cut the thing right in two in the middle." No one ever knew what the odd old fellow meant on these occasions, and receiving no reply, he would hustle away with a great show of hurried business. His death occurred in 1838 at the age of 82. The most authentic sketch of this singular character is to be found in an old volume from which we have copied. In fact it is the only succinct history of his career which has been preserved, and is a master description of the queer man and his acts. Even down to the present date the associations connected with the old clock, which still measures off time on the First Church tower, causes his name to be frequently mentioned.

There is one spirit which I would summon from the vast deep of the past, if he would but come when I do call for him. Shade of old Shearer. I invoke thee. Thy lands are divided and parceled out among innumerable heirs, no child of thine succeeding; thy strong box has been rifled; thy very wardrobe, so dear to thy heart for long years, crowded in the ragman's bag, unhonored, unlamented. It irks me to think, that script of thy snuff brown coat, thy white, indented hat, thy patched breeches, and thrice darned hose, thou should'st ferry over, a poor forked shape, in leaky Stygian wherry. Come back thou type of graceful covetousness - thou embodiment of soft-toned parsimony - thou realization of good natured sordiness. Come back, and since thou did'st ever feed the hungry - for gold; and clothe the naked - for silver; and distribute far and wide thy wealth - for ten percent bond and mortgage; so no, with thy too complaisant smile, thy too winning bow, I remember thee.

Old Joseph Shearer was a hoarder, rather than a miser. I knew him only in his old age, and decay of faculties, hastening to the last sad stage of weakness, yet even then his eye would light up on the mention of some new sources of wealth, and his ready smile greet the needy borrower who sought relief at his hand. As he had no children, it was hoped at his death he would leave the bulk of his property to the Medical College, and he more than once intimated his intention to do so. His parsimony however would never suffer him to execute the writing, though it could never have affected his property as long as he lived: and at his death his lands and houses and notes and all his hoarded wealth fell to those for whom he had no love or care. "Tell me," he said to his physician, who was urging him the day before he died to make his will,lest he should drop off before he knew it, "tell me when you think I'm going to die, and we will write fast."

For a man who was utterly ignorant of everything that belongs to the forms of life, and whose dress was that of the meanest dog color, he had more art of address, more fascination of manner, than any person I ever saw. He was never shy and never abashed, and was at home in any company chance might throw him. Calling, on a certain evening on a matter of business, at the residence of the late Mrs. Dexter in Boston, he found a large party assembled, and being requested to stay, did so. During the evening he was introduced to several gentlemen of distinction, was made acquainted with several ladies, was frequently addressed by the digni-

fied and elegant hostess, and seemed to enjoy the whole affair greatly. After every one of the guests had left Shearer walked up very gravely to Mrs. Dexter, who was reposing in her arm chair from the weariness of the evening, and bowing with all his grace said, "Madam, I have enjoyed very much your elegant entertainment this evening, and I am enraptured with the beauty of the ladies who have been here, and the civility of the gentlemen; and, no madam," taking a large leathern purse from his pocket, "if you will tell me what is the damage, I shall be most happy to pay you."

Many anecdotes are told of his courtship of his wife, his marriage with whom was the commencement of the good fortune in the world's gear which afterwards attended him. She was a rich widow of an officer in the British army, many years the senior of Shearer, and it was of the fertile soil and broad acres of the farm on which he labored in her employment, that he first became enamored. It seems the good lady, during the process of the courtship, either doubted the sincerity of the young man's attachment, or distrusting his disinterestedness, mentioned her fears to him one evening while they were walking abroad in the fields, and entreated him to tell her the truth. "Not love you my dear," said Shearer, "why I love the very ground you tread on."

The fervor of the devoted swain did not go unrewarded, and in a few weeks he became the proprietor in fee simple both of the widow and her lands. The union, however, was by no means a happy one, and numerous were the ways, as rumor says, which the young husband tried to rid himself, in his own phrase, "of the live stock that saddled the estate." He once put her upon a race horse to go to church, from the back of which she was thrown and nearly killed; he left a board loose upon the cistern, and when she had fallen in, was seized with so sudden a cramp that he could not go to her relief; nor was it until her cries had alarmed the neighborhood that she was released from the imminent dangers of her situation. So sad a time did the good woman have with her youthful partner, so niggardly was he of her allowances, so penurious of her patrimony, that she purchased from her own savings a shroud and a gravestone lest his avarice should deprive her of these last solaces of female vanity. These she kept for many years, the one ready fitted, the other engraved with a blank left for inserting the time of her decease; styling herself the relic of her former husband, and carefully omitting all allusion to her last marriage. Instead, however, of carrying out the good woman's intentions, Shearer inserted the odious fact of her connection with himself and crowded in at the bottom of the stone the time of her birth and death. The following is the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Madam Hannah Williams, second consort of the Honorable William Williams, Esq., and first wife of Joseph Shearer, Esq.

She was by all accounts a simple hearted woman, no match in domestic differences for the overbearing tyranny of her husband, and ever careful of the disposition of her remains after she should decease. "Promise me," she said one day to a lady whose reputation for wit, no less than for her abundant charities, made her long remembered in the neighborhood, "promise me that you will see me decently buried when I am dead." "Yes, I will, I promise you I will, six feet deep, face downward, so you shan't scratch out, as I fear you will want to."

There were many who hated this miser, but after all his meanness it was not so easy to utterly despise him. Of everything that was to benefit himself he was acute in his perceptions and clear in his course of reasoning, but stupid as the veriest dolt in all that made for his injury. The first dawn of an idea in his brain could be seen stealing slowly over his countenance, climbing up little by little with a painful process, until it cleared up at last to the fullness of a twilight conception - its richest meridian. He seemed to keep back his intellect as some have the power to keep back their pulsation, and it was not until he found that he must understand you, that the glimmer of misunderstanding, which faintly came from his eye communicated to the rest of his long cadaverous face.

Nor was he always a miser. By taking care of his pence he was often able to part with pounds upon a scale that left another man, esteemed, liberal and generous, halting at an immeasurable distance behind. As an instance of this he gave at one time an organ

to the First Church, and at another a clock to the town. Of this last gift he was deservedly proud, and never wearied of listening to laudations of his munificence as a public benefactor. In fact it was a theme of the old man's self-gratification to the last hour of his life.

"Can you tell me, sir," was his frequent inquiry of a stranger who might be passing the park, "can you tell me, sir, what the purport of that inscription is on the town clock, yonder?" The stranger would look up and read in large gilt letters upon the dial - "Presented to the town by Joseph Shearer, Esq." "Ah, yes, yes," the old man would mutter, "I remember now; munificent donation that, sir. Great public benefactor that Esquire Shearer, yes, yes." "Who is he sir?" would ask the stranger. "That Esquire Shearer, eh? A gentleman living near by, sir A man of great wealth, sir. Munificent donation that, sir." An then old Shearer would move away greatly satisfied that another stranger had heard of the generous act of the old miser. ■

Shoe Factory - from page 29

befo da ripe," one could infer that profit rather than quality was then, as too often now, the motive in this first Berkshire County shoe manufactory.

Major Rosseter had a decided penchant for high sounding words as the following Fourth of July celebration toast was a marked instance: "George Washington, may his name vivanderate down the great aqueduct of time to the boundless sea of eternal bolivion." As will be readily surmised the author of such a toast received a rousing encore from the audience. At this applause the Major rose proudly erect; with head thrown back and with face aglow, with uplifted right hand he waved his keen acknowledgment of this kindly appreciation, which caused even the bright brass buttons on his blue broadcloth coat to glisten. A peaceful wave of satisfaction swept over his profuse, white shirt ruffle, which with pride and fashion concealed the proud heart beneath. Even the great seal which hung pendant from the silken watch fob beneath the flower-sprigged silken vest was moved in proud approval of the time and the opportunity.

That Major Rosseter had Yankee thrift I was well made aware when he once brought to me a combination meat knife and saw to sharpen for him, which owing to its hardness completely used up a brand new file, in payment for which file and my time, I received a profuse "thank you." Being just out of my apprenticeship and working early and late to pay my employer for clothing which my fifty dollars a year salary was insufficient to do, such little kindness made an impression on my mind. But when later the Major entered the shop and removing his bell-crowned silk hat, with his other hand carefully brushed into it a bunch of grapes which had lodged on the summit of his partially bald head, and presented this with the other bunches for his hat to me, it was evident that I had been remembered. The grapes looked good, the Major was duly thanked, but I do not think I ever knew their particular flavor.

The Major had a peculiar style of commencing conversation, and especially when he wished to emphasize he would commence with the double O long drawn out, the sound resolving itself unto U rather tnan O. If he did not, like ex-president Cleveland, coin words, he sometimes came dangerously near it. Once, after I had completed a little summer house for Mrs. Coffing of Van Deusenville, and this lady and myself were conversing, coming along with a hearty o-o-o, he christened my work by saying, "Mrs. Coffing, what a beautiful pagodicha you have there." With all of his peculiarities he had a kindly heart, and was loved and was respected by all who thoroughly knew him and is certainly gratefully remembered by his life-long friend. S. G. Pope ■

STATE CENSUS OF MASSACHUSETTS, 1855
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[Continued from Volume 37, Number 4, Page 144]

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

45	47	Louise Brooks	44	F		Conn.
		Colubus Brooks	16	M		Conn.
		Georgia M. Brooks	12	F		Conn.
		Thornton Brooks	10	M		Conn.
46	48	Stephen Broderick	26	M	Mechanic	N.Y.
		Lovina L. Broderick	23	F		Conn.
		Blanch L. Broderick	3	F		Berkshire
		Dwight Broderick	23	M	Phisician?	N.Y.
		Lurinta Broderick	19	F		Maryland
46	49	Jairah? Broderick	39	M	(blot)	Hampden
		Mary L. Broderick	41	F		Berkshire
		Ina M. Broderick	12	F		N.Y.
		Bina L. Broderick	12	F		N.Y.
		Alace S. Broderick	10	F	Turnie?	N.Y.
47	50	Moris Day	53	M	Merchant	Hampden
		Henrietta Day	54	F		Conn.
		Edward L. Day	21	M	Clerk	Berkshire
		Henry H. Day	16	M	Schollar	Berkshire
48	51	Hannah Beard	73	F		Berkshire
		Harriet Goodrich?	63	F		Conn.
49	52	Sedgwick N.? Fay	33	M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Maria A. Fay	29	F		Hampshire
		Milton B. Fay	3	M		Berkshire
		Edward E. Fay	1	M		N.Y.
50	53	John C. Jackson	32	M	Wagon Maker	Berkshire
		Harriet M. Jackson	32	F		N.Y.
51	54	Ezra Jackson	63	M	Blacksmith	Worcester Co.
		Eunice Jackson	53	F		Conn.
52	55	Isaac J. Norton	56	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Nancy E. Norton	52	F		Berkshire
		Henry L. Norton	23	M	Merchant	Berkshire
		Harriet P. Norton	25	F		Berkshire
		Fanny E. Norton	12	F		Berkshire
53	56	Rufus Pomeroy	70	M	Cong. Clergy	Hampshire
		Betsey Pomeroy	58	F		Worcester Co.
54	57	David Bushnell	78	M	Farmer	Conn.
		Polly T. Bushnell	68	F		Conn.
		Watson Bushnell	29	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Francis E. Bushnell	26	M	D. Sheriff	Berkshire
		Albert F. Brown	12	M		Berkshire
	58	Horton? H. Bushnell	49	M	Farmer	Conn.
		Sophronia L. Bushnell	49	F		Berkshire
		Henry L. Bushnell	20	M	Clerk	Berkshire
55	59	Hugh Gibson	67	M	Cong. Clergy	Scotland
		Grace Gibson	59	F		Scotland

		Grace Gibson	24	F		Scotland
		Isabell Gibson	?	F		Scotland
		Agnes Gibson	19	F		Scotland
56	60	George Haller	47	M	Laborer	N.J.
		Almira Haller	34	F		Conn.
		Mary A. Haller	14	F		Conn.
		Josephine A. Haller	13	F		Conn.
		Sarah Haller	10	F		Conn.
		Alace Haller	2	F		Berkshire
57	61	John Laurence	78	M	Laborer	N.Y.
		Catherine Laurence	69	F		N.Y.
58	62	Timothy Jones	63	M	Mill Wright	Berkshire
		Ann E. Jones	51	F		N.Y.
		Eliza A. Jones	32	F		Berkshire
		Emaline Jones	26	F		Berkshire
		Mariah Jones	24	F		Berkshire
		James H. A. Jones	22	M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Adaline L. Jones	21	F		Berkshire
		Julia D. Jones	14	F		Berkshire
		Sopha Jones	68	F		Conn.
		Anna Wolcott	78	F		Barnstable
		William Saunders	21	M	Turner	England
59	63	Dinis McCarthy	45	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Rebecca McCarthy	40	F		Ireland
		John McCarthy	20	M	Laborer	Canada
		Eugene McCarthy	17	M		Vermont
		Dinis McCarthy	13	M		Berkshire
		Jane McCarthy	10	F		Berkshire
		Mary McCarthy	7	F		Berkshire
		Nancy McCarthy	5	F		Berkshire
		William McCarthy	2	M		Berkshire
		Rebeca McCarthy	2m	F		Berkshire
60	64	William G. Waters	28	M	Blacksmith	Berkshire
		Elizabeth Waters	27	F		Hampden
		Henry M. Waters	3	M		Berkshire
		William H. Waters	2	M		Berkshire
		Levi Waters	6m	M		Berkshire
61	69	Edward Fitzgearl	48	M	Laborer	Ireland
		Anstrus Fitzgearl	31	F		Ireland
		Michael Fitzgearl	12	M		Ireland
		William Fitzgearl	10	M		Ireland
		Mary A. Fitzgearl	8	F		Ireland
62	66	Chester B. Cornwell	35	M	Shoe Maker	Hampden
		Nancy L. Cornwell	34	F		Berkshire
		Lucy J. Cornwell	2	F		Berkshire
		Liza M. Cornwell	1	F		Berkshire
		Emily L. Smith	21	F		Berkshire
		Theodore Sparks	15	M		Berkshire
		Oliver S. Humphrey	19	M		Conn.
63	67	Lyman J. Strickland	49	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Sarah Strickland	38	F		Berkshire
		Elizabeth H.Strickland	5	F		Berkshire
	68	Norman Strickland	41	M	Gentleman	Berkshire
		Agnes A. Strickland	26	F		Berkshire

		Norman Strickland	1	M		Berkshire
64	69	Oliver Millard	26	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Sylvester Millard	32	M	Teamster	Berkshire
		Spellman Millard	21	M	Gentleman	Berkshire
		Norton W. Millard	29	M	Lawyer	Berkshire
		Adelbert Millard	21	M	Teamster	Berkshire
		Eunice G. Millard	23	F		N.Y.
		Mary E. Millard	2	F		Hampden
65	70	Joseph G. Waters	28	M	Grocer	Berkshire
		Hannah A. Waters	25	F		Hampden
66	71	Rodney D. Hatch	35	M	Laborer	Berkshire
		Mary H. Hatch	29	F		Berkshire
		Sarah A. Hatch	4	F		Berkshire
	72	Lucinda Spear?	66	F		Berkshire
		Elanor Jones	71	F		Berkshire
67	73	Frederick R. Hodgkin	47	M	Taylor	N.Y.
		Mary Hodgkin	33	F		Hampden
		Frances A. Hodgkin	23	F		N.Y.
		Benjamin Hodgkin	21	M	Taylor	N.Y.
		Elizabeth Hodgkin	15	F		Hampden
		Hellen E. Hodgkin	12	F		Berkshire
		Henrietta E. Hodgkin	8	F		Berkshire
		Louisa Hodgkin	1	F		Berkshire
		Fanny Clark	63	F	Insane	Hampden
68	74	James C. Bagley	29	M	Bridge Builder	N.Y.
		Mary A. Bagley	24	F		Hampden
		Charles H. Bagley	1	M		Berkshire
69	75	George J. Norton	38	M	Harness Maker	Berkshire
		Arceneth E. Norton	40	F		Vermont
		George T. Norton	12	M		Berkshire
70	76	David Merwin	39	M	Mail Carrier	Conn.
		Abigal Merwin	36	F		Conn.
		Ann A. Merwin	14	F		Conn.
71	77	Alanson Crittendon	41	M	Joiner	Berkshire
		Fanny J. Crittendon	41	F		Berkshire
		Frances L. Crittendon	14	F		Berkshire
		Angelo Crittendon	10	M		Berkshire
72	78	Sylvesrter Palmer	61	M	Farmer	Conn.
		Rhoda Palmer	50	F		Conn.
		Ellin C. Palmer	22	F		Berkshire
		Salah E. Palmer	19	F		Berkshire
		Enoch L. Palmer	16	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		George C. Palmer	14	M		Berkshire
73	79	Charles J. Carter	45	M	Joiner	Conn.
		Amelia M. Carter	?	F		Berkshire
		Mary J. Carter	16	F		Berkshire
		Edwin H. Carter	14	M		Berkshire
74	80	Jonas A. Stone	34	M	Farmer	Worcesrer Co.
		Lamira H. Stone	32	F		Worcester Co.
		Alice W. P. Stone	8	F		Maine
75	81	Isaac L. Webster	28	M	Farmer	Berkshire
		Emaline Webster	25	F		Berkshire
		Alice I. Webster	4	F		Berkshire

* * * * * * * * * *

HONOR ROLL - CLARKSBURG MEN IN WORLD WAR II

Conrad H. Allard, Army
Wilfred J. Allard, Army
Harold F. Armstrong, Army
James A. Armstrong, Army
Leo V. Armstrong, Army
Arthur Bartlett, Army
Sterling Battis, Navy
Jason B. Beebe, Navy
Loretta Bezze, W.A.A.C.
Alfred Bona, Army
Frank D. Booth, Jr., Navy
Donald A. Brassard, Army
Angelo J. Burro, Army
Frank P. Burro, Army
Victor Camadine, Jr., Marines
William Stafford Carson, Navy
Forest Verne Chesbro, Army
Norman Clark Chesbro, Army
Ralph Donald Chesbro, Army
Robert L. Chesbro, Army
James Connell, Army
George S. Coody, Navy
Paul C. Cook, Army
Charles Costello, Army
Louis E. Coty, Army
William A. Daniels, Army
Paul Daub, Army
Bernard V. Davignon, Navy
Norman M. Davignon, Navy
Donald D. Deans, Army
Robert Eddy, Army
Frederick Fountain, Army
Harold W. Gaun, Army
Lewis A. Gelinas, Navy
Roy Germaine, Army
Alexander Grieve, Army
Robert F. Grogan, Army
MacGregor Henderson, Army
John E. Hewitt, Marines
Leon Kegresse, Army
Paul Kegresse, Army
Cornelius T. King, Army
Erwin S. King, Marines *
Elbridge T. LaBombard, Army
Louis C. Lapine, Army
John Laird, Navy
Omer LaFountaine, Army
Valmore LaFountaine, Army
Joseph N. H. Lefebore, Army
Roger A. Lemoine, Army
Frank M. Maroni, Army
Guido Moselli, Army
James McClelland, Army
William D. McClelland, Army
Herbert H. McLagen, Army
John W. McLaren, Army
Ernest J. Morocco, Army
Raymond J. Morocco, Army
William C. Morocco, Army
John Mulvaney, Army
James Murphy, Navy
John F. O'Leary, Army
George W. Olson, Navy
John Olaf Oleson, Army
Warren H. Osborn, Jr., Army
Richard S. Parmenter, Army
Newton W. Peck, Navy
Wilfred Quinton, Army
Carl Quirk, Army
Gerald Quirk, Army
John H. Rice, Marines
Joseph Rivard, Army
Lawrence Rivard, Army
E. Carlton Robare, Army
Louis A. Roberts, Army
William E. Roberts, Army
Donald Ross, Army
John W. Saulnier, Army
Robert B. Scott, Army
Charles J. Senecal
William F. Senecal, Army
Charles Shanahan, Army
Joseph E. Shea, Army
Richard F. Snape, Army
Franklin Sumner, Army
Carleton H. Tanner, Marines
Ovila Trombley, Navy
Paul Valliers, Navy
Domenick A. Vecillio, Army
Carl G. Wardwell, Army
Clifford H. White, Army

* Killed in action

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING QUERIES

1. Give the full name, including middle name or initial, of the person subject to enquiry.

2. Establish identity of the person by giving place and date of birth, place and date of death, parentage, place and date of marriage and identity of spouse to the extent these data are known, as:
   John DOE b Hartford, CT 12 Jan 1900; d Fairfield, CT 19 Mar 1967 s/o Richard & Abigail (WESTON) DOE m Hartford 11 June 1923.

3. If unable to give a complete description of the person under enquiry, start with a son or daughter for whom more information might be available and ask for that person's ancestry.

4. Identify spouse in manner described in (2) above.

5. State what information is desired, as:
   Need ancestors of John and Abigail.

6. Place the question at the end of the query.

7. Do not abbreviate the names of persons or towns.

8. For any locale outside Massachusetts, be sure to identify the state.

9. Dates should be written: day, month, year as: 13 Oct 1743.

10. Use multiple queries rather than several parts to the same query.

11. Queries should not exceed four or five lines and should be submitted as an ASCII file on a diskette or E-mailed to bfhainc@gmail.com marked as a query on the subject line. Printed or typed queries will also continue to be accepted.

12. Well-known abbreviations may be used but elaborate use of them is not required.

13. Address for reply should be stated on each card so that the Editor is not obliged to keep their envelope as well in order to have a complete record.

14. Acknowledge receipt of all replies and reimburse respondent for postage and the cost of any material copied. One should not be left out of pocket for having answered a call for help. If the submitted material is of little use, that is the risk assumed in transactions by correspondence.

15. When requesting information, *always* include a SASE.

16. Help your query editor judge the effectiveness of this section. If you make a contact that provides significant help with your search, won't you let us know?

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IMPORTANT DATED MATERIAL ENCLOSED!

- THE FEBRUARY NEWSLETTER
- ANNOUNCEMENT OF OUR MAY 18 PROGRAM