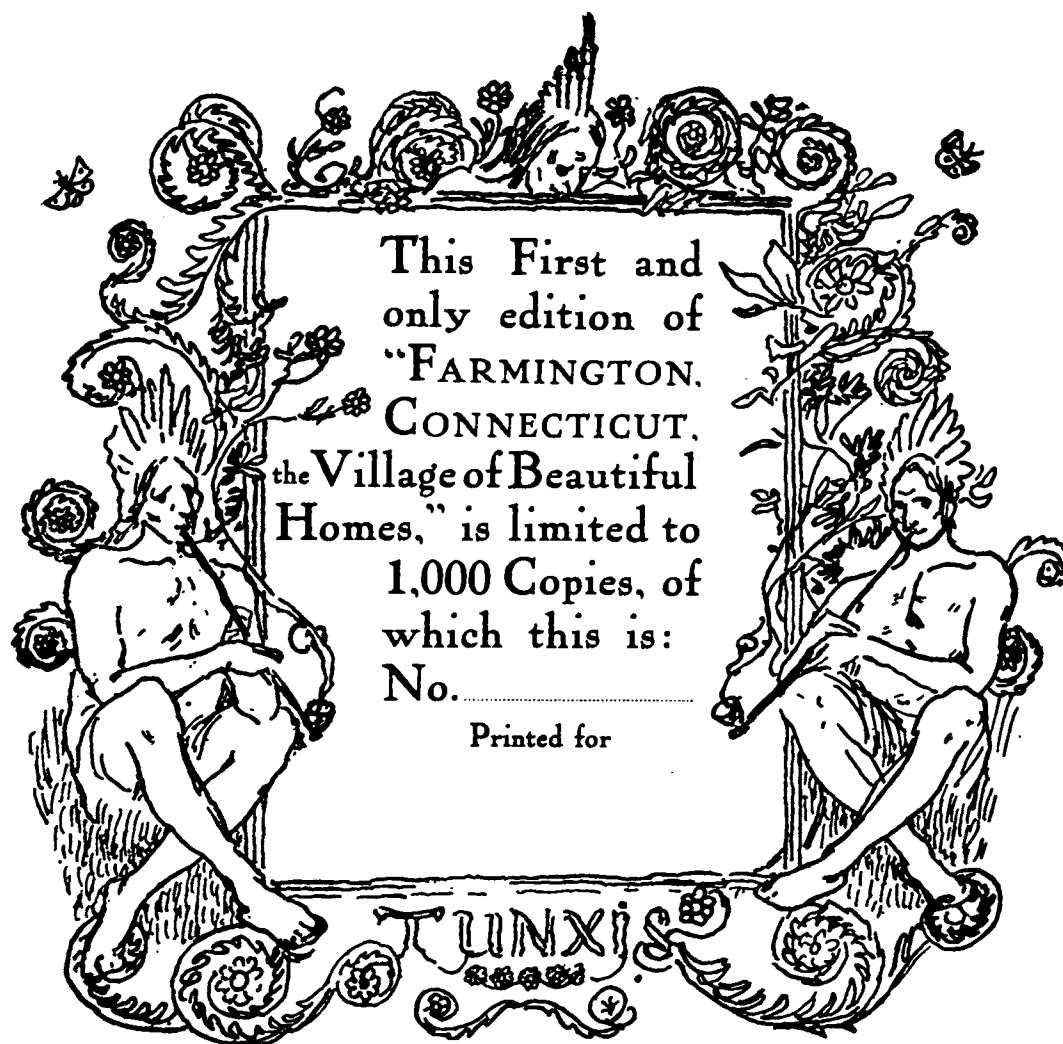




*Farmington, Connecticut, the  
village of beautiful homes. ...*

Arthur L. Brandegee, Eddy N. Smith

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GIFT OF

*Rev. Lee M. Dean  
in memory of  
Henry Charles Dean*



## The Farmington Myth.



**W**HEN THE LORD MADE THE WORLD HE MADE ASIA, AFRICA, AND EUROPE, AND LAST OF ALL HE MADE NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA. HE MADE THE AMERICAS WITH SPECIAL CARE, AS THAT IS THE PLACE WHERE THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD WOULD FINALLY COME TOGETHER. WHEN THE LORD WAS MAKING NEW ENGLAND, ONE OF THE LITTLE ANGELS ASKED THAT HE TOO MIGHT MAKE A STATE. SO THE LORD LET HIM MAKE THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT. AS THE LITTLE ANGELS SHAPED THE RIVERS AND BUILT UP THE MOUNTAINS, HIS CHEEKS WERE RED WITH EXCITEMENT. BUT WHEN THE WORK WAS NEARLY FINISHED THERE WAS A LARGE HOLLOW AND THE MATERIAL WAS ALL GONE. THEN THE LITTLE ANGEL WAS OVERWHELMED WITH CONFUSION. BUT THE LORD TOOK HIM KINDLY BY THE HAND, AND THE LORD TOOK FROM THE FOLDS OF HIS MANTLE SOME OF THE STUFF OF WHICH PARADISE IS MADE AND HE FITTED IT INTO THE HOLE AND THE PLACE WAS FARMINGTON.

R. E. E.



Find all the boys <sup>over 17</sup> hereby engaged  
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 boy run already putt upon to fill content and  
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# Farmington, Connecticut,

The Village of Beautiful Homes.



THE JAMES LEWIS COWLES PLACE

PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTIONS, ILLUSTRATING EVERY  
HOME IN THE TOWN.

PROMINENT PEOPLE PAST AND PRESENT,  
ALL OF THE SCHOOL CHILDREN,  
LOCAL ANTIQUES, ETC.



FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT,  
1906.

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Published by  
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**Farmington, Conn.**

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THE CITY PRINTING COMPANY  
MAIN STREET, HARTFORD



*ALONG THE SHADY VILLAGE STREET.*





# Farmington.



"BIRDSEYEVUE" FROM "THE WILLOWS."



IF THE town of Farmington is as beautiful as some of its admirers believe, it must be largely because of its combination of river and mountain landscapes. Contrary to what many think the artist does not seek those places with panoramic effects; with snow clad mountains where there is a single view, which may look like a map. But he loves better those villages like Farmington, where the country is broken into many accidents and corners that are picturesque and beautiful.

Traversed from north to south by trap ledges that broke through the sand stone millions of years ago, this town lies along the side of the mountain, and below, the Farmington River makes a great bend and flows off towards Avon to join the Connecticut.

The wide flat meadows, chased over by countless effects of cloud where the Marsh Hawk sails silently along seek-

maples and willows that herald the spring, and acres and acres of sturdy flowers in the late summer that almost conceal the grazing cattle.

Beyond is Will Warren's den and The Pinnacle. Here is tillable land between the mountains, with the reservoir that looks like a lake among the hills (Lake Wadsworth). Here also are the Peach Orchards, Diamond Glen,



PINNACLE MOUNTAIN.

ing its prey, are not one of the least parts of the beauties of Farmington. There the sluggish Pequabuck flows, uncertain whether to move toward New Haven or toward the north. Here the long meadows are filled with red

and Hooker's Grove.

There is a tradition that upon still moonlight nights the form of an Indian may be seen passing down the mountainside at Hooker's Grove with a deer thrown over his shoulder. But beware do not speak to him, for no one may speak to him with impunity.

This long chain of trap ledges, a part of the Green Mountains, is filled with flowers, with birds, with squirrels and with coons. It is the home of the partridge and of the woodcock, the Red Eyed Vireo and the Oven Bird.

From the mountains descend some of the most beautiful brooks in the world. Without particularly mentioning the Diamond Glen brook, there is the brook that flows through Rice's Woods. Every beauty that belongs to a little brook is there, from the brown pools where the trout live, to the broad gravelly stretches where everything is twinkling in the sun. Another beauti-



WADSWORTH'S LAKE.



IN HOOKER'S GROVE.



SITE OF OLD INDIAN FORT, AT FORT LOT.



"WESTWARD"—RESIDENCE OF MRS. EDWARD A. SMITH.

ful brook is the one that rises below the Smith place. One may not see the stream at first for it is thickly fringed by a wonderful collection of white birch trees. At times a deer may be seen returning to these places after an interval of years. In fact there is little change in this brook since the Indians lived in their fort on Fort Lot over on the golf links of the Country Club. B.

## A GLANCE AT THE FARMINGTON LANDSCAPE

"Such a thoughtful idea of Providence, to run rivers through all large cities," said the lady. If she has ever been in Farmington she would have considered the north and south plan equally felicitous. This arrangement brings effects of light and shadow at morning and evening hours that an east and west valley does not. It also allows the summer south breeze full play through it—a satisfactory arrangement, as we all know,—while no such sweep is allowed the west winds of winter. What a beautiful, distinguished valley it is, hills and meadows and forests doing just the right, restful thing. Beyond the warm gray, lichen-flecked post and rail fence, suggesting bars of music, as the hilltop hay field and old fashioned apple orchard, sloping away to a pasture where the cows in the summer hazes look almost like masses of wild flowers, their color is so soft and delicate. Then come the steeper open fields gliding down to the main street, now hidden by the fine old trees. Here and there shows a bit of roof or old red barn, and charm of all, the most exquisitely proportioned church spire ever designed. Still further appear the delicious meadows, with the river and its offspring, the "Pequabuc," winding about just as fancy takes them, as though delaying as long as possible the moment when they are to be swallowed up by the swallower of all rivers. (I remember quite well the shock produced by suddenly realizing that it was not the same water which ran through my favorite brook year after year, and taking what comfort I could from the constancy of the banks and rocks.) The meadows are frequently dotted with white, again pink or red at sunset. Then begins the western slope through a wood, more pastures, and finally the dark wooded hills touching the sky in a line as beautiful and elegant as a perfect arm, wrist and hand, far pleasanter for every day comradeship than bold, arrogant outlines. May our valley be always preserved from the landscape "gardener," an unaccountable mania that so many of us have for making nature suggest furniture.—*Farmington Magazine*, Oct. 1901.

CHARLES FOSTER.

## Old Houses in Farmington.

BY JULIUS GAY.\*



PEQUABUCK BRIDGE.

**I**N THE winter of 1639, when the town of Hartford had been founded three and one-half years, and Windsor and Wethersfield about the same time, all three towns began to think their broad acres too limited, and applied to the General Court "for some enlargement of accommodation." A committee was appointed to view the valley of the Tunxis and report on the 20th of February, but Windsor was busy building a bridge and a meeting house, and their neighbors of Wethersfield objected to the wintry weather; so the Court added to the committee Capt. John Mason,

who had recently rid the colony of 600 or 700 Pequots, and who brought the Court on the 15th of June following to order the Particular Court "to conclude the conditions for the planting of Tunxis."

Five years thereafter, in 1645, the vil-

lage of Tunxis Sepus, literally the village at the bend of the little river, became by legislative enactment the town of Farmington.

The settlers found the natural features of the place much as we see them to-day. To the east of the main street



(1) THE JOHN CLARK HOUSE—BUILT IN 1700—RAZED 1880.



(2) THE HENRY FARMAM PLACE.

their lots extended to the mountain, and on the west to the river, beyond which fertile meadows spread away to the western hills, undisfigured for more than one hundred years by divisional fences, a broad panorama of waving grain and green corn fields.

The land was indeed owned in severalty, but annually the proprietors voted on what day in October they would use it for pasturage, and on what day in April ~~all~~ must remove their flocks and herds. Access to this common field was through the North Meadow Gate just west of the Catholic church, or through the South Meadow Gate near the Pequabuc stone bridge. Along the main street houses began to rise, log huts at first, each provided by law with a ladder reaching to the ridge to be examined every six months by the chimney-viewers. In 1711 the town granted fourscore acres of land to encourage the erection of a saw-mill, but long before

\*Part of an historical address delivered at the annual meeting of the Village Library Company, May, 1905.





(3) THE ELIJAH LEWIS PLACE BUILT IN 1790 RESIDENCE OF CHARLES LEWIS.

this time frame houses had been built, the sides covered with short clapboards split from logs. The oldest house of which we know the date of erection was built in 1705 by John Clark (1) and stood until 1880 on the east side of High street, a little south of Mrs. Barney's. It had a leanto roof, the upper story much projecting, and ornamented with conspicuous pendants. Another, the last of this style, but with modern covering, still stands about seventy-five rods further south (2). Within, a huge chimney with its enormous fire-place and ovens, filled a large part of the lower story, barring all convenient access to the interior of the house by the front door. But this sacred portal was seldom used except for weddings, funerals, and days of solemn thanksgiving. Later on appears the gambrel roof,



"LOOKING FORWARD AND LOOKING BACKWARD" MISS HULDEGARDE BRANDEGEE AND ELIJAH LEWIS.



(4) THE DANIEL CURTIS PLACE BUILT IN 1752 -AFTERWARDS OLD TUNXIS LIBRARY  
—RESIDENCE OF FRED. P. SWANSTON.

which was the approved style until the time of the Revolution, and which is even now being revived under the name of the Old Colonial style. The huge chimney was at length divided into two, and moved out of the way of the front door, which now, with its polished brass knocker, welcomed the approaching guest. An old house was seldom pulled down, but, moved to the rear, it made a kitchen for the newer structure, so that in time the house had as many styles of architecture and dates of erection as an English cathedral.

As we first come in sight of the village, looking down upon it from the Hartford road, we see on the left one of our oldest houses long owned by Seth North, and built by his father Timothy or his grandfather Thomas. Mr. North did not take kindly to Puritan ways and never went to church, and so was universally known as "Sinner

North." By the children he was pleased to be addressed in the most deferential manner as "Mr. Sinner." A most excellent authority, writing me about the old-time character of the village, mentioned "its universally genteel ways, where everybody went to church except Sinner North." He was otherwise so much in accordance with modern ideas, that as he drew near his end, he ordered his body to be cremated, the place a lonely spot on the mountain between two rocks, and his friend, Adam Stewart, chief cremator, who was to inherit the house for his kindly services. The civil authority, however, interposed and insisted on giving him what they deemed a Christian burial, but Adam Stewart got the house and it remained in the family many years. Nearly opposite stood in Revolutionary days the tavern of Samuel North, Jr. He, too,

found his ways at variance with public opinion, bought, as he states it, his rum, sugar, tea, etc., in violation of the excise laws, in foreign parts, sold them for Continental money which proved worthless and then was arrested on complaint of Thomas Lewis and Deacon Bull and fined £100, the General Court declining to interfere. A little east of Mr. North's tavern stood the home of the Bird family from whom the hill derived its name. They have all long ago taken their flight to other towns, but our oldest men can easily remember the old house and the tragic end of Noadiah Bird, one of the last of the family who dwelt there. He was killed by an escaped lunatic on the night of Sunday, May 15, 1825, and the attempt to capture the lunatic resulted in the death of still another citizen. Descending the hill toward the west, we find on the corner where the road, formerly called the road to Simsbury, runs



(5) INTERIOR OF OLD TUNXIS LIBRARY—(Photo by D. N. Barney).



(6) FREDERICK ANDRUS'S PLACE—RESIDENCE OF EMMA J. ANDRUS.

northward, an old house once the home of Josiah North, and soon after his death in 1784, passing into the hands of Capt. Isaac Buck, who there lived and died at an advanced age. But we must not linger on the site of the numerous houses that once looked over the valley from this hill, only at the foot we must stay a moment, though the little red house of Gov. Treadwell, just north of Poke brook and west of the big rock can only be remembered by the oldest of our people. Dr. Porter and Professor Denison Olmsted have both written worthy memorials of this eminent patriot, scholar, and Christian, but any exhaustive account of his public services must be a history of the common school system of Connecticut, of the rise of foreign missions, and of much of the political history of the State in the days of the Revolution.

Crossing the brook and walking on

the line of the old road which once ran where the south gate of the premises of Mr. Barney stands, we come upon the house of Mr. Elijah L. Lewis (3) built for his grandfather Elijah in 1790, the family living while it was building in an old house just west. Going southerly about thirty rods, we find on the corner next south of the North schoolhouse an old gambrel-roofed building with the end towards the street, and, in some far-off time, painted red. In 1752 it was the property of Daniel Curtis (4) who, twenty years thereafter, sold it to his son Gabriel, who, after another twenty years, found it necessary to pay Capt. Judah Woodruff for new windows and for twenty days' labor in making the old structure inhabitable. Gabriel was a tanner and shoemaker, and in 1812 sold out to Frederick Andrus of the same trade, removing to Burlington, Vermont. The old house now became the



(7) WM. D. HURLBERT'S BLACKSMITH SHOP.



(8) RESIDENCE OF WM. D. HURLBURT.



RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM GALLAGHER.

(10) THE ELM TREE INN IN REVOLUTIONARY DAYS KEPT BY PHINEHAS LEWIS—  
AT PRESENT BY J. R. RYAN.

noisy abode of journeymen shoemakers pounding leather under the direction of Mr. Andrus, thereafter known as Boss Andrus. He died in 1845, and the old house followed the usual dreary fortunes of a tenement house until, in 1882, we find it transformed by the subtle magic of a genial philanthropy, into the home of the Tunxis Library (5). Entertaining books fill every nook and corner, and antique furniture ranged around the vast old-time fireplace welcome readers young and old to a free and healthful entertainment.

The old house next west, in 1752 the residence of Daniel Curtis, became thereafter the home of his son Solomon until he died in the army in 1776. In 1822, his heirs sold it to Frederick Andrus (6). The brick blacksmith shop (7) and the white house (8) adjoining were built soon after 1823 by Charles Frost. The land on which the house next west (9) stands was successively owned by the families of Norton, Rew, Judd, North, Smith, Whitmore, and DeWolf. I do not know who built the house. The Elm Tree Inn (10), where Phinehas Lewis once kept a famous tavern in revolutionary days, was built at various times.

Just across the line on what was once the garden of Col. Gay and of three generations of his descendants, stood the little red shop (11) now removed to the east side of the Waterville road just north of Poke brook. In 1795, Gabriel Curtis pays Capt. Judah Woodruff thirteen shillings for making for it a show window of thirty-two sashes (you can count them to-day if you like) for his son Lewis Curtis. Lewis advertises in the *Connecticut Courant* under date of 1799, "that he still continues to carry on the clock-making business, such as chime clocks that play a number of different tunes and clocks that exhibit the moon's age, etc., etc. A few steps down the hill westward bring us to the house built by Col. Fisher Gay (12) in 1766 and 1767, as appears by his ledger account with Capt. Woodruff. Col. Gay died early in the war, and some account of his public services can be found in H. P. Johnston's "Yale in the Revolution."

Crossing the Waterville road, we come to the house opposite the Catholic church, some parts of which are very old the upper story of the front, however, having been built by the late Capt. Pomeroy Strong (13) soon after he bought the place in 1802. There was, as early as 1645, one more house to the west, and then came the North Meadow gate.

Returning now to the main street, the highway committee in 1785 sold to Deacon Samuel Richards a strip out of the center of the highway, 26 feet wide,





(11) In 1795--THE CLOCK SHOP OF LEWIS CURTIS.

where, in the year following, he built the little shop (14) in which traffic has been carried on successively by himself, Horace and Timothy Cowles, James K. Camp, William Gay, and by his son, the present owner. Crossing the trolley track, we come upon the lot on which Daniel Curtis and his youngest son, Eleazer, had in 1783, as the deed reads, "mutually agreed to build a new house, . . . and have large provision for the same" (15). As they held it until 1794, it is probable that the present edifice was built by them. The next house south, where Mr. Abner Bidwell lived many years, was built by Deacon Samuel Richards in 1792 as he records in his dairy (16).

I have spoken at some length in my last paper of this very worthy man and of his honorable service all through the revolutionary war. He was a Puritan of the Puritans, of the strictest integrity, kindly of heart, precise in manner, and with a countenance grave, not to say solemn, as became a deacon of the olden time. It is related that a small boy once sent to his store, was so overpowered by the gravity of his demeanor, that instead of asking for a pair of H and L hinges, he demanded of the horrified deacon a pair of archangels. He was the first postmaster of Farmington. On the 22d of July, 1799, he advertises in the *Connecticut Courant*:

"Information. A post-office is established at Farmington for public accommodation. Samuel Richards, D. P. Master."

The post-office was in the front hall of his house, and the half dozen letters that sometimes accumulated were fastened against the wall by tapes crossing each other in a diamond pattern. Five years later he records in his dairy, "Kept the post-office, the proceeds of which were forty dollars, the one-half of which I gave to Horace Cowles for assisting me." The year after he obtained this lucrative office, instead of recording as heretofore the "continuation of distress in my temporal concerns," he deprecates "my unthankfulness to God for his great goodness to me. He is now trying me by prosperity."

Immediately to the south stands a house (17) which, before it was modernized by the late Mr. Leonard Winship, I remember as an old red, dilapidated structure, built by I know not whom. During the Revolution it was owned by Nehemiah Street, who, as I told you at the opening of this library, was fined along with many of the young people of the village, because, being assembled at his house, they refused to disperse until after nine o'clock at night. Mr. Street was frequently in similar trouble until disgusted with Puritan ways he converted his goods into money and



(12) THE FISHER GAY HOMESTEAD BUILT IN 1766—LATER USED AS CLUB HOUSE BY THE COUNTRY CLUB, AND DESTROYED BY FIRE.



(13) CAPT POMEROY STRONG PLACE—RESIDENCE OF MRS. CHAUNCY BROWN.



(14) STORE OF ERASTUS GAY—BUILT IN 1786.



(15) THE THOMPSON PLACE.

sought the freedom of the far West. Poor Nehemiah! He soon found something worse than New England justice. Having invested his money in a drove of cattle, he sold them at Niagara Falls for six hundred pounds and fell in with a certain James Gale of Goshen, N. Y., who during the war commanded a plundering party on Long Island. This treacherous companion followed him from Niagara, and watching his opportunity while Mr. Street was bending over a spring of water by the roadside, struck him from behind with a tomahawk, and all the troubles of Nehemiah were ended.

The land to the south once belonged to Rev. Samuel Hooker and remained in the family for four generations. Here stands the house (18) where Major Hooker lived and died, and where, under a great elm tree in front, most genial



DOORWAY AT THOMPSON PLACE.



(16) BUILT BY DEACON SAMUEL RICHARDS IN 1792—RESIDENCE OF FRANK H. SNEATH.



(17) THE LEONARD WINSHIP PLACE—RESIDENCE OF DR. J. B. NEWTON.

of story-tellers, he was wont to sit of a summer evening and entertain his youthful friends. On this locality lived his father, Roger, and his grandfather, John. The latter was an assistant, a judge of the Superior Court and a man of note in the colony. Deacon Edward Hooker states that John Hooker and the Rev. Samuel Whitman were the only men in town that were saluted with the title of Mr. Others were known as Goodman or Gaffer. Mr. Whitman, the minister, he says, would always wait on the meeting-house steps for Mr. Hooker to come up and enter the house with him on Sabbath morning and share with him the respectful salutation of the people.

Passing over the site where once stood the store of Samuel Smith, we come to the brick building (19) erected in 1791 by Reuben S. Norton for a store, and which has since been used for divers





(18) THE MAJOR HOOKER PLACE—RESIDENCE OF WM. A. KIMBALL.

purposes—store, tailor's shop, tenement house, post-office, church, groggery, and now, much enlarged, for a savings bank. Where my house (20) stands, there stood, until I removed it in 1872, the very old house of Solomon Whitman. At the northeast corner was a square addition in which Miss Nancy Whitman presided over the post-office. I remember calling on the way from school and seeing through the small delivery window a huge dining-table covered with methodically-arranged letters and papers, and Miss Nancy, with gold-rimmed spectacles, bending over them. By this little window, on a high shelf, to be out of reach of mischievous boys, stood a big dinner bell to call the post mistress, when necessary, from regions remote. Sometimes an adventurous youth, by climbing on the back of a comrade, succeeded in getting hold of the bell, but I never knew the same boy to repeat the offense. The next buildings are modern, so let us hurry on past the drug store (21) built somewhere between 1813 and 1818 by Elijah and Gad Cowles, and past the brick schoolhouse (22) of Miss Porter, built by Major Cowles as a hotel to accommodate the vast concourse of travelers about to come to the village by the Farmington canal. Next comes a house (23) built by Capt. Judah Woodruff for Thomas Hart Hooker in 1768, and very soon passing with the mill property into the possession of the Demings. It was said during the days of fugitive slave laws to have been an important station on the underground railroad. It is best known to most of us as the residence of the late Samuel Deming, Esq., for many years a trial justice of the town, who fearlessly executed the law, whether his barns were burned, or whatever happened. We did not suffer from that

curse of society, a lax administration of justice. The house next north (24) of the post-office, now owned by Mr. Chauncey Deming, is said by the historian of the "Hart Family" to have belonged to Deacon John Hart, son of Capt. John, and if so, must be about 150 years old. The land was in the Hart family for five generations. Near the site of the post-office stood the house of Sergeant John Hart, son of Deacon Stephen, the immigrant, in which he with his family were burned on the night of Saturday, December 15, 1666, eight persons in all, only one son, afterward known as Capt. John, escaped, he being absent at their farm in Nod, now Avon. From this point southward to the road down to the new cemetery, all the houses were destroyed by the great fire of July 21, 1864, including the long yellow house, just north of the present

parsonage, which was the home of Rev. Timothy Pitkin during his sixty years' residence in our village. In my last paper I spoke of him as a patriot in the War of Independence. Of his high character and fervid eloquence as pastor and preacher, we have the testimony of Dr. Porter in his "Half-Century Discourse." Professor Olmsted says of him: "Do you not see him coming in at yonder door, habited in his flowing blue cloak, with his snow-white wig and tri-cornered hat of the olden time? Do you not see him wending his way through the aisle to the pulpit, bowing on either side with the dignity and grace of the old nobility of Connecticut?" Immediately south of the road to the new cemetery stands the brick house (25) built by Dr. Porter in 1808, the year of his marriage. We need not linger in our hasty progress to speak of the manifold virtues of one too well known to us all, and personally to many of us to need any eulogies here. The next house (26), now the residence of Mr. Rowe, was built by the Rev. Joseph Washburn on a lot purchased by him for that purpose in 1796. This healer of dissensions and much-loved pastor, after a settlement of eleven years, while seeking a mild southern climate in his failing health, died on the voyage on Christmas day, 1805, and was buried at sea. A few years later his house became the home of this library under the care of Deacon Elijah Porter. The large brick house (27) on the top of the hill, with its imposing Roman facade looking southward, was built by Gen. George Cowles. The house on the corner (28), long the residence of Zenas Cowles, and now owned by Lieut.-Commander Cowles of the U. S. Navy, of a style of architecture much superior to all houses of the village of



(19) THE FARMINGTON SAVINGS BANK.



(20) RESIDENCE OF JULIUS GAY.

that time and perhaps of any time, is said to have been designed by an officer of Burgoyne's army sent here as a prisoner of war. The house next north of it (29) was bought by the late Richard Cowles in 1810, and must have been built by its former owner and occupant, Coral Case, or by his father, John Case.

But it is high time that we crossed the street and commenced our return. Nearly opposite the last-mentioned house stood the dwelling of the Rev. Samuel Hooker, second minister of Farmington, of whom I have formerly spoken. On this site, and probably in the same house, lived Roger Newton, his brother-in-law and the first pastor of this church. On the 13th of October, 1652, he stood up with six other Christian men, and they known in New England phraseology as the "Seven Pillars of the Church," seeking no authority from any intermediary

church, consociation, bishop, priest, or earthly hierarch, but deriving their powers from the Word of God alone, as they understood it, declared themselves to be the First Church of Christ in Farmington. Probably during the pastorate of Mr. Newton there was no meeting-house. The Fast Day service of December, 1666, we know was held at the house of Sergeant John Hart, two days before the fire, and there is a carefully transmitted tradition that the services of the Sabbath were held on the west side of the main street a little south of the Meadow Lane, and, therefore, probably at the house owned by Mrs. Sarah Wilson, sister of Rev. Samuel Hooker, where now stands the house of T. H. and L. C. Root (30). We hear of no meeting-house until 1672, when the record called the New Book begins, the "ould book" having been worn out and



(21) MISS S. J. ADGATE'S STORE.



(23) THE SAMUEL DEMING PLACE—BUILT IN 1768—RESIDENCE OF MISS CATHERINE L. DEMING.

(22) BUILT BY MAJOR COWLES  
FORMERLY UNION HOTEL  
NOW MISS PORTER'S SCHOOL.



(24) THE CHAUNCEY DEMING PLACE RESIDENCE OF MRS. ELLEN M. DEMING



DOORWAY—CHAUNCEY DEMING PLACE.



HALLWAY—CHAUNCEY DEMING PLACE.



(25) THE DR. NOAH PORTER PLACE RESIDENCE OF THE MISSES PORTER.



(26) BUILT IN 1796 BY REV. JOSEPH WASHBURN—RESIDENCE OF HENRY H. MASON

lost, and with it all account of the erection of the first house. In September, 1675, Mr. Newton was dismissed from this church and went to Boston to take ship for England. What befel him by the way is narrated by John Hull, mint-master of Boston, he who coined the famous pine-tree shillings. After waiting on shipboard at Nantasket Roads six or eight days for a favorable wind the commissioners of the colonies and the Rev. John Norton sent for him, desiring a conference before his departure. The captain of the vessel and his associates, of a race always superstitious, thinking this divine another Jonah and the cause of their detention, hurried him on shore, and, the wind immediately turning fair, sailed on their way without him. He remained in Boston several weeks, preaching for Rev. John Norton on the 17th of October. After this date,



(27) THE JAMES LEWIS COWLES PLACE.



INTERIOR AT JAMES LEWIS COWLES PLACE—SHOWING LOWER SECTION OF A MOST BEAUTIFUL STAIRWAY.

we lose sight of him until his settlement in Milford on the 22d of August, 1660.

Crossing the road formerly known as "the highway leading to the old mill place," and a century later as "Hatter's Lane," we come to the house next south of the old cemetery (31), owned and probably built by John Mix. He was commonly known as Squire Mix, a graduate of Yale, an officer of the Revolution, ten years Judge of Probate, thirty-two years town clerk, and twenty-six years a representative to the General Assembly. He was, as I am told by those who knew him well, tall in stature, dressed as a gentleman of the time, with silver knee-buckles, formal in manner, of quick temper, punctilious, very hospitable, a good neighbor, a member of no church, and bound by no creed, and in politics a federalist. In his later days, when old age and total blindness

shut him out from the busy world, when the political party of his active days had passed away, and new men who hated the names of Washington and Hamilton filled all the old familiar places in the town, the State, and the nation, he is said to have sometimes longed for a judicious use of the thunderbolts of the Almighty. Here, too, for much of his life lived his son Ebenezer Mix, universally known as Captain Eb., who made voyages to China and brought back to the merchant princes of the town, tea, spices, silks, china tea-sets, marked with the names of wealthy purchasers, and all the luxuries of the Orient.

Passing the house (32) adjoining the burying-ground on the north, the home of this library and of Deacon Elijah Porter until his marriage in 1812, we come to the house (33) built by Mr. Asahel Wadsworth, and which was re-



INTERIOR AT JAMES LEWIS COWLES PLACE—SHOWING UPPER SECTION OF STAIRCASE.





(28) THE ZENAS COWLES PLACE, "OLD GATE" RESIDENCE OF COMMANDER WM. S. COWLES, U. S. N., BROTHER-IN-LAW OF PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



DOORWAY AT JAMES LEWIS COWLES PLACE.



GATE AT "OLD GATE."



(29) THE RICHARD COWLES PLACE—RESIDENCE OF HENRY W. BARBOUR.



(30) RESIDENCE OF T. H. AND L. C. ROOT.



CHINA BROUGHT FROM CHINA BY "CAPT. EB." MIX—OWNED BY MISS CATHERINE DEMING.

ported unfinished in 1781 when the General Assembly, dissatisfied with its treatment by the inn-keepers of Hartford, proposed to finish their winter session elsewhere, and requested the selectmen of Farmington to report what accommodation could be obtained here. The next house (34), from which the stage coach goes its daily rounds, was once the residence of Mr. Asa Andrews, and after 1826, of his son-in-law, the late Deacon Simeon Hart. In the brick shop (35) next north, Mr. Andrews made japanned tin-ware. He was the maker of those chandeliers, compounds of wood and tin, that long hung from the meeting-house ceiling. Crossing the street formerly known as the Little Back Lane, we come to the house (36) built by Asa Andrews on land bought in 1804, and where Deacon Simeon Hart for many years kept his well-known school. About twenty rods south, on the east side of that street, we come to the gambrel-roofed house (37) built by Hon. Timothy Pitkin, LL.D., on a lot bought by him in 1788. He was a son of the Rev. Timothy Pitkin, a graduate of Yale, a lawyer by profession, five times speaker of the Legislature, a member of Congress from 1806 to 1820, and the author of a "Political and Civil History of the United States," of great value as a book of reference. Next south is the gambrel-roofed house (37a) formerly the home of Capt. Selah Porter, and immediately beyond this once stood the house of Deacon Martin Bull and of his father before him.

Returning to the late residence of Deacon Simeon Hart, and crossing the now vacant lot where once flourished the famous inn of Amos Cowles, we reach the house (38) with Ionic columns built by the late Major Timothy Cowles. Chauncey Jerome, in his "History of the American Clock Business," says under date of 1815:

"I moved to the town of Farmington . . . and went to work for Capt. Selah Porter for twenty dollars per month. We built a house for Major Timothy Cowles, which was then the best one in Farmington."

The meeting-house (39) next on our way need not detain us. He who would attempt to add to the graphic and exhaustive history of President Porter would be presumptuous indeed. The next house (40) of brick was built by Gad Cowles within the century, and the three-story house of Dr. Wheeler (41) on the corner, by Jonathan Cowles in 1799.

Crossing the road up the mountain, we find on the corner the square house (42) with the pyramidal roof and the chimney in the center owned and occupied by the Rev. Samuel Whitman

during his ministry. Parts, if not the whole, of the building are much older than its well-preserved walls would indicate. Tradition says the kitchen was built out of the remains of the old meeting-house, and the Rev. William S. Porter, who knew more about the history of the town than any man who has ever lived or is likely to live, says that the house, probably the front, was built by Cluff Freeman, a colored man of considerable wealth, of course after the death of Mr. Whitman.

Leaving the main street and ascending the hill to the east, we come at the dividing line between the grounds about Miss Porter's schoolhouse and the late residence of Rev. T. K. Fessenden (43) to the site of the house of Col. Noadiah Hooker, known as the "Old Red College" during the days when his son, Deacon Edward, there fitted Southern young men for college. Commander Edward Hooker of the United States Navy sends me a plan of the old house, which he of course well remembers. He says, "the part marked kitchen was floored with smooth, flat mountain stones, and had a big door at the eastern end, and originally at each end, and my father used to say that when his father was a boy, they used to drive a yoke of oxen with a sled load of wood into one door and up to the big fireplace, then unload the wood upon the fire and drive the team out of the other door." Of the building of the house on the corner (44) eastward, we have the most minute account from the time when in January, 1811, Capt. Luther Seymour drew the plan to the 25th of May, 1812, when Deacon Hooker took possession with his youthful bride. We even know the long list of those who helped raise the frame and of those who came too late for the raising but in time for the refreshments.



(31) THE SQUIRE MIX PLACE PROPERTY OF MRS. A. D. VORCE.

But we must hurry back to the main street, lest with the rich materials at hand for an account of this most interesting man, we detain you beyond all proper bounds. The next old house to the north (45), the home of Col. Martin Cowles, was built and occupied by John Porter in 1784. Opposite the Savings Bank, the south part of the long house once the residence of Reuben S. Norton, merchant, was built by his grandfather, Thomas Smith, Sen., and the north third, by Deacon Thomas Smith, son of the latter. The next house (46), long the residence of Horace Cowles, Esq., was built by Samuel

Smith, brother of the Deacon, in 1769, and is a good specimen of the style of houses erected by Capt. Judah Woodruff. The next old house (47), with the high brick basement, was built about 1797 by Capt. Luther Seymour, cabinet-maker and house-builder. Many choice pieces of old furniture in town, much prized by relic-hunters, were the work of his hand, but a large part of his work, thickly studded with brass nail heads, as was the fashion of the time, has been forever hidden from sight under the sods of the old burying-ground. Capt. Seymour was also librarian of one of the several libraries which divided



(32) THE DEACON ELIJAH PORTER PLACE RESIDENCE OF AMI S. JAMES



(33) THE ASAHEL WADSWORTH PLACE-- BUILT IN 1780-- RESIDENCE OF  
ADRIAN R. WADSWORTH.



(34) THE DEACON SIMEON HART PLACE--RESIDENCE OF GEORGE F. MILES.



THE FARMINGTON STAGE --WM. H. PARSONS, DRIVER.





(35) THE OLD ANDREWS TIN SHOP—RESIDENCE OF SAMUEL SCOTT.

the literary patronage of the village. The next house (48) on a slight elevation stands on a lot bought in 1769 by John Thomson, third in descent of that name, conspicuous about town with his leathern jacket and his pronounced opinion on Continental paper money. Here lived three generations of his descendants. Passing the house (49) owned by Dr. Thomson, and before him by Mr. James K. Camp, and two other buildings, we come to a house built or largely renewed in 1808 by Nathaniel Olmsted, goldsmith and clockmaker. Here for twenty years were made the tall clocks bearing his name, which still correctly measure time with their solemn beat. He removed to New Haven to be near his brother, Professor Denison Olmsted, and there died in 1860, most genial and loveable of men. His funeral discourse was from the words,



(36) FORMERLY THE NOTED SCHOOL OF DEACON SIMEON HART—NOW THE RESIDENCE OF W. BRADFORD ALLEN.



(37) BUILT BY THE HON. TIMOTHY PITKIN, LL.D. IN 1788—RESIDENCE OF CHARLES CARRINGTON, M.D.

"Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." We will halt under the big elm tree, which overhangs the little house where Manin Curtis spent his life, long enough to say that his father, Sylvanus Curtis, in company with Phinehas Lewis in 1762, the year when Sylvanus was married, brought home from a swamp three elm trees. One was planted back of the Elm Tree Inn, one in front of the house of Mr. Curtis, and the third failed to live. The big elm tree is, therefore, 133 years old. On the corner eastward stands the house (50), much improved of late, built in 1786 and 1787



(37a) CAPT. SELAH PORTER PLACE--RESIDENCE OF PHILIP J. BRADY.



(38) "BYDE-A-WHYLE"--BUILT BY MAJOR TIMOTHY COWLES--RESIDENCE OF WALDO K. CHASE.



SIDE VIEW OF "BYDE-A-WHYLE,"



AN INTERIOR IN "BYDE-A-WHYLE."



FORMERLY RESIDENCE OF RUBEN S. NORTON (Since torn down).



(40) THE GAD COWLES PLACE—RESIDENCE OF HENRY N. WHITTLESEY.



(41) THE JONATHAN COWLES PLACE—BUILT IN 1799—RESIDENCE OF FRANKLIN WHEELER, A.M., M.D.

by Captain Judah Woodruff for Major Peter Curtiss, an officer in the Revolutionary War, who removed to Granby in 1790, and was the first keeper of the reconstructed Newgate prison, leaving it in 1796 in declining health and dying in 1797. Omitting the other houses on the west side of High street, for want of time and information, we come to the house lately owned by Selah Westcott (51), built by Major Samuel Dickinson on a lot bought by him in 1813. Major Dickinson was a house-builder, and when the Farmington canal was



(42) THE REV. SAMUEL WHITMAN PLACE—PROPERTY OF MRS. ROBERT P. KEEP—RAZED JULY, 1906.



(43) THE REV. T. K. FESSENDEN PLACE—RESIDENCE OF MRS. M. O. HEYDOCK.

opened, he commanded the first packet boat which sailed southward from our wharves on the 10th of November, 1828, on which a six-year-old boy, afterward a gallant U. S. naval officer in the late war, made his first voyage, sailing as far south as the old South Basin. He writes me: "Long live the memory of the old 'James Hillhouse', and her jolly Captain Dickinson, who was not only a royal canal boat captain, but a famous builder, whose work still stands before you in the 'Old Red Bridge,' one of the best and most sub-



(44) THE DEACON HOOKER PLACE—RESIDENCE OF ARTHUR D. TROTTER.





(45) THE COL. MARTIN COWLES PLACE—RESIDENCE OF H. TROWBRIDGE ALLEN.

stantially built bridges of Connecticut." On the northeast corner of the intersection of High street with the road to New Britain, long stood the house of Capt. Joseph Porter, one of the three houses on the east side of High street, with much projecting upper stories and conspicuous pendants, built about 1700. This was moved some rods up the hill when Mr. Franklin Woodford built his new house, and was burned on the evening of January 15, 1886. So there remains but one of the three houses, the one bought by Rev. Samuel



RESIDENCE OF MRS. CHARLES N. LEE. MOVED TO THE REAR IN 1906 AND TO BE MUCH ENLARGED AND BEAUTIFIED.



(46) THE HORACE COWLES PLACE—RESIDENCE OF MRS. CATHERINE W. GRISWOLD.

Whitman for his son, Elnathan, in 1735, and is the same house sold by John Stanley, Sen., to Capt Ebenezer Steel in 1720. Descending to the low ground on the north and rising again, we come to the gambrel-roofed house where lived Dr. Eli Todd from 1798 until his removal to Hartford in 1819. Of this eminent man you will find appreciative notices in the two addresses of President Porter and in the article on the Connecticut Retreat for the Insane by Dr. Stearns in the Memorial History of Hartford County. He will



(47) BUILT IN 1797 BY CAPT. LUTHER SEYMOUR—RESIDENCE OF GOTTLIEB PFERSICH AND JOHN W. RUSSELL.



(48) THE JOHN THOMPSON PLACE—RESIDENCE OF MARTIN SOLOMONSON AND MISS MATTIE J. RADCLIFF.



(49) THE DR. THOMPSON PLACE—RESIDENCE OF HENRY A. BISHOP AND ELWIN F. MERRIMAN.



(50) THE PETER CURTISS PLACE—BUILT 1786—RESIDENCE OF MRS. C. E. WHITMAN.

probably be longest remembered as the first superintendent of the Connecticut Retreat for the Insane in Hartford, where his system of minimum restraint and kind treatment opened a new era for suffering humanity. At the northern end of High street, facing the road to the river, we make our last stop at the house of Mrs. Barney (53), built by Captain Judah Woodruff about 1805 for Phinehas Lewis. Between this house and the place from which we set out, there stands no house, old or new.



(51) THE SELAH WESCOTT PLACE—BUILT 1813—PROPERTY OF EDWARD PORRITT, AND OCCUPIED AS HOME FOR BLIND CHILDREN.



(52) DR. ELI TODD PLACE, REMODELED AND MOVED—AT PRESENT THE RESIDENCE OF FREDERICK MILES.

to detain us longer. Thanking you for the patience with which you have endured our long walk through the village streets, I am reminded that it is time we parted company with the old worthies whom we have called up before us for the entertainment of an idle hour, remembering that in times gone by they were wont to hale before his Excellency the Governor such as having assembled themselves together, refused to disperse until after nine of the clock.



THE ELI TODD PLACE—AFTER BEING REMODELED—NOW RESIDENCE OF FRED. MILES.



(53) THE PHINEAS LEWIS PLACE—BUILT 1805—RESIDENCE OF MRS. SARAH E. BARNEY AND MISS JULIA S. BRANDEGEE.



FARNHAM PLACE—BEFORE ALTERATIONS WERE MADE.





# An Old Letter.



**T**HROUGH the courtesy of Mrs. Louis A. Tourtellot of Utica, N. Y., we are enabled to publish a fac-simile copy of a letter written Dec. 28, 1868, by President Porter of Yale, to her mother, Mrs. Hiram Denio, formerly Miss Ann H. Pitkin, second daughter of the Honorable Timothy Pitkin. President Porter's description of some of the important citizens of Farmington of half a century or more ago, is written in a very happy manner, and we are glad to be allowed to use it here.

Farmington, Dec. 28, 1868.

My dear Mrs. Denio,—

The enclosed I send by mail at the request of Miss Mary Hillhouse, after having brought it to Farmington at her request to show to mother and the Nortons.

I take this opportunity to thank you for all your kindness to the horde of boys that used to be allowed such free quarters in your mother's kitchen and sometimes in the sunny parlor, in which stood your piano. I remember particularly that you played for me on one occasion among other wonderful things "the battle of Prague." My recollections of your family are as fresh as ever, of your father in his office, the light in which shone as regularly every evening as the light of the stars; of your mother's humor and cheerfulness and kindness to the boys; of your sister Mary and yourself who shone down upon us like angels from an upper sphere and whom we were content to admire and did not presume to criticise or judge; of your irrepressible brother William, who was about my age, the greatest joker and tease and yet the greatest favorite of all the set; of Timothy always grave and Tommy once a harmless little boy, now a grave D. D. and solid churchman who keeps the extremes in order with high and low at the triennial convention. I come to Farmington several times in the year and of course always see your old home many times and never pass it without being impressed with its eminent dignity and respectability. It is just such a place as I should like to live in. I would not object to

travel on his both sides. I stand  
Harker with his Southern studies  
I Gov. Madril with his good heart  
can. I see Miss Lane Clerk  
I Gen. Solomon Carter, the hospitable  
gentleman who liked to make  
speeches to the boys. I Gen.  
George Carter with his white hair  
in experimental music, I Mr.  
Hark teacher of the Academy Hall  
the Carver with their saddle bags  
black clock & great cupboards  
from China & heavy silver plate  
Farmington then had on mail  
a creek & Dr. Aaron Richardson  
P.M.!! Exceeds me in running  
on at this rate. Truly I too  
much in getting old. I hope  
Mrs. Porter has told you much of this  
Mary. I am in every day & I  
think as young as ever. Though she  
has not a bit of her hair, but she

Farmington Dec. 28, 1868.

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your mother's kitchen & sometimes  
in the sunny parlor, in which  
stood your piano. I remember  
particularly that you played for  
me on one occasion among other  
wonderful things "the battle  
of Prague." My recollections  
of your family are as fresh  
as ever, of your father in his  
office, the light in which  
shone as regularly every evening  
as the light of the stars & your

mother's humor & cheerfulness  
& kindness to the boys. I hope  
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so you think it possible  
that life & the scenes of childhood  
lengthen as we grow old & beautiful  
to the new generation, as they  
were in the simpler times & the  
cheerful days of our childhood &  
youth? Perhaps so for the sake of  
the generation itself. But the  
whole conception of family &  
social life has been greatly  
altered since the days when  
Farmington was a self-contained  
community, perfectly a world  
of its own. With Hon. J. Pitkin  
moving out and from Congress with

FAC SIMILE COPY OF A LETTER FROM PRESIDENT PORTER OF YALE TO  
MRS. HIRAM DENIO (NEE ANN H. PITKIN).

Farmington even although death and decay has wasted much of its ancient glory.

Do you think it possible that life and the scenes of childhood and youth are as bright and beautiful to the new generation, as they were in the simple times and the cheerful days of our childhood and youth?

I hope so for the sake of the generation itself, but the whole structure of family and social life seems greatly altered since the days when Farmington was a self contained community, per-

fectly a world of its own, with honorable T. Pitkin just returned from congress with tassels on his boot tops, and Edward Hooker with his Southern students, and Gov. Treadwell with his gold headed cane, and Esq. Mix town clerk, and Gen. Solomon Cowles, the pompous gentleman who liked to make speeches to the noisy boys, and Gen. George Cowles with his white horse for regimental musters, and Mr. Hart, teacher of the academy and all the Cowles with their saddle horses, bank stock and great suppers, fine dinners

and heavy silver plate. Farmington then had one mail a week and Deacon Richards was P. M.!!

Excuse me for running on at this rate. Surely I too must be getting old. I hope Mrs. Porter has told you about Miss Mary. I see her every few days, and she is as young as ever though she has sat at Gen. Washington's feet. Her heart is as warm and fervent and her piety as humble as that of a child. Please excuse all this and believe me most truly yours.

N. Porter.

*The bearer, my granddaughter, Mrs. Ironbridge, having occasion to travel from Amherst to New Haven, perhaps without a protector, I request the conductors of public conveyances, to take charge of her & her baggage, & they will confer a favor on their humble friend*

*N. Webster*

*New Haven Aug. 4. 1842.*

Framed and hanging in the village library rooms, is a very interesting document written by Noah Webster which is reproduced here in *fac-simile*. It speaks for itself. To-day the average "Connecticut Girl" would consider

herself perfectly capable of taking a trip around the world by herself. Not a thought would be given to so short a trip as one from Amherst to New Haven.



FARMINGTON FIFTY YEARS AGO.

*From an old print.*



# Farmington Schools.

By E. N. S \*



THE OLD CENTER SCHOOL—PHOTO BY MISS CLARA L. HURLBURT.

**I**N OLD New England towns, schools and churches were established at about the same time, and Farmington was no exception to that general rule. The following, concerning "Schooles" from the oft quoted "Code of 1650," shows very plainly the importance that was attached to the necessity of a little "larning" in those early days.

"It being one cheife project of that old deluder, Sathan, to keepe men from the knowledge of the scriptures, as in former times, keeping them in an unknowne tongue, so in these latter times, perswading them from the use of tongues, so that at least, the true sence and meaning of the originall might bee clouded with false glosses of saint seeming deceivers; and that learning may not bee buried in the grave of our fore-

fathers, in church and commonwealth, the Lord assisting our indeavors."

"It is therefore ordered by this courte and authority thereof, That every townshipp within this jurissdiction, after the Lord hath increased them to the number of fifty howsholders, shall then forthwith appointe one within theire towne, to teach all such children, as shall resorte to him, to read and write, whose wages shall bee paid, either by

the parent or masters of such children, or by the inhabitants in generall, by way of supplye, as the major parte, of those who order the prudentials of the towne, shall appointe; provided, that those who send theire children, bee not oppressed by paying much more than they can have them taught for in other townes.

"And it is further ordered, That where any towne shall increase to the number of one hundred families or



THE OLD SCHOOL BUILDING IN "WATERVILLE DISTRICT."



"A LONG TIME AGO," AT "WATERVILLE DISTRICT."

howsholders, they shall sett up a grammar schoole, the masters thereof, being able to instruct youths, so farr as they may bee fitted for the university, and if any towne neglect the performance hereof, above one yeare, then every such town shall pay five pounds per annum to the next such schoole till they performe such order.

"The propositions concerning the maintenance of the schollars at Cambridge, made by the commissioners is confirmed.

"And it is ordered, That two men shall bee appointed in every towne within this jurissdiction, whoe shall demand what every familie will give, and the same to bee gathered and brought into some roome in March; and this to continue yearely, as it shall bee considered by the commissioners."

In the records in the town clerk's office are many interesting notes con-

cerning the early schools of the village. The accompanying, given with the quaint orthography of the original, are interesting:

"December 26, 1683. Voated yt ye town would have a school & also yt ye town shall give tenn pounds for ye incorredgement of ye same & also yt each man shall pay fouer shillings a child ye quartter yt it shall be sent."

"December 28, 1685. The toune votes and agrees to give thirty pounds for a man to teach schoole for one year provided they can have a man so accomplished as to teach children to read and wright and teach the grammer and also to step into the pulpet to be helpfull in time of exegenti, and this schoole to be a free schoole for this town."

In 1655, Thomas Thompson of Farmington, dying left a will directing the education of his children. The Court in Hartford "finding many terms or



AN OLD INTERIOR AT "WATERVILLE."



SCHOOL BUILDING IN "NORTH DISTRICT."

expressions therein dark and intricate," decided that the proper education for the sons, was to so instruct them that they "shall have learning to write plainly and read distinctly in the Bible, and the daughters to read and sew sufficiently for the making of their ordinary linen." It was customary to employ a female teacher for the small children and girls during the summer months. In the winter, when the older boys attended, a "man teacher" was secured. Not only was an able teacher required, but an athletic one as well, for in those times they were firm believers that to "spare the rod" was "to spoil the child," and for many years the brute strength of the "master" accomplished fully as much as his ability as an instructor. It is said that Dr. Johnson remarked on one occasion "my master whipt me very well. Without that I should have done



"RING AROUND A ROSEY," IN THE "NORTH DISTRICT."





SCHOOL BUILDING USED BY MR. EDWARD L. HART AS A BOYS' SCHOOL, AFTERWARDS CONVERTED INTO A STUDIO AND NOW A PART OF THE RESIDENCE OF MR. ROBERT B. BRANDEGEE.

nothing." Mr. Gay says, "Many years ago a gentleman, then prominent in the public affairs of the town, told me the custom in the district school of his boyhood. Winter after winter the boys had turned the master out of doors until the school had become a total failure. The committee were at their wits end. Finally they heard of a young man in a distant town who thought that he could teach the school. The committee thought otherwise, but, as no one else would undertake it, they engaged him. The very first day showed the boys that a new manner of man had come among them, and they went home, battered and bruised, and howling to their parents for vengeance. Their fathers were terribly enraged, and vowed that the very next morning they would show that master that he could not treat their boys in that sort of way. When the school



SCHOOL BUILDING AT "EAST FARMS."



"EAST FARMS SCHOLARS"—MISS MARY E. MCKINNEY TEACHER.

bell jingled the next morning, every boy was in his place, and everything went on in perfect order. An unusual stillness prevailed the room, but it was a deathlike stillness that boded no good to the master. A fire of oak logs was blazing in the fireplace, and the master now and then, stirred it up with the big iron shovel, which somehow he neglected to remove from the logs, and left it there with its long handle sticking out within easy reach of his desk. It was none too soon, for in a few minutes half a dozen burly men tramped into the room without any useless ceremony of knocking, and having briefly stated their business, made a rush for the school-master. Drawing the huge iron shovel blazing hot from the fire, he brought it down upon their luckless pates with all the power of his strong arm. The action was short and decisive. In a few

moments all that remained of the intruders, was a very bad smell of burnt woolen and singed hair. The school that winter was a great success. Never had the boys made such progress in the 'three R's,' but when the committee endeavored to secure the master's services for the next winter, he declined. He had proved his ability to teach school, and wandered away to fresh fields of usefulness."

In 1688 it was voted "that they would have a town house to keep school in, built this year, of eighteen foot square, besides the chimney space, with a suitable height for that service, which house is to be built by the town's charge." It is not definitely known where this school was situated, but was probably near the church on land set apart for that purpose. This building was in use twenty-five years, and in 1717, the Ecclesiastical Society took the matter in hand and

voted to "erect a new schoolhouse with all convenient speed," "on ye meeting house green near where the old chestnut tree stood." In 1747 records show that there was a school in the Cider Brook district for it was "granted to ye school dame yt kept school of the Inhabitants att Sider Brook, ye same Saltery pr. week as they gave ye dames in the Town plat." In May, 1756, the society voted to sell "the school house in the church yard to the highest bidder," they having previously voted to erect two schools, one at the north end of the town, and one at the south end. During 1773 the town was divided into twelve school districts, and the inhabitants were empowered "to erect school houses in their respective districts, where and when they please." Since that time the schools have changed to meet the requirements of the town, until to-day the "New Center School," an ideal



OLD STONE SCHOOL BUILDING IN WEST DISTRICT—NOW KNOWN AS ST. SIMON'S CHAPEL.



SCHOOL AT WEST DISTRICT.

model of the 20th century school building, accommodates all of the children of the borough up to the High School grade. The scholars above the grammar grade, attend the High School in Unionville, their transportation expenses being defrayed by the town, it being considered a more desirable plan than maintaining a high school in Farmington. The present schools are all prosperous and efficient.

The "East Farms" district maintains its own school with Miss Mary E. McKinney as teacher.

A modern building in the "West District" has taken place of the picturesque old stone building so long in use, but now known as St. Simon's Chapel (where religious services are held on the Sabbath). Miss E. H. Watson is in charge.

At "Scott's Swamp," the old red build-

ing is still used with Miss Helen C. Bates instructing.

The old "Waterville" school house is no longer occupied, and is falling rapidly into decay. All is quiet about the place, save for an occasional bird note, and the murmuring of the brook at the foot of the hill. We are able to show two interesting pictures made here years ago, when the neighboring woods rang with the voices of happy children at their play.

The old brick "South School," though still full of happy children, is no longer used for the purpose for which it was built, but is now the home of Reuben Lewis.

Through the courtesy of Miss Clara L. Hurlburt, we are able to present a picture of the old Center School.

The school building in the north district still remains intact, and in good



CHILDREN AT WEST DISTRICT—MISS E. H. WATSON, TEACHER.

repair, but quiet reigns supreme, where once childish voices had full sway. An old-time photograph, showing the children playing "ring around a rosey," in that school yard, will doubtless recall happy childhood days to many.

The old school building where Mr. Edward L. Hart, once had a very popular school for boys, was afterwards converted into a studio, and later moved to High street, where in combination with another building forms the residence of Mr. Robert B. Brandegee, the artist.

As a result of a vote of the General Assembly of 1717, a school for the in-



SCHOOL BUILDING, SOUTH DISTRICT—NOW RESIDENCE OF REUBEN LEWIS.

struction of Indian children was established in Farmington, and under the date of May 27, 1734, the Rev. Samuel Whitman wrote to Gov. Talcott concerning that school as follows:

"May it please your Honour. I understand that ye Act of Assembly relating to ye boarding out of Indian children in order to their being schooled is expired, and having a few moments to turn my thoughts on that affair, hope that ye defects in what is here brokenly offered will be overlooked. I have leisure only to inform your Honour that of the nine Indian lads that were kept at school last winter, 3 can read well in a testament, 3 currently in a psalter and 3 are in their primers. Testaments and psalters have been provided for those that read in them, 3 of ye Indian lads are entered in writing and one begins to write a legible hand. I thank the Assembly on their behalf for their care of ym & past bounty to them and pray that that Act of Assembly be revived and continued, not at all doubting but ye pious care of ye government for ye education of ye Indians is pleasing to heaven, and may be of advantage to some of them so yt they may be saved by coming to the knowledge of the truth. I haint time to enlarge but remain your Honour's humble and Obedient Servant.  
.. "SAM WHITMAN."

The school for boys, of Dea. Simeon Hart, was kept in the building that is at present the residence of J. Bradford Allen. It was a noted institution in its day, and in the new cemetery is a monument erected in memory of Dea. Hart, by over 1,000 of his former pupils.



SCOTT SWAMP SCHOOL.



SCHOLARS AT SCOTT SWAMP—MISS HELEN C. BATES, TEACHER.



NEW CENTER SCHOOL BUILDING.

A school was kept by Deacon Edward Hooker, son of Noadiah Hooker, in a building near the present residence of Mrs. M. O. Heydock, where Southern students were given a preparatory education, fitting them for college. It was known as the "Old Red College."

When the Mendi Negroes were in Farmington they attended a school in an upper room of the building that is now the post office.

In speaking of the schools of our village, it would seem but proper to mention some of the text books in use in



GRADES EIGHT AND NINE—J. CLEMENT BUSHNELL, PRINCIPAL.



GRADES SIX AND SEVEN—MISS ELECTA LAWRENCE, TEACHER.

days gone by. One of the very earliest of school books (if book it may be called) was the "Horn Book," a reproduction of which is shown here. It was merely a leaf torn from some book, (usually from the Bible), and pasted upon a piece of board cut to a convenient size, and protected by a thin transparent covering, some times of mica but generally of horn (hence its name, "horn book"). Perhaps Cowper's description of a horn book would not be amiss.

"Neatly secured from being soiled or  
torn  
Beneath a pane of their translucent  
horn,  
A book (to please us at a tender age—  
'Tis called a book though but a single  
page.)  
Presents the prayer the Savior deigned  
to teach,  
Which children use and parsons, when  
they preach."



GRADES FOUR AND FIVE—MISS MARGARET BURWELL, TEACHER.





GRADES TWO AND THREE—MISS HELEN KEYES, TEACHER.

Probably the most noted of all the early books used in the schools of Farmington, was the old "New England Primer." The accompanying fac-similes of some of the pages of the edition of 1777, will doubtless be of interest.

The painfully interesting group, showing John Rogers among the burning faggots, with his wife and nine or ten small children, including the one at the breast, is a problem which has puzzled many a youngster's brain.

We are fortunate in being able to present to our readers, an exact transcript of the first alphabet published in this country. This without doubt would prove very dull and uninteresting to the school children of to-day, but in the "days of long ago," it was in perfect keeping with the religious teachings of the times, and was dreadfully real

and earnest, and as has been so aptly said, "the whole belongs to that department of literature 'which he who runs may read.'"

Few books have done more to give uniformity to the orthography of the language, or to fill the memory of successive generations, with wholesome truths, than *Webster's Spelling Book*. No one can forget the first introduction to the characters commencing with *little a* and ending with *and per se*.

Or the first lessons in combining letters, *ba be bi bo bu by*.

Or the pleasure in reaching words of two syllables, as *ba-ker, bri-er, ci-der*,

Or the satisfaction of knowing ones duty in those "Lessons of Easy Words," commencing

"No man may put off the law of God."

And later the advanced steps, both in

length of words, and stubborn morality, in pursuit of

"The wick-ed flee,"  
and ending the spelling with  
Om-pom-pa-noo-suc  
Mish-ie-li-mack-a-nack,  
or the practical definitions  
"Ale, to be troubled."  
"Ale, a malt liquor."

Did space permit, it would afford genuine pleasure to give reproductions of all the illustrations and quaint fables so vivid to all of those who ever used the book, but we must be content to offer one, which is perhaps the most famous of them all.

"Of the Boy Who Stole the Apples."

To-day everything is different, modern methods of teaching, attractive and interesting text books in every study, comfortable, sanitary buildings, have completely changed the school of "ye olden time," until scarcely a vestige remains.

The child of the humblest citizen of Farmington to-day, has an opportunity for obtaining a better education, than it was possible for the child of a king to have received when the first school was established in the village. Miss Porter's school of world wide fame, is the subject of a separate article. In a work like this, any subject must be at best, but briefly treated (Mr. Gay's paper on "Schools and Schoolmasters of Farmington in the Olden Time" is an enjoyable and valuable article upon this matter), but this may be emphatically stated, Farmington is, and has a right to be, proud of its schools, from their first establishment until the present moment.

\*The data for this article was largely taken from Mr. Gay's "*Schools and Schoolmasters of Farmington in the Olden Time*."



KINDERGARTEN AND GRADE ONE—MISS ELSIE DEMING, TEACHER.

## The Old Academy.



**D**EACON Edward Hooker writes in his diary "Mch. 15, 1816, A. M. Met with committee to fix spot for Society House." Before the following December the present building was erected under the supervision of Maj. Samuel Dickinson, then the prominent builder of the town.

The lower room first used as an Academy was opened on November 15 of that year, and made known to the outside world by an advertisement in the *Connecticut Courant* of November 16. This school must have been well attended by the large and growing families in the village, and many scholars came from surrounding towns. Simeon Hart, who took charge of it in 1823, is spoken of with reverence by the few left who studied under him.

Quite a handsome piece of printing is the catalogue of 1827, showing 51 boys and 24 girls on the roll, also three assistant teachers, Leonard Welles; William Hannaford, lecturer on chemistry; Philip Strong, student-assistant. A year or two later, when Mr. Chauncey Rowe graduated from West District School into the Academy, Master Hart had as teacher of penmanship a political exile from Greece, Petros Mengous by name who, I am assured, wrote very handsomely.

Miss Sarah Porter went here with her



HORN-BOOK OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

brothers. A scholar of the twenties recalls a school exhibition where Giles Porter had to recite a humorous piece telling about the visit of the Crown Prince to the old woman making apple dumplings, and how he could not find the seams where she had put the apples

in; John Hooker declaimed Anthony's oration over Cæsar's body, and following after that was his own recitation full of green fields and skipping lambs which subject in midwinter gave the girls much cause for merriment. The pleasure of that occasion had spanned three quarters of a century and made '29 seem but yesterday.

Sometimes the exhibitions took place in the church on a temporary platform. George D. Cowles once gave there a musket drill, and for a touch of realism in a dialogue or play, Bezaleel Rockwell town shoemaker, was seen there with bench and tools pegging away for a living.

When the crowd which came to town-meeting was too big for the chapel room it adjourned to the church. Mr. Rowe then store-keeper, remembers being summoned, and seated with ink and pen in the square roomy pew of that time, to write votes for a favorite candidate whose chances seemed doubtful. The Grenadiers were also known to drill there on a rainy day, but I am getting across the street from the chapel.

Mr. Julius Gay has given some account of the Academy rooms fifty years ago in these words:

"The present square tower with its bell stood as they now appear. Turn the main building around to the left 90 degrees and join the center of what would then become the west side, to the tower, and you have the building as originally erected, the eaves of the main building and of the tower being of the



The Honorable JOHN HANCOCK, Esq;  
President of the American Congress.



FROM THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER—1777  
EDITION.



**MR. JOHN ROGERS**, minister of the gospel in London, was the first martyr in Queen MARY'S reign, and was burnt at Smithfield, February 14, 1554.—His wife with nine small children, and one at her breast following him to the stake, with which sorrowful sight he was not in the least daunted, but with wonderful patience died courageously for the gospel of JESUS CHRIST.

FROM THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER—1777  
EDITION.

A		In ADAM'S Fall We sinned all.	N		NOAH did view The old world & new
B		Heaven to find, The Bible Mind.	O		Young OBADIAS, DAVID, JOSIAS All were pious.
C		Christ crucify'd For sinners dy'd.	P		PETER deny'd His Lord and cry'd.
D		The Deluge drown'd The Earth around.	Q		Queen ESTHER sues And saves the Jews.
E		ELIJAH hid By Ravens fed.	R		Young pious RUTH. Left all for Truth
F		The judgment made FELIX afraid.	S		Young SAM'L dear The Lord did fear.
G		As runs the Glass, Our Life doth pass.	T		Young TIMOTHY Learnt sin to fly.
H		My Book and Heart Must never part.	U		VASHTI for Pride, Was set aside
I		Job feels the Rod,— Yet blesses GOD.	W		Whales in the Sea, GOD'S Voice obey
K		Proud Korah's troop Was swallowed up	X		XERXES did die And so must I
L		Lot fled to Zoar, Saw fiery Shower On Sodom pour.	Y		While youth do cheat Death may be near
M		Moses was he Who Israel's Host Led thro' the Sea.	Z		ZACCHAEUS he Did climb the Tree Our Lord to see

ALPHABET AS PUBLISHED IN THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER, EDITION OF 1777.

*Of the Boy that stole Apples.*

which soon made the young Chap hasten down from the tree and beg the old Man's pardon.

## MORAL.

If good words and gentle means will not reclaim the wicked, they must be dealt with in a more severe manner.

FROM WEBSTER'S SPELLING BOOK.



THE OLD ACADEMY.

same height, and the whole structure presenting a much more harmonious appearance. You enter and find yourself in a square room painted a dingy red and on a week day you pass through the door into a dark little room with doors on all sides except the south, where hang the shawls and tippets and one thing or another of the school children, while on the shelves stand their dinner baskets. Are you one of those happy youths who did not know then, as now, how jolly it all was? Then enter the door directly in front of the teacher's desk, salute the master according to the forms then and there required, and pass up the main aisle to the high and honorable seats in the rear, or sit quietly down among the little folks in front as your years may require. If you are of an older growth and desire to get into the library room of a week day and have things all to yourself, which could not be at the regular Sunday evening meetings of the company, you will make known your wants to the schoolmaster, who will, if he thinks you trustworthy, reach down the big old iron key from a nail back of his desk, and with this you will proceed through the dark room and recitation room leading from it, into the room in the south-east corner and find all the literary treasures of half a century's accumulation within your reach. In one corner stands, just as it stands now, the great closet with whose appearance you are familiar, but with a diversity of hoarded treasure. Directly before you ranged the Edinburgh Encyclopedia containing to the boy's notion, all the knowledge of the ages. On the shelves above in orderly array, stood

the apparatus of the old Farmington Academy. Around the room ran book cases which had done service when the books well nigh filled Deacon Porter's kitchen. In the center was a huge table piled up with books in the most disorderly fashion. The room was for recitations, but more often was used as

a play-ground for the children on rainy days."

In the troubled years before the Civil War the Home Guards, sixty in number drilled in the lower room; with arms furnished by the state, and in soldier caps and scarlet flannel coats they made a fine show on parade. Very few of

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## ORDER OF THE EXERCISES

AT THE

## EXHIBITION OF FARMINGTON ACADEMY,

TUESDAY EVENING,

*April 24, 1832.*

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REHEARSE TO COMMENCE PROMPTLY AT 7 O'CLOCK.

### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. The maid of the inn. . . . . J. D. HULL.
2. Invective against Caesar. . . . . B. H. LEE.
3. Extract from Webster's Speech on the  
Tulif Question. . . . . C. B. RENDLEMAN.
4. Robinson's dream. . . . . F. HEDGECOCK.
5. Colloquy. . . . . J. E. COWLES.  
    Traveler. . . . . J. BRADSHAW.  
    Landlord. . . . . J. BRADSHAW.
6. Speech of Titus Quinctius to the Ro-  
man. . . . . W. BRADLEY.
7. William Tell.  
    Till. . . . . C. B. RENDLEMAN.  
    Oester. . . . . E. WARREN.  
    Sergeant. . . . . J. BRADSHAW.  
    Boy. . . . . H. THOMPSON.
8. Webster's Speech at the trial of Fremont. J. M. WILLIAMS.
9. Hamlet and Eliza.  
    Hamlet. . . . . W. BRADLEY.  
    Eliza. . . . . W. CLARK.
10. Extract from the Lay of the last Minstrel. T. C. FRYER.
11. Scene from the Lady of the Lake.  
    Fitz James. . . . . H. A. COWLES.  
    Roderic. . . . . J. D. HULL.
12. Extract from Webster's Speech on the  
Tulif Question. . . . . G. M. FORTY.

13. Scene from the Vespers of Palermo.  
    Ferdinand. . . . . F. HEDGECOCK.  
    Marcella. . . . . B. H. LEE.
14. Extract from Webster's Speech at the  
celebration of Washington's birth-day. W. CLARK.
15. Romantic Recurrence.  
    James. . . . . Sophomore from College. J. HENSON.  
    Orlando. . . . . T. C. FRYER.  
    Mr. Angell. . . . . Father of Orlando. W. BRADLEY.  
    Mr. Butler. . . . . A Farmer. L. T. WOODBURY.  
    Mr. Ashcroft. . . . . do. G. M. FORTY.  
    Josh. . . . . Son of Mr. Mansfield. H. A. COWLES.  
    John. . . . . Servant of Mr. Mansfield. E. WARREN.
16. On the materiality of Sleep.  
    W. CLARK.  
    J. M. WILLIAMS.
17. The Power of Medicine.  
    Hawthorne. . . . . an old gentleman. J. M. WILLIAMS.  
    Randy. . . . . ward of Hawthorne. J. HENSON.  
    Mandy. . . . . a friend of Randy. G. M. FORTY.  
    Mandy. . . . . a Physician. J. D. HULL.  
    Thomas. . . . . servant of Hawthorne. T. C. FRYER.  
    Morgan O'Shewery. . . . . an Irish Cobbler. L. T. WOODBURY.
18. Extract from Webster's Speech at the  
celebration of Washington's birth day. J. HENSON.

FAC-SIMILE OF AN OLD PROGRAM, APRIL 24th, 1832.

these men helped to make up the thirty-two who went to the war at the first call of the President, but they did help to fire the martial spirit that sent more than our quota of volunteers.

When the Academy closed the room was taken for general public use, and the partitions were removed, leaving one large room, usually dirty and littered. This was entirely unlike the well-kept and attractive room known to us since the Ladies' Benevolent Society trans-

formed it for their own use, and by their courtesy for the use of others.

The upper room of the chapel was not opened until January 1, 1817. Deacon Hooker wrote that day in his diary: "Remarkably fine weather. The new room lately built for the use of the Ecclesiastical Society was opened for evening worship the first time, and a sermon was preached in it by Rev. Mr. Porter. About 450 people attended, and more could not be accommodated." In those

days the heart of the community centered in the church, and the privilege of church-going was highly esteemed.

Next to the church, this may be called our most historic building. The education and pleasures of several past generations are closely connected with it, and we rejoice to hear that an honorable future yet awaits it.—M. D. B. in *Farmington Magazine*, March, 1901.

## Legend of Will Warren's Den.



That Will Warren *was more than a myth*, is shown by the following from *Andrews' History of New Britain*.

"Wife of Jonathan Griswold; this was his second wife; her maiden name Experience Warren, daughter of Abraham, of Wethersfield, and Experience (Stephens) his wife, born June 9th, 1712, was the sister of Old Will Warren who was the Hermit, and had his den on Rattlesnake Hill, so often referred to even to this day.

Will Warren (or Moor Warren) appeared in Farmington, a dark Indian looking man coming from, no one knew



WILL WARREN'S DEN.



PUBLIC SIGN POST—FORMERLY WHIPPING POST.

where. That alone was suspicious. Some whispered, "he is a retired pirate," and prejudice was still further excited when it was found that he did not attend the services of the church. For some misdemeanor he was whipped at the whipping post. It may be that he persisted in fishing with his Indian friends on the Sabbath. It is not very clear, but certainly he was so angered by the punishment that he attempted to set the village on fire. Already a house and a barn were ablaze, when Will Warren was discovered in the act. He barely escaped his pursuers and aided by the darkness he fled to the mountains. All that night he hastened on, but as so often happens, he wandered in a great circle, and the morning found him on the mountain ridge that overlooks Farmington. Below him he could see the

people with their dogs already on his trail. Like a hunted animal he crept along the trap ledges until he perceived two Indian squaws, sitting in the sun sewing wampum. They knew him and he told them partly by words and partly by signs of his troubles. Their round black eyes blinked and they said not a word. Then one stooped and taking Will Warren in her arms, carried him to the low covered opening that leads into the cavern. Later the searchers arrived, a tired people with their dogs; but the Indian women blinked their black bead like eyes, and knew nothing

and said nothing. The dogs had lost their scent, and the chase was over.

Years afterward a hunter looking from a rock saw Will Warren with his Indian wife and two children playing in a natural yard among the rocks. Nothing was ever done to disturb Will Warren, although he was said to have stolen sheep. His wife is buried near the cave, and the skeleton found inside the cavern is supposed to have been that of Will Warren. If one goes by the cavern late at night he may distinctly hear the bleating of the sheep among the hills.



SUPPOSED BURIAL PLACE OF WILL WARREN'S INDIAN WIFE.



ENTRANCE TO WILL WARREN'S DEN.



*THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Built 1771*

# The Congregational Church.

By the REV. QUINCY BLAKELY\*



DATE ON FOUNDATION STONES.

ON THE 13th of October, 1652, Mr. Roger Newton, Stephen Hart, Thomas Judd, John Bronson, John Cowles, Thomas Thompson and Robert Porter, in simple Congregational fashion, organized themselves into the "First Church of Christ in Farmington." These men were afterward known as "the seven pillars of the church." Before the year closed they had added seven more to their number, and eight years later it is recorded, fifty-one had been admitted to the membership of the church. And should we follow the roll through the years, there would be found upon it the names of a large number, who here and elsewhere, have won distinction and honor, in attainment and in service.

The original town of Farmington which remained undivided at the time the present church building was erected covered about two hundred and twenty-five square miles, extending from Simsbury on the north, to Wallingford on the south, and from Wethersfield and Middletown on the east, to Harwinton and Waterbury on the west, and included what are now Plainville, Southington, Bristol, Burlington and Avon, and parts of West Hartford, New Britain, Berlin, and Wolcott.

During these two and a half centuries of the church life, up to the beginning of the present pastorate in 1905, there have been in all but twelve ministers, the average length of their ministrations being over twenty-one years. This list is a notable one, beginning with Roger Newton in 1652, who headed the little company of the seven original members, to Dr. Johnson, whose death in 1905, following just a week after that of his

beloved wife, brought sudden and great sorrow to the community. Of these pastorates the most noteworthy, both in length of time and impress upon the life of the community, is unquestionably that of Dr. Porter, who was born here, the great, great grandson of Robert Porter—one of the original members of the church—baptized in the church when an infant, received into membership at seventeen, ordained and installed its pastor at twenty-five, remaining as its pastor influential and beloved for sixty years, until his death in 1866. It was during his pastorate in 1818, that the Sunday School was established, which has since that time been one of the regular and most important institutions of the church. In this period also, in

The complete list of pastors is as follows:

Roger Newton, 1652-1657.  
 Samuel Hooker, 1661-1667.  
 Samuel Whitman, 1706-1751.  
 Timothy Pitkin, 1752-1785.  
 Allen Olcott, 1787-1791.  
 Joseph Washburn, 1795-1805.  
 Noah Porter, 1806-1866.  
 Levi Leonard Paine, 1861-1870.  
 James F. Merriam, 1871-1873.  
 Edward A. Smith, 1874-1888.  
 George L. Clark, 1888-1899.  
 James Gibson Johnson, 1899-1905.  
 Quincy Blakely, 1905-.

Memorial tablets for four of these have already been placed in the church, viz.: Samuel Whitman, Timothy Pitkin, Noah Porter and Edward A. Smith.\*1



AN OLD VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

September, in 1810, nine men who had been appointed the June preceding, by the General Association of Massachusetts, as members of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, met at Farmington in Dr. Porter's study and completed the organization of this first foreign missionary society in America, which has given such splendid and continuous service ever since. The first president of the Board was the distinguished Gov. Treadwell of this church.

\*Most of the data for this sketch is from the memorable anniversary address of President Porter, delivered Oct. 16, 1872, at the 100th anniversary of the dedication of the church.

\*1. Copy of the inscriptions on the four memorial tablets that have been placed in the church.

In memory of  
 Samuel Whitman  
 1676-1751  
 Third pastor of this  
 church 1706-1751  
 Fellow of Yale



College 1726-1751  
*A gentleman  
 of strong mind  
 and sound judgment. A truly  
 learned man.*

In memory  
 1727 of the 1812  
 Reverend Timothy Pitkin, M. A.  
 Pastor of this church  
 from 1752 to 1785. Moderator  
 of the General Association  
 in 1784. Trustee of Dartmouth  
 College from 1769 to 1773.  
 Fellow of Yale College  
 from 1777 to 1804.

During his pastorate  
 this house of God was built

*Si monumentum quæraris  
 Circumspice.*



MEMORIAL TABLET IN HONOR OF DR.  
 NOAH PORTER.

In memory of  
 Noah Porter, D. D.  
 For sixty years the  
 faithful and beloved  
 pastor of this church.  
 Born in this town  
 Dec. 23, 1781.

Ordained pastor  
 Nov. 5, 1806.  
 Died September 24, 1866.  
*"Behold an Israelite indeed in  
 whom there is no guile" John 1:47  
 "He being dead, yet speaketh." Heb.  
 XI4*

In loving memory of  
 Edward Alfred Smith  
 1835-1895  
 Pastor of this church  
 1874-1888.

"The things that are not  
 seen are eternal."

\*2 "GUARDS AT MEETING. *It is ordered by this court, That there shall be a guard of twenty men every sabbath and lecture day, compleate in their armes, in each severall towne upon the river, and at Seabrooke and Farmington eight a piece; each town upon the sea-side, in this jurissdiction, ten; and as the number of men increase in the townes, their guards are to increase: And it is furthered ordered, that each man in the guards afore said, shall be allowed halfe a pound of powder yearely, by their severall townes.*"—Code of 1650.



PARISH HOUSE—ERECTED IN HONOR OF MISS SARAH PORTER, BY HER FORMER PUPILS

The church has had three meeting houses. Where the first was built is not known, the "ould book" which contained the record being worn out and lost. The earliest reference to it is in 1672, when the new book begins. It was evidently a very rude structure and was used as a fort as well as a church.\*2 The second building was commenced in 1709, and completed in 1714. It was fifty feet square, and furnished with a cupola or turret which according to tradition was in the center. How hard it was to secure this building can be

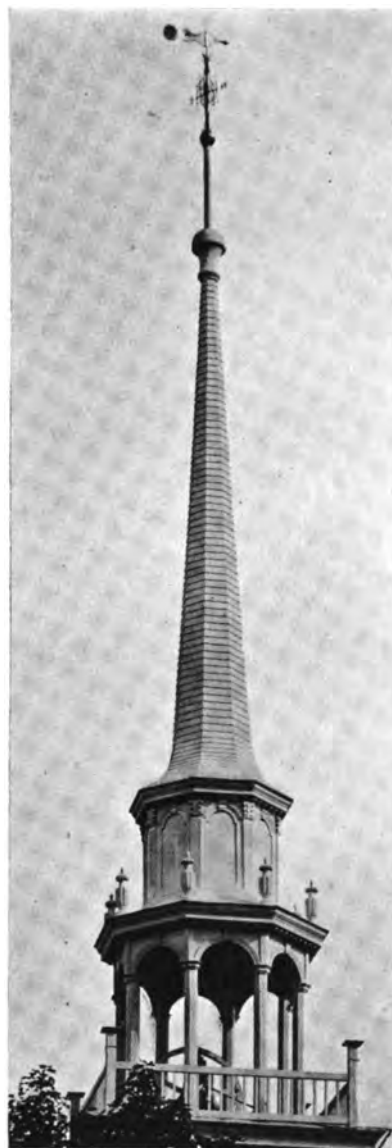
inferred by the length of time taken for its construction; and how much the prosperity of the town advanced in the next sixty years, can be seen in the contrast of this small, and, as the records show, very poorly constructed building with the beautiful and splendidly built edifice, which at that time succeeded it, and which stands to the present day, still beautiful and strong. This third and present structure was begun in 1771, as shown in the date so plainly marked upon the foundation stones. It was completed and the dedi-



ONE OF THE MOST COMMON OF FARMINGTON ANTIQUES—SHINGLES FROM THE CHURCH USED FOR OVER 125 YEARS.

cation exercises were held November 25th of the following year. The two persons to whom the credit of its building is most due, are Colonel Fisher Gay one of the leading merchants of the town, and Captain Judah Woodruff, who was the architect and master builder; and who also built a number of the fine and substantial dwelling houses of the village, most of which still remain and in good condition. In building the church, no pains were spared to have the material of the best quality, and the work most thoroughly done. The design of the building, probably made by Captain Woodruff, resembles in a general way, that of the Old South Church in Boston, as do many of the best New England churches. The spire is its crowning glory, not only in its external beauty, but in the quality of its construction. It was completed below and raised to its place on the tower, its top reaching a height of 150 feet. The impression which it made upon the youthful Elihu Burritt, as described so happily by himself at the 100th anniversary celebration, was as follows:—

"I never shall forget the feeling of awe and admiration which the first sight of Farmington produced in my child's mind. After the longest walk I had ever made on my small bare feet we came suddenly upon the view of this glorious valley and of the largest city I had ever conceived of. I was smitten with wonder. I dared not go any further, though urged by my older brothers. I clambered up Sunset Rock and, sitting down on the edge with my feet over the side, looked off upon the scene with a feeling like that of a man first coming in view of Rome and its St. Peter's. I had never before seen a church with a steeple, and measuring this above us with a child's eye it seemed to reach into the very heavens. This steeple crowned all the wonders I saw. I sat and gazed at it until my brothers returned to me. And this thought was uppermost in all that filled my mind. I remember it as if it were the thought of yesterday. If I could only stand where that brass rooster stood on the steeple, could I not look right into heaven and see what was going on there? Or if that were a live rooster, and should crow every morning, could not all the good Farmington people who had gone to heaven hear him, and know by his voice that he was a Farmington rooster, and would they not all be glad to hear him crow, not only that they were so happy, but because so many of their children were safely on the way to the same happiness. In later years I learned that what to my youthful imagination appeared to be a rooster was in fact a crown, placed there in honor of the king under whose reign this house was erected, which was subsequently changed to a star, as it is at the present time. This was the honest, reverent thought of a child, at his first sight of this church."\*3



"THE OLD SPIRE."



THE FARMINGTON DRUM NOW IN THE ROOMS OF THE CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AT HARTFORD, CONN.—USED FOR MANY YEARS AT THE CHURCH.

The arrangement of the interior was in general the same as at present. The pulpit being opposite the west door with aisle extending to it. There was also an aisle from the north to the south doors so that the body of the house was divided into four blocks, each containing six pews, and along the walls on every side was a row of square pews, a pew in each corner, and with one or two benches by the north and south doors. The pulpit was high and formidable, and overhanging it was a huge sounding board. On these were fine carvings of ivy vines wrought with his knife by Captain Woodruff, which were much admired. Beneath the pulpit was a closet which, according to legend, was reserved by the "tything man," for unruly boys. In 1836, sixty-five years later, extensive alterations were made. The old square pews were all removed, also the high pulpit and wonderful sounding board, which would be so prized and cherished now, if the varying common taste had not at that time, decreed their removal. Stoves had been introduced in 1824, previous to which time, during the one hundred and seventy-two years in which the people had gathered for worship, in this and the two earlier buildings, the only provision for warmth had been the foot stoves, which those who were able brought with them, and which the people who came from a distance, filled from the generous fires of those living near the church. In 1731 a bell was purchased and in 1738 a town clock. Before the bell was procured the beat of drum called the people together for Sunday worship, and for other public meetings

During all these years, especially since the present church building has stood, with occasional periods of diminished interest and enthusiasm, much attention has been given to the music of the church, with results which have contributed to the pleasure and profit of the congregation and have added much to the ministry of worship. But here as elsewhere we have the sad, though

somewhat humorous record of many disagreements as to the conduct of the music, which have lessened the harmony of the church, and injured its spirit. As Dr. Porter remarks in his anniversary address "the efforts to effect a concord of sweet sounds have resulted in fierce discords between sensitive tempers and furnished fruitful occasion for temporary troubles." At one time a large committee was appointed "to compromise the difference among the singers." In 1774 it was "voted to sing at the close of the second service in the winter as well as in the summer. In 1803 there were eight choristers to direct the singing, with one leader. In 1818 the Handel Society was organized with a large membership under the leadership of the eminent Dr. Eli Todd. Dr. Todd was reported to be an infidel at the time and rarely attended church, though he was an intimate friend of the pastor and the beloved physician of the community, and it was a matter of great rejoicing when he consented to conduct the singing of the church. He did not sing, but led the choir with a violin, the use of which was introduced at this time. The bass-viol was soon added, also flute, clarinet and bassoon. It was not until 1861 that an organ was purchased by subscriptions from the ladies, and appropriations from the society. The church building was used without further changes until 1901, when the complete renovation was made, the result of which may be seen in the edifice as it now is, beautiful without and



OLD BASS VIOL, MADE IN FARMINGTON AND FOR MANY YEARS USED IN THE CHOIR.



LEVI LEONARD PAINE,  
1861-1870



JAMES F. MERRIAM,  
1871-1873.



EDWARD A. SMITH,  
1874-1888.



GEORGE L. CLARK,  
1888-1899.



JAMES GIBSON JOHNSON,  
1899-1905.



QUINCY BLAKELY,  
1905-.





"A FOOT STOVE," FOR A GREAT MANY YEARS THE ONLY MEANS OF WARMTH IN THE CHURCH.

within. The old stoves were replaced by a furnace, the gift of Mr. D. N. Barney. The new pulpit was given by Miss Martha Day Porter and her sister, in memory of their grandfather, Dr. Porter. And the fine organ was given by Miss Anna Jennings of New York in remembrance of Miss Sarah Porter, her beloved teacher. In 1902, the following year, the beautiful and thoroughly equipped Parish House, also in memory of Miss Porter, was "erected by her pupils, in honor of her wise, unwearied and noble endeavor to make real to them the Life Eternal and this is Life Eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou has sent."

And *this* it may be said, expressed in noble phrase, has been the deep and controlling aim of this church of Christ from the beginning to the present day.

\*3 Reference to the church spire—*From "Hartford Magazine," July, 1906.*

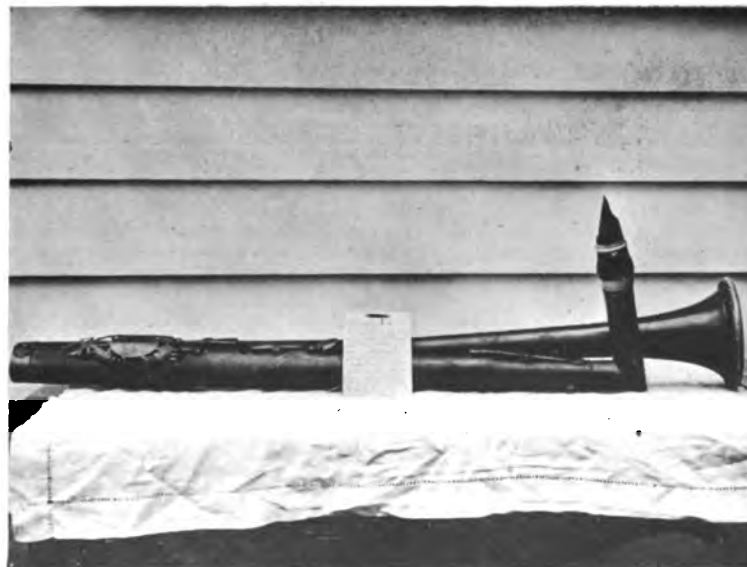
Shakespeare speaks of "the spire and top of praise." The beautiful spire of the Farmington Congregational Church for more than a century has gracefully held its position at the top of praise among all church spires of its chaste style of beauty. It is generally conceded to be the daintiest and most exquisite lined church spire in rural America.

Stately church edifices in the city exhibit in tower and turret far more of

the grand and varied powers of art in church architecture; but nothing in city or country can present a more perfect illustration of the impressive beauty and inspiration possible in a simple idea artistically developed and given to the world in its perfection.

This much admired spire has not only turned thoughts upward during these many years, in which it has with suggestive grace pointed constantly "as with silent finger to sky and stars," but in its refined beauty it has been a tranquil power among the aesthetical influences of a community which holds it in admiration amounting to a tender reverence. It has held aloft a standard of symmetry and of perfection of workmanship that has been a social and educational inspiration.

The steeple was built with the church in 1771. The quality of the material and workmanship put into the structure by the builders was in keeping with the spirit of those days when the foundation of a staunch and abiding republic was being planned. An indication of this is found in the fact that the shingles on the roof did faithful service for over a century and a quarter, and it was only five or six years ago that it was found necessary to replace them with new roof coverings. This is among the numerous churches for which is claimed the one time attendance of George Washington. Its beauty and its newness would certainly have attracted the attention of a man of Washington's tastes.



OLD CLARION, USE IN CHURCH CHOIR.



## Tunxis Sepus.



**T**RADITION tells us, or was it some learned man who knew just what was taking place here long before the evolution of man on our planet, that our river did not always follow its present tortuous course, northward, but flowed from a great lake southward where now flows the sluggish current of the Quinnipiac. Our ancestors found it pursuing its present way and named by the aborigines "Tunxis Sepus," or the



ENTRANCE TO OLD RED BRIDGE.

crooked river. Crossed by no bridges and impeded by no dams, it abounded with fish. Shad were so plentiful that the early settlers despised so common an article of food, and humbly apologized if it was discovered on their tables. The first dam which interfered with the ascent of fish was that which turned the wheels of the corn-mill of Capt Thomas Hart, and which we hear of in 1701, as lying not far from the Indian Neck. When built we know not. It is only by the record of the legal complications which befell an Indian, Wenemo, who had stolen "a good fire-lock gun," that even this early date was preserved. In 1767 the dam was complained of as a nuisance by those who travelled over the Litchfield road. Thirteen years afterward the town applied to the General Assembly for a lottery to raise money to build a causeway at "Eighty Acres" high enough to be out of reach of the water set back by the dam.

For many years the inhabitants of the valley crossed the river in boats going down to it through the north meadow gate, and along the then broad highway on which was subsequently

built the present Catholic church edifice. A ferry was established at this point by the town in 1706, which voted that they "would be at the charge of providing and keeping in repair a canoe with ropes convenient for passing and repassing the river at the landing place." This place was long afterwards known as "The Canoe Place." The ferry, however, had its disadvantages, and in 1722 we read that "the Society granted to Samuel Thompson, son of John, for the charge he hath been at in recovering the canoe that was driven down to Simsbury, five shillings." Instead of the fragile ropes a chain was stretched across the river to guide the canoe. Six years afterward, the town had either built a bridge or was tired of the ferry and the Ecclesiastical Society voted "to sell the boat that at present lies useless \* \* \* the chain to be taken care of by the Society Treasurer." In 1767 we read of the "Great Bridge," at this point. In 1798 the town votes to build a "bridge near the north meadow gate, which is to be of the same construction as the present bridge," and in 1803 they voted to sell the woodwork of the old North Bridge. In 1830 they voted the building of the present covered bridge which was accomplished the next year. The remains

of the east abutments of the first two bridges may still be seen several hundred feet lower down the river, the erection of which caused a whirlpool very famous in its day, and dangerous to the unwary swimmer.

During a brief period after the Revolutionary war, while for one, or at most two generations, the merchant princes of Farmington retained their wealth, the river bank just below the bend was covered with boat houses and pleasure-grounds, and a path led down to them through a double line of Lombardy poplars from the newly built house of Gen. George Cowles. These disappeared long ago, and the mill and bridges are the only structures on the line of the river which have changed its appearance since the Indian paddled his canoe over its surface, or fished along its bank, or buried his dead in the hill side which still looks down on the most beautiful bend of the river. The freshets which every spring cover our broad meadows for miles, suggestive of the prehistoric lake, preclude any building along its banks. So does Nature kindly protect her own from the improvements and intermeddling of ingenious man.

*Julius Gay, in the Farmington Magazine.*



THE OLD RED BRIDGE.

### Morehead Ledge and Diamond Glen.

**A**S YOU pass along the lower road, so called, leading from Main Street to East Mountain, you discover on the high ground of the north side indications of there having once been a building there, as portions of a well curb and a filled up well were lately to be seen. There in ancient days one Morehead carried on the business of dyeing yarn and had a hand loom in which he wove a coarse linen fabric called Hum Hum, used principally for towels and cleaning dishes. The legend is that Morehead possessed an irascible temper, and once settled a dispute by dashing a quantity of dye stuff upon the person of Mrs. Morehead. Hence originated the old time conundrum:



NEAR THE BRIDGE—LOOKING SOUTH.

"There was a man, the man was human,  
Liv'd a man, but dyed a woman."

Many a school boy taxed his brain to render a correct solution to the problem. Now take the south side up the hill and get a view of Diamond Glen, so named by the pupils of Miss Porter's school. The deep ravine has a stream of water which once was carried by a flume and discharged into the buckets of an overshot mill wheel carrying the machinery for grinding corn. For many years the mill building was also used for making gin. The brook now takes the overflow of water from the reservoir which covers several acres and from which the hydrants and many houses and barns are supplied, giving better protection from fire than ever before. The old loom and dye house with the mill opposite passed away long time ago, but the enchanting view from that eastern slope will remain until these eternal hills remove, and suns and stars revolve no more.

C. ROWE.



DIAMOND GLEN.



ON THE FARMINGTON RIVER.



TUNXIS SEPUS.



THE MILL.



## The Water Lillies.

*By R. B.*

**A**ll riding at anchor the lilies lay  
Asleep in their round green leaves,  
And ripples of wind on the waters  
play  
And Nature hardly breathes.

The pickerel sees them from below,  
As we see the saints in our  
dreams,  
And wonders to see their tall  
forms grow  
To a region beyond the streams.





## The Myth of the Bend.\*



### THE PRELUDE.

**T**HE moon was full and not a breeze stirred the branches of the forest. A solitary wolf was calling far away, the night was full of the sweetness of June blossoms. The young Indian girl was talking very earnestly with her lover. "I fear. I am so fearful. Last night the great owl cried for an hour near the lodges, and you know that means death. I am afraid. Perhaps you had better



THE BEND FROM INDIAN NECK.

come no more," said she. "Be not afraid," said the Indian, "many times have I crossed the river, I am not afraid, no harm will come to us. Did you think a little river like this could keep me from you?" "Oh, but the river," said the Indian girl, "it is the river of death. I hate it. Do you remember the fate of Red Wolf who swam the river for the wounded deer? Oh, I tremble still,—the stake, the tortures with fire. My heart tells me that you will suffer the same fate. Leave me. Leave me. What was that?" "Twas a wolf or bear." He draws his bow and sends an arrow into the gloom. There is a scream of pain, the hollow is alive with dark forms; there is a fierce fight and the young Indian is captured.

### THE MYTH.

By the side of the river knelt the Indian girl; the great unbroken forest murmured behind her, before her lay the river like a sheet of silver. She prayed to the Great Spirit, Gitche Manitou, she prayed for the life of the one

who had crossed the river and must suffer death. "If there is need of a life let me die, Oh Gitche Manitou," said the maiden. She paused for a reply, but there was no reply, only the sound of the night-birds and the river flowing southward among its reeds. Again she prayed earnestly to the Great Spirit and again there was no reply, only the far distant cry of some animal in the mountain. Suddenly the river was lit from side to side with a pale and then a brighter light, and there was Gitche Manitou, the Great Spirit.

"What wouldst thou have of me little one?" said the Great Spirit. "I would have him live who must die to-morrow." "And thy father?" said the Great Spirit. "He has said as surely as the river flows between our two nations, so surely will he keep the treaty, and the young warrior must die. But thou who knowest everything and can do anything, let me die but let him live." A smile of great tenderness came over the face of Gitche Manitou. He reached downward and traced with his forefinger along the ground, and the river followed his finger as the hounds follow after the game. The river danced with excitement to follow a new channel. And they came to the high mountains and the river said, "Now we must return for we can go no further." But the Great Spirit drew his finger across the mountain and it crumbled like an egg shell. And when the morning awoke, lo! the river was gone.

R. B.

\* **T**RADITION tells us that our Farmington River did not always flow in its present tortuous course northward but flowed from a great lake southward.—*Essay on the Tunxis Sepus (Farmington River)* by Mr. Julius Gay.

"There used to be one nation lived one side and one the other side of the Farmington River, and if either tribe crossed this river boundary and got 'ketched' he got killed."—*From conversations and recollections of Mr. Lucius Dorman.*



ARROW POINTS. ALL FOUND AT "INDIAN NECK" ON THE SUPPOSED SITE OF THE  
BATTLE BETWEEN THE "TUNXIS" AND "STOCKBRIDGE" INDIANS.

## The Tuxis Indians.

BY JULIUS GAY.\*



THE Tuxis Indians, who once occupied the broad meadows and forests surrounding our village, first came within the range of our ancestors' knowledge about the year 1640. Already in January, 1639, the inhabitants of the three river towns, in the westward march of empire, before they were hardly settled on the Connecticut, moved the court for some enlargement of their accommodations. A committee was therefore appointed to "view those parts by Vnxus Sepus which may be suitable for those purposes and make report of their doings to the court which is adjourned for that end to the 20th of February at 10 of the clock in the morning." The depth of a New England winter did not prove an attractive time for exploring an unknown forest buried beneath the snow, and when the court was duly opened it was informed that "our neighbors of Wethersfield, in regard the weather hath not hitherto suited for the viewing of Vnxus Sepus, . . . intimated their willingness to defer the issue of the business." In December, 1645, the court "ordered that the Plantation called Tuxis shall be called Farmington." So in the year 1645 the settlement had been made long enough to be called a plantation, and two years earlier, in 1643, Stephen Hart had recorded the purchase of land on the west side of the river from a previous owner.

The place was known as Tuxis Sepus, Tuxis signifying crooked and Sepus a river, or the little river, in dis-

tinction from the "Great River, the river of Connecticut." Dr. Trumbull translates the name as meaning "at the bend of the little river," for here the Farmington River turns abruptly northward and finds its way to the Connecticut at Windsor.

In 1642 we read of a grand conspiracy of the Narraganset Indians and of the tribes living at Hartford and Middletown, and the General Court ordered preparations to be made "to defeat the plot of the Indians meeting about Tuxis." We hear nothing further of the plot, and on the 9th of April, 1650, the Indians of this vicinity execute a deed described as "A discovery in writing of such agreements as were made by the magistrates with the Indians of Tuxis Sepus concerning the lands and such things in reference thereto as tend to settle peace in a way of truth and righteousness betwixt the English and them." It states that it is "taken for granted that the magistrates bought the whole country, to the Mohawk country of Se-

quasson, the chief sachem." The document then proceeds in a rambling, incoherent manner to stipulate that the Indians should surrender their land, reserving the "ground in place together compassed about with a creek and trees and now also to be staked out, also one little slipe which is also to be staked out." The English were to plough up the land for the Indians, who were allowed to cut wood for fuel. Fishing, fowling, and hunting were to be enjoyed by the English and Indians alike. The deed was signed by Gov. Haynes on the part of the English and by Petus and Ahamo on the part of the Indians. The consideration was the protection afforded the Indians and the lucrative trade offered them in corn and furs. Nor was the consideration a small one. Before the coming of the English the tribe was between two hostile and powerful enemies, the Pequots on the east and the Mohawks on the west. The brilliant campaign of Captain John Mason had indeed relieved them from



MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE TUXIS INDIANS.

the former, but from the Mohawks they were still wont to run in abject terror to the houses of their new friends. The signatures of Pethus and Ahamo to the deed are bits of picture writing not easily explainable. Indian signatures are often uncouth representations of their totems; that is, of the animals after which the clan, and sometimes the individual, was named. Pethus' signature is a mere scrawl, but Ahamo's elaborate drawing resembles nothing "in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." We must remember, however, that the record is only a copy of the original deed transcribed January 18, 1667, by William Lewis Register, who may not have sufficiently admired Indian art and heraldry to have taken much pains with his copy.



GRAVE OF EUNICE WIMPY—NEAR FARMINGTON R. R. STATION (*Tunxis Indian*).

The deed of 1650 remained in force twenty-three years, but all compacts, whether in the nature of treaties like that of Clayton and Bulwer, or of constitutions like that of Connecticut, do in time cease to meet all the requirements of new conditions. In 1673, the Indians having become dissatisfied, the town "gave them a meeting by a committee wherein they came to a friendly and final conclusion." The Indians released their right to a rectangular piece of land drawn out in diagram upon the deed that they might see definitely what they conveyed. The piece measured five miles north from Wepansock or Round Hill, three miles to the east, ten miles to the south, and eight miles to the west. "The town of Farmington freely giving to the Indians aforesaid two hundred acres of upland within the lands of their plantation, as also three pounds in other pay." In a postscript (so called) to this deed the Indians are confirmed in their possession of land in the Indian Neck. This deed was signed by twenty-one Indians and by five of their squaws. Squaws often signed deeds with their husbands. They might be treated by them worse than beasts of burden; nevertheless, if descended from

sachems or sagamores, their right in the body politic and that of their children was respected. The salic law of old world nations did not hold with them. According to Parkman, among the Iroquois, the royal line followed the totem down the female line. If a Wolf warrior married a Hawk squaw, the children were Hawks and not Wolves, and a reputed son of the chief was sometimes set aside for the children of a sister, for a sister must necessarily be his kindred, and of the line royal.

Eight years afterward, Mesecope executed 1673, and again in 1683, becoming dissatisfied with these not very well understood legal documents, takes the town authorities with him, and in a business-like manner goes to the southern limit of the grant, marks a tree and builds a monument. In like manner he defines the eastern and western bounds, so that all men could see and understand, and then goes home and signs his heraldic device, a bow and arrow, to a long account of his day's work. His son Sasenakum, "in the presence and by the help of his father," adds his device, which may represent the sun with its surrounding halo. The document was duly recorded and is the last deed we need consider. Peace was firmly established, and with few exceptions the relations between the whites and Indians were from first to last friendly. For an account of one sad exception we must go back a little. John Hull, mint master of Boston, in his diary under date of April 23, 1657, says: "We received letters from Hartford, and . . . heard that at a town called Farmington, near Hartford, an Indian was so bold as to kill an English woman great with child, and likewise her maid, and sorely wounded a little child—all within their house—and then fired the house, which also fired some other barns or houses. The Indians, being apprehended, delivered up the murdered, who was brought to Hartford and (after he had his right hand cut off) was, with an axe, knocked on the head by the executioner." This story is worth a little study as illustrative of the manner in which much grave history is evolved. Given a few facts many years apart, a few traditions and a lively imagination and there results a story that shall go down through all time as authentic as the exploits of Old Testament heroes. Let us consider the facts and then the story. The General Court in April, 1657, takes notice of "a most horrid murder committed by some Indians at Farmington, and though Masapano seems to be the principal actor, yet the accessories are not yet clearly discovered." Messengers were sent to the Norwotuck and the Pocumtuck Indians, that is, to those of Hadley and Deerfield, to deliver up

Mesapano, which would suggest that those Indians rather than the Tunxis tribe were the guilty parties. The latter, however, had been duly warned against entertaining hostile Indians and were therefore held responsible for the murder and the firing of a house, and they "mutually agreed and obliged themselves to pay unto the General Court in October, or to their order, yearly, for the term of seven years, the full sum of eighty fathoms of wampum, well strung and merchantable." Nearly ten years afterward the house of John Hart takes fire one December night and all his family, save one son who was absent, were burned. We have several contemporary records of the disaster, but no suspicion of foul play appeared. Putting together these stories separated by ten years of time we have full ma-



AN OLD DESK MADE BY A TUNXIS INDIAN—PROPERTY OF MR. HENRY MARTIN COWLES.

terials for the historic tale. The Indians surround the house of John Hart at midnight, murder the entire family, and burn the house over their remains. The town records perish in the flames, and the tribe pay a fine of eighty fathoms of wampum yearly thereafter. In point of fact the Indians did not murder John Hart or burn his house. No records were destroyed, and the court complained that the Indians did not pay the fine for their transgression of ten years before. The murder of 1657 was probably the work of strange Indians and not of the friendly Tunxis tribe. The Indians living to the north within the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts Colony were for many years a menace to the whites and friendly Indians alike. There is a well-known tradition that about the year 1657 a marauding party from the north, seeking captives to hold for ransom, appeared at the Hartford, one mile north of the present south line of Avon, and, proceeding thence southward, murdered a Mr. Scott at a place thenceforth known as Scott's Swamp. The earliest record of the tradition is that by Mr. Ezekiel Cowles, father of the late Egbert Cowles,



RESIDENCE OF MISS SOPHIA HAMMERSLEY.



RESIDENCE OF ROBERT LAWRENCE.



ALEXANDER LAWRENCE'S COTTAGE—MISS E. S. LAWRENCE'S "HAT SHOP."



"BROOKSIDE"—PROPERTY OF N. WALLACE—RESIDENCE OF  
MRS. HARRIET B. WILMERDING.  
ON THE WATERVILLE ROAD.



Esq., which I give in his own words. He says: "Two Indians came to Old Farm, where a man by the name of Hart was hoeing corn. He had a gun. He would hoe along a little, and then then move his gun a little, and then hoe again. He also had two dogs. The dogs were disturbed by the Indians and would run towards the woods. A partridge flew upon a tree near where he was hoeing. He shot at it and then loaded his gun before he moved. The Indians concluded they could not get him and went on upon the mountain until they came near the south part of the village and got something to eat, but found too many houses to attempt to take any prisoners. Went on. Saw Root's house on Great Plain. He was at prayers. The Indians heard him; thought there were many persons in the house. Dogs barked. They ran. Found Scott alone. Took him. He resisted. Halloed. They cut out his tongue and finally killed him." This atrocity also is attributed to strange Indians. The differences between the whites and the Tunxis tribe during this period were comparatively slight and appear mostly in the records of fines imposed on the whites for selling cider and strong drink to the Indians, and on the Indians for the consequences which naturally followed. The cases were all petty and a single example will sufficiently illustrate their nature. In 1654 "Papaqurrote is adjudged to pay unto Jackstraw six fathoms of wampum for his injurious 'pulling of his hair from his head by the roots.'" Now, if the Indians indulged in such an irregular form of scalping as this, and the injured party appealed to a Yankee justice of the peace for redress, it would seem that their savagery was beginning to take on a rather mild form.

Until the year 1658 the tribe lived mostly on the east side of the river, where they buried their dead and where they maintained a fort. Hither came strange Indians, sometimes as friends and sometimes as foes, until the court found it necessary to order "that notice shall be given to the Indians living at Farmington that in regard to their hostile pursuits, contrary to former orders of court, and considering their entertainment of strange Indians, contrary to the agreement with the English when they sat down in Farmington, whence ensues danger to the English by bullets shot into the town in their skirmishes, that they speedily provide another place for their habitation and desert that place wherein they are now garrisoned." In the year 1711, and perhaps earlier, a certain piece of land was known in the town records as Fort Lot, and it retained the name until it was absorbed into the golf grounds of the Country Club. It is the part bounded west by

the bed of the old canal and north by land recently of Mr. Henry C. Rice. Here were formerly ploughed up in great numbers two kinds of Indian arrow heads, the broad, black kind used by the Tunxis Indians, and a lesser number of a kind narrower, more pointed, and of a lighter color. These latter we were told were the weapons of a hostile tribe left here after a great battle. Of this battle, Deacon Elijah Porter has left us an account based on the traditions of a hundred years ago. He says the whites "made an agreement with them to remove to the west side of the meadow, but before they left their old settlement they had intelligence that the Stockbridge Indians were preparing to come and try their strength with the Tunxis tribe. They met accordingly at what is called the Little Meadow. The battle was fought with true Indian courage and was very bloody, but the Stockbridge Indians were too powerful for the Tunxis, and they gave way and retreated to their settlement, whereupon the squaws formed a battalion and, attacking the enemy on their flank, soon drove them from the field and gained a complete victory. The Indians, soon after the battle, made preparation to remove to the west side of the meadow." The removal of the Indians ordered by the General Court in 1658 was probably soon accomplished, for as early as 1662 the high ground west of Pequabuc meadow was known on the town records as Fort Hill, where may still be seen the gravestones which marked the new place of Indian burials. In 1675 the Court admitted that they had "set their wigwams where the authority appoints."

During the whole of King Philip's war in 1675 and 1676, when the towns around us suffered the horrors of Indian warfare, the Tunxis tribe remained faithful to the English, and on the 6th of October, 1675, sent six of their warriors to assist them at Springfield. They were Nesehegan, Wanaumesse, Woewassa, Sepoose, Unckhepassun, and Unckcowott. In the year 1682 we get a passing glimpse of the relations of the whites and Indians from a single leaf of the account book of Deacon Thomas Bull, in which he recorded his dealings with the Indians. Deacon Bull lived on the east side of the road which diverges from Main Street a little south of the Congregational Church. To Cherry he sells two hoes for which he was to receive five and one-half bushels of corn at harvest time. For one broad hoe John Indian promises a buckskin well dressed and duly pays the same. To Taphow he loaned one bushel of grain and got back one-half bushel. He sells Arwous a hatchet to hunt with, for which he was to receive nine pounds of tallow.

From Mintoo he received ten pounds of tallow for a hunting hatchet, four more for mending his gun, and another four for a half bushel of corn. He has accounts also with Wonomie, Judas, and others for sales and repairs of axes, bush scythes, guns, gunlocks, hoes, picks, knives, hatchets, etc. Implements for hunting seem to have been most in demand and were paid for from the proceeds of the hunt. They bought some seed corn and hoes, and it is to be hoped made good use of them, but the picture of Indian agriculture given by Wood in his "New England's Prospect" is the more commonly received one. Describing the occupations of the squaws, he says "another work is their planting of corn, wherein they exceed our English husbandmen, keeping it so clear with their clamshell hoes, as if it were a garden rather than a corn field, not suffering a choking weed to advance his audacious head above their infant corn, or an undermining worm to spoil his spurnes. Their corn being ripe, they gather it and, drying it hard in the sun, convey it to their barns, which he great holes digged in the ground in form of a brass pot, ceiled with rinds of trees, wherein they put their corn, covering it from the inquisitive search of their gormandizing husbands, who would eat up both their allowed portion, and reserved feed, if they knew where to find it."

Six years later, in 1688, Pethus and Ahamo had departed this life for the happy hunting grounds of their race, and no one reigned in their stead. Under the mild protection of the English the tribe no longer needed chieftains to lead them to battle, and the love of office for its petty spoils and dignity involving the sacrifice of self respect and worldly goods for its attainment, did not appeal to their simple natures. Nevertheless, it was desirable that some of their race should have authority to agree with the English in the settlement of controversies. A meeting of the tribe was therefore held on the 17th of September, 1688, at the house of John Wadsworth, and they were asked, now that their chief men were dead, whom they would make choice of to be chief. They very modestly "desired Mr. Wadsworth to nominate a man or two, who did nominate Wawawis and Shum, and all that were present well approved of them" . . . "as captains to whom the English may have recourse at all times." The record of the meeting was signed by John Wadsworth, William Lewis Senior, and John Standly Senior as witnesses on the part of the English, and by Nonsbash, Judas, and eleven others on the part of the tribe.



COTTAGE OF LEWIS N. LONG.



THE FARMINGTON CREAMERY PLACE  
RESIDENCE OF GEORGE P. BURGESS.



"ROSE LAWN"—RESIDENCE OF N. WALLACE.



THE JOHN TILLOTSON PLACE  
PROPERTY OF F. H. AND G. F. ANDREWS.



ANDREWS' CIDER MILL.



"MEADOW VIEW"—PROPERTY OF N. WALLACE—RESIDENCE OF MRS. C. L. MUNN.

ON THE WATERVILLE ROAD.

Wawawis and Shum, on their part, "accepted of the place of captains or chief men amongst all the Indians now in our town and do promise to carry quietly and peaceable towards all English and to give an account to Mr. Wadsworth of any strange Indians coming, etc. Twelve others, "not being Tunxis Indians," also signed an agreement "to walk peaceably and quietly towards the English . . . and to be subject to Shum and Wawawis as their chief commanders." This agreement seems to have been faithfully kept. In 1725, an attack from Canada being feared and bands of hostile Indians having been found lurking about Litchfield, the Governor and Council resolved "That John Hooker, Esq., William Wadsworth, and Isaac Cowles, or any two of them, shall inspect the Indians of Farmington; and the said Indians, each and every man of them, is ordered to appear before said committee every day about sundown, at such place as said committee shall appoint, and give to said committee an account of their ramble and business the preceding day unless said committee shall, for good reason to them shown, give their allowance to omit their appearance for some time." In October this restraint was removed from the Farmington Indians provided they refrained from war paint and wore a white cloth on their heads when they went into the woods to hunt, thus distinguishing themselves from the hostile Indians around them.

The conversion of the natives of this continent to Christianity was a favorite purpose set forth in the grants and charters issued by European sovereigns, whether Protestants or Catholic. In 1706 the General Assembly of Connecticut desires the reverend ministers to prepare a plan for their conversion, and in 1717 the Governor and Council are ordered to present "the business of gospeling the Indians" to the October session of the assembly. In 1727 persons having Indian children in their families are ordered to endeavor to teach them to read English and to catechise them. In 1733 the General Assembly provides for the payment of the board of the Indian youth of Farmington at a school under the supervision of Rev. Samuel Whitman, and the next year the latter reports progress to Gov. Talcott. "I have leisure only to inform your Honour that of the nine Indian lads that were kept at school last winter, three can read well in a testament, three currently in a psalter, and three are in their primers. Testaments and psalters have been provided for those that read in them. Three of ye Indian lads are entered in writing and one begins to write a legi-

ble hand." Appropriations for the school were made by the assembly for three successive years. In 1737 a pupil of the school, one John Matawan, became its teacher. In 1751 the tribe had made such progress in adopting the customs of their white neighbors that the Ecclesiastical Society "granted a liberty to the Christianized Indians belonging to said society to build a seat in the gallery in the Meeting House over the stairs at the northeast corner of said house and to be done at the direction of the society committee." In 1763 Solomon Mossuck joins the church, and two years afterward his wife Eunice also joins. In November, 1772, a new teacher took his place in the little Indian schoolhouse in West District. This was Joseph Johnson, a Mohegan Indian, whose father had been a soldier in the French war. He had attended Wheelock's Indian Charity School at Lebanon in 1758, but after leaving it had led an irregular life, at one time going on a whaling voyage and visiting the West Indies. Returning to a sober, religious life, he was employed by the "Society for Propagating the Gospel in New England" to teach the Tunxis Indians until he was ordained as a minister at Hanover, New Hampshire, in the summer of 1774. He had much to do with the subsequent removal of the tribe to the west.

The continued progress of the Indians toward a civilized life and their feelings and aspirations in regard to it are set forth in the memorial of Elijah Wampsey, Solomon Mossuck, and the rest of the tribe to the May session of the General Assembly in 1774. "Your Honour's Memorialists have always lived and inhabited in the said town of Farmington by means whereof the most of us have in some measure become acquainted with and formed some general ideas of the English custom and manners, and many of said tribe have been instructed in reading and writing in English, and have been at considerable expense in attaining the same, and furnishing ourselves with bibles and some other books in English for our further instruction though poorly able to bear the expense thereof, and we being desirous to make further proficiency in English literature and especially to be acquainted with the Statute Laws of this Colony . . . do therefore pray your Honours to give us a Colony Law Book to guide and direct us in our conduct." The petition was granted.

Another memorial by the same persons, dated six days earlier, foreshadows a great change about to come over the tribe. The restless spirit of the savage which no civilizing influences, or religion itself, could wholly subdue, had been set on fire by the allurements

of new scenes offered them and of more room for the exercise of their old-time freedom of forest life. The memorial states "that they have received a kind invitation from their brethren, the Six Nations at Oneida, to come and dwell with them, with a promise of a cordial reception and ample provision in land whereon to subsist, and being straightened where we now dwell, think it will be best for ourselves and our children and also tend to extend and advance the kingdom of Christ among the heathen nations to sell our interest in this Colony, to accept said kind invitation of our brethren and to remove to the Oneida, and to prevent being imposed upon therein, we humbly pray your Honours as our fathers and guardians to appoint Col. John Strong and Fisher Gay, Esq., and Mr. Elnathan Gridley, all of said Farmington, a committee to assist, direct, and oversee us in the sale of our lands." Their petition was granted. We have another account of this invitation of the Tunxis tribe to the home of their former deadliest enemies. It was written down by Deacon Elijah Porter, who was a boy of thirteen at the time of the occurrence and doubtless wrote of what he personally knew. He says: "Some time before the Revolutionary War a tribe of the Oneida Indians came to Farmington to make the Tunxes a friendly visit. Accordingly they had a feast of wild deer. In the evening they held a pow-wow. They built a very large fire and the two tribes joined hands and set to running around this fire singing and shouting and sounding the war whoop so loud as to be plainly heard a mile."

The great obstacle to the removal of the tribe was their claim to valuable lands which they could neither take with them nor legally sell. Since the year 1738 they had many times besought the assistance of the General Assembly and that body by sundry committees had found them to be the rightful owners of a piece of land known as the Indian Neck, containing from ninety to one hundred and forty acres, bounded east and south by the river, north by the Wells Farm, and west by land of Daniel Lewis. This land, though not held in severalty, certain individuals of the tribe had attempted to sell in small quantities by deeds in most instances not legally executed or recorded and dating back as far as the first day of December, 1702. Many legislatures perplexed themselves with attempts to do justice to all parties, until at length a committee was appointed in 1773, which, taking into consideration all the circumstances of the case, divided a particular holding to each Indian, whether warrior or squaw,



"PINE HILL FARM"—RESIDENCE OF C. J. THOMPSON.



RESIDENCE OF FRED. H. ANDREWS.



RESIDENCE OF JAMES H. ANDREWS.



MOSES McKEE PLACE  
RESIDENCE OF TRUMAN MILLER.



HELEN F. ANDREWS' STUDIO.  
ON THE WATERVILLE ROAD.

in quantity varying from ten acres to a little less than two acres and made a map of the same. Lots were laid out to thirty-seven individuals, being one more than the census of 1774 records. According to the latter there were fourteen males over twenty years of age and twelve females. The whole matter was accomplished in 1777, and the tribe was free to remove with the proceeds of the sale of their lands. The tribe, small as it was, seems not to have made its exodus in a body. In October, 1773, their principal men sent a circular letter to six other New England tribes asking them to send each a messenger to the house of Sir William Johnson, who had encouraged their removal. Joseph Johnson and Elijah Wampey were the only men who went. At a meeting at Canajoharie the next January, representatives were sent by four tribes who announced their intended removal in a speech by Joseph Johnson in the council house of the Oneidas. The latter, in their reply, say: "Brethren, since we have received you as brothers, we shall not confine you, or pen you up to ten miles square," and add many expressions of hearty welcome. The spring of 1775 saw the departure of a considerable part of the Tunxis tribe, some to Oneida and some to Stockbridge. In the Indian deeds on record, Elijah Wampey locates himself in 1777 as "now of Oneida in the Mohawk country," and James Wowowas in 1775 as of Stockbridge. The time of their removal was most unfortunate. They, with most of the Oneidas, espoused the patriot side in the Revolution and were driven in 1777 from their new homes by the British, Tories, and Indians under St. Leger and sought refuge in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. To tell the story of their disaster at length were to rehearse a large part of the history of the Revolution. The war over, they renew their memorials to our state legislature to help them return to their now devastated homes.

Their appeal to the October session of the General Assembly in 1780 was written by Wampey, Cusk, Curcomb, and others from West Stockbridge asking for funds to pay for the preaching among them of "Daniel Simon of the Narraganset tribe of Indians of College education and ordained to preach the gospel." Their request, though fortified by an appeal from the missionary Samuel Kirkland, was refused, and instead thereof they were allowed to solicit contributions in the several churches. A considerable sum was thus collected in Continental currency and in bills of credit issued by the state, but so utterly valueless had this currency become that "not worth

a continental" was the common designation of anything absolutely worthless. The assembly this time took pity on their condition and ordered the state treasurer to take up the bills and pay lawful money to Rev. Samuel Kirkland for their use.

In 1788 the Indians began to return to their Oneida homes, being encouraged by an act of the New York legislature which has the following preamble: "And whereas the Oneida and Tuscarora tribes inhabiting within this state have been distinguished for their attachment to the cause of America and have thereby entitled themselves to protection, and the said tribes by their humble petition having prayed that their land may be secured to them by authority of the legislature," commissioners were appointed to devise measures for their contentment. In an act of 1801 we read "that the tract of land of six miles square confirmed by the Oneida Indians to the Stockbridge Indians by the treaty held at Fort Stanwix in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight shall be and remain to the Stockbridge Indians and their posterity forever." . . . "and be it further enacted that the tract of land heretofore set apart for the Indians called the New England Indians, consisting of the tribes called the Mohegan, Montock, Stonington, and Narraganset Indians, and the Pequots of Groton and Nehanticks of Farmington, shall be and remain to the said Indians and their posterity, but without any power of alienation by the said Indians, or of leasing or disposing of the same or any part thereof, and the same tract shall be called Brothertown and shall be deemed part of the town of Paris in the county of Oneida." Brothertown was on the Oriskany and occupied the greater part of the town of Marshall, which was formerly a part of the town of Paris and the southern part of Kirkland in which is located Hamilton College. New Stockbridge was six miles to the west in the town of Augusta. The two settlements formed at first one parish, the Rev. Samson Occum preaching alternate Sundays, now in the barn of Fowler in Brothertown and now in some house in New Stockbridge. The history of these two settlements, of their contentions with the land-hungry whites, and of their own internal dissensions, is too voluminous for our present consideration. In 1831 they again began a new removal westward, this time to Green Bay, Wisconsin. The amount of Tunxis blood diffused through that conglomeration of races must now have become so small that we will not pursue the history of the tribe further. Those who desire further knowledge of

the Brothertown Indians should consult the account of Rev. Samson Occum by the Rev. William DeLoss Love and the numerous authorities to which he refers. I shall only quote a few lines from the account which President Dwight gives of his visit to them in 1799. He says: "I had a strong inclination to see civilized Indian life, *i. e.*, Indian life in the most advanced state of civilization in which it is found in this country, and was informed that it might probably be seen here." The Brothertown Indians, he says, "were chiefly residents in Montville and Farmington, and were in number about one hundred and fifty. The settlement is formed on the declivity of a hill, running from north to south. The land is excellent, and the spot in every respect well chosen. Here forty families of these people have fixed themselves in the business of agriculture. They have cleared the ground on both sides of the road about a quarter of a mile in breadth and about four miles in length. Three of them have framed houses. . . . The remaining houses are of logs, and differ little from those of the whites, when formed of the same materials. Their husbandry is much inferior to that of the white people. Their fences are indifferent and their meadows and arable grounds are imperfectly cleared. Indeed, almost everywhere is visible that slack hand, that disposition to leave everything unfinished, which peculiarly characterizes such Indians as have left the savage life."

We will close this paper with a brief account of the scanty remnant of the Tunxis tribe who lived and died on their ancestral soil. Solomon Mossuck, who joined the church in 1763, died January 25, 1802, at the age of 78 and was buried in the Indian burying ground on the hill to the left of the road as you go to the railroad station. A well-executed monument marks his grave. He had a son Daniel who was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and a son Luke who removed to Brothertown. Thomas Curcomb, who is said on the church records to have been the last Tunxis Indian of unmixed blood, died December 21, 1820, aged 44. He is best remembered by the story of his buying rum at the store of Zenas Cowles, the nearest source of supply for the inhabitants of the Indian Neck. It was during the early days when total abstinence societies were unknown and all classes and conditions of men bought rum, and every merchant sold it, as one of the absolute necessities of life. Thomas, having obtained a gallon for eight shillings, in due time returned for another supply and was disgusted to learn that the price in the meantime



had risen to nine shillings. It was explained to him that the extra shilling was for interest on the money and for shrinkage of the liquor, and that it cost as much to keep a hogshead of rum through the winter as to keep a horse. Yes, yes, said the Indian. He no eat hay, but he drink much water. Thomas got his rum for eight shillings as before. The story of Henry Mossuck, son of Luke and grandson of Solomon, is not edifying, but as he was the last of his race and as his career well illustrates the inevitable fate of weaker races in the contest of life I must venture to give you a brief sketch of a man sinning somewhat, but very much sinned against. His first recorded appearance in public was in a justice court, where Esquire Horace Cowles fined him for stealing chickens on the night of July 8, 1824. A month afterward he was wanted in another matter but had absconded to parts unknown. Two years later he goes to sea for a three years' voyage, and, as I am told, with Capt. Ebenezer Mix, giving a white neighbor a power of attorney to take care of his land in his absence. Just before he returned, his trusted agent sold the land, pocketed the proceeds, and went west. Passing over twenty years of his uneventful life

we find him at the age of forty-nine in Colebrook, where on a Saturday night in the last week of March, 1850, two wretches not twenty-one years of age, William H. Calhoun and Benjamin Balcorn, murdered a certain Barnice White in a most brutal manner. They were sentenced to be hung, and Henry Mossuck, known as Henry Manasseth, was sentenced with them as having prompted and abetted them. A year afterward the sentences of all three were commuted to imprisonment for life. I have read the lengthy records of the court and the minute confession of Calhoun and have learned much from other sources. There seems to have been no evidence whatever against Mossuck except that of the men, who rehearsed the story of their brutal crime with no more compunction than they would feel at the butchering of an ox, and who had every motive for lying. Mossuck vainly petitioned the legislature for release for three successive years, in 1861, 1862, and 1863, but finally, in 1867, Balcorn on his death bed having asserted the innocence of Mossuck, and the chaplain and officers of the State Prison giving him a good character, he was pardoned. He died in our poorhouse on the 19th of October, 1883.

So came to an ignoble end a race

always friendly to our fathers. They have left little to recall them to mind. A few monuments mark their graves on Fort Hill near by where John Mattawan and Joseph Johnson taught their schools. A single stone in our own cemetery overlooks the river once covered with their canoes and the broad acres once their hunting grounds. On it are inscribed the well-known lines by Mrs. Sigourney:

Chieftains of a vanished race,  
In your ancient burial place,  
By your fathers' ashes blest,  
Now in peace securely rest.  
Since on life you looked your last,  
Changes o'er your land have passed;  
Strangers came with iron sway,  
And your tribes have passed away.  
But your fate shall cherished be,  
In the stranger's memory;  
Virtue long her watch shall keep,  
Where the red-men's ashes sleep.

More enduring than these frail memorials are the few Indian words of liquid sound which remain forever attached to the places where the red man lived: Pequabuck, the clear, open pond; Quinipiack, the long-water land; and Tuxis Sepus, by the bend of the river.



A FARMINGTON DAISY FIELD.

## Ferns and Birds of Farmington.



HERE were two botanists who mortified the spirit by trying to make money in Wall street. They became acquainted with each other, these two gray-haired old botanists, and they projected a trip to Kentucky to see a very rare plant that was only found in that state.

When they had arrived in this little town in Kentucky, one of these gray-haired botanists was taken so sick it seemed that he was about to die. "Dear friend," said he to the other botanist, "go out into the fields and search for the plants." The friend searched and found, and returned with several of the precious herbs.

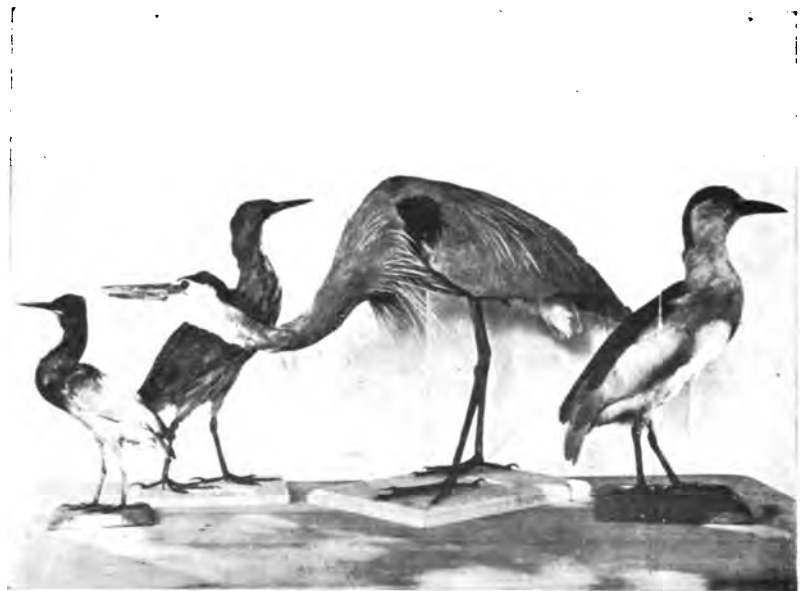
"Let me feel of them," said the sick botanist. "Yes, they are all right; how beautiful they are." His eye brightened and he sat up in bed. "Friend Horace," said he, "are they far from here?" "Quite near," said the other. "Friend Horace, if I could lean on your arm I might be able to reach the spot, and there is a wheelbarrow below."

In a small clearing in the middle of Kentucky were two old men, talking, gesticulating, seated in the field. The rare plants nodded their flowers on every side. It was a complete cure. We do not pretend to claim that finding rare plants will cure every ill, but it is hard for most ills to keep up with the collector of ferns. For his path will be through the woods and swamps, and high up where the *Ruta Muraria* hangs out its frail fronds from the face of the trap ledges. Almost every species of fern that is found in New England can be secured in Farmington, and there are several places where the *Ophioglossum* holds court, and certain sandstone ledges where the *Camptosorus Rhyzophyllus* (the walking fern) hangs down its long megatherium nose exactly as it did in the early times of the world. The aristocratic *Aspidiums* and *Aspleniums* and the stately *Osumudas*, the frail *Dicksonias*, they are in our woods and fields, and thousands of polypodies, and *Asplenium Trichomanes* and *Ebeneums* grow among the rocks. We will not name them all this time, although it would please us immensely.

Among the interesting things in Mrs. Keep's school is the collection of native birds, or rather the birds that visit Farmington. There are three large cases, two holding the large birds, the



THE WALKING FERN (*Camptosorus Rhyzophyllus*).



THE HERON FAMILY OF FARMINGTON.

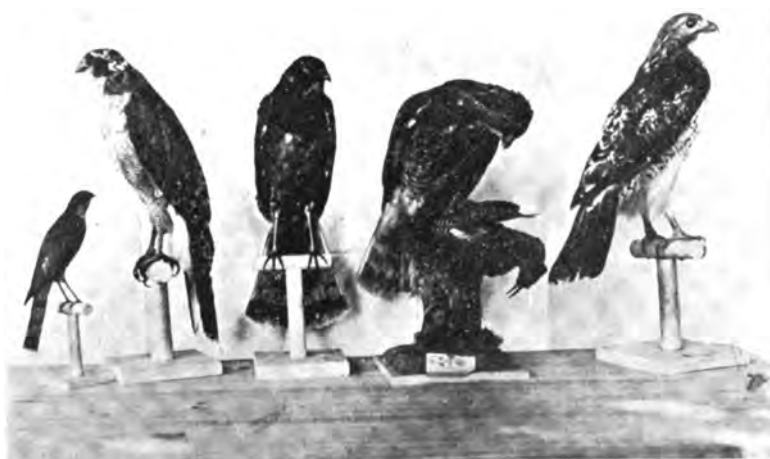
\*The Bird Pictures for this article were made from specimens in the collection at Miss Porter's School—by permission of Mrs. R. P. Keep.

big herons, the hawks and owls, and the others filled with sparrows and warblers. The large heron in the picture was collected on the Farmington meadows. It is a shame to kill these big herons, but they are so large they excite the ambitions of the gunners.

The night heron at the right of the picture is known by the long feather hanging from the back of its head. The night heron is more often heard than seen. In the night time his qua! qua! may often be heard as he flies from one pond to another. The bittern, the second bird from the left, is not often seen, but the green heron at the extreme left of the picture is often seen poking around the edge of a pond. These herons, the green and the night heron, nest in colonies and they have a habit of throwing up their food, or re-



SOME OF THE FARMINGTON WISE ONES.



A GROUP OF FARMINGTON HAWKS.

gurgitating all over the adventurous boy who is trying to rob the nests.

The owls in this picture comprise about all of our Farmington owls. The largest, the great horned owl, is met with rarely. We once saw one on the bank of the river as we floated by in a canoe. The next largest are the barred owls. These in the picture are a pair, "and are not separated in death." These barred owls are without ears and are the only owls with brown eyes. The next smallest is the long-eared owl and then comes the common screech owl. This last named owl varies in its coloration so much it was formerly divided into three different species. The smallest is the saw whet owl, called from its cry which resembles the filing of a saw.

All these owls fly so softly, and except for the occasional hooting are so



FROM THE WOODS.

noiseless, we hardly realize how many there are about us.

The hawks in the picture, beginning at the right, are, first, the red-tailed hawk. The upper part of the tail is a deep cinnamon red. This hawk is quite imposing. He sails around in great circles, narrowing more and more, and finally catches a mouse or a squirrel.

The second from the right is the red shouldered hawk. This is quite a common hawk about Farmington. The third from the right is the marsh hawk. This is the hawk that we see sailing over the meadows about dusk. It destroys immense quantities of mice. It is a very graceful hawk and goes through wonderful changes in color from youth to old age, beginning life a deep chestnut the first years and finally turning a light blue gray towards its later life. The next hawk is the goshawk, a powerful hawk. Last of all, counting from the right, is the cooper hawk. This is the worst of the whole crowd as far as chickens are concerned. These little folk are so assertive.

The last group of birds are a few of our most common birds. Beginning at

the right is the (Bob White) quail. We used to hear them in the neighboring lots before our wealthy residents shampooed the fields and turned them into golf links. The second bird from the right is the ruffed grouse, a noble bird, and notwithstanding there are often more hunters than birds, some manage to survive. When the hunters get through with these birds the winter descends on them and tries its best to exterminate them.

This senseless treatment of the game birds has driven away half a dozen of our birds, which, with a little reasonable treatment, might have filled the woods to overflowing and given every one a chance to eat a game bird now and then without great loss to the woods.

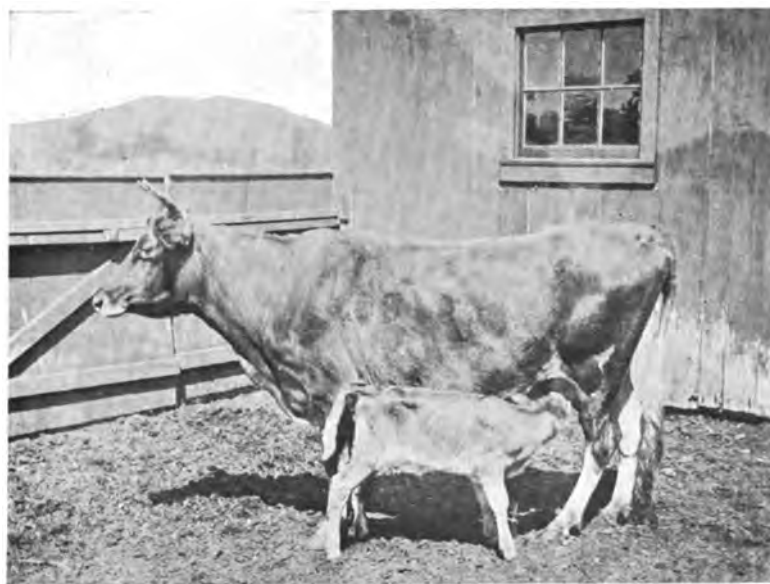
The third to the right is the crow, a beautiful and much abused bird. We treat him as though he were a Chinaman. Underneath is the crow's relative, the blue jay. He is beautiful, although a little coarse. After his long summer killing little birds and sucking eggs and imitating the hawks, in the

winter he comes about the farms begging for a few grains of corn.

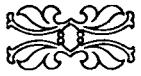
Next comes the woodcock. I suppose his eyes are set in the back of his head so that they may not get in the mud as he rummages in the swamps and also so that he may see his enemies. (I wonder game birds don't have eyes in the back of their heads like school teachers.) A little more evolution and the birds will arrive there. I have a friend who has eyes like a woodcock, and when he rides in the cars he can look out of the windows on both sides of the car without turning his head. It was a great convenience to him when traveling rapidly through Italy. He looks not unlike a woodcock. But he has studied art and was a fine sculptor and modelled in clay instead of poking in the mud like a woodcock.

Last of all is the wood duck. We see it along the borders of streams in summer. The variety of nature is astonishing. Some days the Lord must have been in a jocose humor and again in a grimly, dramatic state of mind.

—R. B. B.



THE MILKY WAY.



## The Old Cemetery.



THE OLD GATE (MEMENTO MORI).

**H**ISTORS to our ancient town not unfrequently return from their wanderings with many inquiries about the old cemetery they have discovered on the east side of the main street, a short distance south of the church.

The ground was set apart for burial purposes at three separate times. The central portion was in use in February, 1665, or twenty-five years after the settlement of the town, and how much earlier is unknown. A path led to it from the highway through land added by the town in 1692 by purchase from Joseph Barnes. The eastern half acre in the rear was sold to the Ecclesiastical Society in 1797, by Corral Case. Here for two centuries our fathers buried their dead, borne hither on the village bier, the bell tolling a solemn knell as the bearers ascended the narrow path and left their loved ones where now

"Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply,  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die!"

These frail memorials changed with the varying fashion of the day from the rough stone bearing only the initial letters of the names of the dead to that peculiar form we find in every old cemetery, the inscription decorated by precisely the same side border and surmounted by the same strangely sculptured cherub. This variety seems to have had a common origin to which much research has not revealed the clue. The hour-glass and scythe, crossbones, grinning skulls and other ghastly symbols of death you will not find here, but instead the hopeful though grotesque emblems of a life beyond the grave. A favorite form of decoration was that of a coffin from which the spirit rises as a flame. The frailty of life was symbolized by a leaf or a feather.

There have been no interments in the cemetery for many years, and it presents much the same appearance that it did fifty years ago. Former residents in our village who return to visit the scenes of their childhood will miss most of all the old gateway of Egyptian architecture, modeled after that of the Grove street cemetery in New Haven, substituting, however, for the winged

globe, emblem of divinity, the words MEMENTO MORI. Monuments are erected to the memory of four of the pastors of the church, to Rev. Samuel Hooker the second pastor, Rev. Samuel Whitman the third, Rev. Timothy Pitkin the fourth, and Rev. Joseph Washburn the sixth, who was buried at sea. The oldest stone having a date stands on the north side of the ground close to the fence, and bears the inscription

S S : B  
No 8  
1685

The next oldest reads

A S  
AG B 26  
16 88

Next after which comes

SH : AG  
55 DSED  
187. 1689

From this last inscription we learn that Stephen Hart, son of Deacon Stephen, aged 55, deceased on the 18th day of September, 1689. Also a stone inscribed

1733  
S H  
AG 72

informs us that Stephen Hart, son of the last named Stephen, died in 1733,





GENERAL VIEW OF "THE OLD CEMETERY" FROM THE GATE.

\*Here lies interr'd ye Body  
of ye Revd. Mr. Samuel  
Whitman, ye late Learned  
and Pious Pastor of ye 1st  
church in Farmington who  
departed this life July ye: 31st  
A. D. 1751 in ye 75th: year  
of his age  
Here also lies interrred  
ye Body of Mrs. Sarah  
Whitman, ye pious consort  
& Relict of ye Rev. Mr.  
Samuel Whitman who  
departed this life Sept.  
10th 1758, in ye 79th year  
of her Age.  
Rev. Samuel Hooker.  
The Second Minister of Farmington.  
Died in the 37th year of his  
Pastorate Nov. 6, 1697, aged  
about 64 years. He was  
the Son of Rev. Thomas Hooker  
The First Minister of Hartford.  
His widow Mary Willett Hooker  
married Rev. Thomas Buckingham  
of Norwalk, Conn., died June 24th  
1712, and was there buried.  
This monument is erected by his  
descendants in 1895.



\*GRAVES OF REV. SAMUEL WHITMAN (to the left) AND REV. SAMUEL HOOKER (to the right).



IN "THE OLD CEMETERY."



GRAVE OF MRS. ANNA HOOKER.



GRAVE OF MR. DANIEL GRIDLEY (Note curious head on stone).



THE "COWLES" SECTION.

aged 72. On the north side of the path, not far from the entrance to the cemetery, a stone is erected "In memory of Mr. Matthias Leaming Who has gott Beyond the reach of Parccusion. The life of man is Vanity." He was one of the unfortunate men who, in the Revolutionary war, did not fight on the winning side.

Near the street, and consequently on the west side of the ground, a stone marks the last resting place of Shem, the son of Noah. Not to claim too



THE "HOOKER" SECTION.



GRAVE OF MR. MATHIAS LEAMING, A TORY.



THE OLDEST GRAVE STONE.

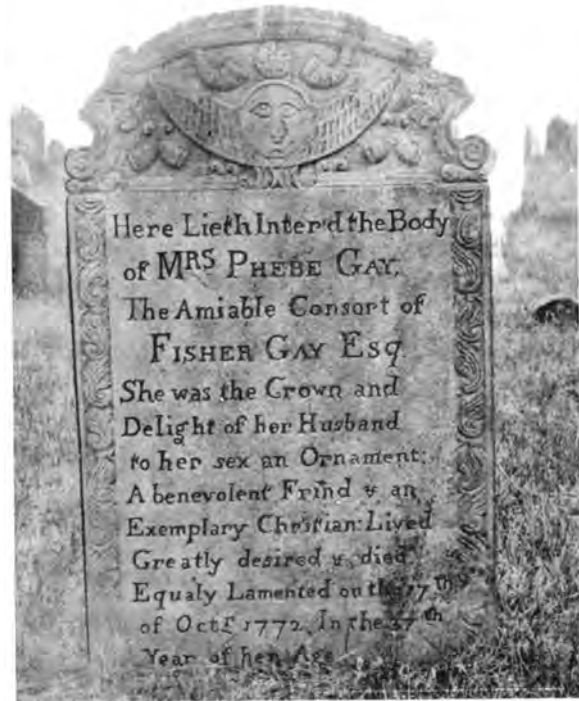


THE SECOND OLDEST GRAVE STONE.



GRAVE OF STEPHEN HART, SON OF DEACON STEPHEN HART.

great antiquity for our ancient burial ground, it is proper to state that Shem was a negro, and tradition, whether as a witticism or a sneer, tells us that our colored brethren were here interred, so that on the Resurrection day, when all the dead arose and faced the east, they would remain in the rear of the great congregation. This must take rank with the remark made me by a learned divine, in the spirit of the author of *Hudibras*, that our forefathers in pure contrariness buried their dead in this ancient ground in a direction opposed to the ritual of their ancestors.



GRAVE OF MRS. PHEBE GAY.



GRAVE OF MRS. MARTHA MIX--(Notice coffin carved on stone).

On the contrary, in probably every old cemetery in New England, they invariably placed the headstone facing the highway, that its inscription might be read by the passing traveller, and the footstone directly behind it, caring little whether the rising or the setting sun shone on the memorial of the dead; for they believed in their simple faith, that through the almighty power of God "the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

JULIUS GAY.

The following epitaphs appear in the  
"old cemetery":

In memory of  
Rev. Joseph Washburn A.M.  
For ten years  
pastor  
of the Church of Christ  
in Farmington  
Over which he was ordained  
May 7, 1795  
He died at sea on his  
passage to Charlestown, S. C.  
Dec. 25, 1805.  
Aged 39.



GRAVE OF DR. THOMAS MATHER.



AN OLD LEE GRAVE.

As a preacher  
earnest, serious, instructive.  
As a pastor  
faithful and affectionate,  
unwearied in love,  
blameless in life,  
and of winning manners.  
He was loved and revered by men  
and honored of God in turning  
many to righteousness.

Sarah E. Tuthill  
1830-1882  
Buried at Greenport L. I.  
Erected by her pupils.



Rev. Samuel Hooker  
The Second Minister of Farmington  
Died in the 37th year of his  
Pastorate Nov. 6, 1697—aged  
about 64 years. He was  
the son of Rev. Thomas Hooker  
The First minister of Hartford.

His widow Mary Willett Hooker  
married Rev. Thomas Buckingham  
of Norwalk Conn. Died June 24th  
1712, and was there buried.  
*This monument is erected by his  
descendants in 1895.*

Sarah A.,  
Daughter of  
Solomon &  
Mary E. Cowles  
Died Oct 19, 1853  
Aged 25 years.  
*There is a calm for  
Those who weep,  
A rest for weary pil-  
grims found;  
They softly lie, and  
Sweetly sleep,  
Low in the ground.*

On a double stone is the following:—

In memory of  
Gideon Cowles  
who died Oct. 1st  
A.D. 1802, in the  
55th year of  
his age.

In memory of  
Eunice, Relict of  
Gideon Cowles,  
who died Nov. 26  
A.D. 1802 in the  
55th year  
of her age.

Sacred to the memory of  
Mrs. Belinda Norton, consort  
of Mr. Romanta Norton,  
who died in child-bed,  
Feb'y 20th A.D. 1792, in the  
22nd year of her age.  
This monument is erected  
by her affectionate husband.  
*If conjugality, fidelity,  
innocence & youth  
could have arrested  
the shafts of death,  
Surely Belinda had not died.*  
Ichabod Porter Norton  
died May 13, 1813

Aged 21 years.

*Seize mortal seize the transient hour,  
Improve each moment as it flies,  
Life's a short Summer, man a flow'r,  
He dies, Alas how soon he dies.*

Abigail Porter  
died Dec. 28, 1815

Aged 76 years.

*Lonely and painful was her bed,  
Faith was her great support  
Converse with God her daily bread  
His grace, her last resort.*

In  
Memory of  
Nodiah Bird  
who was killed  
by an insane person  
May 17, 1835.

This monument  
is erected by filial  
affection in memory of the  
Rev. Timothy Pitkin,  
who died July 8, 1811:  
in the 86th year of his age.

*He was Pastor of the Church of Christ  
in Farmington thirty-three years. For  
want of health he was then dismissed  
from his Pastoral relation and lived the  
rest of his days in retirement. He was  
a faithful affectionate evangelical and  
distinguished Minister of the Gospel. He  
died in the delightful hopes of a glo-  
rious immortality enjoying the support of  
that Religion that he had Preached  
"Precious in the eyes of the Lord is  
the death of his saints."*

When we approach the sunset of our  
lives, and the long shadows and the  
chill of the dew warns that the night  
is approaching we begin to be more in-  
terested in that place, where we shall  
lay our useless body after the life has  
fled. Sometimes it seems as though it  
were better to give over the old husk  
of the soul to the God of Fire, that  
he may devour it utterly but there  
stands the patient earth, and seems to  
say "did I not give you this body, and  
is it not right that you should return  
it again to me?"

As we walked through the "old Farm-  
ington cemetery," there were many  
epitaphs where the touch of grief has  
not faded although a hundred years or  
so have gone by. After reading the  
words of praise on most of the stones,  
we were impressed to find a lonely  
little stone on the grave of a young wo-  
man, and into the lines of the name a  
lichen had grown of a color that was  
like old gold. It was as though nature  
wanted to give her quiet tribute to the  
person beneath. There are moments  
when life seems long and almost hope-  
less and we look forward with almost a  
longing to that final rest which will only  
be broken by the voice of God. These  
long lines of stones are like the backs  
of books, with only the titles and the  
dates thereon, and yet we know that  
if we could read them, they would be  
the most interesting of subjects, the  
disappointments and aspirations of hu-  
man lives.

## The Ghost.

**I**N THE early part of the cent-  
ury which has just closed,  
much Farmington capital was  
invested in commercial enter-  
prises. The ships were wont to  
touch first at the islands of the South Pa-  
cific and taking on board a cargo of seal  
skins, to sail thence to Canton and Cal-  
cutta, where the furs were exchanged  
for teas, silks, nankeens, and for china-  
ware marked in gold with the names of  
families who could afford such luxuries.  
One of their captains was Ebenezer Mix,  
commonly known as Captain Eb. He  
was a son of "Squire Mix," one of the  
old time worthies of the town, whose  
house still stands close to the old bury-  
ing ground on the south, a position  
peculiarly favorable for ghostly adven-  
tures. It was a time when all men be-  
lieved, not only that the dead lived in  
a future state, but that they could re-  
turn in ghostly forms to the place of  
their sepulture as a warning to the  
living.

Sailors as wont to be superstitious.  
Their lonely lives on the mighty ocean  
fosters the feeling. A ghost had been  
seen several times in the old burying  
ground, and Captain Eb was not sur-  
prised, when, looking from his chamber  
window one dark night, he saw a tall  
form clothed all in white and having  
two great white wings which it waved  
at intervals in a ghostly fashion.  
Captain Eb shouted to the apparition to  
be gone, but it moved not. He then  
proceeded to exorcise it with the rich  
expletives which sailors are wont to  
bring home from lands beyond the sea.  
The waving of the ghostly wings  
was the only reply. As a last resort  
Captain Eb seized an old queen's arms,  
well loaded, which had seen service in  
Revolutionary days, and taking deliber-  
ate aim at the ghost, blazed away.  
When the smoke disappeared the ghost  
was no longer to be seen. The next  
morning, when the sun lighted up the  
scene of the midnight encounter, there  
appeared one of the tall white slabs  
which were just beginning to take the  
place of the old red gravestones, and  
at its foot lay the remains of Deacon  
Elijah Porter's old white goose.

J. G.

The "new cemetery" on Canal Street  
contains many interesting memorials.  
The monument erected in remembrance  
of The Tunxis Indians, has sculptured  
on one face Mrs. Sigourney's tribute to  
the 'red man.' A full description and  
a picture of this monument appears else-  
where in this work, in Mr. Gay's article

on "*The Tunxis Indians.*" *Foone*, the *Mendi* negro, who was drowned in the "Center Basin," in 1841, is buried here, and the grave suitably marked. A beautiful, though simple granite monument shows the last resting place of



GRAVE OF DR. NOAH PORTER.

Dr. Noah Porter, and the grave of Miss Sarah Porter is covered by a horizontal slab of pure white marble simply worded as follows:

Sarah Porter  
Born  
August 16, 1813  
Died  
February 17, 1900.

The memory of the soldiers who gave their lives for their country in the war of the Rebellion is perpetuated by a shaft of Connecticut brown stone—inscribed



THE SOLDIER'S MONUMENT.

#### GETTYSBURG.

Erected  
July A. D. 1872  
To the memory of  
VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS  
from this Village.

#### SERGEANTS.

RICHARD COWLES  
WATSON W. WHAPLES  
JERIMIAH KELLEY

#### PRIVATES

WILLIAM H. DUTTON  
CHARLES H. ROWE  
*Surgeon in U. S. A.*

*They gave their lives for  
and Country and Freedom.*

#### ANTIETAM.

TIMOTHY GLADDING  
ALBERT F. THOMPSON  
HUGH ROPER  
ALBERT S. FROST  
SMITH S. TAYLOR

*Here sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!*

#### WINCHESTER

HENRY HART  
JOHN I. HULL  
EDWARD DE WOLF  
JAMES H. GILBERT  
GEORGE SOTHERGILL

#### FORT WAGNER

HENRY WARREN  
FREDERICK HOOKER  
GEORGE W. OSBORN  
JAMES H. SKELLEY  
STEPHEN DURNING

*God, preserve the Nation in Peace.*



"AMONG THE CEDARS" A TYPICAL FARMINGTON WOODS.

# Farmington in 1838.



This article is reprinted *entire* from the "*Connecticut Historical Collections*," by John Warner Barber, published in 1838. This work is probably the best known history ever published in the state. Its principal feature being a *wood cut* showing the main part of every town in the state, from drawings made by Mr. Barber "*on the spot*," and while the work may not be accurate in all of its statements it is most interesting, and no historical library, no matter how small, is considered complete without a copy.

**T**HE first settlers of Farmington were from Hartford, being emigrants from Boston, Newton, and Roxbury, in Massachusetts. They began the settlement in 1640, being probably attracted at this early period by the fine natural meadows upon the Tunxis or Farmington river. The town was incorporated in 1645. The land was purchased of the Tunxis tribe of Indians, which was a numerous and warlike tribe, by eighty-four proprietors, and divided by them and their heirs according to their respective interests. The township at the time of its incorporation was fifteen miles square\*. Since this period five new towns have been formed from it, viz.: Southington, Berlin, Bristol, Burlington, and Avon. The present length of Farmington is seven and one-half miles from north to south, and averages upwards of four in breadth. The town is situated principally between two mountainous ridges which stretch from N.N.E. to S.S.W., indented by vallies; the mean distance between the mountains is about four miles. The east mountain, on the base of which the village is built, presents a mural front to the west, and has two convenient passes through it; the road to Hartford passing through the north, and the road to Middletown passing through the south pass, distant from each other about four miles. The Farmington river, about 45 yards wide, enters through the west mountain from the northwest, and runs southeast to the central part of the town, where meeting the east mountain, it turns to an acute angle, and runs northward through the town, parallel with the mountain.

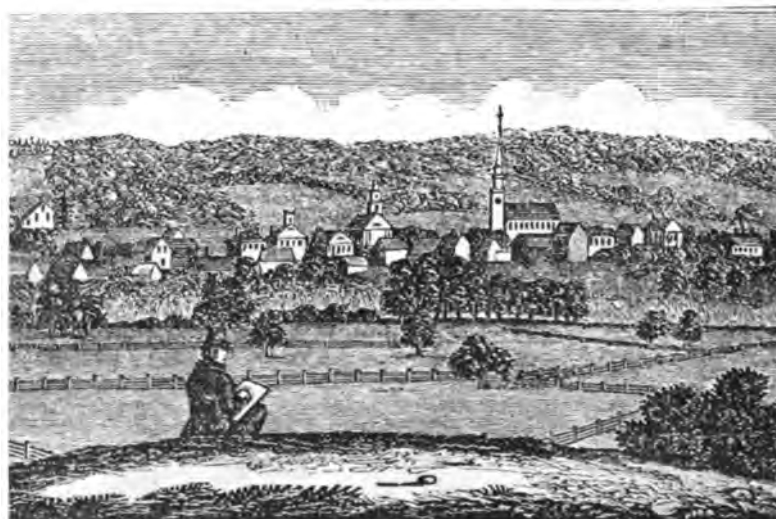
\**Pease and Niles Gazetteer.*

On the east side of the east mountain, opposite a peak called Rattlesnake Hill, rises the Quinnipiac or North Haven River. The great flat, or natural meadow, from the river westward, from 1½ to 2 miles broad, is alluvial, a rich loam and sand, and is one of the most fertile tracts in the state.

The above is a view of the central part of the village, showing the Congregational and Methodist churches. The main street, on which they are built, extends about two miles from north to south, on an elevated plain from 50 to 75 feet above the level of the river, the course of which is seen by the row of trees standing below the level of the houses. The New Haven and Northampton Canal, passes between the river and the houses, its course being elevated above the level of the river. There are about one hundred handsome dwelling houses within the limits of something more than a mile, some of which are elegant edifices. The Academy in the village, and the Methodist Church, (recently erected,) both stand near the Congregational Church. The above view was taken from *Round Hill*, a singular elevation in the meadows, about half a mile distant from the main street. This hill is a natural curiosity; it covers about 12 acres; it rises abruptly to the height of about 60 feet, and is nearly

circular in form. It was once probably an island in the center of a lake which covered the whole of the present meadow.\*

\*These meadows are now occasionally overflowed. During the freshet, February 14th, 1807, a cry of distress was heard by some persons on the bank of the river. Pomeroy Strong and George Treadwell, went about five o'clock P. M. in a canoe to relieve the sufferers. They proceeded to Round Hill, where they heard the cries of a man named Bebe, to the northwest, where they found a span of horses and part of a wagon, and a man by the name of Atwater, in a bunch of willows, in the middle of a current, about two rods from the shore; and with a good deal of difficulty they got Atwater into the canoe. As they were passing a tree, Atwater in a fright seized one of the branches; in doing this he over-set the boat. He succeeded in climbing the tree, while the others swam to the hill where they called for help. About 9 o'clock Dr. Eli Todd, William Hill and Joel Warner manned a canoe, and alternately drawing and navigating it, reached the hill. After a number of attempts to relieve Atwater, a bridge of ice was formed from the tree to the shore on which he was enabled to pass. Todd, Hill and Warner sailed in the course of the road, northwest in search



FARMINGTON FROM "ROUND HILL," REPRODUCED FROM BARBER'S HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF CONNECTICUT, PUBLISHED IN 1837.

of Bebe; they found the current so rapid that they were obliged to return without effecting their object, though they came within speaking distance, and exhorted him to be silent through the night, except when they should call to him; his cries before had been distinctly heard through the town for nearly three miles in length; he remained on a cake of ice about two rods in length, throughout the night.

At first dawn of day the people assembled; a flat-bottomed boat was procured, and manned by Erastus Gay, Timothy Root, Jr., Timothy Cowles, Sidney Wadsworth and Henry Woodruff, who relieved Bebe from his perilous position, and brought the others on shore.

At the first settlement of the town, Round Hill was fixed on as a central point of departure in all measurements in laying out the divisions of land.

The town is bounded N. by Avon, E. by Hartford and Berlin, W. by Bristol and Burlington, and S. by Southington. The central part is about 10 miles west from Hartford. The number of inhabitants is about 2,000, and has not varied much in the last thirty years.

The first minister in this place was Roger Newton, settled in 1647-8 and who officiated nine years, and then removed to Milford. The second was Samuel Hooker, who was ordained in 1658, and died in 1697. Samuel Whitman was ordained the next minister in 1706. He officiated 45 years, and died in 1751. The next year Timothy Pitkin, from East Hartford was ordained, he officiated until 1785, and was then dismissed at his own request. He was succeeded by Allen Olcott, in 1787, who in 1795 was succeeded by Joseph Washburn.

This town has at present a school fund, besides what is received from the State, amounting to nearly \$10,000, the annual interest of which is applied to the payment of teachers. In 1695-6 the town voted a certain sum for the support of a teacher for half a year, and in the directions to the committee for procuring one, a clause was added, 'that he should be so gifted as to be able occasionally to step into the pulpit.'

'The native Indians must have been very numerous, in and about the town when the first settlers arrived. The hunting grounds and fishing places were peculiarly attractive. Their burying grounds were on two sandy hills, one on the west side of the great meadow, and one on the east, and near the center of the present village. In excavating the canal, many of their bones were discovered, and some domestic articles, as cups, &c. In 1691 a committee was chosen by the town, to des-

ignate houses to be fortified against them. It appears that seven such houses were used for that purpose. The doors were made of double plank, united by nails driven closely together, so as to prevent their being cut through by

hatchets. In 1763 the number of Indians was about 100, a considerable number having removed in a body to Stockbridge, Mass., and another division of them have since removed to that place.'

## RIVALS—IN BUSINESS ONLY



DELIVERY TEAM OF ERASTUS GAY.



F. L. SCOTT'S DELIVERY TEAM.



## Farmington Worthies.



Much of the beauty of Farmington is made by its natural features, its mountains and river. But like so many New England villages, it is the men and women that make the real character of the towns. As generation after generation passes, it begins to be realized that certain individuals—a deacon, a minister, a school teacher, a farmer, or a doctor—have unselfishly kept the towns pointed toward healthy and lofty ideals. These are the heroes whose deeds are unrecorded (except in our hearts), who have been the back bone of New England, of the west and ultimately of the world.

No matter how hard the conditions of life may have been these ancestors have always stood by education, and in turn education has stood by them. Farmington, like all college towns, has had a peculiar literary life of its own. And over everything and through everything, as the Indian Summer light bathes everything in a golden hue, has been the quiet but powerful influence of such men and women as Deacon Simeon Hart, and Miss Sarah Porter. These pictures, and the list is necessarily incomplete, represent every many activities of life. The loved and respected preachers, the faithful doctors and teachers, the musicians and the public and private characters are all good men and true.

We often wonder if our own generation will be able to fill the places of these worthies. We feel pretty sure they will not in the same way but in other ways, and we all believe that the influence of the really good and unselfish never dies.

*Rev. Noah Porter, D.D.; Rev. Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale University; Miss Sarah Porter.* A town would be counted fortunate which was the birthplace and residence of any one of the above named persons. Farmington is thrice blest. Dr. Porter was born and largely educated in this town, and was gladly called at the age of twenty-five to the pastorate of its church in 1806. The reasons assigned for the call are that "this society, from personal acquaintance with Mr. Noah Porter, Jr., being one of us, and from sufficient experience of his ministerial gifts and qualifications, are satisfied that he is

eminently qualified for the work of the Gospel ministry." Those "gifts and qualifications" were signally shown during the sixty years of his ministry, not only in his church and town, but also throughout the state and denomination.

His son, who was born in 1811, in Farmington, has linked the name of this town with the fame of the great university which is known wherever education and civilization extend. He died in 1892.

*Miss Sarah Porter\**

\*See the article on "Miss Porter's School."

*John Treadwell Norton* was born April 28, 1795, and, like a surprising number of the more distinguished of his townsmen, was descended from one of the settlers known as the "Seven Pillars." While a young man he engaged in mercantile and other business in Albany, amassing for those days a large fortune, and was a president of the New York Central Railroad of that time. Not long after 1830 he removed the little red house of his grandfather, Gov. Treadwell, and, building a new house more retired from the main road, turned acres of waste land into beautiful lawns and gardens. His few leisure hours were largely devoted to the public good. Helping provide a site for Miss Porter's school, and, with the late James Cowles, Esq., establishing the waterpower which brings prosperity to Unionville, were among the enterprises which prospered in his hands. Of commanding presence and address, and of genial manners, he was conspicuous in all assemblies. He died June 13, 1869.

*Edward, son of John T. Norton, Esq.,* was born in Albany, February 12, 1823, and died in this town April 8, 1894. He graduated from Yale College in the class of 1844. After several years of business life in Albany, employed in railroad matters and in stove manufacturing, he returned to his old home in Farmington about 1857. Here he devoted himself to stock raising, especially of alderneys, and established the first creamery of the state. He was an authority on entomology, and rendered valuable assistance to the public library.

*Deacon Simeon Hart* was born in Burlington, Nov. 17, 1795, and graduated at Yale College in the class of 1823. His life's labor was that of a school-teacher, first of district schools, then as principal of the Farmington Academy from 1823 to 1835, and finally until his death, April 30, 1853, as principal of a boarding school for boys. He was a most delightful and successful instructor, honored and revered by all who came under his care. He was also the principal founder and first treasurer of the Farmington Savings Bank. His pet diversion was agriculture, born with his reading of Virgil, and stimulated by the unbounded enthusiasm of his early pupil, Prof. John Pitkin Norton.

*Elijah Lewis* was born in Granby Conn., in 1811, and came to Farmington at the age of 11 years. He was a pupil of Deacon Simeon Hart. For a time he sold clocks in the Adirondacks and Canada during the winter, then was a farmer in this town until his death. He was one of the party in the first canal boat that sailed through the Farmington Canal. The cupboard is still in existence which Mrs. Lewis filled with pies for that memorable occasion.

*Erastus Scott*, the grandson of the grandson of Edmund Scott, one of the settlers of the town, was born Nov. 6 1787. His house still stands on the land belonging to his ancestor Edmund. He was unusually prominent in the public life of the village, filling the offices of First Selectman, First Assessor, Collector of Taxes, and Constable for a long term of years, indeed his patriarchal sway embraced pretty much all matters of public utility. His popularity was unbounded and needed no help from the ways of modern politicians. He was universally known and addressed as Capt. Scott, a title more valued in the olden time than that of any doctorate whether of laws, theology or philosophy. He died June 28, 1873.

\*This sketch written by Mr. Julius Gay appeared in a series of articles in the Farmington Magazine.





REV. NOAH PORTER, D.D.

JOHN TREADWELL NORTON.

MISS SARAH PORTER.

REV. NOAH PORTER, D.D., LL.D.  
President of Yale University.  
EDWARD NORTON.

*Egbert Cowles*, great grandson of the grandson of John Cowles, a first settler of the town, and one of the "Seven Pillars of the church," was born April 4, 1785. He was conspicuous in the public life of the town, long a judge of probate, and filled the offices by which he could be the most useful to his fellow men. A town or society meeting for a long series of years, which did not listen to his addresses of wisdom, was unknown. His knowledge of olden-time life and affairs was exceptional. Closing his eyes, and abstracting himself from all things present, he would pour forth the most minute and vivid account of his early days. The Ecclesiastical Society arranged for an appropriate celebration of his one-hundredth birthday, but he passed away a few months before the arrival of the day.

*Samuel Smith Cowles* was born in Farmington, Dec. 9, 1814. At the age of 17 he began learning the business of a printer in a book publishing concern at Windsor, Vt. In 1837 he was a journeyman printer in Boston. A year later he began to edit and print the "Charter Oak," an anti-slavery paper in Hartford. He returned to his native village in 1843 and after the death of Deacon Simeon Hart, became the treasurer of the Farmington Savings Bank, which prospered greatly under his management. In all public affairs, he was a firm and unwavering defender of what he deemed the right. He died Dec. 5, 1872.

*Dr. Asahel Thompson*, descended from the first settler, Thomas Thompson, one of the "Seven Pillars of the church," was born April 16, 1790, and died May 2, 1866. After graduating at Yale in 1710 he was a private tutor in the family of Lawrence Lewis, Esq., nephew of General Washington, at Woodlawn, Va. In 1815 he studied medicine with Dr. Eli Todd, and was a student in the medical college in New Haven preparatory to his life work as physician of this village. He was conservative in his principles and taste. Dr. Johnson was his model of literary greatness, and President Dwight his admiration in all things.

*Dr. Edward W. Carrington*, a son of Allyn Carrington, was born in the year 1806, in Woodbridge, Conn., whence he came to Farmington in 1826. From then until his death in 1852, he served his town as physician. His portrait was taken from an old miniature and represents Dr. Carrington as he looked when he first came to Farmington.

*Rev. Thomas Kendall Fessenden*, son of Joseph and Sibyl Jane (Holbrook) Fessenden, was born in Brattleboro, Vt.,

Sept. 10, 1813, and graduated at Williams College in 1833. He was pastor of Congregational churches in Norwich Conn., Homer, N. Y., and Ellington, Conn. In his later years he was eminently successful in raising funds for the Industrial School for Girls in Middletown, and for the Hampton Institute in Virginia. He died in this village Jan. 18, 1894, and is buried in the new cemetery, which he had done much to enlarge and beautify.

*Mr. Henry Mygatt*, a descendant of Deacon Joseph Mygatt of Hartford, the immigrating ancestor of the family, was born in Wethersfield, Jan. 27, 1804. Marrying, in 1830, a granddaughter of Capt. Judah Woodruff, the famous builder of this village, he built a house on her ancestral estate just north of the newly erected house of Mr. John T. Norton. Here he died, Jan. 9, 1882. He was a farmer, and especially a horticulturist. His recreation was music. For many years he played the flute in the choir during the days when all manner of orchestral instruments had not given place to the organ.

*Charles L. Whitman* was born May 26, 1827. He and his father for many years kept a tavern in Farmington, in the days when there was much teaming through this town. The place was famous in all the region, partly on account of Mrs. Whitman's excellent pies and cake. When one's ancestors have been among those who serve the public with care and courtesy, it seems to become second nature in the descendants to be very polite. This might explain Mr. Whitman's genial manners, but I am inclined to believe it was more a special goodness of heart. He was also for many years one of the directors of the bank and an appraiser.

*John Edward Cowles* was born November 4, 1819, and died February 22, 1898. *Francis Winthrop Cowles* was born November 13, 1810, and died March 7, 1868. Their father, Martin, kept a drug store, where stands Miss Adgate's summer house, or near there. They spent their lives as well-to-do farmers in this village.

*Major Timothy Cowles* was second son of Col. Isaac Cowles, whose home was where Anson Porter now resides. His brothers were Esquire Horace, Capt. Richard, Solomon, 2d, and Samuel Hooker. The last named was a Yale graduate and died in his young manhood, greatly respected. The business life of Maj. Timothy was passed in farming. He builded the well-known Stone Store which was destroyed by fire July 21, 1864. He also owned the large hotel building, now the place of

the Porter Seminary. Maj. Cowles was a broad minded, large hearted man. Many a poor family would witness to his large benevolence. He loved to see his fellow men prosper in life and gave employment to very many laborers, allowing liberal wages to all. His valuable life closed April 28, 1858, aged 74, and a good man was at rest. The memory of the just is blessed.

*Mr. James Cowles*, son of Elijah Cowles, head of the noted firm of Elijah Cowles & Co., himself one of the wealthiest men of the village, lived at the corner of Main and New Britain Streets. His store was the brick building opposite. In the latter part of his life he moved into the house built by Gen. George Cowles and devoted himself to the development of his large holding of real estate in Unionville, especially of the water-power. He was a successful business man, conservative, caring little for theories and of great practical common sense. He was born April 17, 1795, and died November 20, 1858.

*Mr. James Woodruff Cowles* was a farmer and lived on the ancestral farm on the west side of Main Street half way to Plainville. Here he was born August 13, 1804, and here he died November 16, 1867. He will be remembered by most as one of the musicians of the village. He had a very pleasant tenor voice and led sometimes the choir and sometimes the old folks concert, then a novelty. He was also a frequent debater in the town meeting.

*Thomas Cowles* was son of Zenas Cowles, long years a merchant in the store on the corner of Main Street and road to the railroad depot. He was a graduate of Yale College and added the practice of law to farming. Cowles was a man of fine personal appearance, a ready debater and a fluent speaker. He served in both branches of the General Assembly and was popular with his constituents. At one time he went into business in the State of Ohio, but in a few years returned to his native town, where his later days were passed. His son, Capt. William Sheffield Cowles of the navy, now owns and occupies the *Old Gate* homestead on the corner. The old store building is doing duty as a laundry for the ladies' seminary. Thomas Cowles died October 22, 1884, aged 75 years. Elizabeth Sheffield, his wife, died on the 20th two days before. So in death they were not divided. One funeral for both.

*Royal Andrews* was the fifer for the Putnam Phalanx for between forty and fifty years. He was born November 2, 1807.



DEACON SIMEON HART.  
 EGBERT COWLES.  
 DR. E. W. CARRINGTON.

ELIJAH LEWIS.  
 SAMUEL S. COWLES.  
 REV. T. K. FESSENDEN.

ERASTUS SCOTT.  
 DR. ASAHEL THOMPSON.  
 HENRY MYGATT.

*Deacon William Gay* was for fully twenty-five years a deacon in the church, and for all his active life was one of Farmington's most capable business men. He was president of the savings bank and treasurer of the town through the trying years of the war. He died February 27, 1889, at the age of 84.

*Gen. George Cowles*, was the son of Gen. Solomon Cowles, a colonial officer. The house with pillars, now the residence of James L. Cowles, was built for George by his father, Solomon. For a long time a sign was upon the front of his store then standing where the D. R. Hawley house now is. The sign read: George Cowles, drugs and medicines. The store continued a great many years under his management. Farmington then contained very many military men of high rank in office. It was Col. George Cowles then, afterward a Brigadier, then Major General, the highest office in the militia of the State. The General was greatly respected by his fellow citizens and justly, as indeed, he was a courteous gentleman of the olden time and a very capable military officer. His death occurred January 7, 1860, aged 80 years.

*Augustus Ward* was born December 4, 1811, and died April 6, 1883, son of Comfort and Plumea Ward. He was a merchant in New Britain in its earliest days. Marrying a daughter of Mr. Seth Cowles in 1840, he removed to this village and built a new house on the site of the old Cowles mansion. He was a farmer, but had much to do with the Farmington Savings Bank after its organization in 1851, being one of its most able and efficient directors.

*Deacon Edward Lucas Hart*, nephew of Deacon Simeon, was born in East Haven, December 31, 1813, and died in this town May 15, 1876. He graduated at Yale College in 1836, and after teaching in New Haven and Berlin became associate principal in his uncle's school in this village. He was a successful and inspiring teacher, much beloved by all who were favored by his friendship. He was for many years a director in the Farmington Savings Bank.

*Winthrop Wadsworth* was born in 1812 and was for twenty-seven years first selectman of the Town of Farmington. This is the longest term which has ever been served by any man in the State of Connecticut. He also represented Farmington for six years in the legislature. He died in 1891.

*Dr. Chauncey Brown* was born in Canterbury, Conn. He went to Brown University for one year and then to Union College, whence he was graduated with honor. He was a student of

Greek, reading the Greek Testament with great pleasure during the remainder of his life. From the medical school of Bowdoin he returned to Canterbury. In the last year and a half of the Civil War he was physician and surgeon in one of the hospitals of Washington. He came to Farmington about 1835 and in 1837 married Julia M. Strong. He was a strenuous believer in abstinence from alcoholic drink and also in anti-slavery when both beliefs were unpopular. He died in 1878.

*Leonard Winship*, a cabinetmaker in Farmington for forty-four years, was born in Hartford in 1793 and died in 1872. All the mahogany work of the Congregational Church was done by him. While he was working there a man from Macon, Ga., so much admired the railing and pulpit work that he ordered a similar set for a church in Macon. This order was filled and the work done by Timothy Porter of Farmington. There are many houses in town possessing pieces of furniture made by Mr. Winship of which they are justly proud. The mahogany doors in the A. D. Vorce house were made by him.

*Hon. John Hooker* was born April 19, 1816. His early life was spent in Farmington. While residing in his native town he was ever forward in all enterprises calculated to promote the welfare of society, and the best interest of his fellow men. He died February, 1901.

*Samuel Deming* in his time was one of the staunch citizens of this favored town. His occupation was farming as he had a large landed estate. The building now a postoffice was built by him, and for a period of time he engaged in trade with H. L. Bidwell, the firm being Bidwell & Deming. The building was afterward occupied as a tenement. Mr. Deming was an officer on the staff of Gen. George Cowles (a brother-in-law). He took a lively interest in the affairs of the Mendi Africans, whose school room was the upper portion of his store building. Mr. Deming served at times as magistrate and was a fearless defender of what he considered right. His age at the time of his death was 73 years, which occurred the 28th of April, 1871.

*Austin F. Williams* was born in East Hartford in 1805. Coming to Farmington as a young man he engaged as clerk in the drug store of Gen. George Cowles and was afterward a partner, the firm being Cowles & Williams. When the stone store was completed Williams & Mygatt (Henry Mygatt) occupied it as a general store, stocked with dry goods, groceries and various goods sold in country stores. In after

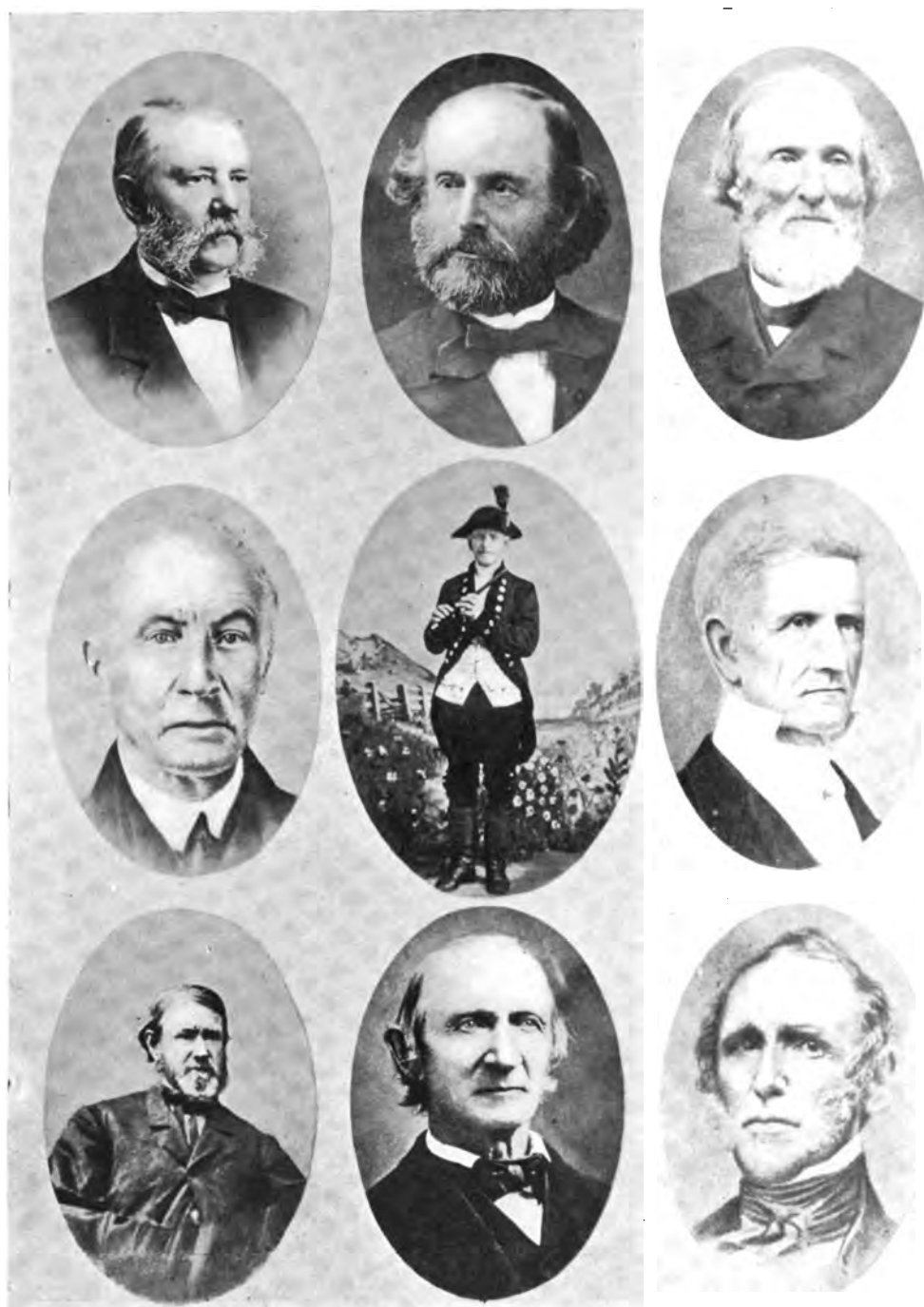
years Mr. Williams started a stone and lumber yard in Plainville. The raging canal was then in operation and canal boats James Hillhouse, No. 1, and Henry Farnam carried passengers, wood and produce to New Haven, loading with groceries and pine lumber on return trips. The stone and lumber yard was on the margin of the canal basin where, near by, was the Timothy Steele Tavern. Mr. Williams was leader of the church choir in Farmington for many years. In 1814 he was very efficient in caring for the Mendi Africans. The business at the stone store was transferred to Cowles & Rowe in 1836, Mr. Williams having organized a company (Williams, Camp & Abbe) and opened a wholesale store for the sale of dry goods in New York city, so several of our former residents left the quiet country place for the activities and bustle of the city. Mr. Williams was in infirm health for a considerable period and died December 18, 1885, at the age of 80 years.

*John S. Rice* was born April 5, 1816, and died May 10, 1885. He had been judge of probate in New Haven and was in the State Legislature before coming to Farmington. None of us can forget Judge Rice, with his long white hair and beard. Walking among the shadows of the large trees near his house, with cloak and cane, one was reminded of the stories of an elderly baron on his estates. I once had some papers drawn up by the Judge about a transfer of property. When I wished to pay, he replied in his large manner, "I am not practicing law now, but I am always happy to be of any assistance to my Farmington friends." He was always active in affairs of the town.

*Hon. Chauncey Rowe*, the subject of this sketch, was born in Farmington, March 17, 1815. Concerning his boyhood days there is little known, but that he attended the common school of the



town and later the "Academy" or Simeon Hart's School must be surmised, as all who knew him are willing to accord him a high place in erudition as



CHARLES L. WHITMAN.  
TIMOTHY COWLES.  
THOMAS COWLES.

JOHN E. COWLES.  
ROYAL ANDREWS.  
WILLIAM GAY.

FRANCIS W. COWLES.  
JAMES W. COWLES.  
JAMES COWLES.



evidenced both in his conversations and writings.

At the age of twenty-one, in the year of 1836, he engaged in business in the "Old Stone Store," formerly standing on the site now occupied by the present Congregational parsonage, with Chauncey Deming Cowles, who subsequently entered the ministry of the Congregational Church. His place was taken by the father of the young divine, the new firm being composed of Mr. Rowe and Major Timothy Cowles. This partnership continued for twenty years and was a particularly pleasant and prosperous business venture.

No better evidence of the popularity and esteem of the young merchant by his fellow townsmen is afforded than the fact that at the age of thirty-two he was chosen to represent his native town in 1847, considered a mark of rare distinction in those days, when so many prominent families had candidates for this position which had been honored by some of the most illustrious names in the history of the State. Speaker Foster of this session was in the United States Senate during the Civil War, and the President of that body during the impeachment trial of President Andrew Johnson. Chas. Chapman was a member from Hartford and William W. Eaton was in the House from Tolland. Mr. Rowe was re-elected in 1848 and again five years afterward in the session of 1853. He further served in the House of 1860 and 1879. He was elected to the Senate in 1854 and was Chairman of the Committee on Education. It can be said of Mr. Rowe that he filled all the positions of legislative trust and responsibility in a faithful, painstaking and judicious manner, winning the friendship, confidence and esteem of his associates, reflecting credit upon himself and honor to the town he so many times represented.

Half a century or more ago Mr. Rowe was identified with that famous military organization known as the Farmington Grenadiers, holding a position as an officer high in command. Its principal duty was to meet on the "Green" on "training day" and there carefully execute the simple manual that had been drilled into the company since its organization, which dated some time before or during the Revolution, and then to march in their inimitable manner through the main street of the town to the music of life and drum, which was played in true old Colonial style, and above which, it has been stated, the officers' commands could not be heard. Finally the Grenadiers disbanded when the number marching was less than the number of officers in command. The rest of the day was given over to sports of various kinds, and eating gingerbread and "training day cakes,"

which were freely offered by numerous vendors. Mr. Rowe was a member of the Harrison Veterans, being one of the oldest representatives of that body, and he took great pride in recalling incidents of that famous "wide awake" campaign. He voted in sixteen Presidential elections, his last vote having been cast for President McKinley.

The Rev. Noah Porter married Chauncey Rowe and Susan Dickenson Oct. 9th, 1839. Mr. Rowe was very domestic in his habits and the family ties and affection were more strongly marked and developed in his character than in that of most men. Two sons, Charles H. and George, were his only children, George dying at the age of 18 years. Charles, who graduated from Yale College in 1862 and the medical department in 1864, was appointed assistant surgeon of the Eighteenth Connecticut, of which ex-Governor P. C. Lounsbury was a member; later he was appointed surgeon of the Seventeenth United States Infantry and was transferred to Texas, where he fell a victim to the yellow fever scourge in Galveston, in September, 1867, at the age of 26 1-2 years. This was so great a blow to the affectionate father that he ever afterward bore the marks of a deep grief, and would be moved to tears in recalling the memory of his soldier son.

The loss of his wife a few years later, added to loss of business, filled his cup of grief and sorrow to overflowing. His mental balance for a time was threatened, but the later years of his life saw his mind and cheerfulness greatly restored, and he was regarded by all his townsmen with a deep and sincere affection. His mind was clear and his steps were active until a week or two before his death, which occurred on Dec. 1st, 1901, at the ripe age of 86 years.

Mr. Rowe had many of the strong traits of character that stamp the New Englander as a man of success. Early thrown upon his own resources he acquired a good education for the time, and reaching his majority formed a partnership and actively undertook the management of a store, and identified himself with the interests of the town. This interest in the town he never relaxed until the day of his death, always ready in town meeting or public place to advocate and uphold whatever he believed to be for its best advantage. During the Civil War he was intensely loyal and patriotic in upholding the strong arm of the Union, and aiding to the best of his abilities the officers of the government in the discharge of their duties; and afterward he actively interested himself in securing funds and erecting in the new cemetery a monument that bears on its sides the names of the battles and the roll of honor of our "soldier dead." It was an occasion

for him, on each recurring anniversary of decoration day, to share his grief with others in making a public address, filled with the great sorrow through which the nation had passed.

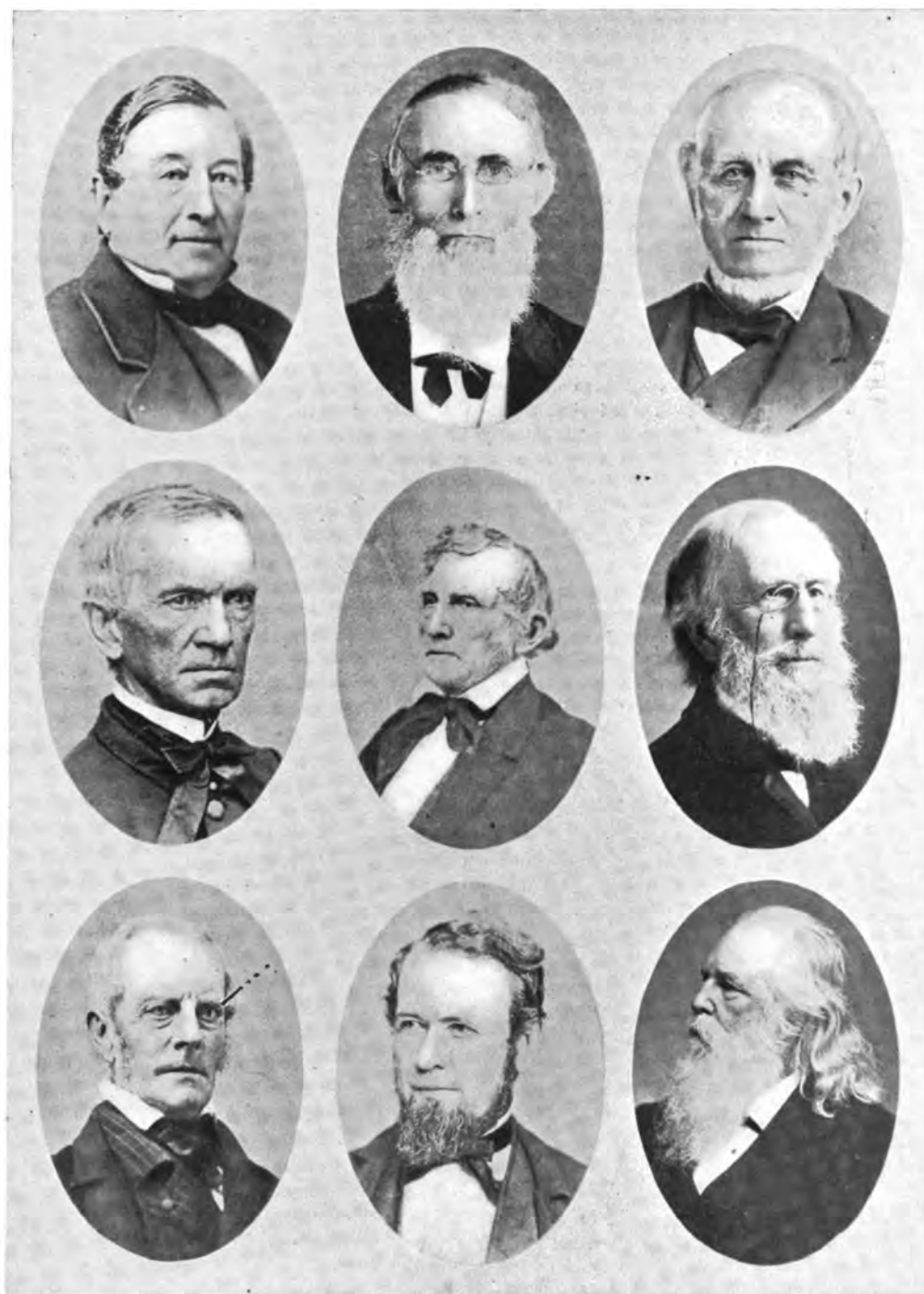
The last years of his life were spent in pleasant walks about the town, making visits on neighbors and in social intercourse with all, who have only the kindest remembrances of their friend and neighbor.—*A. R. Wadsworth in Farmington, Magazine, April, 1892.*

*George Woodruff*, the youngest son of Major Ozem and Martha Scott Woodruff, was born Jan. 23, 1819. He resided all of his life on the farm where his ancestors had lived as far back as the family can be traced. To the sturdy uprightness of character inherited from Puritan ancestors he added a kindness



of spirit that made him beloved by all who knew him. His staunch loyalty to the church of which he was a member and whose services he attended with great regularity during his long life, his pleasant smile and kindly word of greeting to those he met will be long remembered by his friends. He died in 1897.

*Rev. Samuel Hooker*, the second pastor of the Church of Christ in Farmington, was installed in July, 1661, as the successor of his brother-in-law, Rev. Roger Newton, who in September, 1657, had been dismissed with the intention of returning to England. Of the early life of Mr. Hooker an account can be found in *Sibley's Harvard Graduates* as full and accurate as the industry of the learned librarian of Harvard University could obtain; how he studied at that ancient seat of learning, paying his quarter bills in wheat, silver, pork, butter, rose-water, etc., as was the custom of the day; how in November 27, 1654, he was chosen a fellow of the college; how the people of Springfield chose him for their pastor February 7, 1659, which honor he declined; how the year after his settlement here he was appointed by the General Court of Connecticut one of a committee of four persons "to go down to New Haven to



AUGUSTUS WARD.  
DR. CHAUNCEY BROWN.  
SAMUEL DEMING.

EDWARD L. HART.  
LEONARD WINSHIP.  
AUSTIN F. WILLIAMS.

WINTHROP WADSWORTH.  
JOHN HOOKER.  
JOHN S. RICE.

treat with the gentlemen and others of our loving friends there . . . respecting an amicable union of the two colonies"; and how the colony in 1667 granted him 250 acres of land. President Porter in his address of 1840 says: "He was, according to the testimony of Rev. Mr. Pitkin, 'an excellent preacher, his composition good, his address pathetic, warm and engaging,' and as story relates, he informed a friend of his that he had three things to do with his sermons before he delivered them in public, 'to write them, commit them unto his memory, and get them into his heart.' From this notice, and the well-known fact, that his father was famed throughout New England for the force and fire of his pulpit eloquence, we have reason to believe that he was a warm hearted and eloquent preacher. His death was deplored as 'a great breach upon his people,' and his memory was embalmed in the affections of his flock."

Cotton Mather, in his famous *Magnalia*, says "thus we have to this day among us, our dead Hooker yet living in his worthy son, Mr. Samuel Hooker, an able, faithful, useful minister, at Farmington, in the Colony of Connecticut."

The list of the published writings of Mr. Hooker is a brief one. Some of his letters to Rev. Increase Mather and to Rev. James Fitch, from 1676 to 1682 have been printed. Writing to the former at the conclusion of King Philip's War, when the New England mind saw a special providence in every event, he says: "The last report which cometh to me . . . is that a divine hand hath followed those of our enemies who went Albany-ward. Multitudes of them swept away by sickness. . . . At this time a very malignant and dangerous fever is wandering hereabouts. God seemeth not to have finished His controversy with the land." In May, 1677, Mr. Hooker preached the Annual Election Sermon from the text (Hosea 10:12): "For it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you." And the Rev. John Whiting introduces the printed pamphlet to us by an address to the "Christian Reader," declaring "in what awful and tremendous manner the Lord's anger hath of late in special made to appear against his wilderness people, . . . the inhabitants of many villages made to cease even in Israel and some candlesticks removed out of their place," alluding, I suppose, to the death of Gov. Winthrop. Of the long discourse which follows we have room for only a brief specimen, the "Doctrinal Conclusion": "When a sinful people have been chastened, and are still threatened but not destroyed, it is time for them to seek Jehovah till he comes

and rains righteousness upon them; that is, till he, by the efficacy of his almighty spirit, makes them a believing, sanctified people." To which he adds: "If God rain not righteousness on you, it may be expected that he will rain something else. Seek this gentle rain that the storm of his wrath fall not on you." In May, 1693, Mr. Hooker preached another Election Sermon which the General Court ordered printed "for the people's good." They twice repeated the order at subsequent sessions, but no copies of it have come down to us. We hear of him not unfrequently on committees and at meetings of his brother ministers for matters of public interest. In the witchcraft case of Ann Cole he was called in as a consulting divine, just as our material age in such matters would call in a consulting physician. He does not appear, however, to have been in any way responsible for the tragic ending of the case.

To this writing of sermons and attention to public affairs was added the labor of presiding at endless church meetings, and the recording of the interminable discussions of things now left to other hands. Petty financial matters were tediously disposed of. The town built meeting-houses and paid the minister, but small charges fell to the church. A peck of wheat from each member paid the expense of the communion table, which might be commuted into sixpence in coin or threepence for "brethren whose wives come not to the Supper." Much time was wasted on that obstinate, crochety, good man, Simon Wrothum, who made more trouble than forty out and out wicked men. John Woodruff, borrowing without formal leave some small matters, is accused of stealing, and retorts with a charge of lying, and the church votes that John did not "err or speak false in this." Meeting after meeting sat upon the matter until both parties made due apology. An era of good feeling suddenly set in, and other parties signed a confession concerning other matters to be read the next Sunday; but, alas! human nature is weak, and before Sunday came they privately requested Mr. Hooker not to read it. Page after page of Mr. Hooker's record is taken up with the case of "Goody Rew," who having committed a certain offence, is summoned before the church, not so much because of her offence, as because, not clothing herself in appropriate sackcloth and ashes, she had braved the matter out in gorgeous apparel offensive to Puritan taste. Inquisitive neighbors bore testimony that they had seen two tailors in her house working on a stuff samar. Sewing societies and lesser tribunals for the discussion of social matters had not arisen. Every village quarrel was referred to the

church meeting, and a lengthy code for their decent hearing and settlement was spread on the record. The propriety of the minister taking the guilty brother before a town meeting and compelling a confession was considered, together with the course to be pursued should the town decline to grant a hearing. Such were the labors required of the pastor of the olden time, for which the wisdom of Solomon would have been none too great. By the prudence of Mr. Hooker, and to the honor of our worthy ancestors, the record is not stained with certain numerous cases found on the records of the early churches, fostered by the publicity given them.

On the 22d of September, 1658, three years before his settlement here, he was married to Mary, eldest daughter of Capt. Thomas Willett, a man of note in the early history of Massachusetts, and who was afterward the first mayor of New York city. A very interesting character this Capt. Thomas Willett, of whom we have space only to quote from his epitaph;

"Here lies grand Willett, whose  
good name  
Did mount upon the wings of Fame;  
Now he's hence gone to his long  
home,  
And taken from the ill to come:  
Lived here desired, lamented died,  
Is with his Saviour glorified."

Of his wife, Mistress Mary Willett, the same poet informs us:

"Yea, Venus, Pallas, Diana, and the  
Graces  
Compared with her should all have  
lost their places."

The church over which Mr. Hooker was installed in 1661 was formed nine years before, in 1652, by his brother-in-law, Rev. Roger Newton, and six other pious men, known as the "Seven Pillars" of the church. On the first of March, 1680, the church record shows a membership of fifty-seven. Some of these, no doubt, were attracted hither by our broad, fertile meadows, but many had been members of the church of the Rev. Thomas Hooker in Hartford. After his death, when differences arose, some of the church had gone with Elder William Goodwin to Hadley, and at length had followed him to this town to sit under the ministry of the son of their beloved pastor. Here died Elder Goodwin; and here, after a pastorate of thirty-six years, died the Rev. Samuel Hooker, as the record reads, "on the sixth day of November about one of the clock in the morning, A. D. 1697," at the age of about sixty-four years, and was buried in the ancient burial ground,



PROPERTY OF MRS. T. A. FINNEGAN.



THE RICHARD GAY PLACE.



RESIDENCE OF HUGH CHESNEY.

probably at the spot where the veneration and affection of his descendants dedicated a monument to his memory. June 19th, 1895.

His house stood on the east side of the main street, a little north of the point at which the road to the railroad station branches off to the right.

*Thomas Bull* one of the early settlers of Farmington was born in Hartford about the year 1647. He was a son of Captain Thomas Bull famous in Colonial history as the commander of the Connecticut troops at Saybrook when Sir Edmund Andross attempted to read his commission as royal governor; he, on learning that the Captain's name was Bull, said: "It is a pity that your horns are not tipped with silver." Thomas the younger was one of the early deacons of the church and lived on the east side of the road which diverges from Farmington main street a little south of the church and which was in his time known as "the little back-lane." He was a farmer, blacksmith, gunsmith and shoer of horses. His account book gives a list of all sorts of work in iron done by him, from hardware for the meeting house and the fittings of the village stocks, to work for his townsmen on carts, plows, axes and all the primitive appliances of early agriculture. He had his full share in the dignities and honors of public life, and was by turns constable, collector, town clerk, selectman, assessor and school committee. Twice he represented the town in the General Assembly. His marriage with Esther, the daughter of the first John Cowles, is interesting as illustrating the matrimonial customs of the day. The court record is as follows:

"Benjamin Waite having publicly protested against Thomas Bull Junr. and Hester Cowles alias Cole their proceedings in reference to marriage and manifested his desire that authority would not marry or any way contract in order to marry them the said Thomas and Hester. The Court desires the said Waite that he would manifest his reasons to them and produce his proofs of any right or claim that he hath to the said Hester Cole, but he refused to attend any such thing at this time. The Court did therefore declare to the said Benjamin Waite that they did not judge it reasonable to restrain Thomas Bull and Hester Cole from marriage till Sept. next and therefore if the said Waite does not make good his claim and prosecute to effect between this and the 7th of April next they will not longer deny them the said Thomas and Hester marriage."

Benjamin and Hester had both been residents of Hatfield where her father spent the last years of his life, but the

preferences of the young had little weight with the stern parent or the solemn magistrate. Esther was duly married to Thomas April 17th, 1669, and Benjamin consoled himself with Martha Leonard in June, 1670. We can only guess at the thoughts of Esther as tidings came from time to time to the quiet home of the village blacksmith of the brilliant military exploits of her former lover, rescuing his Hatfield friends and relatives from their Indian captors in Canada after the massacre of 1677, and finally sacrificing his life in the vain attempt to save Deerfield from destruction in the terrible days of 1704. Esther died in 1691 at the comparatively early age of 42, and Deacon Bull soon after married Mary, widow of Captain William Lewis and eldest daughter of Ezekiel Cheever the famous school-master of New England. He died in 1707 or 1708, leaving behind him a numerous family of young Bulls to continue the family name and honors.

*Anthony Howkins* of whom the writer is a lineal descendant, recorded his house lot in Farmington in May, 1661. It contained two acres, situated on Poke Brook on the south side of the road to Hartford, and was therefore nearly opposite the site of the future residence of Gov. Treadwell. He was one of the nineteen "truly and well beloved petitioners" to whom his majesty Charles II. granted the charter of Connecticut. His life was spent for the most part in the public service. From 1645 to 1649 he was frequently on the jury at Hartford. From 1657 to 1665 a Deputy to the General Court, and from 1666 to 1673, an Assistant, offices corresponding to our representative and senator. He was early a resident of Windsor, but must have settled in Farmington before May 17, 1660, when he was appointed a grand juror for this town. He was also a commissioner for Farmington, a convenient office established to relieve the burden of the County Court, having power to determine any action to the value of forty shillings, and to do any miscellaneous business committed to it by a higher tribunal. To the commissioner in particular was allotted the punishment of Indians found walking up and down and buying liquor "after the day light shutting in." A matter of twenty shillings and a severe whipping of six stripes at least. He was particularly empowered to distribute the money to be paid yearly by the Indians who had been guilty of firing houses, but as they never paid any, his labors must have been light. As a reward for all these numerous public services he was granted by the Colony four hundred acres of land. He died "February the last 1673 . . . stricken in

years," leaving his "body to a comely burial in the common burial place in Farmington." He left three children by his first wife and three by his widow Ann, daughter of Gov. Thomas Welles. Dr. Stiles in his history of Windsor, marries him to Isabel Brown during the lifetime of his second wife Ann, to the great botheration of genealogists. All such laborious people can find of record that Anthony Hoskins, now Howkins, married the fair Isabel.

*Dr. Daniel Porter*, known in all the country round as "that skillful chiurgeon," but more commonly spoken of as Daniel Porter, bone-setter, on his coming among us bought of Thomas Upson a house and lot at the south end of the village street, near the site of the brick building only recently degraded from its dignity as the South School House. He records his possessions in January, 1655, as "One parcel of land on which his dwelling house now standeth, with yards or gardens therein being, which he bought of Thomas Upson, containing by estimation six acres be it more or less, abutting on the highway on the east, and on Thomas Upson's land on the south and on the west, and on John Lankton's land on the north." In October of the same year the General Court, sitting at Hartford, ordered "that Danniell Porter shall bee allowed and paid out of the publique Treasury, as a sallary for the next ensuing yeare, the sum of six pounds; and six shillings a journey to each Towne uppon the River, to exercise his arte of Chiurgerie." So greatly were his services valued that in 1668 he was "freed from watching, warding and training," that he might be always in readiness in any sudden emergency to exercise his skill upon the broken bones of the colony. In 1671 the Court further decreed that "For the encouragement of Daniel Porter in attending the service of the country in setting bones &c, the Court do hereby augment his salary from six pounds a year to twelve pounds per annum, and do advise him to instruct some meet person in his arte." Lest the salary of twelve pounds and his fee of six shillings for each visit to the river towns should not suffice for his honorable support, the "Court grants Daniel Porter one hundred acres of land, provided he take it up where it does not prejudice any former grant or plantation." This grant was unfortunately selected near the northwest corner of Wallingford and so proved to be out of the jurisdiction of the court. His grandchildren subsequently exchanged it for one hundred acres west of the Housatonic River. It mattered little so long as land continued the most plentiful of all kinds of estate. Moreover Dr. Porter was one





RESIDENCE OF ERASTUS GAY.



THE OLD GLEASON HOUSE.



RESIDENCE OF NELSON O. KEYS.



RESIDENCE OF B. C. MAXWELL.

of the famous Eighty-four proprietors and regularly received his share in each division of the reserved lands. The relative values of professional services of the day, especially of those rendered in military expeditions, appear in a decree of 1676, wherein "The Council did grant that a minister's pay shall be twenty-five shillings per week; a chiurgeon's pay shall be sixteen shillings per week," nor need we think the ministerial pay out of all reasonable proportion. Whatever we may think of the spiritual value of the preacher's labors, on the eve of battle the inspiring words of him who stood forth as the vicegerent of Heaven were beyond all price.

The doctor left five sons, three of whom were physicians. The eldest son, Daniel, removed to Waterbury and was the second person of five successive generations known as Dr. Daniel Porter—father, son, grandson, great grandson and nephew of great grandson. He died near the end of the administration

of Sir Edmund Andross and so left us no will or inventory to shed light on his character and surroundings. Scarcely anyone at that time left estate or will to enrich the royal governor with probate fees. They divided their accumulations while living, a desirable course in many ways. His youngest son, Samuel, remained in his native village and was styled in the records, "Samuel Porter, Doctor of ye town of Farmington."

*John Steele*, the first town clerk of Farmington, spent the last years of his life in this village and here died February 27, 1664. The earlier and more active part of his life was in Hartford, though he owned a house and lot here a little north of the site of the Savings Bank from January 1655 until his death. He left it to his son Samuel, calling it a tenement house. He was a resident of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1635, and in the autumn of that year came to

Hartford with Rev. Thomas Hooker and his church. He was the Secretary of the Colony from 1636 to 1639, Recorder of Hartford for twenty years and Deputy to the General Court twenty-three years.

His very peculiar handwriting is conspicuous on our town and church records. He begins the latter with the entry of the formation of the church by its original seven members October 13, 1652, and adds "About one month after, myself (John Steele) joined with them." The inventory of his estate attested before Mr. Howkins shows the very modest sum of £182, as the savings of a long life of public service. A few items in his will would interest the modern collector. A "silver bowl, which was mine own, marked with three silver stamps and one S, all on the upper end of the bowl," and the one silver spoon given to each child. The three silver stamps were probably hall marks and the S the initial of the family name.

### "AULD LANG SYNE"



L. F. DORMAN AND J. H. ANDREWS.



RESIDENCE OF CHARLES N. LEE.



RESIDENCE OF HENRY MARTIN COWLES.



THE TOWN HALL AND LIBRARY.



MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH.



THE TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE.



POST OFFICE AND F. L. SCOTT'S STORE.



MAIN STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.

## FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT,



RESIDENCE OF CHARLES W. RUIC.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN H. HART.



RESIDENCE OF EDWARD D. GRANT.



CONGREGATIONAL PARSONAGE, RESIDENCE OF REV. QUINCY BLAKLEY.





RESIDENCE OF EDWARD H. DEMING.



"INGLESIDE," RESIDENCE OF F. L. SCOTT.



RESIDENCE OF SAMUEL P. DICKINSON.



RESIDENCE OF DAVID R. HAWLEY.



RESIDENCE OF HENRY DAVIS.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. A. D. VORCE.



PROPERTY OF H. W. BARBOUR.

RESIDENCE OF FRED H. HOTCHKISS AND CHARLES E. HOTCHKISS.



## Early Industries of Farmington.\*



**T**HE first settlers of this village came from Hartford probably along the same path and through the same notch in the mountain we still use. Finding further progress westward interrupted by the river, they turned southward and built their first houses where runs the Main street of to-day. To each settler was allotted a strip of land about two hundred feet wide, bounded on the east by the mountain and on the west by the river. When their numbers increased, and their flocks and herds required ampler accommodation, they made use of the meadows and forest to the westward, enclosing them with a strong fence and a deep ditch, remains of the latter of which may still be traced from Avon southward through the Pine Woods nearly to Plainville. This fence kept their flocks from losing themselves in the forest, and was thought a sufficient bar against wolves, which do not easily climb an obstruction.

Here in much peace and contentment they lived the laborious lives of early settlers. Let us see what can be learned of their industries and daily life for the first sixty years of their residence. During this period forty-five, out of a much larger number who died, left estates minutely inventoried by the courts of the day. These inventories, showing all a man's possessions, from his farm down to his smallest article of clothing, give us about all the information of his daily life and habits we possess.

They were all farmers, every one of them. The minister was the biggest farmer of them all. To him was allotted a double portion of land. The Rev. Roger Newton removed early and died elsewhere, but his successor, the Rev. Samuel Hooker, dying here in 1697, left a farm valued at £440, many horses, cattle, and sheep in his pastures, much wheat, rye, corn, and barley in his granary, and already sowed for the next year's crop, with abundant husbandry tools for the prosecution of this industry. With two sermons, not of the shortest, to write every week, and another for lecture day, with an occasional election sermon, and much public work in the colony, he must have been a laborious man. His estate, with the ex-

ception of that of Mr. John Wadsworth, was the largest inventoried before 1700.

The work of the farm was done largely by oxen. Almost every farmer owned a yoke, but none more than two, so far as can be learned. Horses were about twice as numerous as oxen, and were also used in the cultivation of land, as the inventory of their tackling proves. Every man had a cow or two but no large herds. John Hart, burned in his house in 1666, left six, as also did Nathaniel Kellogg, dying in 1657, but one and two were the common number. Sheep were held a necessity on every farm to furnish warm clothing in the long New England winter. John Orton, dying in 1695, left a flock of twenty-two, but the average number was ten. Swine were numerous. John Cowles' estate had thirty-eight. The average for a farmer was fifteen. A few hives of bees usually closed the list. Farming implements were much as we knew them fifty years ago, before the day of horse rakes and mowing machines, only a ruder construction. They had fans but no fanning-mills, trusting to the winds of heaven to winnow the grain from the chaff as in biblical times. Their carts and plows were home-made and so rudely built that the appraiser frequently estimated the value of the iron parts only. Josselyn in his "Two Voyages to New England," printed in 1673, advises the planter to buy his cart-wheels in England for fourteen shillings rather than trust to colonial workmanship. Certain tools were then common which some of us remember to have seen in our boyhood, long unused. There was the heavy and cumbersome brake for breaking flax, the wooden swingling knife for continuing the process, and the hetchel. Wood cards were also common. After flax wheat was the most important crop, and rye was raised when the exhausted land would no longer bear wheat. Misen, or a mixture of wheat and rye, was often sowed in the hope that one or the other grain might thrive. Barley was raised for the manufacture of malt, and we find even oats used for this purpose. It took the Englishman several generations to learn that he could live without beer. Wood, in his "New England's Prospect,"

printed in 1634, gives his English view of the matter. "Every family," he says, "having a spring of sweet waters betwixt them, which is far different from the waters of England, being not so sharp, but of a fatter substance, and of a more jetty color; it is thought there can be no better water in the world, yet dare I not prefer it before good beer as some have done." After the multiplication of apple orchards, cider largely took the place of beer. John Hart had a cider press in 1666 and Capt. William Lewis in 1690 had not only a cider mill but a malt mill, a still, and a supply of malt and hops. John Bronson in 1680 had ten barrels of cider in his cellar valued at four pounds. Potatoes are not named. Probably none of the settlers had ever seen one. Peas and beans were common, but by far the largest crop was Indian corn. Corn was the first eatable thing which the starving Pilgrims could find after they left Plymouth Rock. The friendly Tisquantum showed them how to raise it. "Also he told them except they get fish and set with it (in these old grounds) it would come to nothing, and he showed them that in the middle of April they should have store enough come up the brook by which they began to build." So says Gov. Bradford in his history. Other Indian advice was to place in each hill a shad, a few kernels of corn, and a few beans. The shad was for manure, and the cornstalks formed in good time sufficient poles for the bean vines to climb. The savage meanwhile retiring to the sunny side of his wigwam trusted the rest to all bountiful nature, with a little assistance from his squaw. Other things the settlers soon learned. Of the blackbirds which soon pulled up their corn, Roger Williams writing in 1643 says, "Of this sort there be millions, which be great devourers of the Indian corn, as soon as it appears above the ground. Against these birds the Indians are very careful both to set their corn deep enough, that it may have a strong root, not so apt to be plucked up (yet not too deep, lest they bury it, and it never come up); as also they put up little watch houses in the middle of their fields, in which they or their biggest children lodge, and,

## FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT,



PROPERTY OF JESSE MOORE--RESIDENCE OF HAROLD W. DOUGLAS.



PROPERTY OF MRS. G. V. LYON--RESIDENCE OF J. C. BUSHNELL.



THE ANSON PORTER PLACE.



RESIDENCE OF HENRY O. WILCOX.



SHOP OF H. O. WILCOX.



RESIDENCE OF JESSE J. BROADBENT.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. MARY CARROLL AND MRS. SHELDON RICE.





early in the morning, prevent the birds from devouring the corn." As for the crow, he says, "These birds, although they do the corn some hurt, yet scarce will one native amongst an hundred kill them, because they have a tradition, that the crow brought them at first an Indian grain of corn in one ear, and an Indian or French bean in another, from the great God Cawtantowwit's field in the southwest, from whence they hold came all their corn and beans." In 1694 the town offered a reward of two pence for crows and one shilling the dozen for blackbirds. In Hartford, in 1707, it was held the duty of every good citizen to kill one dozen blackbirds each year, or pay a fine of one shilling. If he killed more than a dozen he was entitled to one penny for each bird. From that time to this many bounties have been paid and much powder burned, but the crow is still with us, and his morning voice is still heard as he wings his daily flight from the mountain to the meadow. The most troublesome animals the farmer had to contend with, were the wolves which, roaming by night in packs of ten or a dozen, with dreadful cries, devoured sheep, calves, and the smaller animals. From a stray leaf of the town accounts we learn that in 1718 Ebenezer Barnes, Stephen Hart, Samuel Scott, and Matthew Woodruff were each paid six shillings and eight pence for killing wolves. They were mostly killed in pits into which they were enticed by bait placed over the concealed mouth of the pit. They were poor climbers, and once in the pit their fate was sure. The road running from the eighth milestone southward from the Hartford road has, since 1747, and I know not how much longer, been known as the Wolf Pit road, and certain depressions in the ground used to be shown to credulous boys as the ancient wolf pits. Another very common method of destroying these animals Josselyn tells us in his "New England's Rarities" of 1672. "The wolf," he says, "is very numerous, and go in companies, sometimes ten, twenty, or fewer, and so cunning, that seldom any are killed with guns or traps; but of late they have invented a way to destroy them by binding four mackerel hooks across with a brown thread, and then, wrapping some wool about them, they dip them in melted tallow till it be as round and big as an egg; these (when any beast has been killed by the wolves) they scatter by the dead carcass after they have beaten off the wolves; about midnight the wolves are sure to return again to the place where they left the slaughtered beast, and the first thing they venture upon will be these balls of fat." Bears were frequently met with, but they made the farmers very little trouble, and were esteemed a good-natured animal, except

when defending their young. The town paid for killing panthers in 1718 and in 1726, and probably in other years. In 1768 a bounty of three shillings was offered for wildcats, and on the 30th day of May, 1773, the town paid three shillings to Noah Hart for a wildcat, and the same day paid one shilling to John Newell, Jr., "for putting a strolling fellow in the stocks," wildcats and tramps being held in like estimation. One other animal the settlers feared more than all the others put together. It spared neither man nor beast, and its midnight roar was not a cheerful sound to the lonely settler. All over New England they called it a lion, with about as much knowledge of natural history as Nick Bottom, who held "a lion is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living." Wood, in his "New England's Prospect," says, "concerning lions, I will not say that I ever saw any myself, but some affirm that they have seen a lion at Cape Anne . . . some likewise, being lost in the woods, have heard such terrible roarings, as have made them much aghast; which must be devils or lions there being no other creatures which use to roar saving bears, which have not such a terrible kind of roaring." Sundry localities were named after the beast. A Lion's Hollow westward of the road to Plainville, and a Lion's Hole eastward of the road to Kensington were frequently mentioned in old deeds. A Lion's Hole near Dead Swamp is mentioned in 1686, and one, hardly the same, in 1705 on the Great Plain. The animal was without much doubt a catamount. If you have ever seen the bronze figure of this beast standing on its granite pedestal in front of the site of the old Catamount Tavern in Bennington, Vermont, "grinning towards New York," you will not wonder at its unpleasant reputation.

Early in the history of this village, as in all new settlements, it became necessary for some of the farmers to engage in other industries essential to civilized life. The goodman could prepare wool and flax for the wheel of the goodwife, but not everyone possessed a loom, or knew how to use it. Joseph Bird and his sons, Joseph, Samuel, and Thomas, living on Bird Hill, on the Hartford road, were all weavers before 1700. Simon Wrothum, a man conspicuous for his want of sympathy with the religious views of his townsmen, was also a weaver. Sergeant Stephen Hart, son of Deacon Stephen, had "looms, sleys, reeds, and other weaving tools," valued at £5-2s. Sergeant John Clark, who died in the Canada Expedition of 1709 had a coverlet of John Root's weaving, valued at

18 shillings. The latter was known as "John Root, weaver," as early as 1699. Samuel North, dying in 1682, left "A loom and tools belonging to it," valued at three pounds. Here, surely, were weavers enough to supply all reasonable requirements of the little village. Probably the goodwife of the settler fashioned the products of these many looms into substantial clothing, but, as early as 1697, Deacon Thomas Porter, son of the first Thomas, came to be known as "Thomas Porter, tailor." His house stood near the site of that of Judge E. H. Deming, and here the young men who desired something more stylish than home-made garments doubtless repaired. We regret our inability to describe the fashions of his shop. An inventory of the wardrobe of a respectable farmer of the day must suffice. Sergeant John Clark had four coats, one of kersey, one of serge, a cape-coat, lined, and an old coat. Of waistcoats he had a blue and a serge. His breeches were severally of drugget, serge, and leather. He had a hat of castor beaver, two fringed muslin neckcloths, two pairs of gloves, and two speckled shirts. Further it is unnecessary to go. Five men, besides the minister, wore broadcloth,—John Judd, son of William; Samuel Cowles, who, besides two broadcloth coats, valued at six pounds, had a damask vest and four pairs of silver buttons; Capt. John Stanley, who had a straight broadcloth coat of a sad color; Samuel Gridley, who also carried a silverheaded cane, and his son, Samuel, who had two coats, each three times as valuable as his father's, and silver buttons and buckles to match. The tide of luxury so deeply deplored by Gov. Treadwell years afterward had already set in. Samuel Langdon, son of Deacon Langdon, removing to Northampton and carrying thither the luxurious habits of his native village, was with divers persons "presented by the grand jury to the court at Northampton, March 26, 1676, for wearing of silk, and that in a flaunting manner, and others for long hair and other extravagances contrary to honest and sober order and demeanor, not becoming a wilderness state, at least the profession of Christianity and religion." Mr. Langdon made his peace with the court by paying the clerk's fee, 2 shillings and 6 pence.

Samuel Woodruff, son of Matthew the immigrant, was the village shoemaker, commonly known as "Samuel Woodruff, cordwainer." About 1700 he removed to Southington, and tradition calls him its first white inhabitant. John Newell, son of Thomas the immigrant, was another shoemaker. He removed to Waterbury with those who



RESIDENCE OF CHARLES A. RISLEY.



RESIDENCE OF EDWARD H. DORMAN.



RESIDENCE OF THOS. H. RISLEY.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. AUGUST BITTNER



RESIDENCE OF CHARLES STANLEY MASON, JR.



RESIDENCE OF C. AND N. SCOTT.



RESIDENCE OF GEORGE B. MILLS.



RESIDENCE OF FRANK B. HOTCHKISS.



"THE OLD WATERING TROUGH."

went from this village, but returned, and died unmarried in 1696. His inventory shows: "Shoe leather, lasts, and shoemaker's gears," valued at 19 shillings, 9 pence. Benjamin Judd, son of Deacon Thomas, dying in 1698, left "Leather and shoemaker's tools to the value of one pound and six shillings." Jobanna Smith, who was killed in the "Falls Fight" of May 19, 1676, was the village cooper, and, after him, John Stedman and Samuel Bronson. Daniel Merrills was a tanner, and Joseph Hawley had a tan-yard. Thomas Lee, son of the first John, was described in the deed of David Lee of Northampton, weaver, as "Thomas Lee his brother, mason and bricklayer of Farmington," in 1697. Joiners must have been important members of the community, but I know of no one distinctly classed as such. Thomas Thomson the immigrant, a brother of Samuel Thomson, stationer, of London, dying in 1655, left "tools for a carpenter and other small implements," valued at 5 pounds, 1 shilling. Richard Bronson, in 1687, left a full set of carpenter's tools. Deacon John Langdon left a set in 1689. William Hooker, son of Rev. Samuel Hooker, left a "turning lathe, with saws and other tools, for turning and joiner's work." He was a merchant, and these may have been a part of his goods. John Bronson and John Warner had each a pit saw,—useful tools before saw-mills could be built.

The Gridleys were the blacksmiths of the village. Samuel, son of the first Thomas, lived near where now stands the house of the late Egbert Cowles, Esq., and his shop was in the highway, as was the custom. Dying in 1712, his son Thomas succeeded to his trade, and was known as "Thomas Gridley, smith," to distinguish him from other Thomas Gridleys. His house, given him by his father in 1704, was on Bird's Hill, on the north side of the road to Hartford. The tools inventoried "in ye smith's shop" of Samuel Gridley were pretty much what you would find in a country forge of to-day. Mr. Gridley was also a merchant, and the long inventory of his estate is interesting as showing the evolution of the early country shopkeeper. Silver coin was scarce. Capt. William Lewis had, by his inventory, two pounds and four shillings; John Wadsworth, two pounds six shillings; John Newell, three pieces of eight, that is, fifteen shillings, and John Clark a sum not separately appraised; and if others had any, it was not specifically mentioned. Nathaniel Kellogg had wampum valued, in 1657, at two pounds. Everyone accepted in payment such goods and valu-

ables as the debtor had to offer. Hence Mr. Gridley, as he perceived his goods increase, opened a shop for their sale. Of such wares he had accumulated 3 beaver skins, and the skins of 16 raccoons, 3 foxes, 5 wildcats, 1 bear, 1 deer, 7 musquashes, and 2 minks. Of his own handiwork, besides other iron ware, he sold nails, not by the pound but by count. There were 2,300 four-penny nails, 2,350 six-penny, 1,900 eight-penny, and 200 hob-nails. In addition to the goods he made or got in payment for work, his business came, in time, to embrace anything the farmer needed, from carts, harnesses, and scythes to jack-knives and catechisms. Here the ladies could procure calicoes, crapes, muslins, laces, ribbons, thimbles, thread, knitting-pins, combs, and fans, or could stock their pantries with all manner of shining pewter. Here, too, the hunter found powder, flints, and bullets. John Wadsworth, dying in 1689, son of the first William, besides a large farm, had a shop containing goods not specifically enumerated, but valued at 87 pounds. He had also a cold still, an alembic, and sundry gallipots. Perhaps he combined the business of a druggist with other industries. He was probably the wealthiest man of the village. He left a library valued at £17-14s-4d. His house stood a little south of where now lives Judge E. H. Deming. William Hooker, son of Rev. Samuel Hooker, lived on the west side of Main street, on the corner where the road turns off to the railroad station, and was also a shopkeeper. His business, judging from the inventory of his goods, must have been largely in hardware, such as brass kettles, warming-pans, pewter of all sorts, including 10 pewter tankards, 5 dozen pewter spoons, and 3½ dozen ocomy (that is alchemy) spoons. Farming, however, was his principal occupation. Roger Hooker, another son of Rev. Samuel Hooker, was also a merchant, and, dying in 1698, left as great a variety of goods as you will find in the country store of to-day, and some other things from a very valuable lot of bear skins, deer skins, and moose skins, down to fish-hooks and jewsharps. The jewsharp was the only instrument of music I find inventoried in a Farmington house, and was one of the three allowed in the Blue Laws fabricated by the Rev. Samuel Peters. The drum, I suppose, was town property, and was beaten by John Judd, drummer, at a regular salary. A little later, in 1718, four other men were each paid 13 shillings 4 pence for drumming. The three New England methods of calling the worshippers to the meeting-house were by the conch shell, the

drum, and the bell. We had at this period reached the second stage of development,—the drum. According to an old hymn,

"New England Sabbath day  
Is heaven-like, still, and pure,  
When Israel walks the way  
Up to the temple's door.  
The time we tell  
When there to come  
By beat of drum  
Or sounding shell."

Another industry, mostly speculative, absorbed much time and attention,—the search for valuable ores and the previous metals. In 1651 the General Court authorized John Winthrop, afterwards the sixth Governor of Connecticut, to search for mines and minerals, and set up works for operating the mines when found. His success, especially with the iron works at New Haven, was sufficient to encourage every land-owner here to believe untold wealth was just within reach. Deeds of land frequently appear upon our records reserving precious metals should such be discovered. The town committee, in 1712, leased to William Partridge and Jonathan Belcher, for eight years, "all mines and minerals, . . . iron mines only excepted, already found out and discovered and hereafter to be found and discovered." Two years later eight individuals lease to New York merchants the right to dig for "oar of Lead or other sort of mettle whatsoever," for sixty years. The mineral mostly sought hereabouts was black lead. John Oldham, afterwards murdered by the Indians, traveling through Connecticut in 1633, brought back "some black lead ore, of which the Indians said there was a whole quarry." In 1657 the Tunxis Indians sold to William Lewis and Samuel Steele "the hill from whence John Standly and John Andrews brought the black lead, and all the land within eight miles of that hill on every side." The sale of this hill was confirmed by deed of Pethuzo and Toxeronnock in 1714. This famous hill, with all its treasure, has disappeared from view as completely as the fabled island of Atlantis, often sought, never found. The Rev. R. M. Chipman, in his "History of Harwinton," is authority for the statement that sundry citizens of that town and vicinity, to the number of five hundred, headed by three venerable clergymen, on a day appointed, repaired to the woods supposed to contain the black lead, and, forming a long line, marched all day after the manner of beating the woods for game, to make sure of the discovery of the



THE LUCIAN HILLS PLACE- RESIDENCE OF FRANK B. TEACHMAN.



RESIDENCE OF BURDETTE ALDERMAN.



RESIDENCE OF WILLIS P. DAVIS.



RESIDENCE OF E. F. DAVIS.



RESIDENCE OF M. HANSON.





"THE MAPLES"—FORMERLY THE JAMES W. COWLES PLACE—RESIDENCE OF GUSTAVUS COWLES.



THE JOHN D. HILLS PLACE—RESIDENCE OF FRANK W. RIVERS AND F. L. SILVERNAIL.



THE CHARLES HILLS PLACE—RESIDENCE OF OSCAR LITKE.

black lead by some of their number. Whether the story had some foundation, or was merely the joke of a minister on his clerical brethren, does not appear, but the black lead is still undiscovered.

One of the most necessary institutions in a new settlement is the mill, saw-mills to provide lumber for houses, and grist-mills to grind the wheat and corn. Sometime during the first ten years of the village, John Bronson set up a mill on the brook thereafter known as the Mill Brook, and subsequently as the Fulling Mill Brook, and which, running down the mountain, crosses Main Street just north of the house of the late Egbert Cowles, Esq. Before 1650 he had sold it to Deacon Stephen Hart, who described the premises as "one parcel on which a mill standeth with a swamp adjoining to it in which the mill water cometh and containeth all the land that the country gave to John Bronson there, except the house lot." It was probably a saw-mill. In a grant of 1687 we hear of the Upper Saw-Mill Pond. Deacon Stephen Hart gave the mill in his lifetime to his three sons, John, Stephen, and Thomas. In 1712 the town "granted unto John Bronson liberty to build a fulling mill upon the brook that cometh down the mountain by Jonathan Smith's, and also the improvement of so much land as is necessary to set a mill upon, and for damming in any place between Jonathan Smith's lot and John Hart's, provided he do not damnify the cart way." In 1778 the town gave Solomon Cowles, Thomas Cowles, Isaac Bidwell, Amos Cowles, and Phinehas Cowles "liberty to erect one or more grist mills on the brook called the Fulling Mill Brook." Their petition sets forth "that although there is one grist mill now in said society, yet it does not at all times well accommodate the people with grinding, for in certain seasons of the year said mill is rendered entirely useless by reason of floods, ice, etc., whereby the people are obliged to carry their corn five or six miles to get it ground." The inference is that the first mill on the brook was a saw-mill built before 1650, the second a fulling mill built in 1712, and that the first grist-mill was built on the river where a mill has been sustained to the present day. I find an early mention of it in the year 1701, which contains several points of interest. In that year Wenemo, an Indian, stole "a good fire-lock gun" from John Bates of Haddam, and another Indian, Nannouch, to save his friend from the very serious consequences, mortgaged to said Bates "two acres of land sit-

uated in Farmington meadow near the corn mill of Capt. Thomas Hart lying in the Indian Neck," and Samuel Hooker and Stephen Root testify "that we saw the Indian Nannouch deliver two acres of land commonly called this Indian's land afore mentioned to Mr. John Bates of Haddam by turf and twig." This ancient form of conveyance by the actual delivery of a piece of the soil and of the timber growing thereon, was doubtless more intelligible to the Indian mind than the drawing a picture of his totem at the bottom of a piece of paper inscribed with "Know all men by these presents," and other ponderous formulas.

Without going more at length into the industries of the men of that day, it is time we gave some attention to the equally laborious occupations of their wives and daughters. Perhaps the best way to illustrate the subject is to take you to the house of a well-to-do farmer and inspect the house-keeping and all the surroundings of its inmates. We will call on the 30th of May, 1712, at the house of Samuel Gridley, which, as I have already mentioned, stood near the site of the house of the late Egbert Cowles, Esq. The date is a little later than I could wish, but our knowledge of the house is better than that of any other. We will examine, not what might have been seen in such a house at that time, but what the appraisers, John Wadsworth, John Porter, and Isaac Cowles, found there that day, and made solemn oath that they found. The female inmates of the house we are to inspect were the widow Mary and her three daughters, Sarah, a girl of eighteen who afterward married Nathaniel Cowles, Mary, aged four, who died unmarried, and Jerusha, a babe of four months who afterward married Nehemiah Lewis. We will enter by the porch which opens into the hall, on either side of which are the parlor and kitchen, and back of all the leanto. Over each room except the leanto is a chamber, and over all the garret. In the porch we find much which had reference to out-of-door life, and which the modern housewife would certainly have requested Mr. Gridley to bestow elsewhere,—harnesses, saddles, the pillion, and pillion cloth on which the goodwife rode behind her husband to church or elsewhere, a chest and tools, a cart rope, a steel trap, and sundry other things. Entering the hall we find the furniture to consist of a wainscot chest, a table, a great chair, four lesser ones, three cushions and a pillow. Here are stored the arms which every man must have ready for

instant use, his gun, pike, bayonet, rapier, back-sword, and cutlass. I think there must have been a fireplace in the room, for we find two heaters, two smoothing irons, a spit, a pair of bellows, two trammels, and their hooks. Here are pots and kettles, large and small, of brass and iron. There is a goodly display of shining pewter, tankards, plates, basins, beakers, porringers, cups with handles, barrel cups, pewter measurers of all sizes, and pewter bottles. Here is much wooden ware, earthen ware, and even china ware, and here the family supply of medicines, Matthew's pills, blistering salve, and sundry drugs whose names I must leave for the professional practitioner to transcribe. Here are the goodman's money scales and weights, his spectacles, and his library, a collection of books which would have been called good Sunday reading fifty years ago. They are an old Bible, a psalm book, and other books entitled "KOMETOPPAHA, Or a Discourse Concerning Comets; wherein the Nature of Blazing Stars is Enquired into: With an Historical Account of all the Comets which have appeared from the Beginning of the World unto this present Year, 1683. . . . By Increase Mather." "Time and the End of Time," being two discourses by Rev. John Fox of Woburn, Mass., 1701. "Zion in Distress; or the Groans of the Protestant Church;" printed in 1683 for Samuel Philips. "Spiritual Almanack," "The Unpardonable Sin," "Divine Providence Opened," "Man's chief End to Glorify God, or Some Brief Sermon—Notes on 1 Cor 10. 31.—By the Reverend Mr. John Bailey, Sometime Preacher and Prisoner of Christ at Limerick in Ireland, and now Pastor to the Church of Christ in Watertown in New-England." 1689. "Commentary on Faith," "How to Walk with God," "The Wonders of the Invisible World," by Rev. Cotton Mather, a very famous book on witchcraft in Salem and elsewhere, and on the ordinary devices of the devil. It was answered by Robert Calef's "More Wonders of the Invisible World," which was burned by order of Dr. Increase Mather, President of Harvard College, in the college yard. We find also, "Some Account of the Life of Henry Gearing," by J. Shower, "A Warning to prepare for Death," a New Testament, "A Book on Numbers," whether an arithmetic or a commentary on one of the books of the Pentateuch does not appear, "a law book, and several pieces of books." The latter entry seems to show that the library was much read, and even the fragments of books were carefully preserved. From the hall we pass to the kitchen, where we find



RESIDENCE OF GUSTAVE A. WOLLENBERG.



THE ROBERT GALLAGHER PLACE  
RESIDENCE OF MR. R. W. HOWARD.



CANOE CLUB HOUSE.



"THE HILLHOUSE"—PROPERTY OF MRS. PAUL F. WOLLENBERG.

## FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT,



RESIDENCE OF MRS. PAUL F. WOLLENBERG.

PROPERTY OF JULIUS GAY  
RESIDENCE OF TIMOTHY MCCARTHY.

RESIDENCE OF ULRICH GOODFIELD.

PROPERTY OF HUGH CHESNEY  
RESIDENCE OF LOUIS TERRELL.

RESIDENCE OF MRS. EDWARD WHITE.



RESIDENCE OF HENRY ISSERMAN.

MR. C. S. MASON  
"AMONG THE CARNATIONS."

in the big fireplace a pair of cast-iron fire dogs weighing sixty-four pounds, two pairs of tongs, a peel, two trammels and a jack. The furniture seems scanty, a table, a chest, a truckle bedstead, a great chair and two small ones. Sundry baskets, keelers, tubs, pails, and kettles stand around. The main features of the kitchen, however, are the loom, the great wheel, two linen wheels, a hand reel, and the great piles of linen sheets, pillow bears, table-cloths, towels, and napkins, largely no doubt the production of the loom and wheels, and large supplies of yarn, tow, and flax for further manufacture. Spinning and storing up vast supplies of spotless linen against their wedding day, were the great accomplishments of the young maiden. We read of spinning matches which lasted from early dawn to nine o'clock at night, the contestants being supplied with food by other hands while they worked, and finally with bloody fingers sinking from sheer exhaustion. Spinning bees have continued until within a few years in some rural districts. I remember as late as the fall of 1859, passing, on a by-road near Farmington, Maine, just at sunset, a merry procession of young women with their great wheels carried by young men, on their way to a contest with the spinners of the next village. Let us now inspect the parlor, then as since the crowning glory of the house. We find a bedstead with a feather bed and a great supply of

blankets and coverlids, and hanging over all, a set of calico curtains with a calico vallance to match. A warming-pan, a most useful article in a cold room, completes the sleeping equipment. Other furniture is three chests, a trunk, a round table, a great chair, three little ditto, a joint stool, and five cushions. There is also a cupboard and a carpet for said cupboard. A carpet was not a floor cloth but a covering to furniture often showily embroidered by its owner as a specimen of her skill. Probably a green rug, valued at five shillings, was for the floor. Here are Mr. Gridley's pair of pistols and holster. There now remains down stairs only the leanto, which will not detain us long, though it probably detained Mrs. Gridley many a weary hour, for here are the cheese-press and churn, the butter tubs, and all the machinery of the dairy, and, last of all, an hour-glass with which the various mysteries of the place were timed. This hour-glass is the only instrument for the measurement of time I find, except the watch and clock of Rev. Samuel Hooker. The sun dial answered very well when the sun shone, and a blast on a conch shell when the good wife decreed it to be dinner time, called the village home at noon.

If you please we will now walk up stairs. In the parlor chamber we find a bed with a silk grass pillow and two leather pillows weighing ten pounds, and a goodly supply of blan-

kets, coverlids, curtains, etc. There are a number of chests and boxes and twenty-one pounds of yarn, and there was room left somewhere for Mr. Gridley to store 50 bushels of wheat and 80 of rye, a practice which the tidy housekeeper of to-day might not approve in her best chamber. It was, however, the custom to store grain in the house where it would be under the protection of the household cat, as we see illustrated in the picture books of to-day.

"This is the cat  
That killed the rat  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built."

In the hall chamber we find a feather bed and belongings and a great store of wheat, barley, corn, and peas in baskets, bags, and barrels. The porch chamber is given up to malt, oats, and peas. In the garret are 10 bushels of rye and 100 of indian corn. If you care to inspect the cellar you will find it pretty well filled with barrels of pork, beer, soap, hops, oatmeal, and other family stores. Here we must take leave of Mrs. Gridley and her household treasurers, pleased no doubt that our lot has fallen two centuries later, and that seven generations of men have come and gone and left us the better for their hardy industries and honest lives.

\*An historical address delivered at the annual meeting of the *Village Library Co.* Sept. 14, 1898, by *Mr. Julius Gay*.



SUNSET ROCK.





RESIDENCE AND GREENHOUSES OF CHARLES STANLEY MASON.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN HAGSTROM.



CARLSON'S STUDIO.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. WM. SHANLEY.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. G. N. WHITING.



RESIDENCE OF FRANK A. CADWELL.



THE JAMES SOUTHERGILL PLACE, RES-  
DENCE OF C. J. CARLSON.



RESIDENCE OF THOS. H. COLLINS  
AND R. J. BARTER.



RESIDENCE OF HIAL CHIDSEY  
AND MRS. MAGGIE GALLAGHER.



PROPERTY OF N. D. BARNEY.



RESIDENCE OF ALFRED D. TEW.



F. W. HURLBURT'S BLACKSMITH SHOP.



RESIDENCE OF F. F. HURLBURT.



RESIDENCE OF W. A. ROSSWELL  
AND OTTO NELSON.



RESIDENCE OF HARRY LOOMIS.



PROPERTY OF MISS JULIA S. BRANDEGEE  
RESIDENCE OF MRS. S. K. LOOMIS.



RESIDENCE OF FRED C. GILBERT.



PROPERTY OF MISS JULIA S. BRANDEGEE  
RESIDENCE OF WM. CHIDSEY.



RESIDENCE OF HARRY B. REED.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN ROURKE.



RESIDENCE OF WATSON SMITH.



PROPERTY OF HARRY LOOMIS SO. N. E.  
TELEPHONE EXCHANGE AND RESIDENCE  
OF HENRY STEIMETZ.



RESIDENCE OF ALBERT W. HART.

## St. Patrick's Mission.\*

**F**ARMINGTON was detached from Bristol in February, 1885, and assigned to the jurisdiction in Plainville. The first disciples of the faith in this handsome old village were Thomas Smith, Lawrence McCabill, John Reilly, John Brady, Mrs. Mary Skelly and John Flood. The first mass was said in the early fifties in the present resi-



FATHER RODDAN.

dence of John Flood. The Catholic population of Farmington is chiefly Irish and numbers 200 souls. Mass is said every Sunday in the brick church purchased by Rev. Patrick Duggett, and dedicated in the honor of St. Patrick.

*\*By James H. O'Donnell in the History of the Diocese of Hartford.*

Mr. John Reilly is the authority for the statement that mass was said by Father Duggett in what is now the residence of Mr. Henry Rice on Cedar



FATHER WALSH.

street some fifty years ago. In those days it was customary to say mass in private homes in the different towns. Mass was also said regularly at the home of Mr. Reilly's brother at the "Copper Mines" near Whigville. Some of the priests who have officiated in Farmington are Father Daley, Father Hart, Father Duggett, Father Roddan, and Father Walsh who has charge of the parish at present.



THE JOHN FLOOD PLACE.

*The first mass in Farmington—said in the house in the rear.*

## The Hart Jug. 1632.



OLD JUG—BROUGHT FROM ENGLAND IN 1632 BY STEPHEN HART.

The curious old jug shown in the accompanying illustration was brought to this country in 1632 by Stephen Hart from Braintree, Sussex Co., England. Mr. Hart settled in Massachusetts Bay and in 1639 was a *proprietor* at Hartford, Conn. The records show that in 1672 he was one of the eighty-four proprietors of Farmington, and purchased land of the Indians at a place

now known as "*Cider Brook*." He died March, 1682, aged 77 years. The jug has remained in the family ever since its present owner *Mrs. Ellen (Hart) Deming* being of the ninth generation of Harts who have possessed it. In the background of the photograph is a very beautifully decorated serving tray in perfect condition.

## From the Diary of a Revolutionary Soldier.



**I**N ALL of the wars of this country, from the very earliest times, Farmington had soldiers of whom she was justly proud. But unfortunately detailed history of the individual soldier is rarely to be obtained, and it is with genuine satisfaction that we are able to print the following concerning Colonel Fisher Gay who gave his life for the country he loved so well, during the war of the Revolution.

The following appears in Vol. 28, Magazine of American History.

Diary of Lieutenant-Colonel Fisher Gay. Original in care of Mr. Julius Gay, of Farmington.

(Colonel Gay went to Boston from Connecticut with re-inforcements, under Colonel Erastus Wolcott, toward the close of the siege. In 1776 he commanded a State Regiment, was taken sick in Camp, at New York, and died on the day of the *Battle of Long Island*.)

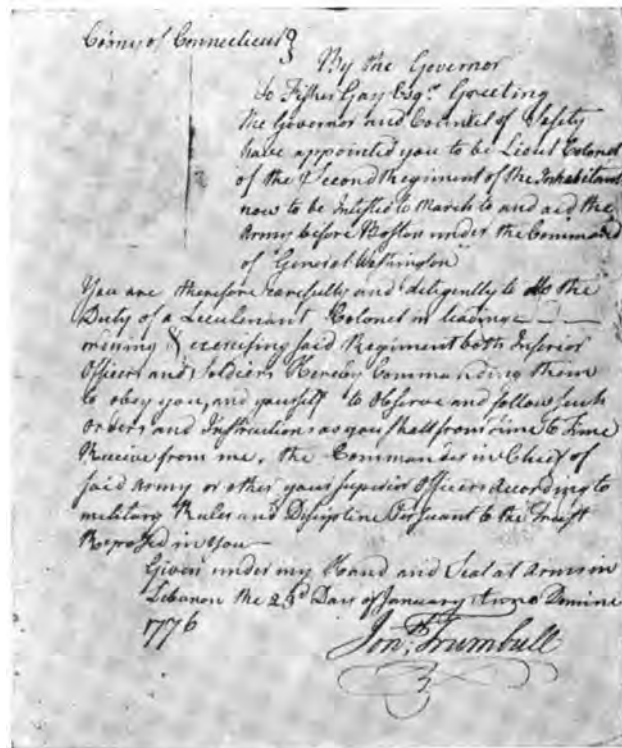
"Feb'y. 2, 1776. Set off for headquarters to join the Army under the command of General Washington before Boston, and arrived at Roxbury 6th of said month. Stationed at Roxbury with the Regiment I belonged to and quartered at Mr. Wyman's with Colonel Wolcott, and Mr. Perry. Was sent for by General Washington to wait on his excellency 13th of said month, and was ordered by the General to go to Connecticut to purchase all the Gunpowder I could.

Went to Providence and from thence to Lebanon to Governor Trumbull, where I obtained 2 tun of the Governor, and then to New London to Mr. Iamford, and obtained from him an order on Messrs. Clark and Nightingill in Providence and returned to Camp the 19th and made report to the General to his great satisfaction.

20th. Took Rhubarb and worked well.

21st. Sergeant Maggot died in Captain Hart's company.

24th. Went to Cambridge and Wattertown.



FAC-SIMILE—COLONEL GAY'S COMMISSION.

26th. Unwell by a bad cold and sore throat. Was officer of the day, and very much fatigued going the rounds at night. Returned and got to bed at about 3 o'clock in the morning.

27th. Returned at 9 o'clock and made report to General Ward, being so unwell Major Brewer carried it for me. hard sick with pleurisy and got to be sweating and came on an alarm and reported that the regulars had got on to Dorchester. I turned out and on with my boots to join the Regiment although advised not to by Mr. Perry and others. It happened to be a false alarm. The doctor came in and bled me and sweat at night and physicked the next day. Nothing material more. Our people began cannonading the town of Boston the 2nd day of March at evening 11 o'clock. Continued Sabbath and Monday evening, nights. Monday evening I went on to Dorchester Hill with the regiment as a covering party. 2500 men sent on and were relieved on the morning of the 5th by 3000 men. That night we threw up two forts on 2 advantageous hills. The enemy made an attempt on the 6th at evening to come out to disposses us of our forts and drive us off the hill. The wind

proved contrary and we continued fortifying until Saturday evening—that is the 10th—we went to go on Hook point to fortify. The enemy prevented by firing about 1200 cannon. They killed 4 men for us with one cannon ball. Providence so ordered that I went out of the way of danger from any other quarter only from the castle.

Sabbath morning had orders from General Thomas to return to headquarters. There saw the 4 dead men. Came off the hill at evening. I commanded a party of 400 men from the castle.

11th. Colonel Wolcott on the hill. An alarm in the morning I ordered the regiment to meet before the Colonel's doors after prayers. I marched them off with Major Chester. Near the alarm post, found instead of going to action the enemy had abandoned Boston. 500 troops ordered immediately. Ordered to march into and take possession of the fortifications in Boston. Colonel Learnard, my self, Majors Sprout and Chester with a number of other officers and troops marched in and took possession and tarried there until the 19th at night: then returned to Camp at Roxbury. never people more glad at the departure of an enemy and to see friends."



SWORD CARRIED IN THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION BY COLONEL FISHER GAY.—NOTICE THE ENGRAVED MOTTO ON THE BLADE "FREEDOM OR DEATH."



## A Unique Collection.

**I**N DELVING in the mines there must be a continual interest to see what may be uncovered; it may be a wonderful Geode or a pocket of gold. In searching among the various material of Farmington, we were astonished indeed to find these wonderful Peruvian remains. Some distance from the trolley and in a very quiet neighborhood we re-discovered these wonderful relics, arranged in one of the Farmington homes. It is true that Mr. Hooker had brought them from Peru some years ago, and most of the discovery belongs to him, and also many thanks for allowing us to use them in this work. As we read what he has written concerning their uses and decorative value, it is also very interesting to learn that they are quite like the utensils of that mysterious early people of our country, the *Mound Builders*.

It is certainly a beautiful collection, and every specimen is perfect. Mr. Hooker writes as follows about them:

This ancient Peruvian pottery was exhumed from the burial mounds of the earliest known inhabitants of that country. The specimens are from 2 in. to 10 1-2 in. in height, red, grey and black in color, are all unglazed and show various stages in the ceramic art, from coarse unornamented gourd-like forms to carved and polished vessels closely resembling Greek and Latin *amphorae*. They are indeed nearly all water crocks, some arranged for carrying in the hand, others for suspension. Several are ornamented with the brush as well as with the tool. Some of the specimens are designedly grotesque, two are provided with a contrivance which emits a whistle when water is poured in. Much of the work in shape and ornamentation is like that of the Mound Builders and of other early peoples of North America, and many of the vessels may be seen minutely repeated in other collections of Peruvian huacas. I brought this pottery from Peru in '88.

Very truly yours,

W. A. HOOKER.

Farmington, June 30, 1906.





"THE RED COTTAGE". ONCE THE JOHN T. NORTON FARM HOUSE--WITH SEVENTEEN BARNs ATTACHED--PROPERTY OF D. N. BARNEY.



THE RESIDENCE OF D. N. BARNEY--(THE JOHN NORTON PLACE).



COTTAGE AT D. N. BARNEY'S RESIDENCE OF NATHANIEL SLOCUMBE.  
(Photos by N. Slocumbe.)



"THE PILGRIM PATH," RESIDENCE OF WM. A. HOOKER.



"THE CEDARS"—THE OLD JUDAH WOODRUFF PLACE—(BUILDER OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH)—RESIDENCE OF HENRY C. RICE.



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MAPLE IN FARMINGTON—AT THE "CEDARS."



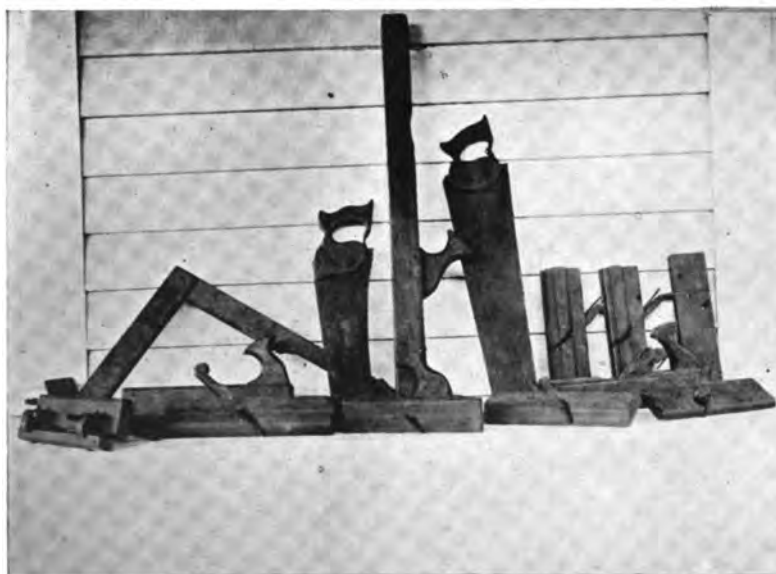
FRONT DOOR AT "THE CEDARS."



FARM COTTAGE AT "THE CEDARS."



WM. A. HOOKER'S COLLECTION OF PERUVIAN WATER CROCKS. (*See a Unique Collection on Page 116.*)



TOOLS USED BY JUDAH WOODRUFF—*Supposed to have been used in the erection of the Congregational Church.*



MOUNTAIN SPRING FARM—PROPERTY OF CHAS. M. BEACH—RESIDENCE ROBT. MCKEE.



CHERRY TREES AT MOUNTAIN SPRING FARM.



FARM COTTAGE AT MOUNTAIN SPRING FARM.



THE OLD WARD FARM—NOW A PART OF MOUNTAIN SPRING FARM.



THE "SHACK," AT MOUNTAIN SPRING FARM.



RESIDENCE OF MYRON HARRIS.



SOME RARE CHINA BELONGING TO MISS JULIA S. BRANDEGEE.



## Farmington and the Underground Railway.



IT IS hard to believe now, when the North and South are becoming more and more closely joined, that at one time hatred was bitter between the two portions of the country, and that here in quiet Farmington feeling ran high and the fugitive-slave law was opposed and disregarded by some hot-headed radicals called abolitionists. For us who in this day are at all interested in social questions, it is hard to understand why every one was not an abolitionist. I suppose it was hard then as now to decide every question on its own merits. So we give the brave advocates and prophets of freedom the more honor, and easily forgive them their share in the disturbances of the time.

The Underground Railway was the name given, I suppose, to a route for fugitive slaves from the South to Canada, and Farmington is proud of the opprobrium of being one of its stations. The route led from New Britain or Southington through to Simsbury, and several fugitive slaves were helped over this, no one of whom was captured.

Mr. ROWE says of these times: "It is true that an occasional bondman found his way to Canada for freedom. Farmington citizens had read somewhere: 'We hold these truths to be self evident that all men are created free and equal, and have certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' So the fleeing fugitive was fed and housed and then sent on his way to liberty with a blessing and a cheer, to gain in a monarchy what was refused in a republic. One of the strangers remained for a time in the employ of a farmer. His back exhibited marks of a fearful scourging with a raw lash. In one of the stores he was asked as to the suffering. Pretty hard to bear, he said, but when the bleeding flesh was rubbed with

rum, 'I tell ye, boss, that fetched ye home from paster!'"

The daughter of one of the strong abolitionists writes: "I remember my father going to Hartford once to one of the hiding places where a negro was concealed in a wardrobe in the house. It was winter and sleighing. The man was put in the bottom of the sleigh and covered in such a way as to resemble a load of feed. He was brought to our barn and there passed on to another place of safety and reached Canada in due time."

There were about thirty abolitionists in town and each had to suffer more or less for the faith that was in him. Jeers, rotten eggs—sometimes threats or worse. Those were the days when helping one's fellow man was an actual hard fact, costing real self sacrifice.

The daughter of another prominent abolitionist recalls her excitement over things for which she did not know the reason, her feeling that all who were not in sympathy with her father were his bitter enemies, the mystery that surrounded many of his comings and goings. She and her brother dug often in the ground, hoping always to find the "Underground Railway." There were three stations in town, one Mr. Horace Cowles' house, one Mr. George Hurlburt's, and the other Wm. McKee's, the last house in Farmington on the Waterville road. The chimney of this house is still standing.

A colored man living in town, in Mr. George Hurlburt's house, often went to Mr. Elijah Lewis' at night, giving a signal. Then they would go away together. One night about nine o'clock Mr. Lewis met this colored man and a slave where the wolf-pit road comes out by the Hartford Turnpike. They followed the high road to the Deer Cliff Farm and from there to Simsbury. Mr. Lewis once sold some land to Jane and Maria Thompson for George Anderson, who was a fugitive slave.

Anderson had expected to settle down in Farmington, when one day he saw in the street a planter, a neighbor of the plantation from which he had escaped. Anderson was afraid to stay and never was seen here again.

A very interesting story is told of Mrs. Hardy. One day her father left home telling her not to answer any questions that might be asked while he was away. She, never dreaming of asking why to any of her father's requests, spent most of the long summer day on the doorstep, and saw in common with the rest of the village a horse covered with lather being driven frantically through the street. Later she learned that a slave had been hidden in the southwest bedroom and the man who drove so furiously through the town was his owner. But the slave escaped. How we should love to have helped! Now we have no furious galloping, no secret signals and mysterious hiding places attending the freeing of slaves.

Before me lies a curious sheet of paper, a bit of anti-slavery literature. A black kneels, his imploring hands and crooked ankles chained together. Below him is the motto: "Am I not a man and a brother." Then follows a poem, the first verse of which I quote:

"Forc'd from home and all its pleasures  
Africs coast I left, forlorn;  
To increase a stranger's treasures,  
O'er the raging billows borne.  
Men from England bought and sold me,  
Paid my price in paltry gold;  
But though slave they have enroll'd me  
Minds are never to be sold."

And then a note: "England had 800,000 slaves and she has made them FREE. America has 2,250,000 and she HOLDS THEM FAST! ! !"

E. H. J. in *Farmington Magazine*, Sept., 1901.



## St. James' Parish.



ST. JAMES' CHURCH.  
*The Rev. H. Gordon Munro, Rector.*

**ST JAMES' PARISH** owes its beginning to the zeal and labor of the Rev. Edward R. Brown and of Charles Loring Whitman, layman. It was in this way. Mr. Whitman's aged father, lying at the point of death, desired to be baptized in the faith of the church. This sacrament was administered by the Rev Mr. Brown and it was then determined by those present that a mission should be established in Farmington. Immediately after, October 5, 1873, the first service was held in the district school house. In the following year the chapel over the Post Office was prepared and services were held there for upwards of twenty-three years.

The Rev. Edward R. Brown continued his ministrations until October, 1878, and Charles Loring Whitman died March 9, 1886. He had a worthy successor in Charles Stanley Mason, as warden of the Mission and afterwards of the church, which office he has held to this day.

The church was built in 1898, after plans drawn by Henry H. Mason; was consecrated June 1, 1899, and the Mission was organized as St. James Parish, June 2, 1902.

W. A. H.

## "Birdseyeview."



"BIRDSEYEVUE," RESIDENCE OF ARTHUR J BIRDSEYE



ARTHUR J. BIRDSEYE.

Although a late acquisition to Farmington society, Mr. Arthur J. Birdseye is one of its most enthusiastic citizens. "Farmington, first, last and always," is his sentiment. His charming home, "Birdseyeview," on the edge of the mountain overlooking the village, is here illustrated.



INTERIOR AT "BIRDSEYEVUE."



INTERIOR AT "BIRDSEYEVUE."



ON THE HART HOMESTEAD AT CIDER BROOK—R. B. B.



RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH H. MAGSON.



RESIDENCE OF CHAUNCEY WARREN.



THE HUNT PLACE RESIDENCE OF JOHN A. SKOGLUND.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. ALFRED BUTLER.



RESIDENCE OF FRANK A. NEWHAUSER.



RESIDENCE OF STEPHEN BELLER.



RESIDENCE OF FRANKLIN BLAKESLEY.



EIGHT ACRE BRIDGE.





RESIDENCE OF EDWARD GRISWOLD—PROPERTY OF WM. RHODES.



RESIDENCE OF C. F. FIENEMAN.



RESIDENCE OF WM. S. NILES.



RESIDENCE OF THOMAS HORRIGAN.



RESIDENCE OF HENRY T. STENSON.



RESIDENCE OF CHARLES MANSON.



## The Farmington Canal.\*



RUINS OF CANAL AQUEDUCT OVER FARMINGTON RIVER.

**W**E HAVE on former occasions considered the libraries which our ancestors founded, the music they sang in the sanctuary, the scanty learning taught them in the old log schoolhouse, their noble services in the War of the Revolution and in colonial days, the venerable houses which sheltered them and finally the early industries of their laborious and worthy lives. To-night we will go back no further than many of us can remember. What we have ourselves seen may perhaps interest us quite as much as those things only our ancestors saw and of which they have left such meager knowledge. I propose to speak of the Farmington Canal, an institution of great expectation never realized, to the capitalist a losing venture, to the farmer a great annoyance, but to the boy of half a century ago the most delightful source of endless enjoyment. To-day the traveler, just before he is stopped in his rambles westward by the river, will occasionally find traces of a good-sized ditch, here overgrown with alders, there cut deeply between high banks of sand, and again totally disappearing with the march of improvements. Before it shall have been wholly wined from the face of the earth, like a picture on a schoolboy's slate, let us for one evening recall it to mind; in summer with all

its gaily painted boats, its bridges and quiet depths, and in winter a highway for merry skaters. In the first place, however, let us for a moment consider the facilities for travel our townsmen enjoyed just before the days of the canal.

In the year 1822 the principal means of communication between the towns of this state was by the ordinary highway, sandy in summer, buried out of sight by snow drifts in winter, and, when these began to melt in the spring, of unknown depths. A charter for a turnpike road to Bristol had been granted in 1801 and revoked in 1819. The Talcott Mountain Turnpike Company was chartered in May, 1798, to run from Hartford through Farmington to New Hartford, and the Greenwoods Company, chartered six months later, was to proceed thence northward to the state line. At the same session the Hartford and New Haven Turnpike Company was chartered, and these roads, with one on the east side of the Farmington River from New Hartford to the Massachusetts line, constituted the turnpike facilities of this region. The traveler along these thoroughfares paid at the numerous toll gates, according to the style of his equipage, from 25 cents if in a four-wheeled pleasure carriage down to four cents if on horseback.

Sunday was in general a free day, not by any means for the encouragement of Sabbath-breaking, but because every one was supposed to be traveling to church or returning therefrom. Funerals were free. The soldier on training day, the freeman on his way to town meeting, and the farmer going to mill might all proceed on their way unmolested. Stage coaches were beginning to appear. From the first day of May a coach was advertised to leave Hartford on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 3 o'clock A. M. and arrive in Boston at 8 o'clock P. M. Fare, \$6.50. Also we are informed that the "New Post-Coach Line Dispatch, in six hours from Hartford to New Haven, leaves Hartford every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 11 o'clock A. M. precisely, and running through Farmington, Southington, and Cheshire, arrives at New Haven at 5 o'clock P. M. in time for the steamboat. . . . The above line of Post-Coaches are new and in modern style, horses selected with great care and are first-rate, drivers that are experienced, careful and steady."

The broad Connecticut furnished ample means of communication for the river towns, and in the year 1822, of which we are writing, any restless spirits who were unwilling to waste



THE COLTON PLACE—RESIDENCE OF MRS. HATTIE M. STINHOOR.



RESIDENCE OF EDWARD A. TINGLEY.



RESIDENCE OF MISS SARAH THOMPSON.



RESIDENCE OF RICHARD LEWIS.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN LEOPARD.



PROPERTY OF LEWIS A. STORRS—RESIDENCE OF CURTIS C. COOK.



RESIDENCE OF MR. EDGAR B. HILLS.



THE PENTLOW PLACE.  
RESIDENCE OF THOMAS ENO.



RESIDENCE OF PROF. HOMER W. HILLYER.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. CHARLES ENO.



RESIDENCE OF ZACHARY TAYLOR.



RESIDENCE OF JESSE MOORE.

time in beating against head winds could leave Hartford for Saybrook on the steamboat *Experiment*, Captain Haskell, on Tuesday and Friday, and return the following days.

Such were the means of intercommunication in the year 1822 when 260 miles of the Erie Canal were an accomplished fact and boats were to run when the season opened. Why should not this state have a canal also? So thought the public-spirited men of New Haven who, not content with rivaling Hartford in their foreign commerce, wished also a water communication with the interior towns. On the 29th of January, 1822, a meeting of citizens from seventeen towns on the proposed line of the canal was held at Farmington with the Hon. Timothy Pitkin as moderator, and a committee was appointed to procure a survey and raise one thousand dollars to pay for the same. In May, 1822, The Farmington Canal Company was chartered. The canal was to run from the tide waters of the harbor of New Haven through Farmington to Southwick, Massachusetts, and a branch along the Farmington River through New Hartford to the north line of Colebrook. The branch, though the subject of much after controversy, was never built. Of the six charter commissioners, Gen. George Cowles was the member from this town, and here they held their first meeting on the 8th of July, 1822. Subscription books were opened July 15th and the stockholders held their first meeting on the 31st and chose twenty-one directors, of whom Solomon Cowles and Samuel Deming were two. In the latter part of the year 1823 a survey was made, and the estimated cost of the work was \$420,698.-88. From a map of the canal printed in 1828, giving distances and the heights and position of the locks, it appears that this canal was only a small part of a grand project. It was to connect at the state line with the Hampshire and Hampden Canal to be constructed in Massachusetts, and that in turn was to be continued northward along the west bank of the Connecticut River, crossing it at Brattleborough into New Hampshire, and then, sometimes in New Hampshire and sometimes in Vermont, it was to reach Lake Memphremagog through which connection was possible with the St. Lawrence River in Canada. A grand scheme to rival the Erie Canal in importance. Subscriptions came in slowly. The river towns laughed at the project which was to rival their broad river, and writers in the *Connecticut Courant* who must have their joke at the expense of the

rival capital like others since their day, commended the wisdom of the New Haven people who were about to divert the waters of the Connecticut from flowing past Hartford and turn them upon the mud flats in which their own shipping was usually stuck fast. At length by a brilliant bit of financiering the money was raised. The Mechanics Bank of New Haven was chartered on condition of its subscribing for \$200,000 of the stock of the Canal Company. The plan of requiring a bonus from a newly chartered bank for some worthy object having been previously introduced with the Phoenix Bank of Hartford and continued in the case of the Connecticut River Banking Company and others. In July, 1825, we learn from the New Haven *Register* that "on Monday the 4th instant the ceremony of commencing the excavation of the Farmington Canal took place at Salmon Brook village in Granby. The day was remarkably pleasant and the exercises were appropriate and interesting. There were from two to three thousand people present on the occasion, and among them several gentlemen of distinction from Massachusetts. The barge fitted up by Capt. Geo. Rowland of New Haven, drawn by four horses, in which he and several gentlemen of our city (New Haven) embarked for Southwick, gave an additional interest to the occasion, and the sight of it was highly gratifying to all present, the plan was well designed and happily executed, and reflects great credit on the gentlemen who conceived the project. The services of the day were commenced with prayer by the Rev. Mr. McLean. The Declaration of Independence was read by the Hon. Timothy Pitkin, and an able oration was delivered by Burrage Beach, Esq., after which a procession was formed under the command of Gen. George Cowles, which moved to the north line of the state in the following order, viz:

The Simsbury Artillery.

Capt. Rowland's boat drawn by six horses, [the reporter has judiciously increased the number since we started] in which were seated the Governor of the State; the President of the Canal Company; the orator of the day, the Hon. Jonathan H. Lyman of Northampton; the Commissioners and the Engineer; together with several of the Clergy.

The Directors and Stockholders of the Canal Company.

Citizens from this state and Massachusetts.

The procession, composed of gentlemen in carriages, wagons, and on horseback, was two miles in length.

Previous to commencing the excavation, Gov. Wolcott delivered the following address:

*Fellow Citizens and Friends:*—We are assembled on this anniversary of our National Independence to perform an interesting ceremony. The time, the circumstances, and the object of our meeting are calculated to awaken reflections and to suggest thoughts peculiarly impressive. The noble enterprise of uniting the Valley of the Connecticut with the city of New Haven by a navigable canal is this day to be commenced. To me has been assigned the high honor of first applying the hand of labor to a work which is itself magnificent, though, as I believe, but the first of a series of like operations which are to combine the resources of an extensive and flourishing country. . .

. . . On concluding the address, the governor began the ceremony of digging, in which he was assisted by the President of the Canal Company. After the performance of this ceremony, the Hon. Mr. Lyman addressed the assembly. After the ceremonies were concluded a numerous company partook of a dinner provided for the occasion."

We used to hear that much of this glorification occurred on the Sabbath day, and that that was the cause the canal never prospered. The Fourth of July, however, that year fell on Monday, and Deacon Hooker, a strict observer of the Puritan Sabbath, and one who took part in the celebration, writes, "On Saturday a boat on wheels drawn by four horses arrived in town from New Haven this afternoon containing old Mr. Hillhouse, the superintendent of the canal, and eight or ten other persons. It was covered with a white awning and curtains decorated with two flags. On its stern was painted 'Farmington Canal,' and on each side 'For Southwick & Memphremagog.' On Monday," the deacon writes, "at 5 o'clock this morning, I rode with brother Martin Cowles in a chaise to Granby village where a large concourse of people assembled to celebrate American Independence and to perform and witness the ceremonies of breaking ground for the Farmington Canal. . .

. . . Gov. Wolcott read an address and performed the ceremony of breaking ground by digging a small hole with a spade. Mr. Lyman, of Northampton, made an address on horseback, and, after a few other ceremonies, the multitude returned to Granby, and about three hundred dined together on the village green under a bowery. Returned home and arrived about ten



RESIDENCE OF SAMUEL I. GRISWOLD.



RESIDENCE OF CHAUNCEY E. GRISWOLD.



"ELM FARM," RESIDENCE OF CLARENCE A. ALDERMAN.



RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH H. IBELL.



R. R. STATION.



RESIDENCE OF ELLIS CASE.



FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT,



THE MARK ROOT PLACE—RESIDENCE OF MRS. ISAAC BELDEN.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN C. RYAN.



THE JOSEPH ALLEN PLACE.



PROPERTY OF JOHN C. RYAN.



RESIDENCE OF PHILANDER B. SARGENT.



RESIDENCE OF CARLOS HUNTLY.

in the evening." And so the canal was begun. The governor said so, and the deacon testified to a small hole in the ground. The great concourse of people after much oratory and drinking of toasts had gone home, and it is to be hoped that all the valiant warriors who marched that day under General George got safely home again.

A little more than two years pass and the little hole in the ground reached from Southwick Ponds to the waters of Long Island Sound. Water was let into it in Cheshire and a correspondent of the *Connecticut Courant* writes: "On Saturday, November 24th, the Cheshire summit being so far completed as to be navigable, three boats and a cannon were provided, and at 3 o'clock, on the firing of a signal gun, the Petticoat Flag was hoisted on board the *Fayette*, and the boats started from the north end of section 63. On passing the summit three cheers were given and one gun fired. On its safe return three cheers were given and a Federal Salute of 24 guns fired. The ceremony closed by a plentiful refreshment to every one who had worked on the canal."

Winter was now fast approaching and little more was done on the canal that year. Deacon Hooker gives us an account of maritime affairs in Farmington at the opening of navigation the next season. "Friday, June 20th, 1828. Very fine weather. A multitude of people collected this afternoon to witness the launching and sailing of the first canal boat that has been seen at Farmington. Everything was conducted well. Bell ringing, cannon firing, and music from the Phoenix Band were accompaniments. About two hundred gentlemen and ladies, who were previously invited and furnished with tickets, sailed to and over the aqueduct and back again. The boat was drawn at first by four, and afterwards by three, large gray horses handsomely decked, and rode by as many black boys dressed in white. Crackers and cheese, lemonade, wine, etc., were furnished to the guests, and the musicians performed very finely on the passage. The boat was named *James Hillhouse* with three cheers while passing the aqueduct." The *Courant* states that: "the boat was owned by Messrs. Cowles and Dickinson, and was launched at Pitkin's Basin, and that other boats were finished and floated ready for immediate use as soon as the water in sufficient depth shall have reached New Haven harbor, it being now at navigable depth from the head of the feeder on Farmington River to Taylor's tavern near New Haven." We have the follow-

ing account of the first letting the water into the Farmington Feeder in a letter of Commander Edward Hooker of the U. S. Navy.

"When the canal was finished, the feeder dam near Unionville was built, the feeder prepared, and the water was let into the canal there on a certain day—speeches, flags, rum, sandwiches, big day, etc., etc. Father (that is Deacon Hooker) and Mr. William Whitman went out there together, and little Will Whitman and I went with them. A sort of gate was built to let the water through, and it was supposed there would be such a rush that the opening was very narrow. When the speakers had made themselves hoarse, the people yelled and the big gun had brayed,—the Unionville gun,—Sam Dick will remember that old iron gun, for he and Lute Cowles were instrumental once in getting it loaded,

"Sam Dickinson's father was captain of the boat. She was named for James Hillhouse of New Haven, the president of the company, and I well remember many journeyings on board of her to and from New Haven, for then everybody traveled by boat and the stages were nowhere. . . . Of all the boats that ever battled with the raging tide of the old canal, not one had so wide and famous a reputation for passenger comforts and prompt movements as the staunch old *James Hillhouse* and her genial captain. Not one had so nicely fitted-up cabins as the gentlemen's cabin aft and the ladies' cabin forward as she had, and not one captain on the surging seas of the canal had such a ringing, convincing voice, when he shouted 'Bridge! Bridge!' as Captain Dickinson; and above all things else, not one of them set so good a table, and yet some of



IN THE OLD CANAL.—At Spruce Bank.

one Fourth of July, with a cartridge filled with oats instead of powder, and so shut up its noise all the rest of the day. When the gun brayed, the gate was knocked away and the first water came into the canal. The opening was so small that at first all the water soaked into the sand. Axes soon increased the flow, and it began to move along, not very fast, and Will Whitman and I ran down into the canal bed and ran along just ahead of the water. Our fathers, no doubt, kept along the bank ready to fish us out if we got caught by the water; but we didn't get caught, and we ran quite a distance keeping just ahead of the water. Soon, however, the axes increased the opening and Will and I had to get out of the way of the rushing tide, the first water in the old Farmington canal.

those old canalers could (or their cooks could) make savory dishes out of Cape Cod turkey and eloquent beans and juicy pork. Long live the memory of the old *James Hillhouse* and her jolly Captain Dickinson."

The part of the canal through which Commander Hooker saw the first water run was known as the feeder. It took water from a dam across the Farmington river a little below Unionville, and delivered it into the main canal just above the aqueduct, supplying the place of unavoidable leakage from Northampton to Farmington. A considerable source of water was from the numerous brooks which emptied into the canal, and, lest the supply should, during a protracted storm, be in excess, a contrivance called the waste-gates was built on the line of Poke Brook. Hither, after every storm, Mr. Leonard Winship might



RESIDENCE OF TIMOTHY J. COLLINS.



"SHANTIES" NEAR THE "WILLOWS."



RESIDENCE OF ALAN PHILLIPS.



THE EDWARD RYAN PLACE—PROPERTY OF ARTHUR J. BIRDSEYE.



RESIDENCE OF MICHAEL E. RYAN.



THE WM. SHANLEY PLACE.



RESIDENCE OF WM. J. O'MEARA.



RESIDENCE OF JAMES COLLINS.



RESIDENCE OF DENNIS RYAN.



THE MICHAEL LONG PLACE— RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH MCCORMICK.



THE JOHN LONG PLACE—PROPERTY OF  
WM. FOSTER AND RESIDENCE OF  
WM. LEWIS.

have been seen hastening to raise the gates. In consideration for his services he was allowed to build a turning shop on the north bank of the brook adjoining the tow-path, and use the surplus water to turn his wheels. On one memorable occasion the water supply was so much in excess of his needs as to carry off his big overshot wheel well nigh to the river and threaten the whole establishment. I remember seeing the wheel standing under an apple tree where it had lodged all one summer. It was finally got back into place before the canal came to an inglorious end.

The year 1828 was now pretty much spent, and as yet the principal business of the canal had been to carry excursion parties short distances with much oratory, music, and good cheer, a free advertisement of the great things which were to be. Here is a specimen card published in the Connecticut *Courant* returning the thanks of the good people of Simsbury for one of these pleasant occasions:

"The undersigned, a committee in behalf of nearly two hundred ladies and gentlemen who were gratuitously furnished with passage and entertainment on board the new and elegant packet-boat *Wcatogue*, built and owned by our enterprising citizen, John O. Pettibone, Esq., which made an excursion from Simsbury to the aqueduct across the Farmington river, at Farmington, on Thursday afternoon the 23d of October, present the thanks of the party to the proprietor for his politeness and liberality manifested upon the occasion, and to Captain Ennis for his accommodating and gentlemanly conduct, likewise to the citizens of

Northampton for the cheerful greeting and cordial reception of the boat and party in that village. This with Mr. Gridley's handsome boat, the *American Eagle*, of Farmington, which passed us on an excursion of pleasure northward, being the two first boats which have navigated this part of the line, afforded a scene no less interesting from its novelty than gratifying to our citizens, as an event furnishing evidence of the completion of the canal."

Let us now return to the narrative of Deacon Hooker: "Monday, November 10th, 1828. This morning the canal boat *James Hillhouse*, with Dickinson as Captain, Newell lieutenant, Captain Goodrich, an old sea captain, at the helm, Curtis bulger, etc., etc., and several passengers, started for New Haven, and is the first boat from Farmington that has undertaken to go through, the canal being now open for navigation, but the water not having yet risen high enough to render the practicability of the undertaking per-

fectly certain, but the proprietors (my neighbor Dickinson and Col. Gad Cowles) are ambitious to have their boat enjoy the honor of making the first passage. Pleasant but rather cold. Edward and I rode to the South Basin in it. Wednesday, November 12th. A notable day at Farmington and to be remembered as the first time of canal boats arriving in our village from other towns. About noon the canal boat *Enterprise*, built at Ithaca, N. Y., and loaded with sixty thousand shingles from Seneca Lake, arrived. In about half an hour afterward the *Wcatogue*, a handsome packet boat, arrived from Simsbury with a company of ladies and gentlemen on their way to New Haven, and after stopping an hour departed on their way. The Farmington band of music accompanied them a few miles out. It was drawn by three horses. About 4 o'clock, P. M., the elegant packet boat, *New England*, arrived from New Haven with passengers and one hundred barrels of salt on board. The Farmington band, having met the boat, returned in her to the village with animating music. Our village bell could not ring, having broken its tongue ringing for joy at the arrival of the other boat at noon, but there was some scattering firing of muskets. Between 9 and 10 in the evening the sound of the bugle and the firing of their swivel denoted the arrival of Dickinson's boat, which demonstrated the practicability of navigating our canal, especially by her return, although in going down there was barely enough water to float the boat between Farmington and Southington. . . . Friday, November 28th, damp and uncomfortable day. Rode to Northampton to attend an adjourned town meeting. A number of people went down thither in a canal boat as far as R. F. Hawley's and then walked about a mile to the place of meeting."

This was the first instance of our citizens attending town meeting by canal-boat. The meeting had reference to the division of the town which was soon afterward happily consummated to the lasting peace and happiness of all parties concerned, as must always be the case when diverse local interests clash. Nor were town meetings the only gatherings attended by canal-boat. Before a church was erected in Plainville, worshippers came thence by boat to the old meeting-house at the center, beguiling the way with psalm singing and other pious recreations. One of these old-time worshippers once told me that the small boys were wont to fish for shiners from the stern of the boat, their elders conniving at this mild form of going-a-fishing-on-Sunday. So ended naviga-

tion for the year 1828. The constantly thickening ice impeded the passage of boats and the water was let out to await the return of spring and the opening of business. The merchants began to advertise in the newspapers in big type. "Canal Navigation. Port of Farmington. Just arrived and for sale," etc., etc. House and farms were advertised as highly desirable, only such and such distances from the canal. The administrator on the estate of Seth Lewis recommends his tavern as being only fifty rods from the canal. A new hotel, now a principal part of Miss Porter's schoolhouse, of dimensions commensurate with the coming prosperity, arose and was fondly deemed the most magnificent structure of all the region round. A young man, writing home an account of his travels through the principal towns of New England in 1832 could find no higher praise for the architectural wonders he saw than that they surpassed even the Union Hotel of Farmington. The canal boat owners also advertised that during the ensuing season as soon as the canal is navigable, the *American Eagle*, Capt. John Matthews, will leave Farmington on Monday, and the *DeWitt Clinton*, Capt. E. O. Gridley, on Thursday, of each week, and returning, leave New Haven on each succeeding Thursday and Monday. And now while the elegant packet-boats and other craft are frozen in the ice, and Captain Dickinson is turning his attention to house building, and the owners of all this fine property are looking anxiously for some returns on their investment, let us consider a little the financial situation of the canal company from its published statements. They tell us that in 1826 the stock of the Farmington Canal Company was united with that of the Hampshire and Hampden Company of Massachusetts. In 1827 the funds from the stock subscription were exhausted. In 1828 the company labored under great embarrassment from the want of funds, and suffered from freshets and from the work of malicious individuals. In 1829 the canal was opened to Westfield and the financial embarrassments of the company were relieved by the subscription of one hundred thousand dollars to its stock by the city of New Haven. For the next seven years considerable business was done which had a perceptible effect upon the prosperity of New Haven and other places on the line of the canal. In 1835 the canal was finished to the Connecticut River, the first boat passing through on the 21st of August of that year. The company did not own the boats which passed through its canal, but allowed any one to use it on paying toll. Such was the custom of the early railroads as well as canals





WOODRUFF'S MILL.



THE GEORGE WOODRUFF PLACE, RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM A. WOODRUFF.



THE SYLVESTER WOODRUFF PLACE.



RESIDENCE OF BERNARD J. DUNN.



THE McCAHILL PLACE—RESIDENCE OF ANDREW M. SWANSON.





"MAPLE RIDGE FARM"  
RESIDENCE OF ELON FAIRLEE.



RESIDENCE OF SAMUEL C. COLT.



FARMHOUSE OF S. C. COLT—RESIDENCE OF M. J. BAILEY.



PROPERTY OF JOHN G. HAWLEY.



RESIDENCE OF AUGUST HOLMES.



PINE KNOLL FARM—RESIDENCE OF P. A. HOLT.

until trains became numerous and the confusion of separate management intolerable. The tolls were only sufficient to pay the ordinary expenses of the company, while its heavy debt and very extensive damages to the canal in 1836 made it necessary that some measure of relief should be found. The plan finally adopted was the formation of a new company, the New Haven and Northampton Company. As the plan involved the entire relinquishment of all the stock of the Farmington Canal Company, it may be proper here to mention the amount of it. It was as follows:

	Shares.
Mechanics Bank, New Haven, 2,000	
City of New Haven .....	1,000
Citizens of New Haven .....	1,229
Citizens of New York City ...	924
Citizens of Farmington .....	125
Citizens of Cheshire .....	74
Citizens of Simsbury .....	46
Citizens of other towns .....	16
	<hr/> 5,414

Farmington also subscribed 76 shares in the stock of the Hampshire and Hampden Canal Company. The New Haven and Northampton Company was organized June 22, 1836. The stock in the two old companies was surrendered, the creditors subscribed their debts, and there was a cash subscription of net capital, \$120,184.92. And now a rival appeared to whom all ordinary canals have had to give way, more formidable than the Connecticut River itself. On the 3d of December, 1838, the Hartford and New Haven railroad was opened from New Haven to Meriden, the time over the eighteen miles being fifty-seven minutes. The subsequent history of the canal is briefly reported thus:

1841. This year, for the first time, a business communication was opened through the canal between New York city and the upper part of Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire. Many tons of merchandise were transported upon the canal for those regions. In August of this year the story of the canal connects itself with an interesting episode in the history of the village. The *Amistad* captives, just set free by the United States Supreme Court, were living here until their return to Africa the following year. While swimming in Pitkin's Basin, Foone, one of their number, was drowned, although an expert swimmer. He had left a wife, parents, and sisters in Africa, and just before his death exclaimed: "Foone die and see his mother." It was probably a case of suicide. A decent monument in the cemetery near by records the incident.

1842. The canal was operated through-

out the whole business season of eight months, and the business was extended by the establishment of a line of boats to run from Northampton to Brattleboro, Vermont.

1843. Canal damaged \$20,000 by floods and the whole fall trade lost. Repairs finished November 6th.

1844. The canal was navigable its entire length throughout the whole season without a single day's interruption.

1845. Navigation interrupted from the middle of July to the last of September by an unprecedented drought. October 7th, a breach in the embankment occurred at Ten-Mile Run, costing \$7,000, the work of design.

1846. A large majority of the stock held in New York by parties who were unwilling to make any further advances. Charter obtained for a railroad.

1848. Railroad opened to Plainville, January 18th. Navigation was not suspended till the railroad was ready to take the place of the canal.

I distinctly remember one of the breaks in the canal which interrupted business. It occurred a little north of the gristmill just as a boat loaded with coal was passing. The boat was swept down into the river, and the coal scattered over the river bottom as far north as the Whirlpool. Probably some future savant, a hundred years hence, will find traces of this coal and triumphantly argue that sometime the Farmington river was navigable by sternboats which dropped the coal overboard. I remember also seeing the first train of cars come into Plainville. It was in January, and my impression is that we skated down on the canal, a not unusual excursion for the boys on a Saturday afternoon. Skating was not then the performance of sundry fancy figures on a square rod of ice, but a swift race mile after mile to Plainville or the Aqueduct, or even to Avon, and he who could outstrip his companions with the greatest ease and the most graceful motion was the best skater. But we knew that the canal was doomed, and that this was probably our last winter's expedition of any considerable length. The farmers the next spring dug outlets for the little water that remained, and the boys were driven to the river for amusement, which, especially for the smaller ones, was a poor substitute for the old canal. While that remained no boy could help learning to swim. The water was just so deep that any frightened learner had but to stand on tiptoe and his head was at once safely above water. Everybody learned to row a boat as soon as he was old enough to run away and get to the canal, and the water was full of roaches shining in the sun, and bullheads and eels down in the deep

holes ready to fall an easy prey to the youthful fisherman. Boats bearing on their sterns the names: *Gold Hunter*, *Enterprise*, *Paragon*, *Sachem*, *American Eagle*, *James Hillhouse*, *DeWitt Clinton*, and I know not how many other names, passed frequently, and the boys had but to drop from the nearest bridge upon their decks and ride as far as they would. If the captain amused himself by steering too far from the towpath for the boys to jump ashore, they had only to wait for the next bridge which they climbed into where the sides had been previously knocked into wide gaps for their accommodation. The farmers hated the canal. The water leaked through the towpath and turned their meadows into swamps. The rickety bridges frightened their cattle and were set so high that it was hard to draw a good-sized load of hay over one, but it will be hard to find one who was a boy in those happy days speak evil of the Farmington canal. Nor was it the small boy only that found recreation on the old canal. Those of an older growth did not disdain its quiet pleasures. I remember standing one fine autumn day on the old "Yellow Store Basin" wharf and watch a packet-boat sail away northward with a jolly crew for a week's fishing on Southwick ponds. They were farmers who had finished haying, merchants tired of daily drudgery, and foremost among them all and chief organizer of the expedition, Professor John Pitkin Norton, who loved his favorite science much, but nature more, enthusiastic, laborious, healthy minded, an ardent disciple of good old Isaak Walton, and ever ready in spirit with him to invoke the blessing of St. Peter's Master "upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in his providence, and be quiet and go a-Angling." Of all the worthies who sailed on that expedition but two survive. They have long since laid aside their fishing-rods and only occasionally are heard to recount the marvelous exploits of that week's life on the old canal.

Such is a brief account of an interesting episode in the more recent history of this village. Whatever honor attaches to the enterprise belongs to the Hon. James Hillhouse of New Haven. His biographer, Dr. Bacon, tells us that he took no part in obtaining the charter, but thereafter, though far advanced in life, yielded to the solicitations of the townsmen who, since he led them in repelling the invasion of Tryon, had always looked to him as the one man able to accomplish any public enterprise to which they called him. He died in 1832 while the canal seemed about to justify all the care and labor he had lavished upon it.

\*An historical address by Mr. Julius Gay, delivered at the annual meeting of the Village Library Co., September 13, 1899.



RESIDENCE OF WM. B. McKINNEY.

THE NEWTON HART PLACE—RESIDENCE  
OF FRANK McCAHILL.

RESIDENCE OF JAMES L. PATTERSON.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. SARAH BARRY.



RESIDENCE OF UMBERTO LAURETTE.



RESIDENCE OF J. S. PALMER.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN L. CADWELL.



RESIDENCE OF W. J. MALONEY.



"EDGEWOOD"—RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH BAILEY



FARM COTTAGE AT "EDGEWOOD."



RESIDENCE OF S. CHARLES BALAZY.



THE WM. HANNON PLACE.



RESIDENCE OF NELSON N. ROSWELL.



FARM BUILDINGS AT "EDGEWOOD."

## FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT,



THE ALMS HOUSE.



THE NORDSTROM PLACE--RESIDENCE OF Z. ANDERSON. RESIDENCE OF MRS. ALEXANDER NICOL.



"WALNUT GROVE FARM"—E. W. AND N. W. TILLOTSON.

## A True Story of Old Times in Farmington.



SEVENTY-FIVE years ago: no railroads, no telegraphs,—but hearts were brave or cowardly, true or false, just as now. It was an evening in late October; the sun had set clear; and frost was in the chilly air. Away up on the "mountain road," in the low-browed, wide spreading farmhouse, Mr. Brownlow looked around with a sigh of content on the cheery square room where the family would spend a peaceful evening. He reflected that his stock was well cared for, that his barns were full, that he was able to assist those who were poorer than himself: and after praising the especially delicious supper which his wife and sisters had prepared, he threw fresh sticks on the fire, and settled down for the enjoyment of the *Weekly Courant*, which he had brought from the village that afternoon. With his reading he mingled running remarks: "Good apple crop this year, they say. We picked the last in the home lot to-day. They're the best I ever picked. We've got a good yield of turnips, too, and the turkeys are getting as fat as butter; we shall have plenty to eat and plenty to sell. Be sure to invite everybody to Thanksgiving, mother."

Again: "Well! the paper says that old Mike, the crazy man, has got out, and that he's running loose round the country. You must look out, girls." Miss Maria laughed a little: "I don't believe he'd come way up here?" "No: I suppose 'twould be rather too much trouble. H'm,—when last seen, wore a plaid camlet cloak."

The cat purred, the clock ticked, the knitting-needles clicked; Mr. Brownlow almost nodded.

A knock resounded from the "end-door," which opened directly out of doors. "That's Stebbins, come to see about buying that colt." So up jumped Mr. Brownlow, and hospitably opened wide the door.

A vision of a wild, haggard face, a plaid cloak, a flashing axe was all, and poor Mr. Brownlow lay dead across the threshold, his head cloven at one stroke!

Oh! the horror of that moment for those women! Speechless and be-

numbed, they looked for instant death for themselves at first. But, apparently, the madman had turned back into the night.

When their terror could find vent in screams, the only support that they could bring was Jerusha, the "help;" for the hired man had already gone for his evening's pleasure.

So the four women left their dead, and fled to the village for aid. In a moment, for them, peace and happiness were turned into terror and grief.

Their agonized flight down the shadowy hillside was finished just as the tranquillizing good night of the nine o'clock bell was booming; but it changed to a wild clanging which brought forth a hasty crowd of men and boys, with "What's the matter?" on every lip. Each one was eager to set out on the search for the lunatic, lest he should do some other deed of horror. Lanterns and warm coats were quickly brought, and in an incredibly short time, at least sixty men were ready to start on the quest, and in groups of eight or ten, were rushing off; when "Hold on!" shouted Deacon Deming in stentorian tones. "Call those boys back! Attention! every one."

"Now neighbors," he continued, "we shall never accomplish anything in this helter skelter way. I move that we have one man to direct matters to-night, and that man'd better be 'Squire Morton, in my opinion."

The satisfaction of all with this proposal was expressed by a cheer; and after a little modest hesitation on 'Squire Morton's part, he stepped on the church horse-block, and gave out his impromptu orders. He was a man of spare frame, and simple manner; but his clean-cut features and deep-set eyes gave promise of a lofty, fearless nature; and on his face the lines of experience indicated wisdom and penetration. He neither assumed nor demanded especial authority, but his simple words showed that he was accustomed to lead.

"My friends, a dreadful thing has happened to-night. Don't let any carelessness of ours bring more

trouble. I see that most of you have firearms. I make it a strict order that no man shall fire on old Mike, even if a good chance offers itself. Surround him if possible, catch him by all reasonable means; but bring the poor creature into town quietly and safely, so that he won't be roused to fury, and, above all, don't shoot."

Then he distributed the men by twos and threes in such a way that all the districts of the town, which old Mike could have reached by that time, would be faithfully scoured in a systematic manner. If old Mike should be found, a whistle and a halloo were to inform those who were near at hand, and as soon as possible the church bell would give the signal that the search was over. If he should not be found, the different bands of men, converging from the outside to the center, would meet at sunrise on the green to discuss plans for future search. All assented cordially to the plan of the campaign; and soon the village center seemed deserted, except for the lights of those who were hurrying off to accompany the afflicted women of the Brownlow family to their desolate home. There was one dissenting voice, however, that of James Williams. He was a son of one of the leading men of the town, bright and winning, but spoiled by lack of early parental training. He and Jonathan Hinsdale, who was considered the pride of the village, had been inseparable friends from childhood, and they were often called "David and Jonathan."

James almost idolized his friend, who, besides having great powers of mind, was endowed with the stability and self-control which James lacked. Jonathan was soon to marry the pretty sister of James; and it was a matter of rejoicing to the friends and neighbors that he was to be a minister, then considered the profession of most honor in the community.

"Well!" grumbled James, as the two started for West Farms, their assigned place of search, "I don't see why I should be hampered by 'Squire Morton's orders. I know how to use





IN CONSTRUCTION—"THE ELMS"—PROPERTY OF N. WALLACE, AND WHEN FINISHED  
TO BE THE RESIDENCE OF MR. F. E. BELDEN.



RESIDENCE OF RUSSELL L. JONES—PROPERTY OF JULIUS GAY.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. W. A. UNDERWOOD—FORMERLY THE JULIUS S. COWLES PLACE.



"ON THE VILLAGE STREET".—JUDGE  
DEMING AND MR. HENRY M. COWLES.



JOINER SHOP--N. O. Keys, Proprietor--BLACKSMITH SHOP of George Leopard.



THE VILLAGE BASTILE.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. JANE R. GRISWOLD.

a gun without being tied up by any old granny regulations like that. I despise people who are afraid of everything. I shall use my own judgment about firing." Jonathan tried to reason with him a little, but it was useless then, and he had no idea that James would really encounter Michael; so he turned to other subjects while they were prowling about in the darkness.

Hours passed on. Patiently the men, most of them weary at the start from a day of toil, plodded over hill-sides and meadows, through swamps and forests. Nothing could be found of old Michael, except that a branch of a young maple, freshly lopped off, looked as if he might have been wielding his terrible axe again.

And, by the lantern's light, tracks were seen around an old, lonely house which made the eight or ten men who had met there, sure that old Michael had secreted himself in the cellar. They gathered in the old kitchen for consultation. If Michael was really in the cellar, he must be brought out, and the search must be ended; but who wished to creep down rickety stairs into the abyssmal darkness of an old-fashioned cellar, to be met by a madman armed with an axe?

'Squire Morton looked around the little company.

"I will go down to look for Michael. Who'll go with me?"

No one volunteered.

"I am going. I call no one of you to go with me."

Even his authority failed. Each head was shaken to show that courage was lacking. Then with lips a little more firmly set, and eyes looking straight forward, 'Squire Morton lighted a candle, and briefly saying, "Then I will go alone," opened the door and calmly stepped down into the darkness and to possible death. Every face was pale,—the men hardly breathed, so acute was the suspense while they huddled around the head of the cellar stairs to listen. They heard his careful footsteps as every part of the dim cavern was explored and then at last he came back to them, safe and alone. All that he said was "Michael is not there;" and each man knew that it was certain that no lurking-place in that cellar sheltered Michael from sight. But after that modest proof of unflinching courage, those men would have obeyed 'Squire Morton's slightest

word. "I never saw such grit as that," said Bill Judd in relating the incident to a circle of listeners the next day.

But the dreaded and yet much sought lunatic was not even seen. He eluded them or had fled to some region entirely beyond their field of search. Glimmers of the dawn appeared, and the night's work seemed about to end in disappointment.

Just then, James Williams, sleepily stumbling through some underbrush, saw a figure moving toward him through a grove of young trees. The steps were light and quick, the man certainly carried a heavy weapon, and James thought that he detected in the dimness the fluttering folds of a cloak. He could not, alone, capture Michael, for surely it must be he; if he should wound the violent man in the arm, he would give himself no more than a proper advantage.

So he raised his musket and fired. The shot rang out ominously and it brought a half-dozen men running to the scene. They found James Williams wildly calling on Jonathan Hinsdale to speak.

But the dead speak not. David had slain Jonathan.

And thus, before the sun looked on the earth again, a second family was plunged into woe. Three families, I might say, for while some bore with melancholy steps the lifeless form of the gifted Jonathan to his home, it required all the efforts of three or four men to restrain the self-reproachful ravings of the unfortunate James, who knew that his return to his home must bring a blight blacker than death to his family. "Oh, why did I not obey orders? Oh, Jonathan! I loved you better than myself, and I have killed you! Oh, my sister! What shall I do when I see you?"

He voiced the thoughts of all; they contrasted the calm fearlessness of Mr. Morton with James's reckless independence of control.

Perhaps you would like to know the gentle means by which old Michael was at last caught. For weeks the whole country side was aroused to secure him. Bills describing him were posted at every road, so that every one in the country knew his appearance, by report. He was sometimes traced, but was not taken. Every one felt that life was in jeopardy while he was at large. One sunny afternoon in early

winter, a poor woman in a house miles away from the scene of the tragedy heard a timid knock at her door. So childlike was it, that she forgot the customary fear of opening doors to outside knocks, only to find herself confronted by old Michael himself. There were the tattered remnants of the plaid camlet cloak, the wild eyes and sunken cheeks,—yes, it was surely he. Her very frame seemed to collapse; but she was a woman of nerve. The axe was not visible, and the man looked weak and tired. "Will you please give me something to eat?" was all that he said. "Certainly, certainly," replied she, with ready tact. "Sit down by the fire to get warm, while I bring you some baked beans." The woman's stock of provisions was poor and scanty, but she brought forth the best she had, and set it kindly before the hungry man, deftly managing to remove all knives from sight. Then she asked: "Would you like some milk? I will get it in the buttery. Come Solomon," to her little boy, whose patched clothes ill became his royal name. "Come and help me get it." So she took the boy to the buttery, and once within, she pushed him through the little square window, charging him to run for his life to the nearest neighbors, and to say that crazy Mike was in her kitchen, but was "peaceable" just then. Her plan worked perfectly. By various soft beguilements, she kept Michael interested in hot food and drink until some men arrived, who approached him as friends, were by him received as such, and so easily led away the man who had caused terror for weeks.

The poor demented man was taken to the house of Mr. Morton who was deputy sheriff for the county for forty years; and there strong men kept their vigil around his bed all night, lest his fury should burst forth again. Morning came without an outbreak and he was taken to Hartford, where he was tried, and his insanity having been proved, he was assigned to safe-keeping.

Never again did he escape to terrify the dwellers in Farmington; but often was the tragedy of that night repeated to awestruck listeners, and the story has been handed down to succeeding generations.

—ELLEN STRONG BARTLETT, in *Farmington Magazine*, April, 1902.



"ROUND HILL" *from the west.*



PROPERTY OF HENRY MARTIN COWLES—  
RESIDENCE OF JOHN HURLEY AND  
FRANK CHIDSEY.



"LITTLE RICHARD."



PROPERTY OF FRED MILES — RESIDENCE  
OF CHARLES RISLEY, JR., AND JASPER  
WILLIAMS.



"THE HORSE TRADE."

## AN HISTORICAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

## Opening of the Village Library

OF FARMINGTON, CONN., SEPTEMBER 30, 1890.

BY JULIUS GAY.

**W**E HAVE met this evening to open, to the use of the public, the library, which the generosity of the citizens and friends of this village has instituted. By the way of introduction, a brief account has been thought fitting of an older library founded here a century ago, of the men who organized it, and of the literary taste of their times.

There have been other libraries in this town also well-deserving consideration, if time permitted. Seven were in active operation in the year 1802, with an aggregate of 1,041 volumes on their shelves costing \$1,241.00. The most recent library is too well known to you all to need any eulogy or description from me. If the Tunxis Library had not attained its remarkable prosperity, there is little reason to suppose we should have been here this evening.

In the year 1795, when the Revolutionary War had been a thing of the past for twelve years, the people of this village found time to turn their energies to peaceful pursuits. The long and bitter contentions in the church had just given place to peace and good will by the settlement of the beloved pastor, the Rev. Joseph Washburn, in May of that year. The Hon. John Treadwell of this town, afterward Gov. Treadwell, was at this time a member of the upper house of the State Legislature, and John Mix, Esq., had just begun to represent the town in the lower house twice each year as certainly as the months of May and October came around. These worthy and public-spirited men, with such assistance as their fellow townsmen were ready to offer them, founded, in that year, the first library in this village of which we have any extended record. They called it "The Library of the First Society in Farmington," and this library with sun-

dry changes in name and organization has survived to the present time.

The first librarian was Elijah Porter, a soldier of the Revolution, who served three years with the Connecticut troops on the Hudson, and was for many years a deacon in the Congregational church. The members of the first committee were Martin Bull, John Mix, and Isaac Cowles. Martin Bull, also a deacon of the church, was a man of versatile powers and occupations,—a goldsmith and maker of silver spoons and silver buttons, a manufacturer of salt-petre when it was needed in making gunpow-

der for the army, a conductor of the church music with Gov. Treadwell for assistant, the treasurer of the town for eight years, and clerk of probate for thirty-nine years, and until the office passed out of the control of the old Federal party. He was one of the seventy signers of an agreement to march to Boston, in September, 1774, to the assistance of our besieged countrymen, if needed. Of all his numerous occupations, perhaps none pleased the worthy deacon more than writing long and formal letters to his friends. One series of fifteen to a student in col-



FAC-SIMILE.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN REILLY.



"WAITING FOR THE TROLLEY"—*Gay's Store Door.*



OLD CHAIRS—PROPERTY OF MISS JULIA  
BRANDEGHE.



MILL AT SCOTT SWAMP.



SOME BEAUTIFUL FAMILY CHINA—OWNED BY MRS. TIMOTHY H. ROOT.





F. P. SWANSTON'S STORE.



HARTFORD AVENUE, LOOKING WEST.



THE OLD FREDERICK ANDRUS PLACE IN 1880.

lege, full of kindly feeling and pious exhortation, has come down to us, but whose appalling solemnity would tend to drive the modern college youth into any dissipation for relief.

John Mix, the second member of the committee, was a graduate of Yale College, and an officer in the Revolutionary War, serving first as an ensign along the Hudson, and afterwards as lieutenant and quartermaster in the Highlands until the close of the war. Then, when the return of peace dismissed the officers of the army to their homes, and the strong friendships formed around the camp-fire and on the battle-field led to the founding of the society of the Cincinnati, John Mix became the secretary of the Connecticut branch, until that society was dissolved, in 1804, to appease the insane clamors of the politicians of that day. He then served the town ten years as judge of probate, thirty-two as town clerk, and twenty-six, as a representative to the General Assembly. Those were the good old days when the magistrate and his duties were looked up to with veneration, and rotation in office had not become a political necessity. This old town was then a power in the land.

Isaac Cowles, the third member of the committee, was a farmer, a tavern keeper, a colonel in the State Militia, and a man of wealth.

The library company numbered thirty-seven members, who contributed 380 volumes, valued at \$644.29, which amount was six-sevenths of one per cent. of the assessed value of all the property in the First Society of Farmington. The books were in part the remains of a former library formed August 1, 1785, of which no record, except this date and the amount of money collected has come down to us. The first book on the list was Dean Swift's Tale of a Tub. Other works of fiction were his Gulliver's Travels, The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves, of Smollett, The Sentimental Journey of Sterne; Henry Brooks' Fool of Quality; Fielding's Tom Jones; Miss Fanny Burney's Evelina and Cecilia; Dr. Moore's Zeluco; and Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield. There were translations of Gil Blas, and of several French novels. The Tales of the Castle and the Adelaide and Theodore of Madame De Genlis, and others of a more ephemeral nature.

Of poetry, they had, of course, the Paradise Lost, Pope's version of the Iliad, Young's Night Thoughts, and Goldsmith's Poems. There were, too, McPherson's Ossian, The Task and Olney, Hymns of Cowper, Thompson's Seasons, and the poems of Akenside.

This list is not a long one, for the New England mind did not take kindly to works of imagination. Being appealed to on their patriotic side they

bought with alacrity. The conquest of Canaan by President Dwight, and the Vision of Columbus by Joel Barlow—those two epic poems which were thought to be so inspired by the Genius of American Liberty as to put to shame all the works of effete monarchies and empires. To these they added the poems of General David Humphreys, revolutionary soldier and diplomatist, and a volume of miscellaneous American poetry, which completed the list, nor did they see occasion to make any additions until twenty years after, 1817, they bought Thomas Moore's Lalla Rookh, published that year.

History fared a little better. Robertson was represented by his Histories of America, Scotland, and India, and his

Mahomet, Cromwell, Frederick the Great, Eugene, Newton, Doddridge, Boyle, Franklin, and Putnam. Of books of travel, there were Anson's Voyage Around the World, Cook's Voyages, Wraxall's Tour Through Europe, Volney's Travels in Egypt and Syria, Niebuhr's Travels in Arabia, Cox's Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, and Young's Travels in France, which latter has been recently reprinted and is one of the most notable books of the day.

Anyone could make a list of the essay literature on the shelves without much danger of going astray. The Tatler, The Spectator, and the Citizen of the World, constituted pretty much the whole of it.



FAC-SIMILE.

Reign of Charles the Fifth. Even Voltaire was admitted, with his Charles the Twelfth, and his Age of Louis the Fifteenth. Rollins' Ancient History appears in ten volumes, and Josephus' Antiquities of the Jews, in four volumes. Hume's History of England, Watson's Philip the Second, and Winthrop's Journal were there,—the latter now a valuable prize when found in the edition of that day. There were histories in many volumes of almost all the then known countries of the world,—Europe, Greece, Rome, England, Spain, America, Switzerland, and Hindostan, but by whom written we can only conjecture. The volumes have long since disappeared, and the catalogue is silent.

Of biographies, there were those of

Of the dramatic literature there is not much to say. The first copy of Shakespeare waited for twenty years for admission to the library. Our forefathers did not love the theater or its literature.

Theological books were more to their tastes. I will not weary you with a list of those which formed a large part of their first library. The most famous were Butler's Analogy, Edwards' "On the Freedom of the Will," "On Justification by Faith Alone," his "Treatise Concerning the Religious Affections," and his "History of the Redemption;" Hopkin's Divinity; Paley's Evidences and his Horae Paulinae; Newton on the Prophecies; West on the Resurrection; Strong, on Baptism, and Sherlock's



THE WM. CADWELL PLACE.



RUINS OF THE CAPT. SIDNEY WOODRUFF PLACE.



RESIDENCE OF WH. H. FOSTER.



RESIDENCE OF NICHOLAS SUNDGREN.



RESIDENCE OF G. G. HAMILLA.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. JOHN ROURKE.



RESIDENCE OF AUGUST ANDERSON.



RESIDENCE OF PETER SUNDGREN.



The old weather-beaten sign reproduced by the accompanying photograph was suspended for many years over the front door of *The Captain Joe Porter Tavern* which stood at the northeast corner of New Britain avenue and High streets. The house was moved to the rear to make room for what is now the residence of John R. Whitney, that was built by Franklin Woodford. The old house caught fire and burned to the ground about thirty years ago.

Captain Porter was born August 23, 1766; died June 15, 1826.



THE MANIN CURTIS PLACE—ON THE SITE OF THE RESIDENCE OF HERVEY L. CRANDALL.



RESIDENCE OF HERVEY L. CRANDALL.

Practical Discourses on Providence. There were also sermons by Blair, Newton, Edwards, and other divines.

Such were the 380 volumes with which the first library was opened to the public. For a quarter of a century thereafter the books added were, with few exceptions, of a theological character, with the exception of "Don Quixote" and "Sir Charles Grandison," added in 1790, no more novels were bought until Miss Hannah Moore's "Coelebs in Search of a Wife" found favor in 1809, probably owing to the religious character of its authoress; and so matters continued until the Waverley Novels knocked too hard at the doors to be denied admission.

Why did the intelligent men and women of this village restrict themselves to such a literary diet?

Certainly not in a sanctimonious spirit, or because they thought it pleasing in the sight of Heaven, but simply and wholly because they liked it. Not the religions and moral only, but all classes alike discussed the subtle distinctions of their theology with an excitement and too often with a bitterness unknown even to the modern politician. They held stormy debates on these high themes by the wayside, at the country store, and over their flip and New England rum at the tavern. They thoroughly believed their creed—believed that the slightest deviation from the narrow path they had marked out for their steps would consign them to the eternal agonies of a material hell. Such was their belief and such the literature that pleased them.

Even the young ladies of the day read the works of Jonathan Edwards as the records show. But let no one picture them only as Priscilla singing the Hundredth Psalm at her spinning wheel, or waste unnecessary compassion on their gloomy puritan surroundings. The same ladies danced with the French officers of the army of Rochambeau by the light of their camp-fires down on the Great Plain, with the approbation and attendance of their fathers, and even, as tradition says, of the courtly minister of the church.

We know from old letters, carefully treasured, how Farmington society spent its evenings, at what houses the young ladies were wont to gather, what they did, and, what young men, with more money than brains, were frowned upon for stopping on the way at too many of the numerous taverns then lining our street. We know how Gov. Treadwell fined the society ladies of his day because, as the indictment read, "They were convened in company with others at the house of Nehemiah Street, in said town, and refused to disperse until after nine o'clock at night." The nine

o'clock bell meant something in those days.

Only a few years later, the Governor writes in a strain worthy of John Ruskin, "The young ladies are changing their spinning wheels for forte-pianos and forming their manners at the dancing school rather than in the school of industry. Of course, the people are laying aside their plain apparel, manufactured in their houses, and clothing themselves with European and India fabrics. Labor is growing into disrepute, and the time when the independent farmer and reputable citizen could whistle at the tail of his plough, with as much serenity as the cobbler over his last, is fast drawing to a close. The present time marks a revolution of taste

that day, but because our ancestors read on the first page of Holy Writ, that the evening and the morning were the first day, and when they saw the last rays of the setting sun disappear behind the western mountains, the Sabbath with all its restraints was ended. The boys might resume, though somewhat quietly, the sports of the week. Those of older growth were expected to present themselves in all the bravery of their Sunday attire wherever their youthful affections called them; and they, both young men and maidens, doubtless blessed the new library as a most suitable place of resort for their elders. Hither they came from far and near, not simply for books, but to exchange friendly greetings, to discuss the affairs

## No. 140 VILLAGE LIBRARY.



*Resides in vain their pretty eyes may roll;  
 charms strike the sense, but mend not the soul.*

FAC-SIMILE.

and of manners of immense import to society, but while others glory in this as a great advancement in refinement, we can not help dropping a tear at the close of the golden age of our ancestors, while with a pensive pleasure we reflect on the past, and with suspense and apprehension anticipate the future."

Such was the social life then. Much hearty enjoyment of the increasing good things around them, tempered and always overshadowed by their ever present belief in the stern doctrines of Calvin—"fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute."

The meetings for the drawing of books were held on the first Sunday of each month, not because the eminently religious character of the library became

of the State and the Church, the health of their families, the labors of their farms, and all the details of their everyday life. It was a true literary club made up of the most intelligent and worthy members of the community.

When all were assembled and had accounted for the books charged them, the new books or any old ones desired by two persons, were put up at auction, and the right to the next month's reading was struck off for a few pennies, adding on the average \$2.50 to the annual income of the company.

Deacon Porter kept the library in excellent order. Every volume, though originally bound as books then were, in full leather, had a stout cover of sheep-skin sewed around it. The read-



RESIDENCE OF H. C. NEY.



RESIDENCE OF KERON MANION—*Coal and Wood Yard.*



RESIDENCE OF MISS EVA R. SHAFER.





RESIDENCE OF GEORGE F. HURLBURT.



RESIDENCE OF ROBERT B. BRANDEGEE. "CHATEAU INGRES."



REAR OF SHAFTER PLACE.



RESIDENCE OF ROBERT B. BRANDEGEE.



"THE HEMLOCKS" - RESIDENCE OF ROBERT L. REDFIELD.



A QUIET CORNER ON THE SHAFTER PLACE.

pence for forgetting his books a whole month. Solomon Whitman, Esq., reading the fourth volume of Rollin, probably with a tallow dip in one hand, sets fire to the book and comes so near bringing the wars of the Persians and Grecians to an abrupt termination, that he has to pay one dollar. Dr. Todd is fined one-half as much for having his mind so occupied with his patients as to forget his books for six days. The fines for ten years amounted to £1-3-6.

On the first day of January, 1801, the first day of the new century, the name of the library was changed from *The Library in the First Society in Farmington*, to *The Monthly Library in Farmington*, probably to distinguish it from some other library. Deacon Martin Buell, still the chairman of the committee, engraved for it a new book plate in the highest style of his art. It contains the by-laws of the company, and this motto:

"The youth who led by Wisdom's  
guiding hand  
Seeks Virtue's temple, and her laws  
reveres,  
He alone in Honour's dome shall  
stand  
Crowned with rewards and raised  
above his peers."

Wisdom is represented in the central picture in the form of the god Mercury leading a very small boy up to a bookshelf of ponderous folios. The boy is dressed in the fashionable court costume of the period, and with uncovered head contemplates a personification of virtue crowned with masonic insignia. By her side stands a nude figure of wondrous anatomy, perhaps a siren against whose allurements the youth is being warned.

The books were kept in the house of the librarian, which stood on the east side of the main street, next north of the graveyard, and here sat Deacon Porter, the village tailor, in this solemn neighborhood, and among these serious books ready to minister to the literary taste of the community. In the meantime the beloved pastor, Joseph Washburn, died on the voyage from Norfolk to Charleston, whither he had gone in the vain hope of restoring his health, and on the 23d day of August, eight years afterwards, Deacon Porter married the widow and moved into her house opposite; now occupied by Chauncey Rowe, Esq. He relinquished his care of the library, and Capt. Luther Seymour succeeded him for the year 1813. At the end of the year the Monthly Library Company came to an end. The furniture was sold and the cash on hand to the amount of \$54.93 was divided among the proprietors. A few weeks later, on the 12th day of

February, 1814, Deacon Porter was re-instated in office and the books set up in the kitchen of his new abode, and, as was the fashion of the times when any dead institution started into new life, after the manner of the fabled bird of er who turned down a leaf to keep his place while reading was fined a penny, and a strict record was kept of every grease spot or other blemish, giving the volume and page where it occurred, so that any new damage could be charged up to the offender with unerring certainty. Two-pence a day was the cost of forgetting to return books on time. It made no sort of difference who the unlucky offender was, be he of high degree or otherwise, he had to pay. Major Hooker pays his six-pence. Col. Noadiah Hooker his shilling, and even Gov. Treadwell is reminded that it has cost him five shillings and six-mythology, which is supposed to arise from its own ashes, they called the new institution the Phoenix Library. Nine years afterwards it was incorporated under that name, January 28, 1823, by leaving a copy of its articles of association with the Secretary of State.

Contemporaneously with this, another library called the Village Library, also holding its meetings on the first Sunday evening of each month, had existed for many years. The leading spirits of the company were Capt. Selah Porter at the center of the village, Capt. Pomeroy Strong at the north end, and John Hurlburt Cooke, at White Oak. Its records date back to January, 1817, but I was told some thirty years ago by Capt. Erastus Scott, then one of the most prominent men of the town, that he and his fellow schoolmates were the real founders. They met on a Saturday afternoon under the church horse sheds, and each contributing ten cents, began the purchase of the little volumes entitled "The World Displayed." This selection seems to indicate a reliance on the literary taste of the schoolmaster; but when the next purchase was made the true boy's instinct asserted itself, and Robinson Crusoe was the result. These and some subsequent purchases were the nucleus, he said, of the Village Library. The accuracy of Capt. Scott's recollection seems to be sustained by the list of books bought from the Village Library at its dissolution in 1826. Two of the twenty volumes of "The World Displayed," the boys' first purchase, are still in existence, bearing the book plate of the Village Library, a work of art probably beyond the skill of Deacon Bull. It substitutes for his awkward boy a self possessed young lady seated in an arm chair in the most approved position taught by the boarding schools of the day. She is absorbed

in a book taken from the library shelves at her side, and through the window of the room has before her the inspiring vision of the Temple of Fame crowning the summit of a distant mountain. Beneath is the motto:

"Beauties in vain their pretty eyes  
may roll,  
Charms strike the sense, but merit  
wins the soul."

Thus early did the Village Library recognize the value of female education.

In March, 1826, the Village Library was merged with the Phoenix, and Capt. Selah Porter, who, since 1817, and perhaps longer, had been its librarian, now took the place of Deacon Elijah Porter. He held the office until he resigned April 4, 1835, and Simeon Hart, Jr., was appointed in his stead, and it was voted that the books be removed to the house of the latter. The affix of Jr. sounds strangely to those who remember the venerable and beloved instructor of our youth better as Deacon Hart, — a name which brings back to many hundreds of men scattered all over the world the recollections of the wise teacher, the kindly director of their sports as well as studies, the high-minded man trusting the honor of his pupils, and worthy of all honor in return. Deacon Hart had just finished his twelfth year as principal of the Farmington Academy, and one month after his appointment as librarian "Commenced," as he wrote, "a Boarding School in my own house May 1, 1835." This new departure of his so occupied his time that on the 6th of March he felt it necessary to resign, and Rufus Cowles was appointed in his place, filling the office until the company came to an end, and was reorganized on the 18th day of February, 1839, under the name of the Farmington Library Company. The library was given a room in what was then the northeast corner of the lower floor of the old Academy building, and the Rev. William S. Porter was installed as librarian, which office he filled until March 1, 1840, when he was succeeded by Mr. Abner Bidwell.

Under this administration the library comes within the limit of my personal recollection. The meetings were held on the first Sunday evening of the month immediately after the monthly concert. To this missionary meeting came the patrons of the library from the Eastern Farms, from White Oak, and from most of the districts of the town, each with his four books tied up not unusually in a red bandanna handkerchief. Here we waited, more or less patiently, the men on the right hand and the women on the left, while Deacon

## Miss Porter, Mrs. Dow, and Miss Cowles.



MISS COWLES.

MISS PORTER.

MRS. DOW.

The accompanying description of the picture by the artist who made it will doubtless be of interest to many.

I have been asked to tell how this picture came to be taken. Very well. I asked *Miss Porter*, *Mrs. Dow* and *Miss Roxy Cowles* to come to the *studio* at a certain hour to be photographed, and they all very graciously accepted my invitation. At first Miss Cowles drew back with her characteristic modesty, but Miss Porter, patting the place beside her with her hand said, "don't be

foolish Roxy sit right down there," and Miss Roxy sat and the whole thing was done in five minutes.

Many enlargements and prints have been made of this picture, until probably a thousand people have a copy of it. Miss Porter was for a long time adverse to having her pictures become public property, but her great fame at last made it out of the question to keep her likeness from the world. It would be like trying to suppress the likeness of Grant or Lincoln. —R. B. B.



CHARLES CARRINGTON, M.D.



FRANKLIN WHEELER, A.M., M.D.,



JOHN B. NEWTON, M.D.



AN OLD MAP, PUBLISHED ABOUT 1860.

Hart gave us a summary of missionary intelligence for the month, and the Rev. William S. Porter elucidated his views of family government and the divine promises to faithful parents. Then, when Dr. Porter had expounded some suitable portion of the Scriptures and invoked the blessing of God upon us and on all dwellers in heathen lands, when the choir in the northeast corner of the hall had concluded our devotion with the Missionary Hymn, a large part of the meeting repaired to the library room below. Here were the books, a thousand or more, some in cases, some on benches, some on a big table, some in rows, some in piles,—but all scattered without regard to character or size or numbering in a confusion that would have astounded the orderly soul of Deacon Elijah Porter. The books purchased during the last month were announced, and the first reading of each was determined by a spirited auction at which every book was described as a "very interesting work." Then after tumbling over the book piles with varying success, and with the excitement unknown in more orderly collections, of possibly unearthing some unexpected treasure, each had his four books charged, and departed to enjoy the spoils of his search.

This chapter in the history of the library was abruptly terminated in 1851, by a change in the ownership of the building in which it had its temporary home. The old building and adjoining premises were owned jointly by the Academy Proprietors, the First Ecclesiastical Society, the Middle School District and the town. The upper room was used for all sorts of purposes. The Sunday-school boy saw its walls adorned with big placards which taught him "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy Youth," and that "The wages of sin is death," but his mind was much more apt to dwell on the grotesque exhibitions he had seen and heard from the same benches the evening before,—the political orator, the ventriloquist, the negro minstrel, the mesmerist, the uncouth magic lantern pictures, and the war dance and war-whoop of imitation red men. The situation became so intolerable that the Ecclesiastical Society, after no end of skillful diplomacy and hard work on the part of Deacon Simeon Hart, bought out the other owners, and the upper room was dedicated to religious uses only, by a vote which will not seem strict to those who remember the abominations of the past. The money changers in the holy temple at Jerusalem were most respectable by contrast. From the Academy building the books were removed to the office of Deacon Simeon Hart, who was appointed librarian once more, Febru-

ary 1, 1853, only twelve weeks before his death. He was succeeded by Austin Hart, Esq., who had charge until the office building was sold and moved away. The library once more homeless, was moved across the street into the stone store which stood before the great fire on the site of the present parsonage. Finally, in 1855, the town gave it a resting place for the next thirty-five years in the new record building, it being agreed in consideration therefor, "that any responsible person belonging to the town may have the right of drawing books from the library upon paying a reasonable compensation."

Mr. Chauncey D. Cowles, the town clerk, was librarian for the year 1855. In February of the following year, Mr. now Dr. James R. Cumming, then the very successful principal of the Middle District school, was appointed librarian. With his habitual energy and exactness he brought order out of confusion, and the library became once more a very useful and prosperous institution. During the next ten years nearly all of the most valuable books of the library were acquired, thanks to the fine literary taste, the generous gifts, and the practical good sense of Deacon Edward L. Hart.

Such, then, was the library, which for a century has been no mean adjunct to the pulpit and the schoolhouse, in giving to the citizens of this village whatever claim to intelligence and uprightness may justly belong to them. And now, after its wanderings from one temporary resting place to another, it has found an honorable and fitting place of abode. May it with many additions and with a generous care continue for another century to bless this village.

#### LIBRARIANS.

	Elected.
ELIJAH PORTER,	1795
LUTHER SEYMOUR,	Dec. 28, 1812
ELIJAH PORTER,	Feb. 12, 1814
SELAH PORTER,	Apr. 2, 1826
SIMEON HART,	Apr. 4, 1835
RUFUS COWLES,	1836
WILLIAM S. PORTER,	Feb. 18, 1839
ABNER BIDWELL,	Jan. 5, 1840
SIMEON HART,	Feb. 7, 1853
AUSTIN HART,	Sep. 26, 1853
CHAUNCEY D. COWLES,	1855
JAMES R. CUMMINGS,	Feb. 1856
JULIUS GAY,	Jan. 2, 1860
WILLIAM E. HART,	Jan. 6, 1868
THOMAS TREADWELL,	Jan. 4, 1869
THOMAS L. PORTER,	Jan. 2, 1882

The present library was established in a room made for the purpose, in the Town Hall, built in 1890. There were several hundred of the most valuable books belonging to the Town Library, also nearly fifteen hundred

books from the Tunxis Free Library, and with others donated by individuals interested there were nearly twenty-five hundred books.

About two hundred books are added annually, more than half of these are given, and nearly all the better magazines are in circulation or on the reading table.

There are now over 5,000 books shelved and more room needed.

The books reach nearly every house in this section, and also many of the adjoining districts. There are some three hundred regular readers and fifty or more transients.

The library is open Wednesday and Saturday afternoon and evening, with an average of over seventy-five visitors and one hundred and twenty-five books and magazines loaned.

Miss Julia Brandegee was appointed librarian with Mrs. T. H. Root as her assistant. During the year Miss Brandegee was abroad. Miss Anna Barbour served in her position. After several years of service Miss Brandegee resigned and Mrs. Root was appointed librarian, which place she has filled ever since.

The accompanying reports show at a glance the great popularity of the library and its very prosperous condition.

#### THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE VILLAGE LIBRARY, 1905.

There are now 4826 catalogued books in the Library, 166 having been added this year—95 by gift, and 71 have been purchased. The books bought are carefully selected with a view to their permanent value. We depend almost wholly on gifts for our fiction, although we intend to purchase the best of the fiction and juveniles when published.

The Library has been open to the public 90 days. January 24th, owing to the intense cold and blizzard prevailing, is the only day in fifteen years in which it was not opened.

There have been 5721 visitors, of these 250 are regular and about fifty transients, an average of 64 per day. The books read are classified as follows: Juveniles, 1464 or one-fifth of the entire number circulated; Fiction, 2922 or two-fifths, and the remaining two-fifths are divided into Miscellaneous, 2111; Biography, 395; Travel, 205, and History, 172.

Books and magazines have been given the Library by the following friends:

Mrs. Butler, Mrs. D. N. Barney, Mrs. Wm. Cowles, Mrs. Wm. Allen, Mr. Julius Gay, Mr. Grant, Miss Eleanor Johnson, Miss Clara Griswold, W. H. Gocher, Mrs. C. S. Mason, Mrs. Pope, Miss Pope, Miss Redfield, Mr. Russell Sturgis, Mrs. Vorce.

## REPORT OF TREASURER.

<i>JULIUS GAY, Treasurer, in account with the Library Co., Dr.:</i>	
To cash on hand, reported September 14, 1904	\$ 295.73
To Permanent Fund	2,969.50
To Membership Fees	68.00
To Fines	5.34
To Dividends from Farmington Savings Bank	124.30
To Gifts from Mrs. D. N. Barney	150.00
	<hr/>
	\$3,612.87

<i>JULIUS GAY, Treasurer, in account with the Library Co., Cr.:</i>	
By Permanent Fund in Farmington Savings Bank	\$2,969.50
By Cash paid out for ordinary expenses	487.37
By Cash on hand	156.00
	<hr/>
	\$3,612.87

## EXPENSES ITEMIZED.

Books and Magazines	\$ 130.95
Binding Books	91.60
Janitor's Bill	19.41
Librarian's Salary	150.00
Insurance	12.50
Furnace Repairs	1.00
Printing Annual Reports	7.30
Wood	20.00
Coal	35.17
Electric Light	16.44
Labels	2.00
Express	1.00
	<hr/>
	\$487.37

## OFFICERS.

Lillian E. Root, Librarian.	
Julius Gay, Sec'y and Treas.	
Committee for three years.	
Alfred A. Pope, Julia S. Brandegee.	
Committee for two years.	
Danford N. Barney, Ed. H. Deming.	
Committee for one year.	
Allen D. Vorce, Malvina A. Howe.	



ON THE CLIFF AT TUNXIS ORCHARDS—It was at this point that President Roosevelt descended to the street below.



## A Musician's Reminiscences.



(Our older readers must have noticed in these columns once or twice each year, almost from the beginning of our paper, short reports and programmes, very classical, of concerts given in a Young Ladies' School in Farmington, Conn., under the direction of an earnest, sterling teacher, who all this time seems to have been more fond of solid good work in a corner, than of the notoriety which musical men, vastly his inferiors, strive to achieve by advertising rather than by worth.—From *Dwight's Journal of Music*, March 23, 1872.)

THESE few words from a musical authority of so many years ago, show the estimate that was put on Mr. Klauser's work for the increasing musical knowledge and musical culture here in the Farmington school. It seemed as if some words from Mr. Klauser himself, reminiscent of these concerts and the famous men who have visited here from time to time, would be of great interest. His own early life deserves some mention, varied as it was. Born in St. Petersburg, he lived some years both in Leipsic and Hambourg. Though devoted to music, he was apprenticed to the book-trade and studied the backs of his books so faithfully—doubtless the insides also, though he does not speak of that—that in his talk with President Porter previous to his entering the school, he was asked at what University he took his degree, so conversant was he with theological and philosophical questions. But the time came when he was free to devote himself to music, and soon after that, on his wedding day, he left Havre on a sailing vessel for New York.

"In 1855," Mr. Klauser says, "I came to Farmington as teacher of music in Miss Porter's School. She had written to Germany, then to Henry Timm, leader of the New York Philharmonic, to ask that an instructor be recommended to her—one who would teach 'not fashionable music, but as it is taught in Germany.' I had been in New York five years, but gladly came to Farmington, for life in the country is more natural than city life. The year after I came, the concerts, now so enjoyed, were started and given during the first two years in the village assembly hall and for the public. The



PROFESSOR KARL KLAUSER.

first musician to come was Theodore Thomas. He had been my friend in New York, where he had been trying hard to gain a musical foothold, and came to see how I was getting along in Farmington—to look about him. He was well satisfied and came about forty times after that, at first once a year, then oftener."

Dr. Leopold Damrosch in his letter about Karl Klauser, writes of New York at this time. It was "then a sort of musical wilderness in which many a clever musician, to escape utter misery, was obliged to march in military bands and beat the cymbals, or seek his bread with blackened face among the negro minstrels." Through such a hard school did Theodore Thomas come before he gained the high place he now occupies. Mr. Klauser described some of these trials of Thomas's and then went on to tell of his companions.

"When Thomas came to Farmington he played first violin in a quintette. This had no leader; was a sort of re-

public. Wm. Mason was the pianist, Mosenthal, a pupil of Spohr, played second violin, Matzka the viola, and Bergman the 'cello. Bergman was an excellent musician and was the predecessor of Thomas in symphony concerts. Few musicians are educated men; Thomas had no general education. But Rubenstein who came about 1873 and Dr. Von Bulow in 1875 were both well educated. Rubenstein was a great talker, fluent on every possible subject. He came here through Theodore Thomas who knew him and exhibited him,—was in fact *bear-leader*. Rubenstein was the most expensive musician we ever had. He asked \$500 for two hours and then came only as a great favor of his managers! The first thing he asked for was a platform, to keep him away from the people; he felt too near them in the parlor.

"Von Bulow was a great friend of mine. He came to see me many times. Once, soon after his wife, now Mme. Wagner, left him—then he was very

sad—for his friendship for Rich. Wagner had been great. I remember once receiving Von Bulow's creed—his confession of faith, in one of his letters. Sebastian Bach, Ludwig von Beethoven, and Johannes Brahms were his Trinity. Then there were always others who came, among them, Emma Eames, when she was a girl.

"Farmington was beginning to be known in Germany through some arrangement and editions of musical works which I had made. Dr. Von Inten, early in the sixties, was coming to America and asked where he would probably play. He was told in New York, Boston, and Farmington. Some of Schumann's works which I had arranged, I sent Madame Schumann. It pleased her very much and in the many letters which I had from her after that she sent greetings to 'Schumannville.'"

Much more of music and musicians Mr. Klauser had to say, showing the pleasure he felt in his memories of work, both among his scholars and for the broadening of musical culture through his editions. It does not seem complete to close without saying more about these editions and I quote from the letter written by Dr. Leopold Dami-

rosch and translated in the journal mentioned at the beginning of this article:

"*Karl Klauser—(A Musical Sketch).* Klauser had early seen that to work successfully for art in America, one must proceed not from above downward, but through thorough pedagogical instruction from below upward. Art as such was little cherished in the land at that time (1855); jingling virtuosity and humbug did their best to ruin a half cultivated taste entirely; and amongst teaching musicians there were only a few who had the courage and capacity to go to work to purify and reform. He wished above all to work upon the tastes and help to form what was most needed—a *musical public*. To this end he selected the matter of his teaching with the greatest conscientiousness, using the classical music of the great German masters as the best basis for the musical culture of his pupils. But not content with that, he enriched the current editions of many compositions with a fulness of instructive additions which infinitely increased their value for instruction. Many a corrupt text in the old editions was critically rectified; countless little errors, handed

down like an hereditary disease in all the older editions, were weeded out. . . . Moreover, the fingering was carefully marked according to the modern principles, established by Liszt and Bulow. . . . Klauser has also made himself serviceable by arrangements of orchestral and chamber music for the piano. . . .

"To the special services which Klauser has rendered to the school in Farmington, and we may say to the musical culture of North America in general, belong the concerts which he has established, occurring three or four times yearly in the rooms of the institution, for which the audience is composed almost exclusively of the teachers and pupils of the school.

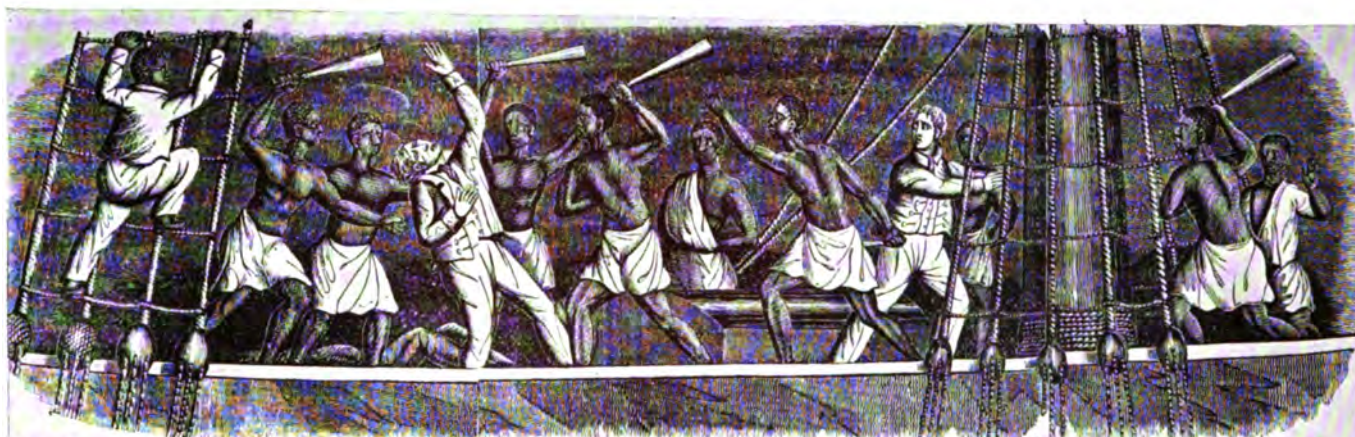
"If one would know what sterling concert programs are, programs of the purest artistic tendency, of the severest choice among the good and the best, he has only to study those of the Farmingtonian soirées and matinées. They would be an ornament to any concert room in the world, and satisfy the selected circle of listeners."—ELEANOR H. JOHNSON, in *Farmington Magazine*, Nov. 1900.



THE KARL KLAUSER PLACE.



## "Mendi" or "Amistad" Negroes.



### Death of Capt. Ferrer, the Captain of the Amistad, July, 1839.

Don Jose Ruiz and Don Pedro Montez, of the Island of Cuba, having purchased fifty-three slaves at Havana, recently imported from Africa, put them on board the Amistad, Capt. Ferrer, in order to transport them to Principe, another port on the Island of Cuba. After being out from Havana about four days, the African captives on board, in order to obtain their freedom, and return to Africa, armed themselves with cane knives, and rose upon the Captain and crew of the vessel. Capt. Ferrer and the cook of the vessel were killed; two of the crew escaped; Ruiz and Montez were made prisoners.

*From an old print.*

It has been thought best in the treatment of the subject "Amistad" or as more commonly designated in Farmington "Mendi" negroes, to reprint the available material at hand, rather than to write a new article. Strange as it may seem, there is no record in the town clerk's office of their sojourn in the town. Some of the oldest citizens remember them as they went back and forth through the village streets, from their quarters on what is now the Vorce estate. The subject to us is a most interesting one. Thanks are due to Mr. Albert C. Bates, librarian of the Connecticut Historical Society, for allowing us to reproduce the rare old wood cut, depicting the murder of the "Amistad's" captain by Cinque and his companions in their vain endeavor to escape from captivity and return to their homes in Africa. Farmington may well point with pride to the historical fact that these poor escaped slaves were offered a temporary home here. The two years that they spent in the village demonstrated that they were naturally an inoffensive and affectionate people.

*Extracts from a History of the Amistad Captives, by John W. Barber, published 1840.*

**D**URING the month of August, 1839, the public attention was somewhat excited by several reports, stating that a vessel of suspicious and piratical character had been seen near the coast of the United States, in the vicinity of New York. This vessel was represented as a "long, low, black schooner," and manned by blacks. The United States steamer Fulton, and several revenue cutters, were dispatched after her, and notice was given to the collectors at various sea ports.

The following giving an account of the capture of this vessel, and other particulars, is taken from the "New London Gazette:"

*"The Suspicious Looking Schooner"  
Captured and Brought into this Port.*

"Much excitement has been created in New York for the past week, from the report of several Pilot Boats having seen a clipper built schooner off the Hook, full of negroes, and in such a condition as to lead to the suspicion that she was a pirate. Several Cutters and naval vessels are said to have been dispatched in pursuit of her, but she

has been most providentially captured in the Sound, by Capt. Gedney, of the surveying Brig Washington. We will no longer detain the reader, but subjoin the official account of the capture very politely furnished to us by one of the officers.

*"U. S. Brig Washington,  
New London, Aug. 26, 1839.*

"While this vessel was sounding this day between Gardner's and Montauk Points, a schooner was seen lying in shore off Culloden Point, under circumstances so suspicious as to authorize Lieut. Com. Gedney to stand in to see what was her character—seeing a number of people on the beach with carts and horses, and a boat passing to and fro, a boat was armed and dispatched with an officer to board her. On coming along side a number of negroes were discovered on her deck and twenty or thirty more were on the beach—two white men came forward and claimed the protection of the officer. The schooner proved to be the 'Amistad,' Capt. Ramon Ruess, from Havanah, bound to Guanajah, Port Principe, with 54 blacks and two passengers on board; the former, four nights after they were out, rose and murdered the captain and



CINQUE—Reproduction of an engraving by *John Sartain*.

three of the crew—they then took possession of the vessel, with the intention of returning to the coast of Africa. Pedro Montez, passenger, and Jose Ruiz, owner of the slaves and a part of the cargo, were only saved to navigate the vessel. After boxing about for four days in the Bahama Channel, the vessel was steered for the Island of St. Andrews, near New Providence—from thence she went to Green Key, where the blacks laid in a supply of water. After leaving this place the vessel was steered by Pedro Montez, for New Providence, the negroes being under the impression that she was steering for the coast of Africa—they would not, however, allow her to enter the port, but anchored every night off the coast. The situation of the two whites was all this time truly deplorable, being treated with the greatest severity, and Pedro Montez, who had charge of the navigation, was suffering from two severe wounds, one on the head and one on the arm, their lives being threatened every instant. He was ordered to change the course again for the coast of Africa, the negroes themselves steering by the sun in the daytime, while at night he would alter their course so as to bring them back to their original place of destination. They remained three days off the coast of Long Island, to the eastward of Providence, after which they were two months on the ocean, sometimes steering to the eastward, and whenever an occasion would permit, the whites would alter the course to the northward and westward, always in hopes of falling in with some vessel of war, or being enabled to run into some port when they would be relieved from their horrid situation. Several times they were boarded by vessels, once by an American schooner from Kingston; on these occasions the whites were ordered below, while the negroes communicated and traded with the vessels; the schooner from Kingston, supplied them with a demijon of water for the moderate sum of one doubloon—this schooner, whose name was not ascertained, finding that the negroes had plenty of money, remained lashed alongside the 'Amistad' for twenty-four hours, though they must have been aware that all was not right on board, and probably suspected the character of the vessel—this was on the 18th of the present month; the vessel was steered to the northward and westward, and on the 20th inst., distant from New York 25 miles, the Pilot Boat No. 3 came alongside and gave the negroes some apples. She was also hailed by No. 4; when the latter boat came near, the negroes armed themselves, and would not permit her to board them; they were so exasperated with the two whites for bringing them

so much out of their way, that they expected every moment to be murdered. On the 24th they made Montauk Light and steered for it in hopes of running the vessel ashore, but the tide drifted them up the bay, and they anchored where they were found by the Brig Washington, off Culloden Point. The negroes were found in communication with the shore, where they laid in a fresh supply of water, and were on the point of sailing again for the coast of Africa. They had a good supply of money, some of which it is likely was taken by the people on the beach. After disarming and sending them on board from the beach, the leader jumped overboard with three hundred doubloons about him, the property of the Captain, all of which he succeeded in loosing from his person, and then submitted himself to be captured. The schooner was then taken in tow by the brig and carried into New London."

"Tuesday 12 o'clock M.

"We have just returned from a visit to the Washington and her prize, which are riding at anchor in the bay near the fort. On board the former we saw and conversed with the two Spanish gentlemen, who were passengers on board the schooner, as well as owners of the negroes and most of the cargo. One of them, Jose Ruiz, is a very gentlemanly and intelligent young man, and speaks English fluently. He was the owner of most of the slaves and cargo, which he was conveying to his estate on the Island of Cuba. The other Pedro Montez, is about 50 years of age, and is the owner of four of the slaves. He was formerly a ship master, and has navigated the vessel since her seizure by the blacks. Both of them, as may be naturally supposed, are most unfeignedly thankful for their deliverance.

"Jose Pedro is the most striking instance of complacency and unalloyed delight we have ever witnessed, and it is not strange, since only yesterday his sentence was pronounced by the chief of the bucaniers, and his death song was chanted by the grim crew, who gathered with uplifted sabres around his devoted head, which, as well as his arms, bear the scars of several wounds inflicted at the time of the murder of the ill fated captain and crew. He sat smoking his Havana on the deck, and to judge from the martyr-like serenity of his countenance, his emotions are such as rarely stir the heart of man. Mr. Porter—the prize master, assured him of his safety, and he threw his arms around his neck, while gushing tears coursing down his furrowed cheek, bespoke the overflowing transport of his soul. Every now and then he clasped his hands, and with uplifted eyes gave

thanks to the "Holy Virgin" who had led him out of his troubles.

"Senor Ruiz has given us two letters for his agents, Messrs Shelton, Brothers & Co. of Boston, and Peter A. Harmony & Co., of New York. It appears that the slaves, the greater portion of whom were his, were very much attached to him, and had determined after reaching the coast of Africa to allow him to seek his home what way he could, while his poor companion was to be sacrificed.

"On board the brig, we also saw Cinque, the master spirit of this bloody tragedy, in irons. He is about five feet eight inches in height, 25 or 26 years of age, of erect figure, well built and very active. He is said to be a match for any two men on board the schooner. His countenance, for a native African, is unusually intelligent, evincing uncommon decision and coolness with a composure characteristic of true courage, and nothing to mark him as a malicious man.

"By physiognomy and phrenology he has considerable claim to benevolence according to Gall and Spurzheim, his moral sentiments and intellectual faculties predominate considerably over his animal propensities. He is said however, to have killed the Captain and crew with his own hand, by cutting their throats. He also has several times attempted the life of Senor Montez, and the backs of several of the poor negroes are scored with scars of blows inflicted by his lash to keep them in subjection. He expects to be executed, but nevertheless manifests a *sang froid* worthy of a stoic under similar circumstances.

"With Captain Gedney, the surgeon of the port, and others, we visited the schooner, which is anchored within musket shot of the Washington, and there we saw such a sight as we never saw before, and never wish to see again. The bottom and sides of this vessel are covered with barnacles and sea-grass, while her rigging and sails presented an appearance worthy of the 'Flying Dutchman' after her fabled cruise. She is a Baltimore built vessel, of matchless model for speed, about 120 tons burthen, and about six years old. On her deck were grouped among various goods and arms, the remnant of her Ethiopian crew, some decked in the most fantastic manner, in silks and finery, pilfered from the cargo, while others, in a state of nudity, emaciated to mere skeletons, lay coiled upon the decks. Here could be seen a negro, with white pataloons, and the sable shirt which nature gave him, and a planter's broad brimmed hat upon his head, with a string of gewgaws about his neck; and another with a linen





RESIDENCE OF F. M. HAWLEY.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. ESTHER H. MIX.



RESIDENCE OF LUCIUS F. DORMAN.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN H. RHODES.



RESIDENCE OF WM. H. PARSONS AND  
FRANK HARRIS.



"CENTURY COTTAGE"—RESIDENCE OF CHARLES BRANDEGEE.



## FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN R. WHITNEY.



"SUNNY BANK"—RESIDENCE OF ARTHUR L. BRANDEGEE.



RESIDENCE OF GEORGE GALLAGHER.

cambric shirt, whose bosom was worked by the hand of some dark-eyed daughter of Spain, while his nether proportions were enveloped in a shawl of gauze or Canton crape. Around the windlass were gathered three little girls, from eight to thirteen years of age, the very images of health and gladness.

"Over the deck were scattered in the most wanton and disorderly profusion, raisins, vermicelli, bread, rice, silk and cotton goods. In the cabin and hold were marks of the same wasteful destruction."

From "The Captives of the *Amistad*," by Simeon E. Baldwin, read May 17, 1886, and printed in "Papers of the New Haven Colony Historical Society, Vol. IV., published in New Haven in 1888, we take the following extracts:

"The most famous case ever tried in Connecticut was that of the *Amistad*. None ever awakened a wider interest or a deeper feeling . . . I think we may fairly deem it one of the first guide-posts that pointed the way to the yet unopened grave of slavery in the United States. In the spring of 1839, a number of Africans living near the west coast were kidnapped by some of their own countrymen, acting as Agents of Spanish slave traders, and placed in a barracoon, at a place called *Dumbomo*. From thence, a Portuguese slaver, the *Tecota*, took them to Havana, where in a few days they were sold in two lots to a couple of Cubans, Don Jose Ruiz and Don Pedro Montez. Ruiz was the largest purchaser, taking 49 of them at \$450 apiece.

The chief of these Mendi captives was Cinque, otherwise called Cinquez, Jinqa or Sinqua; a tall and stalwart African of commanding presence and determined spirit. A little schooner of about 60 tons was chartered to take them with an assorted cargo of merchandise, to Guanaja, another Cuban port, and Ruiz and Montez sailed from Havana on June 28, 1839. The vessel's papers described the negroes as *ladions*, a term meaning those who had acquired a foreign language, but commonly used to designate slaves imported before 1820; and to give this more color, Spanish names were assigned to each at random. This was done by collusion between the authorities and the slave traders, who usually paid the Governor at Havana hush money at the rate of \$15 a head, for each slave landed at the port.

The following is a list of the names of the *Amistad* captives, and in some cases the meaning of their names:

1 SING-GBE (*Cinque*); 2 GILABARU (*Grab-can*), *have mercy on me*; 3 KIMBO (*cricket*); 4 NAZHAULU (*a water stick*); 5 BURNA; 6 BARTU (*a club or sword*); 7 GNAKWOI (*second born*); 8

KWONG; 9 FULIWA (*Fuli*) (*sun*); 10 PIE, *Bia*; 11 PUGNWANU (*a duck*); 12 SESSI; 13 MORU; 14 NDAMMA (*put on or up*); 15 FULIWULU (*Fuli*); 16 BA-U (*broke*); 17 BA (*have none*); 18 SHULE (*waterfall*); 19 KALE (*a bone*); 20 BAGNA (*sand or gravel*); 21 SA; 22 KINNA (*man or big man*); 23 NGAHONI (*water bird*); 24 FAKINNA; 25 FAGINNA (*twain*); 26 YABOI; 27 FABANNA (*remember*); 28 TSUKAMA (*a learner*); 29 BERRI (*stick*); 30 FONI; 31 BURNA (*twain*); 32 SHUMA (*falling water*); 33 KALI (*bone*); 34 TEME (*frog*); 35 KAGUE (*country*); 36 MARGRU (*black snake*).

The Africans had been brought over on the *Tecota* in irons, but it was thought unnecessary to chain them down on this short coasting voyage. Their supply of provisions and water was scant, and two who went to the water cask were whipped for it. One of them asked the cook where they were being taken, received for answer that they were going to be killed and then eaten. This ill time mockery was taken for earnest, and was the last incitement needed to rouse the captives to strike for liberty. During the second night out they rose under the lead of Cinque. Several of them had armed themselves with knives of the kind used to cut the sugar-cane. The captain of the schooner was attacked, killed his first assailant, and then fell himself by a stroke from Cinque's knife. The cook paid for his pleasantry with his life, also at Cinque's hand. Montez was severely wounded. The cabin boy, a mulatto slave of the captain named Antonio and Ruiz were securely bound. The rest of the crew escaped in one of the boats. It was a sharp and sudden struggle. Mr. Barber made it the subject of one of his quaint woodcuts as a frontispiece to his history of the *Amistad Captives*.\*

\*A reproduction of this rare print appears in this article.

"The cane knife, of which the negroes made use, is a formidable weapon, and does its work something after the fashion of a hatchet or short bill hook. . . .

In the grasp of a strong arm like that of Cinque, it is as sure and deadly as the guillotine. It was his design, if the rising was successful, to attempt the voyage back to their native country, of which they only knew that it was three moons distant, and lay toward the east. One of the negroes could speak a little Arabic and another a few words of English. By signs and threats they made Ruiz and Montez take the wheel by turns, and steer to the eastward. By day they kept this direction, but as soon as the tell tale sun had set, they would bring the vessel gradually about and head

for the north. Two months of these zig-zag courses brought the little schooner at last to a shore far from that which the Africans had hoped to see."

(Their capture is described elsewhere in this article in detail.)

"When Cinque was taken back a captive, to the deck of the *Amistad*, the other negroes gathered about him, and he made an address which moved them very deeply. Antonio, the Cabin Boy, understood enough of the words to give a summary of the speech in Spanish to a newspaper editor in New London, who translated it in English as follows. Published in New York Sun of August 31, 1839.

"Friends and Brothers:—We would have returned, but the sun was against us. I would not see you serve the white man. So I induced you to help me kill the Captain. I thought I should be killed. I expected it. It would have been better than living many moons in captivity. I shall be hanged, I think, every day. But this does not pain me. I could die happy if by dying I could save so many of my brothers from the bondage of the white man' . . . .

His second speech as Antonio and the New London editor gave it to the newspapers, ran thus:

"My brothers, I am once more among you, having deceived the enemy of our race, by saying that I had doubloons. I came to tell you that you have only one chance for death, and none for liberty. I am sure you prefer death as I do. You can by killing the white men now on board (and I will help you), make the people here kill you. It is better for you to die thus, and then you will not only avert bondage yourselves, but prevent the entailment of unnumbered wrongs on your children. Come, Come with me, then!"

"When the Africans heard that the argument in the supreme court was about to come on they determined to write to Mr. Adams, and Kale, a bright boy of eleven who had picked up more English than the older ones, was selected as the scribe. The following was the result, written with no aid from the white men:—

"New Haven, Jan. 4, 1841.

"Dear Friend, Mr. Adams:—I want to write a letter to you because you love the Mendi people, and you talk to the Grand Court. We want to tell you one thing. Jose Ruiz say we born in Havana, he tell lie. We stay in Havana 10 days and 10 nights, we stay no more. We all born in Mendi—we no understand the Spanish language—Mendi people been in America 17 moons. We talk American language little, but not very good. We write every day; we write plenty of letters; we read most all



RESIDENCE OF WM. H. DEMING.

FORMERLY USED AS STUDIO BY MISS  
PORTER—NOW RESIDENCE OF HARRY  
BAKER AND GEORGE LEOPARD.

RESIDENCE OF HARRIS PARKER.



RESIDENCE OF HENRY GALLAGHER.

of the time; we read all Mathew, and Mark, and Luke, and John, and plenty of little books. We love books very much. We want you to ask the Court what we have done wrong. What for Americans keep us in prison. Some people say Mendi people crazy; Mendi people dolt, because we no talk American language; Merica people dolt? They tell bad things about Mendi people, and we no understand. Some say Mendi people very happy because they laugh and have plenty to eat. Mr. Pendleton (the jailer) come and Mendi people all look sorry because they think Mendi land and friends we no see now. Mr. Pendleton say Mendi people angry. White men afraid of Mendi people. The Mendi people no look sorry again—that why we laugh. But Mendi people feel sorry; O, we can't tell how sorry. But people say, Mendi people no got souls. Why we feel bad, we no got souls? We want to be free very much. Dear friend, Mr. Adams, you have children, you have friends, you love them, you feel very sorry if Mendi people come and carry them all to Africa. We feel bad for our friends, and our friends all feel bad for us. Americans no take us in ship, we on shore and Americans tell us that slave ship catch us. They say we make you free, they tell lie. If America people give us free we glad, if they no give us free we sorry—we sorry for Mendi people little, we sorry for America people great deal, because God punish liars. We want you to tell Court that Mendi people no want to go back to Havana, we no want to be killed. Dear friend, we want you to know how we feel, Mendi people *think, think, think*. Nobody know what he think; teacher he know, we tell him some. Mendi people have got souls. We think, we *know* God punish us if we tell lie. We never tell lie, we speak truth. What for Mendi people afraid? Because they got souls. Cook say he kill, he eat Mendi people—we afraid—we kill cook, then captain kill one man, with knife, and cut Mendi people plenty. We never kill captain, he no kill us. If Court ask who brought Mendi people to America? We bring ourselves. Ceci hold rudder. All we want is make us free.

Your friend,

"Your friend,

"KALE."

(This letter was published in *Emancipator* for March 25, 1841.)

The following was written by Miss Julia S. Brandegee in Aug., 1898, just as it was told to her by Mr. Elijah Lewis, and it seems as though it should form a part of this article. We print it word for word:

"Aug., 1898.

#### "MENDI NEGROES."

About the year 1841 some Negroes were stolen from Africa by Spaniards and when well out on the Ocean the Negroes were led to mutiny by Cinque their Leader they killed the Officers & some 20 of the Sailors. They then steered the Vessel & made the Harbor of New London, some say, New Haven From thence through the Agency of A. F. Williams Mrs. Vorce's Father & Mr. John Norton, who built the house of D. N. Barney, they were brought to Farmington for safe keeping put under Bonds for Mutiny Mr Williams built for their use & comfort one or more small Buildings on his own grounds, They went to School over Edw. Deming's Store they were here about a year when it was thought best to return them to their Native Land When they were ready to sail Cinque addressed them in their native Tongue. A Missionary Society was formed & they were taken back to Mendi in Africa, West Coast near Liberia While in Farmington they showed themselves kind & faithful to those who employed them. Cinque, Grabbo, Phillie, Fuli, Tamie Foone, are names remembered by those who knew them. In the Farmington Cemetery across the Path from the Soldiers Monument on the South side of the ground is a simple Marble, Stone bearing the following Inscription:



Foone.

"A native African who was drowned while bathing in the Center Basin Aug 1841 He was one of the Company of Slaves under Cinque on board the Schooner Amistad who asserted their rights and took possession of the Vessel after having put the Captain, Mate, and others to death, sparing their Masters Rnez, and Montez."

The Center, or Pitkin Basin was where Miss Porter's Laundry now stands Aug. 1898. Mr. Rowe is sure that Foone committed suicide as the day before he was drowned Mr. R. heard him say "Foone going to see his Mother" he was *very homesick*.

IT WAS a most singular episode in the quiet life of Farmington which brought to us the band of Mendians which were included three Mending girls.

One of these, by name Tamie, was sent directly to and remained with me until their departure for their native land, and she proved a most interesting personality. About fourteen years of age, she was tall, straight as an arrow, and lithe as a willow, with a soft low voice and a sweet smile which so far as I remember, never developed into a laugh. Her nature was rather serious and yet she was uniformly cheerful.

She liked to talk of their simple life in the village from which she was so rudely taken. Their houses must have been bee-hive looking structures, wrought from grasses and twigs and placed near together, I think for safety; and it would seem that real work never occurred to them, but games, and in maturer years athletics engaged them.

It was remarkable how easily Tamie learned to speak our language and she could read quite well. The first verses of the chapter commencing: "Let not your heart be troubled," with the "Lord's Prayer," the "Sermon on the Mount," the Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," were favorites.

She cared little for play here, the conditions were so different from those at home, but she was fond of flowers and particularly enjoyed a little garden which she tended carefully. I remember her joy when I had been preparing pineapples, she asked for the green crowns to plant and was so delighted when they began to grow. Her perceptions were keen and her questions innumerable. In going to and from her school daily, she passed the home of a friend of mine who almost every day met her at the gate and had a little talk with her and at parting would send her love to me. This Tamie said with a smile, she only gave now and then, adding, "It is no good every day."

They as a band, enjoyed the hospitality extended them, and several of the men came repeatedly to my home, being mainly attracted by a French mantel clock, and it was interesting to watch them as they discussed it, their physical aspect revealed so much although I could not understand a word.

One night after all had retired to their rooms, Tamie come to my door, and when I opened it, she stood there the picture of despair; taking my hand she led me to a north window in her room when she exclaimed, "I think we never see Mendi any more." The banners of an extremely brilliant *Aurora Borealis* were flashing in the

sky and she was sure they would be destroyed, but was reassured when I told her that at certain seasons we often had those lights.

I felt sorry to part with Tamie, for she was very interesting and I wonder shall we meet again.—J. M. BROWN.

## \*Cinquez, The Black Prince.

SIXTY years ago a band of African savages led by their warrior chieftains and in defiance of opposition on the part of many townspeople, invaded our peaceful village and in a way took possession of the place. To very many of the present generation the foregoing statement may seem altogether incredible, but it is nothing more than history slightly "embroidered" for dramatic effect.

In 1841 the case of the "Amistad Captives" was of international importance, and never has Farmington been so truly the center of public attention, as when these distinguished foreigners were among her summer visitors.

Their story is quite as romantic as those that are served up in the modern novel, and I am permitted briefly to recount it here for I can clearly remember, as clearly that is as achil'd may who was barely three years old at the time—how this same Black Prince used to toss me up and seat me upon his broad shoulder while he executed a barbaric dance on the lawn for my entertainment. There are those, however, living in Farmington, whose personal recollections of Cinquez\* and his following are clearer than mine, so I hasten to cite the story from authorities.

In the year 1839 sailing masters on the high seas were still on the lookout for suspicious craft, and deemed it prudent to give a wide berth to "long, low, black schooners with raking masts," beloved in the story books of venturesome boys and very justly the terror of honest merchantmen. When, therefore, such a schooner was sighted on an August morning of the year in question, boxing about off Montauk Point, all well disposed coasters and fisher folk fled to the nearest ports for safety, and the government was notified by mail, the telephone being out of order, that a sure enough pirate was ravaging the eastern end of Long Island.

Steam was unknown to the revenue service of that period, and several days passed before the swift sailing cutter "Washington," Lieutenant Gedney, overhauled the supposed marauder and with her crew at quarters sent an armed

boat to take possession. During these few days before the revenue cutter put in an appearance, the supposed pirate had sent very formidable looking and nearly naked black men ashore to purchase supplies for which they paid in Spanish doubloons, and certain venturesome sailor men with confidence in the speed of their boats had drawn near enough to the suspected schooner to see that she was manned entirely by blacks, and apparently only wanted to be let alone. Her name was found to be the "Amistad."

No serious resistance was offered to the revenue men, but one splendid specimen of an African plunged overboard, struck out for the open sea, and was only rescued from death by drowning through the efforts of an entire boat's crew, who lassoed him and hauled him aboard after he was quite exhausted by his exertions. This was Cinquez, the Black Prince, and he afterward admitted that it was his intention never to be taken alive.

Below decks were found two white men, Spaniards, Montez and Ruis by name, and Antonio, a cabin boy. All hands were taken to New London and held for government action. Then it came out that the "Amistad" was a slaver, and that the thirty-four black men and three women found on board were the survivors of a "cargo" run off from the west coast after the usual methods of traders. They must have been treated with somewhat more humanity than usual for less than a score of them died and were thrown overboard during the passage to Cuba, where Montez and Ruis bought the whole outfit and sailed at once for their plantations at Puerto Principe.

But they had reckoned without consulting the Black Prince. His must in-

deed have been a high order of native intelligence, for although born, so to say, in an African jungle and having lived his thirty years or so in all essentials as a barbarian, he was observant enough during the voyage to notice that the sun always rose astern and set ahead. Therefore, said this Prince to himself, as he lay chained and gasping for air between decks, "when I sail towards home I will steer toward the rising sun."

The capture of the schooner before she reached her destination was more in the line of Cinquez's experience. None of the crew were ever heard from again, but Ruis and Montez had merely bought the black men as chattels in open market so these two were saved alive with the cabin-boy aforesaid, who was neither old enough nor big enough to have made enemies among the negroes. Cinquez notified his prisoners in unmistakable terms that the ship's course was east, but naturally enough while the unlettered African could lay a course by the sun the mystery of the mariner's compass, with its strange hieroglyphics, was too much for him, so the white men managed to keep her headed to the north and west between sunset and sunrise, and eventually she brought up as has been related, off Montauk Point, and straightway the slavery and anti-slavery factions were set by the ears.

The slave holders and their northern sympathizers supported the claim of the Spanish minister that the Africans were lawful property, while the anti-slavery faction held that since the trade in human creatures was illegitimate alike under Spanish and American law, the cap-

\*Also spelled "Cinque." It was popularly pronounced "Sincé" in New England. The Spanish terminal z is here adopted as most likely to be correct.



BUILDING USED AS "QUARTERS" BY THE "MENDI NEGROES."

tives were well within their rights when they demonstrated their title to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" on the high seas. This last mentioned view of the case was taken by the lower court sustained by the district judges, and thence carried up to the United States Supreme Court, where it was argued by the venerable John Quincy Adams of Boston and the Hon. Simeon



THE HON. SAMUEL DEMING—A STAUNCH ABOLITIONIST.

E. Baldwin of New Haven. Mr. Adams devoutly wrote in his diary on the day when he decided to act as counsel in the case: "I implore the mercy of Almighty God to so control my temper, to enlighten my soul, and to give me utterance, that I may prove myself in every way equal to the task." Whether in answer to this petition or not, his speech occupied more than two days, and on March 9th, 1841, Justice Story delivered the opinion of the Court, affirming at last the freedom of the captives.

During all the weary months since their capture the Africans had been kept in confinement at New Haven, where they were provided with more creature comforts than they had ever known before. Mr. Lewis Tappan, of New York, a noted philanthropist, and one of the founders of the American Missionary Association, was a leader in all steps taken for their benefit. He was well known to many of the older generation in Farmington, and if I mistake not, often visited the town. During this stay in New Haven some of the students in the Yale Divinity School devoted much time to the instruction of the captives in the primary branches of an English education, so that when the edict of emancipation went forth, the brightest among them were able to read and write a bit, and all had been lifted a little toward the light of civilized Christianity.

When it was decided to quarter them in Farmington, pending arrangements for their return to Africa, there was consternation among the timid souls in the quiet village. Stories of hereditary cannibalism were plentifully circulated, and there were not wanting formal protests against forcing such a bur-

den upon the community. But Mr. Tappan and his friends prevailed at last, and with but little delay the whole band of thirty-seven embarked on a canal boat,\* and, singing the Christian hymns that they had learned, voyaged up the placid water way that then led from New Haven to Northampton.

Barracks had been erected on land at the rear of the old Wadsworth House, now occupied by Mr. Dunning, and adjoining the cemetery, and here the late captives speedily made themselves at home. These barracks were still standing when I last visited the place, though I am under the impression that they have been moved somewhat from their original position.

Cinquez was a born ruler, and, ably seconded by his lieutenant Grabbo, he maintained a very creditable degree of discipline among his half savage followers. They were for the most part free to roam about except for regular school hours, and the townsfolk soon ceased to fear them. Anxious mammas at the first trembled and kept their tempting morsels of children behind bolted doors, but before long the belief in tales of cannibalism died out, and it was no uncommon sight in those days to see the big grown-up black children playing with little white tots in village door yards.

The African visitors, or some of them at least, were often welcomed by my father, the late John T. Norton, at his home, now the property of Mr. Newton Barney, and as I have already said I retain dim, childish memories of the strange, kindly black men. A broad

flight of steps then led down from the southern piazza of my father's house, and I distinctly remember seeing the athletic Cinquez turn a somersault from these steps and then go on down the sloping lawn in a succession of hand springs heels over head, to the wonderment and admiration of my big brothers and myself. Again I recall a visit to the barracks, where I beheld the whole black company clad, as it seems to me, in dark brown or gray jeans. In my childish eyes they seemed a mighty host, and as such they will always remain in my memory, for probably I had never before seen so many men together at any one time.

I was a favorite, too, with Grabbo, the second in command, who was allowed sometimes to take me out for excursions in the neighborhood. I can even remember that my mother was very anxious at first about these expeditions, but eventually acquired entire confidence in these big sable playmates of her little boy.

The ex-captives were expert swimmers, and very fond of bathing in the canal basins or in the mill pond until, unfortunately, poor Grabbo,\* on a certain day, was taken with a cramp, and drowned, in spite of the efforts of his companions to rescue him. A messenger came at once for my father. We were sitting on the piazza in the cool of the evening; it was early dusk when we saw a dark figure striding up the path; taking no notice of the rest of us, he went straight to my father, and said in broken accents, "We—want—you—Grabbo he daid," and with that he



"KITCHEN DETAIL"—AT THE "MENDI" QUARTERS—FOR A PART OF OCTOBER, 1841.  
(Fac simile)





Photograph of an old blue and white "Abolition" plate. Part of a set that was used by Mr. Samuel Deming when *Anti-Slavery* conventions were held at his home in Farmington. Now owned by his daughter, Miss Kate Deming.

Names of the Mende Africans,  
written by themselves

Cingwa

Kinna

Guli Fook Woola

Lasly

Banna

Tamma Bata

Molu

Bar

Yubi

Guer

Lo wi

Zo ori

Be is

Sakinna

~~Be is~~

Paleanna

Soma

FAC-SIMILE OF AUTOGRAPHS OF THE "MENDI NEGROES." ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF MR. JULIUS GAY.

turned about and sped away, the big tears chasing one another down his dark cheeks.

Such are some of the dim memories that linger with me concerning this singular episode of sixty years ago. It is with some diffidence that I venture into print with them, for after so long a time I may easily be at fault in details, and as I have already hinted, there are some, older even than I, whose recollections of the Black Prince and

his people must be far more worthy of record.

Eventually, through the efforts of charitable folk and the Missionary Society, the thirty-six survivors were sent back to their native Africa with a generous equipment of funds and teachers, and in January, 1842, were established in a colony known as the Mendi Mission, near Sierra Leone.—CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON, in *Farmington Magazine*, February, 1901.

\*It has since been learned that the Africans probably came up from New Haven in wagons that were sent for them.

\*Called Fooni in records.

## Japanese Students.



**C**NE-QUARTER of a century ago a goodly number of youths from Japan came to our village and found a good home, also careful instruction at Mr. Edward L. Hart's. Some were sent by the Japanese government, others paid part themselves and a few had abundant means. Among the number, three stand out in our memory more prominently than the others. Shimadz, who was of royal birth, distinguished himself by appearing several times daily in different suits, of various shades and cuts, all American tailor-made; with beautiful jewels wherever a man could wear them; neck and footwear the most choice; and crowning all, a very conscious air. He was a genuine dude!

Mogami, his opposite in every way, was poor, of humble birth, modest, and had a most lovely nature which endeared him to all his American associates. If I am not mistaken all his education was received here whereas the others, after leaving here, graduated from the Hartford High School and Yale College. Mogami had with him a friend who sickened and died. He cared for his friend most tenderly and to show his appreciation to the ladies here, who sent

delicacies and did for him in other ways, had some copies of our hymnal, the "Plymouth Collection," very richly bound and presented them, writing in each, both in English and Japanese, words of gratitude. Mitsukuri, an unusually bright youth, made friends here, and at home a name for himself which gave him the title of professor and brought him to this country a few years ago on some business of scientific importance. He remembered his friends, even those in little Farmington, calling upon them all.

Many evenings were devoted to these young men while they were here at their studies. They were most eager to learn our games and were quick to acquire them where we were slow and clumsy to learn theirs, owing to the exceedingly quick and deft finger motions required. They were too polite to laugh at us but we did that part for them very well and gave up trying to manipulate our fingers as it was quite out of the question to do anything in that line as skilfully as they without practice from infancy. At one gathering, when refreshments were passed, Mogami was asked to "take a kiss." He arose somewhat embarrassed but

evidently determined to do his full duty. When it seemed necessary to explain that the kiss he was to take was of sugar and on the plate, he also explained that "kiss is of the lips," and it took him some time to get the idea straightened out, retaining an expression of wonder for a half hour or more, and I must add, he was very good natured about the merriment it created. The double meaning of words perplexed them greatly.

Mitsukuri afterwards often wrote his friends here of his efforts to secure for the women of his country more liberty and pleasure. After many, many months came a joyful letter saying his sisters were allowed to join himself and a few friends occasionally of an evening for games but it was a much longer time before they were permitted any instruction. Some years ago at the World's Fair, the head of the Japanese department was pleased when these countrymen of his were enquired after and said, among other things, "Shmadz is a great man in our country, very high in rank, and Mitsukuri is very learned; he has a great mind."—S. L. GRUMAN in *Farmington Magazine*, Oct., 1901.



RESIDENCE OF HENRY M. WARREN.

## Old Store Accounts.

THE recent unearthing of an old day book of Elijah Lewis, the great grandfather of Mr. Charles Lewis, brings to light the nearly forgotten fact that, shortly after the close of the Revolutionary War, he kept a "general store," in the building that is now the store and residence of Mr. A. J. Parker.

Many items in the book are charges for brandy and phlip, which were probably the products of a still kept by Mr. Lewis, the foundation walls of which are still plainly discernible, in the rear of Mr. Charles Lewis' residence.

To give just an insight into the sort of goods kept for sale, and the prices for which they were sold, some of the entries in the "old store book" are quoted just as written, the quaint spelling of the original being preserved.

The amounts are in pounds, shillings and pence.

Sept. 2, 1780:	£ s. d.
Amos Clark to phlip	0- 1-0
To half Jill of rum	0- 0-4
" a half Point of rum	0- 1-4
" a Jill of rum	0- 0-8
Oct. 31, 1780:	
To a Jill of rum	0- 0-8
To half a Jill Brandy	0- 0-2
To a Jill of Brandy	0- 0-4
To half a Mug of Phlip	0- 0-8
January, 1782:	
To a Quort of Brandy	0- 1-3
Ditto to Brandy	0- 1-3
To a Quort of Brandy	0- 1-2
To a Quort of Brandy	0- 1-2
To a Jill of Rum	0- 0-8

*(This account runs along for some five years, with all of the items much the same. There is no record of its being settled.)*

April, 1780:	
John North Dr to five hundred	
Contentental Dollars.	
Apr., 1782:	
Isaac Buck Dr. for a two year	
old helior	2-16-0
Aug., 1782:	
20 Pounds ½ of Mutton	0- 7-1
To Carting Timber	0- 9-0
To 17 Pounds of Veil	0- 4-5
Dec. 21, 1782:	
To a hide 58 Pound	0-14-6
Apr. 24, 1783, Judah Woodruff	
To Bushel of Corn	0- 5-6
To a mug of Phlip Judah had	0- 1-4
To Cash	1- 8-0
To Candels	0- 0-9
March, 1786:	
Charles Woodruff to my hors	
3 miles	0- 0-9
March 24:	
To use my hors	0- 2-8

May:	
To use of my hors to worth-	
ington	0- 2-3
April 17, 1789:	
To forty Shillings in Certificate	
att tenn Shillings upon the	
Pound	1- 0-0
Creadit.	
Apr. 17, 1789:	
By Six days work att 2-6 pr.	
day	0-15-0
To bringing 6 hundred feet of	
Clapboards from barkhemp-	
sted	0- 6-0
September, 1787:	
Gersham Nott 8 pounds & Six	
ounces of Pork 4-2 half	
pound of tallow	0- 4-6
December 25, 1787:	
To load of wood	0- 5-6
April 2, 1788:	
To sixpenc worth of Candels	0- 0-6
November, 1789:	
To two Sheeps heads & plucks	0- 1-0
No'ber, 1790:	
To a Dung hill fowl	0- 0-8
Creadit.	
September, 1789:	
By mending 2 pare of Shoes	0- 3-0
March, 1790, Gabriel Curtis:	
To a day work and a half	0- 3-9
May, 1790:	
To a Beehive	0- 3-0
September 28:	
Paid for one Mounth School-	
ing fer your boy to Mr. buck,	
School Committee	0- 2-3
No'br 20:	
To Sheep Skin	0- 0-9
Adney Curtis Dr. December 6, 1794:	
to 18 pounds of Mutton	0- 3-9

" 21 pounds chese att 6 pence	
pr. p.	0-10-6
July, 1796:	
To pound of Buttor	0- 0-9
Nov. 26, 1796:	
To 2 Quorts Brandy	0- 3-0
Creadit.	
December 6, 1794:	
By a pair of hand irons	0-11-0
July, 1795:	
Luther Shepard Dr. 2 pounds	
of Buttor	0- 1-6
July, 1795:	
To 10th pounds of cheese	0- 5-0
August:	
To a dung hill fowl	0-0-10
To a dussen of eggs	0- 0-6
October:	
To 2 Quorts Brandy	0- 2-0
One page has the following:—	
1797	
then i paid Mr. Isaac Buck for	
Sider	90 Dollars.
paid Charles Pitkin for Sider	
	12 Dollars.
Paid for kodlish 4 Dollars &	
half	
Paid Mr. omsted for freight	
of Goods from New york	5.99
Paid for mending my Boots	0.40
June, 1798:	
John Cadwell, Dr:	
to 20 Bushel of otes	£200
to 51 " " otes	520
to 66 " " otes	630
1789:	
Steven Gridley Creadit by	
weaving 38 yards Clouth att	
7 pence pr yard	£1-2-2



RESIDENCE AND STORE OF MR. A. J. PARKER, FORMERLY THE STORE OF ELIJAH LEWIS.

1789:

Elizer Judd, Creadit to a Galon  
of Newingland rum 0- 2-6

November 11th, 1789:

Elijah Strong Dr, to six hun-  
dred of brick 0-15-0  
to a bushel of lime 0- 4-0

Oct. 5, 1786:

Martin Lewis Dr. to my horse  
trooping 0- 3-0

The book is full of interesting entries but the space at our command compels us to stop with the account of Judah Woodruff, the builder of the Congregational Church, who is probably the best known of all of the persons having accounts with the old store.

November 17th, 1786:

Judah Woodruff Dr:  
to fifty two Pounds Chese att £ s. d.  
6 pence pr pd 1- 6-0  
to fifty Pounds Buttor att 9  
pence a pd 1-17-6  
to your cattel doughing damage  
in my Garding 40 heads of  
Cabbage spoilt 0- 4-0

November, 1788:

to bringing your horses out  
of the meadow when i har-  
rard 0- 1-0

May 2, 1789:

to a yoake of three year old  
Steers 8- 0-0  
to a stick of timber for a well  
Croch 0- 1-0

August, 1789:

to 90 weight of veal 2 happeny  
pr. pound 0-18-9

September, 1789:

to 5 squires of glass 0- 1-4

October, 1789:

By Elizer Steel 8 Shillings  
you A gred to pay 0- 8-0

November 2, 1789:

to 29 Gallons of Brandy 3-14-6

November 24, 1789:

to fetching out of the Com-  
mon field your cattel 0- 1-0

December 5, 1789:

to 2 hundred & 24 feet of pine  
Boards 0-7-10  
to 1 hundred of oke Boards 0- 3-0  
My hors to Bristol 0- 1-0

July, 1794:

to 5 pounds lam mutton 0- 1-5

February 18, 1795:

to a Bushel of potatoes 0- 2-0

Farmington February 22, 1796.

then Reconed with Judah Woodruff and  
due to him four pounds and Eleven  
Shillings.

as witness our hands:

JUDAH WOODRUF.

ELIJAH LEWIS.

Farmington, Feby. 23, 1796.

then Ballenced our Book accounts by  
Money.

JUDAH WOODRUF.

ELIJAH LEWIS.

## Farmington Water Works.

[Although written some five years ago, Mr. Wadsworth says that this article is thoroughly up to date, as no changes have been made in the system since that time.]

THE history of the present system of water works in Farmington would not be complete without recording the many attempts made by its citizens, since the earliest times, to bring the pure, clear water from the springs on the mountain side to their houses and barns in the prosperous village below. And this prosperity is not a myth. Farmington was in fact up to 1782 the center of the most populous district in the State. Likewise it can be safely stated that the wealth of the Town was at this time not second to Hartford.

That the early citizens of Farmington were able, energetic and resourceful is evidenced by the high grade and class of their homes and farm buildings, many of which on Main Street, erected before the War of the Revolution, stand to-day as the most spacious, comfortable and tasteful dwellings in the village. Into some of these water was conducted from an early period by means of a primitive and most ingenious system, which, for want of a more descriptive name, might be called "The Yellow Pine Log Pipe Lines." These log pipes were made by boring a two inch hole through eight foot sections of yellow pine logs, varying in size from six inches to one foot in diameter. The method of joining was to carefully taper the smaller end and ream the other to proper size. The well-known resistance of this variety of wood to splitting made it possible to drive the sections together with great force, insuring a perfectly water tight joint, in fact these lines were laid through valleys and over hills, making not only good gravity lines, but to a limited extent serviceable force mains. Water could be diverted at any point by simply boring to the axis of the main, there reaming and plugging in a branch.

The "Log Lines" were met with every where in trenching Main Street and with few exceptions an axe was required to remove a section the width of the trench, so sound and well preserved were the logs. One, in particular, which supplied the buildings on the site now occupied by the Town Hall,

after being cut through, maintained a flow of clean spring water for several hours, and this flow was stopped only by thorough plugging. Residents in the vicinity for fifty years could not remember the laying of this "Log Line," which would indicate the longevity of these pipes under favorable conditions. These lines undoubtedly performed their mission faithfully for many years, cheapness being their great recommendation.

Another kind of pipe line frequently met with was constructed of red unglazed brick tile of great thickness and strength, having a small bore not over one inch. This was put together in sections of two feet with cone-shaped ends, the joints being packed in clay. These tile lines could only have been used as gravity conduits, as the resistance of the joints could not have been greater than that of the clay forming the bond at each joint; on the whole they must have been leaky failures and their use abandoned in the colonies before the advent of hydrants, as otherwise the use of this form of tile would have served, to a limited extent, as a permanent and serviceable conduit.

The next departure was the use of lead in making pipes. This was obtained in sheets, cut into proper widths, and rolled and soldered together at the local tinsmith's. Some of this old "Seamed Lead Pipe," laid some seventy years ago, is doing service to-day. David Carrington claimed to have made the first of this "Seamed Pipe" for Samuel Deming, to displace an old Log Line. In laying it across Main Street it was actually run through the old log main, either for the purpose of protection or to save the expense of digging, or it may be both; at any rate this standard pioneer pipe was not molested or even found by the recent trenching for the water works or sewer system. This style of pipe in time displaced all the older, and many new ones were laid, reaching further up the side of the mountain. On the longest lines many persons joined in bearing the cost and sharing the privileges, so creating rights which are jealously guarded to this day and particularly valued for the excellent quality of the drinking water supplied. All the older pipe lines were laid with pipes of small diameter, generally one inch or less. These were capable of

supplying only a very limited amount of water, say two or three houses and farm barns to one line, although there are two lines with pipes of larger diameter that supply several premises to each line.

The most notable, largest, and by far the most expensive of these private water conduits was the two inch conduit constructed about the year 1860, by Austin F. Williams from the "Gin Still Brook" to his residence on Main Street, some two thousand feet. In 1878 the buildings of the writer were connected with this system, thus affording a happy relief from the unremitting toil of pumping water from a well for sixty head of stock during the winter months, a task continued from the earliest recollections of the writer. In 1881 an interruption occurred in this service from early in January to the following April, the cause attributed being the usual one, the presence of an eel in the pipe. The persistency of that eel, and the fact that the well went dry, so necessitating the hauling of water with wagons, were a combination that raised a determination to have from some source an independent supply for the farm; accordingly early in the summer of 1881 the "Gin Still Brook" was chosen as affording the only adequate supply for a gravity system. Land was bought of Lucius F. Dorman in the August following, and later of William Pentalow. The two purchases included the tracts known as the "Old Still Ponds," the lower being called No. 1, and the upper No. 2. In September a two inch galvanized wrought iron pipe was laid from No. 2, 3500 feet to the farm buildings and house. Under the pressure due to a fall of 112 feet, this gave a supply ample for several farms. Aside from repairing the dam to reservoir No. 2 there was no further development or extension of the system until the determination of a lawsuit in 1886, brought in the year 1881 by a lower riparian proprietor. The real extension of the system began in the fall of 1886 by connecting the houses of Miss Sarah Porter (parsonage), Mrs. Rebecca Keep, Mr. Chauncey Rowe, Mr. Jas. L. Cowles, and the farm barns of Miss Sarah Porter and Jas. L. Cowles.

In July, 1887, a four inch cement water pipe was laid in Main Street as far north as the front gate of Miss Porter's School, connecting at this point with a one inch water pipe running as far as Charpentier Avenue. In October, a one inch pipe was laid in Charpentier Avenue from Main to Canal Street, and on Canal Street from Mr.

Mason's on the south to the residence of Mr. T. C. Collins on the north. In 1891 the four inch main water pipe was continued on Main Street to a point opposite Gay's Store, setting four hydrants and two horse fountains, also running one branch down the Avon road to the house of Mr. Noah Wallace and another down the passway to the houses of Miss Julia Brandegee. Later in the same year a one and a quarter inch pipe was laid on New Britain Avenue to the residence of Mr. H. R. Woodward.

In 1892 it was clearly evident that the small reservoir was wholly inadequate to supply the rapidly increasing demands of the patrons on the new lines. Therefore a tract of land of thirty-two acres was purchased in this year, and in the following year a dam was constructed seven hundred and twenty feet long across the valley, setting the water over some twenty acres at an average depth of ten feet and impounding approximately sixty million gallons of water. All this water is supplied from springs, there being no brooks contributory to the system. The two-inch main from the mountain to Main Street was displaced by a six-inch "Cast Iron Pipe" and the two-inch pipe was afterwards laid from Gay's Store to the residence of Mr. D. N. Barney and later to that of Mr. Wm. A. Hooker, the present terminus.

In the session of 1895 a charter of incorporation was obtained from the General Assembly, and in June following The Farmington Water Company was organized under its charter with a capital stock of \$20,000, divided into 800 shares of \$25 each.

In September, 1895, a six-inch cast iron pipe was laid as far south as the Risley House.

In 1896 the one and a quarter inch pipe on New Britain Avenue was displaced by a six-inch main, and carried up the avenue as far as the upper driveway of Mr. Redfield's, and a one-inch pipe carried as far as the "Flush Tank" at the summit.

In 1899 a Filter Plant 80 by 100 feet was constructed below the main reservoir for the purpose of purifying and rendering wholesome the storage water during the summer months. The method employed is sand filtration, and this last season it gave entire satisfaction, removing every evidence of fermentation indicated either by taste or smell.

In September, 1900, the water company made a contract with the fire district for five years, to set and maintain twenty-three fire hydrants at a stipu-

lated price of fifteen dollars each. The water company in fulfilling this contract laid 4,700 feet of six-inch cast iron pipe on Main Street and 2,270 feet of four-inch cast iron pipe on the side streets and highways. They also set eighteen additional fire hydrants, making with the four at the south end and one on New Britain Avenue the full number of twenty-three, capable with one thousand feet of hose now owned by the district, of protecting nearly every house in the borough. The dependence of a community upon hydrants for fire protection has been demonstrated, from the standpoint of promptness and efficiency, to be the most economical and satisfactory. Especially is this true in communities where relative high pressure can be obtained, capable of maintaining at least two effective streams sufficient to cover the highest structures. The hydrants in front of Miss Porter's School and the Congregational Church, at a test last November, demonstrated that a stream could be maintained covering both structures at the same time, thus realizing in practice what was predicted before the installation of the present system, and the results cannot but be a satisfaction to all.

It can also be seen at once that the widely distributed hydrants form the basis of a more efficient system, whenever the wealth and necessities of the District require the purchase and maintenance of a fire engine. With a wise and proper distribution of the hose at points in the North, South and Middle Districts, where it can be obtained and promptly attached to the hydrant nearest the fire, the Borough would be in a position to secure the greatest efficiency of the present system; and this system would meet every demand and necessity that might arise, within reasonable bounds, for many years to come, and be a substantial protection and safeguard to the inflammable property of the borough.

From the above it can be seen that the present Water Works System has been one of gradual and natural development, based on the growing demands and necessities of a prosperous community, the members of which have at all times been ready to co-operate in its construction, and quick to avail themselves of its benefits.

In connection with the excellent separate system of sewers Farmington may be said to occupy a position, from a sanitary point of view, equal to that of the most favored community.—A. R. WADSWORTH, in *Farmington Magazine* May, 1901.



## Peach Raising.

**I**N 1892 the Root Brothers became interested in peach raising from talking with John B. Smith, manager of the Berlin peach orchard, and reading the Hale Brothers' of Glastonbury, accounts of their success, decided to utilize a lot of poor pasture land 550 feet above sea level, covered with stone and brush. This was partially cleared and 300 peach trees set out.

In three years these trees bore such choice fruit that more trees were set



"PREPARING FOR THE FRUIT" AT THE "ROOT" FARM.

out, more land purchased and cleared, till there are now twenty acres of this high land planted with peach, plum, cherry and apple trees in a high state of cultivation, bearing choice fruit.

In October, 1901, President Roosevelt visited his sister, Mrs. Wm. S. Cowles, residing at Oldgate. Early on the morning after his arrival President Roosevelt, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Alice, and his niece, Miss Helen Roosevelt, Capt. Wm. S. Cowles, Secretary Cortelyou, Dr. Rixey and Mr. Ferguson walked up to Rattlesnake Mountain.

On their way home they stopped at the Tunxis Orchard, as the Root Bros. had named it in memory of the Indians who once wandered over its wilds. During the nine years of development this land had become quite a resort, owing to the beautiful view from the ledge.

The President saluted the flag raised in honor of his visit, admired the view, and, disdaining the path, plunged over the cliff, followed by the whole party. Clinging to rocks and trees, they went down a nearly perpendicular descent of 350 feet and reached Main street in safety.

Miss Alice Roosevelt had been down the same place the year before, accompanied by her brother Theodore; trying to take a roundabout way home they became lost in Shade Swamp, and after hours of struggling through mud and mire reached Mrs. Cowles' residence in a weary and bedraggled condition.

About five years after the Tunxis Orchard was started, A. R. Wadsworth planted ten acres to peach trees near the Root Bros. on land that had already proved its value by growing excellent apples.

North of Mr. Wadsworth's lot, Warren Mason has several hundred peach trees in bearing known as the "Poplar Tree Bars" orchard. Still farther north Alan Phillips has set peach trees on the site formerly known as "The Devil's Rocking Chair," owing to an immense boulder poised there. This rock has now fallen and been crushed to aid in making our much needed good roads. A. B. Cook and Albert Kunne are also among the successful orchardists on the heights.

All these upland orchards now bear fruit of rare quality, high color and fine flavor, and are spoken of as superior to any in Connecticut.

These very successful ventures en-

couraged farmers owning land in this vicinity to make attempts to do likewise, but, owing to lack of facilities for spraying, the San José scale has worked havoc among their trees, and only the utmost diligence has protected the larger orchards.

Two years ago Prof. Winthrop Hillier, of the Wisconsin University, decided to pursue agriculture instead of teaching. He made a tour of investigation among peach growers from Michigan to Maine and decided that Farmington had the soil, climate, accessibility to market, etc., necessary for successful peach culture. Accordingly he purchased fifteen acres of mountain land and in the spring of 1906 put out 2,000 young trees on the land formerly owned by the Hart Bros., and used by them for the successful raising of small fruit. This orchard has great possibilities from its situation and already has a most promising look.



IN THE PEACH HOUSE AT THE TUNXIS ORCHARDS.



OFF FOR MARKET - (Tunxis Orchards).



## "Hill-Stead"

Property of Alfred A. Pope.

"HILL-STEAD"—RESIDENCE OF ALFRED A. POPE.



AN INTERIOR AT "HILL-STEAD."



AN INTERIOR AT "HILL-STEAD."



FARMHOUSE ON "HILL-STEAD" FARM.



COTTAGE ON "HILL-STEAD" FARM.



A DISTANT VIEW OF HILL-STEAD



UNDERLEDGE COTTAGE—ON "HILL-STEAD" FARM.

## “Odd and End Shop.”

### “The Grundy.”

*M. D. B. in the Farmington Magazine. July, 1902.*

**I** O RETURN to the days of rag carpets and brick ovens would scarcely be the choice of people enjoying the luxuries of to-day; but it gives them a distinct pleasure to step into the past for a half hour, a pleasure close at hand in the privilege given by Miss Pope to go through the O'Rourke. This, as may be known to all, is an old farm house on High street, once belonging to Mr. O'Rourke, which passed into Miss Pope's possession several years ago and which she has fitted up in perfect keeping with the customs of the times in which the house was built.

The outside shows the architecture that was the outcome of necessity for protection against Indian attacks—the overhanging second story. The inside reproduces and follows faithfully in most details the simplicity and severity of even the prosperous householder of a hundred years ago. Nobody attempting to live in an old house nowadays would dispense with the comfort of modern heating and plumbing. These are found here but they do not exclude the fire-place or the quaint corner wash-stand. There are fine specimens of four-posters with their canopies and hangings and patch quilts of riotous gaiety, and beside each is found the demure candle-stand so puritanical in suggestion that one would hesitate to lay upon it the Dolly Dia-

logues or the Confessions of a Frivolous Girl. The ancient timepiece countenances on the wall only samplers and high colored prints, and the melodeon suggests the psalm singing that satisfied all the musical instincts of the times.

All the furnishings are genuinely old and the survival of the brilliant black and red table cloth in the “settin’ room” is a triumph of vigilance against its natural enemy. Its color and design make one glad to live in the days of Ruskin and Morris. The many impressions one brings away of spacious rooms, simple and elegant lines of furniture, of light and air in every corner and an absence of small things that crowd, make the survey a lasting pleasure.

During the last twelve years some additions to the original structure have been made and one room in the ell has grown into a shop, best described by its sign, so modest that it has never appeared,—“Odd and End Shop”; where every day soothing beverages that invigorate in the cold winter and refresh in the heat of summer are much sought by Miss Porter's school girls and occasional villagers and visitors. No better summing up of the resources of this unique place could be found than the lines sent as a joke by a Hartford lady:

#### ODD AND END SHOP.

Gentle stranger, will you stop  
And raise the latch of my small shop?  
Do not pass by in restless haste,  
I've something here for every taste.  
Mittens for both girls and boys,  
Knitted reins and other toys,  
Hot roast peanuts, toothsome cakes  
Ginger snaps, and Bagdad dates.  
Coffee too, which you must know  
Grows in sunny Mexico,  
On far Esperanza's height,  
Where the coyotes cry by night.  
You'll find its flavor unsurpassed  
To crown the end of your repast;  
Although you sail o'er seven seas,  
Stopping anywhere you please  
I'll be bound, you'll never see  
The equal of our special tea,  
Named for England's ancient tower,  
Symbol of her might and power.  
Every day we serve it here  
With cream and sugar, or just clear.

Should you want a dolly drest,  
Or a golfer's hand-made vest,  
Or a rug of colors gay,  
Leave your order now I pray.

Time forbids that I detail  
All the goods I have for sale;  
Come and see them, row on row,  
Something you will buy I know.  
Should you hail from foreign climes,  
Nor understand our English rhymes,  
With just, though modest pride I'd say:  
“*Ici, madame, l'on parle Francais.*”



ODD AND END SHOP—(The Grundy).



"THE O'ROURKERY" ON "HILL-STEAD" FARM.



ELL OF THE O'ROURKERY, SHOWING "ODD AND END SHOP."



AN INTERIOR AT THE ODD AND END SHOP—MISS SHIELS.

## President Roosevelt's Visit to Farmington.



(From *Hartford Courant* Wednesday,  
October 23, 1901.)

### IN FARMINGTON—PRES. ROOSEVELT VISITS THE ANCIENT TOWN.

An Informal Reception—Guests Greet  
Chief Executive at Cowles Residence  
—Governor McLean and Senators  
Hawley and Platt in the Dis-  
tinguished Company—Mc-  
Kinley Oak Planted.

Yesterday and last night the ancient and beautiful town of Farmington was honored by the presence of the President of the United States, and the hearty welcome and generous hospitality extended to him must have been a source of gratification to the chief executive of this country. The President and those who made the journey from Washington with him arrived in Farmington early yesterday morning. They went up from New Haven on the Northampton division of the Consolidated road. Those with President Roosevelt were Commander Wm. Sheffield Cowles, his brother-in-law, Secretary Cortelyou, Dr. P. M. Rixey, Assistant Secretary Barnes and D. Munroe Ferguson, formerly of the Rough Riders. There were also four men of the government secret service who had been detailed from Washington to watch over the president's person. At the station a number of townspeople were assembled and they cheered the President as he left the train.

Mrs. Cowles, the President's sister, was also on the platform and extended a warm greeting to her brother. Besides there was a detail from the Hartford County sheriff's office and the constabulary of Farmington, reinforced by special appointments for the day.

As soon as the greetings were over the distinguished visitors were driven to Oldgate, the home of Commander and Mrs. Cowles, where they were to be guests during their stay in Farmington.

The house is situated on Main street, and is a fine example of colonial architecture. Between the high posts in front of the main entrance hangs an iron gate of ancient pattern, and this feature gives the residence its name.

On the mile and a half drive from the station President Roosevelt occupied the first carriage, and with him were Commander and Mrs. Cowles. In the second carriage were Secretary Cortelyou, Assistant Secretary Barnes, Dr. Rixey and Mr. Ferguson. Deputy Sheriffs Foote of West Hartford, Cowles of Farmington, and Egan of Southington followed in a third carriage, and the rear of the procession was brought up by the four secret service men. On the way from the station the President remarked the beautiful scenery of the mountain and meadows disclosed and spoke enthusiastically of the attractive homes that line the borough street. On reaching Oldgate Commander and Mrs. Cowles and their guests at once went inside the mansion and soon after breakfast was served.

In the meantime a guard was placed in front of the house to keep out intrusive visitors. Samuel Scott was placed in charge of the entrance gate and no one was admitted to the house thereafter during the day, except by the presentation of a card which had first received approval. The secret service men were stationed about the outside of the house and several energetic borough constables kept the crowd, which had assembled in the streets, in proper order. The deputy sheriffs

were also on hand to lend their assistance if needed.

After breakfast President Roosevelt changed the business suit in which he had traveled through the night, for the formal presidential garb of black frock coat and vest and dark mixed trousers.

At 10 o'clock Warden Adrian R. Wadsworth of the borough of Farmington, accompanied by Burgesses A. A. Redfield, David R. Hawley, William Hurlburt, E. E. Hutchinson, T. H. Root and Clerk Charles Brandegec, called upon the President and when they had been presented by Commander Cowles, Senior Burgess Redfield delivered this address of welcome:

"Mr. President:—We are well aware, sir, that the occasion of your visit to Farmington is purely domestic and personal. Good manners dictate a jealous avoidance on our part of any disturbance of the quiet you seek. We are therefore doubly grateful to you for consenting to receive the borough council of Farmington in this informal and kindly manner. On behalf of the people of this village and of the town of Farmington, as well, we bid you a cordial welcome. We beg you to believe that as our Chief Magistrate we entertain for you the highest respect and good will and as a representative American citizen you have our warmest



THE MCKINLEY OAK, JULY 25, 1906.



admiration and affectionate regard. We beg you to accept the freedom of the borough of Farmington."

President Roosevelt made a brief reply to the address. He thanked the warden and burgesses for the expressions of good will contained in the address and said that were it possible he would be most happy to meet all the people of Farmington personally. As this would not be possible he desired the borough council to receive for themselves and the people of Farmington his cordial thanks and best wishes. The President also declined the honor of planting an oak tree in memory of President McKinley on the Sarah Porter Memorial Park, saying that as he had declined to take in other memorial services it would not be in good taste to make an exception in the case of Farmington.

At 10:30 o'clock, three carriages were drawn up in front of the entrance gate, and soon after the presidential party came from the house for the purpose of taking a short drive. President Roosevelt entered the first carriage and with him rode Mrs. Cowles, his sister. In the next carriage were Commander Cowles, who had put on his naval uniform, Secretary Cortelyou, Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting of New York and Dr. Rixey. In the third carriage were D. Monroe Ferguson, Assistant Secretary Barnes, Miss Alice Roosevelt, a daughter of the President, and Miss Helen Roosevelt, his niece. The party was driven up the main street to Farmington avenue and then past D. Newton Barney's residence to the north for a distance of two miles. Then the route was to the west to the Cider Brook road, and then south through the main street again. A turn was then made to the highlands at the east, and as the President's carriage reached the Congregational church, on the way back to Oldgate, there, drawn up in line, were 150 little boys and girls each waving a flag.

As the President perceived this dainty welcome he arose in the carriage and smilingly raised his hat. The children cheered him gleefully.

The return was then made to Oldgate and the carriage ride was over. But the President desired to see more of Farmington and so with Commander Cowles and Secretary Cortelyou he took a short walk from the house going up again to the hills to the east and again enjoying the fine prospect. On his walk the President met Philander Sergeant, a veteran of the Twelfth Vermont. Mr. Sergeant wore a Grand Army button and hat and this at once caught the President's eye. He asked the veteran his name and regiment and shook him warmly by the hand. He

even recalled the name Stannard, of the soldier's old brigade commander.

In the meantime Governor McLean, Senator and Mrs. Hawley, and Senator and Mrs. Platt had arrived at the Cowles house, and on the President's return from his short pedestrian tour, they extended to him a welcome to Connecticut. Luncheon was served at 1 o'clock and the United States senators and their wives joined the presidential party as the guests of Commander and Mrs. Cowles.

#### Afternoon Reception.

In the afternoon the President received those who had been invited to pay their respects to him. Admission was by card and many visitors availed themselves of the opportunity offered to meet the executive of the nation. At 3 o'clock the young women from Miss Porter's school were received. They went to the house in a body and gracefully paying their respects to President Roosevelt were as graciously received. In the meantime a large crowd had gathered in front of the house and were interestedly watching the proceedings. Suddenly and without warning the President, Commander Cowles and Mr. Cortelyou appeared in the doorway. Almost as rapidly they passed down the path through the gate and stepped into a carriage. They were at once driven north through the street to the park where the oak was being planted in honor of President McKinley. The crowds in the street and at the park, cheered the President heartily all of the way. On arriving at the park the carriage was driven around the grass plat and then back to Oldgate. The object of the drive was that the President might see the tree planted in honor of his predecessor.

On the return to the house the reception was at once resumed and invited guests soon thronged the residence. After presenting their cards at the gate the guests were received by Judge Deming of Farmington and presented to Mrs. Cowles and Miss Alice Roosevelt, who received in the entrance hall. Rev. Dr. Johnson of Farmington then presented the visitors to Commander Cowles, who in turn made the introductions to the President. The President stood in the large parlor at the left of the residence and was assisted in receiving by Senator and Mrs. Hawley and Senator and Mrs. Platt. In the library, back of the parlor, at the request of Miss Helen Roosevelt, the autograph of every visitor was written in a book provided for the purpose. In the large dining room refreshments were served, Miss Florence Gay serving the tea and Miss Alice Gay the chocolate. Among those who were present at the reception were:

From Hartford, Mayor Harbison, Major J. G. Rathbun, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Griffin, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Rose, Executive Secretary John T. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Wickham, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis D. Parker, Miss Mary Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cady, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin G. Whitmore, J. B. Ryan, Miss Elizabeth Wainwright and Miss Margaret Warner.

From Farmington, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Jas. D. Johnson, The Misses Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Gay, Miss Florence Gay, Mr. and Mrs. D. Newton Barney, Mrs. Sarah Barney, Miss Brandegee, Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Gay, the Misses Gay, Judge and Mrs. E. H. Deming, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Chase, A. A. Redfield and Miss Redfield, G. F. Dunning and Miss Dunning, James L. Cowles and the Misses Cowles, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Hawley, Miss Maria Porter, Miss Elizabeth Porter, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Pope, Miss Pope, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brandegee, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Brandegee, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Vorce, the Misses Vorce, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Moore, Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Griggs, Mrs. Lyon, Miss Lyon, Dr. and Mrs. Chas. Carrington, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Barbour, Miss Barbour, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Root, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Root, Mr. and Mrs. Anson Porter, Richard Gay, Miss Julia Brown, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Mason, Miss Haydock, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hooker, the Misses Klausner, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hart, Mrs. Wm. H. Allen, Charles Lewis, Miss Mary Lewis, Dr. Frank Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Ruic, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wollenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Tillotson, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Andrews, Mrs. J. E. Cowles, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Thorpe, Prof. and Mrs. Swett, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Maso n, Mrs. Britton, Mrs. Samuel Root, Mr. and Mrs. Janes and Alfred Skougland.

The reception continued until after 5 o'clock, and after the guests had departed the President passed the time until sundown in the house and about the grounds of the Cowles residence. To those who called upon him in the afternoon he expressed his pleasure at the reception given to him on the occasion of his visit to Farmington.

The evening was passed quietly by the presidential party. Dinner was served at 7 o'clock and at this function Gov. McLean was a guest.

#### McKinley, Memorial Tree.

While President Roosevelt was unable to take part in the exercises incident to the planting in memory of Pres. McKinley on the Sarah Porter Memorial Park yesterday, the exercises were of exceptional interest. Gov.

McLean went to Farmington on the noon train from New Haven and after lunching at the Country Club and meeting President Roosevelt, went to the park and placed the first shovel of dirt about the tree. The governor also made a short address in which he drew a lesson from the life of the dead President. Addresses were also made by Warden Wadsworth and Burgess Redfield of Farmington, and Mayor Harbison of Hartford. While the ceremonies were in progress President Roosevelt drove about the park and witnessed the planting of the tree. A large crowd was present during the ceremony.

The following citizens of Farmington borough served as constables yesterday: Frank Hawley, borough sheriff Samuel Scott, F. Gilbert, Albert Blynn, Henry Eisman, Thomas Collins, John Rhodes, Henry Gallagher, Ammi Jones, Chauncey Griswold, Edward Miles, Keron Manion, Frank Harris, Harry Reed, William Deming, H. H. Mason and Frederick Hurlburt. Each constable and deputy sheriff was designated by a badge, which he displayed at any time it became necessary to warn the crowds back. The best of order prevailed and no show of force was at any time needed. Extra cars were run on the Farmington trolley line and they were crowded all day. Farmington streets were thronged with visitors.

**C**OMMANDER William S. Cowles, of the U. S. Navy, has recently restored and improved the fine century-old homestead in this village at the south end of Main Street, in which he was born. Mrs. Cowles is a sister of President Roosevelt. When the President came from Washington to attend the bi-centennial celebration of Yale University and to receive his degree of LL. D., he fulfilled his promise, made long ago, to visit his sister in Farmington.

It was soon known that the President would be in town on the 22d of October, and everybody was alert to see him. The special train which brought him from Washington reached the Farmington station at half-past seven in the morning. The borough had appointed special constables, and they with a few friends were there to welcome the distinguished guest. With him were Mr. Cortelyou, his private secretary, and Dr. Rixey, whose names had become so well known in connection with the sad tragedy at Buffalo. They drove at once to the house of Commander Cowles.

Soon after ten o'clock the visitors drove through the town, the line of carriages being led by that containing the President and Mrs. Cowles. The houses had been decorated with flags, and the people stood in front of their homes, the school children on the church green, waving a welcome. The President's response was most hearty and winsome.

From half-past two until five there was a quiet reception of invited friends at the Cowles mansion, in which the hosts were aided by Dr. Johnson, Mr. D. N. Barney and Judge Deming, also by a few young ladies. As usual the President charmed his callers by his genial reception of them, always remarking when possible on some association of army or college or neighborhood life. Senator and Mrs. Platt, Senator and Mrs. Hawley and Governor McLean stood with the President in receiving the guests.

The President's visit to Farmington will long live in the memories of the people, and will take high rank among the interesting traditions of the village.—From *Farmington Magazine* Dec., 1901.



STUDIO OF MR. CHARLES FOSTER



THE OLD CADWELL PLACE—RESIDENCE OF A. S. GREENBERG



RESIDENCE OF CATHERINE MANION.



## *Miss Porter's School.*

**F**OR more than sixty years the name of Farmington has been synonymous with that of Miss Sarah Porter and her well-known boarding school for girls. The work which Miss Porter did could hardly be repeated either in its duration or in its range of influence.

Miss Porter's father was the Rev. Noah Porter, D.D., for sixty years pastor of the Farmington Congregational Church, and she was born in 1813, in the house where she died, a quarter of a mile south of the school building. She attended the academy, and studied what the boys did in the same way. Excelling in all studies, perhaps her favorite pursuit was language, and her first teaching was done as an assistant in the academy when she was sixteen years old. In 1832, when nineteen years of age, Miss Porter went to New Haven, and attended for a year the school of Dr. E. A. Andrews, the lexicographer,

and distinguished Latin scholar. This was her one opportunity for advanced study and her only schooling away from home. She was an inmate of the family of Professor Goodrich of Yale College; and her brother, Noah, the late President Porter of Yale University then twenty years old, was the master of the Hopkins Grammar School. After this she taught in Springfield, Buffalo, and Philadelphia, but finally, in Farmington, about 1844, she took up her own distinctive work.

Her school began in an upper room of what was known as the "stone store." Joseph R. Hawley, the late Senator Hawley, and Mr. John Hooker occupied an office on the same floor, Mr. Thomas Cowles, father of Captain W. S. Cowles (brother-in-law of President Roosevelt), another office and Miss Porter the space that remained.

There was at this time an unusual number of bright young women in the

village who became the day scholars, and Miss Porter hired a few rooms in one of the houses on the main street and received a handful of boarders. Thus she began and developed her boarding school in her own distinctive way. From the beginning an important feature was Miss Porter's reading aloud from English authors. Miss Porter would often pursue her studies side by side with her pupils in the hours allotted to study. The early growth of the school was slow—all things moved slowly in the forties and fifties. But every one of those early pupils had a large share of Miss Porter's influence and came to regard her with an affection and gratitude which words cannot describe. More and more it came to be realized how great and peculiar was the advantage which girls gained from Miss Porter. It was not merely that they studied while in the school; no doubt girls studied as hard in other





THE "WARD HOUSE."



THE "THOMPSON HOUSE."



THE FRANCIS COWLES PLACE—KNOWN AS "THE BRICK HOUSE."



THE MEMORIAL STUDIO.

schools. Absolute, unqualified respect for Miss Porter was a great underlying fact. They loved her for that interest and sympathy which never failed. Children and grandchildren had heard her praises sounded, and found when they came under her influence that the half had not been told.

Miss Porter died, in her eighty-seventh year, on February 17, 1900. Her funeral, held on February 21st, in the historical Congregational Church in Farmington, was a memorable occasion. The ample audience room and broad galleries were completely filled with the town's people, the pupils of her school and with former pupils who came



ON THE STUDIO STEPS



MEMORIAL TABLET IN STUDIO WALL.



IN THE STUDIO.



"THE SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE HILL."



SUMMER HOUSE.



THE "INFIRMARY."



"THE MUSIC COTTAGE."





THE LODGE.



THE POND ON CANAL ST.



AN INTERIOR AT THE "COLONY."



RICHARD LEWIS.



SCHOOL BUILDINGS FROM CANAL ST.—"THE CAMPUS."

from many parts of the country to do honor to her memory. After an impressive service conducted by the pastor of the church, Dr. Johnson, the Rev. Alexander Merriam of Hartford and Professor Frank K. Sanders of Yale, her body was borne from the church by President Franklin Carter of Williams College, Professor William M. Sloane of Columbia University, Professor Thomas D. Seymour of Yale, Professor John H. Wright of Harvard, Mr. W. W. Farnam, formerly treasurer of Yale, and Mr. D. Newton Barney of Farmington. She was buried in the family lot in the Farmington cemetery.

The growth and prosperity of Miss Porter's School has always been indicated by its material enlargement. The main building, built as a hotel, but secured by Miss Porter for her school before the year 1850, with its recently added library on the south side, has always remained the school centre and home, but to it were added, as time went on, first, the use of the third story of Dr. Wheeler's beautiful old home opposite, known to all generations of "Farmington girls" as the "Colony," then the "Ward house" with its recent ample addition, the "Thompson house," to which, in the last year of her life, Miss Porter added its commanding third story and the "Francis Cowles house," while as this volume goes to press another house for the school, under its present management, is rising upon the lot of the old "Judge Rice house." Studio and schoolhouse, gymnasium, music cottage and infirmary, all, too, bear witness to the development of the school under the guiding hand of Miss Porter.

Much as Miss Porter loved her school and devoted her life to its welfare, she was none the less identified with the village of Farmington. To her no other place could compare with it. She was its best citizen, and was ever foremost in plans for village improvement. In this she had the hearty co-operation of her pupils, and the village has many instances of her aid in its development, and of the carrying out of her plans by the alumnae and school girls. The art building of the school on New Britain avenue is an instance of their delight in bringing her wishes to fulfillment. It bears a Latin inscription dedicating it to Miss Porter and was erected because she desired to give a building that would be an ornament to Farmington. The village green, on the line of the trolley road from Hartford to Unionville, opposite the Elm Tree Inn, is another of her benefactions to the people of Farmington, in which Miss Porter was aided by her pupils to accomplish her purpose. Since

her death it has seemed as though their remembrance could not sufficiently express itself in lasting memorials. The beautiful marble chapel on Main street, near the Congregational Church, was built by Miss Porter's girls, and dedicated to her memory. The "Lodge" at the southern end of the village, a home for working girls, established and maintained by her pupils, was dear to Miss Porter's heart. She felt as did Professor Sloane of Columbia University, when he said, "there is nowhere in the world, a more beautiful scheme than Farmington Lodge." It is fitting, therefore, that it should be formally dedicated to Miss Porter by the placing of a memorial tablet therein, by her girls, the year after her death.

One who knew Miss Porter well has thus summed up that character which has left such deep imprint upon succeeding generations of school girls: "I have spoken of Miss Porter's debt to her ancestors, and I could emphasize every word which I have said, if necessary, more strongly. But it is equally important to recognize that Miss Porter became what she was by a wise and unintermitted self-culture and training, which others might imitate if they had her force of will, her love of her fellowmen, her sense of the sacredness of human life. A part of the inspiring power of her life seems to me to lie in this fact that she did not impress others with a brilliancy and with attainments beyond the reach of other mortals. I know of no one of whom Wordsworth's word could more truly be spoken: 'A creature not too bright and good for human nature's daily food.' There was a reasonableness and a moderation about her counsel which prevented it from seeming impracticable.

Miss Porter's activity seemed to be without friction. She wasted no time. Important things were done with the same quickness and ease as little things. . . . She seldom spoke of being burdened or hurried. Much of her work was done in the early morning. A picture rises before me of her despatching a large part of her correspondence in the morning before breakfast. In the same way, she would study in the early morning hours her New Testament in Greek, her Dante or whatever she was interested in.

"Miss Porter's unusual influence upon a great variety of pupils was due largely to the fact that she had something distinctive to give to each one whom she met. It was due, in other words, to the breadth and depth of her own nature. Her points of contact with people were very numerous. The secret of her freshness of mind was her habit of making continual additions to her own knowledge. Her teaching never

used up all her energy; she always prosecuted her own studies and her own reading. No teacher was ever more deeply interested in all her pupils or more truly lived for them. At the same time it is equally true that she fed the springs of her own life from sources outside the school. . . .

"One reason why Miss Porter's words had so much weight was that she never exaggerated and rarely found fault. Her criticisms were constructive, helpful, suggestive. She showed what one might do that was better than what one had done, and took it for granted that what she suggested would be accepted. . . . She refused to take discouraged or discouraging views in regard to human nature, in regard to public men, and in regard to public affairs. She believed the best things of those who were her pupils. The more complicated the responsibility which wealth and social connections were certain to bring to her pupils in after years, the more important she felt it to be that she should awaken them while in her care, to true intellectual effort, to self-direction, to a sense of responsibility for others, to the great idea of service; and she was successful in so awakening them. The roots of her cheerfulness lay deeper than temperament and education. There are passages in her journal which record her meditations about prayer, about the relation to the soul to God, and which reveal the sources from which she drew the inspiration of her effort for others."

## The Village School.

By Josephine Canning.

Oh, don't you remember the schoolhouse  
red

Which stood far back on the hill,  
And the great oak tree which lifted its  
head

Close by? It stands there still.  
You learned addition in that old place,  
And the use of verb and noun;  
They have earned you much in life's  
hard race—

Give some to the dear old town!

You have wandered far from the  
hearthstone gray

Where your infant feet first trod,  
You have walked in many a devious  
way,

But you worship your father's God.  
For you'll never forget the lessons  
taught,

When at night you all knelt down  
In the home that you hold with the  
tenderest thought,

In your own old native town.

Ah! go when the summer solstice burns,  
And your city home is hot,

Go look where the winding river turns  
In the green old meadow lot.

Then ask the people what it needs,

And count it life's best crown

To build it up with filial deeds,

Your own dear native town!

—From Collinsville Record, July 15,  
1906.



POSING FOR "BROTHER."



"RING AROUND A ROSEY."



LAUNDRY FOR MISS PORTER'S SCHOOL--  
FORMERLY THE "PHOENIX."



A GROUP OF OLD GIRLS,



MRS. R. M. STUART, NEE  
*Rebecca M. Hatch*  
 MRS. HORATIO C. KING, NEE  
*Esther A. Howard*  
 MRS. CHARLES SEDGWICK, NEE  
*Marcia Fenton (Deceased).*  
 MISS ANNIE F. RODMAN (*Deceased*).  
 MRS. ARTHUR ROBINSON, NEE  
*Jennie Porter.*  
 MISS ANNIE KENT.  
 MRS. CHARLES H. BALDWIN, NEE  
*Elizabeth Oady McMartin.*  
 MRS. WM. P. ROBESON, NEE  
*Grace Kent.*  
 PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE "COLONY" ABOUT 1863.

## Training Day.



SIXTY years ago every able bodied man in town, of suitable age, was required by law to present himself once each year on training day, armed and equipped as the law directs.

He was to be subject to the inspection and commands of that magnificent person, the train band Captain. The town boasted of two companies of militia, one the Grenadiers with elegant uniforms, blue coats faced with white, white trousers, and Roman helmets surmounted with waving white plumes. —a select body of men whose num-

arrayed in gorgeous uniforms. The rank and file, with an occasional red and black uniform representing the past glory of the company, were drawn up in a single line which reached from the store bearing the newly painted sign of Wm. Gay and Co., eastward nearly or quite to Whitman's Tavern. Some had muskets with bayonets, and some without. Some carried fowling pieces or anything from which powder could be fired. The others were armed and equipped with whip stocks, umbrellas, or with anything with which they could carry out the order to "shoulder arms." The favorite commands were "make ready," "take aim and fire," at the

latter of which the guns began to go off like a rattling long-drawn-out peal of thunder. This done the Company was marched off to other ground to repeat their exercises as long as the twelve rounds of ammunition lasted. The whole resembled a modern Fourth of July, but was vastly more amusing, less dangerous, and less annoying. "Training Day" was, or rather had been, one of the three great days of the year in New England, sharing with Election Day, and Thanksgiving Day, the enjoyments that came seldom, and were all the more enjoyed.—JULIUS GAY, in *Farmington Magazine*, July, 1901.



"GRENADIER" HAT.

bers were constantly diminishing as the ancient military glory of the town decayed. The other company comprised all others who were liable to military duty and was legally known as the First Company of the Fourteenth Regiment of Infantry but popularly as the "bushwhackers." One of the old military orders has come down to us with its wood cut of flags, drums, tents, and other details of the pomp and circumstances of war, and the following order:

"Attention! First Company, Fourteenth Regiment, Infantry. To either of the non-commissioned officers: You are hereby appointed to give legal warning to all the members of said Company to appear on parade at the usual place, on Monday, the first day of May next, at 9 o'clock A. M. armed and equipped as the law directs, for Company inspection and exercise. LUCIUS S. COWLES, *Captain Commanding*, dated at Farmington, this 12th day of April, 1843. Also are requested to furnish 12 Rounds blank cartridges."

This last specification concerning powder was the thing of prime importance as will presently appear. I remember with great distinctness the events of this peculiar military display almost, if not quite the last that took place in our streets. Lucius Cowles was Captain, and Frederick Cowles was his Lieutenant. Both were



"MEETING HOUSE SQUARE" ABOUT 1880.



AN OLD "TRAVELING COMPANION"—PROPERTY OF MR. H. M. COWLES.



## Elm Tree Inn.

By HUGH L. WHITE



Colonial law ordered each town to provide one sufficient inhabitant to keep an ordinary for the occasional entertainment of strangers in a comfortable manner, and Joseph Root, of the village of Farmington, was appointed by the town to attend to this duty.

In 1691 an inn with its swinging sign, offering entertainment for man and beast, may have existed. It is well known that whenever the house was built,—about 1700—it stood on the northeast corner of High street and New Britain avenue; faced south and was for many years the tavern of Captain Joseph Porter.

From an extract from "Farmington Two Hundred Years Ago," by Julius Gay, he says: "I have the tavern sign, which bears a picture of a house on one side and on the reverse side that of a goddess, armed with helmet, spear and shield, in apparel better befitting the heat of summer than the blasts of winter. She was doubtless the first goddess to bear on her shield the three grapevines of Connecticut."

While this inn is of great historical importance, what is it in comparison with the Elm Tree Inn, with its modest swinging sign, so old that the paintings are almost obliterated on both sides by exposure to the weather.

This inn, owned and conducted by Mr. J. B. Ryan, a most genial host, who, together with his amiable wife are always looking after the welfare and comfort of their patrons, is about ten miles from Hartford by trolley cars. It is beautifully located on high ground, in a pretty, spacious park of large elm, maple and other varieties of trees and rare shrubbery, overlooking the main road and town park directly opposite.

The foliage and beds of choice flowers surrounding the premises of many acres, lending a most enchanting scene; the patron has every opportunity to breathe the purest country air.

Even some of the oldest elm trees have a history to themselves, well worth knowing.

General Washington, during the revolutionary war, passed through Farmington on his way to meet General Lafayette. The following extract from



J. B. RYAN, PROPRIETOR OF THE ELM TREE INN.

page 18, "Old Houses in Farmington," by Julius Gay, says: "We will halt under the big elm which overhangs the little house where Manin Curtis spent his life, long enough to say that his father Sylvanus Curtis, in company with Phineas Lewis, in 1762, the year when Sylvanus was married, brought home, from a swamp, three elm trees. One was planted back of the Elm Tree Inn, one in front of the house of Mr. Curtis, and the third failed to live.

The enormous stump of the tree, about fifteen feet high, is covered each year with morning glories and is a picturesque and interesting sight to visitors. The other still living and in a good state of preservation, stands directly opposite the premises.

From "Early Connecticut Houses," by Isham and Brown:

"Few visitors to the Elm Tree Inn at Farmington are aware that a house of about 1660 is concealed at the cen-

tre of the mass of buildings which form the present hostelry. At the end of the long hall which runs back from the entrance we come upon the stairs—of comparatively modern date—just in front of which runs a passage at right angles to the entrance hall. These stairs occupy exactly the place of those in the ancient house. The present smoking room is the original hall as the summer overhead and the oven, probably built into an older fireplace, proclaim.

"The parlor is now absorbed in the dining room of the inn, but the summer still traverses a part of the ceiling of the new room. As you stand in the passage at the front of the stairs, you will see above you, with its soffit flush with the rest of the ceiling, the ancient overhang which shows even the edges of the bottom board of the second story front.

"There is also an end overhang as





"THE ELM TREE INN" FROM THE FRONT.



"THE ELM TREE INN" FROM THE WEST.



Photograph of two blue and white Pilsen Mugs that were used at the Elm Tree Inn by Mr. Seth Lewis, when he was proprietor. Now owned by his granddaughter, Miss Catherine L. Deming. The design on the mugs shows the Duke of Wellington on his horse.

the plan shows, which can be seen on the outside of the present smoking room. It is small, however, and there are no brackets now remaining under it.

"Who built the house we do not know. It may have been Captain William Lewis, whose son, also named William Lewis, one of the schoolmasters of Farmington, undoubtedly lived here in 1704. It belongs somewhere about 1660."

Many persons unacquainted with this famous hostelry suppose it is merely a summer resort where occasional clam bakes and sheep roast are given by the proprietor for the benefit of his patrons and invited guests. This is far

from the fact. Many permanent boarders live here during the summer and winter months. While there may be more gayety during the summer and autumn months, yet in the winter the inn is a great resort for sleighing parties.

The permanent boarders are a genial family by themselves. During the crisp, cold nights the ladies can be seen in the old rooms already mentioned, around the blazing log fires where hang the original cranes, with pots, kettles, etc., amusing themselves in various ways.

In the main office around another log fire are the men, boarders mingled with the villagers, discussing topics of

the times and gossiping generally.

Many people of prominence from different states visit the inn at intervals. Many parents, who have daughters at Miss Porter's well-known school for young ladies, make the inn their headquarters for longer or shorter periods during the year.

Many graduates return to the town, some who left twenty or more years ago. They come to see the old place and renew old association. They also enjoy the inn.

From all that has been said about the Elm Tree Inn it only goes to show that it is of the greatest historical interest as well as popular resort most excellently kept and managed.



IN THE DINING ROOM AT THE ELM TREE INN.



THE SUN ROOM AT THE ELM TREE INN.

## Extracts from a Manuscript History of Farmington By Samuel Richards,

### THE FIRST POSTMASTER.

Through the courtesy extended by the Connecticut Historical Society, we publish the accompanying extracts from a manuscript history of Farmington, Connecticut, written by Mr. Samuel Richards, about 100 years ago. Mr. Richards' letter to Mr. John Hooker concerning the manuscript is printed herewith.

Wilkes Barre, Pa., Aug. 27, 1830,  
Mr. John Hooker,

Dear Sir:—By the bearer I send you a manuscript containing all the information I can find, in the points you requested of me. I send it you thus early, knowing "the time of my departure is at hand." I pray you to have the names of the original proprietors entered at the end, where I have ruled. The suggestion I have made at the close is my earnest desire.

Wishing you happiness in this world and the world to come—and with affectionate regards to both your parents, I am,

Dr. Sir,  
Your Obt. Svrt.,

SAMUEL RICHARDS.

The "*suggestion at the end*" referred to by Mr. Richards in the preceding letter.

To Mr. John Hooker of Farmington,

The subjoined sketches were occasionally entered in this kind of commonplace book, without any expectation of their being published. In the year 1786 I was appointed clerk of the Co. of ancient proprietors of the town, which led me to attempt to collect what of their ancient records I could, finding them in a scattered situation I brought those I found together and soon began to make extracts, finding the account of the first transaction very obscure. I called at the office of Col. George Wyllys at Hartford, knowing that the records of Hartford had been preserved in the Wyllys' family from its first settlement. There I saw a record book lettered on the back Hartford, Windsor, Wethersfield. On examination I could find but little of Farmington, which must have been considered for some time an appendage of Hartford; one vote on the Hartford record at-

tracted my attention—viz.—"Mr. Steele is appointed to keep the records of Farmington untill the town shall have a man qualified for said duty."

I commit this to your care, considering it a relic or kind of *heir loom* to descend to my son and his successors, with the injunction *not to lend*. I shall direct him to call on you for it soon, after the completion of the year 1840, trusting in your friendship and fidelity to have it in safe keeping untill he calls for it.

With feelings of friendship and respect,

SAMUEL RICHARDS.

August, 1838.

Extracts from Mr. Samuel Richards' "*Farmington in Connecticut*."

*Boundaries*—East—five miles from the great river, five miles North of round hill and ten miles South of said round hill.\*

\*Patent for Farmington on town records book 4th, page 156—A.D. 1645.

The settlement first called *Tunxas*, being in the country inhabited by an indian tribe of that name.

The patent was obtained from the general assembly by a company consisting of 84 proprietors, being in part the men who came across the wilderness in 1634-5 with the Rev'd Mr. Hooker, and were probably some of those who landed at Plymouth, November, 1620, & in part their sons.

As early as 1640 it appears that a number had come from Hartford and began a settlement at this place, but the patent by the name of Farmington was dated in 1645, and contemplated the extinction of the indian title by purchase.

In the year 1650 a purchase was made of the chiefs of the *Tunxas* tribe, by the said 84 proprietors of all the lands included in the patent from the general assembly counting from the round hill, to extend 3 miles East, West eight miles, North five miles, South ten miles.

Although the purchase described 15 by 11 miles, yet by subsequent perambulations from the monuments affixed, it was found to be very near 16 by 12 miles.

The soil of the land in the town is very various, the mountain seems composed principally of rock of the blue or greenstone kind, the foundation of which is a red shelly rock. The summit of the mountain is covered with some shrubby oaks, cedars and spruce. The declivity on the east is well timbered, and from the base eastward is principally pasturage, much incumbered with rock and stones. The soil is good but hard, of red gravel and a small mixture of clay and loam.

About half a mile from the river and in the meadow stands the Round Hill, elevated about thirty or forty feet, pretty steep; covering about four or five acres of land; the top level. Though called round, that being its general appearance to the eye, the northwest part is something wedge-like. As this large flat is covered with water at times of freshets, and a considerable current, it has probably been worn into that shape by the pressure of the water. From the west side of this flat to the mountain it is wooded, with small hills, which contain, wherever openings have been made, red free-stone. The forest trees are white, red and yellow oak, chestnut, walnut or hickory, and on the northwest part yellow pine. The productions are such as are common to New England, indian corn, rye, oats, flax, and some wheat. . . . The orchards are abundant, but the quality of the fruit has not been well selected hitherto, but is gaining. The body of the town as it meets the eye of the traveller, in approaching it through the east or west mountain, presents a very picturesque and pleasing appearance.

The neatness of house and inclosures; the richness of the soil and the appearance of good cultivation and general thrift. . . . In the first society or old 'town plott,' to which these notices will be principally confined—there are eight merchants' shops, which together trade to the amount of perhaps eighty thousand dollars annually.

There are good mechanics in each branch sufficient to supply the inhabitants; but little manufacturing except in the family or domestic way.\*

\*Now nearly a century after these notes were written by Mr. Richards, there is only one manufacturing concern in the village. Mr. H. C. Rice at the "Cedars" carries on the manufacturing of a patent *calf weaner* or muzzel, for which he finds a ready sale.—*Editor.*

. . . The average number of deaths annually for the last thirty years has been about 30, which will be seen is one in a little over 60 and is a proof of the healthiness of the place, the air being very pure and water perfectly clear, fresh and good. A considerable quantity of grain, beef, pork, butter and cheese are carried to market and sold. . . .

The buildings are all of wood, hitherto, except half a dozen of brick, but the time must soon come when brick and stone must be the principal materials for building. . . .

Until about half a century ago abundance of shad and salmon were taken in the river in the center of the town, but now very few if any. But the river and small streams are well stored with small fish for angling. . . .

The meadows were found to be so easy of cultivation that the inhabitants until very lately confined their labor almost exclusively to them; but lately having turned their attention to the uplands, they find themselves amply rewarded, those lands being cleared and well pulverized and moderately manured yield good crops in quantity and of excellent quality. . . .

The roads or highways were in a very squallid and bad situation until since the revolutionary war, instead of being "cast up" they were gullied down by the water running in the center. They are now kept in tolerable condition, the turnpike system having operated favorably in the repairs of the roads generally. . . .

The bridges are generally of a poor quality. The ones over small streams are indeed miserable. There are two over the main river of about 130 feet long of timber, one laid on stone abutments and piers and is tolerably convenient; the other is poorer. The one cost \$1,500, the other about \$800. It is much to be desired that these important parts of roads should be constructed on a better plan. . . .

The Indian natives must have been very numerous in and around this settlement, when the whites came on. . . . When I first became acquainted here the number was about 100, this was in the year 1763. . . . In 1691 a committee was chosen by the town to designate houses to be fortified, so as to defend against them. I remember three houses which were thus fortified. The doors were double plank, and nails

drove closely together in them, the windows high and small. At a meeting March, 1704, seven houses were named to be fortified against the Indians, viz., beginning North, Thomas Orton's, William Lewis, Howkins Hart James Wadsworth, Jahn Hart, Samuel Wadsworth. . . .

The revolutionary war which commenced in 1775 and ended in 1783, seemed very much to change the state of society; vices of almost every kind appeared to have arisen towards a state of maturity far beyond what a sober Christian or even a philosopher would readily admit, without strong demonstration. The effects of a depreciating paper currency, the intercourse with the depraved of the British army, as prisoners and otherwise, so many of the youth serving for seven years in the army, an illicit trade with New York to some extent. . . . resulted in showing a people very different from what they were half a century before. Having gained the point contended for in the revolutionary struggle, the people showed signs of impatience under the government, and almost every one thought himself capable of governing. . . . Advance in refinement has produced its good as well as its evils; the grosser vices are in a good degree banished from the better part of society. Profanity and intemperance are among the number; and especially improper intercourse between the sexes; liberties which were taken and admitted as in some manner of course, would now be spurned by the ladies. No allusion is here intended to what is viewed directly criminal, but to those levities which a comparative rude state of society sanctions, and a more refined state has corrected. . . . The spotted fever raged extensively in the village in the years 1808 and 1809. About 30 died of it in 1808 besides 30 of other diseases. In 1809, 33 died of it besides 30 of other diseases. It attacked those in youth and middle age principally, and proved fatal in 2, 3, or 4 days. It did not appear very contagious, though in some instances it could be pretty fairly traced to the patient of whom it was taken. A stimulating course of practice was pursued by the physicians; bleeding was avoided. In a number of cases as soon as the patient was attacked, the whole system appeared corrupted, and dissolution ensued in a few hours. . . .

HOUSE OF INDUSTRY OR PENITENTIARY,  
BEGAN IN 1824.

This being so important an object that it deserves a particular notice. Its location was fixed, after long and mature enquiry and consideration, at the northern end of the great meadow, distant a little more than a mile from any other house in the village. The first

purchase comprized a mansion house, two barns, and 67 acres of land all in the great meadow, and under good cultivation, since which a purchase has been made of 21 acres of wood land at a distance of three-quarters of a mile. Its superintendence is committed to the care of nine overseers, who appoint a manager who conducts its internal concerns in general conformity with a set of bye laws planned for its government. Another building has since been added to the establishment for work shops, where is manufactured a great part of the clothing and articles of use for the inmates; the number of which has varied from 18 to 24. In the basement story of this building, which is of strong stone masonry, are three separate cells for the confinement of the refractory. The utility of this establishment can hardly be appreciated without actual observation and comparison with the former customary way of supporting the poor. . . .

#### MINERALOGY.

*Prehnite.*—On the east mountain, which belongs to the trap ranges of Connecticut, two miles north of the meeting house, and against the house of James Andrus, prehnite is found in such abundance that waggon loads might be collected. The mountain here is precipitous, and large masses are continually detached by the influence of the weather, forming a mass of ruins below. The prehnite may be seen in almost every crevice of the rock, forming as it were the cement by which the whole is bound together. But it is more easily obtained and in greater abundance among the debris below. Every variety of this mineral described by mineralogists may be found here, and of all the varieties specimens may be selected of uncommon beauty.

*Sulphate of barytes.*—This mineral does not occur in any quantity. At the prehnite locality there are evident marks of it. . . .

*Hornblende.*—At the same locality I have found one specimen of crystallized hornblende. . . .

*Chalcedony.*—This is found in the trap of the mountain in many places.

*Agate.*—Very fine agates are found three miles from the meeting house on the old road to Hartford. . . . The agates are from the size of a butter-nut downwards. . . . They receive an exquisite polish and would doubtless be very highly esteemed by lapidaries. . . .

*Copper.*—Several years since a piece of native copper was found in a brook beyond James Andrus' house. It must have been of considerable size from this circumstance—Mr. Andrus sent it to Mr. Silliman for information, he hammered it out into a bar, and returned

it, and Mr. Andrus used it in his shop as he had occasion. . . .

*Sulphuret of copper* is found four miles northeast of the meeting house on land of Moses Goodman. There is an excavation made by the father of the present generation, who supposing that he had found gold, sent off a quantity to England, and as they never heard of it again concluded that a *portion* of it was gold. . . . One mile south of Talcott Mountain turnpike, there are two old shafts formerly sunk and worked by Col. Partridge and others; the largest shaft is called, in the records, *Newell Mine*. These mines were productive and would have been profitable but for the difficulty of refining at that period. One Samuel Bird made copper coins from this copper, which were afterwards bought up with avidity, being found to contain a small portion of gold.\* . . .

*Magnetic oxide of iron*.—This mineral has been discovered by Mr. Joel Beecher, who can not as yet be persuaded to disclose the locality. It occurs in nodules the size of a walnut and larger, imbedded in red feldspar. I should call them crystals were there not such a diversity in their form. . . .

\*The fact that they contained gold rests on tradition. The fineness of the copper probably gave them their value.

*Foetid Carbonate of Lime*.—This is found on the land of Horace Cowles, 60 rods east of the meeting house. Rounded masses as large as a man's head are turned up by the ploughs. This led to the supposition that there was a bed of the same below, which was confirmed by the fact that an iron bar thrust down to the depth of two or three feet in any part of the field, struck on a solid rock. On digging, however, the rock was found to be green stone. The masses of limestone appear as if worn by water, and when broken emit a very offensive smell. What is their origin remains a question.

*Quartz*.—Very handsome specimens of crystalized quartz have been found at the Gin still half a mile south of the meeting house. Most of these are well characterized amethysts. The common limpid crystals occur in many other places.

*Loadstone*.—A colored man brought a specimen of loadstone to Joel Beecher and said he found it on the mountain east of Ezekiel Cowles. The specimen was a four-sided prism, 11-2 inches long, and 1-2 inch in diameter. Its attractive power was very great.

*Plumbago*.—A specimen of Plumbago was shown me by Solomon Whitman who said he found it on his plow land opposite Noadiah Bird's. The specimen was the size of a walnut, unconnected with any foreign material, and of a pure quality.

*Coal*.—Half a mile east of the meeting house on the triangular piece of ground belonging to Horace Cowles, a vein of coal was discovered two or three feet below the surface in the decayed trap which forms the nole (knoll) in the center of the lot. The vein lay north and south, horizontal, and several inches in diameter. Perhaps a bushel of coal was found and then the mine was exhausted. The specimens very much resemble the Newcastle, are pure and burn with readiness.

*Sandstones*, of a globular form, from the size of a bullet to a six pound shot are found in great numbers in Northington near Alamon Woodford's. On breaking them open, there is uniformly found a globular cavity, filled with concretioned sand.

*Names of the original Proprietors* entered at the end of Mr. Richards', as per his request.

John Wadsworth, Thomas Barns, Richard Seymour, Edmund Scott, Thomas Bull, Mr. Wyllys, David Carpenter, John Bronson, Jr., Thomas Judd, Jr., John Bronson, Senr., John North, Jr., Thomas Richerdson, Matthew Woodruff, William Higanson, John Lee, Thos. Porter, Senr., Robert Porter, Daniel Porter, Benjamin Judd, Phillip Judd, Captain Lewis, Mr. Samuel Hook-

er, Daniel Worner, John Worner, Senr., William Judd, John Worner, Jr., Zachariah Seymour, Thomas Porter, Jr., Mr. Haynes, John Clark, Moses Ventris, Joseph Hickcox, Widow Orvis, John Wilton, John Norton, Richard Brownson, John Steele, Samuel Cowles, John Root, Jr., John Porter, John Judd, John Andrus, Daniel Andrus, Abraham Brownson, Thomas Judd, Senr., Thomas Newell, Stephen Hart, Jr., Isaac Brownson, Thomas Hancock, Abraham Andrus, Benoni Steele, John Stanley, Jr., Widow Smith, Sam'l Steel, Jr., John Root, Senr., James Bird, John Scovell, Stephen Hart, Senr., Mr. Newton, John Stanley, Senr., Thomas Hart, John Carrington, Obadiah Ritcherds, Leut. Sam'l Steele, Isaac More, John Hart, Jonathan Smith, Joseph Woodfurd, John North, Senr., Jacob Brownson, John Thompson, Thomas Thompson, Sam'l North, Sam'l Hickcox, Johannah Smith, John Lankton, John Woodruff, Simeon Rotherm, Thomas Gridley, Thomas Orton, John Cole, Mr. Hawkins, Joseph Bird, Sam'l Gridley. Their list is £7107-0-0.

I have given the spelling of the names as found in the "Proprietor's Book of Common Lands" p. 15.

J. HOOKER.



CHARLES BRANDEGEE -Town clerk.



TRANSPLANTING A LARGE TREE, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF LEWIS C. ROOT.



"MOVING" FROM PLAINVILLE TO FARMINGTON.



LUCIUS F. DORMAN AND "CHARLIE JUDD,"





HERVEY L. CRANDALL, Assessor and Auditor.

# Some Borough Officials.



ADRIAN R. WADSWORTH, Warden.



FREDERIC L. SCOTT, Postmaster.



JOHN A. SKOGLUND, Clerk.



DAVID R. HAWLEY, Burgess.



WILLIAM H. DEMING, ASSESSOR, WITH A  
FUTURE CANDIDATE.



LEWIS C. ROOT, Auditor.



SAMUEL SCOTT, Collector of Taxes.



EDWARD H. DEMING,  
*JUDGE OF PROBATE.*



THOMAS H. COLLINS,  
*THIRD SELECTMAN.*



FRANK E. DORMAN, Sheriff.



WILLIAM L. HURLBURT,  
*BURGESS.*



WILLIAM GAY,  
*SECOND SELECTMAN.*



JUDGE CHARLES W. RUIC.



TIMOTHY H. ROOT, Burgess.



## The Country Club.



COUNTRY CLUB GOLF LINKS.

**A**MONG those who incorporated the Country Club in 1897 were the following gentlemen:—N. Albert Hooker of New Haven; Hon. Philip Corbin of New Britain; Hon. D. N. Barney of Farmington; J. K. Smith of Waterbury; Hon. Pliny Jewell of Hartford; John P. Elton of Waterbury; Henry L. Wade of Waterbury; Fortis H. Allis of New Britain; Hon. Erastus Gay of Farmington; Gilbert F. Heublein of Hartford; Adrian R. Wadsworth of Farmington, and Charles Treadway of Bristol.

The old Col. Fisher Gay Homestead was re-arranged to meet the requirements of the club, and was used as the Club House until its destruction by fire May 19, 1901.

In the Farmington Magazine of June, 1901, Mr. Julius Gay describes the old Col. Fisher Gay House in detail, and it seems appropriate to reprint his description here, as it must be of interest to the citizens of Farmington and of particular interest to the members of the club.

"To five generations of the dwellers on Farmington street it had been a familiar object. It was built for Col. Fisher Gay, by Capt. Judah Woodruff, to whose workmanship the village owes many of its older houses. Tradition, for which I know no authority, asserts

that Col. Gay made a journey to Maine, no inconsiderable undertaking, and bought at the same time, lumber for his contemplated house and for the meeting-house of the village. The latter was built in 1771 and the account books of Col. Gay, showing very lengthy and minute dealings with Capt. Woodruff, under the date of Oct. 10, 1766 gave him credit 'by 121 days' work of yourself Joynering £22-8-3, by 86 days, by Frayser £14-6-8 and by David, 45 days, £2-5-0.' Other credits follow. The foundation of the house was a rectangle, the cellar extending under the whole building, while below all was a sub-cellar with stone shelves for the storage of butter and cream, before the day of ice and refrigerators. Though nearly as deep as the well a few feet east of the building, it was never wet. The construction of the house was peculiar. Instead of upright timbers, a sheathing of two-inch oak planks set on end, now nearly as hard as iron, surrounded it, on the outside of which the clapboards were nailed, and on the inside the lath for the plastering. The whole was proof against rats, mice, and Indian bullets. The chimneys were laid on clay, mortar being used only above the roof. The kitchen was in the north-east corner and was provided with two brick ovens, between which was the big fireplace. So the house remained

until, in consequence of the ill health of Mr. Erastus Gay, his son Fisher, the grandson of Col. Fisher, was called home from the south where he was engaged in lucrative business, to assist in the care of the family. More room was needed for two families and a gambrel roofed structure was added to the rear, with lines at right angles to those of the main building. It contained two kitchens and pantries for the two families. No cellar was ever built under it. On the east side was a square porch with a door leading into the kitchen on the west, and a broad seat running the whole length of the north side over which was a window giving light to the pantry. On the east side, across a path, stood the post of an enormous well-sweep. The ell running out from the northwest corner, lately the kitchen of the Club House, was added, also a bed room about the year 1842. The owners of the Country Club House moved the whole structure back several feet, and somewhat further to the east, adding a porch to the front, a veranda to the west side, and a rustic chimney to the northwest corner. The general effect of the outside was carefully preserved. The present southeast corner occupies nearly the site of one of the corners of the old Lewis house which came to Col. Gay with his wife Phebe Lewis,

the broad, flat corner-stone of which was until lately religiously preserved. In this ancient colonial mansion were born two of the children of Col. Gay, and all the children of his son Erastus, and of his grandson Fisher. It was Mr. Erastus Gay who planted along the street lines the fine old maples, some of which still survive. In front was a row of lindens which when measured about the year 1850 had attained the height of 93 feet. When built, the house faced on a fine broad street which ran west to the north meadow gate and was for many years unincumbent by stores or churches. The road to Waterville had not been cut through the ample grounds, but ran along the eastern bank of the river. Now within a few years all the surroundings are changed, the formal garden, the fruitful orchard, the farm buildings, all have gone, every line of which comes back to memory as vividly as the familiar faces found a moment absent."

The Hartford Daily Courant of May 20, 1901, notices the burning of the clubhouse as follows:

"The handsome home of the Country Club of Farmington caught fire early yesterday morning, and is a total loss. The kitchen and north piazza is all that is left. The main structure is nothing but a shell, with everything burnable in it reduced to ashes. . . . It is thought that either the chimney became overheated or a spark got into



PROPERTY OF THE COUNTRY CLUB.

a crevice by the fireplace in the cafe and caused the trouble. The fires themselves were supposedly out at 10:30 Saturday night. It was about four hours later that Thomas Lourie of Unionville, passing by noticed flames in

the cafe and raised an alarm. . . . Part of the town's supply of hose is kept at the "Elm Tree Inn" next east, and a stream was soon turned on. . . . The water supply proved ample, and three streams of water were used for a couple of hours, but they were not of much avail, as the fire ran all over the building, through the partitions, and as fast as apparently put out in one place, would break out in another. . . . That anything was saved was due to the energetic work of the villagers. . . . the building and its contents were worth in the neighborhood of \$10,000.00, and there is an insurance of about \$4,500.00. . . . Practically nothing in the building was saved."

The Country Club has been noted for the quiet atmosphere of the place, and with its admirable cuisine has become known as one of the best dining clubs in this part of the country. It is a favorite place for entertainments, and many parties of ladies and gentlemen have nejoyed the hospitalities dispensed. There is an excellent golf course connected with the club property.



THE COLONEL FISHER GAY HOMESTEAD.



GAY'S STORE AND THE COL. FISHER GAY HOMESTEAD IN 1881.



OLD COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE AFTER THE FIRE.



NEW COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE.

## Unionville.

It was the original intention of the publishers to include a large part of this beautiful village, which is so closely allied and associated with Farmington, in this publication, but the book has so far outgrown our original modest plans that we were obliged to stop with just an allusion, in the hope that our first endeavor will meet with such approval that Unionville may claim a book all for her own beautiful homes and thriving industries in the near future.

## "Nepahwin."

Here nature in its forest garb is at its primitive best. The Jossakeed of the domain makes it a rule that nothing akin to a garden vegetable or cultivated shrub will be allowed to invade the sacred precincts of Nepahwin.

The Muskadasha drums in the thicket of Hemlocks. The Wawonaissa wails in the twilight from the alder cosses. The Opeechee and Owaissa sing a matin song from the yellow birches when the Wabasso flits like a shadow.

The nimble Adjidaumo jumps from chestnut to hickory, and the Kahgahgee builds his nest unmolested in the giant oak. The Sebowisha ripples to the still waters of the Gitche-gumee where skims the feathery Cheemaun while we seek the gamey Kenzoha or the rapacious Sahwa in the pools or watch the Shingebis in his flight. The trail leads to Koko-Koho, and from there to Shu-Shu-Gah, after skirting a Muskoday where wild flowers grow untrammelled we come to the pass Nagow Wudjoo where from the wide verandas of Pakwana one can watch the Mawa flight to Little Phillip beyond Avon to Weatogue. No pale face need fear the deadly Suggema in this altitude where repose is as natural and restful as the scenery is grand and beautiful.

## Glossary.

Nepahwin, the spirit of rest; Jossakeel, prophet; Muskadsha, ruffed grouse; Wawonaissa, whippoorwill; Opeechee, robin; Owaissa, blue bird; Wabasso, rabbit; Adjidanmo, squirrel; Kohaghgee, raven; Sebowisha, brook; Gitche-gumee, lake; Cheemaun, canoe; Kenozha, pickerel; Sahwa, perch; Shingebis, diver; Koko-Koho, owl; Shu-Shu-Gah, heron; Muskoday, meadow; Nagow Wudjoo, sand hill; Pukwana, smoke of peace; Mawa, wild goose; Suggema, mosquito.



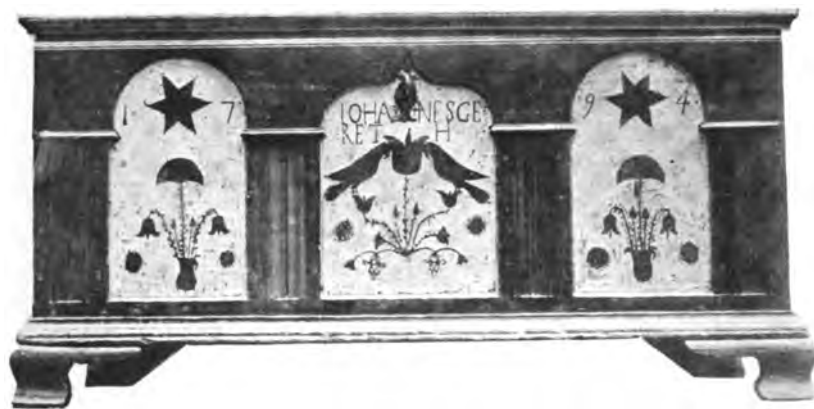
SHU-SHU-GAH.

Cottage at Nepahwin, in the Village of Unionville, Town of Farmington, where the Jossakeed of Sicaog Tribe, Mr. George Ulrich, bides a wee during the summer and fall.



KOKO-KOHO.

The Hunters' Lodge in Nepahwin. Con structed from native trees.



Quaint ancestral chest—called "Righteous John" dated 1794, of German design. The family name "Johannis Gereth" is oddly inscribed above armorial bearings.



## To the Reader.



This little publication has no preface, but a few words in conclusion seem imperative. We have done the best that we could to make this work accurate and interesting. There is not much doubt but that in spite of the great care that has been exercised, that mistakes have occurred, and we crave the indulgence of our readers in this respect. If the work is a success, it is because of the help given to the publishers by the townspeople of Farmington. Instead of trying to re-write or write a new article upon most of the subjects treated, it has been thought wise to publish the best that has already been written about the various topics used. We feel that particular thanks are due from us, and through us, from the public at large, to Mr. Julius Gay, for so kindly allowing us to reprint his valuable and interesting articles while they are historically correct to the minutest detail, they are at the same time treated in a style as fascinating as the most popular works of fiction. Without Mr. Gay's assistance, our little history would have been much less valuable. Farmington has a history that is intensely interesting, and will amply repay any study that may be given to it. We would like to devote much more space to the subject of Miss Porter's School, but the private nature of the institution has compelled us to treat it very briefly. Thanks are due, among many others, to Miss Catherine L. Deming, Mrs. Chauncey Deming, Rev. Quincy Blakely, Mrs. R. P. Keep, Postmaster F. L. Scott, John A. Skoglund, Town Clerk Charles Brandegee, Mrs. Timothy H. Root, Mr. J. B. Ryan, Mr. Wm. A. Hooker, Miss Julia S. Brandegee, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brandegee, Mr. John Reilly, Mr. A. R. Wadsworth and Mrs. Karl Klauser.

In fact from the very commencement of our work in Farmington, everyone who has been requested, without a single exception, has aided us in our work, and our task has proved a most pleasing one.

We bespeak a kind reception for "Farmington, Connecticut, The Village of Beautiful Homes."

PUBLISHERS.



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