History of Ancient Woodbury, Connecticut

William Cothren

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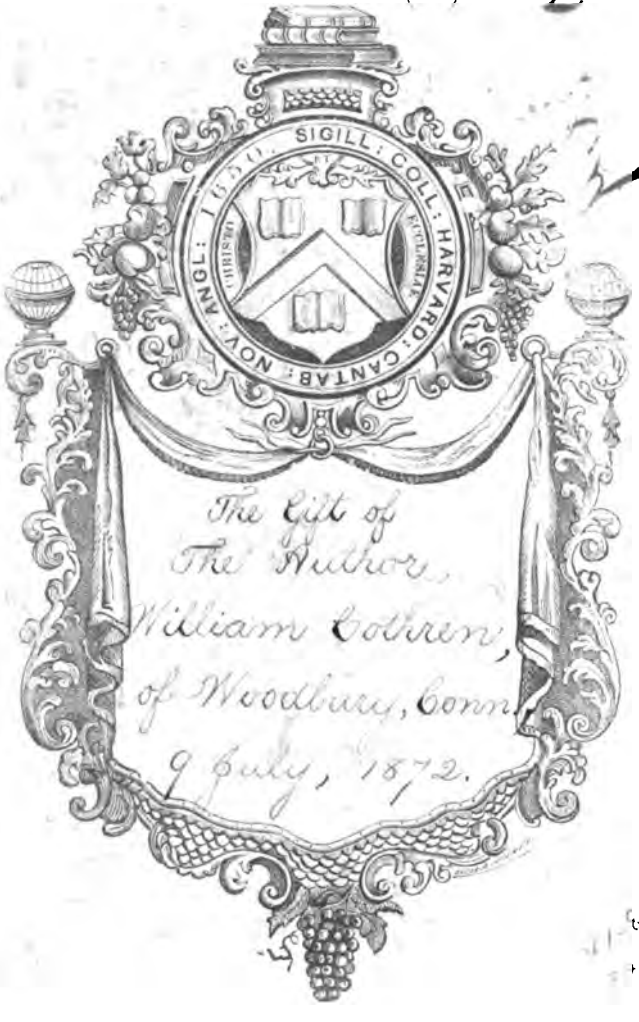

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Yours truly
N. Cothren

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HISTORY

OF

ANCIENT WOODBURY,

CONNECTICUT,

FROM

THE FIRST INDIAN DEED IN 1659 TO 1872,

INCLUDING THE

Present Towns of Washington, Southbury, Bethlehem, Roxbury, and a part of Oxford and Middlebury.

By WILLIAM COTHREN.

"I love thee, oh! my native land!
I love thy sons, a brother band!
Thy rocks, and hills, and vales, to me,
Are temples of the truly free!"

VOL. II.

WOODBURY, CONN.:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM COTHREN.
1872.

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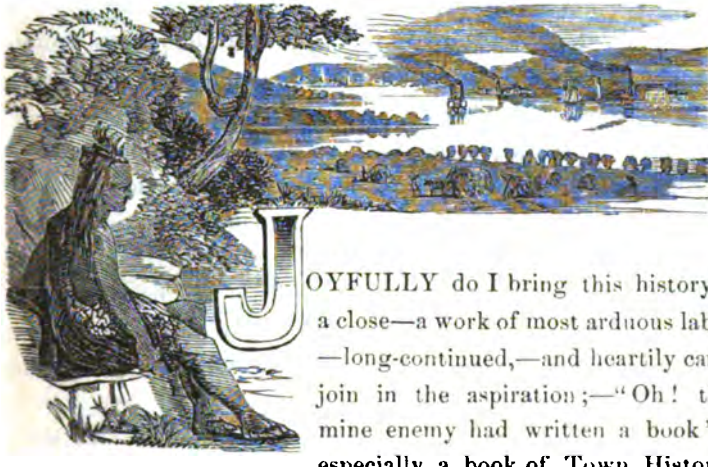
INTRODUCTION TO THE SECOND VOLUME.



JOYFULLY do I bring this history to a close—a work of most arduous labor,—long-continued,—and heartily can I join in the aspiration;—"Oh! that mine enemy had written a book"—especially a book of Town History! The work has grown upon my hands to a volume more than twice the size contemplated and promised. It became inevitable. We have made history faster, and more voluminously, during the last twenty years, than for the preceding one hundred A faithful and minute account of these years has been attempted. At the same time, the careful inquiries and researches of the last twenty years, have added to the ancient history of the town an amount almost equal to that contained in the former volume, of most valuable and interesting matter. In this part of his work the author has been most ably aided by several antiquarian friends, and especially by the Rev. Benjamin L. Swan, of Oyster Bay, N. Y., a most careful and successful antiquarian scholar. Due credit has been given to each assistant in the pages of the volume.

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No work so elaborate, extended and complete, has been attempted in this country, and it will remain for the reader to decide, whether the author has accomplished his purpose of making it a model of its kind. Neither time, arduous labor, nor expense has been withheld by him.

A large addition has been made to almost every chapter of the former work. The statistics of the several towns have been brought down to date, and include the results of the last election. As a book of statistics, it must remain for all time invaluable to all. In the genealogical part of the work, not only has all additional information in regard to the families in the former volume been added, but the genealogies of a large number of other families have been included.

Woodbury has been celebrated for its Bi-Centennial Celebrations. A full history of all these has been included in the work.

A new feature in the work is exhibited in the illustrations. Mr. Henry Clay Curtis, an excellent artist, residing in Hartford, has profusely illustrated the work, so that the two volumes now contain about one hundred and sixty-seven cuts, of all kinds, inserted at great expense, contributing immensely to the attractions and and permanent value of the work.

The question of the "Church dissensions in Stratford," resulting in the settlement of Woodbury, has been seriously mooted. Every recorded item in the records has been carefully collected, and printed entire in the work, with such remarks and elucidations as seemed called for, placing the controversy, as it would seem, forever at rest. As the theory maintained in the former work had been adopted by all subsequent historians, State and Ecclesiastical, it seemed necessary to thoroughly examine the subject, and vindicate the "truth of history."

A leading feature of the work is a minute history of the efforts of the several towns in the ancient territory to suppress the late Rebellion. The author has treated this subject in a manner entirely different from that pursued by the various historians of the war. The latter have written general histories. The authors

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were obliged to say such a General did this—such a Colonel did that. The author of this work has attempted to write an *individal* history of the war. Private A. did this—Sergeant B. did that. He has attempted to reveal the *nerve* and *sinew* which did most to accomplish the great result. He has given a complete list of all the soldiers from the ancient town, with particular incidents in regard to many of them. About 400 pages of the work are devoted to this history. It is believed that it will be one of the most satisfactory accounts of the incidents of the Rebellion to the private soldier.

Finally, this work is now passed over for the examination of a discriminating public, upon its merits, and the author awaits its judgment with calm composure, believing it will be just.

WILLIAM COTHREN.

WOODBURY, May 1, 1872.

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CHAPTER I.

PHYSICAL HISTORY.

First Impressions; Bestowal of names; Village Plain; Middle Quarter; White Oak; Indian names; Quassapaug; Weraumaug; Bantam; Kissewaug; Pootatuck; Pomperaug; Nonnewaug; Shepaug; Orenaug; Bethel Rock; Nonnewaug Falls; Shepaug Falls; Bacon's Pond; Kettletown; Divers Localities; Jack's Brook; Mine Hill; Helicon Spring.

FTER a lapse of seventeen years, during which history has more than "repeated itself," in great and stirring events, in the progress of living ideas, in the advancement of literature and science, in the spread of Christianity, and in the clear understanding and final establishment of the true principles of civil liberty, and the enfranchisement of the human race, it would seem wise to review the whole ground-work of our history as a nation, and as civil communities, that we may learn the true lessons of the recent past, and take prudent and judicious departures for the scenes and events of the future, through which we are yet to pass. We have been so overwhelmed with the tumultuous events which have occurred in the last few years, that we shall be astonished, on a calm retrospect, to observe what strides we have made in human progress, and how totally unconscious we have been of the magnitude and importance of the history we have been making, and of the share each little hamlet has had in producing it. It is from the careful examination of the elements, that go to make up any desirable event, or result, that we are able to understand and duly appreciate it, and derive from it the lessons desirable for future use and improvement.

It will be our pleasing duty, then, to review the history of our ancient and honorable town, and gather for the use of ourselves, and those who shall succeed us in our pleasant abodes, in this val-

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ley of valleys, and on these rejoicing hills, so favored of Heaven, the "remnants, that remain" of the treasures not discovered before the completion of our former enterprise, and to preserve them in the archives of our local history, "that nothing may be lost." To accomplish this, the plan of the former work will be followed, recording, step by step, all further facts obtained, under the several heads employed before, sometimes repeating facts found in the first volume, for greater clearness of statement, and to save reference to another volume, so inconvenient in the reading of any work.

Although our country is so young, and our experience so recent, it is yet very difficult for us to picture to ourselves the novelty with which this wilderness must have struck the early gaze of our forefathers, as they came here, "bearing the ark of *their* covenant into the wilderness." The land was all before them. They had full authority to enter and possess it, by solemn conveyance from the Indian proprietors, and by the full consent and endowment of the General Court, encumbered by no conditions, except to receive as many other "honest inhabitants" into proprietorship with them, as the plantation would "conveniently entertain"—a matter of prime necessity in new and feeble communities. How does our most fertile imagination fail to grasp and comprehend the mingled emotions which must have struggled in the bosoms of our sturdy forefathers, as, after a weary wandering in the deep forests and beside the "great rivers," they stood upon the summit of "Good Hill," first local name selected and pronounced by their lips, in the new home, and gazed into the wild and beautiful valley, divided by its lovely, meandering river, seeking with the eye, even in this first moment of enraptured vision, the sequestered nooks in which they would build their happy, moral abodes, and erect their family altars, first offerings to their adorable God and Master. Like the land of Canaan to the Israelites of old, the new land was all before them, with its woods and rocks, and hills and streams—nameless as yet. Here were a thousand hills, valleys, streams, and beautiful local objects of every form and style of loveliness, with no names by which they might be called; no appellation by which they might be described. They had bought land at "Pomperaug;" they had been granted liberty by the General Court to found a new plantation there, and that was all there was of designation. Every thing betokened that the silence of nature had remained unbroken by human voice, since those early days, when

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"the morning stars sang together," save by those of nature's own uncultivated children, the red hunters of the forest. Nature, in all its grand magnificence, met the enchanted view of the pale face in these sweetly fertile plains, and mountain fastnesses. The grim chiefs of the woody wilds alone roamed over these retired solitudes, save the wild beasts, that growled upon a thousand hills. The whole face of the country was one vast wilderness, uncheered by the benign rays of civilization.

Such was the scene, and such were the circumstances that greeted the eyes of Capt. John Minor, the intrepid surveyor, and his sturdy companions, as they entered this territory, which was then the farthest point from our coast and larger rivers, that had been explored, two hundred years ago. This wilderness must be reclaimed; human habitations must be erected; the church of God, with its accompanying school-house, must be builded from these over-arching forest trees, and all objects must receive names and designations.

We may imagine the first surveyor, like a second Adam, with every living and inanimate object before him, awaiting the bestowal of an appellation. And right royally did he and his associates fulfill this duty of necessity and convenience, as they scattered among the hills and valleys, and reclaimed the waste lands. Perhaps no town anywhere has so successfully preserved its early designations as this. Everywhere we meet the "old landmarks." We will mention some of them, that they may be recorded, as well as remembered forever.

It was natural that they should then and there name the place whence they had had the pleasure of beholding, their "land of promise;" their future homes. They called it Good Hill. It was good and pleasant for them, in more particulars than one. It was the place of good hopes and anticipations. It was the place of good views. It was the place of good lands, and, afterwards, became the location of their "Good Hill Division," in the proportionate distribution of the lands of their new territory among the proprietors. The place where the present village stands, which was, at that date, with the adjoining intervales, cultivated by the Indians, and planted with scant crops of corn, beans, and some few other productions, was called by preëminence The Plain, and the designation has been handed down to the present day, in the conveyance of lands. The fertile plateau where the pioneers spent their first night, a little south of the village, they named Middle Quarter. It was so named, prob-

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ably, because they deemed it nearly midway between the plain land, which they named Judson Lane, and on which the first framed house was built, and White Oak, a place so designated by them, in the upper part of Southbury, nearest the present town of Woodbury, the place where they spent the second night of their explorations. This spot has always been one of interest. The old oak long since passed away, as is stated on a preceding page, but the interest still lingers around the ancient locality, and our artist has given a sketch of it for a future chapter.

These few names sufficed their first wants, as they builded their cabins amid these vales and hills, keeping as nearly together as possible. As the settlement extended its limits, they learned and appropriated the good old names, which had been used by the original native proprietors, and they have been carefully handed down to the present. No town of equal dimensions within the writer's knowedge has retained so many of them, and they are of far greater euphony, for the most part, than those preserved in other parts of the State. Many of our towns long since forgot the local names of the former occupants of the country. In the the neighboring town of Watertown, for instance, it is said that not a single Indian appellation, or name of local objects or places, now remains. This is the more singular, as there must ever be a lingering interest or curiosity in all the remaining traces of the aboriginal race, which preceded us, even in the least observant minds.

Quite different from this was the care with which our fathers gathered up, and applied the beautiful Indian names which abound in our territory. This may, in part, be accounted for by the fact, that Capt. John Minor, the leading man among the colonists, had been educated as missionary to the Indians, understood well their language, and seemed to take a delight in fixing forever the aboriginal names to the various localities, as he, in his office of surveyor, parcelled out the lands among the pioneers. To the lovely lake on our eastern borders he applied the name of Quassapaug, or The Beautiful Clear Water. This pleasant sheet of water, so cosily nestling among the verdant hills, furnished one of the first fishing places to the new settlers, cut off as they were from the seaboard by the boundless forests lying between them and the sea. This is an enchanting little water retreat among the hills, where one may while away an hour of pleasant thought and rest, secluded from all obtruding care, or may unite with friends in sailing

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QUASSAPAUG LAKE, WOODBURY, CONN.—Two Views.

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over its limpid waters, enjoying the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." It has ever been a location of interest, and is yearly becoming the place of resort for those who admire the loveliness of nature secluded in its deep solitudes. Weraumaug is another lake of about the same size, one mile by two in dimensions, located in the north-west corner of the ancient territory, to which the same remarks will apply. It has now become the popular resort of the city-heated denizen, who seeks, for a brief space, rest and relaxation during the hot months. Like the former, it has become the place of sweet romance and many a flirtation, while reverend doctors of divinity and learned doctors of the law, "pass stately by," and form a solid back ground. Bantam, in the northern bounds, north of what was, at a later day, called "Woodbury Farms," is another beautiful sheet of water, and point of much attraction. It is one of the principal boasts of the present town of Litchfield, the County seat, which is now in somewhat pleasant repute as a "summer resort," claiming attention, principally, for the life-invigorating air of its breezy hills and extended country views. The name of Bantam has usually been considered by historians as the aboriginal name of this lake, together with its river, and surrounding country. But there is every reason to doubt the correctness of this opinion. It has neither the look nor sound of any other words in our native Indian dialect.[1] The only place called by this name, now recollected, is Bantam in the Island of Java. No reason can be assigned for the transfer of the name to this locality, except, perhaps, the fanciful one, that "like the Bantam of the old world, this was a wild and almost unknown region, inhabited by a race of barbarians." It is hardly probable, however, that our ancestors, in the necessitous circumstances of a new settlement in the unbroken wilderness, had time to make, even if they had the necessary geographical information, such far-fetched and philosophical, not to say poetical comparisons in diverse localities. Kissewaug is the name bestowed upon a long and narrow pond below Quassapaug lake, in the southern part of the present town of Middlebury. It also bears the more modern name of Long Meadow Pond. There is a somewhat apocryphal legend connected with this little lakelet, from which it is said to have derived its name, Kissewaug. But it is by no means certain that the first syllable of that name, used as as separate word, has the same

[1] Kilbourn's History of Litchfield, p. 24.

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meaning in the native tongue as in our own, and consequently it becomes unnecessary to relate it here.

Nearly all the rivers and streams of the territory have retained their Indian names. The principal river, called by the early settlers at Stratford, the Great River, was called in the early Indian conveyances, the Pootatuck river. In later years, it was called by another Indian name, the Housatonic, which name it now bears. The central river of the ancient territory still bears its original Indian name of Pomperaug, which was also the name of the last powerful chief of the Woodbury Indians, who flourished before the advent of the whites in the territory. This beautiful stream is fed and formed by the Nonnewaug river, coming in from the north-east, and joining it near the central village; the "Wecuppeme" river, as it is called in one of the earliest Indian deeds, which rises in the northern part of the present town of Bethlehem; and the West Sprain river, which rises in the south-easterly part of the present town of Washington. In the western portion of the territory flows the Shepaug river, taking its rise in Bantam lake, as one of its sources. This river runs through a wild, romantic and mountainous region, to its junction with the Housatonic. All the streams of Ancient Woodbury flow southerly, and empty into the Housatonic. The Quassapaug river, taking its rise in Quassapaug lake, flows south and joins the Housatonic below Quaker's Farms. In later years, this stream has been called the Eight Mile brook. Quanopaug is the name of a brook that flows into the Nonnewaug river, near the north end of the village. On this stream, which flows through what was early named the East Meadow where the settlers had desirable divisions laid out to them, is a very beautiful cascade, which was much visited by people years ago, but which has been greatly injured, of late, by diverting the water for irrigating purposes, upon the adjacent lands. Yanumpaug brook flows into the Housatonic river, from its Newtown side, nearly opposite the mouth of the Shepaug river. Pootatuck brook flows north, into the same river, from the same side, nearly opposite to the "Pootatuck Wigwams," about two miles above Bennett's Bridge. A little below is Cockshure's Island, in the Housatonic river. This has, in a later day, been known as Hubbell's Island, from Peter Hubbell, who owned it, and to whom the General Court granted the right to "keep a ferry," at the north end of the Island, May session, 1730. This Island was owned by an Indian Sachem, of the name of Cockshure, at the time our fathers moved

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into the wilderness, and long after. He did not convey it away till June 18, 1733. His name figured in several of the later Indian conveyances. Paquabaug is the name of a small island in the Shepaug river, above Mine Hill, in Roxbury. At the southwest corner of Roxbury, at the mouth, and west of the Shepaug river, is the place called Promiseck, bought of the Indians by Dr. Ebenezer Warner, in 1728–9. Aurangeatuck Plain is situated southerly of the present village of Southbury.

Orenaug is the name of the beautiful trap-rock cliffs, which bound the village on the east. The front cliff has been recently purchased and improved by the writer, as a mountain park. Oak, maple, hickory, chestnut, and cedar trees are scattered over the mountain-top, and in the beautiful ravine beyond, while the crest is covered by a beautiful grove of pine trees, in the midst of which a tower, thirty feet in height, has been erected, from which views of six surrounding towns may be obtained. It has been named the Orenaug Park. Here one can always catch a delightful breeze, and enjoy a beautiful panoramic view of the village, valley and meandering river below, while the whispering pines above his head sooth the perturbed, wearied and overworked mind. The beautiful evergreens suggest thoughts of peace, and the beatitude of the eternal rest on high:

> "As the softened land-breeze marches,
> Through the pine's cathedral arches."

A few moments walk to the south-east, through a pleasant grove, over the second cliff, brings the visitor to the celebrated "Bethel Rock," in the bosom of these cliffs, of which more will be said hereafter. A more lovely and romantic spot, even without its sacred associations, cannot easily be found.

On the Shepaug river, about two miles from its junction with the Housatonic, is the "Falls" of that river. The river, at this place, has forced and worn its way through the rocks of the primary formation, in a hill of considerable size. The channel cut through these rocks is, in some places, very narrow, and often only a few feet in width, hemmed in by precipitous rocky banks, covered with evergreen and other trees, rising a hundred or two feet, from the bed of the stream. In time of floods, the view of these falls has been magnificent, with the madly rushing and roaring waters. Below the falls has always been, both in the aboriginal days, and now, a favorite and abundant fishing place. Shad have rarely ascended as high as this place. But trout, suckers

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and lamprey eels, of enormous size, are caught in great abundance. Occasionally, even in these later years, a trout of very great size, and of the true speckled variety, strays into the pools below the falls. A few years ago, Mr. Thomas Tyrrell, who owns the land and mill at the falls, captured in a brook-pool near the river, by using a shad seine, a trout of large dimensions, for these waters. It was 37½ inches in length, measuring 16 inches around the body in front of the fins, being the largest part, and weighed 17¼ pounds. This account is vouched for by several witnesses, and is no doubt correct. But the beauty of these falls has just been destroyed, by blasting down the cliffs. to make way for the road-bed of the Shepaug Valley Railroad, leading from Litchfield to a junction with the Housatonic Railroad at Hawleyville. The rocks have been skillfully and ruthlessly blasted out, and thrown into the river, and across it, cutting down large trees two feet in diameter, and far into the fields beyond. The rock is thrown down the side of the mountain in large masses, some of them weighing a hundred and thirty tons to the boulder. It is a fine display of the power of man in his war with nature. The building of this Railroad, which runs the whole length of the ancient territory, from north to south, through the Shepaug valley, with terminus at Litchfield, is a remarkable result of the enterprize of our people. If one had been asked a year ago to name a locality which was least likely to be traversed by a Railroad in this region, the unhesitating answer would have been, one through the Shepaug valley. And yet such has been the indomitable spirit displayed, that the cars will be running on the road by August, 1871, a little less than a year from the time when the first spade full of earth was thrown out to grade the way.

At the upper end of Nonnewaug Plain, in the deep recesses of the forests, are located the Nonnewaug Falls. These falls are quite fully described on page 92, but are referred to here for the purpose of collecting all the references and descriptions of places together. Since the publication of the former edition of this work, this beautiful retreat of nature has been more and more a place of resort for pleasure parties, and for those who delight to retire from the busy haunts of men, and commune with nature in her sacred solitudes. And yet, as has often been observed in other cases of the wonderful works of nature, like the falls of Niagara, for instance, people in their vicinity have never seen them, and more singular still, have never heard of them. In this very case, an old

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UPPER NONNEWAUG FALLS, WOODBURY, CONN.

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gentleman, aged 87, living within half a mile of these falls all his life, and in full ear-shot of their roaring in flood-time, had never known, or heard of them, up to the issue of the former edition of this history, in 1854. This is one of those peculiar instances where the grand and the sublime objects in nature, which always attract the attention and the admiration of men, and sway the heart with great emotions, have been unheeded by those who have readiest access to them, while a view of them has been sought by pilgrims from the most distant parts.

Such were some of the Indian names retained by the first settlers, and handed down to the present time. As their families increased, and new inhabitants were admitted, they continued to apply new names to the different localities. The hill south of Good Hill was called Grassy Hill, from its abundant grass, which made a good grazing, or "Pasture Division." The valley east of Grassy Hill, they called Transylvania. The hill at the south end of the village, across the river, west, was called Castle Rock, from the fact that Pomperaug, the last sachem before the advent of the whites, had there his principal wigwam, or castle. Beyond is Bear Hill and Ragland, a rugged country. North-east of the Orenaug Rocks, is a small artificial pond, covering an area of six or eight acres, which was formed by damming up a small stream that empties into the Nonnewaug river. This was done by the late Daniel Bacon, long years ago, and continues to bear his name. Until three or four years ago, it was owned by his son, Rev. William T. Bacon, the celebrated poet of our ancient territory, who had a strong reverence for the old homestead, and all its appurtenances and surroundings. To this romantic, quiet lake, embosomed among the rugged hills, and to the pleasant groves around, has he often retired for meditation, and here has he composed some of his best verses. A road passing near this sheet of water leads quite around the Orenaug group of cliffs, from and to the main street, making a pleasant and convenient drive, which is often taken by citizen and stranger. East Meadow lies north of the village on the Quanopaug stream, and was much esteemed for its fertility by the fathers, insomuch that it was divided into small parcels among them. Steep Rock is a romantic hill some two miles south-west of the village of Washington, on the Shepaug river. The Shepaug Valley Railroad, to which reference has already been made, runs through this hill. A tunnel some thirty rods long has been excavated for its accommodation, and its for-

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mer romantic beauty has been somewhat marred by the ceaseless energy of man. Moose Horn Hill, so-called, from the large quantity of the horns of the moose found in that locality, lies about two miles north-west of Roxbury center. Cat Swamp, so-called, from the numbers of wildcats that lurked in that vicinity, is about a mile and a half north-east of the village, and the White Deer Rocks are about two miles farther on, near the head of Quassapaug Lake. These were so named from the numbers of white deer that made these rocks their hiding place, and found their way cautiously to the lake, to obtain water. Wolf Pit Hill is situate near the junction of the Weekeepeemee and West Sprain rivers, at Hotchkissville. The place in South Britain near the junction of the Transylvania Brook with the Pomperaug river, is called "The Bent." Kettletown lies in the south-east part of Southbury, and was so named from the fact that the consideration of its first purchase from the Indians was a brass kettle. But this consideration did not last long, for the proprietors were obliged to purchase it over again several times afterwards, to prevent controversies with the numerous claimants. There seems to have been a fatality connected with this locality, for it has been pre-eminenly a place of dissensions, and conflicting opinions, and it has always been more prolific in senseless lawsuits than any similar extent of square acres within the writer's knowledge. And, although there have been "prophets" in that land, yet they must have been "without honor," or influence in "their own country," if we are to judge by the fruits which have come from that region, or the heart must have been more desperately wicked there than elsewhere. Salt Tooth Rock Hill lies in Southbury, and twenty-five acres of land there was set out to the wife of Col. Ethan Allen, from the estate of her father, Cornelius Brownson, previous to 1781, when they sold it.

Transylvania lies in the south-west part of the town, and Flanders in the north, bordering on Bethlehem. Weekeepeemee is a little hamlet in the north-west part of the town, on the river of that name. Carmel Hill lies still further on, in the edge of Bethlehem, and is noted for its excellent land. Hazle Plain lies west of Hotchkissville, on the West Sprain, and Hell Hollow still further on, near Washington line. Making an inquiry for the reason of this name, many years ago, the writer was informed, that it was so called from the peculiarity of its appearance, as viewed from the village and surrounding country. That as it lay sunk in

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its gorge among the hills, "it always had a smoke rising from or hanging over it, as if ascending from the bottomless pit." Nonnewaug lies in the north-east, on the river of the same name. The lower part of this locality, at Burton's mills, has, in later years, been called Minortown, from the large number of Minors residing in that vicinity. West Side is the street beyond the river, running parallel to the main street of the village. Quassapaug is a small settlement at the outlet of the Quassapaug lake. Break Neck Hill lies near the north end of the lake, in Middlebury. It is not known how the hill became thus named. It could hardly come from the rapidity of its descent, for it is not more steep than a multitude of other hills in Ancient Woodbury. At the date of the former edition, there was a rumor current among the old people, that it was so named from an occurrence which took place when Rochambeau's French army passed through our town during the Revolutionary war; that it was so called because an ox broke his neck while descending the hill, drawing heavy cannon. Such an accident may have occurred, but it was called by this name, in the ancient conveyances, more than eighty years prior to the Revolution. The Purchase, so-called, because it was among the last purchases from the Indian reservation at Pootatuck, lies in the western part of South Britain. White Oak Plain is the level land by the river below the Whitlock place, in which was the old White Oak, to which reference has been so often made. Bullet Hill lies east of Southbury village. Pork Hollow, where large quantities of provisions were concealed in the Revolution, is a ravine in the hills beyond. The Lightning's Playground lies east of Orenaug Rocks, west of Quassapaug Lake, and is so called because no thunder-storm has ever been known to pass over the town without one or more bolts of lightning descending in that locality. Alder Swamp lies between Woodbury north, and Hotchkissville. Hooppole is a hill south-west of the latter place. Scuppo is a hill in the south-easterly part of Woodbury, opposite the village of Pomperaug, and is so called from its having been the location of the cabin of an Indian of that name, living there long after the fathers settled in this village. Puckshire is in the eastern part of the town. The Poorhouse is located there. The street west, and running parallel with the main street, in Southbury, is called Poverty; for what reason is not now known. Jeremy Swamp lies east of Kettletown. George's Hill lies north-west of Kettletown. Horse Hill is south-east of Shepaug Falls. Tousey

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lies north-west of William Hayes' house, in the south-east part of Bethlehem, and is so called from a Christian Indian, who lived there for a time. His full name was Hachet Tousey. A further account of him will be found on page 101. South and west of Good Hill, in Roxbury, lies a large tract of land called Rucum. South-west of that is Wildcat Rock. Still further to the south-west is Flag Swamp, lying between Roxbury and Southbury. West of Flag Swamp runs Brown's Brook. The mountain north of Good Hill is called West Mountain. West of Good Hill lies a deep and long ravine, called Tophet Hollow. It was a dark, damp, heavily wooded, dismal place, and hence its name. West of this is Josiah, or Booth's Hill, and north of the latter is Painter Hill; all in Roxbury. Moosehorn Brook rises in Painter Hill, and flows into the Shepaug, near Treat Davidson's. West of this brook is Center Hill, and in its rocks is a cave, called Gamaliel Den. Bottle Swamp Brook runs through the north-western part of Roxbury, into the Shepaug river, and west of this brook, West of James Wakeley's house, is Raven Rock. Jack's Brook rises in Tophet Hollow, flows southerly through Pulford's Swamp, and then westerly to the Shepaug, near Warner's Mills. This stream is said to have received its name from a native African slave, who committed suicide on its bauks, by hanging, at a place south-east of the residence of Hon. Harmon B. Eastman, of Roxbury. He pined in his servitude, and, like all of his race, was very superstitious. He longed to return to his native land, and, having become possessed of the idea that he should immediately return to his beloved Africa at death, he took this means of rejoining his fathers, and revisiting his native shores. Hedgehog Swamp is east of Warner's Mills, and is said to have been so named from a canine contest with a porcupine there. This statement may be taken "with many grains of allowance." Hop Brook, so called from the enormous quantities of wild hops found growing on its banks, in the early days, rises in Second Hill, in New Milford, and flows south-easterly, to the Shepaug, near the house of Charles Trowbridge. North of this is the Pine Cobble, and east of the latter is situate the village of Chalybes, at the foot of Mine Hill. This name was given to the village a few years ago by Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford; is derived from a Greek word, and signifies something "pertaining to steel." It was so named from the steel works located there.

Mine Hill, which is situated here, along the New Milford line,

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and is about two miles in length, north and south, by one mile in width, east and west, bounded west by New Milford line, and east by the Shepaug, is at present, and indeed has always been, from the early days, a most interesting locality, from the mineral wealth concealed in its bosom. The hill was known to contain minerals of some kind almost from the first advent of the settlers. But although it has been alternately worked and litigated for more than one hundred and fifty years, its true character as a mine, has been but vaguely understood, till quite recently. Its chief attraction for more than a century was as a silver mine. Its reputation was highest, in this respect, while it was worked by a German company, for a few years, previous to the Revolutionary war. When that company broke up, it was believed that the superintendent, named Feuchter, carried away for his own use a large amount of silver in bars, which he had smelted in secret, while pretending to be running the mine for iron ore for the company. The mine has been thoroughly worked for the last four or five years, by the company which now owns it, and although they find small quantities of silver lead of considerable richness, in various parts of the vein, yet they do not find it sufficiently abundant to pay the expense of working the mine for that ore. And yet they have driven their drifts more than twenty feet lower than the main shaft left by the Germans, and drained the water from it, making its total depth nearly one hundred and fifty feet. The vein increases a little in width as it descends into the mountain, and there is a slightly perceptible increase in the quantity of the silver lead ore. There is no probability that this mine will ever prove valuable for its production of silver, for the main shaft, above alluded to, is the one in which the superintendent, Feuchter, was supposed to have amassed his heavy silver bars.

But in spathic iron ore, this mine is the richest in the United States, and as good as any elsewhere on the face of the earth, so far as discovered. A very full account of it will be found on pages 15 to 19, inclusive, and a further account on page 155. It is, in all the details of its history, a most remarkable mine for steel-bearing ore. It becomes steel in one operation from the pig. It is of such tenacity and purity, that the manufacturers cannot afford to use it alone for common brands of steel, but are obliged to mix it with other less valuable ores, or with scraps of various sorts, to bring it down to the desired grade. Although the works for manufacturing this ore into steel have not been in operation

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more than two years, yet it has acquired the very highest rank in the market for fineness, tenacity, temper, and all the other desirable qualities in the best brands of steel, and is being rapidly introduced into the various manufactures requiring the purest qualities of steel.

In the month of May, 1865, Mine Hill, with all its minerals, was purchased of Mr. David J. Stiles, whose title thereto had now become quieted and perfected, after a series of bitter lawsuits, reaching through the period of thirty years, in the State and United States Courts, by the present owners, who had procured a special charter from the Legislature of Connecticut, under the name of "The Shepaug Spathic Iron and Steel Company," with a capital of $350,000. The price of the hill was $100,000. The company proceeded to build an extensive smelting furnace, and the necessary dwellings for workmen. The point of failure in all the preceding efforts to smelt this ore, was in the explosive gases which it contained. When smelted in the common blast furnace, the gases would accumulate, and the first thing the men would know, the furnace would "blow out," and all their labor would be lost. The present company has overcome that difficulty, by means of "sweating the ore," previous to smelting. This is accomplished by placing alternate layers of the ore and charcoal, in large open circular vats, which are much the largest at the top, like a teacup, and igniting the mass, thus heating the ore, and throwing off the explosive elements. The ore is then smelted in the ordinary way, as readily and safely, as any other ore. In making all these improvements, the company must have more than expended its original capital. They have mined and smelted large quantities of the ore into the pig, employing, for that purpose, men brought from Prussia, who were skilled in the working of spathic ore, and the making of steel after the Prussian method. Finding the iron adapted to the making of a superior quality of cast-steel, the company decided, in 1867, to erect complete works for its manufacture, at Bridgeport, Conn., having made an application to the Legislature for power to increase its capital to one million dollars, and for a change of name to that of the American Silver Steel Company, which was granted. These works were finished and put in operation in 1869, and have steadily increased their production of steel of various kinds, some of which are claimed to be superior to any steel of foreign manufacture.

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BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

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Mining in the hill has been progressing for several years, night and day, until openings have been made more than two thousand feet in length, in the aggregate, the lowest of which is about twenty feet below the bottom of the old shaft, or 145 feet below the surface of the hill. The quality of the ore continues quite satisfactory, and some thousands of tons of it are now (June, 1871) ready for smelting, in addition to all that has been smelted before. A cut of the works at Bridgeport accompanies this account. They consist of three buildings, located on a point of land jutting out into the harbor, making a very convenint place for loading and unloading their heavy freight. The larger building contains the furnaces, rolls, lathes and all the machinery for making and finishing the steel; the next is the house covering the engine, which furnishes the motive power to the works; and the third is the gas-house, in which they manufacture all the gas used in the production of the steel. All the heating operations required in making the steel, is accomplished by this gas, which has greater heating with less lighting power than ordinary coal gas. It is made by a process of their own, and, in its manufacture, they can use not only the ordinary coal for making gas, but refuse coal, fine coal, coal dust, and coal "siftings," or cinders, and every thing combustible in the coal is made into gas, leaving no coke—nothing but ashes.

The Bridgeport site was purchased for $40,000, and was a good bargain. It would now readily bring $60,000. The works have cost $170,000, including $30,000 worth of machinery removed from the works at Mine Hill, making an outlay of $210,000. It is a great pleasure for one who delights in seeing the operation of perfect machinery, to go through these works, and observe the several processes from the melting of the pig iron, to the turning out of the same in the perfect article, ready for the market—all being accomplished in a brief space.

The legal history of Mine Hill is very interesting. In the various litigations that have grown out of conflicting interests, in the title to it, for the last 150 years, many of the most eminent lawyers in Connecticut, New York and New Jersey, have been employed, and there have been many able and brilliant forensic contests. As has been stated, the existence of mineral treasures there, of some kind, has been known from the first settlement of the territory. It was owned by Hon. John Sherman, ancestor of the General Wm. T. Sherman, the present head of our armies, be-

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fore 1724, and was by him leased to Thomas Cranne, of Stratford, and others, May 16, 1724, for a term of years, reserving to himself one-sixteenth part of all the ore which should be there raised. John Crissey, and his wife Mary, also had some rights in the hill. Still later, Thomas and John Wheeler, Doctor Jonathan Atwood, and Doctor Thomas Leavenworth, acquired rights, by lease, or otherwise, to said mine. The mining tract, at this time, was supposed to contain six acres, and that is the number of acres mentioned in the various deeds and mining leases that were then executed. It was at this early day worked to some extent, but with what success, is not now known. The next digging at this place was by Hurlbut and Hawley, but the history of their operations is substantially lost.

The next company was organized by the Messrs. Bronson Brothers, about the year 1764, and many persons became interested in the mining right. This right, at that date, was supposed to cover forty acres. Col. Ethan Allen purchased two and a half acres of land on Mine Hill, or one sixteenth part of the mining title, in 1764, and was interested in the Bronson operations. It was this company that sunk the "old shaft" 125 feet into the mountain, and another lateral one for the purposes of ventilation. The working was carried on under the direction of the German goldsmith, Feuchter, to whom reference has been made, who conducted his processes of pretended separation and refining with great secresy, occasionally producing small quantities of silver, which kept the hopes of his employers alive. But after several years this undertaking collapsed, like the others before them. Still later, the mine was worked by a company organized in New York, which obtained a lease for 42 years. This effort failed. Later still, Asahel Bacon tried the experiment, with no better success. Finally, David J. Stiles, of Southbury, began to collect the scattered titles in 1824, and then the legal contests broke out afresh, and there was no "rest for the sole of his foot," till after he had repeatedly passed through the highest Court of Connecticut, and the Circuit Court of the United States, when his title was finally quieted, and no enemy any longer wagged his tongue in all the Mine Hill Mountains.

But perhaps the history of this long warfare, and the state of the title, cannot be better elucidated, than by giving an epitome of the findings in the last legal decision before the Circuit Court of the United States, held by the late Hon. Charles A. Ingersoll, at

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New Haven, at the April term of the Court, 1856, which was arrived at after a closely contested trial, running through nine days. Certain parties in New York, claiming title under the old mining leases, sued Mr. Stiles in ejectment, and thus the title to the premises became the only issue, Stiles being in undoubted possession. The case, from its antiquity and complications, had consumed months in its preparation, on each side. Hon. Ralph I. Ingersoll, of New Haven, Hon. Norton J. Buel, of Waterbury, Henry S. Sanford and John M. Buckingham, Esqrs. of New Milford, appeared as attorneys for the New York claimants, and ex-Gov. Roger S. Baldwin, of New Haven, and the writer, appeared as attorneys for Stiles. To state it in vulgar phrase, it was a "tiger-fight," and Stiles succeeded in fully and forever establishing his title to the spathic mine.

As a result of the trial, it was found that the plaintiff, the New York party, claimed title by a series of conveyances from one Sampson Simson, a Jew in New York, who was the nephew of a man of the same name, and who, with his brother, Solomon Simson, and brother-in-law, Myer Myers, worked the mine on said premises as early as 1764. This Simson supposed he had some title to convey, the other two being dead, but on the trial of the case it was discovered that his interest was never any other than that of a lessee.

The disputed premises contain a very rich mine of spathic iron ore, the richest, and perhaps, the only mine of that valuable ore for the manufacture of steel in the United States. It also contains a vein of silver, yielding a small quantity of silver, with a large per cent of the pure metal. The extent of this deposit has not been sufficiently tested to pronounce upon its value as a silver mine. The title to the mine has been more or less litigated since the year 1724, and large sums of money have been expended, both in litigating and working the mine.

It was proved to the jury that the mining tract was laid out as as common land, on the original proprietors' rights in Woodbury, and that it was thus laid out because it was discovered that there was a mine there. It was laid out to Moses Hurlbut and Abel Hawley, in 1751. Previous to 1762, Hurlbut and Hawley sold it to Abram and Israel Bronson, who laid out an addition to it, making the whole tract sixty-seven acres, in the early part of 1764. Soon after this, Abram and Israel Bronson leased seven-eighths of the mine to Sampson Simson, Myer Myers, and George

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Trail, of New York, for the term of forty-two years, ending in 1806. They entered into possession under the lease, and worked it from 1764 to 1766, when, from some unknown cause, they abandoned the enterprise, and returned to New York. The title to the premises continued to be bought up in fractions by various parties, till 1781, when Cyprian Collins and others, of Gosher, Conn., who were then owners of a considerable interest in the premises, commenced working the mine, the main shaft of which had been sunk by the Sampson Simson company, to the depth of 125 feet, and continued it two seasons, when, meeting with bad luck, they in turn deserted the enterprise. In 1792, Sampson Simson & Co. underlet the remaining portion of their forty-two years' lease to Israel Holmes, of Salisbury. He commenced work, had bad luck, and after staying two years, abandoned the undertaking in the same manner as his predecessors had done before. About 1780, Jabez Bacon, of Woodbury, commenced buying up the shreds of title which were scattered, and before his death, in 1806, had succeeded in perfecting the title to the entire premises in himself, and the same descended to his seven heirs, through the Probate Court. Asahel Bacon, one of the heirs of Jabez, bought out all the rest of the heirs, took possession of the premises, and maintained the exclusive possession thereof, until he sold it to the present defendent, David J. Stiles, in 1824. Immediately upon his purchase, Stiles took possession of the premises. He cut wood and pealed bark all over them, experimented with the ores, enclosed the whole hill with fences, built a road all over and around the place in dispute, and built a small barn directly by the main shaft excavation. From the day of his purchase till the day of the trial, he had kept one or more men near the premises, to watch and warn off trespassers, and had exercised every act of ownership, that a man could exercise over forest property. Yet, at three several times, had Stiles been put out of the possession of this property by trespassers, and had been as often restored by writ of forcible entry and detainer. Since 1824, he had thus kept strict possession of the premises. Meanwhile Simson and his associates never returned to make any claim to the property, nor any claim to use it under their lease, till 1850, forty-four years after it had expired by its own limitation, when said Simson's nephew, Sampson Simson, deeded to one Josiah K. Sturges, his supposed interest, as heir of his uncle. Sturges received his deed from Simson, when he was in possession under Stiles, and for this

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reason, could not receive a title even though Simson had one to sell. The same objection existed against all the deeds of the plaintiff. He could not, therefore, "show a better title," and the jury rendered a verdict for the defendent, Stiles, thus establishing his title forever. So that Stiles, when he sold to the American Silver Steel Company, was able to give them a warranty deed.

Thus have we recorded the various items in the physical history of our ancient town. A single item remains. A few rods south of the "Old Stoddard Parsonage" of 1700, is a boggy piece of water, covering, perhaps, an acre of ground, filled with bushes, bogs, turtles and frogs. Twenty-five years ago, a young man passed by this pond, which is called Cranberry Pond, and noticing that the frogs were very musical, the odd fancy of the moment suggested to him, that he should name it the "Helicon Spring." Acting upon the thought, he immediately wrote a solemn, classical poem, calling this the true fount of poesy, and its musical inhabitants, the veritable Muses, the goddesses and inspirers of song. This little effort attracted some attention at the time, and has, occasionally, ever since, been the subject of jocose remark among friends, from the odd conceit. And, in truth, this conceit is not more whimsical, or illy-applied, than some other names, that have been given to the other localities. An extract from the enthusiast ran thus:—

Fair spring within whose sweetly gushing fount
The Goddesses of Song are wont to dwell,
And nightly sing in notes harmonious,
When all's serene around, and quiet reigns,
Thou mind'st me of those olden days in which
The poets all of high and low degree
Came forth from places far remote and near
To drink thy soul-inspiring water e'er,
And breathe the air poetic, which always,
Then as now, bestowed the vital power
Melodious, that ever moves the world.—

* * * * *

Hark! there's music here, and melody hath
Charms for mortal ears with which, on earth,
There's nought that can compare. Sweet harmony,
And chaunts unearthly, rise on every hand.

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Tha very atmosphere is filled with sounds
Of concord sweet. List the tuneful lyres, that
Strike their joyful notes in highest glee
While all conspire to fill the chorus grand.

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CHAPTER II.

INDIAN HISTORY.

WHO WERE THE INDIANS; THEIR CHARACTER; COMPARISON WITH MODERN NATIONS; MILITARY ENACTMENTS; WATCHES; DEFINITIONS OF INDIAN NAMES; NONNEWAUG'S GRAVE; POMPERAUG'S GRAVE; LEGEND OF BETHEL ROCK; ANECDOTES; REFLECTIONS.

THE history of the aboriginal occupants of our hills, and vales and waters, in New England, will always be one of sad though pleasing interest to the thoughtful and truthful historian. It is now a long time since their "light went out on the shore," and the white actors on the stage of life, in the early days, in the order of nature, also passed away with them, and we can now form a true estimate of their character, and the right and wrong of their conduct, since all passion and prejudice have long since been buried in the grave of years. Still, there is yet great diversity in the views of writers upon this theme, shaded and tinged, perhaps, by the savage enormities, ever recurring between our people and the powerful tribes in our western borders. But in New England, the bitterness of the early days has passed away, and historians, and, educated people generally, take a kindly interest in each faintest trace of authentic history of the former wild children of the forest. And it speaks well for our common humanity, and for our advance in knowledge and true civilization.

A very full history of the Indians of Woodbury was contained

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in the former edition of this work, but the interest that will ever linger around all that pertains to the dim and shadowy days, in which the red man was sole "monarch of all he surveyed," will warrant the record here of the remaining fragments, that have come to hand since the former issue. In a letter received by the writer from the late most gifted poetess of Connecticut, who has done so much for humanity, and for the honor of her native State, Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, of Hartford, referring to the chapter on Indian History in the former edition, she writes:—

"I was particularly pleased with the space and spirit you have devoted to our aborigines, who, in my earlier days, seemed subjects of romance,—as in later ones, they have been of sympathy." This thought touches the key-note of the subject in our hearts. The wasting away, and final extinction of the race within our borders, is a meet subject for sympathetic contemplation.

And who were the strange people that occupied these pleasant dwelling places in the woods, when the white man reached these shores? They were, indeed, a strange race, beginning in mystery and ending in annihilation. Their origin and mission on earth seem to be one of the secrets of the Great Creator. The race found inhabiting these new regions, did not live in comfortable dwellings, surrounded by verdant fields, which they cultivated, but semi-nude, or clad in the skins of wild beasts, they wandered in small clans, in the dense forests, among the lofty mountains, by the murmuring streams, and along the meandering rivers. They were destitute of the arts of civilized life; had strange rites, and unheard-of customs. They engaged in fierce conflicts and exterminating wars. They were men of iron will, who knew no fear, had strongest fortitude, and whom severest tortures could not move. They never forgot a kindness, nor forgave an injury. They were idolaters, and, on our now peaceful and happy plains, they offered human sacrifices to appease the God of evil, created by their own superstitious imaginations. This rude and barbarous people was scattered all over our extended continent, and yet they had hitherto been unknown—insulated from the rest of the world. Our fathers tried to civilize and Christianize them with little success, though they granted them the privilege of attending their schools and religious assemblies. Some of them, indeed, profited by these privileges, gained the rudiments of knowledge, put themselves under the care of the ministers, and became approved members of the churches. But the great majority adhered to their

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dark and cheerless faith, and cruel rites, believed and practiced by their forefathers. Let it be taken for granted, then, as many have asserted, that the Indian was fierce, vindictive, cruel, immoral, uncultivated, and untamable, copying the vices rather than the virtues of our people; yet with all his faults and failings, he stood erect, in the midst of nature's leafy temple, God's original freeman! He believed in the existence of the Great Spirit. He could never be enslaved. No superior intelligence, or cunning, could make him wear the bondsman's chain!

But the great complaint of those who denounce the character of the Indian, is his cruelty, and relentless ferocity. Now nothing can be said in favor of this habit in the red man—scarcely anything by way of mitigation of judgment, save the ignorance with which he had been enveloped—the legacy of long, dark ages. But should not we, who live in the nineteenth century, and boast loudly of our civilization, our progress, our intelligence, our Christianity and our humanity, hide our faces in very shame in the light of recent events, instead of casting odium, or sharp criticism upon the memory of the poor, departed denizen of the forest! In what page of authentic history do we read of the Indians of this land being guilty of deeds so dark, cruel, malignant and damning, as the horrors inflicted by the white men of the south, in the late civil war, upon their brethren of the north—who were bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. Talk you of tortures? What torture was ever inflicted by the Indians upon their enemies that could, for a moment, compare with the slow, malignant tortues of filth, starvation, disease and death, inflicted by those who claimed to be of the highest chivalry of civilization, education and refinement, in those loathsome, open sepulcres, the prison pens of Belle Isle, Salisbury and Andersonville? Too inhuman to be content with the swift vengeance of the Indian—the running of the gauntlet, the poisoned arrow, the scalping, or flaying process, or death at the stake, all of which brought speedy death and the end of their torments, the heroes of our boasted civilization, in these latter, effulgent days, could be satisfied with nothing less than the tortures of demons, long drawn out before their gloating eyes and remorseless hearts. And what are we now beholding, as these pages are passing through the press, in these pleasant, May days, in the face of the world, under the eye of Heaven, in the vaunted metropolis of the world, which pride itself on the perfection of its civilization, refinement, reason and hu-

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manity—in Paris? Churches, dedicated to the worship of God, are sacked, their sacred implements taken away or destroyed, and the officiating priests, bishops and arch-bishops are slain at the altar, or shot like dogs in the courts, and carried away to Potter's field in carts. Not content with the carnage produced by the most ingenious, effective and deadly of modern weapons of war in legalized combat, prisoners are collected by the thousand, and either shot on sight, or gathered in groups, and mowed down by revolving cannon, or cast into prison pens, that vie in horrers with *our* Andersonville. Splendid works of art, that have been for long years the pride of the nation, are ruthlessly thrown down and destroyed. The palaces and public buildings are burned to the ground. Furious, mad men and women ply the torch everywhere, indiscriminately. A city of two and a half millions of souls is in flames—mined and fired by the most deadly, explosive, and destructive of substances. Friendship has fled the earth. No man trusts his brother. Life is utterly insecure, and society seems dissolving into utter chaos. Less religious and reverent than the Indian, in addition to these untold horrors, they say in their hearts, as well as by their acts, there is no God! Henceforth, let there be no prating about the ferocity and cruelty of the Indian. In comparison with such acts of the two foremost civilized nations, the character of the benighted red man, in his native forests, stands redeemed!

So far as the Indians of Woodbury were concerned, they were always the friends of our fathers, and maintained with them a a perpetual peace. None ever kept the faith of treaties better than they. There were some Indian conflicts here, but they arose from the incursions of the Mohawks, who, previous to the arrival of the settlers, held the Indians of this territory as tributaries, by superior prowess. As early as 1675, during King Philip's war, they made a treaty with the pioneers in these valleys, in which they covenanted to continue in "friendship with the white settlers, and be enemies to their enemies, and discover them timely, or destroy them." This treaty was ever kept, as a perpetual league, with entire good faith, by both the contracting parties, and many were the mutual offices of kindness they performed for each other.

Notwithstanding this treaty, and the aid of the native Indians, our fathers were not able to maintain their settlement during King Philip's war, but were driven back to Stratford, as we have seen, on pages 46–47, and were kept there for some two years; or

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until King Philip's death. In all the subsequent Indian and French wars, Woodbury, as a frontier town, far removed from succor, was exposed to continued dangers. It was obliged to maintain pallisaded, or fortified houses, for more than fifty years after the first settlement. These, be it remembered, were not erected for fear of the native Indians, but for fear of the French and their Indian allies, at times, and of the Mohaws, at all times, on their own account, as long as they existed as a tribe. In 1690 there was another war alarm, and it was enacted by the General Court, "For the better maintenance of the military watches throughout this Colony in times of danger, which is of so great importance, this Court doe order, that all male persons whatsoever, except negroes and Indians, upwards of sixteen years of age, shall serve and doe duty equally on the military watch, whoe are resident on the place where such watches are to be kept, and that all male persons aforesaid, inhabiting in this Colony, being absent at sea, or elsewhere, shall, by those of their family left at home, provide a person to watch, instead of the absent person, or persons, and also that all widowes whose estates in the publique list amounteth to fifty pounds, shall each of them provide a man to watch in their steads, and, if there be any old or impotent men, that by such disability cannot watch, if there estates in the publique list amounteth to fifty pounds, they shall find a man to watch in their steads, provided this order shall not extend to the Assistants, nor ministers, nor such impotent men as the respective commission officers of the sayd town judg incapable of it, and who have not estate of fifty pounds in the publique list, and that all defects on these military watches, shall be punishable by the commission officers, or any one of them, in the same measure and manner, as is by law provided in the constable watches, and the commission officers in the exercise of their offices by commission are by this order freed from watching."

"This Court appoynts the commission officers in each towne to list and appoynt every seventh man in each company to be a flying army of dragoons, to be listed under the officers appoynted by this Court in each county, to lead them forth against the enimie, if any occasion shall be. Derby, Danbury, Woodbury, Waterbury and Simsbury, are exempted from this order."[1]

We cannot, at this day, in our peaceful communities, picture to

[1] Conn. Col. Rec., 4 vol. 18.

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ourselves the urgency for the public safety which must exist to force the wise men of the General Court to order, not only every person who was present, to take his place as sentinel, and his share of the common danger, but the families of the absent, and even widows and impotent old men, to furnish their sentinel in turn, by substitute, unless they were so poverty-stricken that they had not the means wherewith to hire one. After all, there is a manifest equity in this distribution, and comports well with a late legal decision by our Supreme Court, in Booth vs. Town of Woodbury. It is not certain but that the Court obtained light from this old statute.

A very curious order was issued at the same session, showing that the early colonial legislators were careful and "troubled about many things." They left little to the discretion of the common scout. Perhaps this was the more necessary, because the watch did not consist of enlisted men, set apart and educated for the purpose, but every able bodied man must take his turn, while earning his daily bread, and might well be considered less likely to be judicious and skillful in the various emergencies that might arise in the irregularity of savage warfare. The order runs thus:

"This Court orders, that the charge, that shall be given to the military watch, shall be as follows, viz:—that they shall charge the watch in his Ma[illegible] name, that they faythfully attend the watch, by walkeing or standing in such place or places where they may best discover danger by the approach of an enemie, or by fire which, if they discover, they are to give notice thereof by crying Fire, Fire, or Arme, Arme; they are allso to examine all such persons as they meet with unseasonably, and they are to command them to stand twice, and the third time, to command them to stand on their perill, but if they will not stand, but oppose them, or fly from them, they may shoot at them, but to shoot low, unless they judg him to be an enemie, and then they are to shoot as directly at them as they may, and all such persons as they find out unseasonably, they are to examine them, and if they give no good occasions, they are to return them to the Court of guarde, to be secured till the morning, and then they are to carry them to the next authority, to be examined and disposed of according to law, and they are to give the next watch notice to watch them the night following."

It is to be feared that if the town should now be placed under the care of such a "watch," with power to examine all persons

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who are out "unseasonably," and require them to "give a good account of their occasions," that the magistrates would have more to do each morning, on the report of the "watch," than they would be able to perform well, and the parties themselves would be as little able to give a satisfactory account of themselves, as the lurking "tramps" of the early days. In this time of general alarm and danger, it was further ordered by the General Court, "that soldiers in all plantations bring their arms and ammunition to meeting on Sabbath days, and days of publique worship, when and as often as the County major, or chief military officers in any town shall appoint, upon the penalty of five shillings, to be paid to the town treasury by every soldier convict of neglect hereof before authority, to be levied by distress upon their estate."[1]

Some twelve years had elapsed since the dispersions and alarms occasioned by King Philip's war had ceased, and it would seem, from the above order, that the former custom of carrying arms to the church had fallen into disuse, and it had become necessary to cause its resumption by the somewhat sharp general enactment just cited. The first church, being located on the site now occupied by Hon. N. B. Smith's carriage house, was admirably situated for the purpose of being guarded against surprise. Sentinels placed on Lodge Rock, were in full view of the approaches in every direction, while a large fortified house was near by, on the homestead of the late Erastus Minor, a little south of his dwelling house.

In Feb. 1693–4, a unique order was promulgated for the impressing, making and storing of what the soldier of the present day would call "hardtack." It shows vividly with what anxious care the authorities guarded the safety of the plantations. It enacts:—"Whereas it is a time of warr, and there are fears of suddain surprizalls of the enemie, which may occasion suddain marches of the soldiery to repell the enemies of their Maj^{tie}, and a provission of biskit to that end is necessary, this Court doe therefore order, that in each of the countyes of this colony, fifty bushells of good winter wheat be forthwith empressed by warrant from some of the majestrates of the respective countyes, and that the same be by their order made into biskit as soon as is possible, and kept by their order in convenient places, to be used as occasion and lawfull order shall require the same, and the wheat so

[1] Hoadley's Conn. Col. Rec., p. 41.

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impressed to be repayd in specia out of the country rate as soone as may be."[1]

After the treaty of 1675 with our Woodbury Indians, they seem to have been close allies in time of war, and to have been under the entire direction of the whites. This is shown by an act passed by the General Assembly, at its October Session, 1703. It also gives us an idea of the labor and care of fortifying the frontier towns. It enacts: "that the civill and commission officers of each towne shall take all due care concerning the friend Indians belonging to their townes, and assign them their limitts, to the intent that none of them be exposed, or the enemies escape under pretence of being friends; and that said officers doe strictly charge said friend Indians, not to move out of their respective limitts, or bounds assigned them, without order in writing under the hands of such officers, as they tender their own safetie and at their perill; and all friend Indians are hereby forbidden to hold any communication with, harbour, or conceal, any of the enemie Indians, requiring them to seize and secure all such as may come among them, and to deliver them up to justice; and for their incouragement, they shall have ten pounds for every Indian enemie, they shall so seize and deliver up. And what extraordinarie charge there shall be about Wiantonuck and Potatuck Indians shall be born by the Colonie, and that Capt. Ebenezer Johnson have the care and ordering of the Paugassuck Indians."

"It is ordered and enacted by this Court: That the inhabitants of every town in this Colonie shall be called together with as convenient speed as may be, to consider what houses shall be fortified, and if the towne do not agree to fortifie any house or houses, then it shall be in the power of the civill and militarie officers in commission, with the selectmen, or major part of them, if they thinke it necessaire, to order what house or houses shall be fortified; and what they do order to be fortified, shall be done forthwith, and shall also order on whose charge; and if any persons doe refuse or neglect to make their proportions, they shall pay a fine answerable to their proportions, to be levied by the constable by warrant from civill authority. The proportion of each person to be ordered according to their estate in the common list of estates."

"It is ordered and enacted by this Court: That there shall be

[1] Hoadley's Conn. Col. Rec., 119.

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constantly eight men upon the scout, untill the grand scout be settled, viz: two from Symsbury, two from Woodbury, and two from Waterbury, and two from Danbury, to be ordered by the discretion of the civill and militarie commission officers in each towne, as also a scout from Windzor, to meet with the scouts from Newroxbury, to be ordered by the councill of Warre."[1]

It was, very properly, the constant care and anxiety of the founders of the colony to protect and maintain the frontier towns, as the best and most reliable defence to the remaining towns. If an enemy met with stern and effective resistance on the borders, he would have less hope of successful invasion and victory over the whole. This thought was forcibly stated in the letter of Rev. John Bowers, of Derby, and Rev. Zechariah Walker of Woodbury, in their letter of 1676 urging the protection of their respective towns, as printed on page 49. "The securing of those two plantations," they say, "of Woodbury and Darby, will, according to second causes, be one of ye most considerable securities, in a time of such dangers, unto ye two western counties, viz: of New Haven and Fairfield: for it can hardly be expected y' any strength of indians will adventure to set upon any lower plantation, till they have attempted ones above, and if they fail, they will be ye more shy of *pounding themselves* by coming lower." Acting upon this theory, we find our colonial legislators, at their May session, 1704, enacting as follows:—

"Forasmuch as the maintaining and defending of the frontiers in time of warre is of very great importance, and in regard it would greatly prejudice her Majesties interest and encourage an enemy, if any of the outposts should be quitted, or exposed by lessening the strength thereof,—

"It is therefore ordered by this Court: That the frontier towns hereafter named are to be so accounted, that is to say, Symsbury, Waterbury, Woodbury, Danbury, Colchester, Windham, Mansfield and Plainfield, and should not be broken up, or voluntarily deserted without application first made by the inhabitants and allowance had and obtained from this Court; nor shall any inhabitant of the frontiers mentioned, having an estate of freehold in lands and tenements within the same, at the time of any insurrection or breaking forth of warre, remove from thence with intent to sojourn elsewhere, without liberty as aforesaid, on penalty of

[1] Hoadley's Conn. Col. Rec. 1 vol. 455.

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forfeiting all his estate in lands and tenements lying within such township, to be recovered by information of and proof made by the Selectmen of such towne."

"And it is further enacted: That no male person of sixteen years old and upwards, that should be an inhabitant of or belonging to any of the townes aforementioned at the time of such warre or insurrection, shall presume to leave such place on penaltie of ten pounds, to be recovrred as aforesaid; all which penalties to be improved towards the defence of such place, or places whereof such person or persons were inhabitants."

"It is ordered by this Court: That ten men shall be put in garrison in each of these townes hereafter mentioned, that is to say, Danbury, Woodbury, Waterbury and Symsbury, and that the rest of the men to be raised out of the Counties of New Haven and Fairfield, with such Indians as can be procured, shall be put under sufficient commanders, and have their chief headquarters at Westfield, unlesse otherwise ordered by the Councill of Warre in the Countie of Hartford; and said company of English and Indians shall, from time to time, at the discretion of their chief commander, range the woods to endeavour the discovery of an approaching enemy, and in an especial manner from Westfield to Ousatunnuck."

"It is ordered by this Court, that as many of our friend Indians as are fit for warre and can be prevailed with, and furnished with all things suitable, shall goe with our forces against the common enemie; and Major Ebenezer Johnson is hereby impowered and ordered to imploy suitable persons to acquaint the Indians in the counties of New Haven and Fairfield, of this conclusion concerning them, and to furnish such of said Indians as shall offer themselves for the service as abovesaid, with arms and ammunition, and what else may be needful to fitt them out for warre, and cause them forthwith to repair to Derby, to march with our English forces under the command of the chief officer for the said service. The like to be done with respect to raising Indians in the Countie of New London by the mayr of said Countie. And this Court allows the wages to such Indian volunteers as those have that are gone to the eastward. And the superiour officer of the forces now to be raised shall have power to release so many English from the service as there are Indians added to them, so that the whole number be still four hundred. And for the incouragement of our forces gone, or going against the enemy, this

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Court will allow out of the public treasurie the sum of five pounds for every man's scalp of the enemy killed in this Colony, to be paid to the person that doth that service, over and above his or their wages, and the plunder taken by them."[1]

The people of our day have little idea of the mode or the arduousness of the service of our forefathers in those early aboriginal wars. The savages had no rules of war—no recognized code of dealing death to their enemies, as modern nations have—no rule requiring them to proclaim war before making it. But they made secret and sudden irruptions upon peaceable communities, when all was apparently peaceful and harmonious, by deadly ambuscades, or by the midnight torch, in the deep snows of mid-winter, in these northern lands, where there were no roads and marching was impossible. Though they had few arts in their savage ignorance, they were yet provided with means of attack and annoyance, and at the same time with avenues of escape when overmatched, or overpowered, not open to the whites. The early white settlers had to learn these, and prepare themselves to meet them. With our present ideas of warfare, after our late great civil conflict, it would be difficult for us to conceive of a army on snow-shoes, whether it were large or small. If the early soldiers thus provided, kept step, their march must, indeed, have been majestic, and their line of battle impressive. But the line of battle was not much in vogue in those days, when it became necessary to fight an enemy that did not stand up in open field, but sought every shelter and protection, and where it was necessary for each man to select his particular tree, rock, or other protection, behind which to fight, and pick off his unwary foe. The inhabitants early learned to fight the Indians, and later, the French with them, after their own fashion. Accordingly, we find the following order passed at the October session of the General Court, 1704:—"It is ordered and enacted by this Court; That every towne and plantation in this Colonie shall be provided with a number of snow-shoes and Indian shoes, no less than one pair of snow-shoes with two pair of Indian shoes for every thousand pounds in the list of estate in such towne, which snow-shoes and Indian shoes shall be provided at or before the tenth day of December next, by the selectmen in every towne, at the charge of the Colonie, and shall be kept by them in good repair and fit for service when there may

[1] Hoadley's Conn. Col. Records, 1 vol. 462.

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be occasion to make use of them. And the selectmen of the several townes who shall neglect to provide such a number of snow-shoes and Indian shoes, and to keep them in good repair as above-said, shall each of them pay a fine to the Colonie treasurie, the sume of ten shillings."[1]

In these early days of frequent alarm, the General Court found it necessary, in order to avoid the too frequent meeting of their whole body, to appoint a number out of it to meet as occasion might require, for instant action in cases of emergency, and their orders were as binding as though enacted by the full Court. In the early part of 1707, there was a special alarm sounded throughout New England, and the ever-vigilant officers of the frontier town of Woodbury, were quick to take action, for the protection of this most north-western town in the colony.

The record of the Council, held at Hartford, Feb. 6th 1706-7, runs thus:—

"A letter from Deputy Governour Treat to the Governour's Council, and also a letter from Colonel Schuyler, signifying that he was informed that the French and enemy Indians were preparing to make a descent upon the frontier towns of New England; also a letter from Capt. John Minor and Mr. John Sherman, to the Deputy Governour, signifying their suspicion that the Pohtatuck and Owiantonuck Indians, were invited to joyn with the enemy; as also the examination of the Owiantonuck and Pohtatuck Indians, before his honour our Deputy Governour, and other gentlemen, with divers other writings relating to the matter, with the opinion of our Deputy Governour, what might be needful to be done to prevent the defection of those Indians, and to secure their fidelitie, and for the preservation of the small frontier towns.—

Resolved by the Hon[11] the Governour and Council, in order to prevent the defection of the Pohtatuck and Owiantonuck Indians to the common enemy and to secure their fidelitie, that order be sent to Capt. John Minor and Mr. John Sherman, of Woodbury, with all convenient speed to remove the said Indians down to Fairfield or Stratford, or both, as should be judged most convenient. But if, by reason of sickness prevailing among them, they cannot at present be removed, then to take two of their principal persons, and convey them to Fairfield, there to be kept safely as hostages, to secure the fidelity of those that remain at those inland places."

[1] Hoadley's Conn. Col. Records, 1 vol. p. 486.

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"*Resolved*, for the preservation of the frontier towns of Symsbury, Waterbury, Woodbury and Danbury, that order be sent to the inhabitants of those towns to provide with all possible speed a sufficient number of well fortified houses for the safetie of themselves and families in their respective towns. The houses for fortification to be appointed by the vote of the major part of the inhabitants of each respective town assembled, if they can agree; in case of their disagreement, to be appointed by the commission officers of the town."

"*Resolved*, that the inhabitants of Woodbury, Waterbury and Danbury, do every of them maintain a good scout out every day from their respective towns, of two faithful and trusty men, to observe the motions of the enemy. The scouts in Woodbury and Waterbury to be appointed and directed by the commission officers in each town. The scouts in Symsbury to be appointed and directed by the major of the countie. The charges of the several scouts to be borne by the countrie, as by law provided."[1]

Till the peace of 1713, our fathers in the frontier towns were kept in a state of continual worry from fear of attack and ambuscade on the part of the foreign Indians, and their allies, the French, who had early imbibed all the evil and irresponsible modes of warfare and revenge, for which the Indians have been criticised by all historians. There was a constant hurrying forth of the "grand scout" and the town scout, watching, fighting and fortifying. Orders were continually proclaimed by the General Court and by the Council. In Oct., 1707, Woodbury was granted "seven pounds, to be paid out of the country rate, in consideration of their charge of fortifying." In Oct. 1708, the Deputy Governor was ordered to "cause to be erected such and so many garrisons at Woodbury, Danbury and Oweantinuck (New Milford) and support them with men and provisions, as he shall judge necessary, at the Colony's charge. Provided there shall not be any other than two garrisons at Woodbury, and one at Danbury, erected at the Colony's charge." At the same session it was enacted "that there should be allowed and paid out of the public treasury of this Colony, the sum of fifty pounds, in pay for the bringing up and maintaining of Dogs in the Northern frontier towns in this Colony, to hunt after the Indian enemy."[2] So great was the fear that weapons would get into the hands of hostile

[1] Hoadley's Conn. Col. Records, 2 vol. 15.

[2] Hoadley's Conn. Col. Records, 2 vol. p. 86.

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Indians, that it was ordered that no person whatsoever, upon any pretence whatsoever, should "furnish, lend or sell to any of our *friend* Indians, any gun, for any time, longer or shorter." In May, 1709, an expedition against the French and Indians, for the reduction of Montreal and Quebec, was organized by New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Connecticut. The latter colony furnished 350 men, and of this number, Woodbury sent its quota of nine, the quota of Hartford, in the same expedition, being but twenty-two. So that this frontier town, besides attending to its own "watching and warding," sent nearly one half as many men as the pioneer town and capital of the colony. This fact shows the importance of our town to the colony, even at that early day. Two of this quota of Woodbury, viz:—Sergeant Thomas Skeel and John J. Johnson, died a few days after their return home, of disease contracted by exposure in the camp.

Long before these several enactments, requiring the erection of fortifications in the frontier towns, our fathers had proceeded to the erection of defensive structures, called pallasaded houses. Indeed, they were coeval with the first settlement of the town. Houses were pallasaded by digging a ditch around them, and placing logs, sharpened at the top, perpendicularly in the ditch, and firmly securing them there. The logs were from twelve to fifteen feet in height, and, with a strong, well-fastened gate, furnished a very good protection against a sudden attack of the Indians, with such weapons as they had, previous to obtaining the arms used by the white men. The location of these fortified houses has been well preserved. Capt. John Minor's house, being the first one completed, and built of logs, was located six or eight rods south of the late Erastus Minor's residence, on a little knoll. The well used by him was discovered at this place in the spring of 1869, its walls being still in pretty good preservation, though it had been covered over and its exact location unknown, for more than one hundred years. By the tradition handed down in the family, the pallasades about this house were fifteen feet in height above the surface of the ground after being set in place. The fortified house of Isaac Judson was located in Judson Lane, on the opposite side of the highway from Nathan Warner's residence. Another pallasaded house stood on the site now occupied by the dwelling house of Horace Hurd, in West Side. A later fortified house, occupied by one of the Bronsons, in Transylvania, is still in existence. It had a look-out, for the purpose of obser-

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vation, on its top, by the chimney. The old Stoddard Parsonage House, built in 1700, now occupied by George W. DeWolf, and still in a good state of preservation, was the most thoroughly fortified house in the plantation. One of the bounds in a deed of land next north of this, dated March 31, 1702, was laid within a foot of "y* pallasadoes in Mr. Stoddard's fence."

When, in 1707, the order came to fortify the town, the people, with great alacrity, set about the work of preparing the defences. They repaired the fortified houses of Capt. John Minor and Isaac Judson, the one at Horace Hurd's, and the Bronson house, in Transylvania. They also strengthened the defences of the parsonage. So great was the promptitude and zeal displayed by the town, that the General Court made them a liberal compensation, as we have seen, as a due acknowledgment of their services for the common defence. It will be seen by one of the preceding votes, that the colonial authorities, the next year, furnished, or paid for a small standing garrison, in addition to the alternate watch furnished by the inhabitants. It was in this year (1708) that a body of Indians appeared in West Side, and drove the people, by their sudden and formidable appearance, into the fortified houses. What was their intention in coming is not known, as they made no demonstration beyond showing themselves. If the design of their demonstration had been a hostile one, no doubt the watchfulness of the little garrison and of the people, together with the strength of their fortifications, showed them it was better for them to desist and depart, which they accordingly did. It was during the continuance of these hostilities that Parson Stoddard is related to have killed two Indians in the bushes by Cranberry Pond, near his house, as detailed on page 79. During the war with the Maine Indians, in 1723 and 1724, the inhabitants were obliged to keep garrisons for protection against such attacks, several of which occurred. Our limits had by this time extended, and one of these garrisons was located on the Shepaug river, where six men were stationed. In Oct., 1726, the General Court resolved to station five men under Lieut. Ebenezer Warner, for "the defence of the village of Shepaug."

It will have been seen, by the acts and orders quoted, that the military officers of the town were of great importance and authority. Their powers, subject only to the letter of their instructions, were autocratic. Not only was the safety of the town, but, in some sense, the welfare of the colony, was entrusted to their cour-

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age and sagacity. If the savages drove in the inhabitants of a frontier town, the central towns were placed in still greater jeopardy. Accordingly, these officers were held in high esteem, and military offices, even of the grade of corporal, were sought with great avidity. Only the most deserving could obtain any military position, even the lowest.

During all these troubled years of Indian wars and depredations, the first forty after the outbreak of King Philip's war in 1675, the officers bearing the military offices, the heavy burdens and responsibilities of the times, were, first and foremost, Capt. John Minor, who held the office more than thirty years, his successor, Hon. John Sherman, having been appointed in 1711. Joseph Judson was Minor's 1st Lieutenant, till Israel Curtiss was appointed to the place, in 1690, with Samuel Stiles as ensign. Stiles was promoted 1st lieutenant in 1705, with John Mitchell as ensign. Titus Hinman was appointed lieutenant in 1710, and promoted Captain in 1714. Joseph Minor was appointed ensign in 1710, lieutenant 1714, with John Curtiss as ensign, and was promoted rapidly, for those days, through the regular grades, till he rose to the dignity and importance of a Colonel, in 1728.

In the preceding chapter a large number of Indian names of local objects were given. They are beautiful in themselves, and worthy of the preservation which they have received for their intrinsic value, as proper names. But there is a still greater interest attached to them from another circumstance. They are all words of the language, possessing a definition and meaning applicable to the objects to which they are attached. In the English language, such is not the case. "A proper name has been defined to be, a mere mark put upon an individual, and of which it is the characteristic property, *to be destitute of meaning.* But the "Indian languages" tolerated no such 'mere marks.' Every name *described* the locality to which it is affixed. The description was sometimes *topographical;* sometimes *historical,* preserving the memory of a battle, a feast, the dwelling place of a great sachem, or the like; sometimes it indicates one of the *natural products* of the place, or of the animals which resorted to it; occasionally, its *position* or *direction* from a place previously known, or from the territory of the nation by which the name was given."[1] So that each of the aboriginal names of places in these regions

[1] Vol. 2 Collections of Conn. Hist. Soc.

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had a definite meaning, such as seemed called for by the object named, or the circumstances surrounding it. As the Indians had no written language, and our fathers had to learn the names by the sounds, and represent them by our characters, each according to his own fancy, or the way in which he caught the sound, and as the same words sounded differently to different ears, nobody at that day caring what they meant, it is a matter of great difficulty to give even an approximate translation to the Indian names still preserved in our territory. But after giving the known meaning of certain words, sounds, or particles, we shall hazard a translation of our local names, which may at least suffice to engage our curiosity and interest, till some more authoritative interpretation shall come to hand.

OHKE, AUKE, signifies LAND, PLACE, *country*.

TUK, denotes a river, whose waters are driven in waves by tides and rivers. This may be the origin of the name of the river Naugatuck, and others, though not tidal rivers.

PAUG, POG, BOG, denote water at rest. But in New England, in some instances, it is applied to brooks, rivers, and running streams.

AMAUG, denotes a fishing place.

QUSSUK, means rock, stone, or stony.

POHQUI, means open, clear, and in connection with—

OHKE, cleared land, or an open space.

PAHKE, means clear, pure.

PEMI, PEEME, means sloping, aslant, twisted.

From these particles, and others, out of which the local names of our territory were constructed, as well as from local tradition, we may, perhaps, translate our Indian appellations as follows:—

POMPERAUG, the great or noble river.

SHEPAUG, the rocky river.

PAQUEBAUG, the clear or pure water place.

WERAUMAUG, the crooked fishing place.

QUASSAPAUG, the beautiful clear water, or rocky pond.

KISSEWAUG, the laughing water.

QUANOPAUG, the roaring water.

NONNEWAUG, the fresh pond or fresh fishing place.

WEEKEEPEEMEE, or WECUPPEME, the twisted river.

ORENAUG, the sunny place.

Such were the names given to the rivers, hills, and lakes of the territory we now inhabit. Such were the appellations so fitly ap-

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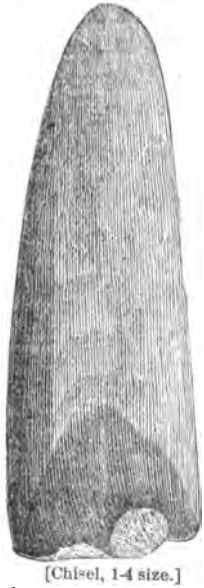
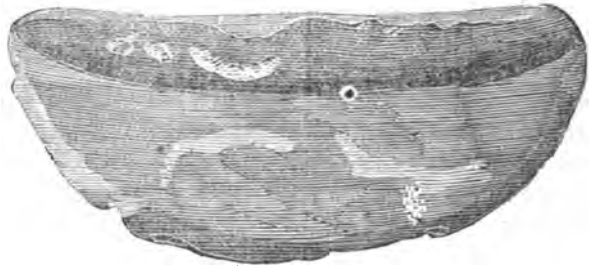
plied by the uncultivated mind of the children of nature. Wild rovers of Pootatuck, Wyantenuck, Pomperaug, Weraumaug, Bantam; ye have passed away! Your lights have gone out on the shore! Your thin smokes no longer curl faintly amid the thick woods! Well do we love your good old Indian names, and would that more of them, almost the sole relic of your once powerful people, had been adopted by our fathers to designate the places where your lights went out forever!



[Chisel, 1-4 size.]

A few relics of the departed race are occasionally found, to tell us that here a former people flourished, scarce sufficient, so transient is their nature, to arrest our attention. Arrow-heads, stone-chisels, hatchets, axes, gouges, knives, mortars and pestles, are found in the ancient territory. One of these localities is on Mr. Anthony Strong's land, where they had a hunting village, and another very prolific one on Mr. Frederick M. Minor's land, in Transylvania, a few rods in the rear of his dwelling house. All these are more particularly described on page 109. Some very perfect specimens of these relics are now the property of the author. He has a large quantity of arrow-heads, of various sizes, of flint, quartz, and other kinds of stone, showing a widely different degree of skill in the workmanship. He has a chisel from near Frederick S. Atwood's, another from near Stephen S. Galpin's, and a very excellent specimen from near F. M. Minor's; a



[Knife, 1-4 size.]

slate knife for skinning wild animals; a very fine specimen of gouge from near Quassapaug lake; a slate chopping-knife, or

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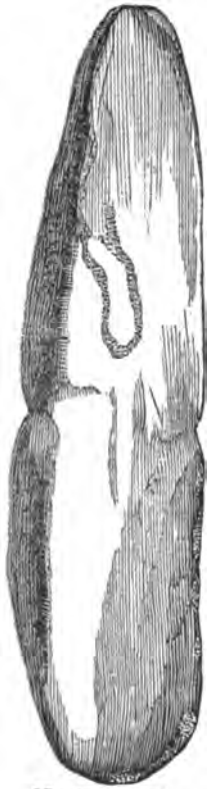
"cleaver," found at Jack's Brook, in Roxbury, in 1852; a very skillfully wrought tomahawk, made of serpentine rock, found



[Gouge, 1-4 size.]

[Pestle, 1-4 size.]

while digging a ditch, near the factory of the American Shear Co., at Hotchkissville; and an Indian axe, of the size of a common axe of the present day, only more blunt. This was also made of serpentine rock, and may be said to have been *imported* by the Indians, if such a word is allowable in this connection, as there is no rock of this kind in all these regions. But by far the most curious and interesting relic that has been found in the ancient territory, is

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also in the writer's possession. It is no less than an Indian idol or charm, artistically cut from a piece of rock, which appears to have been originally a piece of petrified walnut wood. It was found in 1860, on the lot near F. M. Minor's, before mentioned as the place where the most perfect specimens have been found. It was discovered while hoeing corn. It evidently represents some animal, but it is difficult to divine what. It has a pretty well formed head and body, with large, round ears, and holes for the insertion of four legs, but the latter are missing. It looks as much like the representative of an enormous lizard, as any thing. It can hardly represent the Good Spirit. It is not of a sufficiently attractive conception for that. It may, therefore, be presumed to be the likeness of Hobbamocko, or their Spirit of Evil, whom they feared, and worshipped more assiduously than the Good Spirit, whom they supposed lived quite at his ease, caring little for the actions or affairs of his red children, after having given them their corn, beans and squash, and taught them the mode of their cultivation. Some of these relics our artist has endeavored to make plain to the "mind's eye."

[Idol, full size.]

It is not known when Pomperaug, from whom this valley was named, became sachem of the Pootatucks. At the date of the set-

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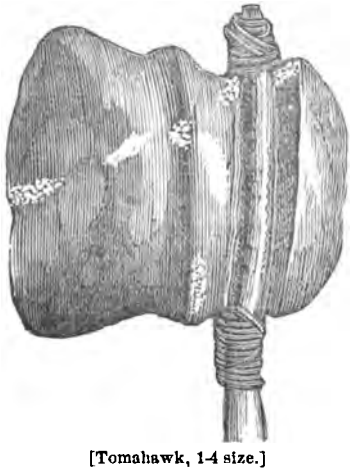
tlement of Milford and Stratford, in 1639, he was a chief of note among the western clans, his tribe at that time being the



[Tomahawk, 1-4 size.]

most considerable of them, and had a strong fortress on Castle Rock, whence the name to this day. His reign was a long one, being succeeded by Aquiomp, in 1662. Although the principal seat of this tribe was at the Pootatuck Village, on the east side of the Housatonic, about two miles above Bennett's Bridge, in the present town of Southbury, yet, from some cause, he chose to be buried by a large rock, on the west side of the main street, just south of Hon. N. B. Smith's carriage house. The Indians always laid out a trail, or path, from village to village, by the graves of their chieftains.

[Pomperaug's Grave.]

The Indians had a very beautiful custom of honoring their dead chiefs, when laid in their last repose. As each Indian, whether he was on his hunting expeditions or the war-path, passed the grave

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of his honored chief, he reverently cast thereon a small stone, selected for that purpose, in token of his respect and remembrance. At the first settlement of the town, a large heap of stones had accumulated in this way, and a considerable quantity yet remain, after the tillage of the field in its vicinity for the long period of two hundred years. These stones, thus accumulated, were of many different varieties, a large number of them not to be found in this valley, nor within long distances, showing clearly, that there was a purpose in their accumulation, and verifying the "tradition of the elders," that they were gathered there as a monument of respect and honor to a buried chieftain. There can be no doubt of the correctness of the statement as to where Pomperaug, Nonnewaug, Wecuppemee and Mauquash were buried. Pomperaug had been dead only about ten or twelve years, when our fathers came hither. Nothing is more natural than that his grave should be pointed out to them. Their first church was built within eight rods of the place, and the first minister's house was not more than twenty rods away. Nonnewaug lived for more than forty years after the first settlement, and Mauquash, the last sachem of the Pootatucks, died about 1758.

The latter was buried under an apple-tree, in the "old chimney lot," so-called, now belonging to Amos Mitchell, a short distance east of the old "Eleazur Mitchell House," and a short distance from the elevated plain on which stood the principal and last village of the Pootatucks in our territory, the last sad remnant of them having removed in 1759, and joined the Scaticooks at Kent, where there are still a few individuals, now (1871) remaining, on their reservations in the mountains, under the care of a white overseer, appointed by the State. There was still quite a mound remaining over him a few years since. His burial place is near "Tummaseete's old orchard." There are a dozen of these trees still remaining, seeming to flourish quite well, there being apples now (June 1871) growing on them. Several of them are more than three feet in diameter, and were disposed around the area or plaza of the village of wigwams. This orchard was called an "old orchard," in several conveyances, dated more than 150 years ago, and was no doubt planted by the Indians soon after the advent of the whites within the bounds of Stratford, in 1639.

It is not known when the death of Wecuppemee occurred. He was a witness to a deed (p. 24) dated July 14th, 1673. His mark, or totem, was the representation of a snake—a pretty good imitation—and his name was spelled Wecuppemee, instead of Wee-

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cuppeemee, the modern spelling. The former mode of spelling, used by Capt. John Minor in this deed, is believed to be the correct one, because he so spelled it, and because it truly represents the sound of the name as uttered to this day. Wecuppemee was buried on a little knoll, near the river called by his name, a little west of the residence of the late Willis Lambert. Several small mounds mark the spot to this day. In the adjoining meadow, numerous and quite perfect flint and quartz arrow-heads are plowed up yearly. The same is true of a meadow near the residence of Mr. Theodore Judson, in Harle Plain, a mile or two distant.

The Indians were more particular than our fathers in the selection of their burial places. They always selected the most attractive places for their villages and burial grounds, and took great pains in arraying the corpse and preparing it for the necessities of the long journey before the deceased, on his way to the happy "hunting grounds." This chief, as was often the case, was buried at a place removed from the beautiful burial place on the plain below, by the murmuring waters of the Housatonic. From the village above, and the spot where the sachem was buried, is obtained some of the most delightful views, south and west. A series of hills, with vales between, and now and then a cultivated field, as in the early days, rise, one above another, in every direction, mellowed and softened by the varying tints of the ever-changing sky. Below, the noble river ripples on, in haste to join the ocean-tides. Uncultivated as was the savage, he had a mind to appreciate the loveliness of nature, and an eye to select the most romantic places. Said a young lady, while contemplating this enchanting scene, on a recent occasion, "the Indians found out all the most beautiful places." None need wonder that the poor native left this most lovely spot with sad, lingering steps, to make room for the steady advance of the pale face.

Nonnewaug, the last chief of the clan of his name, conveyed to our fathers the territory of Nonnewaug, belonging to his people, in 1700, and joined with others in a confirmatory deed in 1706. Though on friendly terms with his white neighbors, he had till then sternly resisted all advances towards the purchase of his lands, yet he now yielded, giving as one reason for so doing:—

"Y^e^ desire y^t^ is w^th^ in us of a friendly correspondency w^th^ y^e^ English inhabitants of Woodbury."

After the sale of all his possessions, reserving only the right to fish and hunt over all of the granted lands, his haughty spirit seems to have become humbled, and his ambition after any worthy

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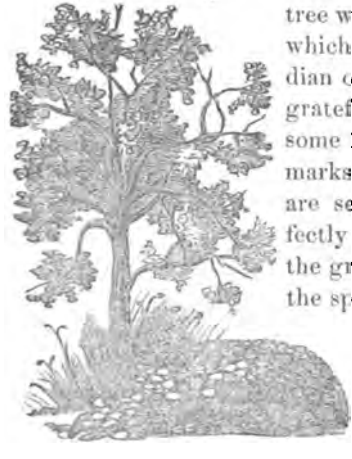
object to have been lost. It could not be otherwise under the disheartening prospects before him—the waning of his race—the loss of his wealth and hopes in life. The Indians now remaining within the territory, after this sale, became fully amenable, with other inhabitants, to the laws of the whites. Without other solace, the dispossessed sachem occasionally wandered to the village, and partook too freely of the "fire-water," which was even, in those early days of apple-orchards, to be obtained, despite a somewhat rigorous law against the vending, or drinking of intoxicating liquors. On one occasion, being "overtaken in a fault" of this kind, he was arrested therefor, and taken before a magistrate. But he was so thoroughly intoxicated, his trial was put off till the next morning. He was then brought before the Court for examination. The magistrate informed him, that all the plea he could induce him to make the preceding day was, "Your Honor's very wise, very wise." "Is that so?" said the dilapidated chief, in true Yankee phrase of the modern stamp. The magistrate assured him he so said. "Then," responded the fallen sagamore, "*I must have been drunk, very drunk!*" This was a somewhat unique way of pleading guilty, and the stern tribunal was so much pleased with the witty retort, that he dismissed him with an injunction to "sin no more."

And Nonnewaug, too, at the appointed time, slept with his fathers, and the small remnant of his people buried him in the beautiful plain at the foot of the musical falls that are called by his name, where his fathers' people had been buried before him, true to their instinct of selecting the most beautiful places by the river-side, by the silvery cascade, or in the verdant plain. An apple-tree was planted at the head of his grave, which still stands there, the faithful guardian of the ashes that repose beneath its grateful shade. It is a venerable tree, some 150 years old, but does not bear the marks of so great an age, though there are several decayed places in it, so perfectly shown in the accompanying cut of the grave and tree, taken by the artist on the spot during the last summer. When the writer first visited it, twenty years ago, there was a large hillock, or mound, raised over the grave, which remained, distinguishing the



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sachem's, by its size, from the other graves around him, till a few years ago, when the present owner of the field committed the sacrilege of plowing it down, saying he was not going to have such an old "hummock in his field," much to the regret of every true antiquarian, and lover of ancient things. The mound thus destroyed was some ten feet long, six feet wide, and four feet high, having been gradually formed, in the same way, as in the case of Pomperaug's grave.

Two events will ever render the vale of Bethel Rock memorable; one, because it was the meeting place, or Bethel of our fathers during the first few years after the settlement; and the other, because it is the locality of a sorrowful legend connected with it. It is a tale of sad romance, told and believed by many from the earlier days of the town. The rock is situated in the bosom of the Orenaug cliffs, and is the point of much attraction. Beneath the overhanging crag, a hundred feet below, in the deep dell, is space sufficient to screen two hundred people from storm, and danger from a lurking foe. At its woody top is a delightful place, to which we may wander through the pine grove, at twilight hour, for contemplation, rest, peace. In the rapture of the moment, well may we exclaim,—

> "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.
> Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night
> Become the touches of sweet harmony!"

This legend of Bethel Rock is somewhat minutely told, and the reasons given why it may receive credence, on page 90, and is alluded to again here, to introduce the vivid conception of the scene by the artist, who has visited the place since the former account was written. The picture gives a very accurate view of the scene as related in the universally received legend. Referring to the former account for full details, a brief statement only will be inserted here.

Some ten years after the return of the inhabitants to Woodbury from their enforced residence at Stratford during King Philip's war, it is related that Waraumaukeag, a young Pootatuck sachem, fell in love with Sarah Walker, a young girl of seventeen years, a niece of the venerable pastor, who was in Woodbury on a visit to her uncle, of some months duration. He was a youth of manly proportions, of graceful figure, and finely moulded limbs. He was far in advance of the other Indians in intelligence and in all the manly virtues, and, from their return from Stratford, an unwaver-

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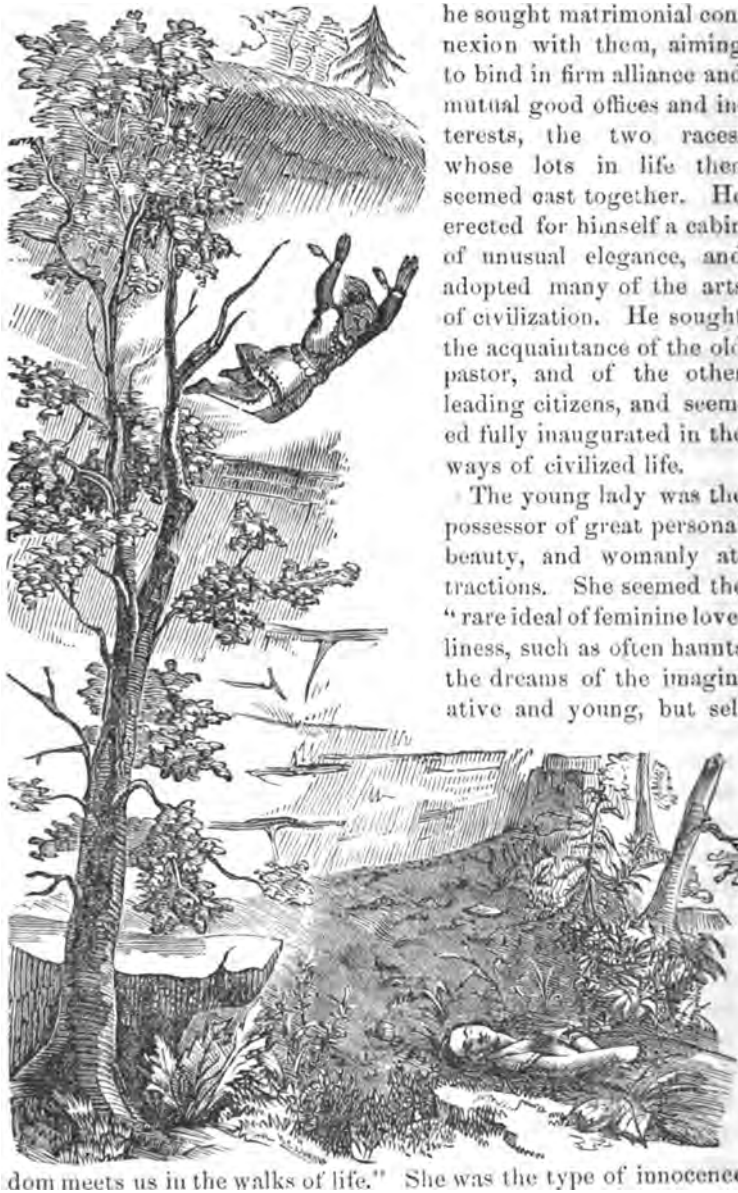
ing friend of the white settlers. It seemed to be his ambition to adopt their habits and costumes, and in the end, as it turned out, he sought matrimonial connexion with them, aiming to bind in firm alliance and mutual good offices and interests, the two races, whose lots in life then seemed cast together. He erected for himself a cabin of unusual elegance, and adopted many of the arts of civilization. He sought the acquaintance of the old pastor, and of the other leading citizens, and seemed fully inaugurated in the ways of civilized life.



The young lady was the possessor of great personal beauty, and womanly attractions. She seemed the "rare ideal of feminine loveliness, such as often haunts the dreams of the imaginative and young, but seldom meets us in the walks of life." She was the type of innocence and purity. She was possessed of unaffected piety, and loved to

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wander in the beautiful sylvan retreats in the vicinity of the village. For the quiet contemplation of nature, and private devotion, she often, at sunset hour, retired by the shady path from her uncle's house to the over-hanging, mossy cliff, of Bethel Rock. It was natural for the romantic and religious child to wander to the place of prayer frequented by all the people, at stated intervals.

Waraumaukeag was often at the pastor's house, and became more and more enamored of his niece. Not yet having forgotten the aboriginal custom of wooing, he brought many a rich and rare present, and lay at her feet to win her favor, but she, understanding their import, and being unimpressed by the fervor of his passion, declined them all, with dignity and kindness, desiring to give no offence, to arouse his anger. Meeting with no success with the maiden, he pressed his suit upon the uncle, desiring his good offices on his behalf. The old pastor tried to show him the impropriety of the alliance, and declined to influence his niece to accept the marriage proposed. Yet he did this with great kindness, as well as firmness, for it was a matter of first importance to all the settlers, to be on friendly and intimate terms with the Indians.

Thus failing, on all hands, in the prosecution of his suit, he departed, and was seen no more at the parsonage. His proud nature could not endure the slight put upon him, the leader of the red men. No offer of violence followed, and the pastor's household was for some time in doubt as to what might result from this unfortunate attachment on the Indian's part, though revenge was feared. One delightful evening in the gorgeous "Indian summer," the young girl left her home, as usual, for Bethel Rock, just as the "sun set behind the western hills," to engage in her evening meditation and devotion, but failed to return. Next morning, after diligent search had been made, her dead body was discovered, at the foot of the rock, mangled by the fall, but with her limbs decently arranged, her hands folded, and her clothing wrapped carefully about her. Beside her was the lifeless body of the chieftain, evidently lying just as he had fallen from the cliff. It is supposed that after she reached the top of the rock, she saw Waramaukeag, who had followed her to this retreat, and, supposing him still angry, and coming to wreak his vengeance, started back in alarm, falling from the great height upon the jagged rocks below, and was killed by the fall. By a secure path the chief

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reached the scene below, and finding her dead, he adjusted the form and dress in a comely way, re-ascended the rock, and sought death by casting himself from the dizzy height upon the rocks by her side, thus atoning his responsibility for the occurrence by sharing her fate.

Let us pause a moment to drop a tear over the obliterated graves of a buried race. They are all gone to meet the Great Spirit, and, perhaps, as they desired while in life, to revel in "happy hunting grounds." By the romantic falls of his own ever-murmuring stream, is the grave of Nonnewaug. In his own orchard, at Pootatuck, near the noble Housatonic, rest the remains of Tummaseete. Within the fertile meadows of Wecuppemee reposes the brave of that name, in his last quiet sleep. And there, by that rock, in our very midst, they buried Pomperaug, the renowned chief of our valley, who gave his name to our beautiful meandering river. There, too, shall remain, perhaps for ages yet, the little hillock of stones which now mark the spot, dropped there, one by one, with a tear to each, by his remaining braves, as they sadly passed the hallowed spot on their hunting and fishing excursions. The children of the forest have passed away—faded from the view, and almost from the memory of man. In their low, unnoticed and unknown graves, they sleep well! Their existence has become a matter of antiquarian research, and oft told legend. Their history has been written in desolation.

"The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye,
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower."

We may look on this sad history with sympathy, for, in the "fullness of time," a similar fate will be ours. Our nation will leave more enduring "foot-prints on the sands of time," but with all that is noble and hopeful, it may not last forever. As individuals, at least, our heads shall lie as low in the dust as theirs. "Generation after generation," says an eloquent writer, "has felt as we now feel, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed away like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty, as now, and loveliness crowned the hour. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves, as they are now around our paths. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn, as she had for us when children. Yet a little while, and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be at rest. Our

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funeral will wind its way, and prayers will be said; and then we shall be left alone, in silence and darkness for the worms; and, it may be, a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eyes that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again for joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our names."

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CHAPTER III.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

GENERAL ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW; THE "STRATFORD VIEW" OF THE WOODBURY CHURCH ORGANIZATION; THE "WOODBURY VIEW" RE-STATED, RE-AFFIRMED, AND PROVED.

LTHOUGH the history of the immediate causes that led to the settlement of Woodbury, were very fully set forth in the first volume, yet it has been deemed advisable to recur to the subject again, carefully review the evidence in the case, and see if any error has intervened, or any inaccurate inference has been drawn. Almost immediately after the former edition was issued from the press, the author learned that his statements and conclusions in relation to the Church difficulties at Stratford, were not deemed to be entirely correct by our good friends of the First Church in that town, and, on several public occasions, allusions have been made to the matter, and the opposite opinion has come to be known as the "Stratford View" of the church difficulties which led to the division of the church, and the settlement of Woodbury.

It was stated in the first volume, p. 32, that "the settlement of Woodbury was the result of difference in religious opinions among the inhabitants of Stratford. The first ministers of the colony being dead, and a new generation coming on the stage of action, alterations in respect to church membership, baptism, and the mode of church discipline, were imperatively demanded. Great dissensions on these subjects accordingly arose in the churches at Hartford, Windsor, Wethersfield, and other places, and continued in various parts of the colony from 1656 to about 1670. The discord not only affected all the churches, but it "insinuated itself into all the affairs of societies, towns, and the whole commonwealth." About 1664, while these contentions were going on at Hartford,

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and other places, the people at Stratford fell into the same unhappy divisions and controversies in regard to the same subjects." And on page 113, it was stated, that the "principal cause of difference was in regard to church membership, baptism, and the discipline of church members. What the precise nature of the controversy was could not be distinctly understood by the most learned and pious, even of that day. It was the same as that which existed at Hartford, Wethersfield, and other places. One would say, at this distance of time, that the question to be decided was, whether the "Half-way Covenant Practice should be introduced into the church, or not. Upon this question, there was the most grave difference of opinion among the best and most distinguished men in New England."

It is not denied that the foregoing, taken together, is a substantially accurate statement of the differences among the people of Stratford at that date. But the writer, from all the evidence then at his control, and brought to his attention, inferred, that the "Half-way Covenant" doctrine was the *principal* cause of the dissension, and his history of the matter proceeded on that theory. The "Stratford View" does not admit that the "Half-way Covenant" practice had much, if any thing, to do with the controversy, for two reasons. First, because that system was practiced in the first church, from the earliest records of the church now extant, till after the commencement of the eighteenth century. The town was planted in 1639, and the church was no doubt coeval in date, as all the early towns had an ecclesiastical foundation. It was the first thing attended to. But, unfortunately, the records of the church were burned in the meeting-house, which was struck by lightning, in 1785, and all the records previous to 1675 were destroyed, while the records of the town, to the year 1650, are also not extant. This is a great misfortune, for if the records of the church from its foundation had been preserved, the question now under discussion could not have arisen. So far as the history of the Second church of Stratford, now the First church of Woodbury, is concerned, its records have been preserved from the day of its organization, May 5th, 1670. No dispute has arisen, or can arise on them, and they have the advantage over those of the First church, in reaching back to a date five years earlier. It has always been a matter of wonder to the writer that there should be any sensitiveness on the part of any in Stratford in regard to the view taken by him, as he gave the First church the credit of

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having adhered to the "old landmarks," set up by the fathers in the colony, and as the "Half-way Covenant" plan has been generally repudiated as unsound for nearly three-quarters of a century.

But to those who are interested in tracing the ancient records, the truth of history is a more controlling consideration than mere pride of opinion, or indeed any other. While an opinion, once deliberately formed, on due examination of all the facts, should not be lightly thrown aside by an opposing opinion, yet it may often furnish the occasion for a re-examination of the matter, as well as for the search for additional facts and further light. With this view, the writer has carefully re-examined the question, in all its bearings, and has decided to introduce here the "Stratford View," as well as all other documents and information which have been any where preserved, that throw any light upon the subject, with such observations as occur to him.

The sole aim of every writer should he to discover and perpetuate the truth, especially in matters religious and historical. There can be no inducement to follow any other course.

In order to carry out this design, the writer applied to Rev. Benjamin L. Swan, of Oyster Bay, N. Y., who was for five years pastor of the First church in Stratford, who gave great attention, during his stay there, to antiquarian, archæological and genelogical inquiries, and who is, withal, a most careful, thoughtful, and judicious investigator of the "ancient ways,"—to furnish him the "Stratford View" of this subject. Mr. Swan very kindly consented, and it is as follows:—

"On the part of the Church in Stratford, a different view is taken of the controversy, that issued in the settlement of Woodbury, from that given in the History of Ancient Woodbury. That the "Half-way Covenant," as being held by one party and rejected by the other, was not the ground of dispute, we feel assured for several reasons."

"It appears by Town Record in Stratford, that 1. Mr. Chauncey was not settled as minister of the parish in 1665, but on April 20th of that year, 'the town did consider of giving Mr. Chancie a call to help Mr. Blakeman in the ministry *for a year*,' and voted so to do. Mr. Blakeman died Sept. 7, 1665. In March, 1665 [6], upon the question of a parsonage lot and house, the vote of the town was divided, '*not that they were against the ministry*,' i. e. of Mr. Chauncey.

"June 1, 1666. At a lawfull Town meeting, the inhabitants generally pres-
"ent, a paper was offered containing divers propositions to Mr. Israel Chauncey,
"in order to a mutual agreement for his settling among us in Stratford." "It
"was voted and agreed, that the said papers should by the townsmen of Strat-
"ford be subscribed in the name of the town, and presented to Mr. Chauncy."

Signed, JOHN MINOR, *Recorder.*

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"The foregoing extract, verbatim from the Town Record, is of vital importance, because the paper and agreement to which it relatas is that given on page 119 of Hist. of Woodbury, as prepared May 13, 1669, by the dissentient townsmen, not members of the church; whereas it was the original overture of the town (for all the ecclesiastical business was then done town-wise, so far as related to the settlement or dismission of a minister) to Mr. Chauncy, in June, 1666, and follows immediately, on the record, the foregoing vote, and is entitled both 'Town propositions to Mr. Chauncy,' and 'Church Covenant' with Mr. Chauncey. He *accepted* the propositions, and *was settled* as pastor, remaining such till his death, in 1703.

"A copy of this 'Call' is on file in Hartford State Archives, where it is endorsed as filed by Secretary Allyn, May 13, '69. Some one, mistaking this for the date of the paper itself, copied it for Mr. Cothren as belonging to a period after Mr. Chauncy's settlement, and as being an overture from those aggrieved by his settlement. On the Town record, it dates June 1, 1666, and was recorded by John Minor, Recorder, June 25, 1666. The church and town of Stratford voted together, parish-wise, in town meeting in all things relating to the ministry, until Episcopacy was established, after 1700."

"It is not disputed that these "Town propositions" embrace the principles of the half-way covenant. *That*, therefore, *could not have been the ground of dissension*. Moreover, the earliest records now extant of Mr. Chauncy's ministry show that he did *practice* on these principles."

"Again, uniform tradition in Stratford, even in families of important men in Mr. Walker's party, (such as Joseph Judson, of whom the late Dea. D. P. Judson was a descendant,) denies that the half-way covenant made the difficulty.

"Again, in none of the papers extant, which passed between the parties, is that measure set forth as in dispute. There is, however, frequent allusion to principles of church government, discipline, &c., in which, beyond doubt the mystery lies. Too much space would be required for exhibition here of the evidence in point.

"The papers on pages 115—117 of Hist. Anc. Woodbury, bearing dates in old style, belong to January and February, 1666, and with the next ensuing paper, pp. 117, 118, *preceded* the parish call of June 1, 1666, on Mr. Chauncy to settle. The remark, therefore, on page 118, "Mr. Chauncy *had been* settled by a majority of the members of the church alone," is doubly incorrect, for, at that date, April, 1666, he had not even been called to settle, and his call, when given in June, was given by a large majority of the whole parish acting in town meeting. Indeed, by inspection of the list of inhabitants, it would seem that Mr. Walker's adherents polled but nineteen votes out of eighty-three, *who were freemen of Stratford*. There is no instance, during the whole discussion between the two parties, of a majority in town meeting adverse to Mr. Chauncy.

"It appears, by a vote Dec. 18, 1666, that the opponents of Mr. Chauncy labored, at first, to obtain his *brother-in-law*, Rev. Peter Bulkley, for their pastor, and, only after he declined, settled on Mr. Walker.

The differences between the two churches are declared by Mr. Chauncy's people, June 14, 1669, 'to be not doctrinal.' If it is said, what are our differences? 'We conceive they are matters of civil concernment.' If our differences are ecclesiastical, what are they? Mr. Walker's statement, May, 1670, 'nothing had

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appeared of any such great distance in our apprehensions as might be inconsistent' with 'an union,' and his adherents in their letter to the church, Feb. 9, 1665[*], distinctly point at the chief cause of dissension in specifications, which involve the controversy between Presbyterian and Congregational schemes of church order. These protestants insist, that examination for church membership should be by the minister and elder only. They also strenuously object to the re-examination of persons already professors of religion, when received to other churches. They desire 'not to be further troubled with any imposition of that nature.' The controversy about church government and discipline seriously disturbed not a few of the original New England churches.

"An error occurs on page 115, in representing the letter there given as the opening of the case, whereas it is entitled, in the Ecclesiastical Documents at Hartford, 'An Answer to Mr. Chauncy's' letter.' That letter seems to have been lost. This letter is itself a reply to a previous letter from Mr. Chauncy, by order of the church of which he was then only a 'stated supply.'

"Two statements regarding the pulpit in Stratford need correction. 1. The Walker and Reed story. This is a re-issue of a Scotch anecdote about two candidates in Edinburg, and belongs to a period a hundred years later than the Chauncy and Walker times. 2. Mr. Chauncy's ordination. The current story of his ordination in the independent mode, and with the laying on of *Elder* Brinsmade's mittened hand, is, doubtless, pure fiction. As Mr. Chauncy, having already preached a year, had his call in June, it is not credible that mittens were were worn in the season of his ordination. Moreover, there was no such person as '*Elder*' Brinsmade. Philip Grove was the only elder of Stratford church. Nor is it conceivable that the church in Stratford disowned or neglected the fellowship of the churches in this ordination, for as early as 1645, the church had been in a council called by the Milford church for the ordination of a ruling elder, and had otherwise cultivated that friendship." [1]

Such is the "Stratford View," and such the reasons for holding it. The fact that it is the theory held by some friends, for whose sincerity and general correctness of judgment and of information the writer has the highest respect, has led him to a full and care-

[1] The Hist. of Woodbury is not responsible for either of these stories, nor has the author ever credited them, as will be seen, in part, by note to page 133. The statement, that "there was no such person as *Elder* Brinsmade, however, is incorrect. In a list of the Freemen of Stratford, reported pursuant to the Statute to the General Court, "8 mth., 7 d., '69," recorded in 2 Trumbull's Records of Conn. Col., p. 521–2, appears the name of *John Brinsmead, elder*. This list of Freemen was taken in October, 1669, and Mr. Walker was ordained over the Second church in May, 1670. It contains sixty-four names, and is the legal and accurate list of Freemen in the town, at the date of the organization of the Second church. The "Stratford View" is therefore mistaken in stating the number of Freemen to be eighty-three, and the part voting with the Second church at nineteen. The Second church organized with twenty-seven members, and four more males were added the following year, thus embracing nearly hal of the Freemen of the town.

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ful review of all the facts in the case, actuated by the sincere desire to "discern the truth" of the matter. And upon such careful review he has become more fully confirmed in the substantial correctness of the "Woodbury View," which is set forth fully in the former edition of this work. There are some minor errors of statement, but that the "Half-way Covenant" system and cognate theories were the substantial and overshadowing cause of the dissensions among the people of Stratford, he is most fully persuaded. Nothing short of something most vital in doctrine—something that concerned the spiritual welfare of the soul to all ages—something, the abandonment of which involved a loss eternal, can furnish an explanation for that long, earnest, intense dissension which resulted in the formation of the Second church in Stratford, now the First church in Woodbury. Trivial differences, as between the Congregational and Presbyterian modes of Church government, while both parties were imbued with the same faith, and acknowledged the same covenant of grace, theoretically and formally, could never be the occasion of a dispute so heated, in a new and feeble community, struggling for existence, surrounded by external dangers and difficulties, in a wilderness land,—among Christians as earnest and conscientious as were the fathers of Stratford and Woodbury. Spiritual pride, or pride of opinion, could not go so far as that among a people so strictly conscientious. It was also quite too early in the ecclesiastical history of the colony for the laity, with whom these questions began, to be so thoroughly conversant with the systems of church government, and so well grounded in the "fundamentals," or Christian authority for their views, as to induce them to run the risk of such open opposition to the polity or order of the Puritan churches, as to involve their excision from the church and deprivation of all the church ordinances for themselves and their children, for the enjoyment of which, in every recorded word and act of theirs, they showed so earnest a solicitude. Presbyterianism, as such, had not at that date a place for the "sole of its foot," in all the colonies. Dissatisfied individuals were, indeed, in various places, waiting a safe occasion to introduce Presbyterian and Episcopalian views of church discipline and government. But their efforts were "without form and void," to a period long after this date, so far as Presbyterianism is concerned. Says Dr. Sprague, in an article on Presbyterianism in the New American Encyclopædia, vol. 13, p. 557: "The Presbyterian church of the United States is undoubt-

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edly to be reckoned as a daughter of the Church of Scotland. Presbyterians begun to emigrate from Scotland and the North of Ireland, to the American Colonies, as early as 1689; and they quickly manifested a disposition to reproduce here, their own peculiar institutions. The first and largest churches were established in Pennsylvania and Maryland, two colonies distinguished from the earliest times for their notions of religious liberty. The Puritan element early found its way into the body from New England, and the reformed churches on the continent have, from time to time, made contributions to it; but the original organization has always remained substantially the same." So Presbyterianism was introduced into the States south of us some twenty years later than the time of the Stratford troubles, and into New England later still. Yet by the "Stratford View," we are called to believe, that differences as between Presbyterian and Congregational church order and discipline, was the true cause of the "unhappy" dissensions at Stratford. It is quite inconceivable that this church should be disputing about "non-essentials," and rending the peace of the colony, as well as their own, while they were quite at peace, and in loving accord on the "Half-way Covenant" theory, and views connected with it, which were at that very time shaking to their centres, and to the loss of their usefulness, the churches at Hartford, Windsor, and, indeed, all churches throughout the colony.

It will also be readily noticed on a careful inspection of the records introduced into the former volume, and those which follow in this, that the *form* of church government and discipline is no where insisted on. It is nowhere claimed by either party, that the "ancient way" of independent and individual church government should be abandoned, and a "system of church government by presbyteries, or associations of teaching and ruling elders," should be instituted in its stead. From the beginning they had had their Elder Grove, a leading man in the colony, "Deputy and Assistant," against whom no complaint seems ever to have been brought, who remained said elder to his death, in 1676, a period some years later than this. And yet this church, like the first three churches of the colony, was a strictly Congregational church. It was a "law unto itself." It never ceased to be a Congregational church, and never had even a ruling elder after Elder Grove's death. The Second church of Stratford ever was and now is, as the First church of Woodbury, a purely Congre-

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gational church. It never had a ruling elder. Where then do we discover the faintest traces of Presbyterianism? *Something* caused the division of the church, and the formation of the new one. Neither ever practised Presbyterianism. Both, in their original organization, and in their subsequent history, were and are, literally, "a church without a bishop, and a State without a King." They organized as civil, as well as religious communities, and for long years the towns acted parish-wise in the calling and settling of ministers, and in all arrangements for their support, while all the conditions of baptism, communion and church government were decided within the circle of communicants, subject only to appeal to the General Court. In 1665, (about the commencement of these troubles,) the Commissioners of Charles II. reported, of the people of Connecticut, "that they had a *scholar* to their minister in every town or village." They were independent, and were well supplied with scholars to lead them. In view of all this, could disputes concerning the introduction of Presbyterian church order have been the cause of these Stratford disputes? We think not.

If, then, the "Stratford View" be not the true one, is the "Woodbury View" any more reliable? Let us examine, and weigh well every recorded word on the subject, and determine, as best we may. And, in the beginning, we must bear in mind throughout the discussion, that the First church of Stratford was, in its church government purely Congregational, and in its doctrine purely Calvinistic. It was precisely the same, in all its features, as the churches at Hartford, Windsor and Wethersfield. A history of the one, with a change of names, would be a history of the other. What was this organization? No better answer can be given to this question, nor to the question as to what caused the divisions in the church at Stratford, than those given in answer to the same questions in relation to the church at Hartford, planted by the sainted Hooker and the Apostolic Stone, by the late lamented author of "Hartford in the Olden Time," the Hon. Isaac W. Stuart, the accomplished scholar, the industrious antiquarian, the orator of surpassing ability, who was a descendant, in the fourth generation, of that worthy and distinguished divine, who for more than sixty years ministered to us in Ancient Woodbury—our own sainted Anthony Stoddard. In his truly eloquent history he records:—

"A few words now on the first religious organization of Hart-

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ford. This was purely Congregational, and we may add also, purely republican. Non-conformists all to the liturgy, ceremonies and discipline of the Church of Engand, though firm believers in its faith—feeling that the simplicity of the gospel was 'marred by association with the display of surplices, caps, capes and cassocks'—the settlers claimed the right, independently of all external or foreign power, to choose and establish their own ministers, to enact their own ecclesiastical laws, and exercise their own discipline—and so, with a Pastor, Preacher, Ruling Elder, and Deacons, for officers, in a Meeting House, which those who preceded Hooker and his party had already erected, they started the first systematized Church of God in this their 'Wilderness town.' Their Deacons were as Deacons now, but their Pastor and their Teacher were somewhat peculiar in their functions. Exhortation chiefly was the duty of the former—it was his province to work on the will and the affections. The latter was *Doctor in ecclesia*, as he is styled—it was his province to teach, explain and defend the doctrines of Christianity. The Ruling Elder, who was ordained with all the solemnity of a Pastor, or Teacher, was, "to assist in the government of the church, to watch over all its members, to prepare and bring forward all cases of discipline, to visit and pray with the sick, and, in the absence of the Pastor and Teacher, to pray with the congregation, and expound the scriptures."[1]

Such was the organization and constitution of the church at Hartford, and such was the type of the church at Stratford, during what we will call the First Period in the ecclesiastical history of the colony, which extended to 1650 or later.

Now let us quote from the same eloquent author in the same volume a statement which embodies the "Woodbury View," in choicer words than we can express it.

"Soon after the commencement of our Second Period, a controversy commenced in the church of Hartford, which, 'for its circumstances, its duration, and its obstinacy,' says Trumbull, 'was the most remarkable of any in its day—which affected all the churches, and insinuated itself into the affairs of societies, towns, and the whole commonwealth.' Nor was it confined to Connecticut. It hung like a cloud over the heart of all New England—darkened almost every temple of worship, and kindled baleful fires at almost every altar.

[1] Hartford in the Olden Time, p. 58.

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"It began with a difference between Mr. Stone and Elder Wm. Goodwin, either about the admission of some member to the church, or the administration of the rite of baptism, and quickly involved many other points also of ecclesiastical polity. Look at the leading questions that were raised:

"What constitutes church membership—admission to full communion only, or a belief in Christianity and worshipful attendance upon its ordinances also? Is the 'matter of the visible church' composed of saints exclusively, or of those also, who, not being communicants, attend religious services, hold pews, and pay rates? Particularly does it not belong to the whole body of a town jointly to call and settle its minister—and may not the adult seed of visible believers, not cast out, be true members of the church and subjects of church watch? What constitutes baptism—is 'federal holiness or covenant interest' its proper ground? Is the grace of perfect regeneration vital to its application, or may it not be used also as a seal of the covenant *initiatory* in its nature? Particularly, is it scriptural to baptize the children of any parents who are not themselves in full communion? Whence do ministers receive their commission to baptize? Does the word of God warrant the communion of churches, as such? Has a Synod decisive power? How far shall any particular church yield to its authority, or to that of any other ecclesiastical council? Must every person grieved at any church process or censure, acquiesce in it, and if not, where shall he repair? What is the gospel way to gather and settle churches? Does the laying on of hands in ordination belong to presbyters, or brethren? A formidable list of questions, truly! But there were others, too—of minor consequence, yet all involved in these just stated—and most of these, in point of fact, *in these two salient ones of church membership and baptism*, of which *baptism particularly was debated with an ardor* that neither Socinian nor Romanist, Pelagian nor Hermian, not Naziandzen, St. Ciril, nor Salmasius, *have ever surpassed!*

"We are blameless, as most people, in our lives and conversation—we are well disposed—we are sober—argued, according to Mather, 'multitudes' of persons—and so, particularly, many in the church in Hartford. We are full believers in the doctrines of Christianity. We desire to accept Christ for our Redeemer. We seek forgiveness of our sins. We are ready to promise that, through the aid of the Holy Spirit, we will forsake the vanities of this evil world, and strive to act according to the rules of the

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gospel. We wish to submit ourselves to the watch and discipline of the church. Particularly, we will promise to bring up our children, that may be given us, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. We want the distinction and privileges, therefore, of church membership for ourselves, and of baptism for our children. True, we are not communicants, but we will labor diligently to become so. Why then shut upon us, 'hopeful candidates' as we thus are, the doors of church privilege? Is it just? Is it wise? Why make no difference, in this respect, between ourselves and Pagans? Why, in particular, exclude our offspring, dear as they are to our hearts, and partakers, as it is our dearest wish they should be, of the kingdom of heaven, why exclude them from the baptism of Christianity simply because our own honest doubts and fears are such that we cannot ourselves come up to the covenanting state of communicants at the table of the Lord? This is harsh—it is an unwarrantable strictness. Baptism and full communion are separate things, and the former, with church watch, may be enjoyed without the latter. Seal though it be of the covenant, baptism is, after all, but an initiatory rite. It does not itself absolutely confer, it does not of itself indelibly impress the grace of regeneration, nor is salvation so inseparately annexed to it, as that without it, no person can enter heaven. 'The Lord hath not set up our churches,' be it remembered, 'only that a few old Christians should keep one another warm while they live, and then carry away the church into the cold grave with them when they die; no, but that they might with all care, and with all the obligations and advantages to that care that may be, nurse up still successively another generation of subjects to our Lord, that may stand up in his kingdom when they are gone.' So pleaded, so demanded one large party in the church of Hartford." [1]

So pleaded, so demanded one large party in the church at Stratford, in 1665 and 1666. Let us see if we are right. Let us refer to the vote of the town, parish-wise, passed June 1, 1666—for, it will be remembered, that the whole town voted parish-wise in the settlement of ministers till after 1700—which vote is recorded on page 119 of this history. By that vote, it is claimed in the "Woodbury View," the liberal, or dissentient party triumphed over the church proper in its conservative, close corporation notions, that is, the dissentient communicants, added to the freemen who were

[1] Stuart's Hartford in the Olden Time, p. 221.

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not communicants, but who agreed in their view with the minority of the church, made a majority of the whole in town meeting, and, in their call to Mr. Chauncy, were able to establish their platform, as the condition on which they would settle him, grant him a portion of the lands, "set apart for the support of the ministry," and pay him an annual salary beyond. Whether we are right in this claim will be discussed further on. An extract from that vote seems to shine with a clear light upon the subject matter in dispute at Stratford. They lay down, as the great object of desire, and as the prime condition of settlement, the principles of the Half-way Covenant. Why so particular, unless the privileges of this plan had before this time been denied to them by the church proper, in the church meetings, where communicants only were allowed a voice. They say:—

"More particularly we desire y^t^ all they y^t^ professe fayth and obedience to the rules of Christ, not scandalous in life, and doe present themselves in owning y^e^ covenant wherein they have given themselves unto the Lord in baptism, may be admitted and accounted members of y^e^ church, and under the care and discipline thereof as other members, and have their children baptized. Yet, notwithstanding, we desire not that any thus admitted may approach unto the Lord's table till, in and by examination and due tryall, they make testimony unto the Judgement of Charity, of their fitness thereunto. Moreover, as God owneth the Infant children of believers in y^e^ Covenant of Grace, neither doth exclude y^e^ same children w^n^ grown up from keeping their standing in y^e^ covenant, while they soe walk as they doe not reject it, God owneth y^m^ and would not have y^e^ grace of his covenant shortened or straitened, nor put y^m^ from under the dispensations of his grace, giving his ministers a solemn charge to take care of, and train up such a part of their flock: We desire also that y^e^ children of church members may be accounted as church members, as well as their parents, and y^t^ they do not cease to be members by being grown up, but that they still doe continue in the church, successively, until, according to y^e^ rules of Christ, they be cast out, and y^t^ they are still y^e^ subjects of church discipline, even as other members, and y^t^ they should have their children baptized, notwithstanding their present unfitness for partaking of the Lord's Supper."

This is the "Woodbury View," and it is not questioned but that it is a full statement of the Half-way Covenant system. Was

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this the original platform of the Stratford church, or was it something new—an innovation? If it was the old platform, why so earnestly proclaim it again, and make it a condition precedent to settlement? Why not say, simply, that they would settle Mr. Chauncy upon the ancient platform—in the ancient order, and "way of Christ among the churches?" Not a word is said here of a different mode of church government from the old one. It was the right of church membership and baptism, that was the sole and all-absorbing theme. On this they insist—on this solely. This vote furnishes the key to the whole controversy. The same eloquent writer proceeds to give the views of the first established churches from which these were a departure. He says:—

"On the other hand, it was urged in reply to these claims, that they were wholly inconsistent with the rights of the brotherhood and the strict principles of the Congregational churches—that they were innovations on its practice, and contrary to its purity—that they would subvert the very design for which the churches in New England were planted. Baptism, said the advocates of these views, is a seal of the whole covenant of grace—those, therefore, not interested in this covenant of faith, by saving faith, by the having of repentance, ought not to have the seal thereof for themselves, nor for their children. If we extend it in the manner demanded, there would be great corruption. It would be a profanation of the right. It would have a natural tendency to harden unregenerate persons in their sinful condition—and to admit such to privileges and membership in the churches, would at once throw the homes of the saints into the power of the worldly part of mankind, profane their administration, and pervert their efficacy"[1]

Which party at Stratford was it that entertained such views as these? Was it the Walker party, who for years insisted on being allowed the privileges of the Half-way Covenant, and, when they could not fully obtain them, organized a separate church, and repaired to the interior forests to enjoy their faith in peace? Or was it the party of the "ancient church," under the guidance of Mr. Chauncy, as a "stated supply," who, when addressed by the Walker party, in Jan. 1665 (p. 115) "desiring also that we and our posterity may be owned as *immediate members* of the Church of Christ by you; as Christ owneth us and ours by his own institution, taking us into covenant, and solemnly setting his seal

[1] Stuart's Hartford in the Olden Time, p. 224.

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upon us," (p. 115,) and again in Feb. 9, 1665 (p. 116) desiring "communion in all God's ordinances," with the rest of the church, replied, April 16, 1666, (p. 117) "These are to give you to understand, that our apprehension concerning the order of discipline is the same that we have formerly manifested it to bee, both by our practice, and answer to your proposalls. And whereas you apprehend you have equal rights with ourselves in all the ordinances of Christ in this place. These may certifie you at present that we are of a different apprehension from you in that matter. And whereas you desire that your posterity may, etc.: we would put you in mind, that as yet the matter is in controversie among the learned and godly?" Which party was it that demanded they and their seed should be "owned as immediate members of the church?" Which party refused this before the ordination of Mr. Chauncy? It was the Walker party that demanded. It was the church that refused, *acting as a church*, entitling and embalming its actions as "Church Answer to the Men." Are we wrong, then, in saying, that the church, when acting as an associated body of communicants, rejected the Half-way Covenant dogma, and that on the following June 1, 1666, the Walker party, in open town meeting, when all, both communicants and freemen, were acting together parish-wise, carried the day, and established the condition of the Half-way Covenant in the "Town propositions to Mr. Chauncy" of that date, (p. 119,) which were afterwards accepted by Mr. Chauncey? Why, if this view be correct, it did not bring peace to the town and church, we will consider further on.

Before we do that, however, let us examine another consideration. It is recorded, that the church enjoyed great peace and prosperity under the administration of the Rev. Mr. Blakeman, the first minister. Now what manner of man was Mr. Blakeman? We find *this* account of him in the Manual of the old First Stratford church, printed in 1869:

"The Rev. Adam Blakeman was born in Staffordshire, England, A. D. 1599, and was matriculated at Christ's College, Oxford, May 28th, 1617. He was a preacher for some years in Leicestershire and Derbyshire, and in 1638 came to New England. He was one of the original company of settlers in Stratford in 1639–40, and was minister of the church until his death, Sept. 7th 1665. Just previous to his death, the 20th of April of that year, the Rev. Israel Chauncy became, by vote of the town, his assistant. Mr. Blakeman held a prominent position among the colonial min-

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isters. Cotton Mather says (Magnalia, book 3d. chap. 7) that many of his people came with him to this country, and that Hooker once remarked, "If I might have my choice, I would live and die under Mr. Blakeman's minstry."

This is a satisfactory account of an old Puritan minister, truly. He appears in the history of the Colony only four years later than Hooker himself, and though he was thirteen years his junior, yet he was his coeval in establishing the church of God in this wilderness land, and so well approved himself, as a minister of the Most High, in sustaining the good old Puritan doctrines, that Hooker, in his love, admiration and enthusiasm, proclaims that he fain would, could he have his own choice, live and die under his ministrations. Blakeman led his flock, for a quarter of a century, in the paths of peace and the ways of pleasantness. Even before his death, the questions concerning baptism and church membership began to disturb the other churches. There is not a particle of evidence, that there was a word of dissension in his church during his life. Was he a Half-way Covenanter? If so, then were Hooker and Stone. The former died, July 7, 1647, before these discussions arose to any considerable entent. He, therefore, had been converted to no new theory, and Stone was firm as a rock against all innovations. May we not then say, in the full assurance of its truth, that the Half way Covenant theory had not a "Name to live,"—nay, had not become a disturbing cause of discussion during all his holy life, so far as the church at Stratford was concerned. At the date of his death the discussion on these subjects had waxed warm in the colony, but such was his influence with his flock, it had found no disturbing entrance into his church. There is a moral certainty that not a solitary Half-way Covenant admission to the church or baptism on that theory, occurred during his ministry.

But the good man was dead; his place was to be filled, and young Mr. Chauncy "just turned of" twenty-one years of age, having been born in 1644, was the candidate. New views were abroad in the land, the state of religion was low and weak, and imbued with the spirit of liberty, which led our fathers to found their homes in the wild woods, they exercised the freedom of choice among the conflicting theories. The older communicants stood by the "ancient landmarks" so long maintained by their sainted Blakeman. The younger communicants and non-communicants sought-out what seemed to them to be "a more excellent

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way." Mr. Chauncy had been called to "assist Mr. Blakeman," and naturally sustained his views. He, therefore, represented the conservatives. But, as we have seen, he was settled by the concurrent votes of both parties, after the dissentients had been able to engraft the Half-way Covenant theory into the conditions of his settlement. Who was it that insisted on this plank in the platform? Was it the old communicants, who in April, 1666, before the adoption of this platform and the settlement of Mr. Chauncy, when addressed on this subject by those who afterwards became Mr. Walker's adherents, replied in their "Church Answer to the Men," (p. 118,) "We answer in the words of Paul in another case, wee have no such custome, nor the Churches of Christ with whom we hold communion!" Or was it rather those who afterwards formed the new church, and practiced the Half-way Covenant plan, but did not follow in the least the Presbyterian mode of church government? There can be but one answer to these questions. If the dispute was what the "Stratford View" affirms—a dispute in relation to Presbyterian and Congregational modes of church government and discipline, it is the most inconceivable thing in the world, that neither of the churches, after they were well apart, and had full liberty to do as they chose, practiced any thing but pure Congregationalism. If the "Woodbury View" is accounted the correct one, the subsequent history of the two churches is consistent. The Woodbury church practiced on the Half-way Covenant system for ninety years, ending at the ordination of Mr. Benedict, (p. 302,) in 1760. The theory that the "call" of 1666 was a compromise, receives further confirmation from the fact, that two members of the church, viz: Thomas Fayrechild and Thomas Uffoote, and two of the minority, (church members,) Ensign Joseph Judson and Henry Wakelyn, were appointed by the town a committee to carry the "Town Propositions" to Mr. Chauncy.

But the "Stratford View" insists that the Half-way Covenant plan was practiced by the First church in Stratford from the earliest date to which its present records extends, and that, clearly, Mr. Chauncy was settled by the town vote of June 1, 1666, on the Half-way Covenant plan. The latter branch of this statement is undoubtedly true. The vote of 1666 is a most perfect statement of the Half-way plan, and it is also true that Mr. Chauncy accepted his settlement on that vote. And right here, we apprehend, is the key to the whole difficulty. The town, voting parish-wise,

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including in its vote all its freemen, carried the "Half-way condition." But the "ordinances of baptism and communion" could only be obtained through the church, i. e. the communicants, minister, ruling elder and deacons. They held "St. Peter's key" to these ordinances, for which the minority of the church had so earnestly striven. And in this same vote of 1666 (p. 119) they had established a *condition* as to the *fitness* of candidates for admission to the privilege of the Half-way Covenant, i. e. they must not be "scandalous in life." Under this exception, any candidate, whether for the half-way, or for the full covenant, could be arbitrarily kept out, by the church officers, without a technical breach of the conditions of Mr. Chauncy's settlement. And it is believed that this power, reserved under the "call," was exercised, and that freemen who desired to own their covenant, in full or partial communion, were rejected, and thus the flames of discord were fanned anew, and dissension intensified till the final separation.

On an examination of the church records at Stratford, we are not able to discover a single half-way admission, or baptism under that plan, for the first ten years after the formation of the Woodbury church. The practice, by this time, had become general elsewhere, and, having lost nearly half their original number on this question, and, probably, being threatened with more loss, the church succumbed, and we find the following as the first record on the whole controversy, so far as the first church is concerned, viz:—

"June 4th, 80." (1680.) "At a chh. meeting.

"The whole consented that baptism be extended to the Infants of those qualifyed according to y^e^ 5^th^ prop. of Synod 62."

Immediately following this vote is quite a list of names admitted under its provisions at various dates, mingled with such entries as follows, viz: "Jonathan Lum covenanted and was baptized." "John Bostwick and his wife renewed their covenant and y^r^ children were baptized, June 16, '89." Sometimes the entry is "renewed their baptismal covenant." On the margin under this vote, against a list of several names, are the words:—"These renewed Cov^t^."

The "Stratford View" is correct in stating, that there is abundant evidence of practice under the Half-way plan, after the above vote, but we do not find a particle of evidence of the practice of this plan at any earlier date. Between the years of 1723 and 1736, the names of about 150 persons were entered as having

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owned the covenant, and having had their children baptized. In 1784, under Rev. Mr. Stebbins' adminstration, a quarter of a century after the Woodbury church had given up the practice, it seemed to have gained a new lease of power, and such admissions continued at least as late as 1811. Mr. Stebbins styled these, admissions to "Special Privileges." The first entry preserved in Mr. Chauncy's hand writing on the Stratford church records is—"Members added to the church of Christ in Stratford since 1675."

Under this heading are admissions both before and after the date of 1680, and so, we suppose, this was the list in which were placed those who were received to the full communion. Though the First church records of Stratford are strangely meagre and imperfect, when we consider that they were kept by Mr. Chauncy, a finished scholar, who had the honor of being elected "Rector" or "President" of Yale College, yet if any intelligible inference at all can be drawn from them, they must mean what we here claim.

"What now, it will naturally be asked on reviewing the controversy we have descibed," says the eloquent Scaeva,[1] "what made these people of the olden time so warm, and withal so bitter?" Prudent, good, forbearing persons, that we suppose them to have been—not apt to "let their angry passions rise"—why in this matter so quarrelsome and so acrimonious?

"Well, in the first place, such, as upon them, is the usual effect of all religious dispute. The *Odium Theologicum* has grown into a proverb! Religion lies so nearest the hearts of men that they find it more difficult for *this* reason, we suppose, to endure differences of sentiment upon theological, than upon other subjects, and anger and pride of opinion, with the best of us, are, after all, the hardest passion-horses of our nature to bit and rein in. In the next place, a new, and in some important respects a different generation, as compared with the First Period of the colony, had sprung up. Formerly, there had been great harmony in the church. Though strictly Calvinistic in doctrine, and rigid in its exaction of duties and in its discipline, it had no sectaries. Its clergy walked in the most endeared friendship, like Moses and Aaron, with the Legislature. Its influence was rarely questioned, and almost unbounded. Now, many of the old ministers were dead, as was, particularly, Mr. Hooker. Quite a number had returned to England. The children of the First Period had become

[1] Stuart's Hartford in the Olden Time, p. 227.

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adults. The stamp of grand-father, and grand-mother was upon most of their parents who survived. New emigrants had arrived, less strict in their views than those who preceded them. A new spirit was abroad—one in some material features more liberal, less submissive, more inquisitive, more progressive, but at the same time, under some aspects, less scriptural, perhaps, and less pure. It would of course seek, as it did, increased freedom in the administration of religion. Fewer, comparatively, were church communicants than formerly. Such, if of sober lives and conversation, would naturally strive, for themselves and for the sake of their children, to relax the rigid claims of the church. Many there were also who begun "notoriously to forget the errand into the wilderness"—many whom "the enchantments of this world" led "Sensibly to neglect the primitive designs and interests of religion as propounded by their fathers." All such would naturally look with indifference upon any struggle for the preservation of old ecclesiastical opinions and usages, or labor earnestly after emancipation from their restraints. Others there were also, many, as compared with former times, who were decided sinners—who neither sought the influences, nor cared for the duties of piety, but who, on the other hand, disrelished its ordinances, and even despised its demands. All such would of course like a quarrel which tended to relax the strictness and weaken the force of Christian organization—would help it on—would relish the spectacle of religious parties pitted in the field of strife,

> "To prove their doctrines orthodox
> By Apostolic blows and knocks"—

would rejoice even to see each casting upon the other frowns,

> "As when some black clouds
> With Heaven's artillery frought, come rattling on,
> Over the Caspian."

"Under all the circumstances now described, it is not strange that the controversy upon which we have dwelt, assumed in Hartford the phase it did. Reasoning doubtless from these circumstances, but in their nascent state—when, like little clouds, they were 'no bigger than a man's hand'—Mr. Stone, singularly enough, at the very beginning of the Second Period in our history, in a time of profound calm, foretold the controversy and its violence. He foretold it deliberately, and in a sermon preached in 1650. The churches, he said, will 'come to be broken by schism,

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and sudden censures, and angry removes.'—ere they are aware, he added, there will be in them 'prayers against prayers, hearts against hearts, tears against tears, tongues against tongues, fasts against fasts, and horrible prejudices and underminings.'—How quick, alas, did his own church become the stage of all these tragedies?"

A graphic picture, truly, of those melancholy times, but happily not experienced to the full in the church at Stratford. Depletion was a sovereign remedy.

So much in explanation and support of the "Woodbury View." We will now take a rapid review of all the record evidence in the case, introducing all original documents throwing light upon the controversy, that were not introduced into the first volume, and see if our view is sustained by it. The whole colony, and, indeed, all New England, was convulsed with these troubles. The General Court, even, could not avoid taking cognizance of the controversy, though it dealt prudently with the questions which were raised, and made earnest endeavors for a peaceful solution of them. Accordingly, we find the following act:—

October Session, 1666.

"This Court doth conclude to consid^r of some way or meanes to bring those Ecclesiasticall matters that are in difference in the Severall Plantations, to an issue, by stating some suteable accommodation and expedient thereonto, and doe therefore order that a Synod be called to consider and debate those matters, and that y^e^ Questions p^r^sented to y^e^ Elders and Ministers that are called to this Synod shalbe publiquely disputed to an issue. And this Court doth confer power to this Synod, being met and constituted, to order and methodize the disputation soe as may most conduce, in their apprehension, to atteine a regular issue of their debates.

"This Court orders that all y^e^ Preaching Elders and Ministers that are or shalbe settled in this Colony at y^e^ time of y^e^ meeting of the Synod, shalbe sent to attend as members of y^e^ Synod. This Court orders that Mr. Michel, Mr. Browne, Mr. Sherman, and Mr. Gloner, shalbe desired, as from this Court, to assist as members of this Synod.

"This court orders that all these Ministers or y^e^ maior part of them meeting, shal proceed as a Synod, Provided that y^e^ maior part of y^e^ Preaching Elders of y^e^ Churches be present. The Synod is to meet at Hartford, vpon the 3^d^ Wednesday in May. The Secretary is to send this order and y^e^ Questions stated to each Minister in this Colony. Mr. Sam^ll^ Willys and the Sec^r^y are to write to y^e^ Elders in y^e^ Bay to request them to attend what is here desired.

"This Court doth order that y^e^ Questions stated by this Court shalbe those that shalbe considered and publiquely disputed in y^e^ Synod next May.

"It is desired by this Court and solemnly commended to y^e^ Churches and people in this Jurisdiction, to suspend all matters controversall, and y^e^ practice of

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them not formerly receaved and practised in y^e^ Churches here vntil an orderly decision be given by y^e^ Synod in May next.

The Questions to be disputed;

1. Whether federall holines or conen^t^ interest be not y^e^ propper ground of Baptisme.

2. Whether Comunion of Chs, as such, be not warrantable by the Word of God.

3. Whether the adult seed of visible believers not cast out, be not true members and the subjects of Church watch.

4. Whether ministeriall officers are not as truly bound to baptize the visible disciple of X^t^ providentially settled amongst them, as officially to preach the word.

5. Whether setled inhabitants in the Countrey, being members of other Churches, should have their children baptized amongst vs without themselves first ord^r^ly joyneing in Churches here.

6. Whether membership in a perticular inatituted Church be not essentially requisite Vnd^r^ the gospel to entitle to baptisme.

7. Whether adopted children and such as are bought with money are covenant seed.

8. Whether things new and weighty may be manadged in a Church without concurrence of officers and consent of the fraternity of the same Church; And if things are of comon concern^t^, then how far the consent of neighbouring Church is to be sought for.

9. Whether it doth not belong to y^e^ body of a Towne collectively, taken joyntly, to call him to be their minister whom the *Church* shall choose to be their officer.

10. Whether politicall and externall administration of Abraham's Coven^t^ be not obligatory to gospel Ch^s^.

11. Vnto whom shal such persons repaire that are grieved at any Church process or censure, or whether they must acquiesce in the Churches sentence vnto w^ch^ they doe belonge.

12. Whether the laying on of hands in ordination of Elders belong to Presbiters or Brethren

13. Whether the Church her invitation and election of an officer or preaching Elder necessitates the whole Congregation to sit down satisfied, as bound thereby to accept him as their Minister, though invited and settled without y^e^ Townes consent.

14. What is the Gospell way to gather or setle Ch^s^.

15. From whom doe Ministers receave their comission to Baptise.

16. Whether a Synod have a decisive power.

17. Whether it be not justifiable by the Word of God that Civil Authority indulge Congregation^l^ and Presbiterian Churches, and their discipline in the Churches."[1]

Here is a statement of the various questions in dispute in the colony. Not all these questions arose in every church. Now, how many of them arose at Stratford, and which were they?

[1] 2 Trumbull Conn. Col. Records, 53.

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We, who take the "Woodbury View," think it was the questions of church communion and baptism, that disquieted our fathers, somewhat inseparably joined with questions 9 and 13, which inquire whether when a church invites and is satisfied with a minister the "whole congregation" of non-communicants are bound to accept him and "sit down satisfied" with him "they invited and settled wthout y^{e} Townes consent." We think the church at Stratford had previously chosen Mr. Chauncy in church meeting as their minister, and when met parish-wise, the town raised this issue, by its vote of June 1, 1666, though the church would have been better satisfied with its choice under the old close corporation views, untrammeled by the conditions of that vote.

It is to be particularly noticed, that though the town, by its vote of June 1, 1666, gave Mr. Chauncy a "call," and though it was so far a compromise that two of each party were appointed a committee to present the action of the town to Mr. Chauncy, and though he accepted said "call," the truce did not last long, but the parties, later in the year, were able to "agree to disagree," and each have its own minister without offense to any. Accordingly, at a town meeting held Dec. 18, 1666, (p. 120,) the same year of the settlement, be it remembered—they voted to appropriate one half of the "sequestered land reserved for the use of the ministry," and divide it equally between Mr. Chauncy and Mr. Bulkley, or whoever might be obtained by the dissentients.

The general court at its Oct. Session, 1667, (p. 121,) approved of this agreement between the parties, conditioned that "all joyntly" should contribute to Mr. Chauncy's support, till the other party should obtain a minister. Early in 1668, the minority did obtain Mr. Walker. It is to be noticed in this connexion, that the General Assembly acted with entire impartiality between the parties, and treated both with equal consideration.

As soon as the minority secured their minister, the committee appointed by the General Court proceeded, June 8, 1668, to set out the portion of land belonging to Mr. Chauncy, under the vote of Dec. 18, 1666, and on the 2d day of November, the same year, set out a like portion of the ministerial lands to Mr. Walker. Both these ministers signed an agreement in identical words, to return the lands to the town, in case they gave up the work of the min-

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istry in the town. A copy of this agreement, taken from the Connecticut Archives, Ecclesiastical, I., 27, follows:[1]

"Apr^{ll} 29th 1668:

Att a lawfull Townsmeeting it was voated and agreed y^{t} y^{e} land being layd out according to y^{e} agreem^{t} of y^{e} Town uppon Mr. Chancey his subscribing to y^{t} pap^{r} bearing Date herewth signifying his Acceptance of y^{e} s^{d} land according to y^{e} intent of y^{e} s^{d} Act y$_{e}$ Committee shall surrendr to y^{e} s^{d} Mr. Chancey full and free possession of y^{e} same according to y^{e} s^{d} Act. baring 18th Decemb^{r} 1666: And w^{r}as any oth^{r} Minister is to have and enjoy land after y^{e} same mann^{r} as Mr. Chancey doth. It is by y^{e} Towne voated and agreed y^{e} 29th Apr^{ll} 1668 y^{t} before hee possess hee shall subscribe to y^{e} same as Mr. Chancey doth y^{e} name onlye differing.

Apr^{ll} 29th 1668:

Whereas y^{e} Committee appointed both by ye^{e} Towne and Courte have layd out part of y^{e} sequestred land both upland and meadow according to y$_{e}$ Act & agreem^{t} of y^{e} Town bearing date Decemb^{r} 18th 1666: Mr. Israell Chancey taking possession of y^{t} part granted to him in y^{e} s^{d} Act hee doth subscribing hereto declare his Acceptance of y^{e} same according to y^{e} intent of y^{e} s^{d} Act. And w^{r}as there is in y^{t} act something as Respecting laying down y^{e} work of y^{e} Ministry left dark, y^{e} s^{d} Mr. Chancey doth hereby alsoe ingage y^{t} in case hee lays down or makes a totall Cessation of y^{e} s^{d} work in this place then y^{e} land shall by him be retnrned to y^{e} Town in like mann^{r} as if hee removed y^{e} 8th June, 1668.

ISRAELL CHANCEY.

Subscribed in y^{e} p^{r}esence of
THO: FAYRECHILDE,
WM. CURTISS,
JOSEPH JUDSON
RICHARD BUTTLER,
JOSEPH HAWLEY,
HENRY WAKELYN,

Exactly Coppied y^{e} 26th Novemb$_{r}$: 1668.

JOHN MINOR, Record$_{r}$.

[1] The agreement of Mr. Walker is dated (or subscribed) Nov. 2, 1668, and witnessed by John Hurd, Jeremiah Judson, Robt. Clark, John Minor.

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At the May Session of the General Court, held May, 1668, we find it enacted:—

"May 16th. This Court, in order to the promoateing and establishing of peace in the churches and plantations, doe desire reverend Mr. James Fitch, Mr. Gershom Bulkley, Mr. Joseph Elliott and Mr. Samu Wakeman to meet at Saybrook, if Mr. Fitch can come there, if not, then at Norwich, vpon the eighth or ninth of June next—to consider of some expedient for our peace, by searching out the rule and thereby cleareing up how farre the churches and people may walke together within themselves and one w^th another in the fellowship and order of the Gospel, notwithstanding some various apprehensions amonge them in *matters of discipline respecting membership and baptisme, &c.*"[1]

We think a careful examination of all the documents in relation to the Stratford controversy will show, that its ever recurring theme was of matters "respecting membership and baptisme." This difficulty was fully stated and often referred to, while no other grievance, or object of paramount desire, was ever distinctly set forth. A vote passed at the May session, 1669, seems to throw light upon this view of the subject.

"This Court, having seriously considered the great divisions amongst us about Church Government, for the honor of God, wellfare of the Churches and preservation of the publique peace so greatly hazarded, doe declare that whereas the Congregational Churches in these partes for the generall of their profession and practice have hitherto been approved, we can doe no less than still approve and countenance the same to be wthout disturbance vntill better light in an orderly way doth appeare; but yet forasmuch as sundry persons of worth for prudence and piety amongst us are otherwise perswaded (whose welfare and peaceable sattisfaction we desire to accommodate) this Court doth declare that all such persons being allso approved according to lawe as orthodox, and sound in the fundamentalls of Christian religion, may have allowance of their persuasion and profession in church ways or assemblies, wthout disturbance."[2]

In view of all that precedes, it may be well to recur to the views expressed on page 115, and see whether there be any material error contained in them. It is objected in the "Stratford View," that the communication which is there recorded, and which is the earliest paper passing between the parties that has been preserved, is in reply to a former one from the church proper, which seems to have been lost. But, however this may be, it does not alter the point in discussion; for this communication, which

[1] 2 Trumbull Conn. Col. Record, 84.

[2] 2 Trumbull's Conn. Col. Record, 109.

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preceded the settlement of Mr. Chauncy, most clearly sets forth the matter in dispute, i. e., the conditions or terms of church membership and baptism. Language could hardly make it clearer. They claim that God "of his free and abundant grace hath taken us and *our seed* into covenant with himself and with his church and people, and hath given us an interest in himself to bee our God, and taken us to bee his own, giving us his own *discipline and ordinances* for our spirituall and eternall good, and owning us, hath given us *equall right* with yourselves in *all his ordinances*, his providence also having settled us together in this plantation, that we might *jointly together* worshipp him in *all his ordinances*," declaring their "earnest desire to *enjoy communion in all of God's ordinances*," and further "desiring also that *wee and our posterity may be owned as immediate members of the Church of Christ* by you. At the same time they qualify this statement of their claims and desires, by saying "Wee desire that if any man be converted according to God's rules, and doe not hold forth repentance, then no such person so remaining may bee *admitted to the communion* till he hold forth repentance." And again in their commuication of the next month, p. 116, they say, "we have formerly made known our minds unto you in writing, as concerning our desire of *communion in all God's holy ordinances with you;* holding forth unto you by way of preference, *our right unto them*, from the free Grace of God among us, and externally sealing the privileeges of ye Covenant unto us."

These petitioners want something that the church will not grant them. What is it? Is it that the church shall change its form of government from the Congregational to the Presbyterian? Is there a word to countenance this idea? No! the very cry of their hearts is, give us church membership and baptism, for ourselves and our children. Give us communion in *all of God's holy ordinances*. It is our right. We desire church admission. You refuse it. We are willing you should examine us "in respect of our fayth and knowledge." We admit that the minister should "take particular knowledge of all those y^t^ are to have *communion in the whole worship of God*." But we have "wholly and onely engaged ourselves to be the Lord's". We have been baptized. Therefore, we pray you, admit us as members of the church on probation, with no right as yet to come to the table of the Lord, subject to the watch, care and discipline of the church,

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and grant baptism to our children. Any other interpretation of these two letters would do violence to the language employed.

What is the answer of the church, which they style "Church answer to the Men," p. 117, to such earnest and respectful requests? It follows:—

"Neighbours; whereas we received two writings, the *sum of both which* was, to hold forth your earnest desire as to *communion in all the ordinances of Christ* with us. These are to give you to understand that our apprehension concerning the order of discipline is the same that we have formerly manifested it to bee, both by our practice, and answer to your proposalls. And whereas you apprehend you have equal right with ourselves in *all the ordinances of Christ* in this place. These may certifie you at present that we are of a *different apprehension* from you in that matter. And whereas you desire that *your posterity may: etc.: Wee would put you in mind that as yet the matter is in controversie among the learned and godly.*"

Thus stood the matter in dispute between the church and the dissentients on the 16th of April, 1666. Six weeks later, on the 1st of June, of the same year, the town in parish meeting assembled passed the vote giving Mr. Chauncy the "call" of that date, p. 119, to which allusion has so often been made in these pages. This "call" embraced, fully and clearly, all the principles of the "Half-way Covenant." Only six weeks before, the church had informed the dissentients explicitly, that they had *not* an equal right in the ordinances of Christ with them, that the right of baptism for "posterity" was a matter "in controversie among the learned and godly," and generally, "wee have no such custome, nor the churches of Christ with whom we hold communion." Now every thing is reversed. What has caused this change in opinion? Have the scales fallen from the eyes of the Church, and have its members become converted to the lately inadmissible theories, with a suddenness equalled only by the case of St. Paul? Or, is the "Woodbury View" right, after all, in saying that the dissentient members of the church, united to the non-communicant freemen, constituted a majority in town meeting? If it is the church that has changed, why is it that the "difference" still continues, insomuch that in December of the same year, within six months of such harmonious action, they have agreed to separate and divide the ministerial lands between Mr. Chauncy and some minister whom the dissentients should settle over themselves?

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Why is it, on that theory, that the church, in the face of the "call" to Mr. Chauncy repudiates the Half-way Covenant system till 1680, while the Second church practices it from the moment of its organization, in 1670.

A deposition taken in 1671, concerning events transacted in 1667, would go to show, by inference at least, that the dissentients did not obtain the church privileges they desired, and so they refused to pay Mr. Chauncy, according to the terms of the same agreement, thus seeming to balance a breach of the contract on one side by a breach of it on the other. It will be remembered they were, by their "call" of 1666, according to their ability, to contribute for the "comfortable subsistence" of Mr. Chauncy. The paper is as follows:—

"At a town meeting a little after the General Courte in May, in the year 1667, when Mr. Hawley did present a petition to the said General Courte respecting the Towns meeting for the laying out of the lands for the ministers: Joseph Judson did say, in one town meeting at that time, when Mr. Hawley did present the petition.—Mr. Hawley did make a complaint agaynst the Towne for not paying Mr. Chauncey, and he had done the towne great wrong in soe doing. Mr. Hawley was absent when Joseph Judson spake these words; but he being informed of what he had spoeke agaynst him, when he came in——Joseph Judson replyed unto Mr. Hawly in these words,—did not Mr. Gold say to you, that the Towne had not payed Mr. Chauncey, and you answered yes; then this was asked Joseph Judson, is yes a complaint, and he answered, if I make account, it is.

Joseph Judson further added, at the same time, when Mr. Hawley presented the petition to the Generall Courte above said Towns agreement had bine settled, had it not bine for Mr. Hawley; for the Secretary had drawn up a wrighting for that purpose; and he had it to shew and, sayth he, one of the bench said to Mr. Hawley, will you be willing that the land shall be layd out to them for their minister, as you would have the other part to you, but Joseph Judson closed up—with this he answered nothing, but was silent; then the writing was crost and the matter was layd aside. Mr. Hawley answered ensign Judson, that is false which you say: then Lieut. Curtice asked Joseph Judson yf there was any more than one writing drawn up at that Courte by the Secretary, for the settling of the Town's agreement, and Joseph Judson answered not that I know of: then Lieut. made this return to him, it cannot be what you have sayd now, for I was present in the Courts, with many others that are here, when one wrighting was drawn for that purpose, and there was noe petition presented there at that time, and we know that one of the bench sayd, the naked truth is, yf you grant them any thinge, you must grant them a Presbyterian minister; then deputy Gouvnr we must forbeare, for we have sent for the Elders to consider about that thinge, and the matter was layd aside upon this account. John Brinsmead, Sen., and John Peat, Jun., have attested upon oath to this testimony.

Before me, WM. CURTICE, Decemr. 12, 1671.

This is a true coppie, according to the original. WM. HILL, Clerke."[1]

[1] State Archives, Ecclesiastical, 1 vol. 37.

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From the foregoing it would seem that high words passed between the parties, and some of the Court were becoming wearied with the dispute, and deemed it impossible to heal the differences without granting them the right to have a minister of their own choice. Accordingly, the vote passed at the October session, 1667, approving of the town vote to divide the ministerial lands, orders the freemen to contribute to Mr. Chauncy's support, "*till there be another minister at Stratford there cohabiting.*"

The dissentients obtained the services of Rev. Zechariah Walker, early in 1668, and though dissensions and disputes still continued, doctrinal differences were never again discussed, though there were frequent allusions in their papers to the subject matter of their former disputes. The papers passing between the parties after this date, referred principally to union meetings, and the way in which they should enjoy their joint property, the meeting-house. They had scarcely got a firm foot-hold in the wilderness, and completed their house before these dissensions begun, and it would be an enormous burden, in their then impoverished state, to build a new house of worship. Hence the earnestness with which the Second church insisted on a joint use, or a use in common, of their church edifice. Their first proposition to Mr. Chauncy's party, therefore, was, that Mr. Walker should preach one part of each Sabbath in the meeting-house, and Mr. Chauncy the other part, thus joining the two congregations.

The first church, in its reply to this proposition, (p. 122) speaks of their "different persuasions as to order in the house of God," and affirms "that though our differences be not about "fundamentalls and essentialls of faith and Christian religion, yet it reacheth to the fundamentalls of order in *church administrations*, which are styled, Ezek. xliv, 5, "The comings in and goings forth of the sanctuary;" and, "we doe account ourselves bound by covenant to that order and dispensation of the worship of God that hath hitherto been peaceably practiced in this church and other churches of Christ holding communion with us;" that is, as we say, the "ancient way" practised under Blakeman, and such churches as those presided over by Hooker and Stone, when no half-way theory disturbed the Christian serenity of God's people. They further say, "as to Mr. Walker, he is one whom we desire to honour and esteem in the Lord; yet wee cannot see how two, though godly, can walke together (especially two ministers) except they be agreed." They therefore decide "to retain and

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maintain *those dispensations* which we have so dearly bought, and so long enjoyed without interruption."

It was the *church administrations* that they could not consent to change—something connected with the interior workings of the church. They were asked simply to unite services with a minister whom they *honored* and *esteemed*, but their theories of membership and baptism were such, that they could not consent to give such slight countenance to the minority view, as would be involved in the innocent act of uniting "in preaching and prayer," as advised by the General Court. It was impossible, it would seem, for the older communicants to unite in adorations and supplications to Deity, when in an adjoining pew sat an unconverted man, who had solemnly owned his covenant, and promised to strive to become "perfect in the law," and by that means had become entitled to every church privilege except, that he could not come to the communion, nor hold church office. It may seem to us, at this day, as illiberal to slam the gates of heaven in the face of those who professed to be seekers after divine light and divine truth—and force them to seek church room in the wilderness, while their own hands had helped to build a commodious church, large enough to contain an assembly of all the inhabitants.

In their next communication, dated Dec. 7, 1668, (p. 123,) the church urges, as a reason against joint services, that though Mr. Walker is "hired, accommodated and settled, and in all respects equally privileged with Mr. Chauncy, and preaching part of his worke for which hired," yet "wee rather tremble to thinke that we should deviate from any rule of Xt and our ancient pattens, and undervalue our ancient Lawes and Law-makers, then as some tremble to thinke what will be the end of separation." Besides, they say, "rule forbids us, which gives a *church power to choose* her own feeders. Mr. Walker was never chosen by us to be our feeder;" and "how each minister can vindicate his own persuasion, and *differend Administrations* be carryed on together, and no disturbance, each to other, but peace be preserved, we see not."

Different administrations is here referred to, which are, we think, their "federal holiness" and half-way covenant plans.

In reply to this, Mr. Walker's party speaks of "former differences," (p. 124,) and of the provision, by the agreement, for each party to enjoy without disturbance the "ordinances of God according to s^r different persuasions," avowing their inability to understand how "meeting or sitting together in y^e same house, or

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seat," or "conjunction in affection" could in any way interfere with their "different persuasions" in relation to "ye ordinances of God." They close by giving notice that they shall occupy the house one part of the next Sabbath, and hear their own minister, giving Mr. Chauncy's party the choice of the part of the day they would prefer for their own service. The consequence of this notice was, that Mr. Walker was allowed two hours for his services, between the two services of Mr. Chauncy.

In their statement of claims to the General Court in May, 1669, Mr. Walker's party says, (p. 128,) "wee have, *at least, an equall interest* in ye publick meeting-house, with our present opposites, and desire no other improvement of it than what religion and law alloweth us." This would hint toward the relative strength of the two parties, while a petition to the same session from the "church of Christ at Stratford, with many of the inhabitants," (p. 128,) shows a list of forty-five names. At this session, the Court gave Mr. Walker liberty to occupy the meeting-house three hours each Sabbath, in the middle of the day, between Mr. Chauncy's two services, till the October session, and advised both parties to choose, "some indifferent person of piety and learning to compose their differences." Their "differences" at this time, so far as the record shows, was confined exclusively to the way and manner in which they should "enjoy the use of their meeting-house." At least, this was the understanding of Mr. Walker's party. It will be seen by the next paper in order, of which a copy follows, that the First church endeavored to raise other issues, and to deny the only questions that had hitherto been discussed. They allege that the "differences" are "matter of civil concernment," when, during all their disputes, the burden of discussion had been about enjoying *the ordinances of God*, and not one recorded word appears in regard to civil differences on either side before:—

"June 13, '69.

"Neibours:

"We are so far from slighting Godly advice from Godly magistrates, that we honour both, and are as ready as yourselves to attend it, according as we conceive the full latitude and compasse of it reacheth. Therefore, for the advice itselfe, we would consider it: First from the reason of it, and that is differences; Secondly, from the end of it, and that is to settle a peace amongst us, and, Thirdly, it is serious advice, and that appears as from the end, so from ye qualification of ye persons to be chose for this end, viz: indifferent, godly, and learned, and then the work for these so qualified is, to compose our differences and to set-

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tle a peace or agreement. Our worke, therefore, we conceive is to to state all our differences, so as the end may be attained, and that we conceive is your worke in the first place to doe (if you please). But first we will tell you what is not our difference nor worke for advice, viz: a full improvement of our minister and administrations; all our priviledges, and libertyes, formerly settled and now confirmed, are no matter for us to take advice in, and we presume you so believe; therefore we would be as careful to attend the Courts act, as their advice, and therefore not slight eyther.

If it be said what are our differences? we conceive they are matter of civil concernment. We have two reasons from yourselves. First, that you charge us with irregularity in the election of Town officers, as appears by your protest; we confesse if so this is worke for Arbitration. Secondly, from your presentation of a paper of testimonyes at Hartford, before some magistrates at the time of the Genll Court, these we are willing should be considered, though we had thought our former advice had left us ground of agreement, if it had been received. But, 3dly, as to ourselves, (we conceive,) we have cause to desire that we may agree to choose meet Arbitrators, according to advice, that may judge of our damages and determine a reparation of them, which you cannot but know are great, and occasioned by your unjust molesting of us; this being the worke, (and if you will not slight the Courts advice,) we desire you would name your men, and then agree upon time and place, and so shall we."[1]

The Second church denies that "civil concernments" have any thing to do with the case, and insist that it is their "ecclesiastical differences" which they desired to have settled by the arbitrators, though if there is any thing else to be adjusted, they are willing that too shall be decided. They propose as follows:—

"Beloved neighbours: we persuade ourselves you cannot be altogether insensible of ye uncomfortable differences yt have been so long among us, and still remain uncomposed; nor can you be unmindfull of ye serious advice of ye Hon. Gen. Court, recommended to us, viz: yt that in order to ye healing of our differences, we should jointly make choice of some indifferent persons of learning and piety, to indeavour (at least,) to reunite us, and to compose and issue our present differences: We therefore, in compliance with the advice and with respect to ye end therein proposed, do declare our readiness to join with you in ye attending of such a hopeful and probable meanes, for the healing of our so uncomfortable breaches, and do earnestly request your concurrence with us therein yt (if it be possible there may be a renewall of peace and love among us). You may (perhaps) persuade yourselves that your case is so clear that you need not any advice concerning it, and we on the other hand may as readily believe yt both reason and equity are ingaged on our side; but this we can easily be convinced of, yt persons not interested in a case, are in a greater capacity of a right judgment concerning it; than those that are on ye one hand or on the other so nearly concerned. As for any difference among us about civill affaires, which ye honoured court hath never had any thorough inspection into, we cannot think it to be

[1] State Archives, Ecclesiastical, 1 vol.

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mainly, if at all respected or intended in your advice, (though some of yourselves in some former discourses between us, have wholly restrained your advice thereunto,) for who can rationally conjecture, yt ye worship would advise us to make use of a councell, and that of such persons as yy describe, for yy knew not what? Yet, nevertheless, we are content yt any such difference among us shall be submitted to the judgment of such a councell; but the main things, which we suppose were aimed at by ye court, and wherein we desire ye help of a councell, are our ecclesiasticall concernments, and particularly our differences about the carrying on of ye worship of God among us; though we desire not to exclude anything yt may be thought of, which is causall to disturbance and difference amongst us. If, therefore, you so far respect the advice of ye court, or ye attainment of peace among ourselves, as to comply with us in such an indeavor, be pleased to signify your minds unto us as soon as convenience will allow, yt we may mutually apply ourselves to the prosecution thereof: if otherwise you conclude, we request you by ye seasonable communicating of your conclusion, to discharge us from further expectation. July 28, 1669.

Zachariah Walker,
Joseph Judson,
John Minor, in ye name of ye rest concerned with us.

Stratford Towne proposal."[1]

The next paper is from Mr. Chauncy's party, and only shows that the two parties were not agreed as to what "differences" the General Court had advised them to leave to arbitration. The Chauncy party claimed it was "civil differences," while the Walker party claimed it was "Ecclesiastical differences." The paper explains itself:—

"To ensigne Joseph Judson, to be communicated to the rest.

"Loving Neibours:

"We have received a paper in the name, but know not whither with the consent of the rest. The names and consent of them that are called the rest, we judge rational that we should be acquainted with, and shall expect it before any further treaty with you. In this your paper you signify your desire of our concurrence with you in seeking to counsel, in order to the attendance of the Hon^d. Gennll courts advice for the healing of our differences, and ye renewal of Love and peace amongst us. But when we consider the further contents of your paper, together with what hath bin propounded unto you by some of us, (of which you might have had a copy,) it seemeth our greatest difference is what is difference? We say it is our civil concernments, not ecclesiastical, and have given our reasons.—You say not civil, but ecclesiastical—about the carrying on the worship of God amongst us: If you please, we would consider your reasons as they present themselves to us in your paper. The first, Negative expreat, the second, affirmative implyed. The Negative hath two parts; first, sight; secondly, knowledge. And so your sense is this—the Hon^d. Genll court would not

[1] State Archives, Ecclesiastical, Vol. 1.

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advise us to put our civil differences to the judgment of indifferent, pious, learned men, because they had not a through inspection into them, and knew them not. *An.* True, they knew them not throughly; yet in part they did. And so, (according to your manner of arguing) no prudent man seeing two neighboures at differences, and knowing but part of y^r^ difference, can rationally advise them to put their matters to references and not goe to Law.——You know how to apply it. 2. Affirmative strongly implyed, the court did not know our civils therefore not advise us, the court did know our differences as to ecclesiastics, therefore at them they aimed in their advise. *An.* It is true, indeed, they did hear a great deal, and knew our differences, and (yourselves know) provided a Law for the peace of you and us, therefore could have no aim in their advise to ecclesiasticks: unlesse you will say the Court indeed hath made a Law, and hath given out to this Church a particular charter or grant; but have advised us to leave it to a counsel to alter it. But we say further, the court could have no aime in their advise that we should leave our ecclesiastical concernments to the judgment of a counsel, when themselves have given liberty to yourselves as to us, to enjoy our own persuations; for would yourselves be willing to leave that liberty to the advice of a counsel, if they should advise you to be of our persuations. If so we understand you had that advice already; and for our parts in the matters of God's worship (wherein you say our difference lyes) our desires are to take the counsel of him who is called Wonderfull, and, if you can, we cannot be so slight in them as to put them to Arbitration: But we mind one thing more in your paper to which we adhere, viz: persons not interested in a case, are in a greater capacity of a right judgment concerning it than those that are on the one hand or the other so nearly concerned, and such for our civil differenses we hope to meet you with: And if still you say our difference is in the worship of God, shew us in what particulars, and wherein we misse the rule, and so by discharging your duty, you will engage our affections, and have greater peace in the enjoyment of your own persuasions by yourselves, which we desire not to hinder you of. Neibours, we must needs tell you, though we had almost forgot to tell you, that the paper we received from you neither reacheth your promise (as we tooke it up) nor our expectation, viz: a stating our differences in order to counsel And therefore we adde the following questions which we desire a plain answer to, that we may not be always beating the ayr, but come to some conclusion.

Q. 1. If your differences be Ecclesiastical, then what are they?

Q. 2. If such differences be found from whom doe they arise, or who occasioned them.

Q. 3. Of what standing or continuance are they?

Q. 4. Whether have you found such men as are uninterested in such differences? If so,

Q. 5. Who are they?

Q. 6. Whether if advise should lead to the laying down of your persuasions, and acting contrary to them, you could submit to it? Upon a plain answer to these questions we shall come to a conclusion.

5th, (6th,) '69. Israel Chauncy,

Philip Grove. In the name and with the consent of the church and several of our Neibors."[1]

[1] State Archives, Ecclesiastical, 1 Vol.

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The next paper, from the First church party, explains itself:—

"For ensigne Joseph Judson, to be communicated to the rest:

Sept. 10, '69.

Loving Neibours:

Wee are informed of a meeting of Revd. Elders at New Haven, upon the sixteenth day of the Instant, September; and have thought good seriously to acquaint you therewith, it being so good a providence to reach the end advised unto, which yet hath not bin attended; though for our parts we have shewed our readiness. Now, if you please to make use of the opportunity, in presenting anything relating to our differences, we desire you will please to let us understand your mindes, that so we may have some to goe along with you, where we doubt not but you and we shall have counsel that may be suitable to our conditions.

Israel Chauncey,
Phillip Grove."[1]

The next communication, and, so far as has been preserved, the last but one between the contestants, is from the Walker party, addressed to the General Court at its Oct. Session, 1669. It explains itself, and gives a full resume of the matters in dispute, since they had liberty from the Court to have their own minister. No epitome can do it justice, and it is given entire, that all may see the statement of fact and style of its reasoning:—

"Whereas it hath pleased ye Hon. Genll Courte to propound ye advice to y^e^ Inhabitants of Stratford y^t^ for the healing of the differences y^t^ are amongst us, there should be a councell mutually chosen of pious and learned men; And we, in obsevance of yr s^d^ advise have proffered our concurrence with our neibours in improveing of such a councell, but have had no such return from them, as in reason wee might expect; but instead thereof, a positive rejection of our motion; wee thought good to present to the Hon. Courte some animadversions uppon the return we have received from them.

"As for yr introduction, wherein they acquaint us yt they have received a paper in the name, but know not whether with the consent of the rest—we cannot but wunder y^t^ our neighbours should make so great a distinction when there is so little, or rather no difference. When God separated ye tribe of Levi, to blees in his name, Deut. 10, 8, and 20, 5, was it then a rationall question whether ye benediction was with divine consent? When David sent his messenger to greet Naball in his name, hee thought it not needful to adde y^t^ it was with his consent; nor was Naball such a churl as to object y^e^ want of it: 1 Sam. 25, 5. When David blessed the whole congregation of Israell in ye name of ye Lord, there was not a man amongst them yt moved the question whether it were with the Lord's consent, 2 Sam. 6, 18. When our blessed Savior tells us, in Matt. 18, 20, that were two or three are gathered in his name, he is in the midst of them, who

[1] State Archives, Ecclesiastical, 1 Vol.

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can think that his consent is not therein understood? Many such like Scripture instances might be given to prove yt these are consonant expressions and of like import. But they proceed, and tell us yt they think it rationall yt they should bee acquainted with your names, and consent of them that are called the rest, and that they shall expect it before any further treaty with us, &c. But is it rationall yt we must give them each of our names, and produce a letter of attorney impowring such as act in behalf of the rest: And is it not at the same time as rationall that they which demand that of us, should do the like themselves? are two names subscribed to yours sufficient, with your bare word that it is with the consent of the Church, and are not three, these subscribed to ours as sufficient, with as much assurance that they were imployed by the rest? Are you all soe notable, or so notorious, yt you neede no mention of your names, and we, on the other hand, so obscure and unknown that we must bee imagined to be, unless they have our names in writing: But not to stay here. They further acknowledge our manifestation of our desires to attend the courts advice in seeking to counsell, in order to the healing of our differences, what then hinders, yt it should not be attended? The reasone you give to the contrary, are the consideration of first the contents of our paper, (wherein we declare ourselves willing to submitt any differences amongst us to the Judgment of a councell, and, 2nd, of what had been propounded to us by some of yourselves, viz: to make choyce of a councell to Judge our civill differences, and lett alone our ecclesiastical differences, which were the main things upon which we disagreed: uppon these considerations they are pleased to inform us yt it seemeth (we suppose to none but themselves) yt our greatest difference is what is difference: if yr were guilty of any good reason it might deserve a rationall answer, but it is as good as it will bee, onely by the way it is worthy the noting, yt ye same persons yt have by word of mouth professed yt they know of no ecclesiastical differences amongst us, and yt in the writing doe affirm yt their greatest difference amongst us is what is difference, or in other words what it is to differ, doe yet with all profess that our differences are such that they cannot joyn with us in any act of worship, how they will reconcile those we may soon inquire: then they can rationally answer. Whereas they subjoin their and our opposite apprehensions concerning the differences amongst us intended in the courts advise ys yt onely civil affayres are therein intended, and thot ecclesiastical concernments were maynly respected. It may remain with the Hon courte to give the sense of their own advice. As for the antick analysis of our reasons for our apprehension in the above sd respect, it will not be worth inck and paper to write out an answer thereunto, onely one thing therein must not be wholly omitted, viz: yt aspertion they cast uppon us, yt after our manner of our arguing, (in our reasons so prove that our ecclesiastical concernments were maynly intended in yt courts advise). No prudent man seeing two neibours at difference and knowing but part of their difference, can rationally advise ym to put the matter to reference, and not goe to law; in answer whereunto, lest it be considered whether none but pious and learned men are competent judges of ordinary differences betwixt neibour and neibour, we are ready to think that civill honest men, though unlearned, might serve their turn. Whereas they are pleased to argue yt the courte, in their advice, could have no aim that we should leave our ecclesiastical concernments to ye judgment of a counsell, seeing they have given liberty to us as well as our neibours to injoy our own persuasions, and wee (as they suppose) would be unwilling to leave yt lib-

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berty to the advice of a councell, if they should advise us to be of the same persuasion with them, our neibours. As to the first pretense of argument herein imployed, we answer, that though the court hath given libberty to them in our different apprehensions, yet we persuade ourselves that it would be no unwell-come news to the court to hear, that our differences were well issued, and we united. As for the latter argument, from our unwillingness to leave our libberty to a councell, if they should advise us to be of different persuasions, wee cannot think that it was the thing aimed at by the court in propounding a counceli, that they should tell us of what persuasion we should be, but rather yt they should advise how we might manage our different persuasions so as, notwithstanding them, to mayntain love and unity amongst us. And whereas they further adde yt we have bin allready advised to be of your persuasion, we must profess yt we never yet knew the man yt was so absurd and irrationall as to give us yt advice: Whereas they further inform us of their desires to take the counceli of him who is called Wonderful, let it be considered whether that be wholly inconsistent with taking advice from pious and learned men; if so, the courte is more to blame than we, for advising thereunto, nor can their worships be excused in the next clause, wherein our neibours tell us, that if we can, they cannot be so slight in matters of worship as to put them to arbitration; for we have desired nothing of them but which the courte advised unto. So if we are guilty, slightness for offering to attend the courts advice, wr is the courts for propounding it? But they further tell us of one thing in our paper to which they adhere, viz: that persons not interested in a case are the fittest judges concerning it; but if they adhere to this, as they pretend, what means the following expressions: that such for our civill differences they hope to meet us with, but why not for our ecclesiastical differences likewise? Are not men as lyable to pride, self-love and partiality, in ecclesiastical as in civill differences? But their will is sufficient. They go on, that if we affirm, (what they know to be true,) yt our grand difference is about the worship of God, we should show them wherein they miss their rule, but what shall we gett yt? They tell us we shall thereby discharge our duty, engage their affections and have the greater peace in ye injoyment of our own persuasions, by ourselves; but it seems we shall not attayn their company in conjunction with us, notwithstanding: no, though should most convincingly shew them that wherein they differ from us, they miss their rule, yet still we must not hope for any more, but a peaceable injoyment of our own persuasion by ourselves: as for them, it seems they are resolved in their way, hit or miss, and will rather separate from their rule, than conjoin with us. But to proceed, they further inform us (as a thing by no means to be omitted) that our writing did not answer their expectation, nor our promise as they took it up: as for their expectation, we must let it alone to themselves to explain what it was. As for any promise they had from us, we know not that in the least we have fayled to accomplish it. But for a conclusion, they are pleased to propound an halfe-dozen of questions, uppon our answer to which they promise to come to some conclusion. But let it be remembered yt they have denyed us any further treaty till they have a list of our names, and something to manifest the consent of all our party with any imployed by them: so that unless we will answer their insolent demands, uppon that account, an answer to their questions will be of little value. And farther, lest it be considered yt if our proffering to attend the courts advice, in submitting our differences to the judgment of a counsell, doth ingage us to

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answer those questions of yours, certainly the courts advising us to so doe doth much more ingage them to make their responsive part of the catechize unto y^r worships; therefore we shall wholly refuse it. Some time after our receipt of yours, we received another paper, inviting us to a counsell or meeting of Elders at New Haven. But how much reason, ingenuity, or verity y^r paper contayns, is worth y^r inquiry. First, they tell us they thought good to acquaint us with such a meeting, as a good providence in order to the attaynment of the end aimed at in y^e courts advice, and yet themselves have before, once and again, peremtorily refused to submitt any ecclesiastical differences amongst us to the judgment of a counsell. Again they desire, if we will make use of that opportunity, that we should acquaint them.

This is a true copy according to the originall, examined by me.

Mr. Wm. Hill, Clarke."

The result of this application to the October Session, 1669, was a resolution advising the First church to comply with the desire of Mr. Walker's party, to have union services, allowing Mr. Walker to preach one part of each Sabbath. The church did not heed this advice, but excluded them from the church entirely. No more appears of record till Sept. 29, 1670, following the organization of the new church, by consent of the neighboring churches, May 5, 1670, when a communication was addressed to the First Church, (p. 130,) sadly complaining of the treatment they had received, by which they had been made such "causeless sufferers," and the "house of God and religion suffered as well as we"—asking "that you would so far bethinke yourselves what injury you have done us in excluding us from the place of publick worship, wherein you know our right to be as good as yours, and how unwilling yourselves would have beene to be so dealt with,—as to suffer us, without any molestation or disturbance, to return to the enjoyment of that our right in the meeting-house, therein to have the improvement of our minister one part of each Sabbath." If they wished "to oppose and resist so rationall and just a proposition as this," then they proposed to divide the town, and separate, "that so, by the removall of one party, there may at length be a cessation of those so long lasting troubles that have been amongst us." They also gave notice that they should, in case no arrangement was made, apply to the General Court. They did so apply, at the Oct. Session, 1670, and a committee was appointed to "view the lands desired, and consider the proposition, but nothing was effected by the committee, nor was any report made. There

[1] State Archieves, Ecclesiastical, 1 Vol.

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is no record of any other action in the matter, on the part of the authorities of the Colony, till May, 1672, when, as we have seen, on the advice of Gov. Winthrop, Mr. Walker and his church were granted lands, and allowed to found a new town at Pomperaug.

The Second church of Stratford was organized under Rev. Zechariah Walker, as pastor, May 5, 1670. A clear light is thrown upon the nature of the dissensions for the last three preceding years, when in Oct. 1667, the dissentients had been granted authority to have a minister for themselves. He says, in the opening of his history of the Second church :—

"After great indeavours for an union wth ye former chh., and much patience therein, wn long experience had too plainly evidenced yr irremovable resolution to oppose an union wth us, though nothing had appeared of any *such great distance in our apprehensions*, as might be inconsistent yrwith: All hopes of success in our indeavours being at length taken away, we thought ourselves bound to seek after ye injoyment of ye ordinances of God in a distinct society, finding ye door shut agst. or attaining it in any other way: we did yrfore, first more privately (by reason of ye great opposition wrwth we were attended) set apart a day of solemn humiliation, &c."

Mr. Walker says, (p. 131,) that nothing of any "such great distance" between their several opinions existed, as might prevent "an union." We should also think not, for since the Oct. Session of the General Court in 1667, there had been no matter of discussion between them, except to determine whether they could agree on joint services in "preaching and prayer," in their joint property, the meeting-house, and failing in that, to see if they could agree on separate hours of the day in which each party might attend the services of its own minister. The First church was unbending throughout. They would not have union meetings. They would not consent that Mr. Walker should occupy the meeting-house either part of the Sabbath. By the order of the Court they must not *disturb* the First church. They must obtain their rights peaceably. The First church insisted they would be *disturbed*, if the Second church occupied the house either part of the day, and so they kept them out. There was no matter of "great distance" at issue, but having the advantage, they would not accord them even their just rights.

It is to be noted, that the *new* Stratford church was organized by "ye approbation of ye chhs. of Fairfield, Killingworth and ye *new church* at Windsor." What was this new church at Windsor? Was it formed on the Hooker and Stone plan, or was it formed as a result of the differences *there* in regard to "church membership and baptism?"

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Thus have we carefully examined, and discussed each recorded trace of the facts connected with the church dissentions at Stratford, with calmness, and with the earnest desire to arrive at the truth. As the accuracy of the former conclusions of the writer had been called in question, after they had passed into several historical works, and become embedded, so to speak, in the history of the State, the duty to re-examine the subject became imperative. The reader now has before him, in the two volumes of this work, every thing now extant that has been recorded concerning this controversy, so far as we know or believe, as well as the differing theories of the "Stratford" and "Woodbury Views," and each one can form his conclusions for himself. While the writer, from his renewed examination, has only become more confirmed in the theory, that the subject matter of the disputes at Stratford related principally to the Half-way Covenant system and cognate theories, and not to simple differences about adopting the modes of Congregationalism or Presbyterianism, he will in no wise be disturbed if others should come to a different conclusion. The truth of history required him to present the evidence, and that being done, his responsibility in this regard is ended.

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CHAPTER IV.

CIVIL HISTORY.

ACCURACY OF AMERICAN HISTORY; CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FATHERS; FREE HOME-LOTS; COMMENTS ON THE "FUNDAMENTAL ARTICLES;" LOWER NONNEWAUG FALLS; OLD MILL-STONES; BETHEL ROCK; THE FIRST MEETING-HOUSE; SECOND MEETING-HOUSE; SABBATH-DAY HOUSES; CHURCH CUSTOMS; BEAR-HILL AND RAGLAND SHEEP PASTURE; DRUMMING FOR CHURCH MEETINGS; FIRST ARTIZANS; WOODEN SHOES; RIDE AND TIE; GOING TO CHURCH; IRON KETTLE; QUASSAPAUG SCENE; REFLECTIONS.

HERE is one peculiarity in the history of our nation which applies to no other. We go back to the earliest days, and record all the minute events of our own origin. There is no nation except, perhaps, the Jewish, that undertakes to do this. *We* record the annals of our time, step by step, noting every event as it occurs, with great particularity and accuracy. "No one of the present nations of Europe can tell a word of their earliest ancestors; or even specify the century in which their territory was first taken possession of by them; but all is as involved in obscurity as are the years before the flood." Scarcely more is known of them than of the location of the Garden of Eden. All their early history is a mithical period, and one scarcely knows where their authentic annals begin. But it is far different with our early history as a nation. We know the men who said they would be free, and who laid the foundation of this mighty republic. We know whence they came, the spot to which they came, the object for which they came, and the year, the month, and the day they took possession." They began at once to make, and require of their officers the keeping of records of all events of interest in their independent, civil communities. Neglect was punished with severe penalties. "Our nation owes a lasting debt of gratitude to our ancestors, for their fidelity in recording the incipient steps taken by them in

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settling this new world." We have seen, in the preceding pages, with what care our fathers preserved the history of the events, painful in themselves, which resulted in the settlement of our town. We respect them for it. If they had faults, they dared confess them, and meet such retribution as properly attached to them. It is the great, apparent trait in our ancestors, one on which they seemed to pride themselves, that they studied deeply the questions that interested them, formed their opinions deliberately, and, having become assured that any particular course or theory was right, they dared avow and defend it, whatever might be the consequences of such avowal or action. It is to be remembered, always, that they were cut off from nearly all the privileges which we possess. They had fled to a wilderness inhabited by savages and wild beasts. They were poor. They had but the bare necessaries of life, forced from an unwilling soil. They had neither the daily nor weekly newspaper, bringing them intelligence and useful information from the whole civilized world. Books were rare, and of schools there were none, till they were able to "set them up" amid the forests. Laborious days and nights were continually required to eke out the naked requirements of humanity, and to reclaim and cause the desert lands to bud and blossom as the rose, and make possible the introduction of a more refined civilization. Yet they had, thanks to the old Puritan care, the rudiments of an education. Most of them could read and write, and search the holy Scriptures. Many were from the more intelligent classes and higher walks in life in the old world, who had fled to this new land for opinion's sake. And, above all, they "had a scholar to their minister"—a learned man—"in every town and village." Their religion was intellectual and doctrinal, rather than emotional, and the consequence was, that while they felled the forests and tilled the stubborn soil, they thought deeply, were imbued with the importance of the conclusions to which they arrived, and the inspirations that glowed in their hearts, while an overwhelming sense of the "justice and majesty" of God, whose servants they were, to shew forth his glory on earth, made them fully persuaded, that each important act of theirs should be recorded, and have its controlling influence on the generations. Hence the care they took of their records. Hence the fact, that we are so perfectly informed of all the past of our country.

In looking over the early acts of our fathers, another thing attracts out attention, and that is the care with which they selected

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their associates in founding their new town. With their first associates they were well acquainted. They had battled with them side by side, in their contests with the First church, for six years. They knew how reliable they were, and they simply covenanted with each other, that they would make the new plantation "their dwelling place four whole years after y^e^ such y^r^ removal, before they shall have liberty to dispose of their Accommodations y^re^ granted them. Granted to any other person in the way of sale, or alienation, to prevent discouragement to y^e^ s^d^ plantation." And even after this time had elapsed, the owner could sell or let his property to no person, "but such as y^e^ town shall approve of." But that there should be no hardship in the matter, the town, on its part, agreed either to purchase the lands of any person who desired to sell and remove, or approve of purchasers who were "blameless men in their conversation, with certificates according to law." They not only desired to plant and establish the right institutions, but to make it certain that they should be preserved to all time.

It will be remembered that in removing to the wilderness, there was no expense for land. The town lands were free, so far as any colonial charge was concerned. There were expenses in clearing the territory of the rights of the original proprietors, expenses of removal, and various other joint charges, which must be defrayed. Though all our fathers were poor on their first entrance on these western lands, yet there were distinctions even among them in their worldly possessions. For this provision was made, that every thing might be done according to the rules of equity and justice. The charges mentioned constituted the indebtedness of the new colony. The lands constituted their capital, or wealth, which, pursuant to their grant from the General Court, and their own articles of association, (p. 39,) they were to divide in proportion to the amount they severally contributed to the expenses of establishing the plantation. Meanwhile, they reserved liberal quantities of land for the support of the ministry, the establishment of a school, and for the accommodation of such new settlers as they should approve and admit to become inhabitants, which newly received inhabitants were allowed a proportion of the lands on paying into the town treasury a sum sufficient to make them equal with the "first removing proprietors." They granted "accommodations," without a pecuniary payment, to skilled artizans and professional men, as an inducement to settle with them, and

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enable them to avail themselves of their educated skill. Accordingly, we find that they thus endowed the town miller, blacksmith,[1] fuller and a physician—but not the lawyer—that was reserved to a later and more luxurious period. This mode of land division was not very dissimilar to the present "homestead law," for the encouragement of settling our western lands. After the settlement each inhabitant was to pay his share of the public expenses, in proportion to the amount of his land received from the common stock, without regard to the amount of personal property. To effect this purpose, "Adjusters' Books" were kept, and lands sold, or purchased, or set out in their land divisions, were added to, or subtracted from their land accounts, and thus a perfectly certain basis for taxation was furnished. There was no chance for the concealments which are now so abundantly furnished by our mode of assessments and taxation.

Another particular in the Fundamental Articles is to be noticed, (p. 40). It is the condition by which all engaged, "each for himselfe not only, that wee will not any way disturb y^e^ peace y'in, but also, that we will personally subject ourselves to that Ecclesiastical Government that shall be there established, or practised agreeable to y^e^ Word of God," and agreed to forfeit their lands, and all interest in the plantation, in case of a breach of this condition. They had just issued from a religious dissension, which ran through several years. It had become necessary, on this account, to remove into the wilderness, and they resolved that they would so order their affairs, that there could never be a similar occurrence in their day and generation. Doubtless from this condition, in some measure, may we attribute the fact, that there was no schism in the church, involving a division of its membership, for more than one hundred and forty years. Six Societies had, meanwhile, been permitted, in brotherly love, to set up for themselves, made necessary by the increase of the inhabitants, and the

[1] May 13, 1706, the town voted a ten acre accommodation, with the accompanying interest in all the land divisions, to "Mr. Samuel Bull, of Farmington," provided he should reside in town for the space of six years, and carry on the "trade of a Smith in the town." Mr. Bull was a deacon in the church and a man of note in Farmington, before his removal to Woodbury. He did not exercise the functions of a deacon after his removla here. He married Elizabeth, only daughter of Rev. Zechariah Walker, and died without children.

A ten acre accommodation (p. 73) was also granted to Abraham Fulford, in 1700, being "a well accomplished person for carding wool, weaving and fulling cloth."

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conveniences of location, which became the nucleus of towns, that have since been incorporated. It was a wise provision, and brought forth good and abundant fruits.

These articles were made and signed in Stratford. Every thing was prepared and fully agreed upon, before they buried themselves in the depths of the wilderness. It was a great undertaking, in those early days of want and privation. It is difficut to imagine that overwhelming sense of duty which could impel them to this step, when there was room enough and to spare in the beautifully shaded Stratford, on the pleasant shores so gently laved by the ever-murmuring sea waves. Speaking of this removal of the Second church of Stratford, this thought was very eloquently expressed by Rev. William K. Hall, of Stratford, pastor of the First church, in a speech at the Bi-centennial of our church, in May, 1870:—

"The daughter, with her chosen spiritual leader and guide, left the old homestead, and in choosing her new home wisely turned northward, preferring the clear, bracing air of the north to the damp and fog and malaria of the shore lands. The record of these two hundred years, and these festivities to-day, testify to the wisdom of that separation and of that choice.

That setting forth from the old home was under circumstances, and amid scenes, which, if we could reproduce them in our imagination to-day, would aid us in rising to the full significance of this occasion. The Plantation was only thirty years old. These years had been years of toil, of hard work in subduing the wilderness, and in making for themselves comfortable homes. They had been spent in almost constant fear of the depredations and attacks of the Indians. One generation was about passing away, and a new generation had already begun to take up and carry on the ever unfinished work. They were just beginning to enjoy the fruits of their hard pioneer toil, were just beginning to realize the benefits of a social life, well ordered, properly systematized as to government, adequately equipped and adjusted by the experiences of those thirty years. Those years had been years chiefly of preparation. The settlement was now assuming the appearance and the character of a thrifty agricultural town. It must have required a resolnteness of purpose, backed by a firm, conscientious regard for duty, for that little band to go forth at such a time, and strike out an entirely new path for themseles, to begin over again that same laborious work of making new homes in these wild wood-

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lands of the north. The prime motives that led them to take that step were wholly of a religious nature. Their rights as church members they would maintain. Spiritual interests must be held paramount. They felt that they could not remain in the old church home, though it was large enough to contain them, if the course they deemed right and scriptural was not pursued, so they left it. They had pluck, nerve and energy—stood their ground firmly until they were convinced that it was for the good of both parties that they should secede. I apprehend that at the last, the spirit that prevailed was not far different from that exhibited in the Patriarch brother, after variances had arisen in the family: "Let there be no strife, I pray, between me and thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee: separate thyself I pray thee from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right, and if thou depart to the right hand then I will go to the left."

"Fortunately there was land enough, and that too not far distant from the old home. Could those bold spirits who planned and achieved that work of settlement, whose names shine out upon these tablets before us to-day, see what we of this generation see, could look upon these well tilled, well fenced farms, this attractive thoroughfare, bordered by this cordon of cottage and homestead, indicative all of such comfort, and plenty, and taste, could behold what would be to them of by far greater value, and in their estimate the largest proofs of their success, and the highest earthly reward of their sacrifices and toil, these marks of church life and church progress which have been commensurate with the growth of the outreaching population, they might well believe that the Lord went up with them and before them, and marked out for them the goodly heritage which was to be theirs, and their children's.

"All honor and praise from us be to that devoted band. The unflinching fidelity to honest convictions, the uncompromising spirit of attachment to what was to them the truth of God, which they exhibited at the sacrifice of so much they held dear, were the rightful issue of the Puritan blood that flowed in ther veins. Let us emulate their spirit, and prove ourselves worthy of such a godly ancestry."

Our fathers were now fairly embarked in their new enterprise. They quickly placed the open lands under cultivation, securing

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good crops the year of their removal. While building their houses near together for protection against Indian incursions, they pushed out their working parties in all directions. All the river lands were at once appropriated. East Meadow was esteemed by them as very desirable, and they quickly overrun all meadow land quite to Nonnewaug Falls. These falls have been fully described on pages 92 and 847. They consist of a series of three cascades, making a total fall of about one hundred feet. The artist has given a vivid sketch of the two principal ones.

[Lower Nonnewaug Falls.]

It is one of nature's loveliest nooks retired in the dim solitudes, where the silence is broken only by the roar of the sweetly falling waters and song of solitary bird.

After the settlers had made their first crop, and erected their first rude cabins, they laid out other divisions of land from their common stock, and cultivated the same, extending their borders meanwhile. But they were thirty miles from the old home. They had neither saw nor grist-mills. They were, in fact, forced to be about as primitive in their habits as the natives of the forests. At the same time there were no roads to connect them with the mother town by the sea-side. The only means of conveyance was on

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horseback, following a bridle-path, guided by "blazed" trees. Trees were "blazed" by scorching their bark with torches, at convenient distances, and these constituted very good guide-boards. But committees were appointed as early as 1675, to lay out a road from Woodbury to Derby, and from Derby to Stratford, and provision was also made for a ferry. The committee, however, did not report till 1677, and the road was probably not built till several years later. Meanwhile, the people must have mill privileges. They accordingly procured a set of stones, and transported them on horseback, or, rather, slung them between two horses, and took the weary way of their bridle-path to Woodbury. They set up their mill-shed on a little brook a short distance east of Deacon Eli Summers' house, in Middle Quarter, and though but about a bushel of grain per day could be ground at this mill, yet it was all the accommodation of the kind that the inhabitants had, till 1681. These mill-stones were of small dimensions, being not more than thirty inches in diameter. One of these is still preserved, and has been attached to the base stone of the "Fathers' Monument" in the south, or ancient burial ground, for preservation, after having done service for more than a hundred years as a door-stone to the house in Middle Quarter lately occupied by Miss Lucy Sherman. Traces of the first mill-dam still exist. The second mill was built in 1681, near the Pomperaug river, about fifty rods westerly from the dwelling-house of Hon. N. B. Smith, immediately under the hill, the water with which to run it being brought from the river, about one hundred rods distant. Faint traces of the old dam still remain. Some of the timbers of this second mill-dam still remain imbedded in the river, in a state of perfect preservation. It was much troubled by the freshets, had to be frequently repaired, or replaced, and the town was obliged to make other arrangements for a stable mill. In 1691, Mr. Samuel Stiles was appointed town miller; mill accommodations were granted for its "encouragement," and the mill located near where the mill of D. Curtiss & Sons now stands, where it has ever since been maintained.

[First Mill-stones.]

As soon as the pioneers had fairly settled themselves in their new homes, they took measures to build a meeting-house for the worship of God, and a school-hodse, that "learning might not be neglected to children." As we have seen, they had their grant of

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the township of Woodbury in 1672, made a small crop the same year, lost it by wild beasts the following winter, and removed their families here in the spring of 1673. In two years they were driven back to Stratford by King Philip's war, and began to return again in 1676, not fully regaining their foothold till the next year.

Previously and subsequently to Philip's war, our fathers worshipped, in summer, at Bethel Rock, which has been so often alluded to in these pages, and in winter they gathered in their own rude houses. But the question may be asked, why did the people at any time of the year leave their homes, and retire from the village, (for it was almost as much of a village in the early years as now, the houses being built near each other for protection) to the rock for their devotions? The answer is obvious. Their numbers were, from the beginning, considerable. They came with about twenty families, and their numbers increased rapidly for a new plantation. In contrast with the present generation, they had large families in those days, obeying the divine commandment, and every household constituted quite a little colony in itself. It was with them a law of conscience, as well as of the colony, that all should attend divine service, and there was no one of their log huts that could contain a tythe of the inhabitants for the purpose of worship. They had no meeting-house. They were never for a moment free from the danger of the incursions of the hostile Mohawks. It was the object of their coming into the wilderness, that they should not "forget the assembling of themselves together" to worship the Great Creator. What should they do? A beautiful dell, secure from hostile attacks and the buffet of storms, in the bosom of the cliffs, of the mountains, furnished with sufficient audience room, and a rude stone pulpit, was at hand. It was nature's church, built and fashioned by the Holy One of Israel, as though a miracle had been performed for the benefit of this band of Christians. It was conveniently near, and "guarding rocks," to be picketed by the men of the match, or flint lock, lined the way. Three minutes walk from the house of their pastor, where Levi S. Douglass now lives, by the south cliff, or five minutes walk from Judson Lane, by the north cliff, brought them to this place of prayer, and of "hopeful security." What more appropriate or pleasing, than to resort to the beautiful fastnesses of nature, in the holy stillness of the Sabbath morn, to join in adorations of the Giver of all good?

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That they did meet there for this purpose, in the feeble state of their new colony, is proved by the universal voice of the most reliable tradition from the early fathers, and by much circumstantial evidence. It is a fact to be doubted by none. The sons of the pioneer, Capt. John Minor, who died Sept. 17, 1719, had their home lots on the hill where the family of the late Erastus Minor resides. Capt. Matthew Minor succeeded to the homested of his father, Ephraim, which was identical with that of Capt. John, and lived in a house under the hill south of Erastus Minor's present dwelling house. This was the pallasaded house of which we have spoken. This son, Ephraim, was born in Stratford, Oct. 24, 1675, after the return from Woodbury to Stratford, at the commencement of King Philip's war. He returned to Woodbury with his father, a child of two years, after the war, and of course, as he grew up, knew the history from the beginning. He died Sept. 16, 1762. His son, Capt. Matthew, was born Sept. 2, 1708, and died Nov. 21, 1778. His son, Dea. Matthew, was born Feb. 11, 1753, and died in 1835. His son, Erastus, was born March 27, 1796,—died in 1870. Capt. Matthew Minor was, therefore, eleven years old when his grand-father, Capt. John Minor, died, and fifty-six years old when his father, Ephraim, died. Dea. Matthew Minor, son of Capt. Matthew, was twenty-five years old when his father, died, and the late Erastus Minor was thirty-nine years old when his father, Deacon Matthew, died. This brings us to the present day, and the tradition that Erastus Minor gives us, brings us to the very days of the services at Bethel Rock. There can be no question of a tradition that can trace itself, by sure steps, to its truthful origin. The tradition handed down through this family, as well as others, is very simple and direct. It is that the fathers worshipped at Bethel Rock till the building of the first Church. The Orenaug cliff, near Bethel Rock, is owned by this family, to this day, having descended from father to son, through the Probate Court.

[First Church, 1681.]

The first church was a simple structure. The seats were raised, on each side of the center aisle, so that the sexes could sit on opposite sides. The pulpit was at one end.

It had no steeple, and was altogether an unpretending building, but it served the purpose of a convenient place of worship for sixty-

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six years. After the second church was finished, in 1747, it was used as a "Town-House," for the transaction of public business. In 1754, the town voted to build a new town house where the old church stood, but contented itself with repairing the old church. It was used thus a good many years, (p. 156). After the Episcopalians began to get a foothold in the town, they used it for a church. Finally, it was moved, by Mr. Tallman, a little way, and used for a butcher's shop and barn, during some years. It was afterwards used for a barn by Judge N. Smith, and later still, by his son, N. B. Smith, till about ten years ago, when it was pulled down, and passed into the oblivion of past things, that have outlived the day of their usefulness. Perhaps no other building has had a longer career of usefulness, since the founding of the town.

This meeting-house was located on the site now occupied by N. B. Smith's carriage-house, some six rods from Pomperaug's grave, and twenty from Rev. Mr. Walker's house. A road run by it to the intervale, a short distance below where the second corn-mill was located. The site of the first school-house was immediately opposite the meeting-house, where Mr. George Hitchcock's shop now stands. The meeting-house, the school-house, the minister's house, and the corn-mill—all necessaries of prime importance to a new Settlement—were thus grouped together.

In process of time, a new church edifice became necessary, and, on the usual application to the General Assembly, in May, 1744, a committee was appointed to determine the location, and, on the 26th of September, 1744, the house was located on the site now occupied by the Soldiers' Monument. The location was approved, work upon the building was at once commenced, and pushed as fast as the means of the people would permit. It was completed and dedicated in 1747. This house was a large one for those days, and its "Bigness, Strength and Architecture," (page 139,) was much admired by our fathers, and a number of societies took it for a model in building meeting-houses in their several localities. It had doors for entrance on the west, south and east sides. The pulpit was on the north side, with a deacon's seat beneath it, in the fashion of those days. It continued to be used as the place of public worship till the dedication of the present church, January 13, 1819, a period of seventy-two years. It was then sold at auction in sections. The house now occupied by Ralph N. Betts,

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dentist, was constructed out of the materials of one of the galleries. Thus passed away the last "house of the sounding-boards" in this society.

[Second Meeting-House.]

Near the meeting-house, about where the mile-stone now stands, was a long, low Sabbath-day-House, a place in which to take refreshments between the two church services, and for social and religious worship, as the occupants might be inclined. It was built in two divisions, one for males and the other for females. A man made it his dwelling, and had it rent-free, in consideration of having it well warmed for the use of the owners during the cold weather. One or two individuals had smaller houses of their own, for private use, on the east side of the way, running by the church. It will be remembered that these houses were necessary, because the church was not warmed.

It was a custom of the early days, when the pastor entered the meeting-house to conduct divine service, for the people on the lower floor, to rise and remain standing till he had ascended the pulpit, where he made a bow, and the people in the galleries rose, and remained standing till he sat down, when the audience did likewise. Similar respect was shown him, on meeting him in the street or elsewhere. He was always invited to open with prayer all the business and freemen's meetings of the town. These were generally held in the church, and were fully attended. It was, emphatically, the age of respect for seniors and superiors. A tythe of such customs would not hurt us of the present age.

It may surprise us, at the present day, to learn that nearly the whole of Bear Hill and Ragland was laid out by the town, more than a hundred and sixty years ago, as a sheep-pasture, and made

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forever free for the use of all the inhabitants of the town, for the purpose of pasturage. But such is the fact, as will be seen by the following vote:—

"At a lawful town meeting the 8th March, 1705, It was voated and agreed that all the barehill and ragland, from the highway to the westside, through poplar meadow, down to the highway, from whiteoak through the Sawteeth, we say, all that is now common land unlaid out, is and shall be sequestered land for common, for the feed of sheep and other cattle forever, for the use of the inhabitants in genl." [1]

This is a pretty extensive pasture. It must be a tract of land two miles long, by more than a mile in width. How long it was used for this purpose is not now known. Farmers still use the land for this purpose, in their separate enclosures.

We may well imagine that, in the first settlement of the towns, the meeting-houses were without bells. Our first house was also without one. But the second meeting-house was provided with this convenient appendage. The first house of the mother church at Stratford, for some unexplained reason, had a bell, but ours, in common with other early churches, had none. The Stratford Manuel says:—"This fact in reference to it is of interest, and deserves to be remembered. It possessed a bell, with which the people were summoned to worship. How it came to be thus favored is not known, for it was the only church in all the colonies, where the people were not called together by "drum, the blowing of shell or horn." In the case of many churches, the people built a high sentry-box, and this answered the double purpose of a place of "look-out" for the sentry, who nightly, and sometimes daily, guarded the town against the incursion of the Indians, and a convenient place to drum for church on Sunday, for town meeting, and for the assembling of the train-band. Happily, there was no need, in our case, to build either a belfry, which was in the first age deemed rather a "device of Satan," or a sentry-box for the use of the inevitable drummer, for nature, in the convenient bluff, now occupied by the Masonic Lodge, had furnished a most convenient and beautiful substitute—being within a stone's throw of the meeting-house, the parsonage, and the then *center of the town*. Accordingly, we may well imagine the drummer upon the rock,

[1] Woodbury Town Records, 2 vol., page 1.

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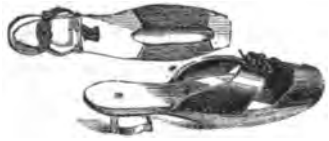
vigorously and skillfully plying his enormous drum, by the requisite beats called for in his triple capacity of civil, ecclesiastical and military official. For this matter was not left to volunteers, or chance, but like all other matters concerning the general interest, the affair, as well as the officer, was "well ordered."

[Drummer on Rock.]

We have seen that the first blacksmith "called" by the town, was Deacon Samuel Bull, of Farmington, and the first clothier here, and the first in the colony, for that matter, was Abraham Fulford, afterwards a leading citizen of the town. The first wheelwright was Samuel Munn, who had a home-lot granted him by the town in 1681. The first regularly appointed town miller was Ensign Samuel Stiles. Lieut. Joseph Judson, or Henry Hill, was the first ferryman over the Housatonic river. Doct. Butler Bedient was the first physician. But what was the name of the first shoemaker is not now known. Our grand-mothers could make the clothes of our grand-fathers, but they were not skillful enough to fabricate the enormous wooden shoes "of the period." That required a skill of which they could not boast—in fact, it required educated skill to make these enormous wooden affairs, a few of which remain in historical rooms to the present day, as interesting antiquarian debris of our youthful country. It is difficult for us to imagine how they contrived to accomplish the process of locomotion with such ungainly contrivances. But a little of the "vanity of this life" invaded the breasts of some of our stern and sturdy fore-fathers, and they even fell into the sin of indulging in "French falls," and, it is barely possible, they sometimes—the younger ones—even yielded to the seductions of enjoying, on stolen occasions, feats of the "light fantastic toe," *very light*, as will be seen in the truthful cut, taken from a pair of "French Falls" still in existence.



As the farms were pushed out into the valleys, and over the hills, beyond convenient walking distance, the proper means of locomotion became a subject of inquiry. Of wagon roads, there

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were none worthy of the name, down to the date of the Revolution. There were no carriages, and with so much else to do, the early fathers were excusable for not giving their attention to articles—to them—of luxury. Locomotion on horseback in the narrow roads and bridle-paths, was the only mode of passing any distance, except on foot. It is always well to take the best advantage of any conveniences we possess. Our fathers, accordingly, used saddles with a pillion or saddle-pad contrivance, hitched behind the saddle, by means of which, while the man bestrode his steed, his wife, or lady-love, sat securely behind, upon the pillion, her arm confidingly and lovingly encircling his waist for protection, and security from falling. In the poverty of the early days, not every family could own a horse and accoutrements, and so two neighboring families availed themselves of the services of one horse. One couple would mount and ride an equitable distance towards the sanctuary, dismount, tie the horse, and proceed on foot. A second couple, on foot, would come up and ride the remaining, or proportional distance, and so all finally arrived at church in time, and with hearts attuned by the exercise for the service that was to follow. It must have been, or rather would now be, an interesting and suggestive sight to see these devout worshippers thus hasting to the "hill of the Tabernacle," to unite in the service of God.

While the more remote worshippers thus proceeded to the place of devotion, those who resided within walking distance of the meeting-house, repaired thither on foot with their families, accompanied by the ever faithful musket, while sentinels paced before the church door, and at a specified distance in either direction from it. It must have been a picturesqe sight, to behold armed men with their families repairing to church, sentinels at each approach, with arms stacked before the church door. It was because of this danger from sudden incursion and attack, it is supposed, that the custom was initiated, of having the able-bodied men of the household sit, during service, at the head of the pews. In case of attack, the men could

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the more readily rush out to their stacked arms, for defence. But, in the most dangerous times, they did not run even this risk. Each man took his trusty weapon into church with him.

Although there are no relics in town, so far as we are aware, that were brought over in the May-Flower, in which, if tradition is to be believed, almost every ancient thing now in this country was brought over, yet there is in our bounds a looking-glass 250 years old, two paintings of about the same age, and one over 300 years old; a small brass tea-kettle, brought from Holland, about the year 1656, a gun made and dated in 1624, the "Pequot-gun," now held as an heir-loom in the Minor family, so-called from the alleged fact, that it had, during the French and Indian wars, been the instrument of death to forty red-skins, and an iron kettle, which is now in the possession of Treat Davidson, of Roxbury, and was brought to this country in 1660. It descended to the present owner from Nathan Botsford, one of his ancestors, who himself brought it from England. This is, no doubt, the oldest culinary vessel in the territory, and, sad to relate, it is no longer used for a culinary purpose. It has for some years been degraded to the sordid use of a hog-trough, by its irreverent owner!

For long years after the first settlement of the town, the forefathers were obliged to take their fresh fish principally from the Quassapaug Lake. Nor has it been disused for that purpose even to the present time. But, in these later years, it has become a place of great resort for pleasure parties of both sexes, who delight to visit its limpid waters, and sail over its fair bosom, gathering mosses on the shore, and lilies near its banks, breathing words of affection, of thought, and of deathless secrets, and uttering vows of eternal fidelity. A sweet serenity settles over the

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spirit, worn by life's turmoils, as one rocks listlessly and dreamily over its pellucid depths.

In these days of civilization and refinement, surrounded by the comforts, conveniences and luxuries of life, we can little estimate the hardships and difficulties encountered by the sainted men and women who first trod these smiling valleys, subdued the uncompromising wilderness, and made the howling wastes to "bud and blossom as the rose." Here they came, in their lofty trust, having no cover for their heads but the over-arching heavens, no lodgings for their weary and travel-worn bodies but such as nature afforded. The men of the present day may carelessly smile at the idea of our fathers' thinking so much of a journey to or from the sea-coast, or even from Woodbury to Bethlem, as we are told they did. But they forget the obstacles and dangers they had to encounter. They forget there were no public roads, and no vehicles, that could be employed for the transportation of their goods. There were no railroads, nor steamboats, running in all directions with the swiftness of the wind. The first females, as well as the males, went on foot, or on horseback, through a trackless wilderness, guided by marks upon trees, or feeling their way, wherever they could find room to pass. In the midst of the first drear winter their provisions gave out, and some of the settlers were obliged to take their way through the pathless forests to the older settlements for food to sustaim them during the remaining wintry months. Some of those sturdy men went to Stratford, a distance of twenty-five miles, with hand-sleds, and returned laden with corn for their pressing necessities. We can have but a faint idea of the dangers that surrounded those early founders, on such a journey, exposed to all the perils and privations of these interior forests. They were surrounded by numerous red men, fierce and cruel, who could have destroyed them at any hour, in their isolated and feeble condition. Added to their lack of bread, the pioneers had

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neither dwellings, nor clothing sufficient to prevent suffering. Should any emergency happen, they were cut off from any succor, or effective retreat. What a sad beginning had these now fair and opulent towns on the Pomperaug and Shepaug.!

It has been seen that all the ideas of our fathers were essentially religious, and that the pious sentiment entered into everything. Even in the exhibitions of the tender emotions, and in the preliminary ceremonies of a matrimonial alliance, they ever exhibited the same grave countenance, and air of devotion, as when going to a prayer-meeting. Perhaps they were the only people who treated the subject with the consideration due to that most important and indissoluble union of "Kindred hearts." But the "course of true love" was usually urgent. There was no time for "billing and cooing," much less for vain flirtations! As an instance of the way in which the thing was done, take the following characteristic example: John Minor, Jr., being seriously inclined, by the state of his affections, unto the blooming and comely damsel, Sarah Judson, immediately mounted his horse, and with a deer-skin for a saddle, rode over in front of the house of the fair Sarah's father. Without dismounting, he sent for her to come out to him, and on her complying with the request, he informed her plainly, that the Lord had sent him to marry her. At this startling announcement, the sensible maid, neither fainting in the present fashionable mode, nor asking time to consult her mamma, replied with hearty good will, "Here is the handmaid of the Lord —His will be done!" What else could the maiden do; for John was a good man, and she believed both him and his message! There was nothing more to be done, than to get on horseback the next Sabbath eve, and sitting on a pillion, behind her messenger from the Lord, ride to the parsonage, and be duly joined in the holy bonds of wedlock. Of the fruits of that primitive marriage, there are many representatives here to-day!

Doubtless the question has often occurred to each of us, how did our fathers and mother's dress? What were their costumes and fashions? By the indefatigable exertions of our "Antique Committee," at the Bi-Centennial celebration, in 1859, this question was very satisfactorily answered, by their actual, not "counterfeit presentment." We saw an "early father," a fine old English gentleman, in small clothes and coat of brown silk, white plaited ruffles, powdered hair, and cocked hat. We saw an "early mother," in ash-colored brocade, with white damask skirt, open in

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front, high-heeled shoes, with large buckles, and an enormous bonnet. We saw the Puritan costume contrasted with that of the Cavalier of the same age. But these were the holiday suits, brought from old England, and belonging only to the more opulent citizens. After the first settlement here, such rich articles for long years were "rarities under the sun." All the garments of both sexes were of homespun, of their own manufacture, from the raw material to the perfected garment. The small clothes, and even the coats of the men, were often made of deer-skins and leather. Nothing is more commonly mentioned in the early inventories of estates. And yet, amid all this rigid simplicity, the General Court, four years after the settling of Woodbury, passed an act against the excess of apparel among the people, as "unbecoming a wilderness condition, and the profession of the gospel;" ordering, that any person who should wear any clothing, that should be "apparently beyond the necessary end of apparel for *covering*, or *comeliness*," should, on due conviction, forfeit *ten* shillings for every offence! How great a commotion would be made by the passage of *such* a law, in these days of expanded crinoline, and of lengthened Shanghai coats!

One of the few luxuries of the early fathers was the fruit of the orchard, and the beverage made from it. The apple-tree was the constant attendant of the early founders of towns, and followed them in all their wanderings. They made haste, not only to "sit under their own vine," but as soon as possible, with equal satisfaction to sit under their own apple-trees. Nor, with all their stern morality, does it appear that they had the fear of a "Maine Law" before their eyes, for they freely granted the privilege of erecting "cyder mills," even in the highways, the place of greatest notoriety and temptation. These privileges were doubtless granted as a sort of set-off against their prohibitory law, which enacted that if any "Barbadoes liquors, commonly called Rum, Kill-Divell, or the like," should be landed in any part of the colony, it should be confiscated. There had been a still earlier law among the Pilgrims, abolishing the "vain custom of drinking one to another," assigning as reasons for the act, that "it was a thing of no good use," was an inducement to drunkenness, "occasioned much waste of wine and beer," and forced masters and mistresses "to drink more often than they would." I believe that the reasons given hold good to the present day, but *our* sage legislators never give a reason for *their* legislation.

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And thus we draw to a close our account of some of the leading events of the first hundred years in the history of the town. We have lingered over them, because they are fraught with great lessons for all the coming generations; because of their unique interest, and because their like will never come again. Well will it be for us and the inhabitants of the future times, if we shall labor as earnestly and worthily, and if we shall leave behind us, when we too, as we hope, shall have ascended to that "rest that remaineth to the people of God,"—work and results that shall equally embalm our names, and secure the like filial reverence of our posterity.

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CHAPTER V.

CIVIL HISTORY—CONTINUED—CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS.

TOWN BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF 1859; MASONIC CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF 1865; FIRST CHURCH BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF 1870.

THE town of Woodbury has become celebrated for its contennial celebrations. No town in the State has so thoroughly looked up its own history, and with becoming pride celebrated its leading events, and put its history on enduring record for the benefit of posterity. It has set an example, in this regard, worthy of the imitation of all our old towns. It arrests the attention of the young, sets before them all that is glorious in the past, and stimulates to a healthy emulation of right action.

On the 5th of July, 1858, a mammoth Pic-Nic was held upon the Orenaug Cliffs, at which were assembled some two thousand persons from the several towns of "Ancient Woodbury." The Hon. Samuel G. Goodrich (Peter Parley) delivered an oration, and the professional men of the town followed with short speeches. At the close of the day's entertainment, it was moved by William Cothren, and seconded by Rev. John Churchill:

"That a Committee of two from each of the towns once included, in whole or in part, in the ancient town of Woodbury, be appointed by the meeting, with power to add to their own number, and to appoint all necessary Assistant Committees, for the purpose of making efficient arrangements for the Historical Celebration of the Second Centennial Anniversary of the first Exploration of the Town, and the reception of the first Indian Deed, at Bethel Rock, on the 4th day of July, A. D. 1859, and also to in-

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vite gentlemen to deliver the various addresses, &c., of the occasion."

The motion was unanimously adopted, and the following named gentlemen were appointed such Committee:

William Cothren, C. B. Phelps, W. T. Bacon, P. M. Trowbridge, *Woodbury;*

R. W. Frisbie, S. H. Mitchell, *Washington;*

T. B. Wheeler, A. B. Downs, Col. C. Hicock, *Southbury;*

Abraham Beecher, H. W. Peck, *Bethlehem;*

H. B. Eastman, F. W. Lathrop, *Roxbury;*

N. J. Wilcoxson, Alfred Harger, *Oxford;*

Dr. Marcus DeForest, Jr., Leonard Bronson, *Middlebury.*

This Committee made all the necessary arrangements for the celebration, and adopted the following:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

JULY 4TH AND 5TH, 1859.

First Day—10 *A. M.*

Antique Procession, escorted by the Band and Roxbury Guards.

Ode, by the Choir—tune "*Bruce's Address.*"

Prayer, by Rev. R. G. Williams, of Woodbury.

Short Introductory Address, "Welcoming the Emigrants from Woodbury home again," by Nathaniel Smith, of Woodbury.

Music by the Band.

Historical Address, by William Cothren, of Woodbury.

Music by the Band.

Recess of one Hour for Refreshments.

Music by the Band.

Song—"The Pilgrim Fathers," by G. S. Minor.

Poem, by Rev. William Thompson Bacon, of Woodbury.

Ode, by the Choir—tune, "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Benediction, by Rev. Thomas L. Shipman, of Jewett City.

SECOND MORNING,—8 o'clock.

PRAYER MEETING AT BETHEL ROCK.

SECOND DAY,—10 o'clock, A. M.

Music by the Band.

Centennial Hymn.

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Prayer, by Rev. Friend W. Smith, of Woodbury.

Hymn.

Sermon, by Rev. Henry Beers Sherman, of Belleville, N. J.

Hymn.

Speech:—"The early Clergy of Ancient Woodbury," by Rev. Anson S. Atwood, of Mansfield, Conn

One Hour for Refreshments.

Music by the Band.

Ode, by the Choir—tune, "*Sweet Home.*"

Speech:—"The early Lawyers of Ancient Woodbury," by Hon. Seth P. Beers, of Litchfield.

Music by the Band.

Speech:—"The early Physicians of Ancient Woodbury," by David B. W. Hard, M. D., of Bethlehem.

Music by the Band.

Speech:—"The Founders of Ancient Woodbury," by Hon. William T. Minor, of Stamford.

Ode, by the Choir—tune, "*America.*"

Speech:—"The early Schools of Ancient Woodbury," by T. M. Thompson, of Woodbury.

Speech;—"Grand-children of Ancient Woodbury," by Hon. Chas. Chapman, of Hartford.

Speech:—The Cousins of Ancient Woodbury," by Hon. Henry Dutton, of New Haven.

Volunteer Speeches, by distinguished sons of Ancient Woodbury from abroad.

Reading of Letters and Odes prepared for the occasion.

Concluding Prayer, by Rev. C. T. Woodruff, of Woodbury.

Benediction, by Rev. Philo Judson, of Rocky Hill.

Hon. NATHANIEL B. SMITH, *President of the Day.*

Hon. D. B. Brinsmade, of Washington,
" Joshua Bird, of Bethlem,
S. W. Baldwin, Esq., of Roxbury,
Cyrus Mitchell, Esq., of Southbury,
Nathaniel Walker, Esq., of Oxford,
Leonard Bronson, Esq., of Middlebury,
} *Vice Presidents.*

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HENRY MINOR, *Chief Marshal.*

Assistant Marshals:

R. I. Tolles,	Elijah D. Judson,
George Camp,	Elisha P. Tomlinson,
Robert Peck,	James Stone,
Benjamin Doolittle,	Truman S. Minor,
W. C. McKay,	George P. Crane,
George Saxton,	James H. Minor.

This programme was carried out in full, as laid down. The Committee had sent out circular invitations all over the Union, cordially inviting the sons of Woodbury to return home and join us in the commemorative services. Notices had also been inserted in many newspapers, so that the invitation was widely and thoroughly disseminated.

The following action, which was decided upon in April, 1859, will explain itself, viz:

The *Indian* Deed given to the founders of Woodbury, in 1659, granted

☞ "*A parcell of Land, bounded as followeth; Potateuk River Southwest; Naugatunck River northeast; and bounded on ye northwest with trees marked by me and other Indians.*"

Potateuk river was the Housatonic, and the "marked trees" extended across South Farms west to the Housatonic river. All north of Derby then to this line was comprised in this deed, including Ancient Waterbury west of the Naugatuck, part of Litchfield and New Milford. The committee, therefore, considering these towns and the towns formed out of them, to be of near consanguinity to us:

Voted: "To invite our cousins, the towns of Waterbury, Naugatuck, Seymour, Watertown, Plymouth, Litchfield, New Milford and Bridgewater, to unite with us in our approaching Centennial Anniversary."

A committee appointed by the citizens of Woodbury, changed the place for the exercises selected by the vote passed a year ago on Orenaug Rocks, and secured the field of Mr. T. M. Thompson, directly east of the First Congregational Church in Woodbury. It was an exceedingly fine location for the celebration. The large tent of Yale College was procured and supplied with seats, speakers' stand, &c., and the still larger tent belonging to the

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Litchfield County Agricultural Society, was procured for the Pic-Nic provided by the Woodbury Ladies. A large tent was also provided for invited guests, besides a table set out under the apple trees, loaded with the various articles of the Antiquarian Pic-Nic proper, such as bean porridge, baked beans and pork, Indian pudding, &c., served up in the old style, in old pewter and wooden platters, with old pewter spoons, and other antique articles to match. Besides these, the General Committee furnished a tent for each of the other towns in which to hold their Pic-Nic, except Washington, which chose to furnish its own tent-cloth.

On the first morning of the celebration, the Chief Marshal, Henry Minor, Esq., made out the order of procession, as follows, viz:

A single Fifer and Drummer.
Antique Procession.
Masons.
New Milford Band.
Warner Light Guards.
President of the day.
Vice-Presidents.
Orator of the day and Poet.
Clergy.
The various Committees of Arrangements.
Emigrant Sons, &c., of the Territory.
Citizens at large.

The Chief Marshal wore the Revolutionary military undress of a Major-General, and Dr. Davis, of Bethlem, wore a military suit worn by Col. Bellamy in the war of 1812.

A cloudless sun rose over the fair valley of Woodbury, on the morning of the fourth, and the weather was cool and most delightful.

The day was ushered in by the booming of cannon and the ringing of bells, in the various parts of the town, in the most spirited and joyous manner. At an early hour the people began to fill the town, and at 10 o'clock, A. M., the streets were almost impassable. The people of Washington came under the direc-

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tion of Sherman Hartwell as Marshal, in a procession of more than a mile in length, escorted by the New Milford Band. In it were one six-horse team, loaded with fifty persons, ten four-horse teams, sixty two-horse teams, and fifty one-horse teams, with flags, banners, and some antique costumes. Much credit is due to Russell W. Frisbie and Thomas F. Brinsmade, for this fine turn out. Roxbury came out in her ancient strength. Her procession consisted of two hundred and seventeen teams, under the direction of Col. Philo N. Hodge, as Marshal. This processisn was rich in antique display, and contained several things worthy of special mention. Among them was a cart, bearing for a motto, "Days of Homespun," drawn by six yokes of oxen, the team of Ira Bradley, containing a flax-breaker, hetchell, flax cards, double flax spinning wheel, and quill wheel, all in operation, worked by ladies in antique costumes. The driver was Le Roy Bradley, in corresponding dress. Another wagon bore John A. Squire, of Roxbury, and twenty-two of his grand-children, while another still loaded with people in antique dress, bore a flag with the motto, "Times and Seasons continue—Manners and Customs change." This section was escorted by the Warner Light Guards of Roxbury, in a new and elegant uniform, under the command of Capt. Lewis Judd, who performed escort and sentinel duty during both days, and by the excellence of their military evolutions, the strictness of their discipline, and the gallantry of their bearing, might be favorably compared with many a veteran company, which had seen years of drilling. Southbury, also, turned out more than one hundred teams, under Charles Whitlock, as Marshal. All the other towns came with very creditable processions, besides the numerous conveyances crowded with people, who did not join any procession.

After the several delegations had arrived, the General "Antique Procession" was formed at about 11, A. M., on the green in front of Hon. N. B. Smith's dwelling house, at the location of the First Meeting House in the town. Under the effective arrangements made by N. Smith, Esq., and H. W. Shove. M. D, aided by Rev. Messrs. R. G. Williams and C. T. Woodruff, it became the marked feature of the occasion. It extended, while on its march towards the grounds, at least an eighth of a mile in length, exhibiting all the varying costumes of the last two hundred years. It was headed by an ancient drummer and fifer. Next came the clergy of the several towns, in bands and gowns, the clerical costume of

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clergymen of all denominations, less than two centuries ago. Among the clergy, Rev. R. G. Williams was particularly noticeable for the perfection of detail in his costume. Then came the Puritan costumes of two hundrtd years ago, worn by the Minors, the Judsons, the Curtisses, the Stiles, lineal descendants of the early settlers of Woodbury, succeeded and contrasted by ladies and gentlemen in the cavalier costumes of the same period. Some of these costumes were magnificent, and all attracted much attention. Succeeding the couples on foot, came others on horseback, the ladies on pillions. One couple attracted particular attention. They were Capt. Judson Hurd, aged 85 years, and Mrs. Harvey Atwood, aged 72, both dressed in ancient costumes, and riding a horse thirty years old. Then followed old chaises with couples clothed in the quaint fashion of other days. And here it should be noticed, that some of these antique costumes and dresses were *bona fide* relics of the olden times, descended as heir-looms from father to son. Nothing could be more curious than this procession of ladies and gentlemen; the latter gallanting the former in all the styles, from that of two centuries ago, down to the present time, the former displaying huge bonnets, high head-dresses, and gowns ranging in size from three breadths in a skirt to the ample dimensions of modern crinoline. The Masons and the general procession followed the antique, making a very imposing display. If the various processions as they entered the town, had been extended in one line, they would have reached the distance of three miles. Nothing in the whole course of the day's proceedings excited such general curiosity, conferred so much real pleasure, or gave so clear an insight into the past.

The procession moved directly to the speaker's stand, arriving there about half-past 11 A. M. The assemblage was, in all probability, the largest ever gathered together in Litchfield county, and far the greatest ever convened in the state on a similar occasion, numbering not less than fifteen thousand persons. Not less than five thousand of these were within hearing distance of the speaker's stand, part of them within, but more without the tent, which was open on all sides. The most effective arrangements had been made by the Chief Marshal for the preservation of order, and to his tact, and the aid of his excellent assistants, great credit is due. Everything was under perfect control. This vast multitude observed the strictest order, and there was no accident of any kind to mar the pleasure of the festive occasion.

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The exercises of the day at the stand where Hon. N. B. Smith presided in his dignified and excellent manner, were opened by the choir's singing to the air of "Bruce's Address," the

ODE OF INVOCATION.

BY WILLIAM COTHREN.

"Spirits of our sainted dead,
Heroes to these valleys led,
Sages of the hoary head,
Kindly o'er us bend;
Smile upon this classic hour,
To us children, give your power,
In this consecrated bower,
Us your glory lend.

"Pioneers of Pomperaug,
Dwellers near the Quassapaug,
By meandering Nonnewaug,
Hasten ye along;
Brothers near the Weraumaug,
By the cliffs of Orenaug,
By the falls of old Shepaug,
Help to swell our song.

"From the pines on Bantam's shore,
Softly whispering evermore,
Weekeepeemee's verdant plain,
And from Potatuck,
Come we with our offerings,
All our dear and holy things,
From each side the chorus rings,
E'en from Naugatuck.

"Here we come with earnest zeal,
Mindful of our ancient weal,
Memories bright to us appeal,
On this glorious day;
Here where Freedom's banner waves,
Here above our father's graves,
We, as erst the native braves,
Glad our honors pay.

"We revere those holy men,
Soon returned to heaven again,
But their works with us remain,
On this festive day;

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Thankful to our God above,
For their deeds of matchless love,
Their example let us prove,
While on earth we stay."

PRAYER.

A fervent and impressive prayer was offered to the Throne of Grace, by Rev. ROBERT G. WILLIAMS, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Woodbury.

The Emigrants from Woodbury were then "Welcomed Home again," by Nathaniel Smith, Esq., of Woodbury:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WHO ARE HERE AS RETURNED EMIGRANTS:

We have learned, as the preparations for this our Bi-Centennial Celebration progressed, that many of you would to-day revisit the scenes of your childhood; and have feared that among you there might be some whose old homesteads no longer echoed to familiar voices,—whose relations had gone out from among us, to a newer or a better land. Lest, therefore, any here should be sad for the lack of kindly greeting in their native valley, the citizens of Ancient Woodbury have directed me to bid you in their name, a CORDIAL WELCOME HOME AGAIN!

"We have invited you to unite with us in reviewing a history which is our mutual inheritance,—a past whose story is written all over these hills and valleys. Around us, smiling meadows and cheerful homes speak of the patient, unobtrusive toil that has wrought this "Dwelling in a Wood." Moss, gathered and gathering on the tomb-stones in our grave-yards, tells how long ago the early builders began to fall asleep. Their homes are our possession—their memory a legacy to all.

"We are happy to see you here, not only on account of the pleasure your presence adds to the general enjoyment; but more especially because your coming assures us that our history, and song, and services, are not the result of mere local pride, but that you esteem them, as we do, a proper tribute to departed worth, an expression of gratitude justly due from us on such an anniversary, to the noble and the good who have gone before. We commemorate no ordinary struggles and necessities of frontier life. We rehearse the fortitude and success of no common adventurers. Were those whose memory we are here to honor,

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mere first settlers, actuated by no higher motive than usually leads such into the wilderness, our theme would perhaps be unworthy of this occasion. The pioneer is rarely a man of exalted virtue. Hardy, courageous, and uncouth, he resembles those lichens, which, forerunners of vegetation, fix themselves on the barren rock, by their acids disintegrate its surface and assimilate its substance, till the soil adheres, the grasses grow, and waving flowers succeed them. Not such were the Puritan fathers. They were holy Pilgrims, and the place they sought became a shrine.

"To such a spot you return to-day—return to meet cheerful faces and hospitable dwellings. How different was their coming!

'The rocking pines of the forest roared,
This was *their* '*welcome* home.''

"They followed God's guidance into the wilderness, and brought His worship with them. Hardships were before, dangers around them: but they encountered all in that spirit, which instead of choosing castles, towers, or beasts of prey, the emblems of conquest and pride, for armorial bearings, placed three vines upon a shield, and wrote beneath,

"Qui Transtulit Sustinet."

"Behold to-day how He has 'sustained!' See it in these fruitful valleys! Read it in this happy throng! Truly it is not wonderful that a past thus begun and thus resulting, should move us to unite in public rejoicing. Let other and older nations do homage to conquerors and triumph in their battle-fields, New England celebrates her centuries, which bring down the Puritan's blessing to ever increasing thousands in her land of peace.

"Welcome, then, sons and daughters of Ancient Woodbury, who return as emigrants to-day—welcome to the land of your fathers, to the scene where we unite to do honor to their memory! How longsoever you have been absent, though you meet with few familiar faces, we greet you as old acquaintances, as near relations. And knowing that the child of New England never forgets his birth-place, though you have your habitations elsewhere, returning here, we bid you welcome HOME."

A historical address was then delivered by the author of this work, who introduced his subject as follows:

"We stand this day upon the grave of two hundred years. We have come with solemn awe and reverent tread to commune with the long buried past. We are assembled, on this anniversary

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morn, for the first time, in the long lapse of two centuries, to commemorate the deeds of our departed sires. We are come, after years of absence from the old firesides, to recall the memories and renew the associations of former days. Some of us come to look upon the old homesteads among the hills, and breathe a sigh over the moss-grown graves of ancestors long since gone to their rest. Some of us come to view the hallowed spot on which our eyes first saw the light; where we, in the hours of innocent childhood, received a father's and a mother's blessing, and where we, could we have *our* wish, at the close of a well-spent life, would yield our tired spirits up to the Giver of all good. We are this day surrounded with the results of all the labors of the past, and occupy the proud positions long years ago so nobly adorned by the sainted fathers and mothers who planted this fertile territory, and who, having ceased from their labors, have 'ascended into glory.' They have passed away to the land of spirits like the dissolving of a sunset cloud into the cerulean tints of heaven—stealing from existence like the strain of ocean-music, when it dies away, slowly and sweetly, upon the moonlit waters. We do well, on this glad day of liberty, to celebrate their lofty achievements, and do meet honor to their deathless names. If those revered spirits, who have so long enjoyed their sacred repose, can look down through the veil that obscures our view of Heaven, they will approve, with a smile of love, the design of our assembling here. And when, on the morrow, you shall leave this place to revisit it no more forever, you will feel that it has been good for you to have been here on this glad occasion."

Then followed a rapidly sketched epitome of the history of the town. The old first mill stone of 1681, being placed on a table, was used for a reading desk—rude memorial of the early days which has escaped the ravages of "time's effacing finger!" During the progress of this address various ancient articles were exhibited to the audience, some of which were thus described:

"Here is the ball which buried itself in the groin of Col. Hinman, where it remained for the long period of thirty-three years, when it was extracted by Dr. Anthony Burritt. On its passage it hit a bayonet by his side, cutting and flattening the edge as you see. And here is another Revolutionary relic, aye, a relic of the first days of the colony, two hundred years ago. It has been handed down from father to son, from its first known owner, Capt.

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John Minor, the Indian interpreter, and is known to be at least 220 years old. By closer inspection, I see the manufacturer's date upon the barrel is 1624. It was used in the Pequot war, in all the French and Indian wars, and in the war of the Revolution. It is said to have caused, first and last, the death of forty red men, and from this circumstance has been familiarly known as the 'forty Indian gun.' And here is still another relic of two centuries ago—the old arm chair of Col. Benjamin Hinman, brought from Stratford, and formerly the property of Francis Stiles. Here, too, is his pipe of peace, presented to him at the peace of 1783, with a request that he would smoke it as often as the 4th of July should return—a request with which he faithfully complied. Here, too, is a chair used by Gen. Washington at New York."

After recounting the various historical events in the proud history of the old town, the address closed with some reflections growing out of the circumstances attending the occasion:

"Thus have we wandered through the flowery fields of the past, plucking here and there a sweet garland of wild flowers by the wayside, and another in the cultivated gardens of advancing civilization, as best suited our purpose. We have endeavored, in our humble way, duly to reverence and honor the past. We have traced with pious toil the varying tints, the lights and shadows of the pioneer life of our sainted fathers, who occupied these seats before us. We have rendered them a willing and a filial tribute of love, duty and recollection. There is a pure and unalloyed pleasure in wandering amid the scenes and incidents of the long buried past. There is a sad, though ennobling interest in seeking the faintest recorded trace of the early fathers. The eye has kindled at the ancient glories, and the soul has been warmed with a placid flow of tender heart sympathies. In the wealth of the past, full well have we traced 'God's hand in history.' No inquiries can be more interesting to the intelligent student seeking guidance from the light of former days, and desiring above all to emulate that sublime intermixture of the true principles of stability and progress, so happily blended in the history of our forefathers. The feelings that prompt these filial inquiries are just and natural—they give birth to some of the dearest charities of life, and fortify some of its sternest virtues. The principle that prompts them lies deep within our nature.

"While rendering, therefore, due homage to the past, and

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profiting by all its honored maxims, we would not blindly worship it. In the proud consciousness of manhood, we should not fear the present, or its bold and startling issues, nor should we be distrustful of the future, and of the hidden mysteries it may have in store. We should not fear the rapid march of events across the stage of life. We would not build a fair superstructure on the ruins of former times, nor would we 'bind down the living, breathing, burning present,' to the mouldering though honored relics of the past. We would rather imitate all that was glorious in the acts and example of the 'men of seventy-six, the boldest men of progress the world has ever seen.' We would emblazon their great principles of conservative progress with a pencil dipped in fire. We are proud of the past, glory in the present, and look hopefully forward to the future. We do not even fear enthusiasts and ultraists, as from the collision of extremes comes the ever truthful mean. We would so mingle them that there 'should flow in harmonious procession the cadence of a history chiming on through the centuries, full of faith and praise.' We would fearlessly meet the issues we cannot avoid, while the past impels and the future summons us to prompt action, occupying as we do the great middle ground between the early age of planting and the bright harvest of the future, which stretches towards us its hands laden with ripened fruit. We would hasten to the golden fields and bright realizations of the days to come. Our acts are not for an age, but for all time.

"Glorious, thrice glorious is the day we celebrate! It is the two hundredth anniversary of the exploration of this valley, the one hundred and eighty-ninth of the gathering of the First Church, and the eighty-third of our national independence. On this glad day of liberty, what sacred emotions arise in the patriotic breast! How shall we rightly honor a day consecrated by the deeds of the noble men of all the past—not more the patriots who fought in the gloomy days of the revolution, than those who struggled amid the dangers of defenceless and remote forests. It has taken all the labors of our fathers, from the first hardy pioneer, to make the glorious present. We enjoy the fruits of all the toil and blood of our fathers for two hundred years. It is meet, then, that we greet with enthusiastic joy the smiling morn of the anniversary of that last, most daring and sublime of all the acts of our forefathers, the Declaration of Independence. It is well that we hail its annual return with the ringing of bells upon ten

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thousand hills; by the booming of innumerable cannon and smaller arms; by rockets, fire-works and illuminations; by solemn processions and grateful prayers to God; by stirring orations and patriotic songs! May the hymns of liberty never die out from our breezy mountains, nor the lofty sentiment of patriotism from our happy valleys! Let the glad echoes be repeated from the Eastern to the Western Ocean, and from the icy regions of the North to the sunny climes of the ever-blooming South!

"What shall be the developments and improvements in our highly favored territory, a hundred years hence? The answer to this question must depend mainly upon ourselves. Of all this vast concourse, not one will be here to celebrate the next centennial. Long ere another centennial sun shall rise over this lovely valley, we shall have experienced the 'last of earth,' and passed to join the innumerable company of the dead! 'The dead of old Woodbury! Lost, yet found forever—absent, yet present now and always—dead, but living in that glorious life, which, commencing on the confines of time, spreads onward and ever onward through the endless ages of eternity.' Then let *us*, by the nobleness of our conduct, and the purity of our lives, eschewing all low delights and jarring discords, strive to add our mite to the great and good history of our sainted fathers, who have 'ascended into glory.' Then will our children, as they shall, with wet lids, assemble here, a hundred years hence, to commemorate *our* history, be enabled to say of us, 'they wrought well, and have received the reward of their labors,' Then shall our fame, as well as that of those glorious men who have already entered into their rest, be perennial with our noble language, in which it is recorded, now 'spread more widely than any that has ever given expression to human thought.'"

At the close of the address, after music from the Band, the vast multitude repaired to the tents, provided with an abundance of eatables by the good ladies of the several towns, where they were hospitably entertained. In a brief space, the people were again summoned to the stand, and the exercises were opened by music from the Band, followed by the well-known song, "The Pilgrim Fathers," sung with fine effect by Gilbert Somers Minor, an aged man of silvery locks and long white beard. Then followed a Historical Poem by Rev. William Thompson Bacon, of Woodbury.

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Mr. Bacon is a native of Woodbury, and the chief poet of all the ancient territory. He has written much and well, but no effort of his pen ever did him more credit than his poem on this occasion. We will quote a passage or two, applicable to this history, which may serve as a sample of the whole. Describing the advent of our fathers in this valley, to found a new town, he says:

"It is a thought of beauty and of fear,
To look upon those lonely wanderers here,—
The first white men that ever stood upon
This ancient soil, or look'd upon the sun,—
And try an instant to call up the power,
That lay upon their souls in that still hour!
Was it not solemn, as they paused to view
The embracing hills, or look'd upon the blue
Broad heaven, that, like a canopy, came down,
And rested on the circling mountains' crown,
They all alone, alone, amid the scene,—
A solemn, silent, wilderness of green?
O, had some power, one little moment then,
Flashed through the minds of these heroic men,
The mighty future, from the distance caught,
With all its splendid wealth of soul and thought,
It's strength and beauty, innocence and truth,
And reverend age and loving dreams of youth,
Each age successive gathering up the past,
Till the bright present on their souls was cast,—
Would there been wanting to that spot and time,
One single element of the grand sublime?—
And would they not have trembled, in each sense,
At God's unfolding, mighty Providence?

"These brave men scoured the region all around,
Sought every spot, and all its promise found,—
The gentle valley and the rounded hill,
The winding stream and solitary rill;
Each opening vista through the forest glade,
And every charm by freak of Nature made,—
From the cool grotto, where the brooklets run,
To splinter'd peak, tall black'ning in the sun;—
At last, discovering what they came for, pleas'd
With what they'd purchas'd, not, like robbers, seized,
Back to old Stratford's strand they turn once more,
And tell the wondrous story o'er and o'er.

"Roll back the tide of time! and let us stand
Two hundred years ago, with that brave band,

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Who, from the hill, that, westering, skirts this scene,
Looked down upon its rolling forests green,
And, gazing, as they might, with strange surprise,
Let the whole mighty landscape fill their eyes!

"Roll back the tide! and let us, as we may,
Group, in our thought, the picture of that day,—
Of that brave band along the forests led,
Now climbing steeps, now where the waters spread,—
Startled, how oft, to catch that sound of fear,
The bark of cat, or yell of mountaineer,—
Till where yon mountain rising to the blue,
Gave all this glorious landscape to their view!

"Far to the north, hills over hills survey,
Till their blue tops are mingled with the day;
Far to the south the widening vale extends,
Whose wealth of splendor every beauty lends;
Far to the west, in wide succession spread,
Valley and hill, and jutting mountain head;
While right before them, 'neath the morning sky,
Nature's wide wonders all, were in their eye!

"I wonder much, if those broad-breasted men,
In that rough age—(it will not come again—
Should not perhaps)—I wonder if they view'd
As we, this mighty stretch of wave and wood!
The Spring's first bird was whistling in the sky,
The fragrant birch its tassels flaunted nigh;
Through the moist mould, in beauty ever young,
Tall ranks of flowers on every bank were flung;
Far by the streams, as here and there they view'd,
The classic willow, by the brook-side stood,
Trembling all over in the morning's beam,
Or playing with its shadow on the stream;
The young winds bore their fragrance all about,
Mingled with hum of bee and torrent's shout,
And the wide air with all those sounds was filled,
That fancy ever dream'd, or heart has thrill'd;—
I wonder how those men, of stalwart mien,
In that sweet morn looked forth upon the scene!

"One mighty purpose all that age had fired,
One mighty aim each swelling soul inspired;
One truth, fast lock'd, in every soul was kept,
That conscience guarded, and that never slept;—
Man came from God, in his own image made,
And by that charter certain rights conveyed;—
Those rights long trampled by an hireling throne,

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Had sent them forth, to ways and wilds unknown;
Here on bleak shores, soft breezes seldom press'd,
Here mid rude scenes, gay fancy seldom dress'd,
Alone, mid death, in want of all but worth,
They battled for the noblest prize on earth,—
Man in his native dignity to stand,
Himself a prince and ruler of the land!

"Small time had they then for the mere ideal,
Their love was truth, their present life all real;
They walked the world, faith's vision never dim,
Saw not God's *works*, they only gazed on *Him!*

"Tell me, ye sons of that imperial race,
Imperial only, as their truth ye trace;—
Those brave men, scorning courts, and kingly crew,
And only daring less than angels do;—
Tell me, if prince or nobleman there be,
Can boast a prouder ancestry than we!"

At the close of the poem, which occupied an hour and a half in the delivery, the assemblage united in singing an original congratulatory, and reminiscient ode, furnished by the writer of this. Then followed the benediction, by Rev. Thomas L. Shipman, of Jewett City, Conn., formerly Pastor of the Congregational Church in Southbury. The invited guests then scattered among the hospitable homes of our town, and never was their hospitality taxed to so great an extent before or since. Happy greetings of friends, and long deferred reunions were the order of the hour that will never be forgotten while life remains.

On the morning of the second day, at eight o'clock, about one thousand persons convened in that sacred dell in the thick woods, on the east side of the Orenaug Rocks, half a mile from the village, which was consecrated by the prayers and praises of the early fathers, and by them called Bethel Rock. This meeting was held for the special purpose of commemorating this most interesting fact in the history of our revered ancestors, and the occasion was one long to be remembered by every devout heart.

Rev. Robert G. Williams, pastor of the old Pioneer Church, opened the meeting by giving out one verse of the hymn commencing—

"Be Thou, O God, exalted high,"

which, being sung with great solemnity, in the ever welcome air

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of "Old Hundred," Dea. Eli Summers was called upon to lead in prayer, which he did, after making some feeling and appropriate remarks. Then followed the reading of portions of the 28th and 35th chapters of Genesis, which contain the account of Jacob's setting up a stone to indicate the place where God had talked with him, and naming it his Bethel; which passages occasioned the giving by *our* falhers of the name of Bethel Rock to this beautifully wild and secluded place of prayer and communion with God. Then followed, in rapid succession, appropriate remarks by Mr. B. H. Andrews, of Waterbury, Rev. Anson S. Atwood, of Mansfield Centre, Dea. Truman Minor, of Woodbury, and Rev. Philo Judson, of Rocky Hill. Mr. Judson became much affected while giving reminiscences of the great and good men with whom he had communed in prayer in this sacred retreat, in former years, and who now rest from their labors till the "Great Day of Accounts." Then followed the hymn—

"Once more, my soul, the rising day," &c.

Rev. Benjamin C. Meigs, late missionary to Ceylon, where he had labored for more than forty years, now led in a beautiful and impressive prayer, after having made the following remarks:—

REMARKS OF MR. MEIGS AT THE BETHEL ROCK.

My Friends! I feel that it is good for us to be here. Here is the place where our Puritan fathers assembled to worship God, before they had any sanctuary built for this purpose, and while their savage foes roamed in these forests. In this beautiful ravine, under these sheltering rocks, by setting a watch on younder point, they could worship in comparative safety. Hence the name by which this place is known—"Bethel Rock." Surely the God of Bethel is here this morning. "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." May we not suppose that our pious forefathers are now looking down upon us, while we are gathered together in this consecrated place of worship? With what delight will they behold this assembly, while we pour out our hearts before God in prayer?

A few appropriate remarks by Dea. Judson Blackman, were followed by a prayer from Rev. Anson S. Atwood, and the singing of a verse from the ninetieth Psalm. The regular exercises being now closed, a few moments were spent in hearing volunteer

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remarks, when the audience united in singing the verse, commencing—

"Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,"

Then followed the brief concluding prayer, by Rev. Philo Judson, and the benediction by Rev. Austin Isham, of Roxbury, and this solemn and interescing occasion was numbered with the events of the past, an event never to occur again during the life of any soul present at the revered spot. Many lingered, as if unwilling to separate, and many more procured and carried away portions of the rock and moss, to be treasured as sacred mementoes of a hallowed spot and a sacred scene.

At ten o'clock, a procession was formed in the same order as the first day, with the exception of the "antique" portion of it, which was omitted, and marched to the Tent, escorted by the Band and Warner Light Guards.

The services were opened by music from the Band, followed by reading of the following

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

BY REV. WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON.

Supposed to be sung on the spot where the Pilgrim Settlers held their first Sabbath Worship.

Here, then, beneath the greenwood shade,
The Pilgrim first his altar made;
'T was here, amid the mingled throng,
First breathed the prayer, and woke the song.

How peaceful smiled that Sabbath sun,
How holy was that day begun,
When here, amid the dark woods dim,
Went up the Pilgrims' first low hymn!

Look now upon the same still scene,
The wave is blue, the turf is green;
But where are now the wood and wild,
The Pilgrim, and the forest child?

The wood and wild have passed away;
Pilgrim and forest child are clay;
But here, upon their graves, we stand,
The children of that Okristian band.

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An exceedingly eloquent, fervid, and appropriate prayer was then offered by Rev. Friend W. Smith, Pastor of the Methodist Church in Woodbury.

Then followed a sermon by Rev. Henry Beers Sherman, of Belleville, New Jersey, a native of Woodbury. It was a labored and finished production, and gave great pleasure to the friends on the occasion.

At the close of the sermon, short speeches, in reply to previously prepared sentiments, was the order of the day, and constituted one of the most interesting features of this most memorable occasion.

The first sentiment was,—"The early Clergy of Ancient Woodbury," and was responded to by Rev. Anson S. Atwood, of Mansfield Center, Conn., a native of Woodbury. A passage or two will show the character of the effort, and will be read with pleasure:—

"Zechariah Walker was the first Pastor of Ancient Woodbury. It is a good name—*Zechariah*—it is a Bible name, and he was a Bible man. The church was organized in 1670, and he assumed the pastorate. And if tradition tells the truth, and the little of history that has come down to us, may be credited, he is not to be numbered among the *minor* prophets of his day and placed on the last leaves of the Bible. He was not an ordinary man, but made of sterner stuff—a man for the times and the work Providence had for him to do; every way worthy to be the minister of that little adventurous band, who came from Stratford to explore and seek a home in the wilderness of Pomperaug; and when they reached the elevation of that western summit, and had gazed and gazed again upon the valley, the object of their search, reposing at their feet in all its primitive beauty and loveliness, they fell on their knees in gratitude to return thanks to God, and John Minor offered that memorable prayer, which your own historian has recorded—a prayer for a divine blessing on their enterprise, and that they might have an upright and godly posterity in all coming generations. A prayer that has proved well nigh prophetic for ten generations of the descendants of some of these pioneers.

"Yes, Zechariah Walker was fitted for such an enterprise, casting in his lot with theirs, comforting and cheering them on in their toils, labors, sacrifices and perils in the wilderness, in laying the foundation of a new order of things.

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"For a few of the first years of his ministry, the place of worship in the winter was the log cabins of his parishioners; in the summer, the *Bethel* rock was his sanctuary and altar, the beat of the drum his bell, the heavens his sound-board, his chorister unknown, but perched on a rocky eminence might be seen the sentinel watching the approach of danger, while they bowed the knee of devotion before God. There, in the solitude of the forest, the glad tidings of the gospel were heard by attentive ears, and the songs of Zion were sung by strong and joyful hearts.

"History says of him, that he had a sound mind, was a powerful and pungent preacher, that he lived in harmony with his people thirty years, died beloved, and sleeps in death with those to whom he ministered.

"Anthony Stoddard followed in the pastorate in 1702. A part of his name *Roman*, but all the rest of him was *Stoddard*, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; and he had a brave, strong, Christian heart, that beat full and clear, as it sent out its pulsations through all the channels of the duties of his sacred office. Who was his father? Whence came he? We have the answer. He had an enviable descent, from one of the ablest divines New England had raised on her soil. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, Mass., was that father, who had few equals, if any superior, in the ministry of that day. He was of a liberal heart, and he gave to the cause of Christ some *large donations*. He had a daughter, Esther, much beloved, and he gave her away to be the wife of the Rev. Timothy Edwards, of East Windsor, Conn., and the mother of the immortal Jonathan Edwards. He had a son, Anthony, equally beloved, and he gave him to Ancient Woodbury.

"This son honored his parentage. His intellect and furniture of mind were of a high order; and one would think from the amount of labor he performed, his mind must have been kept from rusting. He must have had almost a giant's strength, to have, in no unimportant sense, discharged the duties of *three* professions: that of a pastor, a physician, and a counsellor or judge, while, it is said, he neglected no part of the duties of the ministry. It was from a necessity of the times that all these labors devolved upon him. It must be remembered, that education was almost entirely with and in the hands of ministers in the early infancy of our colonial State. Hence, they had to do many things that belong to other professions. To teach school-masters, and fit them for their work,

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draw deeds, wills, keep records, and even be judges, in some cases, of probate. Many of these burdensome duties pressed upon Stoddard, but he met them cheerfully, manfully devoting soul and body and every energy of his being to the advancement of the best interests of his flock, temporal and eternal, and not without blessed results. A long, prosperous and happy ministry of sixty years crowned his labors. The divine approbation set its seal to his ministry, in permitting him to see almost constant additions to the church through the whole period of his ministry, numbering in all four hundred and seventy-four persons.

"At an advanced age, having served his generation faithfully, he came to the grave, "as a shock of corn fully ripe," and his record is on high.

"Noah Benedict, the third pastor of Ancient Woodbury, was ordained October 22, 1760. We now come within the recollection of living witnesses, to speak of a man whose name is hallowed in the memories of many who have gone before me. You remember him well—remember him as you remember no other minister you ever knew, and loved him as you never loved any other man. Nor can I think you wrong in it. My earliest years were impressed with the godliness, purity and excellency of his character, as I heard it from parental lips with so much adoration and veneration, that I came to feel, long before I knew him, that he was something more than a man. I am not alone in this impression. I have heard grave and venerable men, in the profession and out of it, say of him, that "he was born a minister, lived a minister, died a minister, and could not, if he would, be any thing else but a minister;" a minister at all times, in all circumstances, in the pulpit and out of the pulpit—a *noble* minister—a Nathaniel indeed, in whom there was no guile.

"There are three men, of the good and the great that I have known, that I would like much to hear pray again, of all men I ever heard pray, if they might come back to the world for a brief space. Noah Benedict, his Deacon, Matthew Minor, and Azel Backus. They are better employed. I recall my impertinent wish.

"The venerated pastor of whom I am speaking, and Benjamin Wildman, of Southbury, were near neighbors, and long tried and intimate friends; very different were they in natural temperament and ministerial gifts and graces. I remember an anecdote I heard in my youth, illustrative of the two men. Said one of their brethren, who well knew them both and their different gifts, in a circle

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FIRST CHURCH, WOODBURY, CONN.

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of Christian friends on a certain occasion, "Give me Benedict to pray, Wildman to preach, and I get as near to God and Heaven as I ever expect to while in the body."

Next followed well approved speeches by Rev. Thomas L. Shipman, of Jewitt City, Conn., on the "Departed clergy of the present generation," and Truman Minor, a deacon of the First church, on the "Pioneer Church" of Woodbury.

After another re-union at the refreshment tents, the booming cannon, and the music of the Band, again called the delighted multitude to the Speakers' tent, where the exercises of the last afternoon were opened, on the part of the choir, by singing with hearty joy, the following

ODE.

BY WILLIAM COTHREN.

Air—"*Sweet Home.*"

Thrice welcome the day which now brings to the mind,
The deeds of our fathers, so noble and kind;
An incense of sweetness breathes out on the air,
The incense of welcome, the incense of prayer.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
No place like our firesides,
No place like our homes.

The earth has grown old for full many a year,
Since the people of God came to worship Him here;
And the graves are moss-grown of the sturdy old stock,
Who prayed in their Bethel, the shade of the Rock.

Home, &c.

Oh! shades of the mighty, most faithful of men,
Will the meed of your virtues e'er greet us again?
A halo of glory surrounds each fair brow,
Which shall shine in yon Heaven forever as now.

Home, &c.

Then followed a speech in reply to the Sentiment, "The Early Lawyers of Ancient Woodbury," by Hon. Seth P. Beers, of Litchfield, Conn., a native of Woodbury.

He spoke with much feeling, having been absent from the home of his birth nearly sixty years. A few passages of his speech are appended, of biographical interest, now that he has passed away to his great reward:—

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"I go back to *seventy-eight years ago;* and from that standpoint glance over the succeeding time.

"In yonder mansion, late the residence of the much lamented and Hon. Charles B. Phelps, on the *fourth* day of July, 1781, was found *puling in its nurse's arms, a* CHILD—now, the humble individual who addresses a generation that knew not Joseph.

"My coming hither to-day, seems a completion of the circle of my life. It brings me round to the point whence I started, and connects the termination of the line with its beginning; amid the scenery of my early days the experiences of my early life come back to me.

"And now while here, a *reminiscent*, with the aid of objects around me, which call to mind the early events of a life which must soon terminate, and of which the present generation possesses little if any knowledge, my thoughts naturally linger upon that early portion of my life, which was passed in this my birth-place.

"Whatever opinions may be entertained by others on this subject, so far as it respects myself, there is no part of my life to which I recur with greater satisfaction, or of which I am more proud, than the first chapter of my history. It would deface the rest, if that were obliterated from the account. Some person has said, (I don't remember who—but am willing to stand sponsor to the sentiment,) "*the best and most important section of every man's life is its first.*" I go back, therefore, to my *best*, and begin with the beginning.

"I can say of myself, that I am 'native and to the manor born;' and if I am entitled to indulgence anywhere, for lingering upon personal details, I may fairly claim it here. As no person will be likely to undertake my biography, I may as well, perhaps, do it myself.

* * * * * * * *

"I can answer as to my own family, who were all here in force when I emigrated, that the name of Beers has become extinct in the town; and all that now remains here of the Beers blood has flowed back into a branch of my mother's family, and the name is lost in that of Preston.

"The annals of my father's family are for the most part to be found upon the monuments in yonder grave-yard. With the exception of myself, the solitary remainder of a generation that has passed away, and a few descendants of my sister, all are gone. Having reached that extreme point in human life which is close

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upon fourscore years, though still in the enjoyment of health and strength, and hardly feeling in its full weight the burden of my years—for which I bless God, and am thankful,—I cannot but feel that my coming hither on this occasion is as a bringing together the two ends of the line, and a making up of the circle of my history. FAREWELL.

An extended and studied speech by David B. W. Hard, M. D., of Bethlehem, followed in answer to the Sentiment, "The early physicians of Ancient Woodbury."

The next Sentiment, "The founders of Ancient Woodbury," was most eloquently and appropriately responded to by Ex-Gov. William T. Minor, of Stamford, a grandson of Woodbury. In opening, he said:—

"It has given me great pleasure that I have been able to accept the invitation of your committee and be present with you to join in these commemorative services. Since my arrival here last Saturday afternoon, from what I have seen and heard, I have been somewhat disposed to doubt my own identity. I am inclined to the opinion that I ought to have been "Deacon Minor." I rather think I ought to have been. I am certain that if I had been, and discharged faithfully the duties appertaining to that office, I should have been a much better man than at present; but as I am, it has long been a cherished wish of my heart, to visit the home of my ancestors; to look at the spot which gave them birth, at the playgrounds of their childhood, at the old school-houses in which their education was commenced, and in many instances, finished, at the fields cultivated in their middle age, at the houses which sheltered their old age, at the churches where they ever worshipped, and at the grave-yards where now rest all of their mortal remains. Until now the active business of life has prevented the accomplishment of that wish. I only regret now, as I look upon your beautiful hills and valleys, and partake of your generous hospitality, that duty has been so long neglected. One of the most obvious reflections forcing itself upon the mind, as the eye passes over the immense concourse here assembled, is, what numbers of the descendants of ancient Woodbury, have come together here, from all parts of our common country; the merchant from his counting-room, the mechanic from his work-shop, the farmer from his field, the professional man from his office, the authoress from her study, bringing with her poetical garlands all green and fresh—all leav-

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ing behind the active, stirring scenes of life, some to clasp the hand of living friends, fondly welcoming them; others, to drop a tear over the graves of departed ones—all to commemorate the virtues of the founders of Woodbury.

"Although I mingle with you but as a grandchild, of this good old town, yet I doubt not my appreciation of its growth and prosperity will be as true, and my relish for these exercises as keen and hearty, as of the children and immediate heirs; from all of us a tribute of admiration and respect is equally due to the virtues, the true nobility and the undying energy of its founders."

In closing, he gracefully alludes to the fathers:—

"If the spirits of those good old men, who, two hundred years ago, stood on Good Hill, surveying the prospect before and about them, could be brought back to-day, and placed upon the exact spot where first they looked upon the valley of Woodbury; if they could look upon these side hills, all luxuriant with vegetation, these valleys all dotted over with beautiful residences; if they could hear the hum of industry from mountain top and valley, and above all, could they look upon this immense concourse of their descendants, prosperous, happy and contented; if their view could be extended over the thirty-three States of this confederacy, teeming with a population everywhere busy and active, just now engaged in commemorating the birth-day of the government whose protecting power guarantees to all its citizens life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, they would feel that their first prayer offered up in this then wilderness, had become prophecy, and that their great faith had been more than realized in its results. Such were our ancestors, the founders of Woodbury; they did well the work alloted for them to do, each in his own sphere. Erect for them the monumental stone! Cherish well their memory in your hearts; above all, guard with fidelity their principles which you have inherited, that on our government may be inscribed "*Esto perpetua.*"

"A word more, and I have done. It is said that communities, as individuals, when they commence to exist, commence to die. With reference to this, I will close with offering the sentiment—

"Woodbury.—Its head-stones in 1659, may its foot-stones be in eternity."

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The whole audience then united in singing, with great enthusiasm, the following

ODE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Tune—"*America.*"

All hail our brothers, friends!
Each heart a welcome sends—
Come neighbors, come!
Meet where your fathers dwelt;
Kneel where our mothers knelt;
Think how they toil'd and felt,
In the old home.

Two hundred years ago,
Old men, with heads of snow,
Bared to the breeze,
'Mid a wild Indian band—
By the red council brand—
Grasped the proud chieftain's hand,
Under the trees.

Soon the log cabin stood,
Deep in the hemlock wood,
Hid by its green;
Sons rose to aid the sire,
Red shone the "fallow fire,"
Up rose the rustic spire,
Peaceful, serene.

As forest leaves are shed,
All round a silent bed,
Under the sod;
There follow'd sire and son,
Each when his race was run,
And all his work was done,
Going to God.

If angels wander by,
When hearts beat warm and high,
Our sires are here;
Thankful that liberty
Has set their children free—
Smiling with sympathy,
Gladness and cheer.

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Sons of that pilgrim few!
Souls that are firm and true!
Hail ye the day!
Our union is glorious,
Our strength all victorious,
God reigneth over us,
Praise Him alway!

Hon. Charles Chapman, of Hartford, a grand-son of Woodbury, next responded to the sentiment, "The grand-children of Ancient Woodbury."

We have looked this speech through carefully, to see if we could make an extract, which would accomplish at once the purposes of this volume, and, at the same time, do justice to one of the most valued, warm-hearted, and genial friends, the author has ever possessed. He has now passed the "bourne whence no traveller returns," and no more beautiful and graceful garland can be placed upon the grave of the gifted and eloquent speaker, than to present his offering of friendship and love entire. He said:—

"Having been called to respond to the toast last announced, I ought perhaps to imitate the example of the politicians, and 'define my position.' The nearer we can approach to the common grand-mother, on this occasion, the better pleased we are; but, truth to tell, I am but a great-grandson of 'Ancient Woodbury.' The difference, however, may be of *minor* importance, (if the Governor[1] will excuse the use of the word in that sense,) inasmuch as all the grand-children are *great* grand-children to-day.

"There is in the human heart an instinctive love for the place of one's nativity. The youth who leaves the paternal roof to seek his fortune elsewhere, keeps the old homestead in view, toils on to acquire a competency, and when he has achieved the end for which he has labored many years, returns to the place of his birth, repurchases the paternal acres, which have passed into other hands, and rears a more expensive edifice upon the spot where the old mansion stood. He adorns and beautifies the old farm, enriches the old fields, plants hedges where the old walls stood, and calls the place by a fancy name.

"Of a kindred character is the regard which one feels for the home of his more remote ancestors, the spot where the family took root in the then new world. This sentiment will show itself in various ways. It 'crops out,' (in the language of the miners, I

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mean the *miners* in metals,) from time to time, and on this occasion may be observed upon every hand. The remote descendants of the early settlers in this lovely valley are here in great numbers, and others residing in distant regions have sent their contributions to this festival in letters, relics, and touching sentiments.

"I have been commissioned by one of these descendants to present to the town of Woodbury some tokens of his regard, which I trust you will carefully preserve in the archives of the town. I will read to you my "Power of Attorney," (excuse the language of the profession,) and when you hear that, and the name of the man from whom it comes, you will regret with me, that he can not be heard from this stand, upon an occasion so well suited to his tastes as this is. You will recognize in him the historian of Hartford.

"HARTFORD, July 1st, 1859.

"Hon. CHARLES CHAPMAN:

DEAR SIR:—In compliance with your solicitation, I take pleasure in sending, through you, some memorials for the forthcoming celebration of the settlement of Ancient Woodbury. They are, a piece of the wood of the far-famed Charter Oak, a view of this Monarch Tree as it looked in life, and a view of it as it looked in death, the morning after it fell. It was within the period of the birth of Woodbury—but a few years only after the Stileses, and Curtises, and Judsons, and Minors, first settled there—that Sir Edmund Andros made his impotent attempt to seize and invalidate that noble Charter under whose folds Samuel Sherman and his associates obtained liberty from the General Court "to erect a plantation at Pomperaug"—and those, the early dwellers there—in common with the Colonists of Connecticut at large—rejoiced, then in the olden time, in that gnarled old Oak, which protected their Constitution of government, and saved their liberties—liberties which have never since been overthrown—but which—consecrated by the sacrifices and services of her sons in the councils and on the battle-fields of the Union—are now, thank Heaven, "imperishable and impregnable."

"Pleasant, therefore, I have thought it would be to the descendants of the first settlers of Woodbury, to receive the particular

[1] Gov. Wm. T. Minor, who was sitting on the stand.

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memorials which I commit to your charge. A thousand interesting historic associations cluster around them. They vividly renew the Past. They point to an heroic age for Connecticut. They should incite patriotic emotion. They should teach us all to love and honor our State as it has loved and honored us.

"I am myself, Sir, a descendant, in the fourth generation, of that worthy and distinguished divine, who, for nearly sixty years, ministered in Ancient Woodbury—the Rev. Anthony Stoddard—and I therefore feel a special gratification in the fact that the birth of this town is to be duly celebrated, and that you, Sir—one of its grand-sons—are to mingle, actively, in the "high festival." Few municipalities in Connecticut can point to a more historic past than Woonbury. Its Indian, civil, ecclesiastical and Revolutionary life—so admirably portrayed by its historian, Wm. Cothren, Esq.—place it among the first of our towns, and justify its good repute. That the celebration in which its citizens propose to indulge, may prove gratifying to themselves—may call up gladdening memories—may glow with the spirit of patriotism—and augment their love for their venerable and happy home, is the hearty wish of, Yours truly,

I. W. STUART.

[Then Mr. Chapman exhibited the block from the Charter Oak, the picture of the tree as it appeared when standing, and after it was prostrated by the storm.]

There are others, and many others, who are neither inhabitants of Woodbury, nor descendants of those who were, who feel a deep interest in its history, and in these festivities, which mark the two hundredth anniversary of the exploration of this valley. Your industrious and talented fellow-citizen, William Cothren, Esq., has done much to create and foster this interest, by his carefully prepared work—a work that does honor to him and to you, and which is a most valuable contribution to the history of our State.

Our own poetess, who is *the* poetess of Connecticut, *par excellence*, has committed to my hands a little "gem of purest ray serene" from her casket of jewels, which she has authorized me to present to you on this occasion. She rejoices in your history, as you do in her well-earned fame. Like another eminent lady who went from among you in her youth, (*Mrs. Ann S. Stephens*,) and who has contributed to this Festival by her presence and by her pen, she has risen to her enviable position in the world of letters

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by her own merit. Long may she live to entertain us by her works, and teach us by her example.

RETURN TO WOODBURY.

Back to the hills by summer-breezes courted,
  Back to the ancient roof, the shaded plain,—
Back to the play-ground where their fathers sported,
  The summon'd children turn their course again.

And as the Fountain loves the tuneful voices
  Of her far streamlets, whereso'er they tend,
And at the echo of their fame rejoices
  When nobly with the ocean-tide they blend,—

So this fair Region—rich in vales and waters,
  Swells with maternal pride her flowery zone,
At this re-union of her sons and daughters,—
  And in their well-earned honor finds her own.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Hartford, June 28th, 1859.

There is another of the other sex, who is bound to you by no tie, but who has yielded to my request, and sent a sparkling contribution to this intellectual banquet. He may be known to some of you as a regular contributor to the Knickerbocker, and as an occasional correspondent of some of the journals in this State. He would enjoy this scene, were he present, and for his sake and yours, I regret his absence. I suppose I ought to tell you who he is. He is one of my fellow-citizens, who deals in iron for gain, and courts the muses for fun—brimful of mirth and with a wit that is keener than a Damascus blade. He is a living refutation of the truth of a paragraph in Hudibras, to the effect that

"A man of quick and active wit
For drudgery is more unfit,
Compared to those of duller parts,
Than running nags to draw in carts."

Alike a man of business and a poet, success attends his efforts in both departments.

"Our friends, the Clergy, who have figured so largely and so successfully in these exercises, will pardon the spice of levity which may, by a careful examination, be detected in the verses which I am about to read. Yes, I know they will. I see it in their benevolent faces, and I remember, too, that the holidays of the

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Clergy are "few and far between," and I am persuaded that they enjoy this to the very "top of their bent."

"But it is time I should tell you the name of my friend who has been so kind to us all. It is George H. Clark, and here is what he sends "greeting," as the Lawyers say:

GEO. H. CLARK'S WOODBURY CENTENNIAL POEM.

Mysterious notes were abroad on the air—
Significant hints of some weighty affair:
Rumors increased till they rose to a shout,
And now we all see what the stir was about.

Ye modest admirers, who've nothing to say,
Make room—for spread eagle is coming this way,
We stand, as it were, in our forefathers' shoes,
And the time for tall talking's too precious to lose.

Here frolicsome age shall grow young at the core,
And youth shall strike hands with the boys of threescore;
Brim full of good feeling—Oh! call it no folly—
We've assembled on purpose to laugh and be jolly.

Ye attorneys—turn over a holiday leaf;
The facts are before you—and here is the brief!
So give us as much as you please of your jaw,
But don't, if you love us, don't let it be law.

Ye grave Boanerges—who thunder at sin,
Let your features relax to a good natured grin:
Pretermit theological chafing and chat,
And talk about buttercups, birds, and all that.

Forget, O my friends, in this glorified hour,
The Parson who vanquished that dreadful pow-wow-er;
But remember the Backus and Bellamy jokes,
And up and be merry like rational folks.

Sink the shop, O ye trader in dry goods, to day,—
Just look at the prospect right over the way!
Don't the sight of the Pomperaug hills and green valleys
Beat all your gay patterns on muslins and challies?

Ye medical men—whose dreams are of drugs,
Omit for a while your professional shrugs:
Give the go-by to boluses, blisters, and nux,
And think of the dandelions, daisies, and ducks.

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Ye farmers—the nearest to Nature's own breast,
Who draw from her stores what her children love best;
Who irradiate towns with fresh butter and cheese,
And tickle our palates with lamb and green peas;

We remember your haymows so fragrant in June;
Your pumpkins, as large and as round as the moon;
The green corn we roasted and ate on the sly,
And the rye 'n 'ndian bread, and the—Oh! let us cry!

It makes my mouth water to talk of such things,—
The truth is, you farmers are Nature's own kings:
And the queens!—would you see the true test of their worth?
Just look at those boys! arn't they proud of their birth?

Of course, we'll remember, and speak of with pride,
Seth Warner, and others who fought by his side:
And grand Ethan Allen—the hero all over—
Who conquered Fort Ti, in the name of Jehovah!

Historians assert that you'd only one witch—
But history makes an unfortunate hitch;
For witches still flourish—as witness the groups!
Though for halters and faggots you substitute hoops.

Then a health to old Woodbury—merry or grave—
And long in the land may her progeny wave,
Nor forget where their excellent grand-mothers sleep,
While their own little babies are learning to creep.

"Now, my friends, I have disposed of the props upon which I have relied to sustain me in the event, that my own thoughts should fail. I am left to my own resources, and begin to be apprehensive that you may be mirthfully inclined when I am serious, and seriously disposed when I am gay. Topics were plenty, yesterday morning, but in the two days' speaking they have been, for the most part, used up. All the leading features in your history have been passed in review. Those men who have distinguished themselves most among you have also been already noticed. Of some of them too much could hardly be said. First and foremost among the intellectual giants in our State, was the Hon. Nathaniel Smith, who was born and lived, until his death, within the ancient limits of this town. He was indeed a great man. Without the advantages of early culture, he worked his way to the front rank of the legal profession, at a period when the ablest men,

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who have been known in the courts of this State, were in full practice. He stood among them *primus inter pares*. As an advocate he had great power, and his efforts were attended with marked success. At a later period he was an ornament to the Bench, and has left a record upon the pages of our Reports of which the worthy President here, (his son,) may well be proud.

"I must be indulged in saying a few words of another member of the profession who has recently passed away. He was one of the originators of this celebration, and one of the Committee to carry out the plan adopted a year ago. The vacant chair upon the stage draped in mourning, reminds us of him, who, had he lived, would have mingled in these festivities with a keen relish. He (the Hon. Charles B. Phelps) was a man of genius, and a highly respectable member of the Bar. A ready debater, he was always equal to the emergency of an occasion. He had a keen wit and overflowed with humor.

"A merrier man
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

"He had, moreover, a kind heart, which displayed itself on all suitable occasions, and long will he be remembered for his many good deeds. You will hardly "look upon his like again."

"You will pardon me for speaking a word of another gentleman of another profession, who has long since gone to his rest. I mean the Rev. John R. Marshall, who was the first Episcopal clergyman in this town. He was an eminently good man, and much beloved by those to whom he ministered in holy things. He planted a vine here which he carefully nurtured while he lived, and which flourishes now in full vigor. He closed his ministry here with the termination of his life, leaving behind him many blessed fruits, "Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

"There are many others who have distinguished themselves here in the different professions, and many who have gone from among you, and distinguished themselves elsewhere, who deserve to be mentioned on this occasion, did time permit. There have been, too, very many equally worthy and estimable men, who never attained to any particular prominence in the eye of the world, men who pursued the noiseless tenor of their way, but who have done their share in building up your institutions, and in making this valley bud and blossom. They were the fathers and the grand-fathers

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of many whom I see before me, and this gathering attests the interest which their posterity feel in their memory. While the blood of some of them courses in the veins of their descendants, their names have become extinct among you. This is true of the names of my maternal grand-father and grand-mother, (Perry and Beers,) names once well and favorably known here. One of the latter name (*Hon. S. P. Beers,*) has addressed you to-day, but he has resided elsewhere for more than half a century. From his account of himself, nearly seventy years ago he had the ambition to sit cross-legged upon a tailor's bench, but because perhaps (in the language of the old song,) "the money came slowly in," he concluded to pursue the legal profession, supposed by some to be more productive. It would seem from his statement that he is now an old man, which, from his full head of brown hair, (which I envy,) and his youthful appearance, we should all doubt, had we not confidence in his veracity, and did we not know that he had been the popular commissioner of the School Fund, since the earliest recollection of the "oldest inhabitant." The sons of many have emigrated to other portions of the country, and thus have their names become extinct here. The daughters, although eminently worthy of trust in all other particulars, cannot be relied upon to bear up a name. In this particular, however honest they may be, they resemble the most practiced rogues. They are, with now and then a solitary, (not to say melancholy exception,) in search of an *alias*, and are quite sure to find and adopt it. I have always wondered why they mark their linen with their maiden names. Nearly two days have been spent here in glorifying our grand-fathers. But there has been, as there now is, a "better-half" of humanity, of whom I have heard nothing said. I marvel that such an omission could have occurred in such a presence. A "mutual admiration society," composed exclusively of men, I confess is not to my taste. We have heard much about great men —good men—valiant men—self-taught men, and about "all sorts and conditions of men." It has been from the beginning—men—men—men; nothing but men. Had they no mothers—no wives? Men have indeed fought the battles of the country; felled the forest trees; tilled the earth, and toiled in the different professions and trades. But woman has toiled too amid dangers which appalled the stoutest hearts. She has braved suffering in its countless forms, such as woman only knows, and submitted to privations with a patient meekness of which woman is alone capable.

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In the early settlement of the country, the mother nursed and reared her own children; was mistress and servant; carded the wool; spun it into yarn, and made it into cloth. She was her husband's and boy's tailor, her own and her daughter's milliner and mantuamaker; and in a word, discharged every domestic duty unaided. It is not strange that such women should have reared such sons as we have been boasting about here for two days.

"Let us do fitting honors on this occasion to the female character. Every man who has risen to distinction in any of the walks of life, is indebted to his mother for those traits of genius which he inherited from her, and those habits of thinking and of action, which are the result of her early teaching.

> "The mother in her office, holds the key
> Of the soul: and she it is who stamps the coin
> Of character, amd makes the being who would be a savage,
> But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.—"

"How dear to us is the sacred name of mother! She it was whose loving care and ceaseless vigilance protected and nurtured us in helpless infancy. We learned from her those earliest lessons which are most deeply impressed upon our memories, and which time does not obliterate. Our recollections of a mother's love, a mother's care, a mother's patience, and a mother's forgiveness of our faults, freshen and become more and more tender, as our shadows lengthen upon the dial. It is to her we owe all that we are and all we hope to be.

"I might speak of woman in the relation of wife, and of the love, respect, and kindness which she deserves as such. She is sought and won, forsakes father and mother, and cleaves unto the husband. With an amazing confidence, she entrusts her happiness, her all, in his hands. She shares his sorrows, participates in his joys, labors for his advancement, and occupies the position in life in which his success or misfortune may place her. If we loved her when seeking an alliance, how much more tenderly should we feel toward her, when she has committed herself to our fostering care, and has become the mother of our children.

"There is still another relation in which I might speak of woman. I mean as daughters. None but fathers know aught of the emotions of a father's heart toward them. With what solicitude do we watch their growth and development. With what intense interest do we gaze upon their budding beauty, and varied accom-

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plishments. With what tender affection do we cling to them, and how they wind themselves about our hearts. And then, endeared to us as they are, and in the flush and beauty of their youth, we are called to relinquish them into other hands, as their mothers were relinquished to us. Then we know for the first time, what the yielding to our request cost some few years ago.

"Were there time, and were there not some Governors, Lawyers, Doctors, and Clergymen yet to speak, and whom you are anxious to hear, I should be pleased to enlarge upon this *fair* topic; but even at the hazard of standing between you and those gentlemen for an unreasonable time, I could not say less. When I look upon this immense audience, and especially upon this bed of flowers before me, in which I see the spring violet, the summer rose, and the dahlia of autumn, all in bloom at the same time, as if the three seasons had been consolidated, I wish we had another day in which we could say what we feel and think.

"Since my earliest recollection, great changes have been wrought in this valley. The stately elms and maples that line the way southward to the western limit of the village of Southbury, were in their infancy fifty years ago; but now they spread their giant arms in every direction, and are models of strength and beauty. This was then a sparsely settled village; but since that period it has undergone such alterations as to change its appearance altogether. Then it was purely an agricultural town; but now it derives its prosperity in a degree from the successful prosecution of some of the mechanic arts.

"The men of that day have been for the most part gathered to their fathers; but I recognize in some of those here, the family likeness, and hear on every hand the familiar names. The names of Stiles, Curtiss, Hinman, Sherman, Judson, Atwood, Strong, and many others, are still preserved, and last, but not least, you have 'saved your Bacon.' We had yesterday afternoon a taste of the attic salt which gives it value.

"In conclusion, let me congratulate the originators of this celebration, and all who have been interested in it, upon the singularly fortunate circumstances attendant upon this Festival. The heavens have smiled upon us—no accident has occurred to mar the festivities of the occasion—and the re-union has been one of unmixed enjoyment. We can be present but upon one such occasion in a life-time. Here we have renewed old friendships, and I trust have formed new ones of an enduring character. Many a

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history will date from this occasion, for it would not be strange if some, who have met here for the first time, will pursue life's journey hand in hand—will 'climb life's hill together,' and when the journey is concluded, will 'sleep together at the foot' the sleep of death. The youth of both sexes here present, will excuse this public allusion to a delicate subject, which may have found a place in their private thoughts.

"Now, my friends, I must take my leave of you. There is a small army of orators behind me, who are waiting for turns, as the old settlers waited at the old mill; and there are many here whose thoughts, radiant with beauty as they are, will not find vent in words. We part with pleasant recollections of this memorable interview, which we shall cherish while we live."

Hon. Henry Dutton, of New Haven, a native of Watertown, within the limits of the Woodbury deed of 1659, responded to the sentiment, "The Cousins of Ancient Woodbury."

MR. PRESIDENT:—An incident has occurred since I have been on this platform, which has almost induced me to withdraw. The distinguished gentleman from Litchfield related an anecdote, which seemed to reflect upon the honored practice of "cousining." Now as I am here only under that long established custom, and have no right to be heard, except as a remote cousin of Woodbury, had I not felt the utmost confidence in the friendship of that gentleman, I should have been disposed to take offence. I have been somewhat reassured, however, by the course taken by the eloquent gentleman who has preceded me. When that gentleman,

"Whose head is silvered o'er with age,"

but whose

"Long experience has [*not*] made him sage,"

and whom I have known for many years as a grand-father, comes here and palms himself off as a *great-grandchild* of Woodbury, I trust I shall be excused if I claim the relationship of only fourth cousin."

Gov. Dutton then proceeded to give some very interesting reminiscenses of the men of the early and the Revolutionary times, to the great interest of the audience.

Samuel Minor, Esq., of Sandusky, Ohio, a native Woodbury,

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then spoke to the sentiment, "The Emigrants from Ancient Woodbury," as follows:"—

MR. PRESIDENT:—Under a brief notice, I am desired to make a few remarks in behalf of the Emigrants from Ancient Woodbury, those who have left these hills and valleys for distant abodes, and returned to unite in this festive occasion. In their names, we tender most cordial thanks, for the invitation we have received, to visit our paternal homes—to gather again around the domestic hearthstones, and to sit again in the old arm chairs of our ancestors.

"Personally, this occasion has a special interest, for around the residence near by, and the grounds on which we are assembled, are gathered all the associations of a New England Home. Here were spent my childhood and youth, and here were received those instructions prized higher than any other legacy earthly parents could bestow. The rocks and trees and hills are as familiar as household words. When I call to mind those who have fallen asleep, and look upon those who live; when recollection runs over the reminiscenses of the past, and then turn to the present, the soul is filled with emotions which can not be uttered, and I can only exclaim in reference to this loved spot, as can each returning wanderer as to his own:

'Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like our old firesides,
There's no place like our good old homes.'

Those of us who have removed from among you, observe with peculiar interest one feature of this celebration, and that is, the presence of so many of advanced and maturing years, so many bright links connecting the past to the present, so many Elishas, upon whom have fallen the mantles of the Elijahs that have gone before; and when I speak for myself, I speak for all who reside in the newer States, and assure you, there is nothing we there so much miss as the presence of good old men. Happy is that community which is blessed by many of them. It is for you, my aged Fathers, to remember, that, as physical strength diminishes, the fruits of a worthy character are ripening, and the fragrance of useful lives is being shed abroad over the community. Your influence, like gravity, is silent, but powerful. To you we look with confidence and respect. We feel that you have imbibed the spirit

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and principles of our Puritan ancestors, and are manifesting these principles in your lives, and that you have thus become, not only sons of the past, but fathers of the future.

"But time is passing. Again, we thank you for this occasion; we thank you for the hospitality and kindness received, and for the able addresses we have heard. We thank you for the influence your character still exerts, and that, as we wander over the earth, we are enabled to point with pride to New England, with pride to Connecticut, with pride to Woodbury.

"Permit me, in behalf of my adopted, and also my native home, without disparagement to others, to close with this sentiment:

"OHIO—Noblest of the Western States.

"CONNECTICUT—Parent of the best part of Ohio."

Dr. Leman Galpin, of Milan, Ohio, a native of Woodbury, next spoke of the early days, and gave pleasing reminiscenses of early life, followed by Gen. William Williams, of Norwich, who congratulated us on our successful celebration, and invited the inhabitants of the town to be present at a like celebration, to be held at Norwich in the succeeding September. Gen. Williams' remarks were followed by the reading, by Rev. Robert G. Williams, of an interesting poem by Miss Hortensia M. Thomas, now Mrs. Elam B. Burton.

Rev. C. Trowbridge Woodruff then read, with admirable effect, the closing poem of the occasion, written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the distinguished authoress of New York, a native of Ancient Woodbury:—

"We have met—we have met, by the graves of our sires,
Where the forest once reddened with war council fires,
Where the smoke of the wigwam, while curling on high,
Left its bloom on the hemlock,—its cloud on the sky.

"Let us turn from the brightness of this happy hour,
Two centuries back, when the savage held power,
From the Naugatuck, sweeping through gorges and glen,
To the bright Housatonic and onward again.
Here a wilderness spread in its wildness and gloom,
Revealed by the starlight of dogwood in bloom,
And the broad rivers ran in the flickering shade,
Which the pine trees and cedars alternately made.
Here the chiefs gathered wild in their gorgeous array,
And their war-path was red at the dawning of day,
Along the broad plain where light lingers clear,
Came the crack of the musket—the leap of the deer.

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" When the leaves of the oak were all downy and red,
And the wild cherry blossoms were white overhead,
When the buds and the sap of the maple were sweet,
And the child lay asleep on the moss at her feet,
Here the squaw sat at work in the cool of the trees,
While her lord roamed at will, or reclined at his ease,—
This—this is the picture all savagely grand,
Which our forefathers found when they sought out this land.

" The contract was honest our ancestors made
When they found the red warriors, lords of the shade;
They came not to wrangle or fight for the sod,
But armed with the law and the blessing of God,
With the gold they had won by privation and toil,
They purchased a right to the rivers and soil.
Then their cabins were built, and they planted the corn,
Though the war-whoop soon answered the blast of the horn,
And the sound of the axe as it rang through the wood
But challenged a contest of carnage and blood.
Still, upward and onward in peril of life
They planted our homesteads with labor and strife,
For labor is mighty, and courage is grand,
When it conquers the foe as it toils with the hand.
While the war-cry resounded from valley and hill,
The smoke of the fallow rose steady and still;
If a cabin was burnt on the hills or the plain,
A score of stout hearts piled the logs up again.
If famine appeared, it was not to one roof,
For charity then had its power and its proof;
No mortar stood empty while one teemed with corn,
For of danger and want is true brotherhood born.
Thus our forefathers worked, and our forefathers won
The wealth we inherit from father to son,
Till their heads grew as white as the snow when it lies
On the pine branches lifted half-way to the skies,
And they laid themselves down in the ripeness of years,
While a new generation baptized them with tears.
While the meeting-house, crowned with its belfry and spire,
Takes rose-tints from dawn—from the sunset its fire,—
While our homesteads are built, where the log-cabin stood,
And our fields ripen grain to the verge of the wood.—
We ask for no trophies to tell of their deeds,
No thunder of cannon, nor tramping of steeds,
For each wild flower that springs to the smile of its God,
Has written their virtues abroad on the sod.

" We have met—we have met, in the bloom of the year,
The first glow of summer encircles us here;
The sunshine is warm on the ripening fruit,
And the whip-poor-will sings when the robin is mute;

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Our mills as they toil through their burden of grain,
Send over the waters a mellow refrain.
While the wind whispers low as it whispered to them
And sways the pale rose on its delicate stem,
Our souls as they feel the melodious thrill,
Send up a thanksgiving more exquisite still,
And our fathers might bend from their heaven of bliss,
To smile on a scene of rejoicing like this.

Rev. C. T. Woodruff, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Woodbury, then said the concluding prayer.

Rev. Philo Judson, an aged clergyman of Rocky Hill, Conn., a native of Woodbury, after making the following remarks, pronounced the benediction, and the great assembly broke up, to meet no more on a similar occasion, within our beautiful valley:

"MR. PRESIDENT:—This is a glorious and interesting day to Woodbury. I am proud to say that I am a descendant of the Pilgrim fathers.

"I have attended celebrations before, but never one equal to this. It excells all that have been held in this State.

"This morning we met for prayer at Bethel Rock. My friends, my feelings and emotions were such as language cannot describe. We stood on sacred and holy ground. There our Pilgrim fathers and mothers worshipped on the Sabbath for about eight years, during the summer season. The over-hanging rock, as you saw, is perhaps 300 feet long, and very high. Our fathers, seated by this rock, would to some extent be shielded from the storms. Sentinels were placed on the top of the rock, so as to give the alarm if the Indians approached. There was a stone pulpit, as you saw. O! what prayers were there offered by our fathers. Prayer-meetings have been held there, more or less, ever since. In 1811, I attended a prayer-meeting there with Dr. Azel Backus, Dr. Bennett Tyler, Dr. Lyman Beecher, Rev. Messrs. Clark, Harrison, and others. It was one of uncommon interest and solemnity—we wrestled with God in prayer.

"Woodbury has produced more great and eminent men than any other town of equal size. Dr. Dwight, of Yale College, remarked, that Hon. Nathaniel Smith's native talent was superior to that of any man he ever met. He had not his equal in this State—some say, not his equal or superior in New England.

"This has been a glorious celebration. Even our friend, Hon. Charles Chapman, of Hartford, comes here to share in the glory,

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trying to claim some relationship here. We had supposed he had popularity and glory enough in Hartford for any one man.

"But he labored very hard, as you have seen, to make out that he was the *great-grandson* of *somebody* in Woodbury! I do not know but he made it out, because he will make out *anything* he undertakes.

"But while listening to his spicy, eloquent, and able speech, I believe we should have been willing to adopt him as a *grandson*. At the next centennial celebration, they will probably be willing to adopt him as a *son!*"

"The Historical address by William Cothren, your able historian, was very learned, interesting, eloquent, and instructive. He is deserving of much credit, and has done immense service to the community, in giving us the History of Woodbury. It is an able work, and must have required much persevering research. It is read with deep interest by those away from Woodbury. Many lay it on their tables, next to their Bibles. It is read by those that are not descendats, with great interest. It is a very popular work among intelligent and literary men. Its interest will increase as time passes on. In fifty or one hundred years from this time, it will be read with tenfold more interest than now, even in Woodbury. It will go down to generations yet unborn, and be considered as one of the most interesting of histories. Cothren's name will be immortal—remembered as long as time shall endure. Many will rise up and call him blessed!

"Woodbury has sent forth more ministers than any other town within my knowledge. Nearly eighty heralds of the cross have descended from the loins of the first William Judson. Many of them have borne his honored surname, and many others have borne the honorable names of the female alliances. They have preached the Gospel far and wide, and their labors have been greatly blessed. None can estimate the great and good results which have arisen from the labors of the ministers who have gone out from Ancient Woodbury. Eternity alone can unfold them."

Very interesting letters were received from numerous sons and descendants of Woodbury, for the occasion, which, for want of time, could not be read, but they were all published with the proceedings of the celebration. Among these contributors were, Hon. John Lorimer Graham, of New York, Hon. Charles J. Hill, of Rochester, N. Y., Hon. John Sherman, of Ohio, Hon. Royal R. Hinman,

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of Hartford, Rev. Samuel Fuller, D. D., Col. Henry Stoddard, of Dayton, Ohio, Hon. Thomas B. Butler, Chief Justice of Connecticut, Col. John E. Hinman, of Utica, N. Y., Jonathan Knight, M. D., of New Haven, Prof. Harvey P. Peet, of New York, Hon. Henry Booth, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Rev. Rufus Murray, of Detroit, Mich., Hon. Hiland Hall, ex-Gov. of Vermont.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

The weather, during the two days devoted to the exercises, was clear, cool, and delightful. It was a general remark that Providence seemed to smile on the celebration. The immense concourse of people exhibited very great interest in the proceedings, which never flagged during the extended exercises, and constant sittings of the two days. There was a generous and intelligent appreciation of the intellectual feast prepared for them on this occasion, never excelled at any similar celebration. Although the labors of the Committee were severe and painful, beyond the comprhension of many, and might exceed the belief of all, yet its members felt fully compensated for all their pains and toil, by the expression of entire satisfaction and approbation, on the part of the people, which greeted them on every side. So far as we know, every hearer, whose voice was heard, declared the celebration to have been an *unbounded success.*

On the Sabbath preceding the 4th, allusions to the approaching celebration were made in several of the Churches in town, and an appropriate welcome to the returned emigrants from the old town extended. In the First, or old Pioneer Congregational Church, the oldest by many years in this county, the pastor, Rev. Robert G. Williams, read a sermon, preached by Rev. Anthony Stoddard, its second minister, on the 6th of July, 1754, to the same Church, in presence of the levies, raised to march against Crown Point, in the old French War. The sermon was written on leaves about three inches square, and showed evident traces of the patriarchal age of one hundred and five years. The historical associations which clustered around it, the place, the identical manuscript, the very presence in which we were assembled, listening to the same words which our fathers, who have been slumbering for generations in the old church-yard, heard on that occasion, so

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momentous to many hearts, wrought up the imagination to a temporary companionship with the silent shades of the spirit land. It was a fitting introduction to the exercises of the celebration, that was so soon to occur.

It was not a small matter to feed and shelter the vast multitude assembled at the celebration. But the most ample provision to meet the exigencies of the occasion had been made by the ladies. Tents had been prepared by the Committee, for each of the towns once included within the limits of Ancient Woodbury, "with ensigns flying," to direct the people to the proper places. There was also a tent appropriated to the use of invited guests from abroad. In these the multitudes united in a mammoth Antiquarian Pic-Nic. No price was demanded, but like the sunshine, all was free. But the antique pic-nic proper was celebrated beneath the deep blue sky, within the shade of some large apple-trees, spread on old tables, covered with pewter platters, wooden trenchers, pewter and wooden spoons, and all the antiquarian articles that had been preserved, and handed down to us from "former generations." The viands consisted of bean porridge, baked pork and beans, Indian pudding, hominy, rye and Indian bread, and numerous other primitive dishes. Mrs. N. B. Smith presided over the table arrangements for Woodbury, with that ease and grace for which she is so much distinguished, aided in the most effective manner by nearly all the other ladies of the town. In all the tents the tables groaned with abundance, and were set out with a taste in arrangement, and excellence of viands, rarely equalled on any similar festive occasion. Great praise was awarded to the ladies for the indispensable aid they furnished at the joyous festival.

Among the many pleasing incidents of the celebration, was the reading of the beautiful and thrilling poem, in the preceding pages, of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, a native of "Ancient Woodbury." There was a soul, and an emotion, pervading the whole of the production, that showed the heart of the writer was in the subject; and so striking was its effect on an audience wearied by the almost uninterupted exercises of ten hours, that when the reading was concluded, and the writer advanced to the front of the stand, and moved three cheers for the "Poetess of Ancient Woodbury," it was responded to by the great assemblage, with an enthusiasm which must have been grateful to the distinguished authoress, who was, at the moment, sitting quietly upon the stand.

An attempt was made to keep a Register of the names of all

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who attended the celebration, with a view to preservation. The request that every person would register his name, was announced from the stand. But owing to the great multitude, and to the fact that every moment was occupied with interesting public exercises, very few complied with the request.

Among the distinguished persons in attendance, besides those already named, we noticed the following named persons; and doubtless there were many others, whom we did not see in the crush and hurry of the occasion;—Hon. John Boyd, of Winchester, Secretary of Connecticut; Hon. Origen S. Seymour, of Litchfield, Judge of the Superior Court, with his son, Edward W. Seymour, Esq.,; Jonathan Knight, M. D., of New Haven, Professor in Yale College; Hon. Ralph D. Smith, of Guilford, a native of Southbury; Hon. William B. Wooster, of Birmingham; E. B. Cooke, Esq., Editor of the Waterbury American; Rev. J. M. Willey, of Waterbury; Hon. Judson W. Sherman, Member of Congress, of Angelica, N. Y.; Hon. Green Kendrick, of Waterbury; Nathaniel A. Bacon, Esq., of New Haven; William Nelson Blakeman, M. D., a distinguished physician of New York, and a native of Roxbury; Charles Nettleton, Esq., of New York, a native of Washington; Hon. Samuel G. Goodrich, of Southbury, late Consul at Paris, the well-known "Peter Parley;" C. S. Trowbridge, Esq., of Auburn, N. Y.; R. F. Trowbridge, Esq., of Syracuse, N. Y.; Rev. Charles W. Powell, of Middlebury; Alexander Frazer. Esq., of New York; Rev. C. S. Sherman, of Naugatuck; Rev. Abijah M. Calkin, of Cochecton, N. Y.; Rev. Ira Abbott, of Southbury; Rev. Jason Atwater, of West Haven; Rev. J. K. Averill, of Plymouth; Rev. E. Lyman, and Hon. Charles Adams, of Litchfield, Editor of the Litchfield Enquirer.

Among the venerable men of other days, we noticed on the stage, Capt. Judson Hurd, 85 years of age, so active and vigorous, that he had ridden on horseback in the morning, with his "lady love" of 72, on a pillion behind him. We also noticed Dea. David Punderson, of Washington, aged 86, Nathaniel Richardson, of Middlebury, aged 85, and Mr. William Summers, of the ripe age of nearly ninety years, a resident of Woodbury, and the oldest man in town.

The extended and efficient arrangements of the General Committee, for providing strangers with accommodations and protection, were thoroughly carried out. Perfect satisfaction and quiet reigned throughout the celebration. More than fifteen hundred

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visitors were lodged in the town the first night, and in the other towns of the ancient territory, at least twice that number. All the inhabitants threw open their doors, and from ten to seventy-five persons to a house found quarters for the night. Even our least opulent citizens displayed an anxiety to add to the general enjoyment of the occasion. As an instance, Mr. Harry H. Fox, who, certainly, is not much blessed with this world's goods, fed twenty-six persons, and lodged twelve. We have not yet heard of an individual who was not provided with reasonable accommodations.

A very pleasing feature in the "Antique Procession," not before noticed in these pages, was the fine turn-out of King Solomon's Lodge, No. 7, of Free and Accepted Masons, of Woodbury, in the splendid regalia of its mystic brotherhood. This is not only one of the oldest lodges west of Connecticut river, having received its first charter in 1765, from the Provincial Grand Lodge of the Colony of Massachusetts, but it has been one of the oldest and most respectable in the State, both for the number and character of its members. It was with becoming pride, that they joined in the antique portion of the proceedings of the festival, celebrating at once the antiquity of the town, and the establishment therein of their own ancient, benevolent, and honorable fraternity.

The music of the occasion was furnished by the New Milford Band, in a highly creditable and satisfactory manner. During the evening of the first day, it serenaded the orator of the day, and other residents connected with the active exercises of the occasion. In short, every part of the programme was well performed, and the whole celebration was pronounced by all present to be a perfect success. As it was the largest, so it was more perfect, in all its arrangements, than any similar celebration in this country.

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N the 19th of July, 1865, King Solomon's Lodge, No. 7, of Free and Accepted Masons, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its organization.

At a meeting of sundry brethren of King Solomon's Lodge, held May 10, 1862, at the residence of the late Bro. Charles B. Phelps, assembled upon the invitation of Past Master Alonzo Norton Lewis, Past Master Charles H. Webb was called to the Chair, and A. N. Lewis appointed Secretary.

"On motion of Bro. Lewis, it was voted that a Committee be nominated to the Lodge, to take in hand the celebration of the approaching Centennial Anniversary of King Solomon's Lodge. The following brethren were appointed:—

"P. M. ALONZO NORTON LEWIS,
" WILLIAM COTHREN,
" JAMES HUNTINGTON,
" CHARLES H. WEBB,
P. M. BENJAMIN DOOLITTLE,
" NATHANIEL SMITH,
Bro. G. PLATT CRANE.

EXTRACT FROM RECORDS OF KING SOLOMON'S LODGE.

AUG. 15, A. D., 1862, A. L., 5862.

"A Communication from a meeting of Masons, nominating Bro's Lewis, Cothren, Huntington, Webb, Doolittle, Smith, and Crane, a Committee to arrange for the Celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of this Lodge, was received, the Committee appointed, and the Communication ordered on file."

The committee immediately entered on the performance of the duties of preparation for an event so interesting to the brethren, and, in due time, every thing was "made ready."

The appointed day, Wednesday, July 19, A. D., 1865, A. L., 5865, dawned bright and fair, as if Nature herself smiled upon the occasion.

At half past 10 o'clock, A. M., the procession was formed, under the direction of Past Master Benj. Doolittle, Chief Marshal,

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assisted by his Deputies, Bro's Eli Sperry and G. Eugene Betts, in the following

ORDER:

Two Tylers, with drawn Swords.
Tompkins' Brass Band.
Two Stewards, with White Rods.
Monroe Lodge, Monroe.
Eureka Lodge, No, 83, Bethel.
* George Washington Lodge, No. 82, Ansonia.
Marshal.
Wooster Lodge, No. 79, New Haven.
* Shepherd Lodge, No. 78, Naugatuck.
Meridian Lodge, No. 77, Meriden.
St. Andrews' Lodge, No. 54, West Winsted.
Seneca Lodge, No. 55, Wolcottville.
St. Luke's Lodge, No. 48, Kent.
* Morning Star Lodge, No. 47, Seymour.
Harmony Lodge, No. 42, Waterbury.
* Rising Sun Lodge, No. 36, Washington.
St. Peter's Lodge, No. 21, New Milford.
Marshal.
Harmony Lodge, No. 20, New Britain.
Federal Lodge, No. 17, Watertown.
Frederick Lodge, No. 14, Plainville.
* St. Paul's Lodge, No. 11, Litchfield.
* King Solomon's Lodge, No. 7, Woodbury.
St. John's Lodge, No. 3, Bridgeport.
Hiram Lodge, No. 1, New Haven.
Royal Arch Masons.
Council Masons.
Knight Templars.

A Junior Deacon. { The Holy Writings, / Square and Compasss, } A Senior Deacon.

A Steward. { The Worshipful Master of / King Solomon's Lodge. } A Steward.

Marshal.
[1] Officers of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge.
The Clergy.

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* Lodges marked by a star, were present *as Lodges.*

1 The following were present:—The M. W. Grand Master, Eli S. Quintard, o New Haven; Past Grand Master Howard B. Ensign, of New Haven; Past Grand Master D. E. Bostwick, of Litchfield, and Grand Lecturer C. M. Hatch, of Bridgeport.

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The procession marched to the South Congregational Church, and entering in reverse order, when all were seated, the acting W. M., A. N. Lewis, introduced the Most Worshipful Eli S. Quintard, of New Haven, Grand Master of Masons in Connecticut, who took the Chair, when the following Order of Exercises was proceeded with:

I.

Ode by the Woodbury Mucisal Association, under the leadership of P. M. Trowbridge, Esq., and accompanied by Tompkins' Band.

II.

Reading of the Scriptures (1 Corinthians, xiii) by Rev. C. T. Woodruff, Rector of Christ Church, Ridgefield.

III.

Ode.

IV.

Prayer by Rev. John Purves, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Woodbury.

V.

Chant.

Past Master Alonzo Norton Lewis then delivered an eloquent and interesting address, from which we select a few passages, our limits forbidding more extended quotations:

"*W. M. Officers and Brothers of King Solomon's Lodge:*

"You stand, to-day, upon the hither coast of a seemingly boundless ocean. You strain your eyes, in vain, to catch one faint glimpse of the other shore. At last, as you are about to turn away in despair, a small boat heaves in sight. You gather around the weary voyager as he steps from his tempest-beaten craft, upon the strand, and anxiously inquire if he has brought any tidings or relics of those who have gone down upon the deep. The solitary navigator, who has crossed the trackless waste, exhibits a few moth-eaten books and MSS., and informs you that these are all that remain of the gallant mariners whose loss you deplore. To drop the figure; you, my brethren, are the anxious inquirers by the sea-side; the speaker is the 'weary

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voyager' who has crossed the sea 'in search of that which was lost,' and returned *not* without tidings.

"An historical address furnishes but a narrow field for the flowers of rhetoric, or the graces of oratory. Facts, dates, records, names, and details are the wares of the historian. If I do not fatigue you in the story of my communings with the past—if I present you, in the brief period assigned me, with an epitome of the history of King Solomon's Lodge, from its foundation, one hundred years ago, to the present time, I shall have fulfilled the duty with which I was entrusted. Leaving, therefore, to my reverend brother, who is to follow, the more pleasing task of moving your hearts with the strains of eloquence, I set out at once upon the journey before me.

"King Solomon's Lodge was constituted upon the 17th of July, in the year of our Lord 1765, and of Masonry 5765. I hold in my hand the original charter, beautifully engrossed upon stamped paper, in the plain round hand of the olden time.

"To the uninitiated it may be proper to say, in explanation of the almost sacred reverence with which a mason regards his charter, that no lodge can be held without *its* presence at the place of meeting; and if lost or destroyed as by fire, a dispensation must be obtained from the Grand Master before lodge-meetings can be again held. If revoked by the proper authority, the lodge ceases to exist until it is legully restored. The charter, therefore, is most carefully preserved in the lodge archives.

"While the lodge was located in Waterbury, the regular *communications* (which is the masonic term for *meetings*) were holden monthly in the house now occupied by Bro. James Brown, then the residence of Capt. Geo. Nicholls. The hall was an upper room, running the whole length of the house, with 'gambrel-roof' and windows, it being a dancing-hall, such as were often found in the private residences of that day.

"Of the doings of the lodge, while it sat in Waterbury, we have no record, save the paper which I hold in my hand. It is the original draft of the 'Bye-Laws,' enacted and approved on Christmas Day, 1765, which I beg leave to read, as a relic of 'ye olden time.'

"At the period of which I am speaking (1765 to 1775) Woodbury exceeded Waterbury in population and importance. After a few years it is probable that the members of the lodge, dwelling in the valley of the Pomperaug, began to outnumber those residing

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in Mattatuck, or Waterbury. The lodge was, therefore, in 1775 (or previously) removed to Woodbury, where the tabernacle has ever since rested. The names of Joseph Perry, James Raynolds, Hezekiah Thompson, and other of the Waterbury brethren, appear upon the records as in attendance upon lodge meetings, the weary distance of *twelve* miles through woods and swamps, over hills and streams, not being sufficient to keep from them the monthly reunion with the 'Sons of Light.'

"The Records from 1765 to 1775, are missing. In that valuable work, by a brother who sits before me to-day, the 'History of Ancient Woodbury,' we read, that 'all the records, except the charter, from its first organization to 1782, are no longer in existence.' This paragraph was written in 1854. Three years later, while 'searching among the rubbish' of the lodge-room, the speaker had the good fortune to discover this ancient record book, containing minutes of all the 'communications,' or meetings, from St. John's Day, Dec. 27, 1775, to Sept. 7, 1780. The first entry is as follows:

"Att a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons held att the house of Br. Peter Gilchrist, in Woodbury, Dec. 27th, 1775,

PRESENT.

R. W. Bro. JOSEPH PERRY, *Master*,
" PETER GILCHRIST, *Senior Warden*,
" MITCHELL LAMPSON, *Junior* "
" DELUCENA BACKUS, *Treasurer*,
" AARON MALLORY,
" ZIMRY MOODY.

"The same evening the Lodge was Led to the Choyse of a Master for the year ensuing, when they unanimously mad choyse of R. W. Bro. Joseph Perry to fill the Chear.

"The Lodge likewise mad choyse of Bro. Peter Gilchrist, S. W., and Bro. Mitchell Lampson, J. W., Bro. Delucena Backus, Sec., and Bro. Aaron Mallory, Treas., very agrecable to the Lodge.

Expense of the night	£0 11 0
Paid	" " "

"From 1775 to 1797, a period of twenty-two years, the lodge met in an 'upper room,' or ball-room of Peter Gilchrist's house, now the residence of Geo. B. Lewis, Esq. Bro. Gilchrist seems to have been a prominent mason, and was for many years Secretary of the lodge.

"In Oct., 1796, the lodge voted to remove to a room to be pre-

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pared for their use by Bro. David Tallman, in the house of widow Damaris Gilchrist, now the ball-room of Kelly's hotel.

"This room was finished in due time, with 'suitable pews for the Master and Wardens,' and the lodge voted Bros. Tallman and Fabrique a further allowance of 18 and 12 dollars respectively for 'stock extraordinary furnished.' Masonic tradition informs us that this hall was fitted up in magnificent style: Upon the ceiling over head, were delineated the 'starry decked heavens,' with the 'All-Seeing Eye,' and other emblems well known to the craft.

"Sept. 18th, 1823, the lodge removed to a new hall in the building lately occupied by Bros. Chapin and Lathrop (more recently perverted into a barn by Bro. H. W. Shove) where the meetings were held for some fifteen years, when they again removed to the old lodge-room over Kelly's hotel, in 1837, where they continued to meet until the dedication of the present lodge edifice in 1839.

"Aug. 29th, 1838, at a regular communication of the lodge, it was voted 'that Bros. Benj. Doolittle, Chas. B. Phelps, Edwd. Hinman, and Edgar Botsford, be appointed a committee to obtain subscriptions to build a lodge room.' This committee reported at the next meeting that one could be built at a cost not to exceed the sum of $700. They were, therefore, instructed 'to commence the building when half the amount should be subscribed, in addition to the existing funds of the lodge.' The money was raised by dividing the stock into shares of $10 each, some of which were taken by persons not members of the fraternity. For many years after, candidates for initiation paid their fees by purchasing the requisite number of shares at a low rate. In this way, and from the natural anxiety of the brethren to extinguish the outstanding shares, some were inducted into the mysteries of Masonry, who have since proved anything but ornaments to the lodge and institution. At last, in the year 1857, the last share and a half was cancelled, being held by our late Bro. Mitchell S. Mitchell, of New Haven.

"The new lodge edifice was solemnly dedicated to the 'Holy Saints John,' by the Grand officers, upon the festival of St. John the Baptist, 1839. The officers and brethren of King Solomon's Lodge, were present at the exercises, and many visiting brethren from other lodges. In the language of the records:

"The marshalls (which were Bros. W. H. Hunter and Bethel Castle) formed the procession, and proceeded to St. Paul's Church, to hear an oration by Rev. Bro. Burhanns, after which the procession formed and marched to Bro. Chas. S.

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Peck's, where the brethren partook of a sumptuous feast prepared for the occasion. After toasting, '&c.,' and 'parting upon the *level*,' (it is to be hoped the latter phrase is not to be taken *literally*,) the lodge closed in due and ancient form. HENRY A. HULL, Sec."

"Lodge meetings were anciently held on the Tuesday preceding the full of the moon, from *five* o'clock, P. M. to *nine* in the evening, from September to March, inclusive; and from *six* to *nine* the remainder of the year. At seven, or thereabouts, the lodge was 'called from labor to refreshment,' when a bounteous supper was served by the 'Boniface,' at whose inn the lodge was sitting. After supper followed toasts and masonic songs. Labor was resumed at about *eight*, and the lodge 'closed in peace and harmony' at *nine*. The meetings were held upon the week 'preceding the full of the moon,' that the brethren who came from a distance might have *light* on their homeward ride.

"The general spirit of conviviality, which at one time disgraced even ministers' meetings, ordinations and funerals, was also felt in the lodges at their meetings. Many lodges had decanters and glasses in their ante-rooms, and the members sometimes partook too freely at the 'hour of refreshment.' The anti-masonic storm which swept over New York, and a portion of the New England States, though it checked the progress of Masonry, and at one time bid fair to overthrow the institution, had one good result. The M. W. Grand Lodge of Connecticut recommended the subordinate lodges to discontinue the use of ardent spirits at lodge meetings, and King Solomon's Lodge, in a resolution offered by our late Bro. Charles B. Phelps, was one of the first to banish tippling from the lodge-room.

For several years prior to 1841, the lodge had enjoyed great and continued prosperity. From that time to 1846, from removals and various causes, it rapidly declined in numbers and efficiency, and having failed to make its returns to the Grand Lodge for three years, the charter was vacated and surrendered to the grand officers in October of the latter year. The interregnum was but of short duration. In December of the same year, a dispensation was applied for and granted, empowering the brethren to resume their labors as a lodge, and on the 6th of January the charter was returned, officers elected, and a new era begun. The craft are now (1865) in possession of a fine lodge edifice, unincumbered by debt, and have in their treasury the

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'wherewith' to relieve 'poor distressed master masons, their widows and orphans.'

"A few extracts from the records may not be inappropriate to the time and occasion.

"Aug. 1st, 1780, it was voted that 'the treasurer send to Bro. David Wooster, 200 continental dollars out of the Box.'

"Feb. 4th, 1800, 'Bros. J. Clark and Wm. Moseley were appointed to confer with the Committee of Arrangements for the 22d inst., and to procure the aprons trimmed with black,' as a token of respect for the memory of their illustrious Brother George Washington.

"I have thus, Worshipful Master and Brethren, endeavored to trace, in an imperfect manner, the history of King Solomon's Lodge. 'Tis a solemn thought that here, in these few volumes, lie the records of a hundred years! How 'swifter than a weaver's shuttle' is the flight of time! 'We spend our years as a tale that is told!' This day should 'furnish food for serious reflection' to us all. 1765—1865—1965! Who, of all this company, will be present at the *second* centennial of King Solomon's Lodge?

"Eight years ago, I enrolled my name as a member of the Woodbury fraternity. As I cast my eye over these seats, I see many *new* faces, but, alas! not *all* of the old ones! I miss the genial face and portly form of one who twice filled the Oriental Chair, dispensing light and knowledge to the craft. He was made a mason in 1812, and, at the time of his decease, had been for nearly *fifty* years a valued and respected member of this lodge. But a few weeks before his death he was present at an installation service, and delivered an address appropriate to the occasion. In two short months you stood around his open grave, and with streaming eyes, dropped your sprigs of acacia upon his coffin, sighing in tremulous accents, '*Alas! my brother!*'

"Any eulogium upon his character, to those who knew him, would be to 'gild refined gold, or paint the lily!' Those who knew him best, loved him most. For more than two years the speaker was most confidentially and intimately associated with him, and he has no hesitation in affirming that "he was a man, take him all in all, we shall not look upon his like again!' Born soon after the revolution, and familiarly acquainted with many of the actors in that great drama; educated in the celebrated Litchfield Law School of Judge Reeve, with such men as John M. Clayton, and John C. Calhoun for fellow students, he was a con-

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necting link between the generation of '76 and the present. In his tastes and habits, a 'gentleman of the old school;' with a high-toned sense of honor that is too rarely found in these modern times; his mind unusually well stored with that knowledge which only habits of observation can acquire; a never-failing flow of wit, and anecdote, and keenest irony and *sarcasm*, if the occasion demanded; of great power as a public speaker and an advocate;' full of 'wise saws and modern instances,' and quaint sayings and comparisons, which convulsed the listener with merriment; a kind and unselfish neighbor; an ever faithful and sympathizing friend; strong in his likes and dislikes; a man who read character at a glance; hospitable, charitable, and generous to a fault,

"'As many a beggar and *impostor* knew;'

though a *lawyer*, a *peace-maker;* (his proudest boast being that he 'had settled more cases than he had tried'); to those who knew him, in the sanctity of his home, (whatever he may have seemed to the world), a man of deep religious feelings and yearnings; in the language of another,

"'Not, like too many, worser than he seemed,
But always better than himself had deemed:'[1]

Charles B. Phelps, 'the Old Judge,' as we loved to call him, will never be forgotten, so long as there is one who knew him left to cherish his memory!

"'The upright judge, the wit, the mind intent,
With the large heart, that always with it went:
Passing his years among us, softened, sage,
Almost the feature of another age;—
In one dread moment sent to that far shore
Where praise, nor blame, shall ever reach him more.'[2]

There is another brother, whose hoary head and Christian character deserves a passing notice. The oldest member of the fraternity, initiated into Masonry in 1813, fifty-two years ago, he still lingers among us, at the good old age of three score and ten, and eighteen years. Though he has come to realize by sad expe-

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1 Rev. Wm. Thompson Bacon, in his Woodbury Centennial Poem, July 4, 1859.

2 Ibid.

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rience the infirmities of age, 'when the keepers of the house tremble, and the strong men bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened; and the doors are shut in the streets when the sound of the grinding is low; when fears are in the way, and the almond tree flourishes and desire fails:'—though all this is come upon him, he still retains his first love for the Institution, before whose altar his youthful knees bowed in fealty and prayer. Need I say that I refer to our venerable Brother James Moody?

"It may seem invidious to speak of the living, where so many are worthy of praise. When the anti-masonic tempest of 1828 had well-nigh extinguished our 'three lesser lights;' when 'the love of many waxed cold,' and to acknowledge one's self a Mason required more courage than to storm a battery; when mobs proscribed, and churches excommunicated the known or suspected Mason; prominent among a faithful few, a brother who sits before me, was untiring in his efforts to keep the masonic flame a-light upon the altar of King Solomon's Lodge. Unlike too many, *he* never 'renounced Free Masonry' at the bidding of party or sect. Filling, as necessity required, every office, from the chair in the East to the Tyler's station 'without the door;' for many years the faithful and efficient Treasurer; twice elected Worshipful Master; present at nearly every meeting of the lodge since his affiliation, more than forty-four years ago; King Solomon's Lodge is indebted for its present existence, to no brother, living or dead, more than to Brother Benjamin Doolittle![1]

"My task is done! My communings with the past, though tinged with sadness, have been pleasing and profitable to myself; I trust the result, even if somewhat tedious, has not been without interest and instruction to my hearers.

"Finally, BRETHREN OF KING SOLOMON'S LODGE, let us strive to grow wiser and better for our masonic associations. Let us never confound Masonry with Religion, nor Religion with Masonry. Let us ever remember that Masonry, though *not* religion, is her handmaid: and that he who would be a *true* Mason must also aspire to that *higher* name, a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus, at the last, when the grim tyrant Death shall alarm for us

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1 Bro. Doolittle passed to the Lodge on high about three years ago, at the age of 70, and this eulogy is not overdrawn.

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'the inner door' of the lodge—we may welcome him as a kind messenger, sent to translate us from this imperfect to that all-perfect, glorious, and celestial lodge above, where the Supreme Grand Master of the universe presides!"

The address was succeeded by a very eloquent and instructive sermon, by Rev. C. Trowdridge Woodruff, of Ridgefield, formerly rector of St. Paul's Church, Woodbury. From this sermon we make a few brief extracts:—

SERMON.

I. KINGS VI. 7.

"AND THE HOUSE, WHEN IT WAS BUILDING, WAS BUILT OF STONE, MADE READY BEFORE IT WAS BROUGHT THITHER; SO THAT THERE WAS NEITHER HAMMER, NOR AXE, NOR TOOL OF IRON, HEARD IN THE HOUSE WHILE IT WAS BUILDING."

"Wonderful record! record, made of no other building in the history of our world; record, worthy of Him who planned the building, and of him who sought the "understanding heart," that he might work out the woundrous design; record, significant of the mighty Past, whose history it was to embody, and of the Future, whose prophetic analogies were to cluster around it! The work then going on, the massive stones then rising into walls, indicating no ordinary work, nor yet the usual architecture of the time. No! in the centuries by-gone, upon the rugged and scarred brow of awful Sinai, amid lightnings and thunders, with the huge mountain shaking beneath the overshadowing presence of the great Jehovah, Moses was showed the pattern of that majestic Temple, which, with all its sacred rites, afterwards stood, the joy of the whole earth, on Mount Moriah's stately brow. The Tabernacle, set up in the wilderness, and carried along with the Israelites as they journeyed to the Promised Land, was but the finished model of the vast and magnificent edifice, whose foundation stones of costly worth, reached down as deep as Kedron's shadowed glen, and whose pinnacles towered to heights too dazzling for the sight.

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For many years had the pious David been carefully gathering the varied materials for the sacred house, and now his illustrious son, Solomon, with all the aid of native and foreign artists, was consummating the grand design. The forests resounded to the stroke of the woodman's axe; the quarries of Zeradathah echoed to the ring of the hammer and maul; the smitheries glowed; carpenters, and carvers, and cunning workmen went in and out, intent upon their mighty work, and, day by day, the ponderous beams, the perfect ashlers, the polished cedar, and the olive, and the golden plates, came by the hands of the seventy thousand Apprentices, from the eighty thousand Fellow-Crafts, till the coping was finished, pilaster and column were set, the burnished roof thrown over all, and the great Temple, from foundation to dome, stood the fairest and the noblest structure that greeted the sun in his daily course.

"So stands the Temple to the view of every true and enlightened Mason; at once, the first and highest type of the Masonic art in operative Masonry, and the sacred historical symbol of all that is dignified and ennobling, and purifying in speculative Masonry. It embodies the great principles of our order;—charity and unity;—around it cluster the emblems, and from it are derived the ceremonies and the working tools of the craft.

"It is a singular fact, and, aside from the belief of its high origin, an inexplainable fact, that, while thrones of earth have crumbled, while orders and systems of men have passed away,—despotic, patriotic, benevolent, and religious,—while opposition has fiercely assailed, backed by influence, wealth and power; while persecution has flamed, and driven into the wilderness; while political fanatics have denounced and religionists have anathematized, and false friends sought to betray; while barbarians have demolished the grand monuments of the Order; and all that malice could invent, and man perform, has been combined against it, still, Masonry LIVES! Yes, and *will live* till Time itself shall be no more! Nothing else, save Christianity, has stood the test of the ages! It stands to-day, adorned with life and beauty, simply because its great Light, the BIBLE, shines full upon and irradiates its throbbing heart! Its chief corner-stone, its central idea, like that of the symbolic Temple, and like Christianity itself, is Love, love to God supreme, love to our neighbors as ourselves. The golden chain which links us to the Past, to each other in the Present, and which shall join us indissolubly with the Future, is that

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heaven-born Charity, which is the 'bond of peace and the perfection of every virtue.'

"In the great struggle through which the nation has so successfully passed, Masonry has come out as grandly as the nation, tested as in no other age, glorious as never before. Under its almost magic influence, foemen have been made friends in rifle pits, on skirmish lines, at bayonet points, and at the cannon's mouth. Rebel and loyal, each, have learned on bloody fields, wounded and captive, in ambulance and hospital, that brothers ever answer to the sign, and fly, at the mystic cry for help, with comfort and succor such as needed. And all this is full of richest promise for the future.

Go forward, then, ye faithful sons of faithful craftsmen gone! By all that is sacred in the antiquity of the Order, by all that is tender in the bond of brotherly love, by all that is affecting in the condition and wants of your erring and needy brethren, by all the resources which heaven has poured into your lap, by all the precious memories of those beloved in the lodge on high, and by all the motives addressed to you in every degree in which you have wrought, I say, go forward! And, when all the bonds of earthly circumstances, the outward conformations of ministries and ordinances, have passed away forever, then, the whole body of Masons, true and faithful Masons, who have adorned the divine principles of the Order by a godly life, shall stand up together in an imperishable fellowship, known by one name, animated by one spirit, and combined together in one glorious employment for eternity."

After the exercises at the Church, the procession was again formed, and marched to the site of the building recently occupied by Bro's Chapin and Lathrop, where the Lodge was held for fifteen years,—from 1823 to 1837. Here a halt was made, and the "grand honors" given, in honor of the fraternal dead. The march was then continued to the residence of Geo. B. Lewis, Esq., formerly the Inn of Peter Gilchrist, where the Lodge was held, from 1775 to 1797, where the "grand honors" were again given. Thence the procession moved to the Hotel of F. Kelly, where the "grand honors" were given in front of the "north chamber," where the Lodge held its meetings, from 1797 to 1823, and again from 1837 to 1839.

The vast concourse of Masons, Masons' wives, daughters, and

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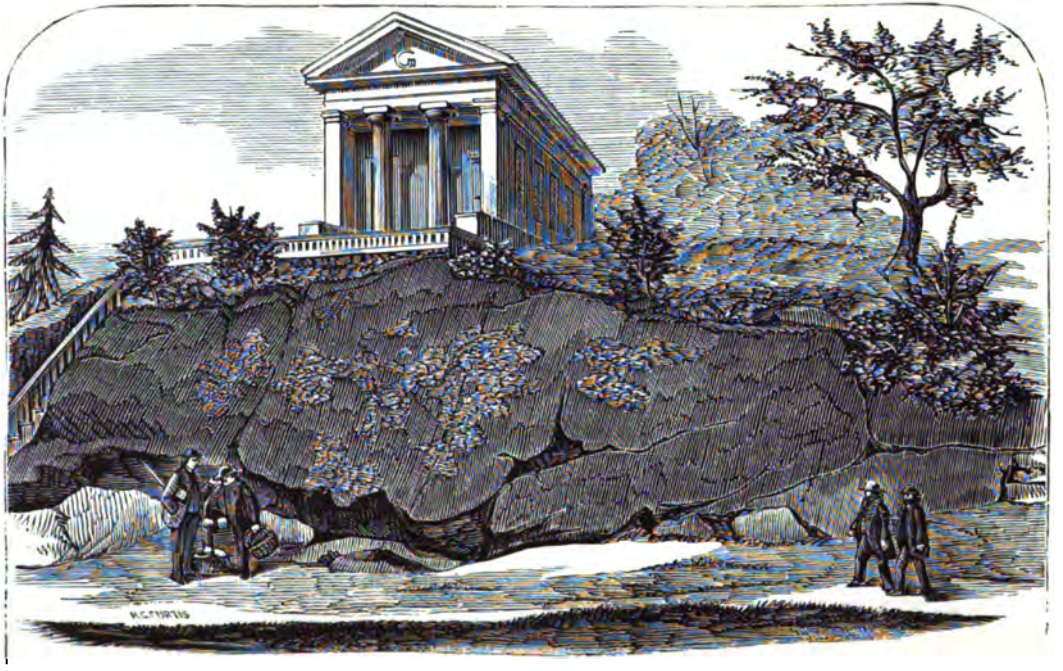

KING SOLOMON'S LODGE, NO. 7, WOODBURY, CONN.

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invited guests, then entered the large Tent of the Litchfield Co. Agricultural Society, where they partook of a bountiful Collation.

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT THE TENT.

After the "cloth had been removed," the assembly was called to oder by Past Master A. N. Lewis, who announced the regular toats, and on giving the sentiment, "Our Sister Lodges," remarked:—

"I see before me those who, as Entered Appentices, have delved and hewed in the quarries; have wrought upon the Temple as Fellow-Crafts; and learned lessons of fortitude and fidelity at the grave of the widow's son —others who have received the "white stone," in which a "new name is written, which no man knoweth, save him to whom it is given;" who have been inducted into the "Oriental Chair," and learned lessons in government from earnest and practical instructors; who have assisted at the dedication of the Temple, "when the glory of the Lord filled the house, so that the priests could not stand to minister,' but bowed themselves upon the pavement, exclaiming, 'for He is good, and His mercy endureth forever; and, 'at the peril of your lives,' searched for and brought to light those valuable secrets, which lay buried and hidden from the craft, for the space of four hundred years;—others, who have 'wrought in the *secret vault*, when prying eyes were closed in sleep.'—Others who, as valiant and magnanimous Sir Knights, have worshipped upon the Island, at the Sepulchre, and in the Temple. And if there be any other and *higher* than these, I bid you all an earnest, a heart-felt, a *Masonic* WELCOME!"

This was followed by the third regular toast; "The Fraternal Dead of King Solomon's Lodge,—Their failings are hidden by the sod that covers them; their virtues are on perpetual record upon living tablets, the hearts of their brethren!"

Past Master William Cothren responded in the following words:

BROTHERS AND FRIENDS:—

In rising to respond to the toast just read in your hearing by our worthy presiding officer, I seem to be addressing some five

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hundred *living*, sentient beings,—a company of friends and brothers. And yet, as I firmly believe, not only am I doing this, but I am addressing an *equal* number of the "faithful dead," whose mortal remains sleep peacefully in this beautiful valley, the home of the honored, and the resting place of the tried worthies who have gone before us to the "echoless shore." I take pleasure and consolation in believing, that that large company of the good and "great lights" of our beneficent Order, look down from their serene and happy abode upon us, their children, who, with filial hearts, unite in celebrating their virtues on this happy hundreth birth-day of our beloved Lodge, which they did so much to "adorn and beautify." Secure, themselves, from the perils of life, they smile benignantly upon the noble actions of their descendants. They speak to us from every lowly and sacred mound,—they speak to us from their high abodé in Heaven.

A sacred feeling comes over us, as we remember the character, and recount the noble deeds of our revered brethren, who lived and acted during the century which has now gone to "join the former ages" in the world's history. We look around us, and note the resting-places of those sainted men, in the pleasantest nooks of this most beautiful of valleys. We tread lightly, as we approach the sacred dust, that silently reposes till the resurrection morn. Their ashes are all around us, as their spirits are above us. I firmly believe that the faithful dead take cognizance of things pertaining to the welfare of friends below. They smile on us from their high seats to-day. "Their crown is secure, and their memory precious forever; to us the strife yet remains." Errors they had, like all the human race; for the Book of books declares, that *all* have gone *astray*. But their errors are "hidden by the sod" that covers them. They have "reached that silent home of all the living, which buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment."

They lived in "days that tried men's souls." They lived in times that required great and heroic deeds. They lived in a period when moral courage, as well as manly hearts, was required,—the great demands of history, the great urgencies of life in perilous periods. Even one of our Ministers, bearer of good tidings to men, was obliged, *right there*, two hundred yards from our place of meeting, to take, two savage, lurking lives, and send their guilty spirits to their dread account. Like courage was re-

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quired of other men, in that period of violence, a hundred years ago. [1]

Look through the history of our State during the century that is past, and the part that our good old town has borne in all its great events, and you will find the worthies of our Order preëminent in every good and great work. In the deadly struggle of the American Revolution, which gave us our nation's life, and planted the germ of freedom forever;—in all the wars and struggles which have increased and shown our nation's strength; and now, in the last, most momentous and greatest civil war in the history of the ages, which has signalized itself over those of all the past, in giving freedom to an entire race, the brethren of the craft have ever been conspicuous,—foremost in every great undertaking. In the history of the Revolution, their names are radiant on every page, both in the crash of battle, and in the steady support of the brethren at home, giving more aid and comfort, with the other patriotic citizens, to the brave boys in the field, than came from any other interior town known to your speaker. Time would fail me to give a list of those brave men, or to speak of the deeds and virtues of the Hinmans, the Perrys, the Ortons, the Curtisses, the Osbornes, the Chapmans, the Prestons, the Shermans, the Hicocks, the Brinsmades, the Beers, the Nichols, and a host of others, who did great service in that memorable conflict. In our *later* civil struggle, our fraternal band has offered up of its numbers, and has increased the concourse of the "fraternal dead." In these early hours of our grief, need I speak, (while I say nothing of the living brothers who have done good service to our country) of Polley,[2] and Orton, who have delivered up their lives, a willing sacrifice, to the great cause of freedom, and of our country. Need I speak of their gentle, home virtues; their orderly walk and conversation, their unwavering fidelity to friends? Of Sergeant Walter J. Orton, dying by a shot through the breast, received at the battle of Winchester, I speak with more than ordinary friendship. He was more than a sincere friend. He was at once a devoted and effective one. Well do I remember that summer Sabbath, three years ago, when the members of Co. I., 19th Regt. Conn. Vols.

[1] Reference here is made to Rev. Anthony Stoddard, who was for sixty-one years pastor of the First Church in Woodbury. His house, built in 1700, is still standing.

[2] James C. Polley, of Company I. 2d Conn. Artillery, who died in service, of fever, at Alexandria, Va., 19th Nov., 1862.

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were called to leave in haste for the tented field, to "dare and do" for their country! We all remember how the churches were closed, and the people assembled to speed the brave boys on their way, for the salvation of the country,—heroic hearts all!—On that occasion of throbbing hearts, and hasty and sad farewells, well do I remember the words of Orton, as he talked with his friends, and bid adieu to his wife and children; that he should never more be a citizen of Woodbury. Something told him he should not survive the war, but that he thought it his duty still to go and fight in the defense of his country. How prophetic were his forebodings! He died a true soldier, from wounds received in the heat and shock of battle. The memory of such a soldier, such a brother, will be forever enshrined in the hearts of his living brethren of the "mystic tie."

I have already intimated, that, in all the civil and social virtues, and in all the great events in the history of our State during the past century, the members of King Solomon's Lodge have been prominent. Let us name a few of the more celebrated, for time would fail me to mention all who have done the State good service, and done honor to our ancient fraternity. John Hotchkiss, the first Worshipful Master, appointed by the Grand Master of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, and residing "at or near Waterbury," assembled the first members of our Lodge, and appointed the Wardens. The records of our Lodge, from 1765 to 1775, are lost, and we know not who those Wardens were; but, in the latter year, the Lodge began to be permanently held in Woodbury, a town then older, and considerably more important than Waterbury. The history of the Lodge since then is complete, even through the dark days of the miserable political Morgan excitement, when many other Lodges yielded to the fury of that relentless storm of reasonless indignation. Of John Hotchkiss, little is now known, save that he was a prominent citizen of our Colony, trusted by the Massachusetts Grand Master, and the founder of the Hotchkiss family in this part of Connecticut.

Among the early Masters of the Lodge, was Hezekiah Thompson, Esq., the first practicing lawyer in the present limits of Woodbury, and a leading citizen. Beginning as a saddler, by trade, he won his way to distinction as an advocate and jurist, a magistrate, a legislator, a soldier, a genial friend and an honest man, and died, leaving descendants who, in this and the adjoining States, have continued to take a leading part in public affairs, and to exercise

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a powerful influence in the places of their residence. From the founding of the Lodge, for near forty years, he was one of its most active and efficient members.

Associated with Mr. Thompson, were several other leading spirits of those early days, in the history of the Lodge. Among these was Dr. Joseph Perry, who, for nearly half a century, adorned the profession of Medicine, and for three-fourths of that time, greatly contributed to the prosperity of the Lodge, and the spreading of the benefits of Masonry. He was conspicuous in aiding the soldiers in the Revolutionary struggle, and in curbing the impetuosity of the rampant tories in our midst. And in this place, I have the pleasure to say, that the name of no tory disgraces the fair historic pages of our ancient Lodge. He died an honored citizen, at a good old age, leaving his son, Dr. Nathaniel Perry, fit representative of his father's virtues, to follow with reverence in his footsteps, in every great and good work. Well did he bear up his father's reputation, as the kind and skillful physician, the firm, considerate, and effective friend, the friend of all, the Mason's champion, the friend of charity and all good works, and that noblest of God's works, an honest man. For nearly fifty years did these worthy men labor with the workmen, and for half that time, directed them in their labors.

In the galaxy of talent, worth, and ability, which adorned the Lodge in these early days, was Hon. Ephraim Kirby, a native of Washington, and, for a long time, a resident of Litchfield; afterwards dying in Mississippi, while on his way to assume his duties as Judge of the territory of Orleans, by the appointment of Jefferson. He served during the whole of the Revolutionary war; was present, and participated in, nineteen battles and skirmishes, among which was Bunker Hill, Brandywine, Monmouth, and Germantown, and received thirteen wounds. In war, in civil and professional life, he greatly distinguished himself. He had the high professional honor of being the author of the first volume of judicial decisions ever published in this country. He was a fit representative of our Order,—a man of highest moral as well as physical courage, warm, generous, and faithful in his attachments, and of indomitable energy.

Associated with Past Masters Thompson and Perry, was Dr. Anthony Burritt, of Southbury, then a parish of Woodbury. He was a leading spirit in the Lodge, and in the events of his time. During a part of the period of the Revolution, he acted as Sur-

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geon's-mate, was taken a prisoner, and carried to Long-Island, but was afterwards liberated by the intercession of his friend, Jabez Bacon, of this town, the richest man that ever resided here. His son, Daniel Bacon, Esq., and General Chauncey Crafts, his son-in-law, were afterwards honored and acceptable members of the Lodge, generous friends, and useful citizens of the town.

The last of the Past Masters who assembled at the grand reunion Lodge Meeting in the Hollow, with those before mentioned, in 1782, was Hon. Nathan Preston. He was a soldier of the Revolution, serving in the ranks, and in the Commissary Department. He was a lawyer of ability, with a full practice. He was Town Clerk for thirty-nine years, a member of the General Assembly twelve Sessions, and Judge of Probate fourteen years. He was often Master of the Lodge, and thoroughly identified with its interests, as well as those of the town.

Among the "early lights," serving in the South and West, was Elijah Sherman, familiarly known as "Father Sherman," from the fact that he was the father and founder of the Methodist Church in this town. An Elder in his Church for twenty years, with some few companions, worshippers in his faith, he held religious services in his own house, but lived to see the erection of a Methodist Church on a part of his own homestead, and a devout company of believers worshipping there. He was gathered to his fathers at the advanced age of ninety, in 1844; a useful citizen, an accepted Mason, and a Christian man, who adorned his profession. In the very early history of the Lodge, was another distinguished man and Mason, Col. Joel Hinman, who did much honor to the Lodge, by his earnest zeal and brotherly charity. Before 1800, Rutgers B. Marshall, Benjamin Stiles, Esq., an early lawyer in Southbury, Capt. Timothy Hinman, of Revolutionary fame, Dr. Samuel Orton, a physician of great eccentricity, but of rare ability as a physician, and an honest man; Deacon Scovill Hinman, for many years the oldest member of the Lodge, and dying at the age of more than ninety years; Jesse Minor, Esq., father of the respectable family that bears his name; Bartimeus Fabrique, and nearly thirty others of the best inhabitants of Woodbury, during the years of 1797 and 1798, were received as Apprentices, passed as Fellow Crafts, and raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason.

Previous to 1787, Rev. John R. Marshall, the founder of the Episcopal Church (St. Paul's) in Woodbury, was received into

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the benevolent bosom of our honored Order, and well did he fulfill the sacred duties committed to his trust. He went to England in 1771; was ordained Deacon and Priest, returned to Woodbury the same year, entered upon his ministrations, and at a period between that and 1775, when the preserved records of the Lodge commence, he received the benevolent initiation of the "mystic tie." In the measures connected with the establishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, after the war, Bro. Marshall bore a conspicuous and effective part. Nor was his influence less in the Lodge. Of him we may say, he "wrought well, and his works do follow him."

Of all the members of our venerated King Solomon's Lodge, now hoary with years, perhaps, all things considered, the most noted, revered and celebrated, by his works in the ministry as well as by his writings, was the Rev. Dr. Azel Backus, then of the Woodbury Parish of Bethlehem, celebrated as a theologian of great force and power, revered as a teacher of youth for the ministry and the colleges, and a devout, undeviating Christian; he was no less a decided and honored Mason. At the festival of St. John the Baptist, in 1794, he preached a sermon to the Lodge, in its private assembly, of great power, pathos and beauty, and the influence of this eminent man was ever felt in the honor, usefulness and success of the craft. Sweet flowers of memory bloom over the graves of such immortal members of our beloved Lodge.

Near the beginning of the 19th century, other conspicuous names begin to greet our vision, of whom time fails me to speak. In 1812, among other noble men, were Hon. Curtiss Hinman, and the late Judge Charles B. Phelps. And there are many living members whose masonic modesty would not allow me to speak of their enduring merits. Judge Phelps has too lately passed to the spirit land to allow us to forget the great gifts and noble traits which he possessed. His eulogy has been fittingly spoken by the orator of the day—one who knew them well, and had the right to speak them. His kindly, genial and charitable acts are enshrined in many hearts.

In 1826, we find two respected members, father and son, occupying respectively the "East" and the "South" in the Lodge. They passed long ago to that "bourne whence no traveler returns," and have gone to join the numerous band of worthies who had passed before them into the spirit land. Need I mention the names of Dr. Samuel and Roderick C. Steele, to bring to the re-

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membrance of this presence the brothers to whom I refer? They were lovely in their lives. Too soon for earth they passed to the mansions above. The father was, in his generous nature, a father to all whom he knew. The true hand of masonic charity was stretched forth to all who were in need, *in* the Order and *out* of it. Genial, social and benevolent to the core, he charmed all within the circle of his influence, and died beloved as he had lived respected, having gained the affections of all. An honest man, a true friend, an honored citizen, a sincere Christian, he has left behind him the grateful incense of an affectionate remembrance.

Such are a few of the names of which our ancient Lodge has the right to boast, and which will ever be held by the fraternity, in honorable and affectionate remembrance. Their characters and noble actions will rise to view when the memory of others will have sunk in oblivion. "The good never die; to them belongs a double immortality, they perish not on earth, and they exist forever in heaven. The good of the present live in the future, as the good of the past are now with us and in us to-day."

I close with the finale of the sentiment to which I am responding: "The virtues of the Masonic dead are indellibly recorded upon living tablets, the hearts of their surviving brethren."

The next toast, "Harmony Lodge, No. 42, of Waterbury, the eldest daughter of King Solomon's Lodge. May she live to celebrate the ONE THOUSANDTH birth-day of her venerable mother," was well responded to by Bro. E. A. Judd, Worshipful Master of Harmony Lodge. Among other things he said:

"We are gathered here to-day, brethren, to celebrate the Centennial Anniversary of King Solomon's Lodge; and I feel as if Harmony Lodge had a peculiar interest in the ceremonies. In the words of the toast, she is the 'eldest daughter of King Solomon's Lodge.' We are, therefore, but children, come home to the family gathering—come home to join in the festivities of the one hundredth birthday of our mother Lodge.

"We find by an examination of the records, that in October, 1797, 'permission was granted by King Solomon's Lodge to the brethren residing in Waterbury and Salem, to apply to the Grand Lodge for a charter for a Lodge to be located in Waterbury or Salem, as the Grand Lodge might direct.' A charter was accordingly granted for a lodge 'to be holden alternately in Waterbury

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and Salem,' and on the festival of St. John the Evangelist, on the 27th day of December, 1797, the first officers of Harmony Lodge were installed by Bro. Jesse Beach, of Derby, then Deputy G. Master. Harmony Lodge then and there commenced her work; a work that she has carried on for 68 years, adding, we humbly trust, some good square 'ashlars' to the great temple of Masonry.

"Previous to this time, many of the brethren had been compelled to go from ten to fifteen miles to attend Lodge; and permit me to say that their regular attendance, as it appears upon the records, should put to shame some of our modern Masons, who can not make it convenient to attend lodge, though living almost within the shadow of its portals.

"During the terrible convulsion through which our country has passed, churches have been rent in sunder, societies have been scattered to the four winds of heaven, social relations between the two sections have been destroyed; but Masonry has stood firm and immovable, repelling every attack that has been made upon her, like some vast New England rock which the waves buffet in vain! While the strife lasted, Masonry could do but little. She can never gain laurels upon the tented field, or in the wild havoc of war. She can only protect the fallen, comfort and relieve the wounded, and gently bury the dead. Now that Peace once more waves her olive branch over the nation, it is for Masonry to do her work. The day of noble deeds and manly daring is not yet closed. There are still broad fields in which we can work and win crowns that shall never decay, laurels that shall bloom in fadeless beauty forever."

Rev. William T. Bacon, though not a member of the Order, was present as an invited guest, and being called on to reply to the toast "CHARITY," responded:—

"The speaker, *en route* to the east 't'other day
Met his friend, "Master" Lewis—yes, right in his way;
"You sir—all th' *elité*—have express invitation
To be present with us at our grand celebration;
Where sermons, historic addresses, and toasts,
And last, tho' not least, Mr. Kelly's good roasts,
Are expected—believed too—if anything can,
To fill full, and satisfy every man."
And he added, (you all know his genteel persuasion,)
"You'll give us a word, just to grace the occasion."

Now my friend Lewis knows mankind has its weak side;
Would he tickle my vanity, or touch my pride?

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Or resort to that other power which so far reaches,
Would he snare me with dear Mrs. Kelly's good dishes

Well, whatever his motive, he caught me, that's certain,
And he's got me here under this wide-spreading curtain,
And demands that I give, in response to his whim,
This sentiment, song, or

MASONIC HYMN.

Beside the Galilean flood,
With those He loved so well,
The earnest Christ at evening stood,
And words of blessing fell.
"Go forth,"—the voice rang loud, yet sweet—
"Go to earth's farthest bound,
And where one sorrowing soul ye meet,
There let your love be found."

Upon this spot our sires have stood,
One hundred years or so,
And heard that voice roll down the flood
Of ages long ago;
Here their warm hearts were joined as one
In holiest charities;
Commending thus from sire to son,
This message from the skies.

Down the far future, stretching forth,
We send our earnest gaze,
Where children's children, in their worth
Exalt their fathers' ways:
O be they first upon the list,
Earnest in heart and hand,
To hold aloft this sign of Christ,
Long as the world shall stand!

Rev. Jno. Churchill, Pastor of the North Congregational Church, Woodbury, replied to a call from the Brethren:

"OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF KING SOLOMON'S LODGE:

"It was the custom of Dr. Dwight, when lecturing to his classes, to inveigh in good set terms against the use of tobacco, somewhat in this wise:

"'Young gentlemen, [taking a full pinch of 'rappee' from his vest pocket] never be guilty of using [applying it to both apertures in his nasal organ] tobacco [repeating the dose] in any

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form. It is a very [applying pinch *number three* as aforesaid] deleterious practice!' [Finishing the balance between his thumb and two fingers]. So I am about to recommend to all the young men present to do what I have never done, which is to send in at once to King Solomon's Lodge their applications to be made Masons. Should any one here suggest that I ought to *practice* what I *preach*, I reply, that were I not somewhat advanced in life, I would most certainly petition, myself, for initation.

"In making this recommendation, I do it, I think, for good and sufficient reasons. As I remarked upon a former occasion,[1] I saw the open Bible borne before you in procession. That act assured me that Masonry teaches a respect and reverence for the Scriptures. If there were nothing else to recommend the institution, that alone would be sufficient to convince *me* that the aims and objects of Masonry are good.

"But this is not the only argument which commends Masonry to the approval of my judgment and conscience. If I understand its cardinal principle, it is *charity*, which is declared by St. Paul to be the 'greatest of these three.' I cannot but conclude, therefore, that an institution which inculcates a reverence for the Bible, as 'God's most inestimable gift to man,' and which is built upon charity as its chief corner-stone, is entitled to the esteem of every man who loves his race.

"There is yet another reason that makes me a friend to Free Masonry. An institution which has stood, as I am credibly informed, since the building of King Solomon's Temple, surviving the wreck of dynasties, and empires, and nations, must be established upon a good and worthy foundation—must be a promoter of good and worthy objects.

"For these and other reasons, which to me seem incontrovertible, I have no hesitation, here, in this public manner, and before this assembly, in giving your fraternity the humble endorsement of my honest esteem and confidence.

"Again, I recommend every young man who hears me to apply for initiation into the mysteries of the Order, who have celebrated this joyous anniversary in so decorous and becoming a manner, if it be *good*, to support and advance its interests; and if it be *bad*, to right or restrain the evil.

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1 In an address at the funeral of Merritt Thompson, a member of King Solomon's Lodge.

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"I thank you, gentlemen of the Masonic society, for your flattering invitation to speak upon this pleasant occasion, and for your kind attention to the unpremeditated thoughts which I have offered for your consideration."

Thus ended the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of King Solomon's Lodge. More than *five hundred* Masons were present, from different parts of the State, and, according to estimates made by those accustomed to large gatherings, more than *five thousand* persons were in the streets to witness the imposing procession.

May the brethren who in 1965 celebrate the *two hundredth* anniversary of King Solomon's Lodge, have as pleasant an occasion as their *forefathers*, of this year of Grace, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and of Masonry, five thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

So Mote it Be!

E now come to the next, and, to this date, the last celebration in Woodbury, that of the First Congregational Church, held May 5th, 1870. Although the change between the old and new styles has made eleven days difference in dating, and so the celebration should have been on the 16th of May, to be accurate in the present mode, instead of the 5th, yet it was thought advisable for various reasons to hold the celebration on the 5th of May; thus corresponding with the record, though the precession of the equinoxes, and "man's devices," had made a change in the way of dating. A succint report was made by the writer of the proceedings in said celebration, and he has carefully examined it to see if he could in any way condense it for the purposes of this history, and yet do justice to the occasion. But he has been unable to see where it could be judiciously curtailed, and so it is here introduced almost entire:

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For several years past it had been a matter of consultation and agreement between the writer and Dea. Philo M. Trowbridge, that when the Bi Centennial year of the existence of our Church approached, they would suggest to the brethren the desirability of a proper observance of its natal day. It was thought to be appropriate to celebrate so joyous an anniversary. It was belived to be well to set up a monument to mark the passage of the ages. It was thought fitting that the Church, which had for two hundred years acknowledged the same confession of faith, and "owned the same covenant," written and adopted by the fathers by the shores of Long Island Sound, taken "from out the Word," should, with devout joy and thanksgiving, render praise to Almighty God for all His wonderful mercies toward it. We could do no less than to render thanks to the Lord. It seemed to redound to His glory and our great good.

In accordance with these views, the subject was brought before the Church, and the following action was taken by it and the Committee of its appointment:

"ANNUAL MEETING OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

SEPT. 16, 1869.

"*Voted*, That Deacons Trowbridge and Linsley, and Brother William Cothren be a Committee with power to make full arrangements for a public observance, on the 5th day of May next, of the Two-Hundredth Anniversary of the organization of this Church."

The Committee held its first formal meeting February 22, 1870, and, after due consideration,

"*Voted*, That the Mother Church, at Stratford, and the six daughters of this, be invited to be present, and participate in the exercises.

Voted, That the Pastor be invited to deliver the sermon, and that he invite the Pastor of the Church at Stratford to assist him at the Communion.

Voted, That Brother Cothren be instructed to prepare sentiments for responses from each of the churches invited."

At the same meeting, various sub-committees were appointed to carry on the work of preparation.

All the committees, under the inspiration of the general committee, performed their several duties with alacrity, fidelity and

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ability, and every thing was "made ready" for the successful inauguration of the interesting ceremonies of the approaching jubilee.

With the aid of the ready hands and executive ability of the ladies, the church was most beautifully decorated by Mr. Henry C. Curtis, a special artist, of Hartford. A more striking and appropriate mode of decoration could not have been devised, than that adopted by Mr. Curtis, whether considered historically or artistically. It is a remarkable fact that the first four pastors of the church occupied the pulpit, in the aggregate, the long period of 172 years, out of the two hundred celebrated. We think this a length of time unparalleled in the history of the churches in this country. This fact was beautifully represented by introducing the four names; Walker, Stoddard, Benedict and Andrew, into a large cross composed of six circles, the names occupying four of the six circles, "172 years" the center, and a cross and anchor, the lower circle. This was placed in the recess behind the pulpit. Beneath the cross were two tablets, the one containing the "covenant of 1670," and the other the names of the original signers.

THE COVENANT OF 1670.

"We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, being (by y^e^ all-disposing providence of God, who determines y^e^ bounds of men's habitations) cast into co-habitation on w^th^ another, and being sensible of o^r^ duty unto God, and one to another, and of o^r^ liableness to be forgetfull, and neglective of y^e^ one and y^e^ other, do hereby (for y^e^ further incitent of o^r^selves unto duty in either respect) solemnly give up o^r^selves & ours unto y^e^ lord, engaging o^r^selves by his assisting grace to walk before him, in y^e^ religious observance of his revealed will, as far as it is or shall be made known unto us. We do also in y^e^ presence of God solemnly ingage o^r^selves each to other to walk together in church-society, according to the rule of y^e^ gospell, jointly attending all y^e^ holy ordinances of God, as far as it shall please him to make way thereunto, and give opportunity y^e^ of: and walking on w^th^ another in brotherly love, & chtian watchfullness for o^r^ mutual edification, and furtherance in y^e^ way to salvation. And jointly submitting o^r^selves & ours to y^e^ government of Cht in his church, in y^e^ hand of such church governours, or officers as shall be set over us, according to gospell institution. The good lord make us faithfull in covenant with him & one w^th^ another, to walk as becomes a people near unto himself, accept of

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INTERIOR VIEW, FIRST CHURCH, WOODBURY, CONN.

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y^e offering up of o^r selves, & ours unto him and establish both us and y^m to be a people unto himself in his abundant mercy through cht jesus, who is o^r only mediato^r in whom alone we expect acceptance, justification and salvation: to him be glory & praise through all ages. Amen."

"The names of y^e persons y^t subscribed this covenant, & again publickly owned it, May 5th, viz: y^e day of my ordination were as followeth:

Zechariah Walker,	Hope Washborn,
Samuel Sherman, Sen^r,	Hugh Griffin,
Joseph Judson, Sen^r,	Ephraim Stiles,
John Hurd, Sen^r,	John Thompson, Jun^r,
Nicholas Knell,	Theophilus Sherman,
Robert Clark,	Matthew Sherman,
John Minor,	John Judson,
Samuel Sherman, Jun^r.,	Samuel Mils,
John Wheeler,	Benjamin Stiles,
Samuel Stiles,	Edward Shermond.

Persons since added:

John Skeeles,	Richard Butler,
Israel Curtiss,	Robert Lane,
Thomas Fairechilde,	Moses Johnson,

Richard Harvy.

Between the tablets was the name of the present pastor, Rev. Gurdon W. Noyes, in golden letters. At the apex of the recess above the pulpit was an elegant golden cross and crown. At the top of the pillars on either side of the pulpit, was a large golden "C," on which appeared the years 1670—1870, under which, respectively, was a list of the deacons of the first and second centuries, on tablets upon the pillars:

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Deacons of the 1st Century.	*Deacons of the 2d Century.*
Hon. John Minor,	Clement Minor,
Samuel Miles,	Josiah Minor,
Matthew Sherman,	Matthew Minor,
Hon. John Sherman,	Daniel Huntington,
Matthew Mitchell,	Nathan Atwood,
Z. Walker, Jr.,	Ens. Seth Minor, Jr.,
Samuel Sherman,	Benjamin Judson, Jr.,
Samuel Minor,	Judson Blackman,
Jehu Minor,	Eli Summers,
Hon. Daniel Sherman,	Truman Minor,
Gideon Stoddard,	P. M. Trowbridge,
	J. H. Linsley.

On the panels of the gallery face were the names of the mother church at Stratford, and the six churches which have gone out from the first church, with the date of their organization, viz: Stratford, 1639; Southbury, 1731; Bethlehem, 1739; Judea, 1741; Roxbury, 1743; South Britain, 1766; and North Woodbury, 1816. On the two panels nearest the pulpit were the names of the pastors succeeding the first four, viz:—Wright, Strong, Curtis, Williams, Robinson, Little and Winslow. A beautiful white dove was suspended from the pulpit desk beneath the bible, which, with outstretched wings seemed to be alighting upon the communion table below. The pulpit was splendidly decorated. Festoons extended from the corners

of the church to the center ornament in the ceiling, whence descended a large anchor, beautifully wreathed in evergreens and flowers, while wreaths ran along the galleries, over and below the recess, and to the letter "C" at the caps of the pillars, above which appeared two century plants. The whole was completed with the mottoes "Welcome," and "We Greet You." Throughout the house, in the lamp brackets, were vases and baskets of flowers and drooping plants, producing the finest and most artistic effect.

The clearest and balmiest day of the year heralded the coming

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exercises. We could but feel and see the favoring smile of that good Providence, who has so wisely and tenderly watched over this church during the two centuries of its existence. At an early hour, the people of this and the neighboring towns began to assemble, the streets were lined with vehicles of every description which had come from the hills and valleys of the "ancient town," and the church was almost immediately filled to its utmost capacity. Settees and chairs were carried into the aisles above and below. The vestibule and every place where standing room could be found were immediately filled, while there was a large crowd without, which could gain no admission. There must have been more than 1,500 people in attendance. As a test of this estimate, it may be remarked, that 1,000 collation tickets had been issued, and yet it became necessary for the committee to admit large numbers, who had not been provided with tickets.

Pursuant to the admirably arranged programme of Dea. P. M. Trowbridge, chairman of the general committee, the exercises commenced precisely at 10 A. M., by the great congregation rising and singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The reading of an appropriate selection of scripture, and prayer by the pastor next followed, after which the congregation sang the old, familiar hymn,—"Ye tribes of Adam join," &c. This was followed by a carefully prepared historical sermon by the pastor, of great beauty and excellence, briefly narrating the history of the church and its pastors for two hundred years.

OPENING PRAYER.

O Lord, Thou alone art great—glorious—good! Hence we would adore and serve Thee. Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; but the fathers, where are they? And the Prophets—do they live forever? Alas! Alas! We do all fade as a leaf. Thou carriest us away as with a flood. We spend our years as a tale that is told. But Thou art the same and of Thy years there is no end. Thou hast been the dwelling place of Thy people in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God; and Thou hast ever had thoughts of mercy and love toward the children of men. We praise Thee for their early manifestation in the prediction of Thy word and in the advent of Jesus Christ Thy Son and our Saviour. We adore Thee for the Church set up in His name and which is graven upon the palms of Thy

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hands, guarded by Thy power, guided by Thy wisdom and against which Thou hast said the gates of hell shall never prevail. We especially praise Thee at this time for Thy guidance and care of our ancestors in planting a branch thereof in this place. Thou didst cause them to go forth like a flock. Thou didst cast out the heathen before them and divided them an inheritance by line. The wilderness and solitary place soon became glad for them, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. They trused in Thee and Thou didst deliver them from fears and foes; didst prosper the work of their hands. Yea, Thou didst cause the little one to become a thousand and the small one a strong nation. In consequence of their faith, forecast, labor, the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage. We have pleasant and fruitful fields, quiet and happy homes, rich and rare, civil, educational and religious privileges. Gathered here in Thy Sanctuary after the lapse of centuries to review the history of Thy dealings, we find that goodness and mercy followed our fathers and have followed us. We would therefore recall their virtues and catch a new impulse from all that was noble and Christ-like in their example and strive to perfect and perpetuate their work. We know O Lord that it is Thy will, that one generation should praise Thy works to another and abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness that men may set their hope in Thee. We praise Thee for our free government and beneficent institutions, with the righteous peace vouchsafed unto us. We entreat Thy blessing upon our President and all in authority in State and Nation, that we may lead quiet and peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty. We pray Thee to bless our Colleges, Schools, Churches, that the Gospel may permeate the land and drive out from it, all ignorance, error, vice, irreligion, and make us a people to Thy praise. And we beseech Thee to send the disenthralling life-giving Gospel over the Globe, that Jesus may speedily have the heathen for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his posessions. And now, O Lord, we humbly invoke Thy presence and blessing during this sacred Jubilee. Smile upon the associated Churches here represented, and those who are to take part in these exercises, that they may utter fitting and forceful words, for our profit and Thy Glory. O Lord, shine Thou upon us from Thy throne of light and love. Yea, grant us the favor which Thou bearest unto Thy people, through Jesus Christ, Thy Son and our Redeemer. *Amen.*

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BI-CENTENNIAL DISCOURSE.

BY THE REV. GURDON W. NOYES.

"I HAVE CONSIDERED THE DAYS OF OLD : THE YEARS OF ANCIENT TIMES."—*Psalm* 77 : 5.

To many in this age there is little enchantment in the distant past. The present is so full of duty and enjoyment, and the future is so bright with hope and promise, that they readily forget "The days of old, the years of ancient times." Hereby they lose much of help and cheer in their life-work. It is, as we trace our connection with departed worthies, and realize our indebtedness to them for present privileges and blessings, that we are incited to emulate their virtues, and fitly labor for posterity and Heaven. To-day this church completes a history of two hundred years. Within this period great events have transpired on this globe in rapid succession; events which have changed the entire face of human society. Empires have been built up and cast down ; nations have been born and buried; modes of government, and systems of opinion, have flourished and decayed, and yet amid all these changes, this church has continued steadfast in its faith and worship. Its founders ere long passed away, but they left behind a godly seed, and so from generation to generation this candlestick of the Lord has been kept in its place, and from it has ever shone forth the pure light of the Gospel. It is a fitting time to trace its course, recall the bright names identified with it, and note Heaven's favor toward it. The church and congregation of to-day, on whom has devolved the duty of arranging this celebration, do here and now, through, me, most heartily welcome to these sacred festivities all who are drawn hither by filial or fraternal affection. Let us together scan the wisdom and love of God in planting this goodly vine near the Indian wigwam, and keeping it in such vigorous growth down the ages, and join our earnest petitions that it may continue to flourish in the future, ever covering the hills with its shadow, and extending its boughs like goodly cedars.

The church has been signally fortunate in receiving one from another State, William Cothren, Esq., who, in filial love, and with great skill and fidelity, has written her history, and that of the

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town as well. In this, her records, and kindred sources, I have found such rare and rich materials for a historic sketch, as to be puzzled in deciding what to leave out, so as to bring it within proper limits, and have it symmetrical and just. Aiming only at impartiality, pertinence, accuracy, I frankly submit my work to your kind and Christian consideration.

In 1650 the churches of New England began to be agitated by what was termed the half-way covenant system. By this system persons of good moral character, recognizing baptism, assenting to the creed, and signifying their intention of becoming true Christians, were admitted to all the rights and privileges of church members, except partaking of the Lord's Supper. Controversy rose to such a pitch upon the matter, that a council of leading ministers convened in Boston, in 1647, to deliberate upon it, and they decided in its favor. The church in Stratford did not believe in the practice, and would not adopt it, even after the decision. A respectable minority, however, clung to it, and were uneasy at its disregard, and the more so as they felt that it was largely owing to the influence of Mr. Chauncy, who had been recently settled against their wishes. By earnest argument, and fraternal remonstrance, they sought to secure accordance of views, or if not that, an arrangement by which each party could have its own minister, and worship at different hours of the Sabbath in the same sanctuary. According to the custom of the day, the aid of the general court was called in. The discussion was keen and spirited on both sides, though dignified and courteous. As the result, early in 1668, the minority had the civil sanction to obtain their own minister, and had three hours of the Sabbath to worship in the Sanctuary. They soon engaged Rev. Zechariah Walker, a licentiate from Jamaica, L. I., to act as their pastor. But their position was still unpleasant and unsatisfactory, as the other party would allow them no use of the church, and spoke of their unordained minister to *his* and *their* disparagement. So, despairing of any agreement, they determined to set up for themselves. They appointed a day for the purpose, and spending most of it in prayer for the Lord's guidance and blessing, they entered into solemn covennat with God, and one another. Then calling neighboring churches together, and renewing that covenant, which is a model for brevity, scripturalness and beauty, they were constituted the second church in Stratford, on May 5th, 1670, and Mr. Walker was ordained their pastor. Twenty males comprised the church at its outset. Some of them

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forcasting separation as the probable relief from their difficulties, had made provision for a new sphere for growth and enjoyment, by applying to purchase lands of the Indians, as early as 1667. Accordingly, at the suggestion of Gov. Winthrop, who deemed the course best for the churches and the colony, the court, in May, 1672, granted them the privilege of erecting a plantation at Pomperaug. Early the next spring twenty-five families migrated to this place, then a wilderness. Mr. Walker divided his ministrations between this flock and that at Stratford until June, 1678, when he moved here. Seventeen more had been added to the church, and so it started as the first church of Woodbury, with thirty-seven members, six of whom were females, and full one-third of the half-way covenant type. Yet, few as they were in numbers, busied as they were in procuring food and houses for their families, beset as they were with difficulties of every kind, beyond our conception, they cheerfully undertook the sustainment of the Gospel in their midst. They sequestered lands for the use of their pastor, and freely taxed themselves for his support. At first religious services were held in each other's houses in winter, and in summer on the east side of the Orenaug Rocks, with sentinels stationed on their summits, to guard against sudden attack from hostile Indians. On this account the name of Bethel Rock has been given to the spot. In later times, good men, their descendants and others, have repaired thither for meditation and prayer. Hence, though beautiful in itself, with its surroundings of tree, shrub and flower, and for its clear out-look upon the charming valley, it is more so for its historic incidents and hallowed associations. For several years, during King Philip's war, the people were so absorbed in erecting fortified houses, furnishing soldiers for the colony, and providing guards for their own safety, that they could do nothing toward supplying themselves with a place of public worship. But early in 1681, when the stress of care and peril had passed, they took the matter up, and after some little difference of opinion as to the site, they came to a pleasant agreement by leaving the decision to two prominent and disinterested outsiders. The house was at once erected, and stood just below the present residence of Hon. Nathaniel B. Smith. It was large and plain, with pulpit opposite the entrance, and with elevated pews and high-backed seats. The people were called to worship therein by the peculiar tap of a drum upon the high rock nearly opposite. Here Mr. Walker preached the word until his death in 1700, at 63

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years of age. His papers in the Stratford discussion evince his learning, ability and piety. His thirty years' hold upon the attention and regard of the people, as well as the harmony and growth of the church, evince his power as a preacher, and his wisdom as a pastor. During his ministry he received one hundred and eight to the church, and baptized three hundred and seventy-six. The church sincerely mourned him as their heroic leader and faithful shepherd.

In the same year they invited Mr. Anthony Stoddard, then just licensed, to preach to them. They soon became so interested in him, as to desire him to settle. As an inducement to this end, the people in lawful town meeting voted as a salary seventy pounds per annum to be paid in wheat, peas, Indian corn, pork, as also firewood, at the following prices "not to be varied from, extraordinary providences interposing being excepted," to wit: Wheat, 4s. 6d. per bushel; pork at 3 cents per pound; Indian corn, 2s. 6d. per bushel; peas, 3 shillings per bushel. They also voted to build him a house of specified dimensions, he only providing nails and glass, and also a well, and to furnish him with 115 acres of land, properly divided into lots for tillage, pasture, meadow, wood, and conveniently situated. He accepted the call, and was ordained in May, 1702, and moved into the house built for him, and which still stands in the lower part of the village, in a good state of preservation, after the storms of 170 years. It was built in the old lean-to style of the time, with a small room projecting at the front for a portico, which Mr. Stoddard used as his study for 58 years. May its historic character long keep it from vandal hands, as its palisadoes once kept it from the assaults of the Indians, to remind coming generations of the Christian forecast and self-denial of their fathers! Mr. Stoddard possessed great versatility of mind; had enjoyed the best classical and theological culture of the day, and had been favored with the counsels and example of his eminent father at Northampton. And though retiring to this then obscure parish, he found room and verge enough for the exercise of his rare powers. He soon took rank among the leading ministers of the colony. He was chairman of the committee to draft the original rules of the Litchfield Consociation, and was chosen to preach the election sermon at Hartford, in 1716. He was also as much at home in medicine and law as in theology. According to a custom then quite common, he prepared himself in these departments that he might be useful to his flock when physicians and lawyers were

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not at hand. He was probate clerk of ancient Woodbury for 40 years, and all the records are in his handwriting. He drew most of the wills of his parishioners; he was also one of the largest farmers in the town. And yet it would seem that he did not suffer these secular labors to interfere with his higher work as the Lord's ambassador.

Under his ministry the church was harmonious and prosperous, while others in the colony experienced dissensions and drawbacks. Though losing many to form churches at Southbury, Bethlehem, Judea, Roxbury, yet through frequent revivals it filled up again. In the great awakening of 1740, it received 97. Indeed admissions were made during all the years of his ministry save two, amounting to 616—142 of these being by the half-way covenant, most of whom, however, subsequently entered into full communion. He baptized 1540, and ordained five deacons. In the latter part of his ministry he was privileged to preach in a new and finer edifice, built in 1747. With remarkable retention of mental and physical powers, he labored on until his 83d year, when, after a two days' illness, he died, esteemed and lamented by the children and grand-children of those whom he had followed to the tomb, and in the midst of whom they reverentially laid his body to await the general resurrection. Just before his death the people had called the Rev. Noah Benedict to settle as his colleague. He had accepted, and the day was fixed for his ordination. He was accordingly ordained Oct. 22, 1760. Mr. B. originated in Danbury; graduated at Nassau Hall in 1757. Though a Barnabas in temperament and manner, bearing consolation and cheer unto all with whom he came in contact, yet in preaching and debate he could rise to somewhat of an Apollos in might and eloquence. The main grounds of his success, however, lay in his remarkable discretion, his eminent goodness, and his rare fidelity. At the very outset of his ministry he devised a plan to get rid of the half-way covenant, without any jar, and with good effect, though to it the church had tenaciously clung for 90 years, and that, too, when neighboring churches had dropped it long before. He also secured some slight changes in the covenant, thereby giving it such excellence that for 110 years no one has attempted its improvement. Rev. Worthington Wright was settled as his colleague in 1811, but in consequence of some disease of the eyes, preventing study, he was dismissed at his own request early in 1813. Mr. Benedict's pastorate, like that of his predecessors, was long, prosperous, and

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peaceful, until near its close, when an unpleasant controversy arose about locating the third and present edifice. He received 272 to the church, baptized 758, and ordained eight deacons. He retained the confidence and affection of his people until his death in 1813, at 76 years of age, and the 53d of his ministry. Here and there an aged one in the parish and vicinity has a pleasant remembrance of his person and work, and through them his influence gleams gently out on the present generation, as the sun's rays gleam upon the sky after his setting.

And here, in passing, I would call attention to the fact that the united pastorates of the three first ministers of this church covered the remarkable period of 143 years, probably the only instance in the country, and one alike creditable to both parties. Fortunate as this ancient church may be in the future there is now little prospect that it will ever have a pastor who, in this respect, will attain unto either of the first three. After a year's vacancy, Rev. Henry P. Strong, of Salisbury, was settled over the church in May, 1814, and was dismissed in January, 1816. Rev. Samuel R. Andrew, of Milford, became his successor in October, 1817. From Mr. Benedict's death to *his* settlement, the church had received 38 additions. The party too, disaffected by the location of the new church edifice, had withdrawn and formed themselves into a strict Congregational church. He entered upon his work with forecast and tact, and prosecuted it with earnestness and efficiency. Over his rich endowments and fine culture there was cast a kind, devout, loving spirit, which gave him great power as a preacher and pastor. So exemplary was he in his daily walk and conversation, that a quaint and captious neighbor once said that, "He had watched him for 25 years to find something inconsistent with his profession, but must give it up." This speaks volumes as to his discreetness and piety. Hence, no wonder that the church was united and successful under his care. He was blessed with three revivals, received 263, baptized 243, and ordained three deacons. Finding his health failing, he resigned, and was dismissed in 1846, about 29 years from his settlement. He removed to New Haven, where he died, May 26th, 1858, at the age of 71. Rev. Lucius Curtis, of Torringford, was immediately installed as Mr. Andrew's successor in July, 1846, and was dismissed in 1854, at his own request. He led the church forward, adding 70 to its membership, baptizing 36, and leaving it harmonious and hopeful. In April of the ensuing year, Rev. Robert G. Williams was installed, and remained until

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July, 1859. In 1857, the second year of his ministry, some $4,000 were expended in modernizing and improving this church edifice. He also received 32 persons into this visible fold of Christ. Rev. Charles E. Robinson began to supply the pulpit early in 1861, and was ordained pastor in June, 1862. He received 17 to the church, and was dismissed at his own request, in the spring of 1864. Rev. Charles Little began to supply the pulpit in 1865, and after two years retired, having added 30 to the church. Rev. Horace Winslow, as his successor, supplied the pulpit one year, and added to the church 24. In vacancies, from time to time, 10 persons were added. Rev. Gurdon W. Noyes, of Stonington, the ninth and present pastor, began his work on November 14th, 1869, and was installed on the 8th of December following. He has received 6 to the church. From its origin, this church has received into its fold 1526; placed the seal of the covenant upon 2999, and ordained 23 deacons, only three of whom survive. Its present membership is 192. Six churches have been formed entirely out of it, and two others have received a goodly number of members from it, to say nothing of its contributions to other denominations within its ancient limits, and to the churches of its own faith in the cities of the East and West. From it have sprung 13 ministers, seven by the name of Judson, one the father of Adoniram, the pioneer missionary, and another, Philo, distinguished as a revivalist. It has also been favored with a line of deacons of such rare worth and long continuance in office, as to deserve a passing notice.

Hon. John Minor, the pioneer who at the first view of this place from Goodhill, with bended knee, craved heaven's blessing upon the little company, and asked for a godly posterity, was in office 49 years, and seven of his descendants filled it after him, the last dying in 1865. Of these, Matthew and Truman (the last one) were distinguished for Bible knowledge, piety and usefulness. The first was in office 42 years, and several of the others of like merit were in office from 25 to 45 years; and one, Eli Summers, still remains with us who has been in office 40 years. To the wise effort, bright example, fervent prayers, of these men, the church is greatly indebted for its unity, stability and success. Society has received more marvelous modifications in these two centuries than in any other two since the Christian era. In this period, printing, steam, machinery, electricity, have been exerting their magic and civilizing power. In this period, too, gradually, indeed, church

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edifices have improved in style and comfort. Square pews, eagle-nest pulpits, with sounding-boards, have disappeared. The worshippers rent their seats, and are not seated as formerly, according to age and rank. The cold, humid air, which our fathers and mothers endured for hours is rarified by the heat of stove or furnace. About the sanctuary no Sabbath-day houses appear; and instead of coming to church on foot, or upon saddles or pillions, as of old, the people now come in spring wagons or covered carriages. And then at its origin, this church was one of 18 in the Connecticut colonies. Now there are 290 in the State, and 3,043 in the United States, with other evangelical denominations as strong or stronger. Then a few hundred colonists were struggling for a foothold in this wilderness, against the rigors of the climate, the assaults of savages and the interferences of the mother country. Now, there are 37 States, scattered over a vast and fertile area, with some forty-five millions of inhabitants, under one free and beneficent government, and with almost every conceivable facility for material, intellectual and spiritual advantage. With few helps and many hindrances, our ancestors kept the flame of worship burning on the altars of this Zion. Though the church has been weakened by wars, wasted by pestilence, thinned by emigration, endangered by prosperity, yet it still lives and in much vigor. It is a glorious thing that it has thus held right on its way through ten generations. It has rendered acceptable service to its Head and Lord, and been a rich boon to this community.

And now, how interesting this transitional point when it is to pass over its great legacy of good to the keeping of another series of generations. Our fathers *cast up stepping-stones for our advancement; not arbors wherein to take our ease.* We may well *glory in their work;* but if *we rest upon it, the Lord* will raise up children to them from the stones of the street. We should rather feel that the church is to go forward in numbers, beauty, achievement, influence.

As we leave this cycle of years, lined with Christian heroes and heroines behind us, we must needs cast the horoscope of the future. We who gladly join in this jubilee, will, ere long, pass away; but others will take our places, and the tide of affairs will sweep on. When the next century comes round, and posterity gathers for commemoration, what shall be the aspect of the place, and the character of the people? We can decide with certainty, as to some things that will greet our descendants then, as they

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do us now. They will be hailed by the same spring, with its birds and flowers. They will pass up the same broad and shaded street, and look out upon the same gem of a valley, with its picturesque setting of hills. The rude monument of Pomperaug will remain and will be visited by the curious, as to-day. But will the people be wiser, better, happier? Will most of them be in Christ's visible fold, as burning and shining lights? Christian friends, the answer to these queries depends largely upon us. Our faith, zeal, fidelity, with heaven's favor, may fill the lips of posterity with glad hosannas at the tri-centennial. Gazing backward, I seem to see the great cloud of witnesses for Jesus here clasping hands along the flying years, and as they pass on, the blessed results of their sacrifices, toils and tears, I seem to hear them say: "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Take the triumphs we have gained to cheer you; gaze upon the trophies we have gathered and hung around you, then press forward from conquest to conquest, until called to lay your armor down, and receive the Master's well-done." *Amen.*

The concluding prayer was uttered by Rev. John Churchill, and after this a recess of five minutes occurred to give opportunity for such as chose to retire.

During the services of the forenoon, the deacons of the mother church, our own, and those of the North church, sat about the communion table after the manner of "ye olden time." After the recess came the administration of the Lord's supper to some 800 communicants, filling the seats above and below, Rev. William K. Hall, of Stratford, and our own pastor, officiating. It was a solemn and interesting occasion—never before enjoyed here—never again to be enjoyed by us below,—when a mother church, with its own mother and six children sat down together at the "Earthly marriage feast of the Lamb." The remembrances of that hour will go with us through the eternal ages.

The exercises at the communion were opened by singing the following verses, beautifully rendered by William Cothren, James H. Linsley, Mrs. Enos Benham, and Mrs. Horace D. Curtiss, as a quartette:

'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

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"'Tis finished,"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died;
"'Tis finished,"—yes the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won!

ADDRESS AT COMMUNION.

FATHERS, BRETHREN, FRIENDS:—We approach this sacramental table to-day under circumstances of peculiar interest. The "communion of saints" is changed from a dry dogma of our creed into a blessed reality of our experience. The mother church sits down in this heavenly place in Christ Jesus, with her daughter, granddaughters, cousins, and many of the remoter kindred and others of different denominations. No idea of the Church in the Bible is more common or beautiful than that of a family or household. God is the Father, Jesus is the elder brother, and all true believers, brothers and sisters in Him. The Savior once said that whosoever should do his will, the same was his brother, sister and mother. And Paul gathers into one family the redeemed on earth and in heaven. Ah! the hundreds who have preceded us in caring for this Zion, must be near to-day in sympathy and gratulation, though we feel not the pressure of their hands, and hear no word of cheer from their lips. And through the knowledge we have of their career and of their blest estate in glory, we can commune with them, and gather inspiration to press on in our Christian course. Friends, our time for holy fellowship and achievement here is fast passing by. The Lord help us to go down from this mount of glorious privilege with a fuller consecration to his service. Then, when called to rest from our earthly labors and cares, we shall be numbered among those who die in the Lord, and *whose works follow them!*

The service was continued by Rev. William K. Hall, in the following remarks:

BRETHREN IN CHRIST:—Our thought has been directed to the blessed truth of the unity of all believers in Christ, of the family relation in which all who are Christ's are found, a relation which death itself cannot sever.

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This truth is made most vivid and real to us by this Supper of our Lord, and by these memories of our fathers, which as a sisterhood of churches we have come together to-day to revive. We love to contemplate this truth. It produces a deep, quiet, joyousness of spirit, thus to keenly realize that we are one with those who have gone before us to the home above, one with that godly ancestry who planted these Churches of Christ and bequeathed to us these religious institutions. There is, it is true, this invisible, indestructible unity.

But what does this imply? That we have the same faith, the faith "once delivered to the saints," that we are sustained by the same hopes and the same promises? Most surely; but is there not more than this? There is a unity of the spirit, a spirit of devotion to the truth, a spirit of consecration to the Master and His service. Through much self-denial, through much self-sacrifice, they labored to secure for themselves and for those that should come after them, these blessings of the Christian family and the Christian state. Fidelity to the truth, a firm, unyielding devotion to the interests of religion among them, marked their character and their lives. We may not, my brethren, be called to practice the same kind of self-denial, and may not find the same kind of sacrifices in our path of duty, but if we are true, devoted Christian men and women, loyal to the Master and His kingdom, we shall find that we need the same spirit that actuated them, and we shall moreover find that our path of duty is the path of self-denial and self-sacrifice. That teaching of the Savior, which was in so large a manner exemplified in their lives, is for us also. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me. For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for My sake, shall find it." This supper which calls to remembrance the sacrifice of our Lord, His self-giving for us, ever brings to mind afresh that root-principle of all Christian living, self-giving for Christ, self-losing in Christ. We are here brought into communion with Him. Shall not this communion bring us into a closer sympathy with His spirit? Shall we not, by this communion, possess more of the mind of our Lord? As we take this cup to our lips, and by faith behold the blood that was shed for us, shall we not take into our hearts more of Christ that we may take into our lives more of Christ? If we here renew our covenant vows, let us remember that these vows are vows of allegiance, by which we devoted ourselves and

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our all to the service of Christ. If we here re-consecrate ourselves to Jesus, let us recognize the truth, that it is a consecration to the cross—that the cross is to be henceforth more deeply imprinted in our souls, and that we are to bear it more steadfastly and faithfully in our lives.

May we all to-day be so baptized by the Holy Spirit into the spirit of the Lord Jesus, that "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts," we may "live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the Great God and our Savior Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

It was now "high noon," and the final hymn being sung, the "great congregation" moved to the Town Hall to partake of the collation, which had been prepared by the church and congregation, aided by the voluntary and acceptable contribution of eatables and assistance from the ladies of the North Church, and the churches of Judea and Roxbury. We shall not soon forget their kindness, and shall be only too happy to assist them on any similar occasion. All were amply supplied, and when all were "filled" there were "many baskets full taken up."

At 12.45 P. M., the bell gave warning of the services at the cemetery, where the Fathers' monument was to be dedicated. This is a structure hewn from native boulders, of massive proportions, 33 feet high, erected at a cost of more than $1,500, more than one-third of which was contributed by a single individual. There is no similar monument in this country, so far as known to the writer. The principal stone is a granite block of great beauty found on a farm at a distance, and prepared for the place of honor on the base of the monument. On the front it bears the inscription in prominent letters, "Presented by William Cothren and Lyman E. Monrijié, July 4th, 1861." This inscription refers to the block, and not, as some supposed, to the entire monument. Just above, on a brown stone block, are the names of the gentlemen at whose expense the monument has been erected. The inscription is, "Erected in honor of the Fathers, by Rev. W. T Bacon, Hon. Thomas Bull, David S. Bull, Esq., George H. Clark, Esq., Hon. William Cothren, Hon. Julius B. Curtiss, Hon. Henry C. Deming, Hon. Henry Dutton, Charles G. Judson, Esq., Woodbury Lyceum, Walter P. Marshall, Esq., Rev. Benjamin C. Meigs,

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FATHERS' MONUMENT, WOODBURY, CONN.

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Deacon Truman Minor, Rev. Geo. Richards, Rev. James Richards, D. D., Hon. Thomas H. Seymour, Edward W. Seymour, Esq., Rev. Henry B. Sherman, Rev. Thomas L. Shipman, Hon. Nathaniel B. Smith, Chas. A. Somers, Esq., Hon. Henry Stoddard, Rev. J. B. Stoddard, Rev. Robert G. Williams, Gen. William T Sherman."

On the shaft above is the name, David J. Stiles. On the east side is the inscription, "Rev. Zechariah Walker, first pastor of ancient Woodbury, died Jan. 20th, 1699, in the 63d year of his age, and in the 36th of his ministry." At the foot of the monument is the ancient headstone, with this record:

ZECHARIAH
WALKER,
AGED 63,
DYED JAN. 20,
1699.

On the north side is the epitaph of Rev. Anthony Stoddard, the second pastor, who died Sept. 6th, 1760, in the 83d year of his age, and the 61st of his ministry; and on the west side is that of Rev. Noah Benedict, the third pastor, who died April 20th, 1813, in the 76th year of his age, and the 53d of his ministry. At the base, on the north side, is an old mill-stone, one of two small ones taken to Woodbury on horseback, two hundred years ago, from Stratford, with which they ground corn and meal for the whole settlement at the rate of one bushel per day.

The dedicatory exercises were very interesting and impressive. Rev. Thomas L. Shipman, of Jewett City, one of the contributors, opened the exercises with the following

DEDICATORY PRAYER.

O Thou, whose we are, and whom we would glorify in all our works begun, continued and ended; may Thy presence be with us and Thy blessing upon us on the occasion which has convened us in this place of graves. Thy servants have erected this monument before which we are assembled, to the memory of the forefathers of the ancient church whose history we have to-day recalled. Accept Thou this work of their hands and offering of their hearts. May this shaft long stand in remembrance of the men whose names are engraven upon it—though dead, they yet live by the influence of their ministry upon coming generations. Time may efface their

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names from this monument of stone, but nothing shall ever efface their memory from the hearts of a grateful posterity. As we stand surrounded by the dead, impress upon our minds the thought that we shall soon be of them, and give us grace so to live and so to die, that to each of us the end of earth shall be the beginning of Heaven. Bless those who are to take part in the further services of this occasion. May what they shall speak be for Thy glory and for our good, and in all the solemnities and services of the day, may we be accepted through Jesus Christ our strength and our Redeemer. *Amen.*

ADDRESS OF DEDICATION.

BY WILLIAM COTHREN.

Ten years ago, as the curious antiquarian searched with reverent tread among the mossy mounds which surround us, on this consecrated hill, "beautiful for situation," in this loveliest of valleys, parting here and there the lank grass and tangled briars, he would have discovered *that* little head-stone of native rock, with its rude inscription, telling us the simple tale, that here rested all that remained on earth of the first father of the town, "ye faithfull, worthy, beloved Minister of the Gospell, and much lamented pastor of the Ch^{h} of Christ." One hundred and sixty times had the "dark brown years" passed over this consecrated spot, and this was all that remained to tell the numerous posterity of the fathers, who had been enriched and blest during all that long period by his faithful teachings, labors and sufferings—that here the ever-to-be-revered Walker had laid his armor down—that here he awaited in tranquil rest the final trump of God. Then, as now, grouped thickly around him, in like noteless graves, his faithful people were gathered—a hardy, noble race, that has, in the last two centuries, and especially in the living, whirling present, brought forth great and abundant fruit. *There* lies Deacon John Minor, the tried, the true, and the brave, ancestor, in the maternal line, of Gen. Grant, President of the United States. Connecticut,

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through her Deacon Grant, of Windsor, and Deacon Minor, of Woodbury, claims a proud share in the fame of this distinguished man. Near Deacon Minor reposes all that was mortal of Deacon John Sherman, ancestor of the General of our armies, and Senator Sherman, of Ohio. Gen. Sherman's name appears on this monument as great-grandson of the immortal Stoddard, second pastor of this ancient church. The Mitchells, the Wheelers, the Curtisses, the Hurds, the Judsons—ministerial race—all the early revered names lie slumbering near, a goodly company, in their lonely, neglected graves—alas! too long neglected by their numerous descendants. Before me stands at this very moment so great a company of the lineal descendants of the first John Minor, deacon of the church, captain of the train band, interpreter to the Indians and justice of the quorum, that by contributing a mere trifle apiece, a greater and more expensive monument could be erected than this, which we now dedicate to the memory of the fathers. I charge you to-day to take immediate measures to erect a monument fit to commemorate the virtues of one of the most remarkable men in the early history of the colony. It is the duty of the hour for you.

No nobler company of men ever removed in a body into the solitudes and dangers of the wilderness, than these early fathers, who left their dwellings by the sea, to dare the perils and privations of the dim woods. They sought to plant here a pure and sublime faith. They labored to extend the kingdom of God. Is it wonderful, then, that their descendants should desire to erect an enduring monument to the sacred memory of such immortal ancestors, that it may stand forever as a remembrancer to their children to imitate the virtues and graces of their long buried sires, who have "entered into the rest that remaineth to the people of God?"

A little farther to the north stands the modest and dilapidated head-stone of the venerated Anthony Stoddard, second pastor of the church, who rests in the hope of a bright resurrection amid the faithful flock to whom he ministered in "things spiritual" for the long period of more than sixty years. A step farther, and we are at the grave of the sainted Benedict. These three, a trio of worthies, full of prudence, piety and purity unsurpassed, "went out and in before the people" for the long period of one hundred and forty-three years. Such were our fathers, and such their claims on the reverence and the affections of their posterity, and

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yet no monument had arisen to perpetuate a remembrance of their virtues—ten years ago!

But the filial heart of the people could not endure a farther neglect of the reverence due the names of their sacred dead. Measures were taken for erecting a fitting monument to their memory. Starting with the theory that no material could be more fitting than the rugged native boulders from *their own lands*, among which they had wandered in life, the work went on with zeal. Good progress had been made, when the war of the rebellion broke out, and for more than seven dark, gloomy and bloody years, the work was suspended. In 1868, noble men came forward with their contributions, at home and abroad, and the work was commenced again with renewed vigor, and pushed to successful completion. It now stands before you, a rugged structure, 33 feet in height. It is like the character of our fathers, not artistically beautiful, but massive and immovable. It was erected at an expense of more than $1,500—and more than one-third of that amount was contributed by one individual.

A single duty yet remains, and we are here to perform it. We are here, a filial band, to dedicate it to the memory of the fathers. We come to this pleasing duty amid the joyous exercises of our bi-centennial jubilee, and in the two hundred and fiftieth year of Congregationalism in this country. The time is propitious. The skies are bright above us. The awakening vigor of Spring is apparent on every side. It is the fourth jubilee of our church, and the fifth of our order. And now, in such an auspicious hour, when our hearts are filled with joy and congratulations, we dedicate this monument to the memory of the fathers—to the memory of the noble men and women who lie sleeping in the moss-grown graves beneath our feet, resting sweetly and securely in the hope of a blessed immortality in the beautiful land beyond the far etherial blue, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." We dedicate it to the memory of that pilgrim company, who left the father-land for the enjoyment of a purer gospel—who chose to endure all the privations of a pioneer life amid the perils of the wilderness, to establish freedom of thought for themselves and their children. We dedicate it to the heroic men, who could *sing* "amidst the storm,"

> "And whom the stars heard and the sea!
> While the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
> To the anthems of the free!"

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We cheerfully dedicate it to the fathers who chose this beautiful resting-place, so like that of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock, pioneers and partakers in a like faith, and a like appreciation of the beautiful in nature. We dedicate it to those lion-hearted men, who have left us a glorious inheritance—who, while

"The heavy night hung dark
The woods and waters o'er,"

and often over their dearest hopes, still sang the songs of Zion,

And prayed in their Bethel, the shade of the Rock.

We dedicate it with full souls on this

"Holy ground,
The spot where first they trod!
They have left unstained what here they found,
Freedom to worship God."

We dedicate it to them for their toils and labors for the establishment of "the faith once delivered to the saints," for their pure lives, for their earnest zeal, for their pious teachings, for their shining examples. We dedicate it as a sacred memento of them—as a solemn duty to ourselves. We dedicate it, that our children and children's children may learn to follow in the way of the holy dead. We dedicate it, that it may be "a rule unto ourselves," inviting us to pursue "the things that make for peace," and pleasantness, so that when we shall have entered into our rest, and another century shall have rolled its ceaseless round, our descendants may revere our memory as we do that of the fathers so long ago translated.

Spirits of our fathers, long since ascended unto glory at the right hand of God! Spirits of the just made perfect! Do you hear us in your blest abodes on high? Do you note our filial aspirations to-day? Are you hovering over us as our guardian angels? Tell us not that when good men carried your bodies to the burial, and wept over these graves, you knew not, heeded not—the tears of affection! Are you pleased with our tribute of love? Are you not smiling upon us this very hour, soothing our spirits, as we offer to you this memorial our hands have made, and lift to you our filial hearts? Were you ever, while here below, afflicted with trivial contests and bitter recriminations—or, rather did not your great hearts always glow with love and kindness to

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all? Do you look in pity upon us, when discord arises, and brethren disagree? Do you love us in your far-away paradise? Oh! we believe, yes—we believe in the beautiful doctrine of guardian angels! "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father?"

"You're with us yet, ye holy dead!
By a thousand signs we know!
You're keeping e'er a spirit watch
O'er those we love below!

Next followed the Dedicatory Poem, of which the following is a copy, with slight omissions:

THE EARLY VILLAGE FATHERS.

As I sat in my study one eve, grim and grum,
Came a rap at the door:
"Is the poet at home?"
"Well sir, what is wanted?"
"Why, one Cothren is here,
And says he wants brains."
"Ah, how doth that appear?
That a lawyer *lacks* brains, is what often may be,
Though I had not supposed that such lawyer was he."
"Nay, 'tis *your* brains he wants."
"Ah, that alters the case—"
Hence I stand here to-day in this reverend place,

* * * * * * *

Ah, Home, search the world round, go east and go west,
Take all that is purest and sweetest and best;
Take the world's wealth, its grandeur, it's strength, and it's fame,
And, if other good is, fling in all ye can name;
For one hour in that spot, one glad thrill of the boy,
We would willingly give all the world calls it's joy.

* * * * * * * *

"What shadows we are, and what shadows pursue,"
Just go back forty years, let them pass in review;
Scarce one family's head, that stood here in its worth,
But the last forty years have consigned to the earth;
Our homes have changed owners, our farms too, till now
Scarce one gray head ye meet of that *brief* long ago.

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Take one fact to this point. Just go back *eighty* years,
What a power was that name which the singer now bears?
What a wealth of wide acres? What strange business skill!
Each thing that he touched, changed to gold at his will;
'T would take ten modern men to make up his *one* mind,
Half the wealth of the town was in his name combined.
—Scarce two years since this hand signed the deed that conveyed
The last foot of land that great name once obeyed.

Yes, what shadows we are, and what shadows pursue,
We stand here to-day with the fathers in view—
The far-away fathers, and pastors, who led
Their flocks ronnd these hills, on these pastures to feed;
Guarded well each approach, kept the fold from all harms,
And, like Christ of old time, "bore the lambs in their arms."

We stand on their ashes! methinks as we gaze,
That they rise up!—confront us!—and ask of our ways!
There was WALKER, the gentle and meek—yet the shrewd,
There was STODDARD, the austere and plain—yet the good;
There was BENEDICT, solemn and slow, with an eye
That looked out like a star from its cavernous sky;
And a crowd of bright worthies, hover thick in their rear,
And all gaze, with bowed forms, on this pageantry here!

Is it nothing to stand on the graves of *such* men!
Come no thoughts up? no pictures of scenes stirring then?
Come no voices. loud ringing in every ear,
To tell us of life, throbbing life that was here?
Come no shadows, that fall down on every path
God appoints for each soul, in his love, or his wrath?
Aye, and fancy finds pastime in scenes such as these,
And weaves into voice what she hears, or she sees.

* * * * * * * *

'Tis a beautiful part, as we stand here to-day,
And our thoughts travel off to that dim far away,
To call up that scene, and those forms, and those eyes,
That once looked around here on this new Paradise!

There was reverend age with its locks white and thin,
There was beautiful childhood, unsullied by sin,
There was vigorous manhood so stalwart and bold,
There were beautiful maidens so sweet to behold;
And they had all those cares, and those dreams, too, perchance,
That light up the world with the hues of romance.

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There were some sad eyes there, that the hot tears had burned,
There were pale, gentle faces, whose hearts were in-urned
There were souls with dead hopes, that, still withering cling
Round the heart they had broke, and then left with their sting;
And other eyes there, with no smile any more,
Unless faith brought it down from that sunnier shore.

Yet a beautiful faith, that they brought here that day,
They came not for gold, let men say what they may;
They came not for power for no power was there here,
Save the power of meek patience, that dwells in a tear;
But they came with their souls, to this far-away wood,
To work out an *approach* to the all-perfect Good!
Have we, their descendants, departed from them?
Can we now, as they could, the world's currents stem?
Can we, as could they, break off that bond and this,
And alone rest the heart where its true treasure is?

As we stand on their dust, let our hearts go once more,
To that far away land, to that far away shore;
Let us try to draw down into each throbbing breast,
One tithe of that worth that the fathers possessed;
And transmit to our children, till earth cease to move,
Their courage, their patience, their sweetness, their love!

Then followed the

DEDICATION HYMN.

BY WILLIAM COTHREN.

Air—*Tenting on the old Camp Ground.*

We're standing to-day on the holy sod—
With reverence draw near—
Whence our fathers' souls ascended to God—
Their sacred dust lies here.

Chorus—Many are the years since ye hasted away,
Eager for the golden strand;
Many are the voices calling you to-day
To hear our filial Band.
Hear as alway, hear us alway,
Hear us in your happy land.

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Ye are happy to-day in your home above,
Your hearts are all aglow;
Ye are smiling now with a look of love,
On us who toil below.

CHORUS—

We greet you to-day, ye sturdy old stock,
Who rest from your labors here—
From your prayers and praise at the Bethel Rock,
To shine in a brighter sphere.

CHORUS—

This hymn was sung as a quartette by Messrs. William Cothren, James H. Linsley, William A. Gordon, and William B. Walker, in a most effective and beautiful manner.

The exercises closed with a Benediction by Rev. Austin Isham, of Roxbury.

At a quarter to 2 P. M., the bell called to the afternoon exercises. These were of a social character. Hon. N. B. Smith, grandson of the third pastor, the Rev. Noah Benedict, who had presided at the monument, also presided here, ably aided by the pastor, and Deacon Trowbridge, Chairman of the General Committee, acting as Vice-Presidents.

After singing, the Opening Prayer was made by Rev. Austin Isham:—

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, hallowed be Thy name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is done in Heaven. We hear Thy voice speaking to us on this deeply interesting occasion, saying "Seek ye My face." May all our hearts respond, "Thy face, Lord, will we seek."

We would approach Thy throne of grace with profound reverence and deep humility. When we consider the greatness of Thy majesty, and our own exceeding great vileness and unworthiness, we are led to exclaim "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

We feel that we have forfeited every claim to Thy favor and justly merit Thy displeasure. And yet, Thou hast not dealt with us according to our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities; but as high as the Heavens are above the earth, so great has been Thy mercy toward us. We humbly thank Thee for all Thou

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hast done for our guilty and ruined race; especially that Thou didst so love the world, as to give thine own and well-beloved Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life. We thank Thee for the many blessings, temporal and spiritual, which Thou hast conferred upon us. The lines have indeed fallen to us in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage. We feel that it is a goodly land which the Lord our God hath given us. We bless Thee for a godly ancestry, whose steps Thou didst guide to these beautiful hills and valleys, and that here, by Thy blessing, they planted those institutions, civil and religious, which we to-day enjoy.

We render thanks to Thee for extending Thy fostering care to the churches our fathers planted; that Thou didst greatly increase the number and moral power and strength of these churches; thus showing to us how precious in Thy sight is Zion, dear as the apple of Thine eye, and graven on the palms of Thy hands. O Thou great head of the Church, we pray for Thy blessing still. God of our fathers, we beseech Thee never to leave nor forsake these churches. Be as a wall of fire round about them and a glory in the midst of them. Pour out Thy spirit upon them; may they be nd eed the light of the world and the salt of the earth. Give them pastors after thine own heart.

Bless the churches throughout the land and throughout the world.

Finally, we invoke Thy blessing upon all the exercises now before us. In all that may be said or done, may Thy glory and our spiritual good be promoted. We ask and offer all in the name and for the sake of Christ, to whom, with the Father and Holy Spirit, be rendered ceaseless praises. *Amen.*

By special invitation, Rev. Horace Winslow, of Willimantic, Conn., the last preceding pastor of the church, next gave the address of greeting to the assembled churches, and continued during the afternoon to read the sentiments addressed to the churches, which had been prepared by Bro. William Cothren, and to introduce the speakers in response thereto, in an exceedingly happy entertaining and eloquent manner:

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MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

In the name of this Church, I am requested to welcome with joyful greeting, her Daughters, with their Grand-mother, (who is fresh and fair, as one who has not passed the marketable age of twenty-five), to a home gathering here to-day.

To these many children, with their children's children, I may say: Your Mother is not young, and still those who do not know her age might think so, for she is hale and hearty, elastic of step, and buoyant of heart, as a girl of sixteen. If you would observe, you can see that her eye is not dim, nor her natural force abated; that in her voice, dress, and bearing, she has all the appearance of youth—and yet she is two hundred years old to-day. Indeed, a simple consideration of the fact of her numerous family, would suggest the thought that she does not belong to the present generation. I may not be able to state just what it is which has kept her so fresh and fair, for she has not been sleeping for two centuries, nor half of them. She has been a personal actor in all the great and interesting events which have transpired in our country during this long period. She was in the field, boldly defending the frontier, in King Philip's war, giving her sons full to the quota all through the French and Indian war, and she was among the foremost of the forward in the grand struggle which achieved the American nationality. The sons of Woodbury marched to glory and to victory under the leadership of Wolfe, Putnam and Washington. And the fact that there is an occasion for it, and that there is a will to erect here a monument to the memory of the heroes who fell in the national defense and the crushing out of the great rebellion, is proof that your Mother has not been asleep for these years, but awake, and loyal to all the great interests of humanity.

She has also kept up with the times. She is as much at home in the progress of the age, as any of her children's children. She holds to those fundamental truths which made her grand old Puritan ancestry illustrious, and their fame immortal, but she believes in progress. She knows that the world moves, and she moves with it, without the help of a railroad.

It is because of this hearty sympathy with the present, not mourning over the dead past, but rejoicing in the grand march of to-day, that she takes a peculiar pleasure in this family gathering. She is rejoiced to meet her children, who have long been of age,

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and have made their mark in the field of thought and action, and with reminiscenses of the past, talk over the affairs of to-day.

We stand in a grand period of the world's history. We behold here a nation grown to vigorous manhood,—developed in all noble qualities,—at once respected and feared by the governments of the world, and loved by all peoples whose hearts are in accord with the interests of humanity. We see here the fruits of those vital principles of Christianity and rights of man, which our Puritan ancestors held and taught, and to realize which, in a social state, they left their pleasant homes in the old world, and began in this wilderness of the west, to build, from the foundations, a free church and a free state.

For these noble deeds we honor those men. But we stand in no stagnant past. We look forward and upward, and are particularly joyful to-day in the wasting away of hoary wrongs,—in the advance upon public opinion of broad Christian doctrines of human equality and human rights, and in the hold which the Gospel has upon all earnest minds of our day.

Thus cherishing, with you, a common sympathy with these vital interests, the church here delights to honor her Bi-Centennial Anniversary by this gathering. It is with hearty good will that she welcomes you to your birth-place—your early pleasant home in this green valley. And it is a special occasion of joy to us all that we can have with us the venerated Grand-mother. She is very old, and yet we should know it only by her title. Her *residence* is on the sea shore, and in former years, fishing, I conclude, was an occupation with her. However, judging from her present elegant homes, surrounded with the adornments which wealth and art furnish, that business must be given up, but by way of amusement she now and then puts her hand in, and takes a good ***Hall***, as you will see in the reply to the sentiment which I will read:

STRATFORD!—Mother revered! thou that dwellest by the sea! Called in a green old age to celebrate the birth-day of this, thy first born daughter, with filial reverence and great joy, we greet thee, and welcome thee to the goodly heritage which the Lord our God has given us!

Response by Rev. Wm K. Hall, of Stratford.

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MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS:

Such a venerable parent, with such a numerous and honored posterity, would seem to demand a more venerable person than myself to represent her upon this occasion. The incongruity was certainly apparent, even before those humorous references with which my friend has been pleased to introduce me, were made. Appreciating the difficulty of performing such a *rôle*, I have been endeavoring, as best I could, to accumulate and appropriate to myself such a stock of the past, as at least to feel old. I have been attempting, under the influence of these suggestive emblems and insignia, with which these walls and panels are decorated, to forget the present, and to throw myself back into the past. This, however, were comparatively easy to the task of arousing those feelings of self-pride and self exaltation, which they are expected to have, and which they are wont to have, who are privileged in their green old age to celebrate the birth-day of their first born daughter, honored and blessed, and surrounded by a happy family of her own. This effort to feel like a dear old grandma, whose heart swells with joyous pride, and overflows with gratitude, and whose tongue is garrulous, as she recounts the virtues and honors of the family, is altogether too much for me. Just this, however, the sentiment proposed expects of me. Even your Committee of Arrangements, kindly considering the failings of old dames thus happily, and taking for granted that my own pleasure upon this occasion would be found largely in exercising the right to be loquacious, accorded me the privilege of occupying all the time I might desire, not limiting me, as in the case of the children, to ten minutes.

But I promise not to go beyond the stated limit, if in your indulgence you will pardon me if I do not succeed in toning up my youthful feelings to the high pitch of this poetic sentiment.

The historical sermon and address, to which we have with so much pleasure listened, have given us what are supposed to be the facts concerning the birth of this daughter. Some of you are aware that a slight variance of views exists, relative to the causes which led to the formation of this Church, and the colonization of this town of Woodbury. Not particularly interested myself in antiquarian pursuits, I have never been disposed to make a critical investigation of the subject. But if the family record is correct—

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that, I mean, which we keep at home—there is a somewhat different explanation to be given, from that which we have heard to-day. It appears that the daughter, dissatisfied with the way affairs were conducted in the household, determined to have them according to her mind. The mother did not propose to yield to the revolutionary spirit of her rebellious child. And as the child inherited the disposition of the mother, each persistent and unyielding in her own views of what was right and best, the prospects of an amicable life together beneath the same old roof seemed exceedingly doubtful. At this juncture a young man appeared, who succeeded in winning the heart, and as a natural consequence sought to possess the hand of this daughter. Matters became complicated. Councils of friends were summoned to give advice. Even the interference of the civil authorities was invoked. These were warm times. But what was to be done? The troubles came to an end in this way: the young man, whom the mother could not and would not abide, succeeded in obtaining the hand of the daughter, and then, as we might suppose from his very name, if for no other reason, *walked* off with her. This play upon the name *Walker* recalls a story that is still current in the old home, and I may be permitted to drop, for a moment, the thread of my story, to repeat it, after the habit of loquacious old ladies.

Those old controversies were carried on, not without considerable bitterness. The General Court had interfered to adjust the matters in dispute between the two Church parties. It decided that the Walker party should have the use of the Meeting-House a part of the Lord's Day. Upon one occasion, Mr. Walker had in a sermon made some declaration which Dr. Chauncy had construed as unjust, and as reflecting upon himself. In the afternoon, or upon the next Sabbath, Dr. Chauncy took for his text this passage: "Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." His first point was, "You see, my Brethren, that the devil is a great *walker*."

How much of this is fact, and how much merely legend, or the gossip of the period handed down, much exaggerated, to the present, I cannot say, but it may serve to remind us, what historical facts amply teach, that the ecclesiastical disputes of those days engendered warm party feelings, and rendered absolutely necessary an entire separation.

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The daughter, with her chosen spiritual leader and guide, left the old homestead, and in choosing her new home wisely turned northward, preferring the clear, bracing air of the north to the damp and fog and malaria of the shore lands. The record of these two hundred years, and these festivities to-day, testify to the wisdom of that separation and of that choice.

That setting forth from the old home was under circumstances, and amid scenes, which, if we could reproduce them in our imagination to-day, would aid us in rising to the full significance of this occasion. The Plantation was only thirty years old. These years had been years of toil, of hard work in subduing the wilderness, and in making for themselves comfortable homes. They had been spent in almost constant fear of the depredations and attacks of the Indians. One generation was about passing away, and a new generation had already begun to take up and carry on the ever unfinished work. They were just beginning to enjoy the fruits of their hard pioneer toil, were just beginning to realize the benefits of a social life, well ordered, properly systematized as to government, adequately equipped and adjusted by the experiences of those thirty years. Those years had been years chiefly of preparation. The settlement was now assuming the appearance and the character of a thrifty agricultural town. It must have required a resoluteness of purpose, backed by a firm, conscientious regard for duty, for that little band to go forth at such a time, and strike out an entirely new path for themselves, to begin over again that same laborious work of making new homes in these wild woodlands of the north. The prime motives that led them to take that step were wholly of a religious nature. Their rights as church members they would maintain. Spiritual interests must be held paramount. They felt that they could not remain in the old church home, though it was large enough to contain them, if the course they deemed right and scriptural was not pursued; so they left it. They had pluck, nerve and energy—stood their ground firmly until they were convinced that it was for the good of both parties that they should secede. I apprehend that at the last, the spirit that prevailed was not far different from that exhibited in the Patriarch brother, after variances had arisen in the family: "Let there be no strife, I pray, between me and thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee: separate thyself I pray thee from me.

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If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right, and if thou depart to the right hand then I will go to the left."

Fortunately there was land enough, and that too not far distant from the old home. Could those bold spirits who planned and achieved that work of settlement, whose names shine out upon these tablets before us to-day, see what we of this generation see, could look upon these well tilled, well fenced farms, this attractive thoroughfare, bordered by this cordon of cottage and homestead, indicative all of such comfort, and plenty, and taste, could behold what would be to them of by far greater value, and in their estimate the largest proofs of their success, and the highest earthly reward of their sacrifices and toil, these marks of church life and church progress which have been commensurate with the growth of the outreaching population, they might well believe that the Lord went up with them and before them, and marked out for them the goodly heritage which was to be theirs, and their children's.

All honor and praise from us be to that devoted band. The unflinching fidelity to honest convictions, the uncompromising spirit of attachment to what was to them the truth of God, which they exhibited at the sacrifice of so much they held dear, were the rightful issue of the Puritan blood that flowed in their veins. Let us emulate their spirit, and prove ourselves worthy of such a godly ancestry.

The old mother church, whom you have so cordially welcomed to your feast of remembrances and rejoicings to-day, most heartily enters into your spirit of devotion to the fathers, and would, even as yourselves, seek to be animated anew for the work of the Divine Master, for the glory of the Redeemer's kingdom in the earth. May the blessing of the Great Head of the Church rest upon all these Churches represented here, endowing them with a larger measure of the Divine Spirit, whereby they may be more thoroughly consecrated to God and His service.

SOUTHBURY!—First pledge of our affections, and offspring of our heart of hearts, dweller in the fertile plains beside the beautiful river, the Jordan of our ancient inheritance, with maternal joy we greet thee!

Response by Rev. A. B. Smith.

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MR. CHAIRMAN:—In responding to the affectionate maternal greeting of this church, we, the eldest offspring, rejoice in being thus welcomed to the home of our childhood on this interesting and joyous occasion, and with true filial affection in connection with our younger sisters, we would to-day seek to gladden the heart of her from whom we had our origin. Venerable in her age, on this two hundredth anniversary of her existence, we would render to her all due respect and honor.

It is a joyful occasion where all the scattered children, after years of separation, gather together at the old family home. Such is the occasion we enjoy to-day, and few in these degenerate times can boast a like numerous family. It reminds us of the olden time, when a numerous offspring was counted a blessing, and it was really felt, that "happy is the man who hath his quiver full of them." I doubt not the joy to-day is in proportion to the number of "olive plants" gathered around the parental table.

But when the scattered members of the family, after long absence, gather at the old home, it is natural that they should review the past, and talk of their varied experiences. The mother is sure to rejoice in the prosperity of all her children, and to grieve over and sympathize with them in all their adversities.

As the oldest of this goodly family, having now attained to the respectable age of 138 years, we have, as has been here hinted, received the fairest natural inheritance of the whole ancestral domain. Our lot has been cast on "the fertile plains, beside the beautiful river, the Jordan of our" venerable mother's "ancient inheritance"—a land in which Lot himself might have looked with eager, wishful eyes, and chosen in preference to the hill country. But the fertile river bottoms always possess their temptations and their dangers. Though they give promise of an immediate prosperity, and for this reason are often chosen in preference to the hill country, yet they are liable to foster luxury, ease, and consequent idleness, with all their attendant evils, and so tend ultimately to degeneracy. Such locations, therefore, are not usually the most favorable to the progress of true religion, and the spiritual prosperity of the church. As the vine flourishes the most luxuriantly in the rocky glens and on the sunny slopes of the hill country, so the church, the vine of God's own planting, has usually found its greatest prosperity in the rural districts, and among the hills, where there were few temptations to luxury, ease and indolence. Consequently, our younger sisters among the hills

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have far outstripped us in numbers, and we have become the smallest and weakest of them all, already showing signs of decrepitude and decay. But as God has hitherto had "a seed to serve Him" in this church of the valley, and many have been trained up under its nurture for a heavenly inheritance, we trust that it will continue to be so in all time to come. The ministry commenced by Graham, the learned Scotch divine of noble birth, and continued by Wildman, the compeer of Bellamy, and by Daniel A. Clark, the great sermonizer, though better preacher than pastor, has been sustained with occasional interruptions to the present time, though latterly on a less settled and permanent foundation. We hope that on a field where so much good seed has been sown, and watered by the tears and prayers of rich, eminent men, a brighter day will ere long dawn, when a new impulse shall be given to everything good in this beautiful valley—where these tendencies to decay shall be arrested, and enterprise, and virtue, and true piety shall be on the increase, and the church shall arise with renewed strength and vigor, and "put on her beautiful garments," and "look forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible" to her enemies "as an army with banners."

BETHLEHEM!—Thou "house of bread," situate like the Bethlehem in the Holy Land, about six miles from *thy* Jerusalem—nurtured, enriched and adorned by Bellamy and Backus—we greet thee, second child of our love!

Response by Rev. Geo. W. Banks.

MR. CHAIRMAN:—It is exceedingly unfortunate for me that I am not a believer in the doctrine of apostolic succession, for it would be comfortable, to say the least, to have a consciousness of some mysterious power or grace descending to me from my predecessors, which would enable me to do justice to the sentiment and the greeting which have just been offered. But lacking all such power or grace, I must express, as best I am able to you, sir, and through you, to our venerable and venerated mother, the congratulations of the second daughter, the church in Bethlehem. Though more than a century and a quarter have passed since she left the parental roof, yet I trust that the home instinct is not dead, but that she cherishes and would have expressed to-day, a warm affection for the mother church.

The church in Bethlehem is one hundred and thirty years old

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to-day. Its beginnings were weak in material things, but strong in faith. Fourteen families living on the hill-tops in "the East part of the North Purchase of Woodbury," finding their six miles' walk to their ancient Jerusalem through winter's storm and summer's heat, inconvenient, determined to have a Mt. Zion of their own, and with a faith and self-sacrifice that we cannot too much admire, this handful of poor but heroic settlers, organized themselves into a church of Christ, and made provision for the permanent support of the gospel ministry among them. When a daughter makes an advantageous settlement in life, the mother's heart is made glad. So, when this daughter on the hills gave her heart to a young man by the name of Joseph Bellamy, the mother church in the valley no doubt rejoiced. Under Dr. Bellamy's ministry of half a century, "the handful of corn on the top of the mountains began to shake like Lebanon." Its name proved to be no misnomer, for if ever a church received abundance of spiritual food, the church in Bethlehem did, from its first pastor.

Of one, concerning whom so much has been written and so well, it would be impossible for me to speak with justice in the few moments allotted me at this time. I may however briefly allude to the affection he bore to the church over which he was placed. It may serve to set in strong contrast the lack of interest with which the pastoral relation is now viewed by many, and the ease with which it is broken. When Dr. Bellamy was at the zenith of his power as a preacher, being regarded as second only to Jonathan Edwards, and by some of his cotemporaries as superior to him in many respects; when his fame had spread all over the country, and even to England, he received a flattering invitation to become the pastor of the 1st Presbyterian Church in New York City. To the Consociation called to advise upon the subject, he addressed the following characteristic letter:

"BETHLEHEM, Jan. 25th, 1754.

"REVEREND GENTLEMEN:—My people give me salary enough; are very kind, too; I love them, and if it be the will of God I should love to live and die with them. There are many difficulties in the way of my going to New York. They are a difficult people; don't like my terms of communion, and some of their great men are against my coming; I am not polite enough for them! I may possibly do to be minister out in the woods, but am not fit for a city. I may die with the small-pox, and leave a widow

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and fatherless children in a helpless condition. My people will be in danger of ruin. It breaks my heart to think that the interests of religion must sink among my people, and the youth run riot, and the little children be left without an instructor. I humbly desire, therefore, nothing may be done without the utmost deliberation; and that whatever advice you shall see fit to give me, you will let me and my people know what grounds you go upon. Behold my life and all the comforts of my life, and my usefulness in the world, and the temporal and eternal interests of my people lie at stake; and you, reverend gentlemen, must answer it to God, if you should give me any wrong advice for want of a thorough and most solemn and impartial weighing of the affair. May the infinitely wise God direct you. I pray you to consider me as one of your unworthy brethren, almost overwhelmed with concern, and just ready to sink under the weight of this affair, and quite broken-hearted for my kind and dear people. JOSEPH BELLAMY."

There exists in his handwriting a memorandum of an imaginary dialogue on the subject of his "declaring" as it was technically called, *i. e.* saying that he felt it his duty to go to New York. Coming at length to the supposition that he *has* "declared," he writes:

"The news flies through the country, and through all New England, and spreads far and wide; and every one has his say—nor are they silent in hell!"

"*Carnal People*—Aha! Aha! Here comes the man that pretended to so much religion! They are all alike—a pack of rogues!"

"*Godly People*—Alas! Alas! What has he done? A dreadful affair! We must give him up, without pretending to vindicate his conduct! Alas for him that was once our guide and friend!"

"*New York*—Aha! Aha! He cares not for his people, nor is moved by their tears, nor touched by their cries and pleadings! He has torn away! Right or wrong, he's resolved to come though his church is ruined! Aha! Aha! Dollars! dollars! dollars!"

"*The Devil*—Hurrah! I'm right glad! Now the old fellow will never do much more hurt to my kingdom!"

"*All Hell*—Hurrah! hurrah!"

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It is needless to state that Dr. Bellamy remained "in the woods" with the church of his first love, and "his sepulchre is with us to this day." Of his scarcely less illustrious successor, Dr. Backus, time forbids me to speak. The ministry of these two men of God reached over a period of 70 years, more than half the history of the church. Under Dr. Bellamy, nearly two hundred and fifty united with the church, and under Dr. Backus, one hundred and forty-eight. Then followed the shorter ministries of Mr. Langdon of nine years, who received one hundred and three into the church; Mr. Stanton of four years, who received twenty-two, and Mr. Couch of five years, who received fifty-two.

These were sound, godly men, whose labors resulted in much good. The church received as its next pastor, from a sister church (Roxbury,) Mr. Harrison, whose ministry was long, peaceful and prosperous. He received into membership one hundred and nine persons. Of the two later pastors—known to you all—still laboring in other fields, I may not speak. Mr. Loomis received seventy-three into the church; Mr. Wright, fourteen. Under the present pastorate, fifty-seven have united with the church.

Favored with such a ministry in the past, this daughter has been sound in the faith, a spiritual-minded church, and often refreshed with heavenly blessings. In such a family gathering as this, it may not be immodest for her briefly to state some facts in her history of which she feels justly proud. She was among the first churches in the land to see the folly and abandon the practice of the "half-way covenant." She is a temperance society by a vote of the church. She has never indulged in what has come to be a modern luxury to most churches—a stated supply. She believes in the holy ordinance of ecclesiastical marriage. In all her history there have been but four years in which she has been without a pastor. Finally, she claims to have the oldest Sabbath School (in the modern form of that institution) in the country, if not in the world. Forty years before Robert Raikes ever thought of such a thing, the first pastor of this church, with his deacons, was wont to gather on Sabbath noon, the youth of the congregation into classes for instruction from the Bible and the Catechism. That Sabbath School has maintained an unbroken organization down to this day. The daughter on the hills has never been and probably never will be a large church. She is located in a sparsely settled agricultural community, whose high hills and deep vales no railroad will dare look in the face. Emigration constantly drains off her

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young people. Two churches of other denominations have grown up by her side, and to a great extent out of her material. But she trusts that she has a mission in the future as she has had in the past. That mission will be to endeavor to sanctify the stream of young life that flows out from her as naturally as the waters run from her hills, that it may prove a blessing to the church of Christ and to the world. If she shall send forth in the future any "streams that shall make glad the city of our God," she will not live in vain, even though she continue to be "among the least of Princes of Judea." May the daughter on the hills never be mothertheless, and may the mother in the valley never mourn the loss of her daughter, until we are all taken to our Father's home in the church triumphant.

JUDEA!—Thou "praise of the Lord," seated on thy hill like the ancient hill of Zion; beautiful for situation, fit place for a new temple; "Unanymously and Lovingly Agreed upon," third pledge of our affections, we greet thee!

Response by Rev. W. S. Colton.

MR. PRESIDENT:—I should almost have imagined, but for the address of the last speaker, (Rev. G. W. Banks), that I was in a Woman's Rights Convention, so much has been said about Grand-*mother*, and *Mother*, and *Daughters*, in the remarks already made. But as I looked around me, and caught sight of various beards and mustaches, and other evidences of the presence of the masculine persuasion in the audience generally, and remembered that we had just been attending the dedication of the *Fathers'* Monument, and saw from the programme that the speaking on this occasion was to be by *men*, I felt reassured of the character of the event which has convened us here.

I ought, in passing, to notice the observations of my good brother from Southbury, (Rev. Mr. Smith), who has informed us in glowing terms how delightfully his Church is situated on "the Jordan," and has dilated on the pleasantness of the region thereabout, in language highly wrought and very jubilant. But according to my studies in Sacred Geography, the Jordan runs through *Judea*, and I feel quite disposed to claim a *part* of that same river and the lovely valley adjacent, for that third daughter, which I represent, in my response to-day. I have also read in an old prophet, words like these: "Thou *Bethlehem* in the land of

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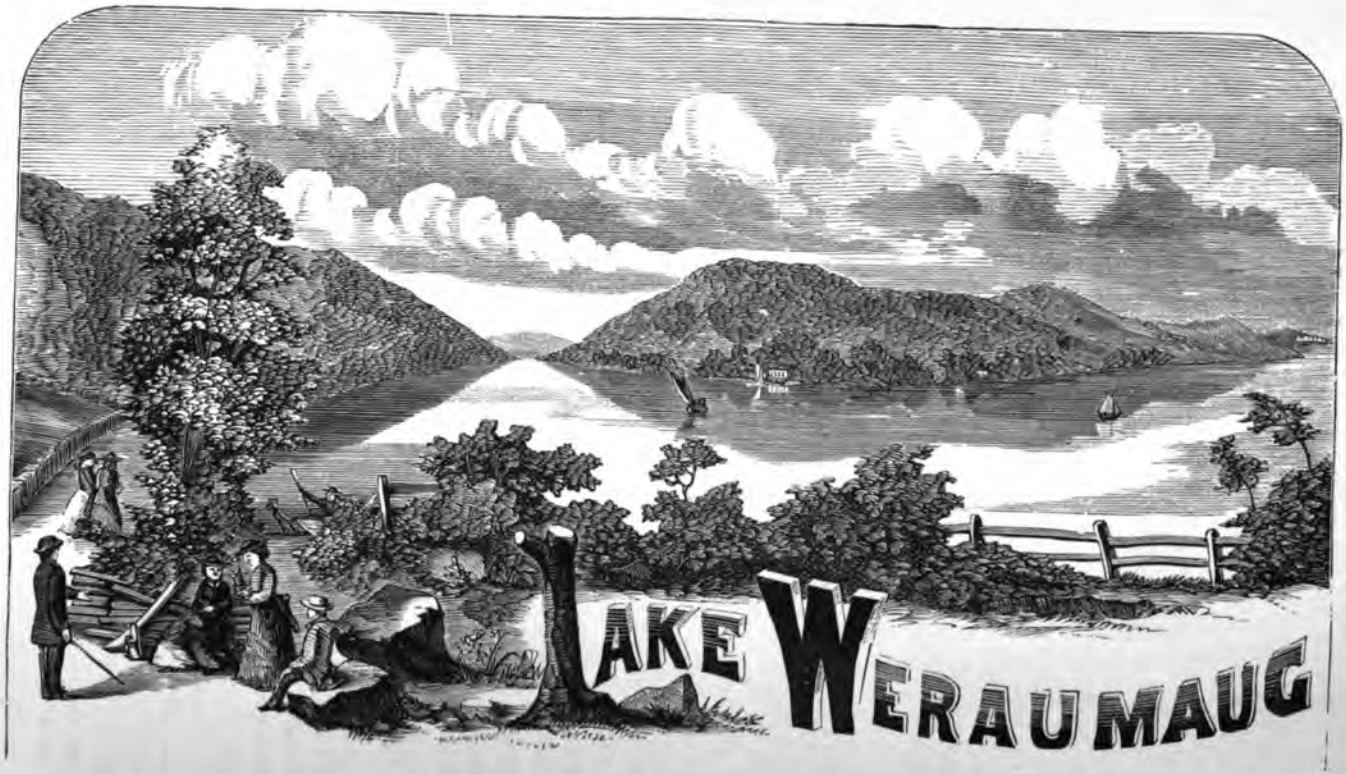

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Judah (*Judea?*) art not the least among the thousands of Israel," —so I think we on the hills may fairly share in the honors as well as territory of *some* of our neighbors.

Speaking of Bethlehem, sir, reminds me of the story Dr. Taylor used to tell of Drs. Bellamy and Backus, the famous pastors of that Church, formerly. Some one asked an old negro, who had sat for many years under their preaching, which of the two he liked the best? "Massa Bellamy, sir." "Why so, Sambo?" "'Cause, Massa Backus make God big—but Massa Bellamy make God bigger!"

May it be the aim and lot of him, the now pastor of this Church, so to magnify God to the people by his preaching, that some witness will in future time testify of *him*, that he also "made God bigger!"

Now, as to the occasion that has called us together, I have to observe, that whenever the children are invited home to Thanksgiving, the first thing they wish to find is, that *the old lady, their mother, is well.* If they discover her eye undimmed, her cheek still unfaded, and the old vigor in her step, then are they glad. The times of yore seem to come back. And this is what we discover about our mother here to-day. Certainly, no signs of decrepitude or decay are visible in her appearance. I remember once taking tea with an old lady of nearly one hundred years of age; and, on asking the honor of escorting her to the table, and remarking admiringly how nimble was her step, and vigorous her appetite, she observed, as she was helped to biscuit and cake, and other things: "Old folks like good things as well as young folks!" She had, as I said, a good appetite, but she *died* about a week or two afterwards!

And so our old lady here in Woodbury, two hundred years old, has a quick step, and looks well, and for aught I have observed to the contrary, has shown as hearty an appetite in the town hall at the table to-day, as any of her daughters. Certainly she has shown the old hospitality.

Another thing children want to know when they come back to Thanksgiving, is, *whether their mother is keeping house in the same old place.* If they found her in a boarding-house or hotel, how differently they would feel! The old feeling of the fireside and the table would be gone, and they would not, as of old, seem to be at *home.*

Now we are happy to find that our venerable mother here is still

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housekeeping. This goodly house, especially fair internally, gives satisfactory evidence of her good condition, and of her future prospects as well, and we are quite comforted on that score.

And then again, since this is a Thanksgiving Jubilee, the children are always eager to know if *their old mother's love for them still remains.*

Should there be any falling off of affection, how grieved they would be! The home would seem home no more, if the mother, as well as father, should be found to be changed in the quality of their feeling for their children.

We are happy to find no such change of affection in the hearty welcome we have all received here to-day. The mother church keeps the old love alive, and for that we thank God and are grateful.

One thing more the children want to know when they come back, as we now do, to the ancient homestead, and that is, if the old mother *keeps the flame of piety alive and pure*, as in the days of their youth. Is the Bible still in the same familiar place, and well worn, and loved, and reverenced, as of old?

We are glad to find evidence that such is the fact with our dear and venerated mother here, and rejoice that God, in His great goodness, has continued so spiritually to bless her in all these years, down to this hour.

In behalf of the church in Judea, therefore, I congratulate our mother church on her past and present prosperity. This third daughter on the hills, of which I am pastor, has outgrown her sister churches, and is the only one of them, also, that has ever outgrown in numbers the mother herself, having now over 240 members, more than 60 having been admitted by profession within the four years of my ministry, while the Sabbath School embraces 375 scholars and teachers.

May these sister churches strive in all the coming times to be faithful to God, that, at last, their work on earth being done, all the members of the same may hear the voice of the final Judge saying: "Well done, good and faithful servants; ye have been faithful over a few things, I will make you ruler over many things; enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

ROXBURY!—Dweller in the "hill country," and along the river of the hills, brave witness for the truth, and companion of the

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faithful, fourth blessing from a Bountiful Hand, we welcome thee to the old fireside!

Response by Rev. A. Goodenough.

MR. CHAIRMAN:—Since this occasion naturally invites our attention to the past, I feel that it would be more appropriate could Roxbury be represented by one who has shared more fully than myself in her past history—yet I flatter myself that in one particular I may have my fitness as a representative. More than any other community in which it has been my fortune to live, ours is deficient in the gift which finds public expression in words—not of course from lack of thought or ability, (which we would not for a moment concede), but, as I take it, from excessive diffidence. If this brevity should be the soul of my wit, I shall have no doubt of the fitness of it, and hope it may be accounted wisdom.

As has been suggested, we also belong to the "hill country," and I think it might truly be said of *us* as of the chosen nation in the older time. "The Lord our God hath brought us into a *good* land; a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land wherein we shall eat bread without scarceness; we shall not lack any good thing in it, a land whose stones are iron." A land of hills and valleys, and that drinketh water of the rain of heaven; a land which the Lord our God careth for; the eyes of the Lord our God are upon it from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year."

Perhaps also, so far as it is the home of our choice, we may take some credit to ourselves—for, in the prophecy of Agur, the conies —a feeble folk—are pronounced "exceeding wise" because they make their dwelling among the rocks.

There is the less need that I should speak in detail concerning the history of our church, because we claim a share in the glory of that common history which has been already brought before us.

Though we claim to be the "heirs of all the ages," we especially cherish the heritage which has come down to us through the faith and faithfulness of those earnest men and women who first planted the Gospel of Christ among these hills. We reverence the memory of those who before our time bravely witnessed for the truth, and through severe labors and discouragements kept their faith to the end, and it is our cherished ambition to hand down to our children untarnished the blessed inheritance we ourselves have

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received from our fathers. The hearts of many children are turning toward the Father to-day, inquiring for the old paths, and desiring to walk in them. (Indeed, I sometimes think that not only does our reverence extend to the old *paths*, but that we are occasionally proud to stick in the same old *ruts*, which were worn by the ancient cart wheels).

We delight to gather to-day around the old fireside, rejoicing in the past, yet thankfully recognizing the larger growth of the present, and looking forward with joyful confidence to the days yet to come, in which the perfect harvest of good shall be garnered from the sown seed of the past.

Though allusions to a lady's age are not always welcome, they seem to be the fashion to-day, and since our Mother Church seems proud of her natural position, and herself invites us to celebrate her birthday, we join in congratulating her on bearing her years so well, and sincerely hope that she may live long in the land—vigorous in perpetual youth, strengthening her children by her sympathy, and guiding them by her example to the perfection of righteousness and faith.

South Britain!—Dweller in the Southwest, along the banks of the "Great River," "beyond the mountains," fifth pledge of faith, hope and charity, right heartily do we welcome thee to the old family gathering!

Response by Rev. H. S. Newcomb.

Venerable mother in Israel, gladly at thy bidding we have come around "the mountains" and up the little river towards its source, here to receive thy greeting and to offer thee our warm congratulations at this happy family gathering. Had the pioneers who came before thee, mother, come by the path we came, they would not have been under the necessity of clambering over those western rocks and hills to obtain their first view of this beautiful valley. But it is well for us that they missed their direction, and passed by the mouth of the little Pomperaug, seeking in vain farther up the "Great River" a more promising branch that should lead them to their future home; else this happy gathering would not now be enjoying the blessings of Heaven resulting from the prayer of the sainted Deacon John Minor, on Good Hill, where, after their weary climbing, they first cast eyes on their land of promise.

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We feel somewhat abashed in view of the peculiar relations in which we stand to this family here gathered. We are thine only grand-daughter, ancient mother, the sole offspring of thine eldest daughter. We are aware, too, that there is here a more venerable presence, thine honored mother, making thy daughters grand-daughters also; but at the same time making us the only little great-grand-daughter present. So, though our youth makes us bashful, we presume a little on thy tender regard and kind consideration.

We lead a pleasant life over there by the "Great River." But we would not have thee think that we are come from the ends of the earth, for we have heard that there are still higher mountains and greater rivers beyond; and some of our young people have even seen them.

We are enjoying a pleasant and prosperous life over there. We ourselves feel somewhat old, mother, having entered one year into the second century which thou art just leaving. But years do not weaken us. We have renewed our age, having put on the habiliments of youth, and we are looking for a prosperous future.

We think we have kept the pledge. We "hold fast the profession of our faith." We earnestly "contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." We have that hope, which is "as an anchor to the soul;" we put on that "charity which is the bond of perfectness." We are looking forward to a larger, happier, more glorious family gathering than this; where "they shall come from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God." We hope to meet thee and thy daughters there; and to furnish a list of honored names written in the "Book of Life;" and to add to the royal diadem of our King a cluster of stars that have shone with greater or less lustre here, and will shine still brighter there; among them, first and foremost, Tyler, champion of the faith; Smith, early called to his reward, and Butterfield, embalmed in in the memory of many still living. May we all meet there, where the distinctions of age shall be done away; where Christ shall be our elder brother, and we, all brethren.

Woodbury North!—Latest and nearest, the child of our old age, co-dweller in this beautiful land of promise, and co-laborer in every good word and work in the Lord, with motherly pride and affection we welcome you to this our glad jubilee!

Response by Rev. John Churchill.

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MR. PRESIDENT:—In responding in behalf of the North Church, to the cordial invitation and welcome which you have extended to us, I beg leave to say that we are exceedingly happy to be present, and to be made welcome to participate with you in the Christian associations of this most interesting occasion. The emotions of the hour rise altogether too high for utterance, and I am not able to speak with that calmness and considerateness that would seem to be most becoming.

It is proper, perhaps, that the confession should here be publicly made, that as jealousies and disagreements sometime arise among the members of the same family, who dwell upon the same old homestead, so there have been some discord and want of good fellowship between us; yet I am happy to say, that at no time has there been any total disruption of Christian confidence and fellowship, and that whatever may have existed, of an unpleasant nature, at any time, has passed away, and is among the buried *debris* of the Past, and that to-day our fellowship and concord are without any barriers or embarrassments. Let us praise God together to-day, that churches that might seem to have local rival interests, are able, through His grace, to maintain the peace and "fellowship of the saints."

I had supposed, sir, that it would be expected on this occasion, as the daughters return to their ancestral home, that they would relate their experiences, and tell their mother and their sisters what had been the dealings of a kind Providence with them since their separation.

We are here, Mr. President, to commemorate the Christian results of the planting of this church in the wilderness two hundred years ago, and we have come by your invitation, not only to join in your rejoicings, and to make our courtesy, but to tell you how we have prospered in our respective households. I hope I may be indulged, therefore, in a brief statement concerning the history of your youngest daughter.

The North Church in Woodbury was organized by a colony from this church, in the year of our Lord 1816, on the 25th of December. The colony consisted of eleven males and twenty females, only two of whom are now living. These, I see, are present here to-day.

The church remained without a pastor until the following July, when, on the 27th of that month, Rev. Grove L. Brownell was ordained and installed the pastor. Judging from the results of

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his labors, it must be allowed that he was a very capable and faithful minister of the Gospel. During the first year of his ministry, fifteen were added to the church by profession; the next year, ten; during the next three years, thirty-six; during the next three years, thirty-nine were added; the next three years, sixty-three; and so on at this ratio for the whole period of his ministry, which continued for about twenty-three years. The whole number received by profession during his ministry is two hundred and thirty-eight— a little more than an average of ten persons for each year. Forty were of the church when he entered on his ministry, and fifty-eight were added by letters from other churches, so that there were three hundred and seventy-five persons connected with the church during the first pastorate.

It is due to the men who constituted the church fifty-four years ago, nearly all of whom have passed away, to say that they were earnest, resolute, capable, Christian men, who shrank not from responsibility, who feared not hardship, and who made great personal sacrifices to build a church, and sustain the public institutions of religion. They present a noble example of Christian enterprise, which it would be equally noble and Christian, in their children and successors, to emulate. Possibly they constitute a portion of that "cloud of witnesses," holding in view the doings of those who succeed them.

Under the ministry of Mr. Brownell's successor, which began in April, 1840, in less than a year after his dismission, and which continued for a period of twenty-seven and a half years, there were gathered into the church by profession, one hundred and ninety-seven. Almost the entire congregation, at the close of that ministry, on the last Sabbath in September, 1867, were members of the church. Since then, for a period of two and a half years, the church has been without a pastor.

Such, briefly, Mr. President, has been the success of your youngest daughter, the North Church in Woodbury. "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." Our course has been one of uniform prosperity, and we are grateful that we can bring to-day, such a record of His goodness and mercy, to the honor not only of the Great Head of the Church, but of our venerable mother, as well.

I beg leave now, Mr. President, to give way, and introduce to the audience the Rev. Mr. Shipman, of Jewett City, who, for a considerable number of years, was pastor of the Church in Southbury.

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Rev. Thomas L. Shipman responded as follows:

The privilege is accorded me of recalling the name, and lingering a moment on the memory of one of your deceased pastors, Rev. Mr. Andrews. I made his acquaintance soon after I came into the vicinity. He impressed me, upon my first introduction, as a man of singular purity, an impression which all my future intercourse served only to confirm. He was a man of the nicest sensibilities; the cords of his heart vibrated to the slightest touch; his tender sensibilities often filled his eyes with tears. He had a look which none who knew him can forget, and which it would be vain for any one to imitate. There was that in his tone, when his soul was stirred to its depths, which strangely penetrated your heart. I remember at the meeting of the Consociation in Harwinton, in the summer of 1831—that year so remarkable for the outporings of the Spirit—he was called to officiate at the administration of the Lord's Supper. As he rose, and cast a look over the assembly, every heart seemed to be moved, and before he closed the first sentence, the house became a perfect Bochim. It was not so much what he said, as his manner of saying it. "We are about to approach the foot of the Eternal throne, and how can we come?" I was present at the ordination of his son-in-law, Rev. William Aitchison, who gave himself to Christ and to China. "My son," was uttered with a tone and a look which thrilled at least one heart. His prudence was memorable. At one time the regiment of which I was then chaplain met at Woodbury. Mr. Andrew was invited to dine with us. He sat at my side, and opposite to us sat a member of the society committee of a neighboring parish. "Mr. Andrew," said the gentleman, "do you know why Mr. ——— was dismissed from ———?" He waited a moment; I rather guess he shut his eyes. "I do not think I am sufficiently acquainted with the facts to state them correctly." Had he replied, "there was some disaffection toward him among his people," the report would have gone over the hills, gaining as it traveled: "Rev. Mr. Andrew, of Woodbury, says there was great disaffection at ———." He was a man of much culture; he held a polished pen. He often wrote for the Quarterly Christian Spectator, and his articles are among the choicest contributions to that periodical. I would particularly direct attention to the article in the December No. for 1833, entitled, "What is the real difference between the New Haven Divines and those who oppose

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them?" The paper was read at the minister's meeting in Southbury, and published at the request of the brethren. The controversy was at that time very earnest, not to say sometimes bitter. Whatever was then thought, or whatever may be still thought of the "New Haven Divines," all will agree that Mr. Andrew stated their position with great calmness and clearness. His article in the No. for September, 1830, entitled, "Review of Advice to a Young Christian," and the article in the March No. for 1832, entitled, "Assurance of their piety peculiarly the duty of Christians at the present day," are papers of great excellence. Mr. Andrew was one whom all who knew love to think of when alone. It makes us better at least for the moment only to think of him, and we love to talk of him when we meet, and one of our most cherished anticipations is, renewing our acquaintance with him in our Father's kingdom.

Rev. Austin Isham was next called up by the chairman, and gave some very interesting reminiscenses, a copy of which the editor has been unable to obtain.

The following letters were then read by the pastor:

Letter of Rev. CHARLES E. ROBINSON, *of Troy, N. Y.*

DEAR BROTHER LINSLEY:—I would greatly like to be with you at the celebration of the bi-centennial anniversary of your dear old church. I have an interest in, and love for that field which can never die. The fresh dewy morning of my ministry dawned there. There are souls there either brought to Jesus under my Ministry, or through the goodness of God quickened by it, whose Christian lives, characteristics and graces, stand out with crystaline distinctness. There are certain hours and days, which, amid the long procession of indistinguishable days, are radiant with sacred memories. There are some of those precious Tuesday evening Cottage prayer meetings, where the position of individuals at the meeting, the expression of their faces, the words spoken, and the songs we sang, are as clearly before me as if no time had elapsed.

Faces which we shall see no more. Blessed ones anticipating us in the joys of Heaven.

There are fields over which I strayed, bridges, leaning from which, I quieted my disturbed soul in the sweet murmuring of the

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stream. There are certain points on the summit of those Orenaug rocks, from which I took in the unsurpassed loveliness of the Woodbury valley, all of which are now, by the power of memory, a part of my life, and which I would not willingly forget.

There was an impression made upon me in my pastorate there, growing out of the old associations which enfolded me, which, I cannot help feeling, must be valuable to any laborer in that field. Those three graves of Walker, Stoddard and Benedict, with their flocks all folded about them, (for I think that I laid away to her last resting place, the last member of the church under Pastor Benedict), all seemed to tell me to be faithful. I could not help the feeling that those old fathers were looking down with interest upon the thread of their work which they had let drop, at death, and which, in God's providence, after passing through various faithful hands, I had taken up.

May God continue to bless that old First Church through all the years until the bridegroom comes!

Present to the friends gathered there my fraternal greetings, and my sincere regrets, that in this case, I cannot be in two places at once.

Believe me, my dear Brother, to be your attached friend now, as I was formerly your Pastor.

CHARLES E. ROBINSON.

TROY, N. Y., *April* 20th, 1870.

P. S.—Please send me, if convenient, some account of your gathering.

Letter of Rev. CHARLES LITTLE, *of Nebraska.*

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, *April* 13th, 1870.

P. M. TROWBRIDGE, Esq., *Chairman of Committee.*

DEAR BROTHER:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 4th inst., inviting me to participate in the proposed observance of the two hundredth anniversary of your church.

It would give me very great pleasure to be present on that occasion, there to renew the friendships of the past. Of the places on earth, not few nor very many, to which memory delights to

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return and to recall the sacred associations there formed, one of the freshest and most cherished is Woodbury.

The parsonage, the office-study, the church, the lecture-room, the domestic circles, the familiar faces, the cemeteries, the hills and valleys—these all come before me with dear remembrances.

Though my stay with you was short, yet I expect to enjoy the fruits of it throughout eternity.

That old church—it ought to be greatly profitable for you to rehearse its history for two hundred years.

The good which it has accomplished—there are many in heaven who know more fully what that is than the Orators who will address you.

That invisible company—those gone before; I see no reason why God may not commission them to be present; how much more deeply interesting will they appear to those permitted to behold them, than the crowds which in bodily presence will honor the occasion.

Most gladly would I be with you then and there, but to go and return would require a journey of three thousand miles, which is more than I can perform at present.

Please present my love and best wishes to all my friends, and accept the assurance of my earnest desire for the future prosperity of the church.

I remain yours, in the bonds of the Gospel,

CHARLES LITTLE.

Letter of Rev. PHILO JUDSON, *of Rocky Hill.*

[Mr. Judson was born in this church, and baptized the "eighth day." He graduated in 1809; became a successful minister, and it is said more than 1600 persons have been gathered into the churches in which he has labored, through his instrumentality. He is now 90 years old.]

ROCKY HILL, *May 2d.*

BR. TROWBRIDGE:

Dear Sir:—O, I thank you for your very interesting and talented letter. I am feeble, not able to go out; been confined all winter;

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do not go out now. I should be glad to be there; it would do my soul good. I hope I may have health to call on you at Woodbury. Your letter did my soul good. Head is much affected; severe cough.

Your letter took deep hold of my feelings. The Lord bless you. Pray for me. Yours truly,

PHILO JUDSON.

[*Extract from a recent letter written by* MISS CHARLOTTE R. ANDREW, *daughter of the late* REV. SAMUEL R. ANDREW *of New Haven.*]

You ask for the date of my blessed father's death, and his age. He was seventy-one, and died May 26, 1858. If it ever be permitted the spirits of the departed to revisit their dear old homes on earth, will it not be permitted *him* to unite on that anniversary day with his beloved church in their service of praise and thanksgiving to God? I am almost sure he will be invisibly present.

At the close of reading the letters, a pleasing incident occurred. During the collation at the Town Hall, a large and beautiful loaf of cake, made by Mrs. Judson, wife of Deacon Truman Judson, bearing a miniature flag, labeled "Stratford," surrounded by seven smaller loaves, bearing the names of the other churches represented on the occasion, occupied the place af honor at the principal table. This loaf was, at this point, presented by Rev. Mr. Churchill, with appropriate remarks, to Rev. Mr. Hall, the representative of the mother church, as a token of filial regard from her daughter. Mr. Hall received the gift with some playful and fitting remarks, and promised to be "faithful to his charge."

The closing prayer of the day was then made by the pastor:

And now, Gracious God, our Heavenly Father, from whom

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cometh every good and perfect gift, we bless Thee for casting our lot in this land of civil and religious freedom, and for crowning our lives with such signal tokens of Thy goodness. We praise Thee for wise, virtuous, heroic Christian ancestors, and beseech Thee that we may copy their example, and carry forward their work. May we remember the word of our Puritan leader across the sea, that more light is yet to break forth from Thy book. May we realize that for us, greater achievements over self and the world are possible—that higher goals of duty may be reached, and richer trophies won for Christ. Therefore, forgetting the things behind, and reaching forth unto those before, may we press toward the mark of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus. May we seek to be enrobed in all the virtues and graces of the Spirit, so as to shed the purest light and exert the most benign influence upon the world. May we all love and serve Thee, remembering that we must soon stand before Thee, since we are strangers and sojourners here, as were all our fathers. We thank Thee, O Lord, for this bright and genial day, and for the interest and harmony attending these exercises. May they conduce to the highest good of all, and the glory of Thy name. And when one after another we are called away from earth, may we come at last to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in Heaven. And to Thy great name, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, shall be all the praise and glory forever. *Amen.*

At the close of the prayer, the benediction was pronounced, and the delighted audience separated for their homes among the hills and valleys, never again to meet in this old church on a like memorable occasion.

We remark, in conclusion, that the results of a celebration such as we have recorded, cannot but be vastly beneficial to the Church whose history it celebrates, and the community in which it is located. It recalls to the attention of all how faithful in His promises to His chosen people is the Great Head of the

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Church. Few churches in the land can claim so remarable a fulfillment of these "promises" as this revered old church. A review of all these wonderful works for the long period of two hundred years, brings forcibly to the mind, that we are a "covenant people," and in the kind care of a "covenant-keeping God."

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CHAPTER VI.

WOODBURY IN THE GREAT REBELLION OF 1861.

CAUSES OF THE WAR; EVENTS OF 1860; EVENTS OF 1861; EVENTS OF 1862; EVENTS OF 1863; EVENTS OF 1864; EVENTS OF 1865; THE RETURN OF PEACE; RECEPTION OF THE RETURNING BRAVES; THEIR EAGER RETURN TO THE PURSUIT OF THE PEACEFUL OCCUPATIONS OF PRIVATE LIFE; DECORATION DAY; BEAUTIFUL CEREMONIES; REFLECTIONS.

"Ah never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed warm with hope and courage yet
Upon the soil they fought to save;

On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

SMILINGLY arose the sun of 1860 over the ever increasing borders of this fair land. For two hundred and forty years from its first sad beginning amid the December blasts of a drear and deadly winter, at Plymouth Rock, on the sterile New England coasts, emerging soon to light and prosperity, it had seemed to be the favored of heaven—the hope of the world! From a feeble band of adventurers, nurtured amid great vicissitudes, it had become a strong nation of about thirty millions of souls. From a few hardy colonists, straggling and scattered along a boundless ocean, it had become the equal of the proudest nations in the world, occupying a continent of limitless resources. Trade flourished, the busy hum of machinery was every where heard, agriculture gave rich rewards to the toil of the husbandman, the arts and sciences had reached a high perfection, and yielded rich fruits to the explorations of the learned, while the proud sail of commerce whitened every sea,

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and gladdened every port in the most distant climes. We were at peace with all the world, and were honored and respected in all lands. At that date, this nation presented a spectacle, never before attained, in the lapse of all the ages, in the knowledge and intelligence of its people, the respect of the world for its power and achievments, and in all the elements that go to make up a prosperous and glorious national life.

But to this fair picture of peace and prosperity, there was a reverse side. A foul blot stained our fair escutcheon—a festering and deadly sore existed on the otherwise healthy surface of the body politic. A curse, a blight, unmitigated and cancerous, forced upon the feeble colonists by the guilty greed of the mother country, while the new land was in its infancy, with ever increasing fatality and doom, was eating out the national life; and so darkening the face of high heaven, that scarcely the prayer of faith could pierce the ever deepening gloom, or the pure incense of contrite devotion reach the veiled throne of the Great Disposer of all the affairs of men. The curse of Slavery had settled down upon the land, and obscured every rational hope of removal, while its insidious fangs reached out in the darkness, withering every noble hope, and every aspiration after the true, and the beautiful, in all our moral heavens. Society succumbed to its deadly blast, political parties bent the subservient, suppliant knee, and there was no healthy vitality in the churches, erected to the service of the Most High God, to prevent their rending asunder, before the all-consuming wrath of the slave-breeder, the slave-trader, and that most cruel fiend, who dared to consign his own flesh and blood to wicked, damnable bondage, more ghastly and deplorable than death itself. So thoroughly had this withering curse poisoned the life-blood of the nation, that the whole body politic stood, trembling in awe before a few thousand slave-holders, so far sunk in bestiality, that they could place the beautiful daughter of their wicked and unbridled passions, in disgraceful nudity, upon the auction block, to be sold into a slavery of soul and body, a thousand fold more hopeless and loathsome than the condition of the field hand, and this, too, almost in sight of her sisters, born in lawful wedlock. The good, the true, the beautiful, the wise, as well as the wicked and vile, yielded a forced submission to the behests of this remorseless demon. They yielded to a system condemned by the early fathers of the republic—an institution, the contemplation of which had wrung from the slave-holding Jeffer-

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son the heart-felt exclamation! "I tremble for my country, when I remember that *God is just!*" Well might he, or any other thoughtful observer, tremble; for the whole country since his day has trembled, and been shaken, from center to circumference.

What was this fell institution of slavery? It was the "old, old story" of oppression and wrong,—of a privileged class, and a servile class. It was the old struggle between aristocrat privilege on the one side, and democratic freedom on the other. Our fathers had crossed an ocean three thousand miles wide, abandoning homes and possessions, exiling themselves to the wilderness of a new world, struggling with famine, savage foes, and hardships of every kind, to found a republic in which all men under the ægis of the law, should be free and equal. They resolved there should be no privileged class. Education was to be diffused among all alike. The poor and the rich were to be alike eligible to all offices of trust, honor and emolument.

"Our Constitution, in its spirit and legitimate utterance, is doubtless the noblest document which ever emanated from the mind of man. It contains not one word hostile to liberty. Even now, with the light of three-fourths of a century shed upon its practical workings, it requires not the change of a paragraph to make it true to humanity.

"But yet ingloriously, guiltily, under sore temptation, we consented to use one phrase susceptible of double meaning, "held to labor." These honest words, at the North mean a hired man, an apprentice. At the South they mean a slave, feudal bondage. So small, apparently so insignificant, were those seeds sown in our Constitution which have resulted in such a harvest of misery. A privileged class at the South assumed that by these words the Constitution recognized domestic slavery, and the right of property in man. With persistence never surpassed, the Slaveholders of the South endeavored to strengthen and extend their aristocratic institution, which was dooming ever increasing millions to life-long servitude and degradation. All wealth was rapidly being accumulated in the hands of the privileged few, who owned their fellow men as property. The poor whites, destitute of employment, unable to purchase negroes, and regarding labor, which was mostly performed by slaves, in their region, as degrading, were fast sinking into a state of almost bestail misery.

"The sparse population which Slavery allowed, excluded churches, schools and villages. Immense plantations of many thousand

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acres, tilled sometimes by a thousand slaves, driven to their toil by a few overseers, consigned the whole land to apparent solitude. The log hut of the overseer was surrounded by the miserable cabins of the negroes, and in the workshops of the North all the rude implements of their toil were manufactured. The region of the Southern country generally presented an aspect of desolation which Christendom could no where else parallel. The Slaveholders, ever acting as one man, claimed the right of extending this institution over all the free territories of the United States. Free labor and Slave labor can not exist together. The New England farmer can not work with his sons in fields surrounded by negro bands, where labor is considered degrading, where his wife and daughters find no genial society, no education, none of the institutions of religion, none of the appliances and resources of high civilization which freedom secures. The admission of slavery to the Territories effectually excluded freemen from them. The introduction to those vast realms of a privileged class, who were to live in luxury upon the unpaid labor of the masses, rendered it impossible that men cherishing the sentiment of republican equality should settle there. Our whole theory of the emigration and settlement in this country was, that the humblest should be as free as the highest. That the poor man should be as much entitled to the just rewards of his daily toil, as the senator to draw his salary for holding a seat in Congress, or the President to draw his pay for presiding over the destinies of the nation.

"How just this democratic principle, over arching, as with a sunny sky, all humanity! This was the contemplated corner-stone of our Republic. This was the democracy, sacred, heaven-born, which Jesus taught, and over which our national banner, of the Stars and Stripes, was intended to be unfurled. But Satan sent the serpent of aristocratic usurpation into our Eden, to wilt its flowers and poison its fruit. The execrable spirit, in the most malignant form it had ever developed, came over here, demanding that the rich should live in splendor at the expense of the poor. The rich man's boots were to be polished, as in old baronial Europe, and the poor boy who blacked them was to have no pay. The rich man's coach was to roll luxuriously through the streets, and his linen to be washed, and his fields to be tilled, while the coachman, the laborer and the washerwoman, were to be defrauded of their wages.

"The daughter of the rich man, with cultured mind and pol

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ished address, was to move through saloons of magnificence, robed in fabrics of almost celestial texture, while the daughter of the poor man, dirty and ragged, and almost naked, with one single garment scarce covering her person, was to toil in the field from morning till night, and from youth till old age and death, that her aristocratic sister, *very probably in blood relationship her half-sister, the child of the same father*, might thus cultivate her mind and decorate her person.[1]

"This is a very attractive state of affairs to the aristocrat, treading velvet carpets, beneath gilded ceilings, and drinking priceless wines. But it dooms such farmer's boys as Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln, to spend their lives in digging in the ditch, when God has endowed them with energies to guide the destinies of nations. And they will not consent to this philosophy."

In discussing this question during the first year of the war, before the abolition of slavery, an eloquent writer says:[1]

I was once walking through the magnificent saloons of Versailles, the most gorgeous of all earthly palaces, with an American lady by my side. As we passed through the brilliant suite of apartments, three hundred in number, with fresco, and gilding, and gorgeous paintings;—as we stepped out upon the parterre, and drove through the graveled walks of the park, originally spreading over thirty thousand acres, with groves, lawns, fountains, lakes, brooks, artificial crags, jets d'eaux, and a wilderness of statuary, my young lady friend said:

"Oh! I wish we had an aristocracy, and a king, and a court."

"Silly girl! Had she lived in the days of Louis XV., when a nation was robbed to minister to the voluptuousness of the aristocracy, she would have been a poor peasant girl, barefooted and bareheaded, in linsey woolsey frock, toiling with the hoe in the field. Her father was a poor farmer's boy, who left the plow and went to the city, and there, through the influence of the law of equal rights for all, acquired that wealth and position, which enabled his daughter, refined in manners and cultivated in mind, to take the tour of Europe.

"This question of a privileged class has nothing to do with color. The slavery of the Bible, whatever its character, was not Negro slavery. The slaves were, almost without exception, white men. The slavery, which it is said our Saviour did not condemn

[1] Abbott's History of the Civil War in America.

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in the New Testament, was not Negro slavery. The slaves of the Roman empire were almost universally whites, prisoners of war. If the New Testament sanctions this slavery, then would it be right to sell into bondage every Southern prisoner taken in this war. Many a Southern gentlemen might find himself scouring knives in a Northern kitchen, with some devout clergyman preaching to him affectionately the doctrine, "Slave, obey your master." This was Roman slavery. Julius Cæsar himself was at one time a captive and a slave, and was compelled to purchase his freedom.

"The slavery of this country is not Negro slavery. A large number of the slaves, both men and women, can with difficulty be distinguished from white persons. The process of amalgamation has, for a long time, been going on so rapidly in the South, that, over large extents of country, the great majority of the slaves have more Caucasian than Ethiopic blood in their veins. Thousands of boys and girls, toiling in cotton-fields of the South, are the sons and daughters of Southern gentlemen of high position. Many a young lady has been the belle of the evening at Newport or Saratoga, whose *half-sister*, the daughter by the same father, has earned her laces and brocade, by toiling from dawn to eve in the Negro gang. Many of the most beautiful women at the South are these unfortunate daughters of aristocratic sires, in whose veins lingers but that slight trace of Ethiopic blood, which gives a golden richness to the hue. There is nothing but slavery which will so debauch the conscience, that a father will sell his own daughter, as a "fancy girl," to the highest bidder.

"The great question which has culminated in this desperate war, has been simply this: "Shall there be, in the United States, an aristocratic class, maintained by the Constitution, who are to enjoy exclusive privileges, living upon the proceeds of the toil of others, while there is a defrauded class of laborers, excluded from education, and doomed to perpetual poverty?"

This is, in a single sentence, a clear statement of the sole cause of the late unhappy and disastrous civil war. The volumes that have been written by clergy and laity, and the oceans of argument that have been expended upon this subject, have never given a clearer idea of all this great woe—this unlimited amount of human suffering and wanton waste of the late extended and bloody conflict. The people of the south hugged the monster evil in a loving embrace. Conscientious people at the north loathed the institution, but it was, as they thought, protected by the clause

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in the Constitution to which allusion has been made, and being lovers of that great charter of their liberties, they yielded to it a wilding obedience, even with this most distasteful and contradictory interpretation. There were none in the north to suggest interference with the hated institution where it existed, save a small band of abolitionists. But there was violent opposition, and insuperable repugnance to extending slavery into the free territories of the Union. Occasional struggles on the subject of extension, and a trial of the power of the respective theories, had been carried on with great bitterness for many years. The slave propagandists had long been quietly feeling their way, laying all their plans with one intent, and waiting only opportunity and sufficient strength to burst forth with irresistible fury, and establish a great slave empire in the face, and to the astonishment of, the civilized world.

"This is what the slaveholders have demanded. They said that the Constitution favored freedom,—free speech, a free press, free labor, free soil, and free men, and demanded that the Constitution should be changed, to maintain the exclusive claims of an aristocratic class, and to strengthen their hold upon their slaves. The one incessant cry has been, 'Abjure your democratic constitution, which favors equal rights for all men, and give us, in its place, an aristocratic constitution, which will secure the rights of a privileged class.' They insisted that the domestic slave trade should be nurtured, and the foreign slave trade opened; saying, in the coarse and vulgar language of one of the most earnest advocates of slavery, 'the North can import jackasses from Malta; let the South then import Niggers from Africa.' They demanded the right to extend slavery over all the Territories of the United States, the right to hold their slaves in all States of the Union temporarily; that speaking or writing against slavery in any State in the Union should be a penal offense; that the North should catch their fugitive slaves, and send them back to bondage; and that the Administration of the General Government should be placed in the hands of those only whom the South could trust, as the pledged enemies of republican equality, and the friends of slavery.'

"The reply of the overwhelming majority of the people of the United States was decisive. 'We will not,' they said, 'thus change the Constitution of our fathers. We will abide by it as it is.'

"'Then,' replied the slaveholders, 'we will dash this Union to

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pieces. From its fragments we will construct another, whose corner-stone shall be slavery.'"

"It will be difficult for future generations to credit the barbarism into which slavery degraded the human heart in the South. In several of the Southern States, laws were enacted declaring that all the free colored people who did not leave the State within a given time, should be sold into slavery. And how are these poor creatures, from Mississippi or Louisiana, to escape their awful doom, the most awful that can befall a mortal,—slavery for themselves and their offspring, forever? Here is a little family, perhaps a Christian family, with but a slight admixture of African blood in their veins. They are poor, friendless, uninstructed. They must run the gauntlet of the Slave States, Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia, where they are every moment liable to be arrested as fugitives, thrown into prison, and after being kept there for a few months, and no one appearing to claim them, they are to be sold as slaves, the proceeds of the sale to be cast into the public treasury. Can tyranny perpetrate a more atrocious crime? And what is the excuse for this outrage so unparalleled in the legislation of Christendom? It is simply that the enslaving of the free is necessary to enable the slaveholders to keep in subjection those already in bondage. In view of this execrable system of despotism, Thomas Jefferson says,—

"What an incomprehensible machine is man! who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself in vindication of his own liberty; and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow man a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose."

In order to secure a full equality, or balance of power, for the handful of slaveholders in the United States, Senator Hunter of Virginia demanded that there should be "two Presidents chosen, one by the slaveholding South, and the other by the North, and that no act should be valid unless approved by both Presidents. The number of slaveholders in the United States did not exceed three hundred thousand. The whole population of the country was about thirty millions. The whole population of the South was but about eight millions. Vast multitudes of these were poor whites, who could neither read nor write, and were in beggarly poverty. These ignorant creatures were almost entirely at the beck of the slaveholders. Thus this amendment to the constitu-

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tion was designed to give three hundred thousand slaveholders a veto upon all the acts of the General Government. In the further carrying out of this plan, he demanded that the United States Supreme Court should consist of ten members, five to be chosen by the little band of slaveholders, and the other half by the millions of freemen."

The slaveholders also demanded that their slaves, who, feeling the inate desire for freedom planted in the human breast, escaped to the free air of the colder North, should be seized by the citizens of the North, who abhorred the institution, and returned to eternal bondage, a thousand times worse than death. They were to pursue them with the whole community, if necessary, that they might thus be returned to torture. Many sad instances of this occurred, harrowing the conscientious mind of the whole north. In the entire South no man with Northern thoughts of freedom, was safe for a moment, in life, or property. There was nothing so sacred that a slaveholder was bound to regard, if a fellow-citizen thought, in his inmost heart a word against the monstrous demands of slavery. Stripes, lynching and death were the only reward for a free thought, in this regard.

"Future ages will find it almost impossible to believe that any enlightened man could be found, in America, to defend a system inevitably involving such atrocities. And yet it is a marvelous fact, that slavery found no more determined supporters than among the so-called Christian ministers of the South; and the women surpassed the men in the bitter and unrelenting spirit with which they clung to the institution. Those facts which harrowed the soul of the North, seem to have excited not an emotion in the heart of the slaveholding South. These Christian ministers took the ground, that Slavery was a divine institution. The Rev. Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, one of the most distinguished of the Presbyterian clergymen of the South, declared it to be the especial mission of the Southern churches, 'to preserve and transmit our existing system of domestic servitude, with the right, unchallenged by man, to go and root itself wherever Providence and nature may carry it.'

"The professedly Christian minister who uttered these sentiments, was familiar with all the atrocities of slavery. The slave shambles, where men, women and children were sold at auction, were ever open, almost beneath the shadow of his church spire. Maidens, who had professed the name of Christ, and whose mark-

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et value depended upon their beauty, were sold to the highest bidder within sound of his church choir. Families were sold in the slave market of New Orleans, parents and children, husbands and wives separated, just as mercilessly as if they were sheep or or cows. And yet the Christianity of the South had become so degenerate, through the influence of slavery, that a Presbyterian minister, and sustained apparently by his whole church, represents the institution as one of divine approval, and one which it is the principal mission of the Southern church to maintain and extend."

The Hon. A. H. Stevens, of Georgia, vice-President of the Confederacy, said, in a speech made at Savannah, March, 1861:—

"The prevailing ideas entertained by Jefferson, and most of the leading Statesmen, at the time of the formation of the old Constitution, were, that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature: that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, and politically. Those ideas were, however, fundamentally wrong. Our new government is founded on exactly the opposite idea. Its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests upon the great truth, that the Negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural condition. Our Confederacy is founded upon principles in strict conformity with these laws. This stone, which was rejected by the first builders, 'is become the chief-stone of the corner in our new edifice.'"

Such is a very imperfect statement of some of the prominent aspects and demands of the wicked institution of slavery. It poisoned the life blood of its supporters, and eradicated from their hearts every vestige of morality and religion. It not only did this for its advocates, but it demanded that the pure and untainted, the legions of the free North, should become the lovers and defenders of the hateful and baleful institution, and become more meanly the slaves of the aristocrats of this "curse of God," than the ignorant, "dirt-eating poor whites," and the chattels over whom they held supreme sway. Of course, educated, intelligent, conscientious men would not submit to this, and hence arose the inevitable conflict.

The celebrated writer, Rev. John S. C. Abbott, in discussing this subject, has so tersely summed up the remaining causes which made the rebellion inevitable, in his admirable "History of the Civil War in America," that it is here inserted, as being better

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than any account the author can furnish within the limits of this work:—

"By one of the compromises of the Constitution which slavery had exacted, and which, instead of being a compromise, was a bald concession, the slaves of the South, though deemed there merely as property, were allowed to be counted in the Congressional representation, five slaves being equivalent to three white men. Thus, John Jacob Astor, with a property of twenty millions at the North, had but one vote. But the Southern planter had his property represented in Congress. The slaveholder, with 800 slaves, valued at less than one million, was equal in his representation in Congress to 480 free Northerners. He held in his own hand the votes of these 480 men, who, in his own view, and so far as the rights of freemen are concerned, were no more men than the horses and the oxen in Northern barns.

"The North felt the humiliation of this arrangement, and yet were not at all disposed to disturb it. They would abide by the Constitution. But they were unalterably resolved that such an arrangement should not extend any further. The practical operation of this "compromise" was this. The six slaveholding Gulf States, by the census of 1860, contained 2,311,260 free white citizens. The single Free State of Ohio contained 2,339,599 citizens. And yet Ohio could send but eighteen representatives to Congress, while the slaveholders could send twenty-eight. In addition to all this, the slaveholders of these States were represented by twelve Senators, while the free citizens of Ohio were represented but by two. And yet the energies of freedom so infinitely surpass those of slavery, that the free North was perfectly willing to abide by these "compromises" of the Constitution, being fully conscious that, even with all these advantages in favor of slavery, freedom would eventually win the day.

"The slaveholders were equally conscious of the fact. They saw the tide of free emigration rolling rapidly over the prairies of the West, and new States carved our with almost miraculous rapidity. It was evident that, under the natural workings of the Constitution, the votes of freemen would soon entirely outnumber those of a privileged and aristocratic class, and therefore they resolved to dissolve the Union, break up the Constitution, and reconstruct the Government upon a basis which should continue the power they had so long exercised, in their own hands.

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"By the same census of 1860, the total population of the Free States and Territories was 21,816,952. The free white population of the eleven States which soon raised the standard of rebellion, was 5,581,630. This was the trouble. Slavery had drifted into the minority. It was circumscribed and prohibited expansion by the votes of freemen. Under these circumstances the South would listen to no "compromise," which was not capitulation. They demanded the reorganization of the Government, upon a basis which would give slavery the preponderating power.

"Neither was it possible to permit them to depart. Five millions demanded that twenty-one millions should surrender to them the Capital at Washington, with all its historic associations and treasures. They demanded the mouths of the Mississippi, which the nation had purchased at a vast expense, that the boundless regions of the North West, where hundreds of millions must eventually dwell, might have free access to the ocean. They demanded all the forts on the Southern Atlantic coast, and in the Gulf of Mexico, forts essential to the protection of the ever increasing commerce of the North. They demanded permission to drive, with the energies of fire and sword, all loyal men out of the border States of Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, and out of Western Virginia, that those States might be forced to unite themselves with the Southern Confederacy. They demanded that slavery should be considered an equal partner with freedom, and that the Territories of the United States, and the Navy, and the Treasury, should be divided equally between them. They demanded a treaty, by which we should return every slave who should escape to our free land. They avowed their intention of establishing free trade with foreign nations, by which they could draw all importation to their ports, flood the land with goods smuggled across a frontier fifteen hundred miles in length, and render it almost impossible to protect any domestic manufactures, or to collect by customs our national revenue.

"Never before in the history of this world, were demands made so exorbitant and so insolent. The slaveholder, accustomed to plantation manners, and regarding himself as the representative of chivalry, ever assumed on the floor of Congress the airs of a master, greatly to the disgust of all well-bred men.

"It was impossible to yield to either of his demands. More than twenty millions of people could not, at the dictation of five millions, trample their free Constitution in the dust, and accept, in its

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stead, one framed by the slaveholder, based on the corner-stone of human bondage. Neither could such a nation, without self-degradation, without meriting the scorn of the world, surrender its Capital, half of its Territories, half of its Navy, its most important harbors and fortifications, the mouths of its most majestic stream, which, with its tributaries, drains millions of square miles of free soil, and surrender hundreds of thousands of loyal citizens in the border States to pillage, violence, and exile. The demands of the slaveholders rendered peace impossible, upon any other terms than the unconditional capitulation of freedom to slavery.

"Let us, for a moment, contemplate more fully this demand of the slaveholders, that the United States should recognize them as a foreign power, and surrender to them the mouths of the Mississippi, that wonderful river, which, with its numberless tributaries, makes the great central basin of our continent the most attractive spot upon the globe. In 1763, the ancient province, called Louisiana, was sold by France to Spain. Even then the sparse population of our great North West were intensely excited in view of the possibility of a foreign power being able to close the mouths of their noble river, and thus cut them off from all access to the sea.

"Napoleon, with the wonderful foresight which marked his genius, seeking to establish colonies which would enable France to compete with her rival, England, in commercial greatness, purchased the regal colony in the year 1800. Immediately the energies of the Napoleonic empire were developed upon these shores. This greatly increased the alarm of the thousands of settlers who were rearing their cabins upon the banks of those tributaries, whose only outlet was by the channel at New Orleans. The power of Napoleon was such, that no force America could use would avail to wrest these provinces from his grasp. His political wisdom and energy were such, that a vigorous empire would surely soon rise, spreading over all those fertile plains, extending from the right of the Mississippi to the ancient halls of the Montezumas. And thus the boundless North West could only gain access to the commerce of the world, by bowing its flag supplicatingly to a foreign power.

"In this crisis, when the fate of America was trembling in the balance, Providence interposed in our behalf. England, jealous of the greatness to which the arts of peace were elevating France, rudely broke the piece of Amiens, and renewed the war to crush

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Napoleon. England, with her Navy, omnipotent at sea, would have immediately seized upon this magnificent territory. To protect it from the grasp of England, and to aid in building up a maratime power in the West, which might eventually prove a check upon the British fleet, Napoleon opened negotiations with America, for the sale of the whole province of Louisiana, with boundaries then quite indefinitely settled. Mr. Monroe was sent to France, to conduct the negotiation in association with Chancellor Livingston, then our resident minister at the court of the Tuilleries. The population of the United States was then but 5,000,000. And yet eagerly we made the purchase at $15,000,000, representing a burden upon the population equal to $90,000,000, at the present day.

"Thus we obtained, half a century ago, this majestic territory, equal in size to one half of Europe. Many States and Territories have already been carved from the acquisition. The tide of emigration is constantly and rapidly pouring into those fertile plains, washed by the upper tributaries of the Mississippi and the Missouri, and already there is a population there of 10,000,000. Before the close of this century, this population will be doubled, probably trebled. The whole region between the Alleghanies and the Rocky mountains, that almost boundless valley, soon to teem with hundreds of millions, finds its only outlet to the sea through the mouths of the Mississippi, by the gates of New Orleans.

"And yet the slaveholders of the comparatively insignificant State of Louisiana, with a free white population of but 376,913, scarcely a third of that of the City of New York alone, and 70,000 of whose adults can neither read nor write, had the audacity to claim the right to secede from the Union, establish themselves as a foreign nation, and unfurl over the forts at the mouths of the Mississippi a foreign banner; which the millions dwelling in the great Mississippi bas in could only pass by the consent of her guns. The United States could, by no possibility, stoop to such dishonor. The Hon. Edward Everett, in the following words, has very forcibly presented this question in its true light:—

"Louisiana, a fragment of this colonial empire, detached from its main portion, and first organized as a State, undertakes to secede from the Union, and thinks by so doing, she will be allowed, by the Government and people of the United States, to revoke this imperial transfer, to disregard this possession and occupation of sixty years, to repeal this law of nature and of God; and she

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fondly believes, that ten millions of the Free people of the Union will allow her and her seceding brethren to open and shut the portals of this mighty region at their pleasure. They may do so, and the swarming millions, which throng the course of these noble streams and their tributaries, may consent to exchange the charter, which they hold from the God of Heaven, for a bit of parchment signed at Montgomery or Richmond—but it will be when the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, which form the eastern and western walls of the imperial valley, shall sink to the level of of the sea, and the Mississippi and the Missouri flow back to their fountains."

Senator Douglas presented the folly of this pretended right of secession in a very forcible light, and with logic which no honest mind can resist.

"The President," said he, "has recommended that we should purchase Cuba. According to this doctrine of the right of secession, we might pay $300,000,000 for Cuba, and then, the next day, Cuba might secede, and reännex herself to Spain!" Volumes could not more conclusively show the absurdity of such a notion.

The Presidential election drew nigh, when the question was to be decided, whether the Government of the United States was to be administered upon the principle of rendering all possible support to the maintenance and extension of slavery, or whether the energies of the Government should lend all its constitutional support to foster freedom. There were four candidates in the field. Mr. Lincoln, the republican candidate, was openly pledged to resist the extension of slavery. In emphatic utterance, which exceedingly exasperated the slaveholders, he said:—

"The central idea in our political system at the beginning was, and until recently continued to be, the equality of men. In what I have done, I can not claim to have acted from any peculiar consideration for the colored people, as a separate and distinct class in the community, but from the simple conviction, that all the individuals of that class are members of the community, and, in virtue of their manhood, entitled to every original right enjoyed by any other member. We feel, therefore, that all legal distinctions between individuals of the same community, founded in any such circumstances as color, origin, and the like, are hostile to the genius of our institutions, and incompatible with the true history of American liberty. Slavery and oppression must cease, or American liberty must perish. True democracy makes no inquiry

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about the color of the skin, or place of nativity, or any other similar circumstance of condition. I regard, therefore, the exclusion of the colored people, as a body, from the elective franchise, as incompatible with the true democratic principle."

While stating these as his political principles, he at the same time avowed that Congress had no constitutional right to interfere with slavery in those States where it existed, but that it was both the right and the duty of Congress to prohibit slavery in all the United States Territories.

John C. Breckenridge was the candidate of the slaveholders, pledged to administer the Government, in the most effectual way, to nurture and to give increasing political power to the institution of slavery. There were two other candidates, Stephen A. Douglas, and John Bell, who were supported by those who wished to effect some compromise, and who were ready, for the sake of avoiding civil war, to make very great concessions to the South.

"The Presidential election took place on the same day, the 6th of November, 1860, throughout all the United States. The polls were closed at sundown. The votes were counted by midnight; and in seven hours, through the marvels of the Telegraph, the eventful result was flashed through the whole breadth of the land, excepting California, embracing points more than three thousand miles apart. The popular vote for Electors stood, 1,857,610 for Lincoln; 1,365,976 for Douglas; 847,953 for Breckenridge, and 591,613 for Bell. This vote, according to the Constitution, gave seventeen States out of thirty-three for Lincoln; eleven for Breckinridge: three for Bell; and one, Missouri, with three-sevenths of New Jersey, for Douglass. Though Mr. Douglas had so many votes scattered throughout the United States, as in but one State he had a majority, they availed him nothing.

"The Electoral vote of each State, carefully sealed, is conveyed to Washington, and there, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, the members of the Senate being present, the votes are counted, and the result announced. At 10 o'clock in the morning of the 15th of February, 1861, Pennsylvania Avenue was thronged with crowds pressing towards the Capitol. It was a season of great excitement, for the day after the election it was perfectly known what the announcement would be; and the slaveholders, molding the passions of the masses of the South at their will, had uttered many threats, that the announcement should not be made, and that the Government should be broken up in a row. Wash-

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ington was a slaveholding city, in the midst of a slaveholding region, and any number of desperadoes could be summoned there, at a few hours' notice, from Maryland and Virginia.

"James Buchanan, an intimidated old man, was then in the Presidential chair, having been placed there as the candidate of the slaveholders, and the nation could place but little reliance, in that crisis, upon his efficiency and reposed but little confidence in his patriotism. But, providentially, General Winfield Scott, the veteran and universally revered head of the American army, had drawn to the Capital the batteries which won the field at Buena Vista. Their frowning guns, ready to sweep the streets, overawed the conspirators. At 12 o'clock, Mr. Pennington, Speaker of the House, called the House to order, when the Chaplain, Rev. Thomas Stockton, offered an impressive prayer, closing with the following words:—

"Bless the outgoing Administration. May it close its labors in peace, without further violence, and without any stain of blood. And we pray for the incoming Administration; that thy blessing may rest on the President elect, in his journey hitherward; that thy good Providence may be around him day and night, guarding and guiding him at every step; and we pray, that he may be peacefully and happily inaugarated, and afterwards, by pure, wise, and prudent counsels, that he may administer the Government in such a manner, as that thy name may be glorified, and the welfare of the people, in all their relations, be advanced, and that our example of civil and religious liberty may be followed in all the world."

"A message was then sent, informing the Senate that the House was waiting to receive them, in order that, in joint body, the Electoral votes might be opened and counted. As the Senate entered the Hall of Representatives, the House rose, and remained standing until the Senators took their seats in a semi-circular range before the Speaker's desk. Vice-President Breckinridge, who was one of the candidates for the Presidency, and who, by virtue of the office he held, presided over the Senate, took his seat at the right of the Speaker. As soon as order was restored, Vice-President Breckinridge rose, and said:—

"We have assembled, pursuant to the Constitution, in order that the electoral votes may be counted, and the result declared for President and Vice-President, for the term commencing on the 4th of March, 1861; and it is made my duty, under the Con-

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stitution, to open the certificates of election in the presence of the two Houses, and I now proceed to the performance of that duty." He then took the package of each State, one after the other, broke the seal, and handed it to the Tellers to be counted.

"The scene then and there presented, was one which has never been paralleled in the United States. The galleries were crowded with the most distinguished personages in the land, who had been drawn, by the momentous occasion, to the city. Some looked cheerful and hopeful; some, with compressed lips, were pale and anxious; while many notorious conspirators were seen in groups, gloomy and threatening. There was deathly silence as the result was announced, which was as follows: One hundred and eighty votes were cast for Abraham Lincoln. Seventy-two for John C. Breckinridge. Thirty-nine for John Bell. Twelve for Stephen A. Douglas. This gave Abraham Lincoln a majority of fifty-seven over all the other candidates. Whereupon the Vice-President, rising, said:—

"Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, having received a majority of the whole number of Electoral votes, is duly elected President of the United States, for the four years commencing on the 4th of March, 1861. And Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, having received a majority of the whole number of Electoral votes, is duly elected Vice-President for the same term."

"He then announced, that the business being completed, for which the two Houses had assembled, the Senate would return to their own chamber. The members of the House rose, and remained standing until the Senators had left the Hall. The five thousand spectators crowding the galleries silently retired, and Abraham Lincoln stood forth before the world, the constitutionally elected President of the United States.

By means of the telegraph, it was known throughout the Union, on the 7th of November, 1860, the day after the election, that Abraham Lincoln had been elected President of the United States. This result had been perfectly foreseen and foretold, ever since the several presidential nominations. The slaveholders had insisted on such a platform and presidential candidate, that no political party could yield to their demands, and live as a party, for a moment. They deliberately drove the democratic party to a double nomination, Douglass and Breckenridge, for the avowed purpose of electing the Northern candidate, who was especially nominated

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on the platform of freedom, which at that time contemplated nothing further than to prevent the extension of slavery into territory then free. The slaveholders, for a long series of years, had laid all their plans, and used their best endeavors to bring about a crisis, such as had now arrived, unless they could, inside of the general government, mould it to its own views, and make it the perpetual defender of the institution of slavery. Yet these unscrupulous upholders of this most inhumanly vile institution, made the fact of the election of a Northern man as President, the pretext for secession and the disruption of the government, and for commencing the most causeless and cruel civil war, that ever afflicted any civilized nation.

Lincoln was elected in November, but he could not enter upon the execution of the duties of his office till the 4th of March following. In the mean time, the General Government was thoroughly in the hands of the slaveholders. They had still four months, in which they could make all their preparations, and launch their daring conspiracy upon the startled country. Never did villains work with greater zeal, or more effectually. James Buchanan, the President of the United States, had been elected to office on a platform dictated by the slaveholders, pledging him to pursue the general policy required by them. He was surrounded by men of far greater ability than himself, and he dared not assert his independence, and stand by the flag of his country. He was like a babe, in the fatal embrace of the conspirators.

The majority of his cabinet were unscrupulous and arrant rebels and knaves. In their hands he was "like a reed shaken in the wind." In his feebleness and vacilation of mind, he was, "as clay in the hands of the potter"—they moulded him at will. Howell Cobb, a slaveholder of Georgia, was Secretary of the Treasury. When he entered upon his office, the treasury was full, to overflowing, and the nation was in the full tide of prosperity. It was very necessary, to the full success of the conspirators, that it should be depleted—that the incoming administration should find the treasury beggared, and thus it would be without pecuniary means to resist a rebellion. This was accomplished in an incredibly short space of time. When the new administration came into power, it found an empty chest. More than six millions of dollars were stolen, and no doubt went into the treasury of the rebels. The Treasury being thus rendered harmless to the rebellion, Mr. Cobb resigned his office, and hastened to take office under the conspirators.

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Jacob Thompson, a slaveholder from Mississippi, was Secretary of the Interior. It was his role in the great conspiracy to prevent the reënforcement of the fortresses of the nation. If the forts should be reënforced, they could protect themselves from surprise or capture by the rebels, and could control the commerce of the ports, and hermetically seal them, if necessary. Effectually did he perform this ignoble and wicked work. After much consultation, the Star of the West was privately sent with supplies for the garrison in Fort Sumter, which was on the verge of starvation. Mr. Thompson, aware of the fact by virtue of his office, immediately notified the armed conspirators in Charleston, and this steamer, which was without arms, was driven back by the rebel batteries. In a speech which he subsequently made to the rebels in Oxford, Miss., he boasted of this abominable act of treachery, in the following words:—

"I sent a dispatch to Judge Longstreet, that the Star of the West was coming with reënforcements. The troops were then put on their guard, and when the Star of the West arrived, she received a warm welcome from booming cannon, and soon beat a retreat."

"We have here the unblushing avowal of a member of the Cabinet, that he betrayed, to those who under arms were seeking to destroy his country, information derived from his official position. In consequence, that frail vessel was met by hostile batteries, the lives of two hundred and fifty men, in the service of the Government, were imperiled, and the heroic little garrison of seventy-five men in Fort Sumter were abandoned to their fate. Secretary Thompson, having accomplished this feat, resigned his office, and joined the rebels, where he was received with open arms.

"The subsequently notorious John B. Floyd, a slave master of Virginia, was Secretary of War. It was the well-matured plan of some of the conspirators, to assassinate President Lincoln on his journey to Washington to be inaugurated. They designed, in the panic which would ensue, to pour in troops from the adjacent Slave States of Maryland and Virginia, and seize upon Washington, with all its treasures, that it might become the capital of their new Confederacy. In the accomplishment of this plan, it was important that the army of the United States, but a few thousand in number, should be so dispersed, that they could not be rallied for the defense of the Government; and that the arsenals at the

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North should be so despoiled, that the free citizens could find no weapons to grasp, by which they might rush to the rescue. John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, did this work effectually. The army was so scattered in remote fortresses in the far West, as to leave all the forts in the slaveholding States defenseless. Thus fortifications containing twelve hundred cannon, and which cost over six millions of dollars, were seized and garrisoned by the rebels.

"At the same time Secretary Floyd, by virtue of that power which his office gave him, and in infamous violation of his oath, disarmed as far as possible the Free States, by emptying their arsenals, and sending their guns to the Slave States, where bands of rebels were already organized and drilling, prepared to receive them. One hundred and fifteen thousand arms, of the most approved pattern, were transferred from Springfield, Mass., and from Watervliet, N. Y., to arsenals throughout the Slave States. In addition to this, he sold to different Slave States, United States muskets, worth $12 each, for $2.50. A vast amount of cannon, mortar, balls, powder and shells, were also forwarded to the rebels. Having accomplished all this, Floyd sent in his resignation as Secretary of War, and, joining the rebels, received the appointment of general in their army. Thus General Scott, when the hour of trial came, and Washington was threatened with assault by a sudden rush from the slaveholding States, found it difficult to concentrate even a thousand troops for the defense of the Capital. Washington was saved from capture only by the almost miraculous interposition of God.

"Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut, was Secretary of the Navy. Our fleet then consisted of ninety vessels, of all classes, carrying about 2,415 guns; and was manned by a complement of about 7,600 men, exclusive of officers and marines. It was a matter of the utmost moment, at this critical hour, that this fleet should be in our own waters to aid the Government. It was a matter of the utmost moment to the traitors, that this fleet should be dispersed, where it could do them no harm. It was accordingly dispersed. Five of these vessels were sent to the East Indies, three to Brazil, seven to the Pacific Ocean, three to the Mediterranean, seven to the coast of Africa, and so on, leaving, of our whole squadron, but two vessels, carrying twenty-seven guns and two hundred and eighty men, in Northern ports.*

"On the 21st of February, 1861, a select committee of five, ap-

* Report of Secretary of the Navy, July 4, 1861.

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pointed by the House of Representatives, in a report upon the conduct of the Secretary of the Navy, spoke as follows :—

"From this statement it will appear, that the entire naval force available for the defense of the whole Atlantic coast, at the time of the appointment of this committee, consisted of the steamer Brooklyn, 25 guns, and the storeship Relief, 2 guns; while the former was of too great draft to permit her to enter Charleston harbor with safety, except at spring tide, and the latter was under orders to the coast of Africa, with stores for the African squadron. Thus the whole Atlantic sea-board has been, to all intents and purposes, without defense, during all the period of civil commotion and lawless violence, to which the President (Buchanan) has called our attention, as '*of such vast and alarming proportions, as to be beyond his power to check or control.*'

"The Committee can not fail to call attention to this extraordinary disposition of the entire naval force of the country, and especially in connection with the present no less extraordinary and critical juncture of political affairs. They can not call to mind any period in the past history of the country, of such profound peace and internal repose, as would justify so entire an abandonment of the coast of the country to the chance of fortune. Certainly, since the nation possessed a navy, it has not before sent its entire available force into distant seas, and exposed its immense interests at home, of which it is the special guardian, to the dangers from which, even in times of the utmost quiet, prudence and forecast do always shelter them.

"To the Committee, this disposition of the naval force, at this most critical period, seems extraordinary. The permitting of vessels to depart for distant seas, after these unhappy difficulties had broken out at home, the omission to put in repair and commission, ready for orders, a single one of the twenty-eight ships dismantled and unfit for service, in our ports, and that, too, while $646-639.70 of the appropriation for repairs of the navy, the present year, remain unexpended, were, in the opinions of your Committee, grave errors—without justification or excuse."

"Thus the Government was despoiled by its own imbecile or traitorous officials. Enemies within, opened the door of the fortress for the entrance of the beleaguering foe. The President, overawed and nerveless, was a silent observer of the march of the conspirators. At last, however, he summoned courage to say to Congress, in tones alike of weakness and despair, that the rebell-

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ion had attained such "vast and alarming proportions, as to place the subject entirely above and beyond Executive control." Nay more, instead of hurling the thunderbolts he might have wielded, into the ranks of the rebels, he acquiesced in their movements, and could hardly be forced to adopt any measure which did not meet with their approval.

"It is difficult to find in all the annals of the past, an example of executive power bowing the neck so meekly beneath the heel of traitorous arrogance. His Cabinet was mostly filled with slaveholding conspirators, who first endeavored to betray their country by the most insane measures, and then disclosed to their confederate traitors all that transpired in the Executive counsels. President Buchanan was anxious for peace. His political sympathies were, however, with the conspirators, and bitterly hostile to those who were the foes of human bondage. As the storm of passion increased in violence, the only measure he could suggest was unconditional surrender of the Government to the wishes of the slaveholders. This was called a *compromise*. The North, on its part, was to surrender everything. The South, on its part, would consent to accept the surrender.

"Speaking of this rebellion and the plan to conciliate the rebels, by surrendering to slavery all the United States territory south of 36° 30′, a concession which the rebels would not accept, Mr. Lovejoy, in the House of Representatives, uttered the memorable words:

"There never was a more causeless revolt since Lucifer led his cohorts of apostate angels against the throne of God; but I never heard that the Almighty proposed to compromise the matter, by allowing the rebels to kindle the fires of hell south of the celestial meridian of thirty-six thirty."

Mr. Wigfall, Senator from Texas, exclaimed, in one of his characteristic outbursts, "It is the merest balderdash—that is what it is—it is the most unmitigated fudge for any one to get up here, and tell men who have sense and who have brains, that there is any prospect of two-thirds of this Congress passing any propositions as an amendment to the Constitution, that any man who is white, twenty-one years old, and whose hair is straight, living south of Mason and Dixon's line, will be content with."

"One of the most marvelous revelations of history is the phenomenon, that the most majestic of national movements may often be controlled by very small minorities. Brissot de Warville

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says, that the French Revolution was carried by not more than twenty men. The whole number of slaveholders in the South did not exceed three hundred thousand. Not more than a hundred thousand of these possessed any large amount of this species of property. And yet this petty oligarchy, entirely subordinate to a few leading minds, organized the most gigantic rebellion which ever shook this globe. "The future historian," says the Hon. Charles Sumner, 'will record, that the present rebellion, notwithstanding its protracted origin, the multitudes it has enlisted, and its extensive sweep, was at last precipitated by fewer than twenty men; Mr. Everett says, by as few as ten. It is certain that thus far it has been the triumph of a minority—but of a minority inspired, combined, and aggrandized by slavery."

"While Congress was discussing measures of compromise, the South was marshaling her hosts for battle. When the news of Lincoln's election reached Charleston, S. C., tumultuous throngs in the streets received the tidings with long continued cheering for a Southern Confederacy. In Washington, many of the people boldly assumed the secession cockade, knowing that the insulted, humiliated Government of the United States, in the hands of President Buchanan, was impotent to harm them. The Palmetto flag was hoisted and saluted; "minute men" were organized. All through the cotton and slaveholding States, the excitement was intense, the secessionists striving to overawe the friends of the Union, and preparing for the arbitrament of the sword, in the success of which arbitrament, they, in their ignorance and self-confidence, cherished not a doubt. They had been accustomed to regard all men who labored as degraded, as on a footing with their slaves. The Northerners they stigmatized as "greasy mechanics," and "mudsills," any five of whom could be instantly put to flight by one chivalrous Southron."[1]

We have said that the election of Abraham Lincoln was not the cause, but only the pretext for the rebellion. It was a cry by which the leading rebels and life-long conspirators against the institutions of the country sought, "to fire the Southern heart," and forever destroy our free constitution. It turned out to be an admirable expedient for the purpose intended, among the ignorant masses of the South. A single example will show this:—

The Hon. A. H. Stephens, long a member of the United States

[1] Abbott's History of the Civil War in America.

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House of Representatives from Georgia, and one of the most influential and able men in that State, addressed an immense assemblage of his constituents, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, at Milledgeville, Ga., November 14, 1860. He then said:

"The first question that presents itself is, Shall the people of the South secede from the Union in consequence of the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States? My countrymen, I tell you frankly, candidly, and earnestly, that I do not think they ought. In my judgment, the election of no man, constitutionally chosen to that high office, is sufficient cause for any State to separate from the Union. It ought to stand by and aid still in maintaining the Constitution of the country. To make a point of resistance to the Government, to withdraw from it, because a man has been constitutionally elected, puts us in the wrong. We are pledged to maintain the Constitution. Many of us have sworn to support it. Can we, therefore, for the mere election of a man to the Presidency, and that, too, in accordance with the prescribed forms of the Constitution, make a point of resistance to the Government, without becoming the breakers of that sacred instrument ourselves?

"I look upon this country, with our Institutions, as the Eden of the world—the paradise of the Universe. It *may* be, that out of it we may become greater and more prosperous; but I am candid and sincere in telling you that I fear, if we rashly evince passion, and, without sufficient cause, shall take that step, that, instead of becoming greater or more peaceful, prosperous, and happy, instead of becoming gods, we will become demons, and, at no distant day, commence cutting one another's throats."

But the words of the wisest statesmen of the South were not to be heeded. All union opposition to secession was overborne. Even Stephens himself, a few days after making the speech, of which the above is an extract, took back his own brave and honest words, and made a ranting speech on the other side of the question, and a little later, accepted the Vice-Presidency of the slaveholders' confederacy. Several of the Southern States, almost immediately began to make warlike preparations and appropriations, and the whole Southern community was in a blaze of excitement.

On the 20th day of December, 1860, South Carolina seceded, or, in the polite phrase of the time, withdrew its original consent to the Constitution of the United States, and *resumed its condition as a sovereign State!* The news of this action, which

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was unanimous, was hailed with enthusiasm throughout the Southern States. On the 9th of January, 1861, the Mississippi Convention passed an ordinance of secession. Florida followed suit on the 10th, and Alabama the next day Georgia seceded on the 19th, and Louisiana on the 26th. The Texas convention passed a secession ordinance, Feb. 1st, 1861, subject to a vote of the people, and on the 4th, declared the State out of the union! Virginia passed an ordinance of secession the 17th of April, Arkansas, May 6th, and North Carolina, May 29th.

Meanwhile, the rebels were rapidly seizing the forts, arsenals, navyyards and mints, within the limits of the seceded States, while Gen Twiggs, in Texas, traitorously surrendered the greater portion of the little army of the United States, it having been placed there for this purpose by the Secretary of War.

But still the meek Buchanan did nothing but appoint a day for fasting and prayer throughout the nation, on the 4th of January, 1861, which was generally observed at the North, and as generally disregarded at the South, and to send a messenger or two to the South, to beg of them, in piteous terms, to do nothing rash during the brief remainder of his official term. His action disgusted his political friends in the North, not less than all other parties.

It was on the occasion of this fast that Woodbury took its frst part in the stirring events of the times. Thoroughly law abiding, as its citizens always had been, for two hundred years, always attentive to the suggestion of rulers, they generally attended, on this occasion, at their several places of worship, to supplicate the Lord of Hosts, that the evils which threatened the nation, and which the governmett seemed utterly unable to successfully oppose, might be averted. It was on this occasion that the late Rev. Noah Coe, who was then supplying the pulpit of the First Congregational church, and who, not being the settled pastor of the church, and, on account of the temper of the times, was not afraid of being accused of "preaching politics," uttered his memorable prayer, a passage of which follows:—

"Oh! Lord, we have assembled in Thy presence, in response to the call, in his feebleness, of the President of the United States. We thank Thee that he has been brought to see the need of fasting and prayer, and that he has felt the necessity of asking the prayers of Thy people. Oh! Lord, Thou knowest that his sins are manifold in Thy sight, and that he greatly needs them. Let him still further see the error of his ways, and apply his heart unto

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wisdom, that Thou canst see it possible to save him. Oh God, Thou knowest he has done evil enough. He has multiplied his wickedness. But save him out of Thine abundant mercy. Oh Lord, we thank Thee that his time is short. That he can not do much more evil in the land. And we do greatly thank Thee, that Abraham Lincoln, that great and good man, a man after Thine own heart, is so soon to succeed him, when we devoutly hope we shall see a ruler in the land full of righteousness, who will carry out Thy will, and show forth Thy praise."

In the sadness, uncertainty and general apprehension of the time, this bold, blunt prayer, had a marked effect upon the hearers. Though unusual in its terms, and plainness of speech, it was deemed to be appropriate to the situation of the country at that perilous period. There is but one prayer on record, which has ever come to the writer's notice, similar to it. And that was, the prayer of Parson Champion, of Litchfield, a red-hot patriot in the days of the Revolutionary War.[1]

1861. As we have seen, the Great Rebellion of the slaveholders, foreshadowed, threatened, and foreordained, for many years, came into active existence immediately upon the announcement that Abraham Lincoln had been elected President of the United States. The earliest, most earnest and effective efforts at rebellion were made in South Carolina. The election of Lincoln was but the merest pretext, but the leaders knew best with what material to "fire the Southern heart." One after another, as soon as the several Southern States seceded, or, as they gingerly termed

[1] When the whole country was in a state of alarm at the intelligence that Lord Cornwallis, with a large fleet and armament, was approching the American coast. Col. Tallmage happened to pass through Litchfield with a regiment of cavalry. While there, he attended public worship, with his troops, on Sunday, at the old meeting-house, that stood upon the village green. The occasion was deeply interesting and exciting. The Rev. Judah Champion, then the settled minister of the place—a man of great eloquence, and of a high order of intellectual endowment—in view of the alarming crisis, thus invoked the sanction of Heaven:—

"Oh, Lord! we view with terror the approach of the enemies of Thy holy religion. Wilt thou send storm and tempest, to toss them upon the sea, and to overwhelm them upon the mighty deep, or to scatter them to the uttermost parts of the earth. But, peradventure, should any escape Thy vengeance, collect them together again, Oh Lord! as in the hollow of Thy hand, *and let thy lightnings play upon them*," An invocation for the safety and success of Col. Tallmage's command then followed.

Hollister's Hist. of Conn.,—2 vol. pp. 390, 391.

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it, withdrew their former assent to the Constitution of the United States, and resumed their original powers as sovereign, free and independent States, and notice of the ordinances of secession was received, their senators and representatives withdrew from Congress, with insulting denunciations and threats towards the remaining loyal States of the Union. Better specimens of insolence, braggadocio, and intolerable, foundationless, arrogance, was never expressed in any language, than by these retiring braggarts, and crime-steeped despots. They had been guilty of the meanness, as well as disloyalty of retaining their seats as long as possible, to act as spies on the efforts of the government for its safety, and to thwart every well-directed effort for the salvation of the country No such unparalleled conduct was ever before witnessed in the transactions of all the former traitors of the world. Treason, long projected and secretly working to accomplish its purpose, was rampant everywhere—in the cabinet, in the Supreme Court, in both Houses of Congress, in the Army, in the Navy—everywhere. Never had traitors less cause for their crime. They had the full control of every department, and could carry their plans without "let or hindrance" No considerable party in the union claimed the right, or even desired to interfere with their cherished institution of slavery in the States where it then existed. It had however become repugnant to the great national heart, that that accursed institution should be extended into territory then free. The free legions of the North were fully determined to resist its further extension. This was the sole subject of dispute.

Immediately, on the assembling of Congress at its Session in Dec. 1860, numerous efforts and plans of compromise were brought forward by a large number of Senators and Representatives, and the subject of pacification was almost the sole theme of earnest discussion during the whole of the Session of 1860-61, and quite up to the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as President, on the 4th of March, 1861. Committees of thirteen and thirty-three were appointed, for the express purpose of devising some rational means of reconciliation; but all to no purpose It had been predetermined, on the part of the slave interest, that there should be no reconciliation. The slaveholding leaders thought their plans were so well laid, that they could disrupt the union, erect a slave confederacy, the corner-stone of which should be human bondage, form a new constitution, to which the free North would beg ad-

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mission, except, perhaps, New England, which was to be "unceremoniously left out in the cold," and Washington was still to be the capital, but it was to be the capital, not of the nation of the stars and stripes, but of a new confederacy, governed by a slave-holding aristocracy.

During these months, there was great excitement throughout the South, and seven States had seceded from the union before the inauguration of Lincoln. Forts, arsenals, post-offices, custom-houses and sub-treasuries were seized, the Indian Fund, of some six millions of dollars, was stolen, all the public property in the seceded States was confiscated, the traitor, Gen. Twigs, delivered up in Texas, the major part of our whole little army, and the Northern arsenals were emptied of hundreds of thousands of arms by the traitor cabinet officer having them in charge, who caused them to be sent South. In every way, the loyal men of the nation were crippled, while a well-arranged plan for the capture of Washington, before the inauguration of the new President, seemed only to have been prevented by the special interposition of God. Well-matured plans for the assassination of the President-elect, as he should pass through Baltimore on his way to the capital, came near a bloody consumation. By a secret and skillful manoever only, executed by night, was it possible to avoid the bloody death, which came to that patriotic and glorious man a little more than four years later. Meanwhile the servile Buchanan looked on in helpless imbecility. He wrote a piteous message to Congress, in which he argued, that while the States had no right to secede, the government, under the Constitution, had no right to prevent them by force. And thus the tide of treason rolled resistlessly on.

"While the excitement was thus rapidly deepening and extending, the 4th of March drew nigh, when the President elect was to be inaugurated in Washington. Rumors filled the air, that he was to be assassinated on his passage through the Slave State of Maryland. Great anxiety was felt for his safety, as the desperate character of a portion of the populace in Baltimore, through which city he would naturally pass, was well known. On the 11th of February, he left his home in Springfield, Illinois, intending to make a brief visit in the leading cities on his route. In the following touching address he took leave of his fellow-citizens at the railroad depot:

"My friends! No one, not in my position, can appreciate the sadness that I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that

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I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century. Here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. *He* never would have succeeded, except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he, at all times, relied. I feel that I can not succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him. In the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I can not succeed, but with which, success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell." [1]

Mr. Lincoln received an enthusiastic ovation from all, without distinction of party, in all the cities and towns at which he stopped on his way to Washington.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Lincoln's reception was as enthusiastic as in New York. He there attended upon the ceremony of raising the United States flag over the Old Hall of Independence. After appropriate ceremonies, the President raised, hand over hand, the glorious banner to the summit of the staff. On this occasion he uttered the following memorable and heartfull words:

"I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of the separation of the Colonies from the mother land; *but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but I hope to the world, for all future time.* It was that which gave promise, that, in due time, the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men. This was a sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved on this basis? If it can, I shall consider myself one of the happiest men in the world, if I can help save it. If it can not be saved on that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country can not be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say, I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there need be no bloodshed or war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course, and I may say in advance, that there will be no bloodshed, unless it be forced upon the Government, and then it will be compelled to act in self-defense.

[1] Abbott's Hist. of the Civil War in America."

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"My friends, this is wholly an unexpected speech. I did not expect to be called upon to say a word when I came here. I supposed that it was merely to do something toward raising the flag. I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. I have said nothing but what I am ready to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by."

"In Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, the same enthusiasm greeted the President which had thus far accompanied him through every stage of his journey. Again the President uttered those conciliatory and peaceful sentiments which constituted so essential a part of his generous nature. He was conducted to the hotel in a barouche drawn by six white horses, and accompanied by a very imposing military array. In response to the address of welcome, he said:

"I recur, for a moment, to the words uttered about the military support, which the General Government may expect from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in a proper emergency. To guard against any possible mistake, do I recur to this. It is not with any pleasure, that I contemplate the possibility that a necessity may arise, in this country, for the use of the military arm. While I am exceedingly gratified to see the manifestation upon your steets of the military force here, and exceedingly gratified at your promise here to use that force upon a proper emergency, I desire to repeat, to preclude any possible misconstruction, that I do most sincerely hope that we shall have no use for them; that it will never become their duty to shed blood, and most especially never to shed fraternal blood. I promise that, so far as I may have wisdom to direct, if so painful a result shall in any wise be brought about, it shall be through no fault of mine."

"To go from Harrisburg to Washington, it was necessary to pass through the slaveholding State of Maryland, and through the City of Baltimore, where the spirit of secession had manifested itself in its most envenomed type. The loyal citizens of Baltimore were preparing to give the president a courteous reception. The partisans of the slaveholders had formed a conspiracy for his assassination. The plan was discovered by the police. It consisted in getting up a riot, very easily accomplished in Baltimore, at the depot, during which the unarmed and unprotected President was to be stabbed or shot. The detectives who ferreted out the plot, assumed to be secessionists from Louisiana. The conspirators were to mingle with the crowd, pretending to be friends of

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the President, when, at a given signal, a great tumult was to be raised, and some were to shoot at him with their pistols, and others to throw hand grenades into his carriage. In the inevitable confusion the assassins expected to escape to a vessel waiting for them in the harbor, which would convey them to Mobile, in Alabama, where they would be safe from all harm. General Scott and Senator Seward had been apprised, by the police, of this danger, and immediately dispatched Mr. Frederick W. Seward, a son of the Senator, to Philadelphia, to inform Mr. Lincoln of his peril. After consultation with friends, it was deemed advisable, in the then excited state of the country, when even a slight disturbance would plunge the country into all the horrors of civil war, that Mr. Lincoln should frustrate the plans of the conspirators, by taking an earlier express train, and passing through Baltimore *incognito*, as an ordinary traveler. The wisdom of this decision few now, upon reflection, will dispute. Mr. Lincoln received this information at Philadelphia, but, according to his plan, proceeded to Harrisburg.

"After the public reception at Harrisburg, the President, with a few of his confidential friends, retired to his private apartments, in the Jones House, at six o'clock in the evening. As he was known to be weary with the toils of the day, he was exposed to no interruptions. As soon as it was dark, he, in company with Col. Lamon, unobserved, entered a hack, and drove to the Pennsylvania railroad, where a special train was waiting for him. The telegraph wires were in the mean time cut, so that the knowledge of his departure, if discovered or suspected, could not be sent abroad. The train reached Philadelphia at 10½ o'clock that night. They drove immediately across the city to the Baltimore and Washington depot. The regular night train was just leaving, at ¼ past 11. The party took berths in a sleeping car, and, without any change, passed directly through Baltimore to Washington, where they arrived safely, and all unexpected, at ¼ past 6 o'clock in the morning. Mr. Lincoln did not find it necessary to assume any disguise, but journeyed in his ordinary traveling dress.

"The Hon. Mr. Washburn, of Illinois, who had been privately informed of the arrangement, was at the station to receive the President. They drove directly to Willard's Hotel, where they were met by Mr. Seward. The active agents in this infamous plot were of course well known by the detectives; but it was deemed, at that time, desirable to avoid everything which could

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add to the excitement of the public mind, already so sorely agitated. The President-elect thus silently entered Washington, Saturday morning, February 23. The news of his arrival was immediately flashed over the land, and the next day his family entered the city by the special train designed for the Presidential party."[1]

"By this time it had become quite evident, that the secessionists wished for no compromise. They felt strong, sure of success, and with unflinching determination advanced in their measures to break up the Union, form a Confederacy of the Cotton States, on a thoroughly pro-slavery Constitution; then draw in the border States, which without any doubt would be eager to follow them, and then, through their partisans in the Middle and North Western States, draw those States in, and thus thoroughly reconstruct and reunite the country, leaving New England out, in a cold corner, to be attached to Canada, or, if independent, to be so weak as to be quite at the disposal of the great pro-slavery republic, which, grasping Cuba and Mexico, would overshadow the whole land. The plot of the secessionists to seize defenseless Washington was so palpable, and manifestly so feasible, surrounded as it was by slaveholding Virginia and Maryland, that even President Buchanan became alarmed. General Scott was there urging him to decisive measures. During the first week in January, General Scott had succeeded, with some difficulty, in collecting about three hundred troops in the vicinity of Washington. President Buchan was excessively averse to any show of power, lest it might be regarded as a menace, by a foe whom he dreaded, and who had gained almost entire dominion over his mind.

"On the 4th of February, forty-two of the secessionists met in Montgomery, Alabama, representing the States of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina and North Carolina. They proceeded immediately to organize a new nation, the Southern Confederacy, to consist of the above-mentioned seven States, and such others as might subesequently be added. And then these forty-two men chose Jefferson Davis, President, and Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Southern Confederacy. In all the Southern States there were large numbers opposed to all these measures of revolt, and in some of the States there were, undoubtedly, a decided majority; but the leading

[1] Abbott's Hist. of the Civil War, p. 64.

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slaveholders had got the power entirely in their hands, and all opposition was overawed. On the 18th, Jefferson Davis was inaugurated President, at Montgomery.

"These forty two delegates, without the slightest misgivings, undertook to revolutionize a nation of thirty millions. They deemed themselves umpires from whom there was no appeal. They framed a Constitution, adopted articles of Confederation, chose a President and Vice-President, confirmed Cabinet and Ministerial appointments, and set in operation all the machinery of what they believed would prove a powerful and perpetual government. History affords no parallel to such an audacious usurpation. The *people* had no voice in the organization of the government. And yet so sagaciously was the whole thing managed, that the ignorant masses at the South were led as obediently as slaves on the plantations. Those who ventured to utter the slightest murmurs were instantly silenced with the most inexorable cruelty.

"No American can write such narratives about his own countrymen without extreme reluctance. But these facts must be known, or one can not understand how every voice of opposition was silenced at the South. The apparent unanimity at the South, was simply the silence enforced by the bludgeon, the lash, the halter, and the stake. Hume has remarked upon the barbarizing influence of slavery in ancient Rome. Its influence has been equally debasing in our own land. Its influence upon woman's character has been still more marked than upon the character of men. That there are noble men, and lovely and lovable women at the South, all must gladly affirm. The writer knows many such, whose memory he must ever cherish with affection. But this rebellion has proved beyond all dispute, that such are the exceptions. It is the unanimous declaration of our army, that the venom exhibited by the secession females of the South was amazing and very general. Ladies, so called, would spit upon our soldiers in the streets of Baltimore. One clergyman testifies that a woman, a member of his church, whom he had always considered a worthy member, said to him, that "she would be perfectly willing to go to hell, if she could but shoot a Yankee first." Another *lady* said, to a gentleman who related it to the writer, that she hoped yet 'to sleep under a blanket made of the scalps of Northerners.'"

While such outrageous proceedings were carried on by active, malignant traitors, the people of the free States were waiting quietly, but with intense latent emotion, for the inauguration of

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Abraham Lincoln as President. Nothing could be hoped for while Mr. Buchanan remained in the Presidential chair. He, himself, was probably the most impatient man in the United States for the hour to arrive in which he could retire. But, the secessionists had no idea of allowing President Lincoln to be inaugurated. To be sure, they had failed in their plans to assassinate him on his journey to the capital. But they were still quite confident of their ability to seize Washington, and make it the capital of their new confederacy, and they were fully determined to carry out their wicked designs. Mr. Abbott, in his history of the Civil War has so admirably described the state of affairs at the date of the inauguration, that it is thought well to give the account of it in substantially his words.

"The week preceding the 4th of March, when Mr. Lincoln was to be inaugurated, was one of intense solicitude and excitement. The air was filled with rumors of conspiracies, to prevent the inauguration by a bloody tumult, and by seizing the Capital. Washington was thronged with strangers, many from the South, armed with bowie-knives and revolvers. Apparently there would have been but little difficulty in a few thousand men, at a concerted signal, making a rush which would sweep all opposition before them. Gen. Scott and Secretary Holt were in the meantime making quiet, but effectual preparations, to meet any emergency. An important military escort was provided to conduct the President to the Capitol, and back again, after the inauguration, to the White House.

"The eventful morning dawned propitiously. At an early hour, Pennsylvania Avenue was thronged, the center of attraction being Willard's Hotel, where, thus far, the President elect had occupied apartments. The procession began to form about 9 o'clock. It was very brilliant and imposing. One very striking feature was, a large triumphal car, the Constitution, bearing thirty-four very beautiful girls, robed in white, as representatives of the several States. It was thus manifest that the government had no idea of recognizing the Union as dissolved. Mr Buchanan and Mr. Lincoln sat, side by side, in the carriage. They ascended the steps of the Capitol arm in arm. It was noticed that Mr. Buchanan looked pale, sad, and nervous; he sighed audibly and frequently. Mr. Lincoln's face was slightly flushed, and his lips compressed, with an expression of much gravity and firmness."

The President elect took his stand upon the platform of the

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portico of the Capitol. The Supreme Court, the Senate, the House of Representatives, the Foreign Ministers, and a vast crowd of privileged persons, soon occupied every seat. A countless throng filled the grounds below, a surging mass of friends and foes. There were exasperated secessionists, watching for a chance to strike a blow, and pure patriots ready to repel that blow, at any hazard of life. Senator Baker, of Oregon, introduced the President to the people. Mr. Lincoln then, with strength of voice which arrested every ear, delivered his inaugural address. Speaking of secession, he said:

"Physically speaking, we cannot separate,—we can not remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country can not do this. They can not but remain face to face; and intercourse, either amiable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war; you can not fight always, and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical questions, as to terms of intercourse, are again upon you."

In reference to the policy to be pursued, he said:

"To the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part. I shall perfectly perform it, so far as is practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisition, or, in some authoritative manner, direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union, that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself. In doing this, there need be no bloodshed or violence, and there shall be none, unless it is forced upon the national authority. The power confided in me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion,—no using of force against or among the people anywhere."

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Mr. Lincoln closed his noble inaugural with the following words, alike firm and conciliatory:

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not a sail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government; while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend it.' I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearth-stone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The oath of office was then administered by Chief Justice Taney; the procession was again formed, and Mr. Lincoln was escorted to the White House.

For several weeks preceding the inauguration, that grand old patriot and war-worn hero, Lieut. Gen. Scott, had been quietly collecting the scattered fragments of our little regular army, and transporting them to Washington. By the 4th of March, he had in this way gathered about a thousand effective and reliable men, and a few pieces of artillery, for the defense of Washington and the peaceable inauguration of the new President. During the ceremonies, he was standing by one of the guns, which were planted in such a way as to do fearful execution, in case of any attempt at violence on the part of the secessionists, ready to give directions in any emergency that might arise. When those glorious, patriotic and immortal words of the new President rang out upon the clear, still air, in the ears of the breathlessly listening thousands, and were reported to the old veteran, as he stood firmly, though anxiously at his post of duty:—"*You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect and defend it,'*"— in spite of military rule, he could not help exclaiming:—'THANK GOD! AT LAST WE HAVE A PRESIDENT!

To the surprise and disgust of the rebels, the President had been peacefully inaugurated, they had not been able to seize Washington, and many of their fondest calculations had not been realized. Their remaining plans were, therefore, more desperately

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carried on all over the South. It was not possible, with their views, for the secessionists, after all their long years of preparation, and after all their insolent bluster, to come back, and ask for terms of arrangement. Nor would it do to delay. Every moment passed in inaction was a moment lost to the cause of the rebels. Their blows must be sudden and decisive, to avail them anything. Accordingly, at half-past four, on the morning of the 14th of April, 1861, fourteen batteries in Charleston harbor, manned and sustained by ten thousand men, opened fire upon Fort Sumter, and the flag of the United States, thus inaugurating civil war in all its horrors, with tremendous energy. This formidable array was opposed by about eighty soldiers of the United States, shut up within the fort, too few to man a tithe of its guns effectively. After a fierce bombardment of about 36 hours, and throwing against the beleaguered fort 2,361 solid shot, and 980 shells, it was agreed that the gallant little garrison should surrender the fort, on being allowed to take away all their individual and company property, their side arms, and their war-scathed flag, which they were to salute with a hundred guns before they hauled it down. Such were the terms demanded by Major Anderson, and accorded to him—after he was compelled to surrender.

"The battle now ceased. The fire was ere long extinguished, having destroyed nearly everything combustible, and the wearied men had a night of such rest as could be found in the midst of the ruins which surrounded them. About half-past 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, the evacuation commenced. The booming of cannon echoed over the bay, as the heroic and indomitable band saluted the Flag, sinking from its staff, and then, as with the proud step of victors, the band playing "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia," they marched out of the main gate, with the Stars and the Stripes waving over them, and entered the transport Isabel, which conveyed them to the United States Ship Baltic, in the offing, by which they were carried in triumph to New York.

"Fort Sumter was the Bunker Hill of this Civil War. In both cases, a proud aristocracy were determined to subject this country to its sway. In both cases, the defeat was a glorious victory. This little band of heroes withstood the attack of an army, provided with the heaviest batteries which Europe and America could afford. For thirty-six hours they contined the unequal conflict. And then, when they had not another cartridge to fire, and not another biscuit to divide, they evacuated the ruins, the Stars

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and Stripes still waving over them, and they stepping proudly to the air of "Hail Columbia." The nation regarded it as a victory, and welcomed them as heroes. And the people of the United States will never cease to regard each member of the intrepid garrison of Fort Sumter with admiration and homage.

"The avowed object of the rebels, in their attack upon Sumter, was to cross the Rubicon in the actual inauguration of civil war, and thus to "fire the heart of the South." It was supposed that the South, being thus committed, would be compelled, by pride, to continue the conflict, for southern pride would scorn to entertain the thought of apology and submission. This outrage upon our country's flag, this inauguration of civil war, which was to cost near half a million lives, to impoverish countless families, and to imperil our national existence, was received throughout the rebellious cities, with all the demonstrations of pride and joy. Those who still loved their country did not dare to utter a remonstrating word, for an iron tyranny crushed them.

"But the uprising in the North was such as the world never witnessed before. The slaveholders at the South had so long been threatening blood and ruin, that the North had quite ceased to regard their menaces. There was hardly a man to be found in all the North, who had any idea that the Southern rebels would venture to commence civil war. The bombardment of Sumter created universal amazement and indignation. As the news of the insult to the national flag, of the battle, and of the capture of the fort by the rebels, was flashed along the wires, excitement, perhaps unparalleled in the history of the world, pervaded every city and hamlet, and almost every heart. All party distinctions seemed to be forgotten. There were henceforth but two parties in the land, —the rebels with their sympathizers, and the friends of the Union.

"On the next day, Monday, April 15, the President issued a call for three months' service of 75,000 volunteers, and summoned an extra session of Congress to meet on the 4th of July. The response of the loyal States to this call for troops was prompt and cordial in the highest possible degree. Never perhaps were a people found less prepared for war, than were the people of the Northern States. Accustomed only to peace, and not anticipating any foe, many of the States had not even the form of a military organization. All the energies of the people were consecrated to the arts of industry, not to those of destruction. We had neither soldiers nor officers. The men who had received military educa-

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tion at West Point, weary of having absolutely nothing to do, but to wear away the irksome hours, in some fort on the shore or in the wilderness, had generally engaged in other pursuits. They had become civil engineers, railroad superintendents, instructors in scientific schools, and thus had become in reality merely civilians who had studied the science and theory of war, but with no practical acquaintance with the duties of the field.

"This was not our shame, but our glory. We were men of peace and industy, and of great prosperity. We had not dreamed that traitors would rise to plunge this happy land into anarchy, and to destroy this best government,—best, notwitstanding all its imperfections,—earth has ever known. Floyd had emptied the arsenals, and placed the guns in the hands of the rebels. Our little standing army, consisting of but 10,755 men, officers and privates all told, he had scattered at almost illimitable distances over our vast frontier. Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of the Navy had equally dispersed the fleet; in fact, our neglected navy had fallen almost into decay. And more than all this, the majority of the officers in the army and in the navy, were men of slaveholding connections, many of whom openly avowed their sympathy with the rebellion, and they had become so lost to all sense of honor, that the betrayal of the Flag which they had sworn to protect,—a deed which all the rest of the world called *infamous*, they deemed *chivalrous*. Such was the condition of the North, when the war commenced"

Mr. Cameron thus describes the condition of the War Department, as he entered upon its duties:

"Upon my appointment to the position, I found the department destitute of all the means of defense; without guns, and with little prospect of purchasing the *materiel* of war. I found the nation without an army, and I found scarcely a man throughout the whole War Department in whom I could put my trust. The Adjutant General deserted. The Quartermaster General ran off. The Commissary General was on his death-bed. More than half the clerks were disloyal. I remember that upon one occasion General Scott came to me, apparently in great mental tribulation. Said he, 'I have spent the most miserable day in my life; a friend of my boyhood has just told me I am disgracing myself by staying here, and serving this fragment of the government, in place of going to Virginia, and serving under the banner of my native State; and I am pained to death.' But the old hero was patriotic, loyal, and

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wise enough to say that his friend was wrong, and he was right in remaining where he was."

"The unanimity with which the whole North arose, in this crisis, all party differences being merged in enthusiastic devotion to the Union, is one of the most extraordinary events of history. Men who but a few days before had been bitterly hostile, were at once standing side by side, upon the same platform, in earnest co-operation to resist the audacious rebellion. Senator Douglas, one of the candidates for the Presidency, at this crisis, came forward with zeal and power, which will forever entitle him to the gratitude of his countrymen. The overflowing majority of his party followed their illustrious leader in the magnanimity of his patriotism. On the 1st of May, Senator Douglas reached Chicago, Illinois, on his return from Washington. He was met at the depot, by an immense assemblage of citizens, who conducted him in a triumphal procession to the great "Wigwam," where ten thousand persons, of all parties, were seated, awaiting him. The Senator addressed them in the following strain, which thrilled the heart of the nation, and which will give him ever-during and grateful remembrance.

"'I beg you to believe that I will not do you or myself the injustice to think that this magnificent ovation is personal to myself. I rejoice to know that it expresses your devotion to the Constitution, the Union and the flag of our country. I will not conceal gratification at the uncontrovertible test this vast audience presents—that, what political differences or party questions may have divided us, yet you all had a conviction that, when the country should be in danger, my loyalty could be relied on. That the present danger is imminent, no man can conceal. If war must come—if the bayonet must be used to maintain the Constitution—I say before God, my conscience is clean. I have struggled long for a peaceful solution of the difficulty. I have not only tendered those States what was theirs of right, but I have gone to the very extreme of magnanimity.

"The return we receive is war, armies marched upon our Capitol, obstructions and dangers to our navigation, letters of marque to invite pirates to prey upon our commerce, a concerted movement to blot out the United States of America from the map of the globe. The question is, Are we to maintain the country of our fathers, or allow it to be stricken down by those who, when they can no longer govern, threaten to destroy?

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"What cause, what excuse do disunionists give us, for breaking up the best Government, on which the sun of heaven ever shed its rays? They are dissatisfied with the result of the Presidential election. Did they never get beaten before? Are we to resort to the sword when we get defeated at the ballot box? I understand it that the voice of the people expressed in the mode appointed by the Constitution, must command the obedience of every citizen. They assume, on the election of a particular candidate, that their rights are not safe in the Union. What evidence do they present of this? I defy any man to show any act on which it is based. What act has been omitted to be done? I appeal to these assembled thousands, that so far as the constitutional rights of slaveholders are concerned, nothing has been done, and nothing omitted, of which they can complain.

"There has never been a time, from the day that Washington was inaugurated first President of these United States, when the rights of the Southern States stood firmer under the laws of the land than they do now; there never was a time when they had not as good cause for disunion as they have to-day. What good cause have they now that has not existed under every Administration?

"If they say the territorial question—now, for the first time, there is no act of Congress prohibiting slavery anywhere. If it be the non-enforcement of the laws, the only complaints that I have heard, have been of the vigorous and faithful fulfillment of the Fugitive Slave Law. Then what reason have they?

"The Slavery question is a mere excuse. The election of Lincoln is a mere pretext. The present secession movement is the result of an enormous conspiracy formed more than a year since, formed by leaders in the Southern Confederacy more than twelve months ago.

"But this is no time for the detail of causes. The conspiracy is now known. Armies have been raised, war is levied to accomplish it. There are only two sides to the question. Every man must be for the United States or against it. There can be no neutrals in this war; *only patriots—or traitors.*

"Thank God, Illinois is not divided on this question. I know they expected to present a united South against a divided North. They hoped, in the Northern States, party questions would bring civil war between Democrats and Republicans, when the South would step in, with her cohorts, aid one party to conquer the oth-

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er, and then make easy prey of the victors. Their scheme was carnage and civil war in the North.

"There is but one way to defeat this. In Illinois it is being so defeated by closing up the ranks. War will thus be prevented on our own soil. While there was a hope of peace, I was ready for any reasonable sacrifice or compromise to maintain it. But when the question comes of war in the cotton-fields of the South, or the corn-fields of Illinois, I say the farther off the better.

"I have said more than I intended to say. It is a sad task to discuss questions so fearful as civil war; but sad as it is, bloody and disastrous as I expect it will be, I express it as my conviction before God, that it is the duty of every American citizen to rally around the flag of his country.

"I thank you again for this magnificent demonstration. By it you show you have laid aside party strife. Illinois has a proud position—united, firm, determined never to permit the Government to be destroyed."

Such is a brief account of the origin and successive events in the opening of our great civil war. It remains for us to recount, in the succeeding pages, the part which Ancient Woodbury took in the Great Rebellion, giving the names and deeds of the heroic men who went forth to battle from our midst, at the call of our imperiled country, some of whom lie peacefully sleeping on many a glorious battle-field, all over our union, or within the honored and sacred enclosures of our beautiful National Cemeteries.

In the very opening of this faithful record of Woodbury's patriotic doings, in the great war of the ages for the immortal principles of liberty, the author has the happiness to say, that this ancient town, which has been true and faithful in all the conflicts which have arisen since 1670, in maintenance of the true principles of a free government, were, in this final conflict of ideas, with some few solitary exceptions, in the cases of men with minds diseased,—an unit in defense of the glorious old flag, and the constitution of our fathers. This is well to be said by the author, who, from the first hour of the conflict, felt the great issues of the hour in the marrow of his bones, and was sensitively jealous of every exhibition of weakness, of faltering, or the slightest taint of treachery, under any circumstances, to the flag of the free.

As soon as the news arrived in town, that the rebels had opened fire upon Fort Sumter, and thus inaugurated a war against the honor and integrity of the Union, a patriotic ardor and wild en-

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thusiasm seized every heart. At the suggestion of leading citizens, the town committees of the Republican and Democratic parties issued a joint call for a mass meeting of all citizens, irrespective of party, to take counsel in regard to the perils of the hour, and the proper measures of defense to be taken in common with the patriotic citizens throughout the land.

The following brief account of this meeting is taken from the Litchfield Enquirer, printed at the time, and shows the unanimity that prevailed among us.

"UNION MEETING.—The crisis in our national affairs, caused the citizens of Woodbury to assemble *en masse*, on Tuesday evening, the 23d instant. Hon. N. B. Smith was called to preside, assisted by C. H. Webb, M. D., C. W. Kirtland, Lewis Judd, Henry Minor, William Cothren, James Huntington, Nathaniel Smith and G. H. Peck, Esquires, Vice-Presidents; R. J. Allen and G. P. Allen, Esquires, were appointed Secretaries.

"A committee, consisting of Wm. Cothren, James Huntington and C. H. Webb, was appointed to prepare resolutions for the consideration of the meeting, and, during their absence, A. N. Lewis, Esq., sung "The Star Spangled Banner," with thrilling effect; and Nathaniel Smith, Esq., with his usual eloquence—in a stirring speech—caused the cord of patriotism to vibrate with unwonted vigor. The Committee on Resolutions reported the following:—

"*Resolved*, That this meeting, assembled irrespective of party affiliations, under a deep sense of our duties as citizens of a common country, do hereby declare that we have a deep and abiding trust in the principles of our fathers, in the constitution and laws of the United States, and the benign influence of our institutions.

"*Resolved*, That the present is not the time for political discussion or abstractions; for our country is in danger, to perpetuate and sustain it is the duty of every good citizen; and to uphold and support the President in his patriotic endeavors, no man, who is not an alien to all that makes our government dear to us, will hesitate to pledge his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor in this our greatest peril.

"*Resolved*, That, as we have prospered under the old flag of the Union, *we cannot and will not desert it now*, but that we are ready, if need be, to lay down our lives in its defence.

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"These Resolutions, after a full and truly patriotic discussion, in which Messrs. W. T. Bacon, Jas. Huntington, Wm. Cothren, A. N. Lewis, C. H. Webb and Lewis Judd, participated, were—with the enthusiasm which now marks New England—unanimously adopted.

"Wm. Cothren, Jas. Huntington, Charles S. Dayton, Sidney Hurd and William C. Beecher, were chosen a committee to solicit volunteers for the defence of our National Flag.

"G. P. Allen, Nathaniel Smith and R. I. Tolles were designated a committee to solicit aid for the families of the volunteers. A subscription paper was immediately circulated, but when our reporter saw it, only two names appeared on it, namely, Wm. Cothren and Daniel Curtiss, each having subscribed $500. Mr. Cothren, in addition to his subscription, pledged the nett income of his business during the war.[1]

"The volunteers were organized on Saturday, the 27th inst., and the following officers were appointed:—

"*Captain*,—Josiah G. Beckwith, Jr.

"1*st Lieut*,—Wilson Bryant.

"2*d Lieut.*,—Geo. E. Harris.

"*Orderly Sergeant*,—Henry M. Dutton.

"*Sergeants*,—DeGrasse Fowler, Wm. H. McKay, Chas. N. Newton, Richard Spring.

"*Corporals*,—Burton Downs, Calvin A. Hubbard, Albert Winton, Geo. A. Chatfield.

"The name taken by the Company is the 'Woodbury Rifle Co.'"

Before this meeting closed, thirty-two young men had volunteered for the defence of the country. Woodbury was in advance of the neighboring towns in its patriotic outburst, and men in the latter, impatient to obey, with alacrity, the call of duty, came in from all quarters, to join our brave volunteers.

The subscription paper, alluded to in the foregoing report, was as follows, being drawn amid the excitement and noise of a crowded public meeting. It shows the forethought, as well as the patriotism of the citizens:—

"We, the subscribers, agree to pay the sums set against our respective names, to Thomas Bull, Esq., from time to time, as they shall be called for, for the purpose of fitting out one hundred soldiers from this town, for the United States' service; and more par-

[1] This promise was carried out to the letter.

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ticularly, for the purpose of supporting the families of the soldiers who shall enlist, during their absence in the service of the United States. If one hundred soldiers volunteer, then we are to pay the whole of the following sums:— if a smaller number, then we are to pay *pro rata*, according to the number who shall enlist.

WOODBURY, April 23, 1861.

—NAMES.—

William Cothren, ...	$500.00
Daniel Curtiss, ...	500.00

—and a multitude of others.

Within a few days, by the judicious efforts of the enlistment committee, a company was gathered to go to the succor of imperilled Washington. But such was the ardent uprising in the State, that the three Regiments called for by the Governor, were much more than filled before notice of our patriotic contribution was received. These three regiments were enlisted, as was our company, for three months. Immediately, there was a call for men to enlist for three years, or during the war, and our noble company, which had enlisted only for the former term, with undiminished ardor, signed enlistment papers for three years. They were to join Colt's Revolving Rifle Regiment, but as that organization was afterwards given up, they finally became Co. E. of the 5th Regiment Conn. Vols., under Col. O. S. Ferry. This change gave the volunteers time to drill here for a time, instead of marching at once, without drill, or experience. They drilled here several weeks, and became quite proficient for raw recruits, and finally were ordered to Hartford.

During these hurried days, it was gratifying to see with what zeal all the inhabitants entered into the spirit of preparation, and hastened on the glorious volunteers. Contributions, in various sums, came in from all sides; alike, from the humblest and from the highest. All, priest and people, entered into the great work. As an example, the Committee, while urging on their work of recruiting and collecting supplies for the soldiers and their families, (there were no bounties, then, family, or other bounty,) received the following letter from Rev. Charles E. Robinson, D. D., now pastor of a church in Troy, N. Y.:—

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"Hon. William Cothren, Dr. C. H. Webb, and others of the Committee for recruiting in the town of Woodbury:—

Gent:—Enclosed you will find $30, which I desire you to use for the *best interests of our volunteers*, with the most earnest prayers, and sincere, good wishes of their friend, and yours,—

CHARLES E. ROBINSON."

During the five weeks succeeding the patriotic meeting referred to, the volunteers were busy drilling, the Committee in recruiting, and the citizens, particularly the ladies, in soliciting contributions of every thing useful for the soldiers, who were to go in haste to the front. Havelocks for the head, needle-books, towels, clothes, shoes, and red-flannel shirts, were prepared and distributed to the brave boys, who exhibited in turn a grateful recognition of their zeal and kindness. At length, the company was called to go to Hartford, to join Colt's Regiment, as they supposed. On Saturday, the 18th day of May, the company, which had, from the color of the flannel the ladies had given them, gained the sobriqnet of the "Woodbury Reds," but who called themselves the Woodbury Valley Rifle Company, "fell in," and after marching through the principal streets of the village, partook of refreshments in the grounds of the writer, where a large portion of the inhabitants of the town had assembled, to cheer them, on their departure for the unknown results of their patriotic venture. They were escorted, by some of the leading citizens, to Hartford, preceded by the Woodbury Drum Corps. The streets were crowded with citizens, who made themselves hoarse with enthusiastic cheering. Flags floated everywhere, while every window was crowded with patriotic ladies, waving handkerchiefs, and in every way manifesting their respect and approval of the departing braves. At Watertown, the reception was no less enthusiastic, and as to the reception in Waterbury, the following is taken from the AMERICAN of that date:—

"THE WOODBURY TROOPS.—The Woodbury Valley Company C. in Colt's Revolving Rifle Regiment, left Woodbury for Hartford on Saturday last, accompanied by some of the principal citizens of that place. At Waterbury, the Co. was received by Mayor Bradley, and was escorted by the Union Spear Co. and a large body of citizens, to Brown's Hotel, where refreshments were served. The Co. was then escorted to the depot, where eloquent and

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patriotic addresses were made by Mayor Bradley, H. B. Graves, S. W. Kellogg, and Wm. Cothren, Esqrs., and by Dr. J. G. Beckwith, of Litchfield, who furnishes two sons for the Company, one of whom is the Captain.

"The Company arrived at Hartford about 5½ o'clock P. M., and after marching through the principal streets, went to their quarters in Colt's steamboat depot, a commodious and excellent place. The Company was highly complimented by the citizens and soldiers in Hartford, and were pronounced to be one of the finest companies that had yet arrived, in drill, appearance, and good behavior. They will give a good account of themselves.

"Previous to their departure for Hartford they passed the following resolutions:—

"*Resolved*, That our best thanks are due to, and are hereby tendered to the ladies of Woodbury for their indefatigable labors in fitting out our soldiers for the service of the United States in Col. Colt's Revolving Rifle Regiment.

"*Resolved*, That our thanks are hereby tendered to those of Woodbury who have aided in fitting us out for said service, and we are determined to do them honor under the flag of our country.

"*Resolved*, That we are under especial obligations to William Cothren, Esq., who has been untiring in his efforts to promote our welfare, and has shown himself to be an honest man, a most liberal friend, and a patriot in the highest sense."

The gathering, subsisting during the weeks of drill, and fitting out of this first company furnished by the town, though there were no bounties in this early stage of the war, cost not less than a thousand dollars. It is only by considering these ever-accruing small items of expenditure of the war, in every town and hamlet in the entire North, that we are able at last to grasp an idea of the vast total that the late rebellion cost our government and people.

This "first offering" of our old town, as they marched away from their homes in our beautiful borders, officers and men, were as follows:—

Captain,—Josiah G. Beckwith, Jr.

1*st Lieut.*,—Wilson Wyant.

2*d Lieut.*,—George E. Harris.

Orderly Sergeant,—Henry M. Dutton.

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Sergeants,—DeGrasse Fowler, William H. McKay, Richard H. Spring, and Charles N. Newton.

Corporals,—Burton Downs, Calvin A. Hubbard, Albert Winton and George A. Chatfield.

Privates.

Philip H. Wells,
Wm. H. Cone,
John Ledger,
Purnet Bronson,
Gardner Stockman,
Seth M. Reynolds,
George McCan,
DeWitt C. Curtiss,
Dodge,
John M. Quinn,
Trueworthy Munger,
Robertson,
Edward A. Root,
Wm. C. Barry,
Edwin D. Bishop,
Henry Booth,
John Gordon,
Hugh S. Gosley,
Henry M. Dawson,
Joseph Marshall,
James L. Warner,
Frank Martin,
Franklin Newton,
George S. Beckwith,
Wilhelmo Sommers,
Philo A. Hamlin,
Arnold Raymaker,
Andrew Budge,
Ransom P. Tomlinson,
William Barton,
Edward Knickerbocker,
Joel F. Sellick,
Myron G. Bishop,
Wm. Kensilor,
Charles A. Squire,
Richard Condon,
Charles Gosley.

After the arrival of the Company at Hartford, it was recruited to the full standard, and Col. Colt's organization having been given up, it joined the 5th Regiment, under Col. Ferry, and was afterwards known as Co. E. of that organization. As such it participated in all the arduous campaigns in which that Regiment was engaged, crowning its glorious record by participating in Gen. Sherman's grand march to the sea!

Subsequently to the disastrous battle of Bull Run, and others in the spring of 1861, there was a lull, and an apparent unwillingness on both sides of the fight to risk more than was necessary in actual conflict, while they both were leisurely engaged in collecting, arming and drilling their numerous legions. Col. Ferry was ordered, with his Regiment, in July, to guard the Upper Potomac in Maryland. This was a dry, distasteful, dull duty, quite different from the stirring scenes which the soldiers expected, when they "left for the front." When the "Woodbury Reds" left Woodbury, it was still judged injudicious to march our

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troops through Baltimore, but they were sent round by Annapolis. Not yet had Gen. Butler taken possession of that rebellious city, which had massacred some soldiers of the glorious Massachusetts sixth, as it was hastening to the rescue of the capitol of the Nation. The writer will ever have a vivid remembrance of that foul deed, as a near relative was among those who shed this first blood to preserve the integrity of the Union. Woodbury, too, has an abiding interest in this first glorious act of Gen. Butler, in silencing the traitorous city, and opening the way to Washington for the passage of the loyal troops of the North to the capital of their country; for he is of Woodbury origin. His grandfather, Capt. Zephaniah Butler, who fought under Wolff at Quebec, was a native of Woodbury.

At the Waterbury ovation to our Woodbury Boys, on their way to join their Regiment at Hartford, frequent allusion was made by the speakers to their "marching through Baltimore," and at every such mention, the air rung with their cheers, and with the stern avowal, that they *would* "march through Baltimore," and *they did*,—thanks to the wise and vigorous action of Gen. Butler. Being assigned to patrol duty, it was not much to their liking, and they pined for more active duty. In their rough, soldier way of expressing it, they were "spoiling for a fight," and the squelching of the rebellion. Their letters from camp at this time, to friends at home, were full of this complaint about their enforced inactivity. A few extracts from letters received by the author at this time, will show this more fully. They will also show how the soldiers felt in regard to that small number of persons, who somewhat faintly clamored for peace. It is these outpourings of the heart, written on the spot, and with all the feelings of the supreme hour, that give us the clearest pictures of the soldier-hearts, that were in the great contest.

The first letter is from Capt. Robert G. Williams, of Co. G., 4th Conn. Vols., afterwards the 1st Conn. Heavy Artillery. He was the last pastor of the 1st Congregational Church in Woodbury, and the people had a great interest in his movements, when it was known that an irresistible, conscientious impulse compelled him to enlist in the armies of the Union.

"CAMP ABERCROMBIE,
HAGERSTOWN, MD., July 31st, 1861.

"WILLIAM COTHREN, Esq—*My Dear Friend.*—Yours of the 6th of July was received by due course of mail. I was very soon

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detailed, with a portion of my Company, to do escort duty for a train of baggage wagons to Martinsburg, which occupied two days. The next day after my return I was taken sick, and remained so for two weeks, and have not yet fully recovered.

"On the 4th of July, the left wing of the Regiment was ordered to Williamsport, to protect stores and provisions there, the Division under Gen. Patterson having been ordered forward. The day was very hot, we marched slowly for us, and only reached Camp at dark. We bivouaced. I ate my supper just at 12 P. M. At 2 A. M., an alarm raised us all, but it was only an alarm. In the morning we moved Camp and remained there more than a fortnight, expecting to move every day. We had orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice. Detachments of our Companies were continually sent over to Virginia, and made several captures from the rebels, of various value. One party went ten miles and back, during the darkness of one night, and took a rebel Captain (Mr. Geary) whom they found hid between two feather beds.

"On Saturday last, I was ordered to report, with my whole Company, at this place in the A. M.—We left the camp at Williamsport at 5 A. M., and reached this place at 6–20 A. M., a distance of six miles. I was obliged to ride, and the Company came on under the 1st Lieut., who remained in the rear, and allowed the men to come as they pleased. I overtook the Company just as it reached here. We are highly complimented for our march it being really before breakfast.

"I advised the men to stop at a spring about half way, and eat the breakfast they brought with them. They had their knapsaks, haversacks, canteens and arms. I am happy to report, that Company G. is at the head of the Regiment for discipline and drill. Some of the rest do not like it very well, but such was my aim and purpose.

"I am writing now in front of my tent, and also witnessing their gymnastics. They are forming a pyramid, five men at the base, four in the next tier, three in the next, and one or two in the next. With the tiers they easily march around the street. Often, one takes another on his shoulders and marches all around the Camp. Many of them turn somersets, handsprings, &c., and with the musket are equally ready.

"Our Regiment is doing nothing but guard duty, which is not so actively military as we had hoped, but we have obtained a good

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reputation among the people of Hagerstown and Williamsport, who have sent a petition to Head Quarters, asking that we be detailed to remain at these two places in preference to any other Regiment. Some of the Pennsylvania and Maryland Regiments have behaved rudely, and even cruelly to the inhabitants.

"Two of my Company have been discharged. I wish you to say to Perry Lake and Walter Whitcock, that I have places for them. I wish they would write to me.

* * * * * * *

Very truly yours,

R G. WILLIAMS."

"CAMP WOOSTER,
HANCOCK, Maryland, Aug. 13, 1861.

DEAR COTHREN:

I have just received your welcome letter. I sincerely thank you for your interest in our "Woodbury Boys," and in return will write you as often as I have an opportunity. There is but little news here at present. We expect marching orders every day. Our boys are all eager for fight, but I do not think we shall have much of it to do at present. I think we shall be called to Point of Rocks, about eight miles northeast of this place, soon. The rebels are trying to cross the river at that place, but we do not intend to let them do it. Leave that to the Connecticut boys. Never fear but I shall do my duty. I shall never flinch in the hour of battle. Never will I cease to fight against the traitors, that would destroy our beloved Union, and that Constitutional liberty which Washington and our forefathers fought and bled for. I do not wish to return home till truth and justice triumph over cruelty and oppression, and not till the name of every leading traitor shall be blotted from every page of decent history, to be enrolled on the roll of infamy.

"Yesterday, six of us went out on a scouting expedition, and we captured an old man and his son—both rebels. The son has for the past two weeks been acting as a spy.

"I read your letter to the "boys" in my tent, and at its close they gave three cheers for "old Woodbury" and three more for

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you. You see we do not forget old friends. The "boys" often speak of you. I wish you were here with us.

"We hear there are some secessionists and "peace men" in Connecticut. We cannot understand this. How there can be traitors in our good old State we cannot conceive. It strikes with a deadening force our brave and enthusiastic soldiers. They ought to have our experience with the rebels for a little while. Nothing can so much injure the success of our army as to have the impression prevail among the men that their toils and dangers are ill-appreciated at home, or that there is any considerable party there which would glory in our defeat.

"Jack Ledger and James Warner are both with our Company, and are doing well. Capt. Wyant is well and thanks you for the interest you take in his men. Military life suits me exactly. Our men are improving in drill every day. I will inform you of all our movements.

Yours ever for the Union,

WILLIAM H. MCKAY."

"HAGARSTOWN, Maryland,
Aug. 16th, 1861.

DEAR FRIEND:—I thank you for your very excellent letter, which came to hand evening before last. It was filled with more news than any I have had since I left Connecticut, and contained what I wanted to know—the common incidents of Woodbury life. It brought up the people before me as in review, and their familiar faces passed before me with all the distinctness of former years. With the names came also old recollections; scenes, as you say, very different from my present surroundings. But such is life! change is written on the whole of it. I have for years feared civil war would overtake this country, but did not expect it so soon. I supposed my course would surprise my friends, especially as few of them knew the steps by which I was led to take it. My blood almost *boiled* when reading the accounts of Southern treason, and I felt a growing desire to do something myself to punish it. It was very easy to read and cry—"Why do not *they* rise and put it down?"—I could not satisfactorily answer the

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question—"Why do not I join the rising hosts?" Passing through New Haven, to and from Berlin, where I supplied the pulpit six Sabbaths, and seeing the troops there marshalling to defend the best government the world has known, and finding among them many old friends and companions-in-arms, of my early days, I could no longer restrain myself. I supposed all that I could do would be to go as Chaplain, and made application accordingly. But no Chaplains were to be appointed, at least then. And when the students from Middletown came to me and said they wanted me to go with them as Captain, and chose me partly because I was a Minister, and when for weeks *every* former and recent acquaintance (besides my wife and children) said I ought to go, I could not refuse. And so here I am. I have thrown myself into the service of my country. If my life is the price of her salvation, I freely offer it. It is too good a country, too good a government, to be allowed to be overthrown without the must desperate efforts to maintain it.

All the troops of our regiment leave for Frederick, Md., this P. M. You will, therefore, please direct to that place. We have made a long stay here, and the people are very unwilling that we should go. They say the place has not been so quiet and orderly for fifteen years, as since we have been here, and they have twice sent in petitions to have us remain, but we obey *orders* and leave.

"I should like to close this as Paul does some of his epistles, especially to the Romans, requesting you to *salute all my friends* by name, but I have not time. Please give my kindest regards to all my friends and all the patriots of Woodbury. I give you a special commission to do this to our very kind friends, Mrs. Whitlock and family. I expect Walter to come on and join my Company soon.—I would like to have two or three more from Woodbury—true men and faithful—come into my Company, as I have a few vacancies.

"Last, but not least, I send my best regards to your good wife, and again to all, and remain,

Yours most truly,

R. G. WILLIAMS."

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"SANDY HOOK, Maryland,
Aug. 16th, 1861.

"DEAR FRIEND,—I received your letter in due course. The war news here is favorable for our side. We have gained a substantial victory in Missouri, though we have had the misfortune to lose General Lyon. Old Connecticut may be proud of the early distinguished martyrs she has furnished in this war. Ellsworth, Ward, Farnham and Lyon, constitute a company of distinguished names not to be excelled by those of any State, who have in this war yielded up life for the principles of freedom.

"Since I wrote you, I have been out scouting, with some men from our Company, and we were quite successful. We wished to capture a spy living three miles over the mountain. We went well armed with our rifles. I had also a revolver which our Captain lent me. This, with our sabres, made us hard fellows to fight against. We had arrived within half a mile of the place when we met an elderly man. We questioned him closely, and as his answers did not prove to be satisfactory, we tied his hands and took him along with us. We had proceeded but a short distance, when we discovered the trail of a horse. We followed it, and soon found both horse and rider. I ordered him to "halt," or I would shoot him. This had the desired effect; he evidently did not like our looks. We found him to be the old man's son, and the spy we were after. After looking around for others, we started for camp with our prisoners, proud of capturing two armed men. We delivered them over to our officers, and they will be tried as traitors on the 16th inst. So, you see, we are making a small beginning in executing the duties we came here to perform.

Yours truly,

WM. H. MCKAY.

"HARPER'S FERRY, Aug. 24, 1861.

"DEAR FRIEND:—We arrived safely at Harper's Ferry after many delays. We could not go by the direct route, because the rebels had destroyed all the bridges. We went from New York to Elizabethport, and thence to Baltimore. At Baltimore we were

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received very cordially. A large number of the citizens of both sexes congregated at the Depot, and about the cars, and greeted us with cheers, assuring us that their sympathies were enlisted in our behalf. I received many little tokens from the ladies of Baltimore—some of which I mean to send you.

"All we at present have to do, is to go on picket duty, and on guard. I think we shall go out scouting in a few days. We have already taken *four* of the enemy. All that we have seen have proved to be *very* cowardly. The reports about the battle of Bull Run are very much exaggerated. I have seen quite a number of men that were in the battle, and our loss was comparatively small to that of the rebels. As to our position here, we are so strongly fortified, that it would be impossible for the whole Southern force to take us. There are thirty Regiments encamped within one mile of us—in fact, all of our best troops, under Gen. Banks, are here. Regiments are coming in daily. We are in possession of all the batteries this side of the river as far as you can see. Four of them I can see as I write. I have, this morning, a fine view of Maryland Heights, where one of our strongest batteries is located. These batteries are so located, that they can sweep the river as far as one can see. The woods are full of game of all kinds. We have plenty of good spring water here close by our camp-ground. We have a plenty of tents, but I prefer, in this hot climate, sleeping on the ground, my rubber blanket under me, and my woolen one over me, with my knapsack for a pillow.

"There is no chance for a fight, and I think it is the intention of General Scott to concentrate as large a force as possible, and wait until cooler weather before he gives the rebels battle. If he should do this, you may expect me home in the spring.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM H. McKAY."

"FREDERICK, Md., Sept., 1861.

"DEAR FRIEND COTHREN:—Your favor of the 30th ult. came to hand yesterday. I will write a letter soon for the public, giving my views of "peace" meetings. It will make *war* for our people at home to cry for *peace* till treason is punished and rebellion subdued. I came to save our country from a Cataline conspiracy,

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which aimed to destroy our liberties, and the best government the world has ever known. And now, for timid do-nothings and dollar-lovers to crouch around the kitchen corners and cry—"Don't! —let them alone; war will ruin us; better give up," will make the war closer home, for I cannot see how a true patriot can allow the country any other basis than that upon which our fathers planted it. And I hope there are patriots enough left to fight *all traitors*, even if near neighbors and own relations. If the wiping-out process *must* begin in New England, so be it. If this government is overthrown, the light of the world is extinguished, and human liberty is put back into the dark ages. Self-government will be proven impossible, might will make right, and the weaker everywhere must serve the stronger.

"I should like to hear some of those "peace meeting" speeches, and I should like to have the privilege of answering them. The makers and approvers ought to be consigned at once to the position and service of the slaves whose chains they would forever rivet, and whose bondage they are perpetuating, as well as extending the area of slavery.

"These States can never be occupied by *two* governments. *One* or *many* will be the governments of this country. If *many*, how long will *peace* exist between them? With custom-houses and police at every State boundary, traveling will be delightful, and commerce, now the life-blood of nations, will gradually dry up, and the petty Republics of the United States will be in one constant ague of fear of the power of all their neighbors.

"What do these "peace men" propose? Submission to Jeff. Davis? Let them go and wear his collar a little where he now rules. He has driven off a sister of mine and her husband from the home where they have always lived, and from the church and congragation to which he has preached for *twenty years* and more, because he loves the government Jeff. Davis once and again swore to sustain.

"Will they divide the country with him? Show me the farmer who says *yes*, and I will go and squat on his farm, and if he objects, I will cry—"All I want is to be let alone," and if he wants *peace* I will divide his farm with him, and be very peaceful till I become strong enough to take the whole.

"Perhaps you have thought me too phletmatic to become much excited, but my blood fairly boils when I think of this rebellion, and the ends sought by its authors, and I cannot think of *peace*

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till they who have *disturbed* our *peace* are so punished that they, nor any one else, will attempt to do it again while the earth revolves.

Truly yours,

R. G. WILLIAMS."

"CAMP SHERMAN, FREDERICK, Md.,
Aug. 29, 1861.

"DEAR COTHREN:—I will improve the few moments I have to spare in giving you a little history of what we are doing at present. How long we shall remain here I cannot tell. The whole of Gen. Banks' Division has removed from Harper's Ferry, and at present we are but a few miles from Frederick city, near a little village called Hyatville—Why we have removed here I cannot tell, unless the locality is better for sending the troops to any place where they may be wanted, at the shortest possible notice. We can send men to Washington or Harper's Ferry in a few hours. We are thirty miles from Washington; twenty eight from Baltimore; and thirty-one from Harper's Ferry. So you see our position is a good one. There must be as many as 40,000 men here under Banks, and we are so concealed by being encamped in the woods, that the enemy, or a stranger, would not suppose we had more than three or four regiments. We are encamped about sixty rods from the main road to Washington, and at the least alarm, could call together a sufficient force to destroy any force the rebels could send against us.

"I see by some of the northern newspapers, that there are men who talk about a *compromise* with the South. Such a compromise I sincerely hope the North will never make, till the rebels lay down their arms and cry for "peace" themselves. They neither offer or desire any peace. I say for one—"*no compromise with traitors!*" I know it may cost the lives of many, but it is far better to sacrifice the lives of thousands of our men, and crush rebellion at once and forever, than to compromise with traitors, who, as soon as they could regain their strength, would renew their attempt more successfully than ever to destroy our beloved Union. I see some think this war will be a long one, but I do not. The government is prepared indeed for a long struggle, but what is to be done will be done speedily. The little reverses we have

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received at the commencement of the war have been a good lesson to us, for they have caused a reorganization of the whole Northern army on different principles. Johnson with his army is in a desperate condition. He is nearly surrounded by McClellan on one side and Banks on the other, ready to follow up any advantage that may be found. We feel sure of him. We may have marching orders at any moment.—The health of our Regiment is good. —only seven in the hospital. Tell our friends we will do our best for the honor of "Old Woodbury."

Truly yours,

R. G. WILLIAMS.

"CAMP MUDDY BRANCH,
Oct. 28th, 1861.

"DEAR COTHREN:—I reeeived yours this morning. Our regiment returned here last night, after a hard day's march. Gen. Bank's division was ordered to Edward's Ferry, where some of the Union troops were engaged with the enemy. We immediately struck our tents and commenced our march. On arriving at the scene of action, we learned that the 15th and 21st Massachusetts Regiments, under Col. Baker, had crossed the river and attacked the rebels. Before the arrival of our troops the rebels retreated back towards Leesburgh, which is considered one of their strongholds. Our troops re-crossed the river and pitched their tents along the banks, and erected our batteries. I suppose this was done in order to have the rebels advance upon us. Gen. McClellan was here and had an interview with Gen. Banks. We remained here the whole of the next day and night, and on the next morning were ordered to march to our present camping ground. Gen. Williams is here, the commander of our brigade. What the object of our leaders is I do not know, but I think the fight at Edward's Ferry, and the large force we had occupying the position they did, was a *ruse* to mislead the rebels and have them withdraw their forces from some other position to defend this. It is evident they expected a hard fight, for they brought in their reinforements all night on the cars. It is reported here that we have gained a victory at Springfield. Whether this is so or not I do not know, but it is evident that some general movement is to

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be made soon. Gen. McClellan has so arranged his plans that the Generals under him can act in concert with him. To-day our company are out on picket duty. We are placed along the lines of the Potomac for miles, and are within hailing distance of each other. We shall return to our camp to-morrow, when we are in hopes that we shall soon be called to join the whole Northern force in one glorious struggle for the Union.

"When I was in Connecticut, I heard many say that when they were needed they would enlist (to all such I say come, we want you). If they could be with us and see the bodies of their dead comrades, and see how terribly their bodies were mutilated by Southern rebel cowards, it would fan the little spark of patriotism within their breasts into a flame, and they would come out nobly and boldly unite with us in putting down one of the most accursed of rebellions the world has ever known. As we daily see more and more of the rebels, and witness their bitter hatred towards us, and their barbarous mode of warfare, which they manifest in thrusting the bayonet into the bodies of our wounded and dead, that fall into their hands, it destroys the feeling of sympathy that we have always shown, even to an enemy. I sincerely wish that every Northern man capable of bearing arms would unite, heart and hand, with us in putting this rebellion down, and restoring our beloved country to its former happy and prosperous condition.

"The Woodbury Valley Rifle Company all send their regards to you and to our other friends.

From your friend,

WILLIAM H. McKAY."

"CAMP LYON, BANK'S DIVISION, Sept. 1861.

"FRIEND COTHREN:—I have just received your letter. We left Frederick, Md., on Saturday last, at short notice, at daylight, knowing only that we were going towards Washington. We marched about thirteen miles over a rough Maryland road, and halted in an open lot at the foot of "Sugar Loaf Mountain," on which Gen Bauks has his observatory. We arrived here about dark, built some fires, and as we had no flag in sight, we were

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taken for a rebel Regiment. I was on guard that night, as I always happen to be when we are on a march. Signals were sent up for two or three hours, when, I believe, General Banks recollected there was a Fourth Connecticut Regiment coming down to join his Division, which saved us from an attack from our friends. On Sunday we marched thirteen miles more, over the roughest and poorest land in Maryland. We continued our march next day, and here we are now, nineteen miles from Washington. I think we are on the eve of a great battle. For two days past, there has been a constant stream of army wagons passing towards Washington, with provisions, clothing, &c. I am told 1,700 teams have passed in two days.

"We have become well drilled, and are still drilling five hours per day. We think ourselves fully equal to any Regiment in these regions. A beautiful flag has been presented to our Regiment by Connecticut citizens of California, as being the first Connecticut Regiment for three years in the war. I have a good deal of interest in this flag, as our Company is the flag Company of the Regiment. We shall, therefore, probably have a chance, particularly, to defend this flag, and no rebel band will ever take it, as long as one man in our Company is left to defend it.

"I should like to be in old Woodbury for half a day, but do not know as I shall ever see the town again, though I hear that General Banks thinks it will be but a short war. We are one mile from the Potomac. Johnson's army is on the other side of the river, a little below. We can see a plenty of the rebel Cavalry, and will have a brush with them if they cross the river. Let them come, if they think they have any business here—they will have a warm reception. Write often. It relieves the tedium of camp life to hear from friends.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM H. PROCTOR."

"CAMP NEAR DARNESTOWN, Oct. 1861.

DEAR AMERICAN.—I have been waiting for some new movement in our Brigade, or I should have written you before. There has been no new movement yet, though the various regiments have been concentrating near each other. The object of Gen.

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Banks is to have the men under him in the right place at the right time. The great trouble with most of our leaders has been, their men have been so scattered they could not be brought as reinforcements in time to be of any use. Our loss at the battle of Lexington does not discourage us. It is thought by all of us soldiers that Gen. Fremont will retrieve the loss, by re-taking all we have surrendered to the enemy. I sincerely hope it will prove in the end to our advantage.

"All the men place great confidence in Gen. Banks. The strict discipline which he enforces in his Brigade only increases our confidence in him as an able leader. I think this month will make a great change in the affairs of our government. We are thoroughly prepared for battle, and ready to strike a blow at any moment. I think the people of good old Connecticut will soon hear news that will rejoice their hearts. I see that Connecticut is doing nobly in raising troops for this war. Let all those who wish to take a part in the defence of our country, enlist immediately, and unite with us, who have preceded them in this most righteous contest. To the patriotic citizens of Woodbury, who have sent their sons, and used their money and influence for this war, to our friend, Mr. Cothren, the father of our Company, we send our sincere thanks, and hope in the day of battle to prove ourselves worthy of their kindness.

Yours, ever,

Wm. H. McKay."

"Camp Ellsworth, Md., Sept. 14th, 1861.

"Friend Cothren:—I have to plead guilty for not writing you, our best friend, before this time. You will have to pass sentence upon me for the utmost the law will allow, as I have no excuse except the exigencies of the service in defence of our common country.

Almost all the men of Company E are well—there are a few cases of measles. The Woodbury Company has made great improvement in drill since it left Hartford. It cannot be beat by any Company in the 5th Regiment. The whole Regiment is ready for a fight, or for any duty. They hold themselves ready to march at a moment's notice, night or day. We will, in any event give

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a good account of ourselves. We should be glad to have you give us a call at camp at any time. You would receive a warm reception from your Woodbury Company.—We have had several false alarms. I think that the *great battle* will be fought at the Chain Bridge, and if so, you will hear a good account from Cothren's Woodbury Rifles.

Very truly yours,

WILSON WYANT, Captain Co. E.,
Fifth Regiment, C. V."

"CAMP ELLSWORTH, Md., Sept. 16, 1867.

"DEAR COTHREN:—I have received some papers from you to-day, and by them I see that old Connecticut is not thoroughly purged from traitors yet, but the promptness with which all such sentiments are put down, shows that the people of Connecticut are true in their love for the Union. I can not but compare rebellion at the North with that of the South. Rebellion at the North and South should be placed on a par. The strength and baseness of the one equals that of the other.—Every day we see the weakness of the South in her struggle with the North. Every day the South diminishes in strength in the same ratio that the North gains. Rebellion has been at its height—its end is near. The war news at present is not very exciting. In my last I told you we were expecting a battle every minute. We were told that the rebels, in considerable force, were making an attempt to cross the Potomac. The captains of each Company immediately gave their men 70 rounds of ammunition, and in a short time we were ready for battle. We soon found the report untrue, and all the men were disappointed in not having a chance at the rebels. We expect marching orders every day. I will write you as soon as we make another move, which we hope will be soon. Tell all the "Woodbury Boys" to hurry up, if they expect to take part in this struggle.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM H. MCKAY."

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"UNITED STATES SHIP SAVANNAH,
Newport News, Virginia.

DEAR FRIEND:—I thought you might like to hear from the seat of war on the water. I have addressed several letters to my friends, but have received no reply. I am now hard at work preparing mess for eleven men, but that is not half they require of us. They wish us to do about six things at once; so I must write in a hurry. I even sleep so fast, that I have no time to dream. When we are at sea, the sleeping is done with our eyes open, accompanied with pulling ropes at all hours of the day and night, in all kinds of weather. In the forenoon, at 10 A. M., our officer drills us, and you had better understand he drills us, too. After that we drill at the big guns. This ship carries twenty-five large guns, and two small Dahlgren guns. We have often been as far as Cape Hatteras, on the North Carolina shore, chasing Privateers, but, so far, they have proved too fast for us. We stopped a schooner on Sunday night, which claimed to be from Ireland. Our Captain let it pass, but a few days after, one of our Steam Frigates overhauled the same craft, and she proved to be a Privateer, valued at $98,000,—*too bad for us to lose her*. We might have had so valuable a prize if our officers had been a little sharper.

I will now tell you about our first fight with a Rebel steamer. She came down about midnight from Norfolk, and gave us a fair challenge to fight by raising a red flag. She fired two shots at us before we could get our guns to bear on her. I am 2d Captain of the after pivot one inch gun. We put in a ten second shell, but it fell short of her, bursting in the air. We then used fifteen second shells, and those came near striking her. She was nearly four miles distant from us. You will think this a great distance to be fighting with an enemy, but great as it is, the Privateer made the best shots. She had a rifled canon, and fired nineteen shots, ten of which whistled through our mizzen rigging, directly over our heads. One ball struck the mainmast about forty feet from deck, cutting away the iron band and about one-third of the mast. I tell you the boys began to look wild as the splinters flew about their ears. At every shot we fell flat on our faces, and held our breath as the balls struck on the other side of the ship. Every moment we expected the balls to crash through the bulwarks, and send us to the other world. One shell exploded under our

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ship, and it made everything tremble. As soon as the men could get the ship around broadside, we opened our port battery upon them, throwing shot and shell in quick succession. The Union troops on shore fired their rifled cannon, and it soon became so hot that the rebels left. The next day a flag of truce came down from Norfolk, sending a dispatch to our Captain, asking him how he liked their shots, and saying, that they would take or sink all the ships we could bring here, as they were coming down with three steamers to take us to Norfolk in less than three days. Our ships here are the Yorktown, Germantown and ———. We have not seen their ships yet. We doubt very much whether they can do that little job! Our Captain sent back word to them, that he had the best men that had ever shipped on board ship. He said, before they took the Savannah, there would not be enough left of it to carry off.

"We hold ourselves ready for instant action, sleeping on our arms; our guns are sighted and primed, and ready for any ship that approaches us. I shall ever try to do my duty in the great cause in which I have enlisted, hoping to see you again when "war's dread blast is over.

From your friend,

JAMES H. MANVILLE."

"CAMP ON THE POTOMAC, near Muddy Branch,
Sunday, Nov. 17th, 1861.

"FRIEND COTHREN:—Sunday in New England and Sunday in Maryland; in one the deep toned bells are calling its quiet, church-going inhabitants to their accustomed places of worship; rough visages are clean shaved, dirty ones are washed, clean collars, clothes-brushes, boot-blacking, &c., are in great demand. In the other, rattling drums are furiously sounding the hour of inspection, knapsacks are being packed, ramrods are continually jingling in burnished guns, careless fellows, who never know where their accoutrements are, are rummaging around for haversacks, cartridge-boxes, canteens, &c. Orderlies are loudly calling for their respective Companies to "fall in;" lazy ones, at the eleventh hour, are hurriedly rubbing a rusty gun, or scouring a corroded belt-plate; regimental bands are roaring Yankee Doodle or Hail Co-

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lumbia, the signal for guard mounting; such is Sunday on the Potomac.—Company A, returned from picket on the river late last night. We slept none during our twenty-four hours' picket duty, and consequently myself as well as the rest do not feel very wide-awake to-day. But your letter of Nov. 11th is by me unanswered. McKay is unable to write you, and it devolves upon my dull comprehensiveness to keep you posted. There is not much news outside of our own camp.

"The favorable accounts of our naval expedition spreads a gleam of satisfaction on almost every countenance, and furnishes a theme of conversation and speculations as to what will be done next, to occupy our minds during leisure moments.

"Col. Ferry has returned to us safe and sound. He appeared quite suddenly among us last Thursday afternoon. He came in wrapped up in a large rubber overcoat, but despite his disguise he was recognized, and cheer upon cheer rent the air, greeting him with the warm welcome of soldiers who love and respect their commander. But the enthusiasm with which he was received was redoubled when it became known that he brought the paymaster with him. And to crown all, in the wake of the paymaster followed the sutler's wagon, returning from Washington, laden with cakes, candies, oysters, and all the available good things he could lay hands on in Washington.

"We received our two months' pay, $26.00, with an additional belief in the unbounded resources of Uncle Sam's pocket. We have got an eye open for Col. Irish, who promised to visit us in November. He will find the 5th as eager to do business with him as they ever were.

"But among all that is pleasant, I must also write the reverse. Friend McKay is seriously ill. He has a severe attack of neuralgia and rheumatism combined. He is now in Captain Wyant's tent, where everything for his comfort is done. I see him three or four times a day. To-day he is a little better. Should any change for the worse take place, I will immediately write you.

"Hoping this will find you in as good health and spirits as myself, I remain,

Yours truly,

GARDINER STOCKMAN."

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"CAMP TRUMBULL, Nov. 18, 1861.

"FRIEND COTHREN:—Yours of the 12th came duly to hand and I was glad to hear from you. The 5th Regiment boys are making good progress in their drill. We expect that we shall go into winter quarters in a few days at Rockville, Md. It is getting rather cold here to stay in our tents much longer. Our Colonel has recovered from his sickness and rejoined his Regiment. The 5th has received its two months pay, and our boys will send home to their friends some *eight thousand dollars*, which speaks well for the 5th Regiment. Your friend McKay is some better; I took him to my tent and am doing all I can for him. My duty, or the duty of the Regiment, is mostly picket guard duty on the Potomac river. We guard some six miles of the river. I had the pleasure of being a witness to some fighting or skirmishing on the Virginia side of the river at Edward's Ferry. I think if the 5th Regiment has a chance, it will give a good accout of itself. We should like to see the light of your face down here. William sends you his best respects. I don't think that the 5th Regiment can be beat by any volunteers that have been in the field no longer than it has been. Spring, Dawson, Raymaker, Root, and all the Cothren Rifles are doing well except McKay, and he will soon get well. I have a stove in my tent. So you see that McKay will be taken care of. I shall do all I can for him, not only on your, but on his own account, for William is a good boy. Please to write often. The "boys" all like to hear from you, for you are a good friend to the "boys," and we all thank you for what you have done for us.

Yours truly,

WILSON WYANT,
Capt. Co. E., 5th Regiment."

"CAMP BURNSIDE, Annapolis, Md.,
Dec. 26th, 1861.

"FRIEND COTHREN:—I promised to write you often, and I have waited a long time, hoping to have something important to write you, or, at least, to inform you we had arrived at some important place, and were ready to serve our country effectively. It has

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seemed as though we should never be ready to start, but it is most probable that we shall go in Gen. Burnside's expedition, somewhere, the first or second week in January. There are some twenty-five or thirty transports here to take us off. A new dock is being built to facilitate the loading of military stores. It has been a very poor place for landing.

The city is a very old looking place. The houses are poor and look deserted. We see now and then a white person, and plenty of pretty good looking "darkies," but we have no intercourse with the people here.

"The Woodbury boys in Capt. Smith's Company are all very well, fat and hearty, with enough to eat and that which is good. We like Uncle Sam's business first-rate, and are ready at all times (as are all of Capt. Smith's company) for a fight. In fact, "we are "spiling for a fight," and we hope to arrive at the *lower end* of Dixie pretty soon. We drill 4½ hours each day, and are as well drilled as any regiment in the field. When it comes to fighting, give us the Woodbury and Waterbury boys, say we. We have had three or four division reviews. There are twelve Regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and one of artillery already here in readiness for the expedition. The 11th Regiment, C. V., arrived here last Friday, and glad were we to see some more of the Connecticut boys. Roderick Freeman and Daniel Taber came amongst the rest. Rod, though he is colored and cannot go in the ranks, chooses to go with the Woodbury boys, as cook and waiter.

"We have lost one man in our Company and there is another man out of A. dead at the hospital. Our Regiment is pretty healthy—only fifteen or twenty in the hospital.

"The news has just come into camp that England is going to help the rebels. Let her come on. The North is ready for her. I am ready and willing to spill my blood, if necessary, to help teach her to mind her own business, and such is the determination of all the boys.[1]

"Our division, which is the largest yet organized, is all encamped in sight. The transports are being loaded rapidly, and we shall soon be off to some important point, when you may expect to hear a good account of us.

Yours truly,

JOHN E. TUTTLE."

[1] This brave young soldier fell at the Battle of Antietam, pierced by a bullet through the heart—a modest but noble sacrifice for the salvation of his country.

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HANCOCK, Md., Jan. 21, 1862.

"DEAR AMERICAN:—It is a long time since I have heard from the vicinity of home, or seen a copy of your paper, so I write you a few lines in this time of general army inaction. The 5th Regiment is encamped at Hancock, some sixty miles north of Frederick City, Maryland. The rebel general, Jackson, is about six miles from our lines, and has under his command some fourteen thousand men. Our third brigade, with that of Gen. Kelly, numbers about fifteen thousand men, and as soon as the Potomac shall fall so that our men can get across, I think we shall give him battle. The Potomac has risen some twenty-five or thirty feet during the late rains, and it is impossible to cross at present.

"The cry of both men and officers is 'over to Dixie's land.' We are all tired of inactive camp life. We had much rather enter on active duties, finish up the business, and come home, than to be loitering here. For some months, we have not understood why we did not fight, and whip out the rebels, but suppose it is all right, and that there is some good reason, though we 'do not see it.' The duty of the soldier is to obey, and we do that cheerfully.

"The most of the 'Cothren Rifles,' Company E., are in good health and spirits; Raymaker, Root, McKay, Spring, Dawson, the brothers Bishop, and all the rest send their kind regards. I have been sick of late, and am boarding with a private family till I am better. Am improving slowly, and hope to be 'all right' soon.

"Our Regiment has just been paid its two months' wages, and a large part of the whole is being sent to friends at home.

"About the first of the month, we heard our friend and father of our Company, Mr. Cothren, of Woodbury, was on his way to visit us, and were very much disappointed when he failed to reach us. Our regret was greatly increased when we learned that he was unable to continue his journey to us from Washington on account of his illness. We greatly hope he will 'try again' to see us, soon.

Yours truly,

WILSON WYANT,
Capt. Co. E., 5th Reg't C. V."[1]

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[1] This letter was written to the editor of the "Waterbury American."

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The foregoing letters, written in the spirit of the hour, while the influence of the vast conflict which had been inaugurated was strong upon the hearts of all, have been introduced to show how the enthusiasm of the time transformed the humblest in our communities into heroes, and how those who had received only a common school education, and had perhaps never been called to write a specimen of English composition in their lives, were enabled, under the inspiration of patriotic fervor, correctly to appreciate the great principles involved in the contest, and to correctly, eloquently and forcibly express them in these communications to friends. Not one of the writers of the preceding letters had received any thing but the advantages of our common country schools, except the Rev. Mr. Williams, and it is submitted that these productions compare favorably with those of men who have received the honors of our Universities. They show, too, how the events transpiring at the North struck these brave young hearts. The President and the entire North, loving their country, and loving the arts of peace, hesitated long in this first unlucky year of the war of the rebellion, to strike at and extirpate the great root of all this evil—the omnipotent curse of slavery. The all-pervading wish was to see how peace could be restored, and slavery remain unscathed. All possible devices to this end were entered upon, but without satisfactory result. And thus the year of 1861 came gloomily to a close.

1862. The year 1861 had closed, while the affairs of the nation were enveloped in gloom. The results of the year, so far as the union arms were concerned, had not been, on the whole, a success. Great preparations had been made, and great expectations had been raised, but there had been but a moderate share of success, and a plentiful harvest of disaster. Many a devout Christian somewhat irreverently began to think that "the Devil reigned," or perhaps it is more charitable to suppose, that they merely thought the time spoken of in Revelations, when Satan was to be "loosed for a season," had arrived. But the time for inaction seemed, with the opening of the year, almost to have passed away. Vast movements were on foot, and the war appeared to be taking a decisive turn.

"On the 11th of January, 1862, a strange and heterogeneous assemblage of vessels filled Hampton Roads. Gen. Burnside had been ordered to fit out an expedition to proceed against a certain point on the Southern coast—but where that point was it was re-

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served for time and events to announce. Accordingly, by dint of unwearied exertion, Gen. Burnside had collected this mass of one hundred and twenty-five water-craft. Utterly regardless of the appearance of this fleet, and with a single eye to utility, he drew upon all the resources of the steam merchant service, from the Kennebec to the Chesapeake.

"The land forces, under the command of General Burnside, amounted to sixteen thousand men, with an ample supply of field-pieces and batteries, and all the material of war. The troops were divided into three brigades, under the command of Generals Foster, Reno and Parke, all experienced and able officers of the regular army."

Burnside's expedition, after experiencing all the perils of furious storms, arrived near the island of Roanoke, on the early days of February, 1862, and on the 7th the fleet opened its heavy guns upon the rebel fortifications on the island. The bombardment by the fleet continued all day with unabated fury.

"It was just three o'clock in the afternoon when the United States flag was raised at Ashley's Harbor. The cannonade was still raging at the battery. It continued unabated all day, and as the night was clear and the range was perfect, it did not cease with the going down of the sun. Nothing can be imagined more sublime than a bombardment by night. The glare of the guns, so passionate and spiteful in expression; the roar of the explosions; the shrieks of the shells, as if demons were howling through the air; the explosion of the shells, with meteoric brilliance and thunder peal; the volumes of smoke rising into the darkened sky —all these, blended with the gloom of night, present a scene, which, once witnessed, can never be forgotten. About one hour after dark the fleet drew off, and was silent and motionless for the remainder of the night. The land forces had indeed a cheerless prospect before them. Thoroughly drenched and chilled by the cold wintry waves, they were compelled to bivouac on the shelterless shore, without tents, exposed to a cold north wind, and a heavy rain. Their discomfort, through the night, was extreme. Still they were in good spirits. A landing in force had been effected with the loss of but four men killed and eight wounded. The fleet had been severely handled, by the heavy shot of the batteries and the rebel gun-boats. Round shot and shell passed through several of the National ships, killing and wounding a few of their crews. Still no damage was done to interfere with

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the efficient action of the fleet, and all on the island and in the ships waited impatiently, cheered with hope, for the opening of another day."

The morning of Thursday, the 8th, came. It was still cold and dismal, but the loyal troops pressed bravely on, fought a desperate battle, and were successful beyond the expectation of the most hopeful.

"A victory had been won, second to none since the national forces took the field. It was a victory to thrill every loyal heart throughout the land with joy. As the sun went down on that Saturday evening, Feb. 8, it closed a week of glorious work for God and humanity. Even with a spy-glass, from the central bastions of Roanoke, no rebel flag could be seen. The national banner floated everywhere. Nothing now remained to be done, but to pursue the rebel steamers to their lurking-places, and to re-establish the national authority in all the important towns, washed by the two Sounds and their tributary rivers. Six forts, 2,500 prisoners, forty-two heavy guns, with a large number of smaller arms and munitions of war, fell into the hands of the victors. The Union loss consisted of 40 killed and 200 wounded. Among the killed was Col. Russell, of the Connecticut 10th, a gallant officer, a genial, generous man, a fearless soldier, a warm-hearted Christian. He died universally lamented."

Gen. Burnside was not the man to delay, and with commendable promptness he inaugurated the Battle of Newberne, March 14th, 1862. The gallantry of the Connecticut troops was conspicuous in this battle—Col. Rodman's charge was highly commended.

"This charge by Col. Rodman, leading the 4th Rhode Island Regiment, was one of the most heroic deeds of the day. They were in front of a battery of five guns; while there was another battery close by its side of nine guns, protected by rifle-pits. At the double-quick they ran upon the muzzles of these five guns, pouring in a volley of bullets as they ran, rushed through the parapet, and instantly, with the precision of veterans, forming in line of battle, with a bristling array of bayonets bore down upon the other guns, thus capturing both batteries with two flags. The 8th and 11th Connecticut and the 5th Rhode Island, followed closely in their tracks, to support them. The enemy fled precipitately, and the stars and stripes floated proudly over this small portion of the enemy's extended line. A grand charge was now

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made upon the enemy's left, aided by the troops who were already established within the ramparts. The enemy could stand it no longer, and in great confusion they fled. With exultations and shoutings which none can appreciate but those who have passed through such terrible scenes—perhaps the most ecstatic joy of fallen humanity—the National troops clambered over the ramparts, discharging their guns at the retiring foe, and with huzzas repeated again and again and again, raised the glorious old banner of National integrity over all the bastions which had just been degraded by the flaunting flag of rebellion. It was a hard fought fight and a glorious victory. Every regiment and almost every man behaved heroically. The 51st New York performed deeds of valor, which will induce every man of the regiment to look back upon that day with pride, so long as he shall live."

The colored population were rejoiced beyond measure at the triumph of the North. The slaves throughout the south, universally, regarded the coming of the Northern armies as the signal for their patriotic deliverance. No language can express the satisfaction with which they received the loyal troops, and the eager willingness they manifested to serve them. "They could hardly believe the evidence of their senses, and could not possibly restrain their delight, when they saw their affirighted masters running before our troops. They had never before dreamed that there could be any earthly power superior to that which their dreaded masters wielded. A slaveholder, breathless with terror, spurred his horse to his utmost speed, by his own door, not venturing to stop. Just then a shell, with its terrific, unearthly shriek, rushed through the air, over his head. A poor slave, a man of unfeigned piety and fervent prayer, in uncontrollable emotions of joy, ran into his humble cabin, shouting, "Wife; he is running; he is running, *and the wrath of God is after him.*"

Another devout old negro fell on his knees and prayed, saying "God bless these d—d Yankees." It was the only name he had, ever heard his master give them.

On the 17th of September, 1862, Gen. McClellan fought the desperate battle of Antietam, sometimes called the battle of Sharps-

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burg, as it was fought on the Antietam-creek, over against the village of Sharpsburg. This was the bloodiest day, perhaps, that America had ever seen, and yet the battle closed indecisively. The blood of some of Woodbury's bravest boys saturated the soil of those hotly contested fields. The next great battle in which the Woodbury soldiers received a bloody baptism, was the battle of Fredericksburg, which was fought on the 13th of December, 1862. Our limits do not allow a general description of the battle. A few passages from Greeley's "American Conflict," follow:

"Braver men never smiled at death than those who climbed Marye's Hill that fatal day; their ranks were plowed through and torn to pieces by rebel batteries, even in the process of formation; and when at heavy cost they had reached the foot of the hill, they were confronted by a solid stone wall, four feet high, from behind which a Confederate brigade of infantry mowed them down like grass, exposing but their heads to our bullets, and these only while themselves firing. Never did men fight better, or die, alas! more fuitlessly, than did most of Hancock's corps, especially Meagher's Irish brigade, composed of the 63d, 69th, and 88th New York, the 28th Massachusetts, and the 116th Pennsylvania, which dashed itself repeatedly against those impregnable heights, until two-thirds of its number strewed the ground; when the remnant fell back to a position of comparative safety, and were succeeded as they had been supported, by other brigades and divisions; each to be exposed in its turn to like pitiless, useless, hopeless slaughter. Thus Hancock's and French's corps were successively sent up against those slippery heights, girdled with batteries, rising, tier above tier, to its crest, all carefully trained upon the approaches from Fredericksburg; while that fatal stone wall—so strong that even artillery could make no impression on it—completely sheltering Barksdale's brigade, which, so soon as our charging columns came within rifle-shot, poured into their faces the deadliest storm of musketry. Howard's division supported the two in advance; while one division of Wilcox's (9th, late Burnside's) corps was detached to maintain communication with Franklin, on our left.

"Hooker's grand division was divided, and in good part sent to reënforce Franklin; while Hooker himself, believing the attack hopeless, required repeated and imperative orders from Burnside to induce him to order an advance; but Humphrey's division was at length thrown out from Fredericksburg, and bore its full part

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in the front attack, losing heavily. And thus the fight was maintained till after dark—assault after assault being delivered by divisions advancing against twice their numbers, on ground where treble the force was required for the attack that sufficed for the defense; while a hundred rebel cannon, posted on heights which our few guns on that side of the river could scarcely reach, and could not effectually batter, swept our men down from the moment that they began to advance, and while they could do nothing but charge, and fall, and die. And when night at length mercifully arrested this fruitless massacre, though the terraces and slopes leading up to the rebel works were piled with our dead and our disabled, there was no pretense that the rebel front had been advanced one foot from the ground held by it in the morning. We had reason enough for sorrow, but none for shame.

"Thus closed what the exulting correspondent at Lee's headquarters of *The Times* (London) calls 'a memorable day to the historian of the Decline and Fall of the American Republic.' Not so, O owl-eyed scribe! but rather one of those days of bloody baptism, from whose regenerating flood that Republic was divinely appointed to rise to a purer life, a nobler spirit, a grander, more benignant destiny!"

A considerable number of Woodbury soldiers were engaged in all these great battles, scattered through all the Connecticut regiments engaged in them. A local historian, confined to prescribed limits, cannot give a connected history of the war. He can only be expected to allude to the prominent events in which the people of the town took a commendable part. It is, therefore, thought best to introduce here letters from the soldiers of Woodbury, describing the part they took, in all these events, and in the several battles, and, it is believed, that it must be far more interesting to our people, coming from their own sons, written on the spot, when the "inspiration was on," and when there could be no temptation to misstatement, than anything that the general historian could write, who is forced to condense all the incidents of a battle into a single statement, showing only general results. In these individual statements, we feel the pulse-beats of the heart. Besides, it is of absorbing interest to know what share our immediate neighbors had in achieving the glorious results described. The account given in these letters will be all that our space will allow for an account of several of the battles.

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"HEADQUARTERS PROVOST GUARD,
Martinsburg, Va., March 7th, 1862.

"FRIEND COTHREN:—When I last wrote you, my determination was (as I then intimated) not to write you again until I could date my letter from Virginia. And now, embracing the first opportunity after arriving here, I appropriate some "secesh" pen, ink and paper, left in the hurried departure of the owners from this place, on Saturday last, to the laudable purpose of informing as worthy a person as yourself in regard to the appearance of the recent home of the rebels.

"Gen. Williams left Hancock, with his brigade, on Saturday morning of last week. He reached Williamsport that night, and Sunday and Monday were occupied in transporting the brigade across the river. The 5th Connecticut crossed about 9 o'clock on Monday morning, and with a good road before them, and pleasant anticipations of soon having a fight, they gladly hailed the order, "Column, forward!" in the well-known thunder tones of Col. Ferry. By 3 o'clock they were quartered in the churches and public buildings of Martinsburg, and the curious ones having deposited their knapsacks and accoutrements, were making tours through the town, and picking up little mementoes to send home and to keep as relics of the capture of Martinsburg.

"Being detached from the regiment to serve in the office of the Provost Marshal, it was necessary for me to remain in Williamsport until the Provost Guard crossed the river, which did not take place until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. No sooner had we stepped from the ferry-boat on to the Virginia landing, than the sky, which for some hours had been growing dark and ominous with black, watery-looking clouds, began to let fall copious doses of the Hydropathic remedy. I was soon tired with the slow traveling of the guard and prisoners, and with a friend started on ahead. We reached Martinsburg about 8 o'clock, completely drenched. We found the town jammed full of soldiers. The houses were crowded with men and the streets with wagons, mules, gun-carriages and horses. After considerable hunting, blundering and stumbling around, we found a hotel, the landlord of which, with abundant excuses for his poor accommodations, as he termed them, said he could provide for us through the night. Over a hearty supper of warm biscuit, ham and secesh coffee (barley), our host gave us a history of the state of affairs which had

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existed since the blockade. A man could not get a file to sharpen a saw; a piece of calico large enough to make a child an apron; tea, salt—scarcely any sugar—and spices of all kinds were not to be had; coffee was sometimes obtainable at $1.50 per pound. Such were some of the deprivations rehearsed to us, that the people of the South are obliged to undergo.

To say nothing of squads of the semi-barbarous rebel soldiery who intrude into every household which rumor breathes conservatism or a particle of Union sympathy of, and who order the inmates to set a table, partake of a repast, and walking out, with oaths and insult, tell them to charge it to Jeff. Davis, I never shall forget the scene which met my eyes on looking out at the window the next morning. The place where we stopped was close by the railroad, and directly opposite was the railroad depot and engine-house, both once large and fine-looking edifices, now partially demolished.—The broad surface in front and around them, interlaced with its labyrinth of tracks and switches, as you always find in connection with a railroad stopping-place of any importance, was covered with crisped, rugged fragments of broken-down locomotives. In one place I should think there were at least forty ponderous locomotives piled one on the other, some on their side, some bottom up, and others standing on end. It looked as if two or three score of railroads were laid down so as to cross each other at the center, and from the outside of the wheel-like concern a locomotive was started with full steam on, one on each track, and all had met in the center. Certainly, if such was the case, a more promiscuous confusion could not have been produced. A high bridge over a small stream was loaded with all the engines that could be crowded on it, and then set on fire. Among the stone pillars, which are all that is left of the bridge, lay the ruins of the wantonly destroyed engines.

"The town itself presents rather a dreary, exhausted appearance. Many of the houses are deserted; the stores are empty, their show-windows and cases presenting tobacco cut and twisted in every conceivable shape, to supply the want of anything else to make them attractive. I am informed that the population of Martinsburg ranged from 3,000 to 4,000, in times of peace, and before these troublous times it was a thriving, growing village.

Gen. Williams' Brigade left here Wednesday morning, and proceeded as far as Bunker Hill, a small place ten miles from here, on the Winchester road, where they still remain. Gen. Banks was

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at Charleston yesterday. Col. Sullivan arrived here last night, with the advance of the late Gen. Lander's forces, 7,000 strong. The main body, about 15,000 of them, are expected to-night. A concentration of the forces under Banks, Williams, and Gen. Shields, who succeeds Lander, appears to be the object in view now. When this is done, then Winchester look out.

"The boys all wish to be remembered to you. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am

Sincerely yours,

GARDNER STOCKMAN."

"FRIEND COTHREN:—The old political motto, to the "victors belong the spoils," is a favorite one with you of the legal profession. Believing you are not an exception to the general rule, I take the liberty of sending you this addition to your stock of legal text-books. The volume is one provided by the *late* State of Virginia, for the benefit of the Circuit Court of Berkley County, and was left behind in the hurried evacuation of the Town and Court House by the rebels, on the approach of the troops a few nights ago.

"Although it may never be of practical use in any cases in which you may be employed, I thought, perhaps, you might value it as a relic of the once proud State, whose enactments the highest in the land were bound to respect—but now brought so low, that "none are so poor as to do it reverence." Although a "*dead letter*" now, I know you will unite with me in hoping, that the day is not far distant, when the letter of the law will assume the dignity to which it is entitled;—and *then*, perhaps, the book may be useful for reference.

GARDNER STOCKMAN.

Court House, Berkley County,

Martinsburg, Va.,

March 8, 1862.

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"EDINBURGH, Virginia, April 8, 1862.

"FRIEND COTHREN:—As the rain, which is driving so monotonous a tune on the roof of the tent, precludes the possibility of a drill this forenoon, I propose to devote the leisure drill hour to the *troubling* you again with our little *troubles*.

"The first grievance of which we have to complain is this: A certain few of us (Woodbury boys), upon discovering among the local items of Woodbury, in a Litchfield *Enquirer*, lately sent us a brief mention of Wm. Cothren's illumination (the only one in the place), on the night of the anniversary of Washington's birthday, electrified the entire camp by three such rousing cheers, that, some one, who thought that such a noise could not be made on any occasion of less importance, speedily set afloat the report that Richmond was in possession of Burnside, the stars and stripes were waiving over New Orleans, the whole South were throwing down their arms, and the *paymaster had come*—all this, of course, elevating the spirits of the regiment only to let them fall again, and vent their disappointment in wrath upon our innocent heads, for making such a hooting, over some Woodbury celebration way up in Connecticut, as they termed it.

"We are to soon lose our much loved and respected Colonel. He leaves us this week for Washington. It is hard for us not to express a little selfishness by saying that we hope he will not go. But Col. Ferry merits his promotion. The country needs him to act in a more extended field than his lot has hitherto furnished him. We must part with him and allow the future of the regiment to look dark—why, you shall know in good time. I am not at liberty to say just now.

"Since I last wrote you, which I think was from Martinsburg, we have advanced by easy marches some fifty-five miles towards the interior of the State, and probably as soon as the bridge over the north branch of the Shenandoah, which the rebel Jackson burned in his retreat, is rebuilt, we shall continue our onward movement—that is if Jackson has no objections.—He will be obliged to bring forward some very forcible arguments in order to prove to our satisfaction that it is not advisable for us to proceed on our Southern tour, for we are full of the spirit of the enterprise. We have started, and would be very much disappointed should we be obliged to retrace our steps, or even to remain where we are.

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"Since we have passed the Rubicon Potomac, and been traveling in the land of 'Dixie,' the favorite pastime of jayhawking (you being of the legal persuasion of course understand the import of the term,) has been extensively indulged in. You would enjoy it with us could you form one in our battalion of jayhawkers, as we fall in with the estate of some F. F. V., ingloriously deserted upon our approach.—Quickly deploying, what thorough searches are instituted for bee-hives of honey, chickens, turkies, geese, &c. Smoke-house doors are battered in with musket butts, and from them emerge whole sides of bacon, sausages, beef and hams, which seem to have suddenly caught the evacuation spirit so lately prevalent in this vicinity. While through the lofty, deserted halls of the proud old mansion rings the muffled footfall of grim visaged warriors, crowding to the "banquet hall" to search in its cupboards and closets for jars of jelly, pickles, butter, &c. Secesh emblems, and everything of curiosity or utility to a soldier, are taken care of, and in time many center-tables and mantel-pieces of Connecticut will receive additions to their stock of curiosities, mementoes and relics.

"One little incident I must relate to you. The orders against pillaging or jayhawking are very stringent. All who are detected in it are most severely punished. On the day after our entrance into Martinsburg, Col. Knipe, of the 46th Penn. Vols., met one of the members of his regiment, of Hibernian origin and wit, who was carrying a fine, large goose towards camp, whose head, by being turned around two or three times, was "hanging perfectly loose," as the boys say. The fellow knew the penalty attached to his offense. He also knew that his Colonel was aware that the paymaster had not been seen for a long time—so any story about *purchasing* the goose would not be swallowed by Col. Knipe.

"'Where did you get that goose, sir?' was the Colonel's first question.

"'Back on the road a bit, your honor.'

"'Well, sir, you know what the consequences are—you have disobeyed orders. What is your name, and what company do you belong to?'

"'Arrah now, Colonel, be aisy till I tell me story to you. Yer see, Colonel, as we marched up the town, yesterday, with our gallint flag a stramin, out comes a party of dirty, blackguarding, secesh geese, and hissed at the flag, yer honor. It made the blood

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of me bile, sir, to see the dirty craythers hissing at the flag we're all fightin for, and I marked the foremost one, sir—I marked him

till I'd know him agin, it being against orders to lave the ranks. And to-day I went back and hunted him, and broke his head off for him, the same as I would any secesher that would hiss down me country's stars and stripes. And I thought, yer honor, it was a sin to cast him away when he was killed, so I brought him along.'"

"Col. Knipe could not refrain from indulging in a hearty laugh at the fellow's wit. So telling him to let things alone that did not belong to him, in future, the Colonel sent him along to roast his goose, and think, while eating it, of his narrow escape from the clutches of the court martial.

"The paymaster arrived at headquarters yesterday. We are all happy to see him, having heard nothing from him since the 1st of January.

"The country here is full of shin-plasters, from three cents upwards. They pass quite readily between our soldiers and the citizens, but our sutlers, who procure their goods from the North 'can't see it' if we offer it to them.

"From the Potomac to way south of Winchester, the country is now well supplied with coffee, salt, sugar, and in fact all groceries, as well as cotton and woollen goods, which one month ago the inhabitants were suffering for. All the necessaries and luxuries of life are pouring, like a fast-rising tide, into the western portion of the State, following up the line of blockade, as it moves steadily and surely onward to meet its counterpart extended along the gulf.

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"The weather for the past week has been quite mild and pleasant. The peach and appletrees are budded, the meadows look fresh and green, and the lazy languor with which we lounge around, in the warm, sunny days, under the trees and along the grassy banks of the winding Shenandoah, makes us feel that Spring has really come again. Our thoughts wander back to where we were a year ago. How much we would have then given to have known where we were to be this Spring. And Oh! how we would like to know beside what streams we shall roam a year from now. A waggish tent-mate, peering over my shoulder at what I am writing, suggests that very likely some of us will be going up Salt River.—Shouldn't wonder a bit if we were.

"We expect that in a day or two, "Head of column, forward!" will rouse us from our listless life in camp, to again resume, for the weary march, our knapsacks and three days' rations, which last, with a poor fellow who is gifted with a good appetite, is no small consideration in way of freight.

"Ashby, with his rebel cavalry and some light batteries of artillery, is continually showing himself along our advanced lines. More than once have our workmen on the bridge been surprised by a shower of bullets whistling among them from a heavily-wooded knoll, just a good rifle shot in front of them. Frequently are they startled by the demon screech of a spherical shell, drawing most uncomfortably near, from some flying battery which our wiley foe has stealthily drawn up and opened upon them. Fortunately, scarcely any of the secesh shells burst—not more than one in a dozen.—They are some purchased from English agents, so I am informed. I guess that shells are not the only English things that the C. S. A. are taken in on.

"There goes the dinner signal, and as I am habitually prompt in responding to all noises of the kind, and as I have some scruples in regard to being late to dinner, I must close by remembering all the boys to you, and hoping you will not forget your intention of visiting us.

Truly yours,

G. STOCKMAN.

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"CAMP AT WILLIAMSPORT, MARYLAND,
May 29th, 1862.

"FRIEND COTHREN:—I suppose you are anxiously waiting for a word from us, to learn what part your Valley Rifles bore in the stirring incidents which have transpired in this department during the past few days. In the first place let me dispel any concern you may have for our welfare. I am happy to be able to state that out of the eighty men lost from the regiment by the battle and retreat from Winchester, none of the Woodbury boys are numbered. With the more general details of the battle you are undoubtedly well acquainted, through the official reports which have been published; but believing that a short chapter of particulars will not be uninteresting, I will describe a few scenes in which the 5th bore a part.

"Saturday morning, May 24th, at daybreak, the bustle and stir of breaking up camp was over, and the reduced but gallant body of troops under the immediate command of Gen. Banks, were on the road towards Winchester. The efforts made to hurry us up, the anxious appearing countenances of Gen Banks and staff, as they dashed by us on to the head of the column, and the sad fate of the First Maryland Regiment, one of the four composing our brigade, caused a depression to hang over our spirits, ominous of we knew not what. One thing was evident—the rebel Gen. Ewell, after utterly annihilating the force at Fort Royal, was making his way, fast as possible, to reach Winchester before Banks, thereby cutting off our retreat.

"It was, therefore, a race for life—our legs were our only salvation. Fortunately we were a little in advance, and about 8 o'clock in the evening we arrived at Winchester. Our brigade was stationed that night about a half a mile outside the city, on the Front Royal road.—Gordon's brigade took up a position in line of battle horizontal to the road leading to Strasburg. Our regiment filed into a clover field—we stacked our arms, and with the rest, wearied out, I lay down, and praying, as I heard the rattling musketry of the distant pickets, and gave one last glance at the Southern sky, all aglow with the blazing camp-fires of the enemy, that we might not be called up before morning. With the whole earth for a bed, and the star-studded heavens for a covering, I fell into the welcome sleep that ever awaits the tired soldier.

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"Sunday morning dawned serenely bright and beautiful, seeming to invite man, by its calm peacefulness, to partake of its spirit and desist from making it a day of blood. I was startled from my slumber, under the lea of a stonewall, by the terrific screech of a shell as it passed over my head and burst a rod or two from me, in the center of the field in which we were bivouaced. Not half the regiment were awake, but this early intruder, and his dozen quick successors that followed, plunging into the ground all around and among us, making the dirt and stones fly in clouds, started them, and such a getting up never was beat. Our battery had opened its return fire, from a hill just in our rear, and the whizzing, banging, and thundering going on over and around us, was truly terrific; added to all this was the terror in hearing from one to another the report that the enemy were advancing up the other side of the hill, in line of battle—rather trying circumstances for a regiment that had never been under fire to get into line under. But we did it, just did it, when Major stone shouted —"Look out, boys—look out here—they are right on to us!" I just had time to glance up (we were just under the brow of a hill,) and see the top of the hill swarming with the devils coming on a "double-quick." The order was given to lie down. Down we went into the high grass, just in time to escape a few scattering shots that were sent for us.

"The 46th Pennsylvania, which was posted on our right, on a higher piece of ground, drew their fire and promptly returned it, but did not check them. A moment more and they would have been on top of us, when Major Stone jumped up and shouted—"Now is your time, boys! Up and give it to them!" Up sprang every man, with his rifle leveled—along our line blazed a sheet of flame, and down like ten-pins went the front ranks of the rebels.—They returned our volley with fearful effect, particularly on the right of our regiment, which was nearer to them than the left. Our fire was rapid and steady—theirs slackened not—and for a moment or two it was doubtful which would whip, the 25th North Carolina or the 5th Connecticut. But our boys, true to their Northern natures, were growing cool, and many, realizing the value of every shot, were stepping to the front to take more deliberate aim and obtain better shots. All of a sudden the rebels turned and broke for a stonewall about a rod in their rear. Our boys, wide awake to seize every advantage, held their fire for an instant, until the rebels were on the wall. Many of them went

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over that wall with the impetus of a bullet in the rear. The survivors left for down the hill, and we fell back behind a stonewall, where we waited fifteen minutes for another regiment to try us. But the intention seemed to be to shell us out, for we were undergoing a regular bombardment. Gen. Williams, who was watching us, said—"Look at that 5th Connecticut—they are the boys to fight!" Since the fight I have heard many speak of the gallantry of our regiment.

"We now heard along our right wing a furious cheering—not the three distinct hearty cheers of our Northern boys, but a confused mingle of hoots and yells, which was all we wanted to inform us that the enemy had succeeded in forcing back our right wing. And according to instructions we withdrew from the field and commenced our retreat, passing in good order through the town, though a murderous fire was kept up upon us from doors, windows, and behind corners and fences, by the citizens, and in many cases women were seen shooting down our wounded as they staggered out of the ranks. It was hard treatment to receive at the hands of those we had tried so hard to please. We shall remember you, Winchester. Our retreat was well conducted—Gordon's Brigade crossing the river at Williamsport and Donnelly's at Dam No. 4, six miles below. The march was a tough one—over forty miles—but we are now recruited and ready for another.

"Hoping that the next time we are in the field we may have an enemy only twice our own number.

I remain as ever yours,

GARDNER STOCKMAN."

"NEWBERN, N. C., March 18, 1862.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—I wrote you hastily just before we left Roanoke, that our regiment was to accompany the next expedition. Since then stirring events have taken place about us. I have but little time at present, and can give you but a brief account of what has transpired during the interval. The fleet set sail on the morning of the 11th, I think. Our steamer, the Louisiana, got aground, through the carelessness of her Captain. He has previously caused a great deal of trouble, both at Old Point

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and Hatteras, and, at the latter place, his steamer was aground for a long time. He is strongly suspected of disloyalty. It took as many as a half dozen small steamers to pull it off. General Burnside came alongside on the Alice Price, and ordered him in irons. Once afloat, and our voyage was delightful; it seemed more like a pleasure excursion than a military expedition. We came to anchor on the 12th inst., several miles below Newbern. The next morning, the troops began to land, many of them in small boats. The morning was beautiful, and the sight was most magnificent. It reminded me of pictures of the evacuation of Boston by the British The gun-boats began shelling the woods along the shores of the Neuse, early in the morning. The last of our regiment landed about the middle of the afternoon, and before we slept, we had marched a distance of thirteen miles. The roads were in an exceedingly bad state; in some places the mud was almost knee-deep. The first object of interest we passed was some rebel barracks, but recently deserted by a company of Cavalry. We reached the railroad about dark. Here the rebels had erected extensive earthworks. They were incomplete, however, and if occupied at all, were soon abandoned, on our approach. During the afternoon, the weather had become damp, and it was now raining, but on we went, with commendable zeal and good spirits, little dreaming of the journey we were performing. Quite late in the evening, we came up with the main body of troops, and bivouaced in a piece of wood only a mile and a half from the battle-ground. I am told that a company of cavalry lay within a few hundred yards of us all night. I eat a cracker and an orange; then, lame, wet and exhausted, folded myself in a blanket, and slept until morning. We were ordered to fall in, early next morning, and relieve the 51st Pennsylvania, in dragging howitzers. Our men took hold of it with a hearty good will. Soon after we started the firing commenced—at first, by only driving in the enemy's picket, but soon after, the roar and boom of musketry and artillery, which indicated that the action had commenced in good earnest. By the time we arrived, the firing had become terrific. The right wing advanced with the howitzers, and planted them to bear upon the enemy, under the direction of the marines, who worked the guns. Then, by order of Gen. Parke, the companies joined the 24th Massachusetts and other regiments, which were then under heavy fire, but soon after joined the rest of us. The left wing filed to the left, into a piece of woods directly in front of

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the enemies' works. As we were advancing, a canon ball struck just ahead of our company, taking off a man's head—a second after, one struck a few feet behind us, and took off a man's leg. Shortly after, Capt. Lee, Co. D, was killed, and several of his men wounded, by a shell. The firing countinued about four or five hours—only one of our company was wounded. The stars and stripes were planted on the enemies' breastwork about 11½ o'clock. And then, Oh! such cheering and shouting! I shall never forget it. It must have penetrated even further than the roar and din of battle had, but a few moments before. The rebels fled in great confusion and haste; in some of their camps food was still cooking, or spread upon the tables. They burnt the bridge commanding the approach to Newbern, and set the city on fire. Their force must have been about 12,000 men. All their camp equipage, baggage, &c., &c., was left. Their works about Newbern are immense. They have been worked upon for twelve months. In point of numbers engaged on our side, and the position of the enemy, I consider this battle second *only* to Donaldson, in the glorious achievements of the war. Our killed and wounded were as follows:—91 killed, 463 wounded. Of the wounded, some twenty are mortally so. I know nothing of the loss of the enemy; presume it was equally as heavy. We have taken quite a number of prisoners; among them are some important persons. The rank and file are the most wretched looking set of men I ever saw—*regular tar burners*—their clothes were very ragged, and of all the colors and styles you can imagine. Some carried old bits of carpets for blankets. A large number of the rebel killed were shot through the head—showing the deadly aim of our men. Our men, with a few individual exceptions, acted nobly in the fight. I can hardly say enough in praise of the brave men—they lay down when not firing, otherwise, many would have been killed. I am told by persons who have been over the ground since the action, that the trees all around the place we lay are filled full of shot. I am now enjoying the satisfaction of having done my duty, and *wiped out Bull-Run*. The country for miles around us is almost entirely deserted. The boys were busy for a day or two in securing prizes, &c., I can assure you. One of our men has a splendid gold watch and pencil. I have a splendid, genuine secession flag, which I would not swap for all the rest. I intend to send it to Norfolk, the first opportunity I have. Won't it excite a sensation there, though?—The men have been allowed to go out a foraging

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quite freely. It would amuse you to see them come in. Some will have a pig or sheep slung over his shoulder, and some come with a mule or horse loaded down with poultry. Several splendid horses have been brought in. I went out with a squad, and brought in quite a fine carriage, a set of silver plated harnesses, two bushels of sweet potatoes, twenty-five lbs. of honey, a pot of lard, three hens, and a splendid hair matrass. I took them all from the house of a secesh Captain, named Netherby, I think. Among other things which have come into our possession, is a large number of letters, which have amused us very greatly. Some of them are love matters, of the most exquisite nature. You may expect to see some of them in the Connecticut papers.

"The slaves here seem overjoyed at our success, and avow that they never shall call any man master again. I presume one hundred of them have come into our camp. I visited Newbern to-day; it is a very pretty place. It looks more like home than anything I have seen since I left Connecticut. I enclose some C. S. A. stamps. They may be a curiosity to you. Excuse my envelope; it is secesh and the only one I have.

Yours affectionately,

SAMUEL C. BARNUM.

To. P. M. Trowbridge, Esq."

"HEAD QUARTERS 5TH CONN. VOLS.,
Culpepper Court House, Va., Aug. 13th, 1862.

"DEAR FATHER:—I hasten to improve this, the first opportunity since the excitement and confusion of the battle of Saturday, to drop you a line, assuring you of my safety, as well as that of Ames. Poor Alvord is missing. He was in the charge, and was last seen in the woods, fighting like a good fellow. I think he is a prisoner—many of our men were taken. I was on the field, helping take care of the wounded and bury the dead. I looked along the track of our regiment, but could not find his body. Our brigade, (Crawford's,) it is conceded by all, made a more desperate charge than has hitherto been recorded in the war. Our regiment is all cut to pieces. Col. Chapman is wounded, and a prisoner. Major Blake is dead. Adjutant Smith was shot

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through the head. The Quartermaster is wounded, and a prisoner. Most all of the line officers are either killed, wounded, or prisoners. Lieut. Daniels was shot through the hip. Lieut. Dutton, old Gov. D.'s son, was killed instantly. Co. A. lost twenty-three men—went into the battle with forty. I had several very narrow escapes. A shell burst close beside me, wounding a friend seriously in the head.

Yours affectionately,

GARDNER STOCKMAN."

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 6, 1862.

"DEAR FRIEND:—Our regiment arrived here night before last, at midnight. We are bivouacing on the very identical spot upon which the 2d Conn. were encamped. How curious the coincidence! and how little I thought when I left it, over one year ago, to advance into Va., that after a year of marching, voyages, battles, privations, &c., &c., I should come back to the old camp ground, to begin anew—for it seems that our forces are but little advanced, comparatively, of what they were at that time. Still I have hope that all will yet be well. We evacuated Fredericksburg on the 31st of August, burning the bridge behind us. Our regiment was a part of the rear guard, and did not arrive at Acquia Creek, until the morning of the 3d. We then embarked, and came to Alexandria, where we arrived the same day. On the 4th, we marched from Alexandria to this place, arriving here on the 4th, at midnight. The men are all well and in good spirits. Do not know how long we shall remain here; probably not long, as we are under marching orders. I do not know where we are going. I am still in command of Co. K, alone. Rod Freeman is my servant, and a most faithful fellow he is, too. He wishes to be remembered to all the friends in Woodbury. I am rejoiced to hear that the North are at last wide awake. My love to all. Please write me soon. Direct to Washington. Excuse blunders.

Yours affectionately,

SAMUEL C. BARNUM.

To P. M. Trowbridge."

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"FREDERICK CITY, Md., Dec. 2d, 1862.

"DEAR SIR:—On my return from duty at "Monocacy Junction," where I was sent some d ys ago—and since which time I have received no mail—I found your kind letter of November 20th, inquiring about the Woodbury boys. It was necessary for me to make some inquiry in regard to the persons you mentioned, before I could give you the desired information. I have lost no time in doing so, and proceed to give you the result.

"Albert Winton, Myron Bishop, Edwin Bishop, Henry M. Dawson, Richard Spring, and James Warner, are with the regiment, and well.

"George McCann was wounded at Cedar Mountain—how severely I do not know. The last time I heard from him, he was in hospital in Alexandria. I understood, at the time, that his wounds were in the foot, and not serious—probably his friends have heard from him before this time.

"John Ledger was detailed on signal service some time since, and is now, probably, with the advance.

"The complimentary manner in which you speak of our behavior is duly appreciated by all the boys, and we hope still to merit your approbation. We have tried, so far, to do our duty manfully, and whether we are permitted to remain in our present comparatively comfortable quarters, or are ordered to our old place in the battle front, Woodbury shall have no occasion to complain of HER boys.

"In regard to your kindly proffer of assistance, I would say, that a pair or two of woolen socks would not come amiss to any of the boys, as they are an article not to be obtained here for money, even if we were supplied with that; but, owing to the dilatoriness of the Paymaster, neither "green-backs" or postage-stamps are very plentiful just at present.

"In behalf of the boys and myself, I beg you to accept our heartfelt thanks for the kindly interest manifested in our welfare, and assure you that it will not be forgotten when we have the opportunity to show our appreciation of it. Our regiment is at present quartered in the city of Frederick, and there is a probability of our remaining here for some time.

"I am too busy just now to give you further particulars in regard to our situation, but circumstances permitting, (which must always be a consideration in a soldier's promise,) I will write our

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mutual friend, Cothren, to-morrow, and he will of course give you the benefit of any information I may be able to furnish him.

"Hoping that this hurried answer to your kind letter may not discourage you from writing again, I remain

Yours truly,

GARDNER STOCKMAN.

P. M. Trowbridge, Esq., Woodbury, Conn."

"BELLE PLAIN, Dec. 2d, 1862.

"Mr. TROWBRIDGE—*Dear Sir*:—Your letter of the 18th was received one week ago, and, I assure you, I was glad to hear from you. It was just such a letter as I like to get now—a little sympathy, a little encouragement, and a considerable news. I was sorry to learn that so many of our Woodbury boys are sick, but do not think it strange. I saw a man to-day who left the hospital at Harper's Ferry last Tuesday. He says Seth is doing well—that my brother-in-law from Waterbury had been to see him. I had learned from him that he had started to see him, and would try to procure him a furlough. But, since Seth was at the hospital Friday, I conclude he did not succeed in getting him one. I am sorry, for I doubt if he will be able to do much duty this winter. Our brigade was detached from the division the next day after we arrived opposite Fredericksburg, and sent to this place, which is on Potomac Creek, a small bay on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and is about six miles from Acquia Creek and twelve from Fredericksburg. Supplies for the army are landed here, and we act as guard, and also unload the boats. I think we shall stay here a while longer, but it is nothing certain. The army at Fredericksburg seems to have come to another stand still, but I hope Burnside knows what he is about. I have considerable confidence in him, and presume he has good reasons for delay. He has been down here several times, and goes away on the boat to Washington, I think.

Yours truly,

F. J. PERCY."

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"CAMP OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG,
Wednesday, Dec. 24th, 1862.

"Mr. TROWBRIDGE—*Dear Sir*:—I have received two very welcome letters from you since I wrote you last. One I received on Monday, and as we were changing our camp that day, and yesterday we were fixing our tents and on extra duty, I could not find time to answer it until to day. I was very glad to hear from you, as I always am, for you write such cheering news, and show such a spirit of confidence in God to support our arms, that it does me good, especially after getting defeated, as we did in the battle at Fredericksburg.

Our army suffered terribly in that battle and did not accomplish a great deal after all. The papers try to smooth it over now, but I tell you it was manslaughter in earnest. Our men were mown down in heaps, and many a home is now left desolate, and many a heart left broken and sad to mourn for loved ones now mouldering in a soldier's grave.

"Perhaps it was best to attack them here, where they were so strongly fortified; God only knows. But all is for the best. Our regiment was not in immediate action, but we lay under fire, more or less, for four days and nights. But one has died from wounds, but some were wounded slightly from stray bullets and shells that burst in our ranks. I came near losing my head, but God in his mercy spared me. I wish I could write you a full detail of the battle, but time will not permit to-day.

"All the boys are well and send their best respects to you. I appreciate your kindness to me in the past, and I pray God to repay you.

Yours truly,

JOHN B. BUNNELL.

"CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, Va., Dec. 21st, 1862.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—I beg pardon for not writing you sooner after the battle, as, perhaps, you have been anxious as to my safety. I am well and in good spirits.

"Our regiment crossed the Rappahannoc to Fredericksburg on

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the afternoon of the 12th inst., and that night bivouaced in the streets of the city. On the morning of the 13th, we were detailed to support the pickets in front of the 3d division, which were stationed just beyond the outskirts of the city. Col. Stedman reported the regiment for that purpose to Col. Donoho, 10th N. H. Vols., commanding the pickets, at about 9½ o'clock; up to this time there had been a desultory firing of pickets, although Franklin was, at the time, hotly engaged on the left, but it grew more brisk until at about 10 A. M., the engagement became general. The picket headquarters were at a small house on an eminence near the railroad, considerably to our left, and within 800 yards of the rebel breastworks. From this position we could observe every movement on each side. We were out of the general range of fire, and comparatively safe, although, if too much exposed, the zip of a bullet from some sharp shooter's rifle was sure to remind us that, under the circumstances, "Discretion was the better part of valor." One poor fellow was hit by one of them, and lost his leg in consequence. The position of the enemy was one of great strength, not only by nature, but by all the appliances of military science.

"The ground in rear of the city forms a plateau, or open plain, about a third of a mile deep, and then rises in a range of hills, which abuts at a deep ravine on the left. At the foot of this range of hills runs a road flanked by a stone wall, behind which the sharp-shooters and infantry of the enemy were posted. On the crest of the hill above were heavy intrenchments, behind which powerful cannon are planted, in such a manner as to bring an enfilading fire upon our troops, who must advance to the attack over the open field in front, and still behind these works other lines of infantry are concealed.

"As soon as our men emerged from the city, they were opened upon with shell, and as they came nearer, by the infantry. The first to advance was a portion of Couch's corps, Hancock's division, I think. The shell made awful havoc among them. We could see the men fall, and flags go down and come up again, and count the dead and wounded behind them, as they swept on, by dozens. I noticed that the enemy were careful of their ammunition: they would reserve their fire until our men were within short range, and then deliver it with terrible effect.

"At about noon, the Irish brigade made an attempt to dislodge the enemy from their breastworks. It came across the plain in

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splendid style, and charged upon the works most gallantly; but, besides artillery, they were met by two lines of infantry, one above another, and were repulsed. They fell back in some confusion, but were soon rallied, at a depression in the ground, where they held their own. The first brigade of our division were engaged about sunset. It was under fire only about half an hour, and lost 400 killed and wounded. On the 14th, there was no general engagement, but picket firing and occasional cannonading was kept up all day. On the morning of that day it was announced that the 9th army corps was to charge upon the enemies works in column by regiments. The 11th was to go in advance of the column, and do the skirmishing. But Sunday passed, and no fighting took place; why, I do not know. I believe it would have been successful, although attended with an immense loss of life. On the night of the 15th, we recrossed the river, and reached our old camp, which had been left standing, before midnight.

"I am rejoiced to see that the public do not blame our beloved General Burnside., for we think that he did everything that lay in his power, and that too, with a vigilance, promptness and gallantry, which reflect great honor upon him. It is said that he did not want to advance at the time he did, and thought that to do so would result only in slaughter, but was ordered to do so by the President. The sequel proved his superior wisdom. Oh! when will citizens learn to mind their own business and leave military matters to military men? This has been a drawback to our cause ever since the rebellion commenced. I believe we should have conquered the rebels ere this, if we had had a straight out and out military dictator. For my part, I am tired of this useless sacrifice of life. I feel a strong devotion to my country. I am willing to undergo any privation or sacrifice, even to that of my life, to establish its union and maintain its honor, but I do not like to throw my life away at the caprice of those who do not understand the movements and welfare of any army.

"The right grand division was reviewed by Gen. Sumner this A M. Our regiment was especially complimented by the Gen. for its neatness and soldierly appearance.

Yours affectionately,

SAMUEL C. BARNUM."

To P. M. Trowbridge, Esq."

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"CAMP OF 11TH CONN. VOLS.
Dec. 11th, 1862, 7 o'clock P. M.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—Just as I predicted last night, we awoke this morning to the music of cannon. At precisely 5 o'clock A. M. the sullen boom of a heavy gun sounded out upon the morning air, and opened the ball.

Our troops are in Fredericksburg, and the city is in ruins and burning. At an early hour this morning our Engineers commenced throwing a pontoon bridge across the river at a point near the city, and were fired upon by the rebels from houses and breastworks. It was found impossible to accomplish the work, as our men were picked off by sharp-shooters as often as they came in sight. Consequently, our batteries opened upon the city, to dislodge the rebels, and continued it, with intervals, until sundown. The cannonading has been the most terrific and rapid I have ever heard. It seemed to be, sometimes, by volleys, which would jar the ground for miles. Considerable difficulty occurred in dislodging some rebel sharp-shooters from rifle-pits on the opposite side of the river, as our gunners could not depress their guns enough to touch them. It was accomplished, however, by a most daring and heroic exploit of some fifty brave soldiers of the 7th Mich., who went across on two pontoons, lying on their backs in the bottom of the boats, and exposing only their hands in rowing, and who charged upon the pits on reaching the opposite shore. The last plank of the bridge was laid at about 4 o'clock P. M. I presume others will soon be laid. Our troops are now passing over. We have been under orders all day, and are now ordered to be ready to move early in the morning.

"This is the first instance of the shelling of a city during the war. Everybody is pleased with the way in which Burnside conducts affairs. It seems as if war was being waged sternly and in earnest. I admire him, too, for demanding the removal of Gen. Meigs. I believe McClellan's failures have been occasioned more by such blunders, as for instance the delay of the pontoon, &c., and his failure to remedy matters, than his own incompetency.

Yours affectionately,

SAMUEL C. BARNUM.

To P. M. Trowbridge, Esq."

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"CAMP 11th CONN. VOLS.,
Opp. Fredericksbug, Va.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—Yours of the 28th inst. came to hand this A. M. I imagine that your mail facilities must be rather poor, as I have written you at least two letters, and one to Rod., since the battle. I am quite well, and very busy, as it is now the end of the year, and there are several reports to be made out—which involves a good deal of labor.

"You ask what I think of being whipt. I confess we were. *We must try again!* I am not disheartened, but, on the contrary, feel more like fighting and dying than ever. *I don't care to live to see my country succumb to rebels.* I amire Gen. Burnside most ardently. *I love him.* I think, with a smaller force, he would be much more brilliant and successful. With his present army he *nobly* confesses his want of capacity. I am inclined to the belief that "Little Mac" is the man.

Yours affectionately,

SAMUEL C. BARNUM.

To Philo M. Trowbridge, Esq."

"CAMP OF 11TH CONN. VOLS.,
Opposite Fredericksburg, Va., Nov. 27th, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—It is Thanksgiving in Conn. to-day, and I have been thinking of you constantly, and I need not say how often I have wished I were with you to enjoy it. There are so many pleasing associations clustering about the day, that it has always seemed to me one of the happiest of the year. Bright visions of your festivities have flitted before me to-day, until I have almost imagined myself there in reality. And thus it is I often derive great satisfaction in the thought of the happiness of friends at home. You must not imagine, however, that I am wanting in the comforts of life; on the contrary, I have enjoyed a sumptuous dinner to-day, prepared by the cook of our mess, and at which Col. Harland (our Brigadier) and Surgeon Warner of the 16th were guests. I enjoyed it, but felt almost guilty at the thought, that the men of the regiment had nothing but hard crack-

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ers and "salt junk." The rank and file are the ones who make the greatest sacrifices, after all.

"Our army has been lying here for more than a week. No one knows when or where it will move next. The rebels are in considerable force on the other side. Their camps are plainly visible from a point near our camp, and the pickets of the two armies often converse with each other, on the banks of the Rappahannock.

"Poor Rod. has been quite sick with a fever, and has suffered much. He is now better, and I hope will be well soon. If he is not, I shall try to send him home to recruit.

"You wish me to tell what position I occupy, &c. I am at present acting as Adjutant. The Adjutancy is a Staff appointment, and a very desirable situation. His business is to make all reports, &c. of the regiment, write, publish, and copy all orders, attend to the officers' correspondence, and in the field to form the regiment and assist in maneuvering it; also, to mount the guard. I am entitled to a horse, and many other privileges, which I could not otherwise have. Besides, I very much enjoy the society with which it brings me in contact. Col. Stedman has told me that he should be pleased to have me remain where I am, but, at any time I wish to go in the line, I can have a captaincy. My present rank is that of 1st Lieutenant.

Yours affectionately,

SAMUEL C. BARNUM.

To P. M. Trowbridge, Esq."

"CAMP OF 11TH CONN. VOLS., Dec. 10th, 1862.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—I received your kind letter of the 4th inst. last evening. I am surprised to know that you have received but one letter from me since the battle. I am confident of having written more.

"I am very sorry that my silence has occasioned you any anxiety on my account, for, I assure you, my health was never better than now, and although exposed to the fatigues and exposures of the march through Virginia, I not only survived it, but really quite enjoyed it. If a person is in good health, there is always something to interest one on a march.

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"I am still with the field and staff, and enjoy it *very* much, not only as it is just in my line of business, (writing,) but it brings me into a very refined circle of society, under the influences of which I feel that I am improving. I can give you no definite directions about the box of which you write, as it is announced this afternoon that the troops will move to-morrow morning, at daylight. Stirring scenes are ahead. While I write, the rumbling of wagons, &c., betokens preparation for the coming contest. We may awake to-morrow morning to the music of cannon. Pontoon bridges have, I understand, been thrown across the river at points below this place, and one is being, or is to be thrown across at a point near Falmouth. Over these bridges I suppose the troops are to make a simultaneous attempt to cross. Of course opposition is expected; the battle may be severe and critical; I am inclined to think it will. The 9th army corps are the first to attempt a crossing at Falmouth.

"This seems to me a critical period. Great events may be hanging on the issues of the next few days. God grant that our cause may triumph this time. A good deal of curiosity is felt here in regard to the destination of Banks. I hope it will be as you suggest, to operate with us in another direction.

"May be you would like to know what my feelings are in regard to the prospect of a fight. I assure you they are none of those ever described as "spoiling for a fight." I would much rather the thing be accomplished without the shedding of a single drop of blood, but if it is to be otherwise, I desire to meet it squarely, coolly and bravely.

"The experiences of "Newberne," "South Mountain," and "Antietam," have taught me that there is an awful reality to be sternly met.

Yours affectionately,

SAMUEL C. BARNUM.

To P. M. Trowbridge, Esq."

A few extracts from the diary of Ammi F. Hall, Co. G., 1st Conn. Heavy Artillery, are here given, in lieu of a description of the Seven Days Battles and retreat of Gen. McClellan.

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"On the 27th of June, at two o'clock in the morning, in a cold rain storm, we formed a line; sixty rounds of cartridges were given to each man, and one days rations. We immediately started on a forced march to Hanover. We had gone twelve miles, when we halted long enough for the engineers to build a rough bridge over a small river. This being accomplished, the order 'Double-quick,' was given, and away we hastened, with our accustomed vigor, for the scene of action, which the booming cannon told us had already commenced. On our approach to the battle-field, we found a part of Gen. Porter's Division, which had marched by another road, and was nearly an hour ahead of us, had engaged the rebels. Our regiment was immediately deployed to attack the enemy in the woods on the Hanover Court House Road, but they retired on our approach. Then we gave three Yankee cheers, and commenced the pursuit on the turnpike to Hanover, when orders to countermarch were given, in order to repel an attack of the enemy on our left and rear. The advance of the brigade was much impeded by the artillery and ambulance trains, and the column thus became broken. For a few minutes all was confusion and excitement, and the left became the front. Our regiment was deployed and entered the woods on the right, to prolong the attacking line in that direction. At this moment, Col. Robert Tyler sprang forward and said, 'Now boys, you that are not afraid of blood, follow me.' Instantly, a line of shining bayonets were leveled, and we charged through the woods like a deadly avalanch. The enemy were swept from before us, and were utterly routed and dispersed. We took hundreds of prisoners, and the victory was complete. The red sun sank below the horizon, retiring from that scene of horror and devastation, as if in sorrow for the fallen dead. The picture of the cold and lifeless bodies of the slain will ever remain a perpetual vision. The low, mournful cries of the wounded, and the penitent confessions of the dying rebels, as they prayed for mercy at the hands of God, will forever ring in my ears. It was a painful task to labor with those sufferers, to hear their penitent confessions, and witness their sad gratitude. But the saddest thought of all was, that after all their brave fighting, they could not have the consolation of a heroic death in the defence of the right, but must lie down in a soldier's grave with the brand of traitors upon their memories. Darkness soon covered the field, and the men were so weary that many sank down on the field, unable to keep their places in the ranks.

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When the order 'Rest,' was given, each sought his chum, his dearest friend and comrade, and they together sank down upon the cold, wet, bloody ground, without food, without covering, and without other shelter than the broad canopy of Heaven! Once, during the night, I awoke, but only to withdraw my feet from a puddle of water, benumbed, and nearly frozen. In a moment, I was asleep again, and did not awake the second time, till the sun had long been looking down upon us.

"Foraging parties were sent out in search of food. They returned at noon, with several of the enemies' waggons loaded with meal and bacon, which was equally shared by the whole regiment. In the afternoon we buried the dead. Twenty-five North Carolina soldiers we buried in one grave. At three o'clock Gen. McClellan appeared upon the field, and was greeted with great enthusiasm.

"On the 29th we went towards Ashland, on a reconnoisance,—found the enemy in force, and returned to camp at noon. At sundown we took up the line of march for camp at Old Church. The night was very dark, the road rough and muddy, and the regiment was scattered along a distance of six miles. I reached camp at one o'clock in the night, and sought my tent for repose.

"On the 31st we started for Cold Harbor, marched five miles, when the order to countermarch was given. We had nearly reached Old Church, when the order to countermarch was again given, and we reached Cold Harbor at twelve o'clock. At one, the constant roar of cannon, and the fierce rattle of musketry, told us a terrible battle was in progress. Orders came to 'fall in.' We stacked arms, and awaited further orders. The battle continued during the afternoon, and was renewed next day. Still nearer and nearer sounded the roar of artillery, bringing to our practiced ears the sad and silent foreboding of defeat. Between us and the combatants lay a dark, deep, rapidly flowing river. The bridge had been swept away by the late freshet. It was madness to attempt to cross it, and rush to the rescue of our defeated and retreating army. We did not know, at the time, that this was the great battle of Fair Oaks, which, recorded on the page of history, fills the hearts of loyal people with shame and indignation. On Monday morning we marched to Banes' Mill, and remained there till the 25th of June, doing picket duty in the Chickahomany swamps. The pickets were in no wise friendly. A continual fire was kept up on both sides, and not an hour passed, in

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which some of our soldiers did not fall by the enemies bullets. We were often compelled to stand in water up to our waists, and behind trees, to avoid the bullets of the hostile riflemen. Although suffering from constant exposures, the bites of musquitoes and other poisonous insects, in these dismal swamps, still we were not discouraged, for we well knew the value of every inch of ground we then occupied.

"On the 13th of June, we had a chase after Stuart's cavalry, which I shall not soon forget. It was four in the afternoon when we started, leaving everything behind that would impede a rapid march. At 11 o'clock we halted at Old Church, where we slept upon our arms for the night. Early in the morning we were on their track. Baggage and Sutler's wagons were left smoking all along our route. At one in the afternoon we reached Tunstall's station. On our approach the rear guard of the enemy could easily be seen disappearing over a high hill. The schooners in the river were all ablaze, and the cars at the station were on fire. Our cavalry advanced in rapid pursuit, but the enemy succeeded in safely crossing the Chickahommany, having gone entirely around McClellan's army, which event caused not a little comment throughout the camps. We returned next day to camp, nearly starved, and quite disgusted with our long and fruitless pursuit.

"On June 25th, we marched to Seven Pines, over the battle-field of Fair Oaks, which had not lost the traces of the late fierce conflict. The smell of human blood was sickening in the extreme. Unburied bodies of friend and foe lay in the woods and swamps around us, and from the long, shallow trenches, where a portion of the dead were buried, heads, hands, and feet protruded sad relics of hideous war. We immediately took position in Gen Hooker's division, with our cannon, 150 yards from the enemy's picket line. It was evident that more work was near at hand. Whole brigades and divisions stood in battle array—horses in harness, and baggage wagons loaded, ready for pursuit or retreat. Here we stood by our guns four days. In one day and night, the enemy, in feeble force, charged ten times upon our battery. At night, I stretched myself upon one of the guns, and had a long, sweet rest. A shell bursting over my heard, brought me to my feet. This was a signal for a night attack—most dreaded—most feared by the soldier. But the rebels were drawn back to their works, after a short, but fierce conflict. This was, with us,

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the commencement of the Seven Days Battle. The heavy booming of cannon on our right told too plainly, that the anticipated and dreaded hour had arrived.

"Saturday night—and the battle fiercely rages. The soldiers look around on each other in silence and solicitude. Half an hour later, we were marching with all our guns and baggage, in the darkness, and on an unknown route. 'This,' said a comrade jocosely, 'do'nt look much like the road to Richmond,' as we struggled on over stumps and holes, through swamps, and over sleeping comrades by the way, till we halted at Savage Station. We stretched ourselves upon the ground, and slept, for the remainder of the night. In the morning, a long, dull, heavy report, brought us to our feet. Hundreds of tons of ammunition were being destroyed. Everything that would burn was all in flames. Infantry, cavalry, artillery, ambulances and baggage wagons, were all hurrying along at the top of their speed. 'Retreat,' whispers one. 'Retreat,' says another. 'Retreat,' sounded through the faltering ranks, and at once the horrible truth flashed upon us, that McClellan and all his army were in full retreat.

"We marched ten miles that day, and halted at White Oak swamp, where the various parts of the regiment met together. We placed our sixty siege heavy guns in line, fearing the pursuing enemy. Then we had a few hours in which to rest our stiffened limbs. Most of the men were lying on the ground, sleeping, eating, reading or writing, when the startling cry—'The rebels are coming,' rang through the camp. A wild rush of soldiers followed, and in twenty minutes the regiment stood by its guns in battle line. No rebels appeared, however, and the men broke ranks again.

"On Monday morning we resumed our march again. But being somewhat fatigued, and the trains being urged on at an unusual speed, we had the privilege of riding on the guns. The excitement grew more intense, and soon we found ourselves whirling through the air for some destination unknown to us, where we could find protection. At length we emerged from the dark pine forests, into a large field of wheat. Far off in the distance flowed the James, rolling on in all its majesty, and through its murky waters plowed our gunboats, the terror of the rebel Confederacy. Food, water, rest awaited us, as we struggled through the tangled wheat. The order, 'Halt,' was given, and 'gopher like,' we made a fierce attack upon the wheat field. I filled my cap

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with wheat, which I boiled, and, in less than twenty minutes, sat down to a repast, which has seldom if ever, during my soldier experience, been excelled.

"Next in the programme of the Great Secession Rebellion, occurred the memorable battle of Malvern Hill. Three hundred cannon in three lines of battle hurled their deadly missiles through the mad columns of the advancing foe. The long, fearful, dreaded yell, the wild shout, the roar of musketry, and the sharp clash of glistening steel, as the columns surged to and fro in the bloody charge, in this battle, can never be appreciated except by those who heard and saw them. The rebel charge was terrific, but by the aid of our gun-boats, they were driven back, and we quietly settled down on the banks of the James. But we were not to remain here long. A cold, drizzling rain was descending, when, in silence and thick darkness, we hurried along the river at twelve o'clock at night, and halted at Harrison's Landing. I was very weary, and threw myself under a gun, my knapsack for a pillow, and settled down in the deep mud. The enemy also took advantage of the darkness, and returned, disappointed and defeated, to their capital, leaving a sufficient force to deceive our army, and compel it to act on the defensive.

"The Woodbury boys represented in this 'Retreat,' in our regiment, were Walter Whitlock, William H. Proctor, Daniel Banks and myself. William Whitlock and Perry Lake, were in hospital—elsewhere.'"

Woodbury pluck was well displayed during the battle of Fredericksburg, under Gen. Burnside It became necessary to lay pontoon bridges across the Rappahannock river, to reach the city. The boats had been successfully secured across the river. Volunteers were wanted to lay the plank upon them, so that the soldiers could cross, and a hundred volunteers were called for from the regiment. Rebel sharp-shooters from rifle-pits directly in front, made it almost certain death for men to engage in this undertaking. But, instantly, upon the call to undertake the hazardous enterprize, four Woodbury men stepped from the ranks to express their willingness to go, were accepted, and went with the one hundred, more than half of whom never returned from their patriotic hazard, but neither of the Woodbury boys were harmed, though 150 of our cannon, and a greater number of the rebels were playing over their heads during the time occupied in this duty, and the bullets of the sharp-shooters fell like rain upon them.

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Several times they were obliged to desist, but they persevered, laid their bridge, and the union army passed over to deadly combat. A more sublime picture than the heroic undertaking of these brave men, could not be portrayed to the apprehensions of the least imaginative. The names of these heroic young men deserve an honorable place in history. They were John E. Juttle, Charles S. Buell, John Bunnell and Charles Cosier.

The soldier's life is one of hardship, suffering, pain and death, never to be appreciated by the civilian. But it has its bright spots, its enjoyments, and its ludicrous incidents. The history of a soldier's experience would not be complete, nor would a history of the incidents of the war be complete, unless some of these were recounted. A few specimens, therefore, of this sort of adventure will be inserted here.

Among the early volunteers of 1861, in the Rev. Capt. William's Co. G. 4th Conn. Volunteers, afterwards the 1st Heavy Artillery, were Ammi F. Hull and Walter Whitlock. All through their four years' service, they were the most intimate of friends. They were always together in camp or in battle. Hull tells the following incident in regard to Whitlock, which occurred early in 1862, —before the regiment had seen much service.

"One night when the enemy were keeping up a continual fire on us, several of their shell struck in our battery. No one was seriously injured, but one man, an intimate friend of mine, Corporal Walter Whitlock, got such a fright as he will never forget. It was past midnight, cold, and dark, and we were sitting on the ground, around a large fire, trying to warm our stiffened limbs, when we were suddenly disturbed by the gruff command—'Fall in, G, Co. detail; Fall in! The Major will come, and find we have done nothing. Fall in G.' At the last command to fall in, a large bomb shell came crashing through the woods, and burst directly over our heads. When all was over, we arose from the ground, which we had been hugging pretty closely, and looked around for our worthy corporal. But nothing could be seen of him except his head, rising above the mud and water in the creek, We pulled him out, carried him to the fire, and he soon recovered so that he could recall his last command to *fall in*. But he never would confess how he came in the creek. If he willingly chose that for a hiding place, he would be perfectly secure from harm —*except his head*. But we could not with consistency obey his com and to *fall in* as he did. A better, or a braver soldier, how-

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ever, never marched in the ranks of the Union Army. In camp, in sieges, in battles, amid the ocean's terrific storms, on long and weary marches, he was ever my firm, true and constant friend."

"One night," says Corporal Hull, "we were on picket duty, and captured a rebel spy. He was on horseback, and attempted to run by our picket-post. But a bullet whistleing past his ears, brought him to his senses, and he wisely concluded that 'discretion was the better part of valor,' and exclaimed—'Now, Yanks, you uns won't kill me if I *halt*, will you?' At that moment a bullet in the horse's leg brought horse and rider to the ground—and there was an end of the parley."

When the Massachusetts 8th Regiment, under command of General Butler, marched to the defence of Washington, after the brutality practiced on the 6th Massachusetts, in Baltimore, it will be remembered it went by water around that city. At this time a "curious" phenomenon occurred. Some men in the regiment, who had fine voices, and there were many such, had been singing, with all that delicious effect that music at sea produces, several of the finest psalms in the liturgy. The ocean softens and delicately repeats sound, and those airs trembled along the almost unrippled surface of the sea. While they were singing, the moon swung clear into the air, and round her white disk were seen three circles, clear and distinct, *red, white and blue!* The omen was caught by common instinct, and a thousand cheers went up to that heaven that seemed, in its visible signs, to manifest the approval of the cause in which they who witnessed it were engaged.

For the first year or two of the war, there was a peace party, so called, in the North, of considerable numbers. An amusing adaptation of sacred poetry, in this connection, is told of a good old lady. She had been for sometime listening to a discussion between two gentlemen on this question of peace. Finally, one of them, somewhat excitedly, insisted, that the salvation of the country depended upon the efforts of this small peace party. The old lady instantly held up both hands, and exclaimed

> "Oh Lord! on what a slender thread
> Hangs everlasting things!"

While one of our Woodbury soldiers was serving in Arkansas, he was one day doing picket duty. While thus engaged, a silver-haired old man, some eighty-five years of age, addressed him, and desired to pass his post. The soldier at once asked him where he

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was going. "I am on my way to Heaven," solemnly replied the old man. "Well," said the soldier, much amused, "If you have been on your way to Heaven all the time till you have reached your present age, and have got no further on your journey *than Arkansas*, you may pass; I would not like to hinder you. But *I shall try some other route!*"

When the war broke out, our entire people were engaged in the arts of peace. Though people of all conditions rushed into the military service, at the call of their country, they had no knowledge of the arts of war, nor the demands of military discipline. It took considerable time for the privates to learn that respect for a superior officer, that the exigencies of the service required. They did not readily see why their neighbor, who at home was in no wise their superior, in wealth, social standing, or intellectual acquirements, should, by merely having a commission, "lord it" over them. An amusing incident, illustrating this idea, occurred in the service, which we will relate, omitting names. A Captain, one day, decidedly under the influence of intoxicating liquor, met a private in the same condition. The captain ordered to him to "halt," and, endeavoring in vain to assume a firm position on his feet, and to talk with dignified severity, exclaimed, "Private ———, I'll g' t'll *four* o'clock to gissober in."

"Cap'n," replied the soldier, "as you're (hic) a d—d sight drunker 'n i-am, I'll give you t'll *five* (hic) o'clock to gissober in."

Harper's Magazine has a very good story on the rebel side, which illustrates one phase of our human nature.

"A gentleman who was on the Southern side during our late little misunderstanding, relates the following: "Roe," of our company, used to stammer fearfully, and while having a judicious admixture of prudence in his valor, was still one of the best and pluckiest of all. One of our guns had been captured by the Yankees,

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and the order came down to recapture it if possible. It was a fearful task; and as we stood drawn up, awaiting the word to move forward at the double-quick, we felt instinctively that many of us would stay around the spot where the lost gun was. It scarcely seemed worth the price we were about to pay, and "Roe" seemed to be more thoroughly impressed with this idea than any one else. Suddenly an idea entered his mind; stepping out of the ranks, he stuttered, wildly, as he always did when excited "I

say, kick-kick-captain, l-l-l-let us gig-gig-get up a s-s-s-s-subscrip-tion and pip-pip-pay for the cussed old gun."

Long before the middle of 1862, it had become apparent to both government and people, that the war would assume enormous proportions, and that preparations for the defence of the country, on a far larger scale than had heretofore been supposed necessary, would become imperative. The President made repeated calls for additional troops, and the "note of preparation," on a grander scale, was sounded throughout the land. Bounties for enlistments began to be offered by towns, and other communities, and the Legislature made ample provision for the families of the soldiers, who were serving in the Union armies. Each little town and hamlet seemed as if actuated by one impulse, and steadily the preparations went on.

On the 24th of July, 1862, Woodbury, in legal town meeting, first took action in the way of granting bounties to the patriot volunteers, when the following votes were passed without dissent;

"*Voted*, That pursuant to a statute law of this State, the town of Woodbury will pay to each new recruit from said town, who shall enlist with our recruiting officers, the sum of one hundred dollars, as soon as he shall be mustered into the military service of the United States as a private soldier in the ranks of any Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers."

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"*Voted*, That the Treasurer of the town of Woodbury be authorized to borrow, from time to time, such sums of money as shall be necessary to pay the soldiers who shall be recruited from this town, to an amount not exceeding, in the whole, the sum of Three Thousand dollars, and that he be authorized to give a town note or notes for the sums so borrowed, at the legal rate of interest."

"*Voted*, That it shall be the duty of the town Treasurer to pay said soldiers, so enlisted, said bounty, upon their being mustered into the service of the United States, and that he shall keep a true record of all soldiers so paid by him, that the number receiving said bounty may apply on our quota of troops for the service under the last call of the President of the United States."

"*Voted*, That the said Town Bounty shall be paid only to the volunteer, or to his order, and shall not be paid on any factorizing or other legal process."

"*Voted*, That a committee of five be appointed by this meeting to acquire and keep intelligence of the location of all the soldiers that have gone or may go to the war from this town, learn their wants, and solicit such aid, from time to time, of our citizens, as shall be necessary."

The following named gentlemen were appointed said Committee, viz:—William Cothren, Philo M. Trowbridge, Calvin H. Downs, George Saxton and William A. Gordon.

On the 12th of August, 1862, the following votes were in like manner, passed in legal town meeting;—

"*Voted*, That whereas the late appropriation of this town for the encouragement of enlistments into the United States service has proved inadequate to pay the volunteers which have been found necessary to fill our town quota on the President's several calls, not including the last call for nine month's militia men; pursuant to a statute law of this State, the town of Woodbury will pay to each new recruit from said town, or who shall enroll himself on the quota of said town, both on the deficit in our former quotas, and in our quota of the three hundred thousand nine months men last called for, the sum of one hundred dollars, as soon as he shall be mustered into the military service of the United States, as a private soldier in the ranks of any regiment of Connecticut volunteers."

"*Voted*, That an additional bounty of ten dollars shall be paid to each such recruit, to make him equal with the first thirty re-

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cruits from this State, who are to receive said sum as a bounty from Charles G. Judson, Esq., of New York."

"*Voted*, That the thanks of this town be returned to Charles G. Judson, Esq., of New York, for his very handsome gift of three hundred dollars to encourage enlistments in his native town, and that the Town Clerk be instructed to forward a certified copy of this vote to him, at New York."

"*Voted* That the Treasurer of the town of Woodbury be authorized to borrow, from time to time, such sums of money as shall be necessary to pay the soldiers who shall be recruited to fill the quota from this town, to an amount in the whole not exceeding the sum of Five Thousand dollars, in addition to the former appropriation of Three Thousand dollars, and also be authorized to give a town note or notes for the same."

"*Voted*, That it shall be the duty of the Treasurer to pay said soldiers said two bounties on their being mustered into the service of the United States; and he shall keep a true record of all soldiers so paid by him, that the number so paid may apply upon our several quotas for the service."

"*Voted*, That the Town Bounties shall be paid only to the volunteer, or to his order, and shall not be paid on any factorizing, or other legal process, it being intended to put the town bounty on the same footing as the State bounty."

"*Voted*, That the committee appointed at the last special town meeting, be authorized and requested, in addition to their other duties, to learn from time to time the condition of the families of our volunteers, and relieve their wants by subscription, as shall to them seem necessary."

"*Voted*, That the Treasurer of the town pay the Recruiting officer, or his assistant, the sum of three dollars for each recruit, to meet the expenses of transportation and recruiting men for our quota."

Previous to the 10th of September, 1862, a draft had been ordered, but volunteering had been so active, under the vigorous action of the recruiting committee, and the earnest patriotism of the citizens, that on that date, but five recruits were lacking to fill the town's quota on all the calls to that time. Two more volunteered in that meeting, so that it became necessary to draft only three, and the town voted to pay them, on the spot, a bounty sufficient, with the State bounty, to make the whole sum three hundred dollars, as will be seen by the following votes:—

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"*Voted*, That whereas on the 10th day of September, A. D. 1862, there remained five vacancies, necessary to be filled to fill all the quotas of Woodbury under all the calls of the President of the United States for military service to that date, and whereas the said town of Woodbury desires to be generous with its soldiers, and whereas, at a large meeting of the inactive militia of said town, on said 10th day of September, 1862, it was immediately recommended that the said town of Woodbury pay the sum of one hundred and sixty-seven 50-100 dollars bounty, in addition to the present bounty of one hundred and ten dollars, to every volunteer, and drafted men, who volunteered or was drafted on said 10th day of September, 1862, or who shall hereafter volunteer or be drafted, or become a substitute for any drafted man, to count on all the quotas yet ordered by the Governor or President of the United States, up to said 10th day of September, 1862, till said quotas are full, after all requisitions are made up, making, with State bounty for nine months, the sum of three hundred dollars to each man who volunteers, or is drafted, sufficient to fill our quota to said date. And this bounty is given under the consideration, that it shall be paid only to the soldier himself, or to his order, and shall not be paid or given on any factorizing or other legal process whatsoever, the intent of this vote, like the preceding bounty votes of this town being, to present the town gift to the soldier himself, or to whom he shall direct, and to no other person—placing the town bounty on the same footing as the State bounties by statute are placed—said bounty to be paid as soon as the said men shall be mustered into the service of the United States, and that the drafted men and substitutes be paid three hundred dollars, instead of the sum herein named."

"*Voted*, That the Treasurer of the town of Woodbury be authorized to borrow an amount of money sufficient to pay the bounties under this, the last vote.

At the annual town meeting on the first Monday in October, the action of the special meeting held in September was ratified, with additions, as will be seen by the following action:—

"*Voted*, That it shall be the duty of the Treasurer of this town to pay the volunteers who have enlisted for nine months, under the last call of the President of the United States for 300,000 men, and who have been, or shall hereafter be credited to this

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town's quota of seventy-four men, the sum of one hundred and ten dollars; when they shall have been mustered into the service of the United States, as private soldiers."

"*Voted*, That an additional bounty of one hundred sixty-seven 50-100 dollars be paid by the Treasurer to Elisha Tuttle, who enlisted on the 10th day of September, 1862, when the aforesaid bounty of one hundred and ten dollars shall be due him, on being mustered into the United States service."

"*Voted*, That the Treasurer be directed to pay the men who were drafted in this town for nine months on the 10th day of September, 1862, or to their substitutes, the sum of three hundred dollars each, when they shall have been mustered into the service of the United States."

"*Voted*, That the above named bounties be paid only to the volunteers, or drafted men, or to their order, and not on any factorizing or other legal process, putting this gift on the same footings as the State and United States bounties."

"*Voted*, That the Treasurer of Woodbury be authorized to borrow, from time to time, such sums of money as shall be necessary to pay the aforesaid bounties, and to give a town note or notes therefor, at the legal rate of interest."

"*Voted*, That the record of the last vote, previous to adjournment, passed at a legal town meeting, Aug. 12th, 1862, be altered and amended by the Town Clerk, by the insertion of the word 'hereafter,' in the 4th line after the word 'recruit.'"

The various bounty votes were right in themselves, and were beneficial in their effects. It was right that those who remained at home should contribute of their substance to assist those who were going to the front. To say nothing of the hazards of the service, they were doing more, in a *pecuniary* point of view even, than their neighbors at home. For there was scarcely an enlisted man who was not earning more money at home than the small wages paid by the government. So that a good share of praise should be awarded to every faithful volunteer, above any consideration that could be reckoned to the credit of the bounty, however large, for the patriotic conduct of leaving family and home, and daring the chances of perilous war.

But the volunteers of 1861 did not much relish the fact, that the new volunteers were receivimg liberal bounties, and praise on every hand. The subjoined letter from Lieut. Henry W. Loomis,

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formerly of Woodbury, in one of its passages, gives utterance to this feeling:—

"FORT SCOTT, VA., Oct. 17th, 1862.

"FRIEND COTHREN:—It has been sometime since I received your last kind and very welcome letter, and I have often proposed to myself to answer it, but various causes have hitherto compelled me to defer it till now. Removed from the active duties of the field, to the more quiet, though somewhat monotonous routine of garrison life, we have now leisure for correspondence, reading, &c., which our boys are not slow to improve.

"The 1st Connecticut occupies the same forts that they did last winter, (Scott, Richardson and Barnard,) with the addition of three others, Ward, Worth and Blenker. These are all in excellent condition, and the men prepared by their Peninsular campaign and recent drill, feel competent to defend them against any attack that may be made upon them. Perhaps it will not be uninteresting to you to know how we fill out our time here. Well then, Reveille at 5 A. M., followed immediately by breakfast, which used to mean, while on the Peninsula, "coffee and hard bread," unless on the march, when it was oftener poor water with hard bread if we could get it—now however it means coffee, soft bread, and often some substantial dish along with them, while the boys supply themselves with all the luxuries the Sutler's "*Store*," or the markets of Alexandria afford. After breakfast we have Infantry drill from 7 to 8, then "Guard Mounting" at 9, a good hearty dinner at 12, Heavy Artillery drill from 2 to 3, Dress Parade at sundown, preparatory to which, if you should step into our quarters, you would see a most vigorous polishing of brasses, shoes, equipments, &c., which has won for our Regiment, the enviable position it holds for neatness, and clean guns—in which respect we are the wonder of all the new regiments, whose constant inquiry how we contrive to keep so clean, meets us on every side. Roll call again at 8 1-2, followed by 'taps' a half hour later, when the lights are put out and all are expected to be still—so passes day after day, with the usual details necessary to do the labor, &c., incident to garrison life.

"Many of the men are becoming tired of this sameness, and long to be led once more to the front, preferring the active duties of the field, with the consequent excitement, to the easier life we lead here. And McClellan, God bless him, would not be averse to

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having us again with him in the field. For at the battle of Antietam, when reinforcements were called for, he exclaimed, 'would to God I had the 1st Connecticut here.'

"There are one or two things, friend Cothren, we should hardly have heeded while in active service, which now—when we have so much time for the discussion of the varied scenes of the different acts in the drama of the war, rather displease us. *First*—The enormous bounties paid to the new regiments, either to buy them, or stir up their patriotism—do not know which. *Second*—That these same new regiments, after having been dragged into the field by *love of money* or fear of a draft, should be styled the *cream* of the State, the best men who have left the State, and other appellations equally flattering to them.

"Now, we cannot see why these new men should receive a higher rate of compensation for their services, than we who have been out through all the previous campaigns. If the bounties had been voted to all, old as well as the new, there would have been some show of fairness about it, since we shall be obliged, those of us who ever go back, to help pay these same bounties, which seem to have been given as a reward for holding back till fear that a draft would compel them to go, *Nolens, Volens*. This seems to us a piece of injustice, whether right or not judge you. Again, as to these new regiments being called the cream of the State, &c. Now to me, this seems an unfortunate comparison, for I have always been led to look to the top of milk for the cream, and to the bottom for the dregs. But if the friends of these new regiments adapt their comparison to a different time, *viz:* the drawing of the milk, and claim in their favor the old maxim, the nearer the bottom the richer, I would just suggest that when one is so near the bottom, the force necessary to extract it would naturally drag in much of *refuse*, which would not only be of no use, but a positive injury to the *cream*.

Yours as ever,

H. W. Loomis.

While Woodbury furnished volunteers for nearly every Connecticut organization, its particular interest always centered in the 5th Regiment, for which it raised Company E, a history of the organization of which has already been given, and in the 19th Regiment, afterwards changed to the 2d Connecticut Heavy Artille-

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ry, to which it contributed Company I, which Company was ever the pet of the town.

The Regiment was a Litchfield County Regiment, and had its birth in a County Mass Convention, held at Litchfield, July 22, 1862, at which nearly every town was represented, and over which Hon. Seth P. Beers, a native of Woodbury, presided, and made a stirring and patriotic speech. Immediately after the close of Gen. McClellan's disastrous Peninsular campaign, President Lincoln called for 300,000 volunteers. This call was seconded by a stirring proclamation from Gov. Buckingham, dated July 3, 1862, urging the people of Connecticut to raise six or more regiments at once. In response to these proclamations the County meeting was held, and a county regiment was resolved on. Woodbury resolved to raise one out of the ten companies composing it. The town, by its bounty votes, had encouraged the undertaking, and the old war recruiting committee entered into the work with a vigor never before equaled.

To give added zeal and encouragement to the patriotic undertaking, Charles G. Judson, Esq., a patriotic merchant of the city of New York, a native of Woodbury, offered an additional bounty of ten dollars each for the first thirty who should volunteer for the honor of his native town, in addition to the national, State and town bounties.

Meanwhile, the citizens generally encouraged and cheered on the work. Under all these favorable influences, though the prospect "at the front" looked dismal, volunteering proceeded very rapidly, and sixty-one men, about one twenty-fifth of the entire population, were enrolled in a very short time. Men of all ages, from 16 to 61 years of age, volunteered.[1]

In the early part of these efforts at enlisting, and preparing soldiers for the service, in pursuance of a call issued by Messrs. Charles H. Webb and Willis A. Strong, Representatives from Woodbury; Almon B. Downs, Representative from Southbury; Henry J. Peck, Representative from Bethlem; and Truman A. Warren, Senator from Watertown; the people of Woodbury and adjacent towns met at the Town Hall in Woodbury, on Friday evening, the 17th August, to devise and adopt some plan of concerted action for raising men and money in this district, for the war.

[1] Mr Ira Thomas, sixty-one years of age, was seized with the patriotic fire, dyed his grey whiskers and enlisted, appearing to be at least twenty years younger.

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The attendance was very large, and the meeting enthusiastic. It was organized by calling Hon. Thomas Bull to the Chair. Robert Peck and Nathaniel Smith were appointed Secretaries.

Dr. Charles H. Webb, on the part of the members of the Legislature who had issued the call, then stated that it was desirable that a Committee should be appointed by the citizens of Woodbury and neighborhood, charged in a special manner with the duty of enlisting volunteers, raising money, and corresponding with the State authorities, and such organizations as are exercising the same functions in other districts. He therefore moved that a Committee of three be appointed by the chair to confer together and report to the meeting the names of five citizens to constitute that committee, which motion, being put, was carried, and the chair appointed Daniel Curtiss, Henry Dawson and Robert Peck, as such committee of conference.

Addresses were then made by Abel Benedict, Rev. Charles E. Robinson, Rev. Mr. Silverthorne, Rev. John Churchill, Messrs. W. Cothren, James Huntington, Nathaniel Smith and Dr. S. B. Fairchild, interspersed with songs from Messrs. W. F. and F. A. Walker, and W. A. Gordon, assisted on the melodeon by Miss Cornelia J. Betts, the accomplished organist of St. Paul's.

The committee of conference then reported a list of five names to constitute a standing committee charged with correspondence, enlisting and the raising of money for volunteers, which was unanimously adopted by the meeting, as follows:—Doct. Chas. H. Webb, W. Cothren, Esq., James Huntington, Esq., Nathaniel Smith, Esq., Reuben J. Allen, Esq.

Whereupon, after voting that a town meeting be held in Woodbury to lay a tax to support the families of such as volunteer from the town, the meeting adjourned.

The Litchfield County Regiment was soon nearly full, and our company was in daily expectation of being called to enter camp at Litchfield, for instruction in the art of war, and, perhaps, to go immediately to the front. The ladies of the town therefore decided to give them a farewell banquet before they should be called away. The following, from the Waterbury American, printed at the time, gives a brief account of the proceedings on that interesting occasion:—

"Woodbury.—The ladies of Woodbury, with but a few hours previous notice, gave the volunteers of the town a splendid and bounteous farewell supper, at the Town Hall, last Thursday eve-

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ning. Three tables, reaching the whole length of the Hall, were loaded down with edibles, and many bushels more were held in reserve. A finer collation was never served up in old Woodbury. The ladies excelled themselves.

"At the request of the ladies, W. Cothren, Esq., presided, and made a short and touching address to the soldiers, and to the citizens, who were to remain behind and do their duty in caring for the families of our country's defenders. The crowd was so great inside and outside of the house, as well as in the second story of the building, that it became necessary to remove a window, and the President and Speakers were obliged to speak from the window-sill. It was estimated that more than half of the adult population of the town, of both sexes, was present.

"After the President's address, eloquent and patriotic speeches were made by James Huntington, Esq., Rev. Mr. Silverthorn, Rev. Mr. Churchill, Deacon T. Minor, and Mr. J. C. Polley, one of the volunteers; who, after alluding playfully to the fact that neither he nor his friends considered himself a public speaker, nor a *politician*, but simply a *polley-citizen*, made a feeling address to his comrades, who were going forth to the war with him.

"The Woodbury Quartette Club and String Band discoursed eloquent music during the evening, under the direction of Mr. Wm. Walker. Rev. Mr. Robinson, of the 1st Church, who was unable to attend on account of illness, sent in a kind note to the volunteers, enclosing thirty dollars for the war fund. The ladies offered a series of resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the meeting, with 'three cheers and a tiger' by the volunteers. Thus passed the largest and most enthusiastic meeting ever held in Woodbury, composed of its own citizens alone.

"The following Resolutions were offered by the Ladies of Woodbury, on the occasion:—

"*Resolved*, That in this great emergency of our country, our *hearts, hands and voices* shall unite in aiding the *good cause* for which our true-hearted men are struggling, and that though our hearts shall beat tumultuously as we bid our *dear ones* 'farewell, (for awhile,) that they shall still *beat time* to the music of the Union; and though our hands *do* tremble, they shall be firm when they point to the 'Starry Flag,' and that should our voices be faint, they shall gather strength as they cry 'God speed and God bless the volunteers.'

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"*Resolved*, That while we remember those who are departing, we will not forget those who remain behind. That the *lame*, the *halt* and the *blind* shall be tenderly cared for, and that we pledge ourselves to do our utmost to check the *alarming epidemic* which has invaded these hitherto healthy regions!

Resolved, That to those who, through *real* inability, or for some allowable reason, cannot go forth to do battle for their country, we respectfully suggest that the Lord loveth a free giver, and that their purses should grow lean in the service of such as are leaving families, who must depend upon Woodbury for aid. *Greatest* favors thankfully received. *Postage Stamps* a legal tender.

"*Resolved*, That we form ourselves into a *Home Guard*, and that we will frown upon all expressions of *Secession* sentiment; that we will hold ourselves insulted by a sneer at our *Country*, her *Flag*, or against those who are rising in her defense; that we will comfort the afflicted, care for the infirm, clothe the poor, send our volunteers substantial reminders of *home*, and, in short, turn our hands to whatever may be needful; even to gathering the crops, foddering the cattle, or protecting *ourselves*.

"*Resolved*, That, with a firm faith in God's goodness, and in the belief that 'He doeth all things well,' we commit to His care and keeping, our Country, and these her brave defenders who meet with us to-night; that our prayers shall ever ascend in their behalf; and that we will petition that those who wear His armor may keep it untarnished, and that such as are going forth without, may, through His grace, receive it ere long, burnished, and without a flaw.

"*Resolved*, That to such as are about to leave us in so holy a cause, we offer our sympathy, respect and thanks, and that our desire is, that in camp or battle-field, when God, their country and their *loved ones* are in their thoughts, we, *too*, the Ladies of Woodbury, may find a place amongst the remembered and the *loved*."

"At 8 A. M., on Sunday, Col. Wessells arrived in town, and ordered our volunteers immediately to Camp at Litchfield, pursuant to an order from the Governor by telegram. In the space of four hours, the volunteers were gathered from all parts of our valley, and marched into the grounds of W. Cothren, Esq., where a bountiful collation was immediately improvised by the Ladies. After this part of the proceedings was concluded, earnest and appropriate remarks, couched in tender, affectionate and cheering

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words, were made by Rev. Mr. Robinson, of Woodbury, and Rev. Mr. Lobdell, of Warren. After prayer by Mr. Robinson, the volunteers filled the carriages provided for them, and were escorted by many of our citizens to camp. The sound of the fife and drum, breaking the stillness of the Sabbath, was a strange sound to the ears of the present generation, residing in our quiet old valley."

It was indeed a strange scene for old Woodbury, that was beheld that bright and beautiful Lord's day. Col. Wessells did not send, but came himself. He had been notified by a telegram from Gov. Buckingham to gather his regiment together at the earliest moment, and all supposed that they would be called to the field of strife immediately. Special prayers were offered in all the churches for the success of the cause, and the safety of the loved ones so soon to leave us. In all the churches, also, the afternoon service was omitted, and all assembled at the grounds of the writer, to make arrangements for transporting the men to Litchfield, and to see in what way they could cheer and speed on the parting volunteers. It was indeed a strange scene for that peaceful Sabbath day—the hurrying to and fro to collect the soldiers, who were scattered to their homes, not expecting a call so sudden; the shrill sound of the fife, and the rattle of the drum, as the sounds re-echoed over the silent hills, the tears of husbands, wives, children, now separating to meet they knew not where—all filled the mind with inexpressible and unwonted emotions. And thus they parted from our beautiful valley, and followed the path of patriotic duty.

This was on the 24th of August, but, contrary to expectation, they were not called to leave Litchfield for the defenses of Washington, till Sept. 15th, 1862. While at Litchfield, the regiment encamped on a hill east of the village, and called their camp Dutton, in memory of Lieut. Henry M. Dutton, who had marched with Woodbury's first Company, the Valley Reds, and gave up his life in the great cause of his country, at Cedar Mountain.

"And so the 19th was encamped. In order to raise it, Litchfield County had given up the flower of her youth, the pride and hope of hundreds of her families; and they had by no means enlisted to fight for a superior class of men at home. There was no superior class at home. In moral qualities, in social worth, in every civil relation, they were the best that Connecticut had to give. More than *fifty* of the rank and file of the regiment subsequently

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found their way to commissions, and at least a hundred more proved themselves not one whit less competent or worthy to wear sash and saber, if it had been their fortune. It was the intelligent obedience, the soldierly bearing, the self-respect, the faithfulness, the wounds and blood of the enlisted men of the 19th Infantry, afterward the 2d Artillery, that averted defeat or secured victory for the cause of the Union upon more than one desperate field, and that purchased stars for more than one pair of shoulders.

The raising, fitting out, and marching of the regiments to the several positions assigned them in the field, were substantially alike, and the history of one is the history of all. Yet, they possess a thrilling interest to every thoughtful mind in the land. The writer therefore believes that he cannot devote a few pages of this work to a better use, than by giving an account of the march to Washington of our County regiment, containing in its ranks the last full company raised by the town during the rebellion, substantially as related to him by one of the Field officers of the regiment.[1]

"On the 11th Sept., 1862, the 19th Regiment of Volunteers, containing eight hundred and eighty-nine men, in the undress uniform of U. S. soldiers, were drawn up by companies, each in its own street, in Camp Dutton, Litchfield, Conn. Besides these, many hundred, men, women and children, thronged thither, not however attracted, as usual, by the stirring scenes of military duty—the flutter of flags, screaming of fifes, rattle of drums, ringing orders quickly repeated, and the swift evolutions of the drill, sights and sounds hitherto so unaccustomed to eye and ear in this peaceful land—but evincing, by the deep solemnity of their demeanor, a graver purpose than mere curiosity. The spectators mostly gather in the vicinity of the Adjutant's tent, on the Field and Staff street. There, a slight, young West Point officer, wearing the single bars of a 1st Lieutenant, and holding in his hand a statute-book, stands in the midst of the Regimental officers, closely watched by all. At a word from the Colonel, an orderly departs with a message, and a moment after Company A is seen advancing. At the moment its center is opposite the Lieutenant, it halts, fronts, dresses, and from a roll in his possession that officer calls the names on his list. Finding the proper number present for duty,

[1] Lieut. Colonel Nathaniel Smith, of Woodbury, who went out as Major of the Regiment.

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at a given signal, each man removes his cap, and stands with right hand uplifted, while the Lieutenant quietly, but distinctly, reads the oath of service for three years, or during the war, and closes the book. Caps are replaced, hands lowered, the command from the Captain, Company A, right-face, forward and file left, march. That is all.

"Yet in this short ceremony, as it continues through company after company, is that which none can witness without profound reflection, deep emotion!

"These men were not educated from youth to look on the soldiers,' as the only manly occupation. Yet, what nation of warriors, by birth, tradition, occupation, ever dared to trust the fidelity of ranks mustered with such simple forms.

"Among the Romans, not to be a soldier was not to be a man. Yet the legionary took the vow of fidelity in the presence of bleeding victims, sacrificial incense, and as a part of the solemn worship of the sacred standard. Even the poor gladiators about to slaughter each other in the mimic contest of the Arena, or the lake, first moved by in front of the imperial throne, to receive from the divinity thereon a consecrating nod in return for their sad salutation, 'Cæsar! we who are about to die, salute thee.'

"Yet in the Roman ceremonial was involved not one tithe the change which this short, military form wrought in these citizens of our land. A moment ago, and these men were protected in life and limb, as well as restrained from acts involving death, by the awful sanctions of vigilant laws. The oath is taken, and now the same government commands and obliges them to suffer mutilation and death, or else inflict them. Hitherto, theirs has been unrestrained liberty to go and come at will. *Now*, the attempt to do so would involve imprisonment, or loss of life. They have always sought happiness in such manner as they preferred. Now at the the choice of another, weariness, hunger, thirst, disease, discomfort, awful labor, scenes of horror untold, must be their experience. Always, as citizens, they have exercised control in the affairs of the nation, as participants in the sovereign authority. No one might command more than they. So now, in a moment, this imperial right is laid aside, and instant obedience, without question or hesitation, even to the laying down of life, at the orders of authorities whom they have not chosen, is duty not to be avoided.

"These are but a few of many changes that might be enume-

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rated, known, foreseen by the men who came so sadly, company after company, and took the vow of service, no one shrinking from the irrevocable step! Nor does the Government feel that any ceremony is necessary to impress on their minds a sense of the solemn duty undertaken. Where hearts are already consecrated, words are of small moment. The work is done in the will. These nine hundred are here because the Liberty and the land they love are in danger, and they are impelled by irresistable impulse to fly to the rescue. Only as soldiers can they help, and the oath which was made a sacrament to the Roman, that the fear of sacrilege might bind him, may safely be a mere uplifting of the hand, when but a mark of admission to a coveted duty, as in the case of these nobler hearts and purer souls.

"But, though short and simple, considered as the consummating act of self-dedication to the service of mankind—is there, can there be—among the vicissitudes of human life, a scene more gloriously sublime than this? Surely not, if we except the one where man proclaims his repentance toward, and trust in God. And even there we may recall, that the same authoritative voice that said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind and with all thy strength, did not separate from it the words, 'and thy neighbor as thyself.'

"That day, then, the 11th of Sept., 1862, which witnessed the mustering of the 19th Connecticut, should it not, as year after year it recurs, be fragrant with memories of their patriotism and devotion? Shall not all generations hold the sod on which the sons of Litchfield County devoted themselves to Liberty, as consecrated ground? And the mighty hill on whose summit, with uplifted hands they offered the sacrifice of their lives for their countrymen, shall it not thenceforth and forever be deemed a high and holy altar?

"Muster over, the four succeeding days (how swiftly they past), aside from drill, were one continuous bidding good bye. Yet the morning of the 16th Sept. found thousands gathered in and around the camp, for a last and then a final, and yet another farewell. In the tents and in the streets, what swarming of the loving that were to remain around the departing loved ones! I saw not a few pale faces wearing a forced smile, that promised tears to come—young hearts beating high with excitement and hope—grey heads sad with forebodings!

"Suddenly, from the Adjutant's tent comes the signal of prepa-

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ration. On all sides a hurried parting, last kisses of wives, mothers, sweethearts. The fathers or brothers hands grasped firmly for an instant, on all sides earnest requests to write—write as soon as you get to—write daily—write everything as it happens at home—don't forget to write.—God bless you—Don't fear for me—Don't forget me—Be a good boy—Hark! the stern command, 'fall in Co., &c.'—hurriedly the knapsack is thrown on—never again to be so heavy, especially after musket, bayonet, ammunition, rations, now wanting, are added—the roll calls resound from every quarter, as the Adjutant, our active Deming, swiftly moves down to the parade, accompanied with markers, right and left general guides, and band. There is a neighing of horses in the street beyond the line officers tents, where Field and Staff are mounting. The markers and guides are set, defining the line, at a signal from Deming. The music strikes up. From all the company streets is heard the cautionary command, followed by the emphatic *march*; then ten Companies issue simultaneously, swiftly, from the camp, moving hither and thither, for a moment in seeming, but picturesque confusion. Suddenly, order comes out of chaos, as each one drops into his place in line; there are successive orders of right dress, left dress, front; then guides, post, and the markers run the guides and retire to their posts behind the line. The Lieut. Colonel, who is to command, appears in front, is saluted, salutes in return, and draws his sword. At a notification from him, through the Adjutant, a company accompanied by the color sergeants, marches to the Colonel's tent, receives the beautiful State and U. S. flags, received a few days before from the hands of Hon. W. Curtiss Noyes, a gift from his beautiful wife. Meantime, the Adjutant has taken his post on the right, the Major acting as Lieut. Col., in the rear of the center of the right wing, and a death like stillness pervades the long, motionless line. What thoughts are crowding those throbbing veins? Softened in the dreamy haze of a sweet autumnal day, the massive rock-crowned hills and lovely valleys of the Switzerland of Connecticut, visible for many, many miles, from this lofty camp ground, seem in harmony with thoughts of only beauty, peace, repose. Yet who in that silent battalion does not foreknow full well that to hundreds now standing there, this must be the last earthly view of home and native land? Who does not ask himself, 'Is this for *me* the last?' But fife and drum denote the coming of the colors. A murmur of delight accompanies them, even now, as they pass, and the multi-

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tude notes their exquisite beauty. When next, something less than three years from to-day, they shall return to Litchfield, they shall be blood-stained, and their matchless embroidery shredded and rent by shot and shell. On the lines they mark a thousand men of Connecticut are hereafter to shed their blood!

"The escort passes in front of the center, and the colors come forward and halt. The Colonel commands present arms, and turning about, salutes them. The band executes three rolls, and then the color-bearers take their place in center and front of the color-guard. The escorting company moves swiftly and silently to its vacated place in the line, which it occupies. The final moment has come. Col. Kellogg's clarion voice rings out, Battalion, Right-F-a-c-e, Major, Adjutant, Sergeant-Major repeating. Hearts beat high along that line; each holds his breath in anticipation of the next order, which is to open the campaign, so momentous to those who are to obey, pregnant with honor, wounds, with death to so many in that line.—The drummers hold their sticks suspended, to strike exactly at the completion of the order. Every ear listens to catch the executory order, that all may move simultaneously. The Colonel rides down to the head of the column, (we are to move by the right flank,) and pausing, gives the preliminary command, 'Column FORWARD,' repeated as before. Then, after a quick glance down the line, to see that all is ready, snaps out the HARK, which is military for 'March'; instantly, each captain reëchoes it with energy, the drums and fifes strike up—each left foot moves as though the regiment were obeying a single impulse, and in beautiful order the 19th has entered on that long eventful march, whose last step shall be executed by less than 300 of these eight hundred and eighty-nine.

"The march from camp to the depot of the Naugatuck Railroad, accomplished, the horses placed on cars provided for them, the men seated on the train, and all in readiness, the bell rang its warning, the whistle gave notice, and amid the cheers of thousands, the waving of handkerchiefs and roll of drums, our journey toward Dixie began, as gaily as it drearily ended. Each town, each village and hamlet, gave us an ovation, differing one from another, not in enthusiasm, but in size only. The whole line of the road seemed to wave and flutter with flags. At Waterbury, Bridgeport, Norwalk and Stamford, thousands assembled to bid us Godspeed. Ladies brought refreshments, or threw flowers, or waved

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handkerchiefs.—Truly, this kind of heroism proved quite a pleasant thing.

"But ere we arrived in New York, our eyes were a little opened to the reality of the change in our circumstances. We were used to riding in first-class carriages, on express trains, if we preferred it. *Now*, however, "'twas little joy, to find" ourselves treated as *freight!* To see free people ride gaily by, while we were switched off the track to let them pass—to wait an hour at an obscure station, *expressly* to clear the track for an *accommodation* train—truly ours were the vexatious cars! Slower and slower we crawled along, seeing the afternoon wear on, the sun go down, and night shut us in from all gaity, and encouragement, until, hungry, weary, and cast down, we landed in upper N. Y. city, late in the night. This kind of heroism proved *not* quite a pleasant thing.

"An incident, showing the kind heart of Hon. Wm. Curtiss Noyes, may not be without interest to some. On the occasion of the Flag donation at Litchfield, a lady who was asked by him if there was anything he could do to assist herself or husband on his way to N. Y., replied, 'Thank you, sir, my husband has his military outfit complete, but should you happen to see the regiment when it passes through the City, won't you say another good-by to him for me?' 'Be assured I shall, madam!' was his answer. The regiment had but just descended from the cars, on its arrival, and in the darkness was slowly falling into line, when the officer referred to was taken by the hand, and the farewell by proxy, beautifully bidden, as Mr. Noyes had laughingly promised.

"From the cars, a slow, long march, through obscure streets, brought us to a steamboat so small that her decks were not only crowded, but massed, with our men. Soup and coffee were provided, but the first, seeming made of musty beans, salt-junk and salt-pork, *salted*, and the latter, of dried beans, without sugar or milk, were scarcely palatable to even our almost famished stomachs. Nor could all get even such fare. We were fastened to the dock in Jersey City, and the order given to march to the cars, before much more than half the men could, owing to the crowded state of the decks, get access to soup or coffee.

"All night long we plodded slowly on. Morning, with the cheerful sun, and the pleasant fields and orchards of New Jersey, brought also a renewal of the greetings, the cheers, and stirring wayside scenes of our departure from Connecticut. The recent

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terrible defeats of Pope, opening as they had the way for invasion from the South, had excited in these regions, as liable to suffer in that case, an interest in each new regiment journeying toward Dixie, which we were at a loss to understand, till reflection solved the problem. We received not only the greetings of villages and towns, but the schools rushed forth to line the track and cheer. Each isolated house sent its inmates to wave the flag, while the children climbed the fences to wave their hats and aprons.

"Hence we were cheerfully as well as hungrily ready for the kind welcome of Philadelphia. Well has that city proved her right and title to that name, 'Brotherly Love.' With one voice all of Uncle Sam's boys that, during that period of the war, had occasion to pass through that 'Haven of rest and delight' rise up and pronounce her blessed. There was rest for the weary. There, for those who were pressed with fatigue and want of accustomed sleep, we found cool baths prepared. There were exquisite coffee, delicious tea, and food abundant and substantial. After an hour or two in that kindly place, the regiment came forth, cheerful, hopeful, restored. City of Brotherly Love, thy name is fragrant in the memory of a half million of men, who knew from experience what thou wert in those days of trial!

"After somewhat of a march, a broad open space was reached, traversed in all directions by Railroad tracks, with innumerable switches, affording no shelter from the pelting rays of the sun, the 'boys' were halted, and 'rest'-ed, on the unshaded side of a high, dead wall, belonging to the enclosure of some great manufactory. Facing away from that, immediately in their front, was a long line of those unroofed slatted pens, which before the introduction of laws against cruelty to animals, were used to transport cattle and sheep. Scattered in confusion over the floor of each, were a quantity of planks. No train of cars for *human beings*, no engine, was visible.

"Here we waited and sweltered. At length, a powerful engine came down the road, and made fast to the cattle train. A conductor approached, and said that the transportation for the regiment was ready. Where? Why this train! A moments pause. But must the men stand up? Oh! no. There are on the bottom of each car planks to put *across*—let the ends rest on the slats!

"As the report passed, from those that heard it, down the line, there were many red faces. It was *hard* to be treated like, and to the filth of, the beasts! But they perish, and so shall we, was the

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consoling remark of one. We shall have a *pen-sive journey.* Cheer up said one. He who spills through will have an expensive turn out, said one—and look slatternly, was the reply.

"But the order came that broke each company by the right to the front, and sent it to occupy its allotted pens. No sooner had the first step of the march been taken, than, simultaneously, from front to rear of the battalion, there broke forth a chorus of roaring bulls, bellowing oxen, squeaking pigs. There were the Ba-a-ah's of sheep, the bleating of calves, and to such like music the 19th took up their quarters. The fun of the thing almost made them forget the discomfort, and even made the mortified officials of the Railroad laugh, in spite of themselves.

"I may here state, that for the rest of the trip to Washington we had *covered* cars, with permanent seats,—the worst of our accommodations consisting of freight cars fitted for passengers.

"Philadelphia to Wilmington, Wilmington to Havre-de-Grace, thence to Baltimore. Slowly, tediously, and in the dark, we commenced our march across this city by the route so sadly known as the scene of the attack on the 6th Massachusetts—the 'first blood of the war.' No incident served to recall that day of trouble and slaughter, save that as we moved silently along, a door was opened, and two pistol shots were fired into the street when we were passing. As no one was hit, the motive for firing was never inquired into. Indeed, so far as the majority of the city was concerned, its active and kindly hospitality rivalled that of Philadelphia. There was plenty of food and refreshments, provided by the city. Nice dishes and tables with white covers, were provided; the wide, broad depot, affording shelter, ventilation, and planks for sleeping quarters.

"But the man who exchanges a soft bed and regular hours for sleepless nights, and rest on a board, feels the same soreness of the muscles that schoolboys do after the first winter's skate. He *suffers.* He must be pressed by *severe* hunger before he can eat with relish the food which active campaigning can alone afford, and hence is weakened. Thirst, too, torments him, for warm water was an emetic, an active one, at home, and even coffee and tea with no sugar or milk, when he can get them, do not seem to his delicate nerves, quite palatable.

"Hence, those were a weary, and a faint and parched assembly, that threw themselves on the hard floor of the sheltering depot this night, and felt that to be 'intolerable and not to be endured,' which

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a month later, they would joyfully have voted to be luxurious in entertainment, and palatial in accommodation. Now, however, many eyes were blood-shot and faces pale. In the sequel we shall see this first journey resulting in much serious sickness.

"It had been supposed that New Orleans was to be the scene of our first soldiering. But, after several hours delay, they 'changed all that,' at Washington, whither we were ordered to proceed and report.

"Meanwhile, the Major was left in charge of the 19th. No guards had been changed since leaving Camp Dutton. Hence, Lieut. Betts (Co. I) and his guard, who had been on constant duty, were almost exhausted. Perhaps some sentinel winked, or was not yet acquainted with all his duty. At any rate, whisky found its way into the depot, and two men, afterwards well known for generous and brave soldiers when sober, and very devils when drunk, became raving from its effects. The Major caused their arrest by the guard, and after confining them, the whole thing was forgotten.

"Judge then the surprise of the 19th, when, a week or two after, being at Alexandria, papers from home reached them, stating that telegrams from Baltimore brought intelligence of a formidable mutiny having broken out at that place in said regiment, which was with difficulty quelled, after the serious injury of Col. Wessels, and mortally wounding of Capt. Rice. Any officer or man, who knew what manner of soldiers were called by that name, can testify that mutiny of a serious character was never a possibility under these flags.

"There was a long, tedious delay at Baltimore. Then more trials of what it was to journey as freight,—which was more tedious than marching, to limbs unused to plank cushions and cramped seats. Now and then a halt of an hour or so at some switch in the woods, would give the men a chance to learn the task of Chinqua pins, to wonder at flying twigs, and see the strange, uncouth snails, the 'Soothsayer,' the most uncouth of insects. Then the train would start, and on, on, on, toiling along, we slowly drew near to Washington, and entered there at nine at night—over six hours to gain forty miles.

"Oh! how well all remember the barracks where the regiment lay down by companies on the floor, when fatigue would by this time have brought sleep with it, spite of sore joints, had not the filth made sleep to most impossible. How horrible it was, is suffi-

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ciently shown by the fact that the men, *faint* from hunger, after such long fastings, *could not* swallow the food provided for them, from the nauseous stench. A weary night for beginners that, and homesick feelings began to show themselves, in long faces and silent broodings.

"With the hot morning, came directions to the regiment to fall in, which it did, loaded with its cumbersome knapsacks, such as no old campaigner would think of taking. Some choked down a little food—most were very hungry—all tired. While waiting for the two Colonels, who were engaged with the war authorities, the Surgeon reported over forty sick and unable to continue the march. It was a poor look out to leave sick men behind in such a place, but it had to be. Sergeant McKinney was detailed to take charge of them, and do the best he could for them, reporting to the regiment as soon as his men were declared able to march, or transportation could be found. As an instance of how trying that place was, Sergt. McK. was, before the next night, left in care of more than seventy, by commandants of other regiments. No small compliment to his observed efficiency. Several of these men were disabled permanently, and it was three days before the remainder were brought into camp, looking, with their officer, like ghosts.

"At ten A. M. we took up the line of march, down the road that leads to Long Bridge—destination, Camp Chase. The thought of green fields, tents, fresh air, was inspiriting. Down the dusty road we wound our serpentine length, when, arrived just where the Arsenal road crossed our route at right angles, in the very place of all hot Washinton! most miserably hot of all, where the air simmered over the unshaded avenue, and the feet sank above the ankles in burning sand, an aid rode up, spoke a word to Kellogg—now in Command—and battalion halt—rang out from the Lieut. Colonel. We were brought to a rest then and there. Our destination had been changed! Hour after hour passed on. Not till late in the afternoon did we resume the march. Scorched and parched, the weary men, *this* time, were headed toward the Arsenal dock, placed on board a government steamer, and just as the sun was setting, were landed at the coal dock, in Alexandria, Va.

"Here again, wait, wait, wait. Some commenced writing home. Some stretched out at full length on the sacred soil, hard as adamant now. Some few tried to amuse themselves by contrabands, dancing against each other. The genious who could ape Kellogg's

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voice so perfectly, several times called out, Attention Battalion! when a general rush took place for the ranks, but the men, soon seeing the regiment was in other charge, ceased to be hoaxed. Darkness came on—dancing and writing ceased—still we waited. The men were getting a little taste of real soldiering, in a mild form.

"Finally, when it was too late to see a step, Gen. Slough, Military Gov. Alexandria, Va., to whom the Colonels had reported the regiment, as ordered, for Provost duty in his department, decided where they should camp.

"March again, stumbling painfully along, in the pitch darkness, for a mile or so, till the halt came, when, being wheeled into column by companies, ordered to unsling knapsack and rest, the 19th knew that it was in camp. Tents? None—nothing but bare ground, Virginia clay, wet by rains a few days ago, trodden with the deep foot prints of cattle and since baked by the sun hard as brick. Rations? none. They had to be brought down from Camp Chase, ten miles.

"There was one thing, very decidedly a wonder even to our somewhat accustomed nostrils. Stench! Overpowering perfume! Pah! whence coming none could know, till morning disclosed a cordon of dead horses, surrounding us nearly half way, remains of Pope's disasters, and just ripe for the Turkey-Buzzards. Even those who had never seen the bird before, had little curiosity to know further of them, though the creatures were too stupidly blissful from gorging, to move more than a step or two when approached!

"Wearily, at length, our active Quartermaster came driving into camp. All night long, with a squad of men, he had been engaged in the heroic endeavor to harness unbroken mules to our regimental waggons, and bring the rations down. Patience and perseverance, in which he fortunately excelled, had conquered, finally, but not, as it was confidentially whispered by some of his men, till he had been put through a series of somersaults and involuntary antics, too ludicrous for this grave history to note.

"Moving a mile further on, we took up our permanent location on Shuter's hill, foot of King street, overlooking Alexandria, and after burying the dead horses and oxen on our plot, commenced getting ready to clear our camp.

"Thus commenced our stay of nearly two years, two weary years, in Alexandria, a place poisonous to soul and body. The

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morals of the regiment, fortunately, suffered little, but in health, the same could not be said.

"At ten o'clock this morning, lo! the trains from Camp Chase! The rations! and one heavy team after another, each drawn by four mules, turned out of the highway, and majestically formed line by the side of our 'camp.' They advanced to the 'music of the mule,'—Who that has ever heard their '*bugling*,' so strong, so melancholy, so energetic, and at the same time so prolonged with languishing into a steam engine's whisper, can ever once forget it.

FALL IN FOR RATIONS!

"Since twenty-six hours we have had no rations. These were uneatable. The common remark of the coffee at Washington was, 'slops collected in the street slop barrels.' There was grease floating abundantly on its surface. The interior, those that drank, looked not at, but tasted less, if *they could help it!* Food! there is but one word for it—it *stank*. Now here were *our own* rations and all were greatly relieved.

To expedite matters, the authorities sent down hams packed in barrels, and already boiled,—packed full, each barrel—and neatly headed up. A few boxes of hard-tack were also forth coming—three crackers to a man.

"So there was a speedy unloading of ham casks. The hoops of the heads were knocked upwards, and off; when, lo! the heads rose up, when no longer held in place by the hoops, *of themselves*. 'Jings, an't they full!' says a hungry fellow near by, with delight.

"A lid is lifted off, when, as McCauley sings:—

"Was none who would be foremost,
To lead such dire attack?
For those behind pressed foremost,
And those before cried back."

"'Packed in sawdust!' suggests one, mounted on a wheel overlooking others heads. No! 'Even measure, full, pressed down, and *running over*,' says another—'Alive again,' said another.

"There were those who were sickened at the endeavor to eat this. Think of those used to wholesome food but four days before, becoming so famished as to roll those hams out of their casks, and dissect the same to secure for their own use such portion as

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was not yet penetrated with the foul vermin, that seemed a seething mass.

On our camp at Shuter's hill was a gently inclined side-hill, rising sufficiently above the plains of Alexandria, to be free from malarious fogs, and facing the place of duty and drill. The drilling took place on a wide plain once a meadow, one hundred paces to our front. In about a month's constant work, it became as good an exercise ground as need be, in most kinds of weather. No place trodden, or driven on in that part of Virginia, is other than intolerably dusty, or equally muddy, as the weather approached extremes. Almost all the knolls and intervening ravines 'south of the Potomac,' have clay on the surface varying from eight to twenty-five feet in depth. Under this lies a bed or strata of varying thickness, say one foot to 5 feet, of something resembling red gravel mixed with pebbles, the whole so far fuzed that the gravel has been *wholly* melted. After this, suppose the pasty result of the melting process to have been hardened gradually, around and inclosing the pebbles so slowly as not to crack in the process, and you have an approach to an idea of what Arlington Heights and the rear of Alexandria are in respect to soil. Rain cannot penetrate the conglomerate, and be carried off. Consequntly, the clay above, after long rains, becomes complete mortar, when worked up by any disturbing agency. No ventilation reaches it from below, therefore when dried it is as hard as a brick. When frosts come on in the fall hard enough to freeze from two to five inches of surface, the contraction causes the surface to crack, the crack penetrating below the frozen surface, the vapor rises through it, and congeals at the surface, on the lips of the fissure, and, as the ices form, builds a little, or rather, a thin wall on each side, exactly parallel, or coinciding, and some times six to eight inches high. Sometimes this efflorescence is extremely beautiful—in fact quite fairy-like, when enclosing, for many acres, little patches of irregular shape; from some little 'keep,' six inches on a side, to some large fortress, containing four square yards.

"This is a curious instance of nature forming icicles *pointing upwards*.

"It is impossible for those who have seen nothing of this kind to believe how stifling the dust is, even in winter, or how impassable to man or beast, except for the few first passing over a place, this Virginia soil becomes.

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"Such being the location of the camp and its soil, it will be seen that our position as to health, would be very greatly modified by these several facts.

"It was almost impossible to maintain a camp anywhere without great labor and constant, intelligent policeing. The water everywhere would be almost surface water, without filtration through the lower strata. On the plateau back of our camp, and draining through it, some fifty acres of land were occupied by the Convalescent Camp, which was without drainage, sinks, cleanly tents, or orderly arrangements of any kind, but were filled with universal filth. Back of our camp, and draining through it, were scores of disused sinks, which, when it rained, discharged their overflow through the drains of our streets. The burial ground of the Convalescent Camp, in which from one to ten were buried daily, was not more than ten rods from our camp streets, and sloped into them. Such water, therefore, as could be obtained here, could be but poison. A stream draining a long highway, both sides of which were strewn with decomposing dead animals, flowed within a stone's throw of us. Another similar stream crossed the valley, on the banks of which there were never less than from 50 to 100 dead horses, and a slaughter-house besides—a mass of reeking corruption emptying into it. Directly north was an immense cattle yard, capable of holding 3,000 head of cattle, and this drained into that stream. South of Kings street was a like government slaughter-yard, all the offal of which was discharged into the stream. A small well of water near this stream, after all its accumulation of filth, furnished the best drink the camp afforded.

It is to this day difficult to see why the government should send soldiers into such a 'charnel-house of death' as this,'especially when there were better places but a little way off, and the duty to which they were appointed could be done just as well, with only a little more marching. It cannot be thought strange that the men almost immediately began to sicken and die, and the flower of Litchfield County to be sent back, to be tenderly buried among their kindred at home. To be sure, if it was necessary that some should die then and there, that the country might live, some might think that it was better thus to die by disease, and be cared for, and buried in a Christian way, than to die by the bullet or the shell, or the bayonet, amid the din and smoke of battle, and be hastily buried by comrades in the shallow ditch, and in the

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military dress in which they fought, uncoffined, trusting only in a soldier's God, yet it has always seemed to the heroic soul, in all ages, which devoted itself to its country, that it was better to die fighting nobly in the crash of battle, and make return of the doings of a life devoted to duty to the Great Author of all, without the accompaniment of funeral rites, and the pageants of magnificent sorrow.

[1] "Alexandria, under martial law ever since the breaking out of the war, had suffered unspeakable things from the troops on duty in her streets, or quartered in her environs, and the Alexandrians had come to regard a soldier as a scoundrel, always and everywhere. But the 19th Connecticut had not been a week in Virginia before the self-respecting good behavior of its men became the general theme, and the authorities were petitioned by the citizens—nearly all of whom were rebels—not to remove that regiment from Alexandria.

"On the 22d of September, a detail of five officers and seventy men relieved the patrol of the 33d Massachusetts in Alexandria, and the same was daily furnished during the remainder of 1862. It was the duty of the patrol to move about the city in small squads, or stand guard at theatres and certain other places, and arrest all soldiers who could not produce passes, or who were in mischief, and bring them to the Provost Marshal's office, whence they were usually escorted to the 'Slave-Pen' in Duke Street,—a horrible den, with the following sign in large letters over the door: 'Price & Burch, Dealers in Slaves.'

"From the soft beds and regular habits of Connecticut homes, to the hard ground, severe duties, irregular sleep, bad food and worse water of a Virginia camp, was a change that could not be made without loss of health and life. Measles and Mumps began to prevail; Rheumatism made the men lame, Chronic Diarrhœa weakened them, Typhod Fever fired their blood, and Jaundice painted their skins and eye-balls yellower than saffron. Two hospital tents were soon filled to overflowing, and an African Church near by was appropriated as a Regimental Hospital; while the 'Sick Call' brought to the Surgeon's quarters a daily increasing crowd, who desired medical treatment or an excuse from duty."

It was not wonderful that, with the multiplied sickness in camp, and with the ability which every citizen soldier possessed of wri-

[1] Vaills' Hist. of 2d Conn. H. Art. Volunteers.

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ting home his complaints, more or less just, that charges should be made against the officers,—*or somebody*. Such complaints were made, and by request of Colonel Wessells, Gov. Buckingham appointed a Committee to examine into the condition of the camp.

"Six days thereafter, Dr. S. T. Salisbury, of Plymouth, arrived at regimental headquarters, with credentials from the Governor. Colonel Kellogg requested him to scrutinize closely. 'There are our jurors,' said he, pointing to the men. 'Enter their quarters and question them. We will abide by their decision.' Dr. Salisbury, upon his return to Connecticut, made a report which exonerated the officers from blame. He said that no New England village could surpass the camp in neatness, and that everything possible was being done for the welfare of the men. He found the wives of Lieutenant Colonel Kellogg and Major Smith devotedly assisting in the care of the sick; and General Slough informed him that the 19th Connecticut was the best conducted regiment in all that region."[1]

The regiment was now located, for the balance of the year, and a few incidents of life in camp will be added, mainly, as kindly furnished the author from the "Diary" kept by the accomplished wife of Lieut. Col. Smith, then Major of the regiment. Moved by a patriotic impulse to do what she could to care for the soldiers in the hospital, where they so much needed the kindly attentions of woman, she had joined her husband in camp, early after the regiment had been permanently located, and her praise was on the lips of all our sick soldiers.

"Nov. 3d, 1862. Last night we had the first death in the regiment, and it has made us all sad. I have been up to the tent where the body lies, previous to embalming. He looks peacefully at rest, and my tears fall more for his friends than for him. He was a young Lyman, from Goshen, and only about 18 years of age. They report another death this morning. We hope Gen. Slough will see the bad result of giving this regiment such hard work to perform, and will, in a measure, release the strain upon the poor fellows, who have been on duty ten days and nights in succession.

"This region is furroughed with graves. Fairfax Seminary—

[1] Veille' Hist.

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now a hospital, and a most beautiful building—is just opposite us, beyond a ravine. Almost everywhere around, a little apart from the road, I can see the tell-tale mounds, without headmarks, where some poor fellow has been tucked away. Oh! horrid, horrid War! In the old burial grounds, in amongst many a family group, one sees a nameless grave, new made, shallow dug, in which some Northern soldier has been laid. But how long will his bones remain there untouched? Will they not, at a later day, be rudely ejected to make room for some returning, rightful owner? Will they not be scornfully thrown aside as the remains of a "Cursed Yankee." I cannot bear to think that the time may come when unhallowed revenge shall be taken upon the dead, and our best Northern blood have served only to enrich this vile, Virginia soil.

The first death that occurred in our Woodbury Company I, was that of Corporal John L. White, on the 13th of November, 1862, and the second, that of James C. Polley, on the 19th. The sickness and death of the latter, is thus alluded to in Mrs. Smith's Diary:—

"ALEXANDRIA, Dec. 5, 1862.

"Two days before I was taken sick, Mr. Polley came to see me, looking so well;—but while I was in bed, he sickened, and I found him, when I got out, in hospital, sick with typhoid fever. He was very glad to see me. I talked with him awhile, and urged him to eat. The difficulty with this fever, in the commencement is, the absolute loathing one has for food. Mr. Polley said he could eat, if I would make him some chicken tea. So I sent all over town for a chicken, and finally, the servant returned with a nice, tender one. I made it into an absolute jelly, thickened it with isinglass, and took it over just at tea-time. It was early morning when I had promised it to him, and he had refused all food till I came. Having but one hand, I could not feed him, but the nurse did, and he smacked his lips and said, 'Oh, splendid, I can eat it all.' But he soon wanted to rest, and then insisted it should be put under his bed, for fear some one should get it. And so, for several days I visited him, carrying him almost all he eat, and standing by him. I counted so many swallows at a time, for he would always eat for me, and always knew me, till the last. Two days before he died, I went over to see him, and my heart sunk. There was that fatal drop of jaw, and that look of the eye, as if it were piercing dist-

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ance. I have learned, alas! to know the death-mark, unerringly! It did not seem as if we could let him die—he was so patient—every one was interested in him. All the officers and men and nurses, clung to the idea that he would rally, and so we all hoped. But he was sinking beyond our reach. I asked him if I should not write to his family. He said yes. I asked him what I should write. The fever was very high upon him then, and, as I fanned the flies off his face and pushed his hair away, he looked up in my face, wanderingly. It was but for a moment, and then he smiled, and said:—"Oh, Mrs. Smith, write to my family as you think best for them and me. Your judgment will judge for me better than my judgment could judge." That night I got Mrs Kellogg to write to Mrs. Polley, at my dictation, but my letter must have been preceded by the sad telegram of his death. The night before he died, I took him eggs, beat up in whiskey and sugar, and though he did not want to take it, he did, when I asked him to take it for his family. It was very strong, and he looked at me with a smile, and said, "Is this food?" I took his poor, hot hand in my cool one, and held it for a few moments, said a few words of cheer and comfort from a Source which he knew well, and left him, feeling in my heart, that ere dawn he would be at rest. About six o'clock, the same morning, he prayed in a strong, clear voice, so that they heard him all over the hospital, and in a few moments, without a struggle, he had gone home! They sent me word as soon as I was up, and geting some white chrysanthumous, and beautiful box, from a neighbor, I made a cross and bouquet, and when he was ready, they came for me to place them upon his body. He looked so calm, and so utterly at peace, that, except for his wife and little children, I had no tears. We placed the cross in his hands, and the bouquet on his feet, and then he was slowly borne away to the town, to be embalmed, the Masons bearing all the expense."

A few days later is recorded the following picture of the Convalescent Camp, which was at that time a disgrace to humanity and a shame to the nation, that was pouring forth its treasures, like water, to sustain the war!

"It is fearfully cold to-day. We have had quite a heavy fall of snow, and the wind blows piercingly. It was a bitter night, though we were perfectly comfortable; but we lay awake a long while, thinking of the poor convalescents above us, and of our

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brave fellows at the front. There must be a vast amount of suffering among them, for they have nothing but shelter tents and a blanket to protect them against the blast. There is one poor cripple in the Convalescent Camp, who comes on crutches up the hill, and while hanging on one, he works away at the old stumps, from which he gets a few miserable splinters. Day before yesterday I saw a thin, shadowy man, with a remnant of an old blanket, painfully gleaning chips into it, where others stronger, or smarter than he, had chopped up whole trees. I said to him, 'are you going to have a good fire?' 'Yes 'm,' said he, and his teeth chattered.—'I am so *very* cold.' A mile, and even two miles out, you may see exhausted beings staggering home with armsfull of twiggs, and this morning the guard found, on the edge of our camp, above, a man clinging to a precious faggot, but dead!—frozen to death! His fire on earth was never lighted. His own lamp of life went out in the effort. But Heaven grant that that poor sufferer shall be among the 'comforted' hereafter. I cannot express too strongly my horror of the institution called the Convalescent Camp. Men who have been sent from the hospitals to join their regiments, have been left to *rot* in this camp, where dirt, disease and lice, abound! They are allowed to freeze to death, while fat secessionists have Union guards to protect their trees and fences! As I write, the sun is setting, and in the dread of a long and freezing night, men almost frenzied with cold, are working away at old roots on the hill. So far they have respected the wooden head-boards of the grave-yard, but the bits they are painfully cutting are covered with frozen snow, and I have seen them look longingly at the seasoned pine over the graves. I have no right to carry them some sticks from here. The whole Convalescent Camp would be down upon us; but, as I sit here by a warm fire, with a heart aching for those poor fellows, that same heart keeps up a reproachful refrain—'Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto others ye have not done it unto me.'—Oh, you at home with warm houses and bright lights and glowing fires, think, this fearful weather, of those who have nothing but a frail canvass between them and the freezing night air."

The following is a graceful tribute to Colonel Kellogg:

"Colonel Kellogg, though very *rough*, is one of the softest hearted men I ever saw. He is a great traveler, and a man of

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wonderful information, while his powers of description are rare.

His men are attached to him, and respect him, and those who see him as I do, kind-hearted, full of sympathy for the sick, and with tears in his eyes at the sight of suffering he cannot alleviate. know, that in spite of rough words and looks, he is a good man, as well as a strict disciplinarian and soldier.

"Again at the hospital. I fear we have two more doomed ones in there. One man, who is deranged, requested yesterday, that if he died, his body should be sent home. That is the last cry of all these poor fellows. Send me home! Don't bury me in this horrid land of traitors and secession! Send me home to the old graveyard, with its mossy stones and its drooping trees, the resting place of generations of ancestors and remembered loved ones—Send me home! Send me home!"

"Dec. 22, 1862. I did not sleep much last night, from some reason or other. But the nights do not seem long. Every two hours the relief comes along, and I hear the challenge and the change of sentinels—then, at midnight, the grand rounds. Then I can hear variously tuned snores, and oh! the coughs! The variety and the number are astonishing. There is the surface rack, and the cavernous—the throaty gag and the wrenching—the labored and the catarrhal, the near, the distant, and the dreary, dry cough, which tells that consumption is nigh at hand. Sometimes, too, I have heard from the street tents the home-sick out-cry of some poor fellow, who has been the *mother-boy* at home, and bitter cold nights I could have shed tears, too, for 'those I left behind me.' Alas! alas! for a soldier's life. The old song that it is full of joy, may do well enough for the 'piping times of peace,' but in days of war, and intestine war too, the song is a mocking lie."

The next extract from the 'diary,' which will be given, is the touching account of the sickness and death of Corporal, or rather 2d Lieut. Frederick Whitlock. Though in chronological order this would belong in the place allotted to the events of the early days of 1863, yet in the grouping of incidents, it comes in more properly here.

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Whitlock was always, though younger in years, one of the author's most considerate, firm, and faithful friends. Indeed, that was his nature. He was true, genial and faithful to all. His countenance and his life were ever sunny. It is with a full heart that the writer records his virtues on this memorial page.

As has been seen, immediately after the disastrous battles of the "Seven Days in the Wilderness," under the leadership of McClellan, the President called for 300,000 volunteers. As an inducement to earnest recruiting, Gov. Buckingham ordered, that every suitable candidate who should enlist forty men, should receive a 2d Lieutenant's Commission. Under this provision, Whitlock procured enlistment papers from the Adjutant General, and opened a recruiting office in Woodbury. But learning that Mr. Eli Sperry, who afterwards became Captain of our Co. I, had also obtained papers for the same purpose of obtaining a commission, which bore date a day or two earlier, and believing that it would be highly detrimental to the cause of enlistments, if two opposing offices should be kept open in our small, rural community, with a most praise worthy patriotism he closed his office, returned his papers, repaired to New Haven, enlisted the 15th of August, 1862, and was mustered in as a private, in Co. F, of the 20th regiment. He was very soon promoted Corporal and Sergeant, for faithful service. But his ambition led him to undertake to do too much. The 20th regiment was called upon to do heavy marching, the latter part of the year, and being determined to do the work of the strongest, he fell sick, and was sent to Trinity General Hospital, at Washington. The writer had been in recent correspondence with him. Whitlock knew that he expected to visit the camps in a few days, and had arranged for a meeting. He had important matters which he said he wished to submit to him, expressing the greatest solicitude to see him. The writer desired, on his part, to see him, and accomplish his wishes, if possible. He accordingly went to Washington, but on account of a general order, promulgated the very day of his arrival, he was unable to get a pass to go any further than the "Defences of Washington and Alexandria." Whitlock, meanwhile, was with his regiment at Fairfax Court-House. It turned out in the sequel, that he was carried through Alexandria, sick, to Washington, the very day the writer

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was there, seeking a pass to go to him. After a visit to the soldiers in the camp, he returned to Washington, and was there till the day Whitlock died, almost within a stone's throw of him, but was unaware of his presence in the city, and returned home in ignorance of it. The writer has never ceased to regret, that while each sought the other with such perseverance, they could not have met, and that the poor sufferer's dying hours could not have been soothed by his life-long friend. It would have been a great privilege to have been permitted to do something to alleviate the pains of such a friend, while passing "over the dark river." But the secret he so much desired to impart died with him. We may fondly hope that so great, so kind, so good a heart, has found nobler employment beyond the portals of death.

There was another sad circumstance in his death at this time. He had so well fulfilled his duties as a soldier, that Gov. Buckingham granted him a commission as 2d Lieutenant, and the commission reached him while in a state of insensibility, too late for him to know that his ambition had been gratified, and his merit rewarded. He died Jan. 24, 1863. His body was embalmed, sent to New York, and buried in Greenwood Cemetery.

Two extracts from Mrs. Smith's "diary" follow:—

"FRED. WHITLOCK.—6th Jan., 1863. I have been much amused to-day, by the account that Lieut. Col. Wooster, of the 20th C. V., has given us of Corporal Whitlock. He says he is all energy and spunk, determined to keep up with the biggest and burliest soldiers, and die game, if he dies at all. The regiment has been, from the outset, exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, never having remained stationary in any ony one place long enough to make themselves comfortable, and unprovided with other than the shelter tent. They have been continually on long, forced marches, sometimes for several days together, and Fred. has resolutely kept up with the best of them, refusing to lighten his knapsack or even to put his baggage into one of the regimental wagons, as the Colonel told him to do. He seems to be a great favorite and a good soldier. Colonel Wooster spoke of him with great friendliness and kindness."

"January 25th, 1863.

"My heart aches with bitter pain and my eyes overflow. Poor Fred. Whitlock is dead—dead in the hospital at Washington, and

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no one to care for his body, or communicate with his friends but myself! The last time I saw him, he, my husband and myself exchanged good-byes at Southbury; Fred., full of enthusiasm and military zeal. The next I heard of him was through Lieut. Col. Wooster, of the 20th C. V. Day before yesterday I received a large envelope, franked by a member of Congress, and addressed to me at Fort Barnard. The note enclosed proved to be from Fred., telling me he had been taken to Trinity General Hospital, at Washington, sick with bilious fever, and asking me to send word to Walter, (his brother, of the 1st Conn. Heavy Artillery.) He wrote me that he was in need of clothes, and to ask Walter to bring some for him. Fort Barnard, where Walter is, is three miles from here, and it was impossible to send that night. I sent for Dr. Lawton, who was previously surgeon of the 20th, and the one who examined and passed Fred., and who, supposing at that time he should remain in the 20th, could discharge Fred. later, if he felt unable to continue! Most fortunately, the doctor was going to Washington in the morning, (yesterday,) and I gave him Fred's address, and a note for him, and he promised to go and see him. The weather was such that I could not get out, as we have no conveyance here now, except our feet, or I should have gone with Dr. Lawton myself, and seen what I could do. Just as we were preparing to send our Orderly to Fort Barnard, Walter came in, and I told him about Fred., and that he had better return immediately, and spend the afternoon in getting a pass for Washington—a long job now, as it has to go through so many hands before completion. Last evening Dr. Lawton returned, with the most unexpected information, that he found Fred. in the Dead House!—the poor fellow had died that morning! They told the doctor that he had been brought there on the 18th, and had been unconscious almost ever since he had been there, only rallying long enough to ask to have one letter written to a lady. He died easily and unconsciously, but the doctor tells me he was so emaciated, he should not have known him. His letter was dated the 19th, and I did not receive it till the 23d. Had it been simply stamped, I should, probably, have got it in season to have gone to Washington. I cannot conceive the cause of its delay. At day-light this morning, we sent an Orderly over to Walter with a note from me, telling him the sad news, and hurrying him to Washington. Dr. Lawton told them at the Hospital not to bury poor Fred. to-day, but to wait

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until they heard from me. I telegraphed to his brother, Duncan, last night, and have also requested that Fred. be kept above ground until to-morrow. At eleven this morning, poor Walter, pale, with his eyes swollen by weeping, came and told me he had been waiting since early morning to get his pass signed by Gen. Tyler, who was asleep and no one dared to wake him! Poor fellow! his spirit seemed utterly broken, and in his utter loneliness I deeply sympathized with him. The sisterly sympathy did him good, and he left me feeling a little more courage and strength. I have written to his sister, Eliza, and told the story as gently as I could, but I could not modify the dispatch, which stated "Your brother Fred. is dead. Have ordered embalming—come immediately." How little did I ever suppose that when the last came, I should be the means of saving the 'Little Corporal' from a Hospital grave, and be the only link between him and his friends at home. Oh! if I could have received his *last* letter soon enough for me to have gone to him, that I might have gathered some final words for his mother, his sister, and brothers—some last thoughts for his 'loved ones at home!' When Walter reached the Hospital, he found that the body had just been carried away to the 'Soldier Rest,' about five miles from Washington, and the poor fellow started after it. He reached there just five minutes sooner than the hearse, and was enabled to take his brother's remains back with him, and commit them to the care of the embalmer, who would forward them to New York.

"HARVEY H. FOX'S DEATH.—Feb. 1st, 1863. I went over this morning to the hospital, and was shocked at finding Harvey H. Fox at death's door. I had seen him on guard two days before, and spoken to him, and thought then, the man looked miserably. When he saw me come up to his bedside, he held out his hand, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. I saw the same fatal symptoms that I have learned to know so well, and, even then, I felt that no earthly power could avail anything. Oh! all of you at home! Can you imagine what it is to see so many lying down to die—to bid so many good-bye!

Feb. 4th.—Poor Fox died this morning. I went over as early as I could, but he was dead before I reached the Hospital. He

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knew he must die, and did not murmur, but he *did* mourn that his wife could not come to him. He looks very calm, and died very quietly. The touch of the mighty Angel of Death has modified and ameliorated the harsh lines of his face, and his poor, bereaved wife and family will have a last look at his still, manful countenance, when the body, which his company have had embalmed, reaches Woodbury."

These sad recitals give us mournful, but living pictures of the sad scenes of sickness and death, on the malarious "old Camp Ground" at Alexandria.

On the 28th of December, 1862, the regiment had a specimen of the emotions they would experience on their first call to battle, and that sort of contest most dreaded by soldiers—a night attack, when one is not sure of distinguishing friend from foe. It is fully described in the following extract:—

"ALEXANDRIA, Dec. 20, 1862.

"Last evening, about six o'clock, Colonel Kellogg came in to say that Capt. Rice, who commanded our pickets and patrol in town, had sent word that the Stuart cavalry were within seven or eight miles of us, and evidently about to make a raid into this immense depot of army stores. If true, the 19th would be called into action—if not true, it would do no harm to be found watching. My husband immediately told me that I must go over to the tavern, and Mrs. Colonel Kellogg received like orders. Without waiting for any thing but to gather one or two precious objects, bidding our husbands a God-speed, and a good-night, we left the camp. We considered the reports exaggerated, and did not feel very great apprehension of an attack, but we heard so much worse things at the secession tavern, that we got thoroughly alarmed. The family is kind, and likes the trust-worthy, *gentlemanly* soldiers of the 19th, and we knew we were safe enough there for the present, though had we had time, we should have gone up to Washington. As it was, however, the Colonel and Major felt a sense of comfort in our location, and *we* were glad to be near them. About ten o'clock we retired—five of us in one room—Mrs. Kellogg's little boy, and the daughters of the house—Union and rebel—making common cause, and utterly forgetting differences, or dislikes. Mrs. Kellogg and I took a bed near a window overlooking the road, and part of our camp, and while we talked, the rest

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all fell soundly asleep, and absolute stillness came over all surroundings. About eleven o'clock, our listening ears were struck by a stealthy, but steady and stern tramp, and, springing to the window, we saw the 19th drawing up in battle line just across the road, to the right! They were going to fight, then, our brave boys! Going out under the bright moonlight to risk their lives for their country! Marching out to meet an enemy 8,000 strong. It was to be the same old story of a few sent against the many—of sacrifice, blood-shed, and, probable defeat. We knew by the splendid, *silent* march of our men with their glittering muskets, that the enemy would meet with no timid, or straggling foe, but as Colonel Kellogg said, that 'the 19th would make some *pretty bad sores* before it got through!' Still, our position was one of agony, for beneath our window stretched that glittering line, and we could hear the dear, well-known voices of our husbands, ringing their commands through the clear moonlight air. Promptly, silently, grimly did our noble regiment stand ready for whatever might be its fate, and still the child and the two girls slept placidly on, and one of the kittens, a favorite of mine, stole up into my lap, purring cozily. By this time I was up and dressed, and as the moonlight brightened, and the shadows deepened, every stump on Shuter's Hill, and every break in the ground filled our straining eyes with pictures of approaching rebels, or friends and reënforcements. Presently, the 19th marched to the brow of the hill, and the men lay down upon their arms. Then, later they returned to camp, and, on their arms again lay down. But not for a long time. Five mounted soldiers dashed into camp, and in two minutes the Adjutant's cry of 'Fall in' was heard, and in a moment more, the men turned out, formed, and without a word, without bugle-note or drum-beat, they marched down the road, and we saw our husbands and our regiment disappear in the moonlit distance. Then, for a moment—only for a moment—we broke down. And still the little boy slept peacefully, the girls were quiet, and pussy purred cosily on my knee.

Then, in the camp of the 153d New York, all was stir, bustle, and confusion. They received notification at the same time our regiment did, but with their usual green, unsoldierly performances, they drummed, and tooted, and shouted, and beat the long-roll of alarm, so familiar to me in the French 'rappel,' of insurrectionary memory. *Four hours* later than the 19th, they marched by the house in full rig—officers all mounted—every one of ours afoot—

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flags flying, baggage-wagons, with three days rations, two ambulances, the medical staff, drums, fifes, bugles and all! Between time's about 150 men—all that remained of the 1st District of Columbia, the oldest volunteer regiment in the service, had gone quietly by, and then all settled into loneliness and quiet, only interrupted by the rapid gallop of an orderly, the low rumble of an ambulance, or the hurry and rush of the loaded trains, conveying all the rolling stock, and movable government property to Washington, or the distant cries of vast droves of cattle being driven from just below our camp over to Long Bridge. Meantime, the forts kept up vivid signals, and, at times, the glare from Fort Ellsworth, reddened our faces, and crimsoned the moonlight on the floor. And the two girls slept, and the child breathed heavily, and kitty purred happily, and the two wives listened and waited, counting hour after hour, rejoicing as each moment passed, that no sound of fight reached us. And all through the night, in the chill night air, our regiment stood in battle line across the road, with the 1st Dist. of Columbia on the left, and the 153d New York on the right, the forts but poorly manned, and with no short-range guns, stretching along towards Washington. The Rebels came within four miles of them, but the night was so bright, and their opponents awake, they retired toward Fairfax, and the threatened rebel raid was choked off for once.

"The Colonel and Major were delighted with the readiness and pluck of the men, and the excitement has done the men good. They feel a confidence in themselves, and in their officers. Not a man fell back, or faltered. And I must mention, that what with the sick, the men detained in town, and at Parole Camp, they did not muster quite 500 strong, but many a complainer, and several but lately from the Hospital, turned out with the rest, and ran their chances of life and death. Alexandria rings, to-day, with praises of the 19th—Union and Rebel alike. For the rebels dread a raid of their own army, terribly, and pin their faith to the 19th, as a protection."

"ALEXANDRIA, Va., Jan. 12th, 1863.

"Farewell to the camp on Shuter's Hill! Good-bye to our old home, in this pest-house of the 'Sacred soil!' The men have suf-

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fered and died, and are sickening and dying still, but we hope change of air will bring them up, and restore to us many who are now in the hospital. Yet there is a kind of home-sick feeling comes across me, as I look over the well-known ground, and see nothing but the remnants of our various abodes The signal for striking tents was given at daylight, and at the drum-beat, down, down went the canvass city, and lay prone upon the ground. Then the streets, which every day have been military and quiet, were like suddenly disturbed ant-hills, perfectly swarming with life and excitement. Then the fun and the frolic began, and the ladies stood upon the hill-top, and laughed till we were tired, at the performances of the men. They had rat chases to their hearts' content. Such well-fed fellows as plunged out from beneath tent-floors, to meet a sudden death, I have seldom had the pleasure of seeing. Officers and men, darkies and citizens—one and all—joined in the race, and hundreds of the horrid vermin lie this morning upon the deserted ground, testifying to their struggles and death. What a scene the home of the 19th presents! The neat, well-ordered streets are almost obliterated by rubbish and remnants. Old boots, cast-off caps, mateless stockings, burnt-out stoves, bristle-less blacking-brushes, old papers, broken boxes smashed bottles, fag-ends of ropes, bits of leather, rusty iron—every conceivable thing once useful and desirable, now become, as everything else becomes—rubbish. Yesterday, when the wagons were being packed, the camp swarmed with camp-followers, eager-eyed, and light-fingered, grabbing right and left, and stowing into dirty bags, everything they could scrape together. They rushed past sentinels with bayonets, defied captains, insulted guards, and boldly plied their plundering trade directly under the noses of the military authorities. Even the officers caught the stealing mania, and robbed each other, relentlessly. Capt. Williams fought valiantly for his dry-goods and groceries, and finally succeeded in retaining his bedstead and mess-chest, by setting on the one, and putting his feet on the other. When he heard us laughing at his mishaps, he shook a broom at us, and just at that moment the Adjutant rode up, seized it, and made off with it in triumph. Then the captain lowered his head over the remnants of his possessions, and—did not weep!

"The regiment moved up the Leesburg Pike, passed Fairfax Seminary, and encamped among the stumps, a few rods from the abbatis of Fort Worth. The liability of an immediate call to the

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front was now so far diminished that there was a very noticeable relaxation of military rigor. Dress Parade, Guard Mounting, and Camp Guard, were for some days the only disciplinary duties required, and great was the enjoyment afforded by the respite. Stumps were to be cleared away, and ditching and draining done for a camp and parade ground; and the change from constant duty under arms to chopping, grubbing, and digging fresh earth, was extremely grateful and beneficial. True, the month of January witnessed a greater mortality than any other of the entire twenty months passed in the 'defenses;' but it was the result of disease previously contracted.

"Fort Worth was a little earthwork about a quarter of a mile in rear of Fairfax Seminary, overlooking the broad valley of Hunting Creek, and the Orange and Alexandria Railway, and mounting some twenty-four guns of all kinds—Rodman, Parrott, Whitworth, 8-inch Howitzers, and iron and Coehorn mortars. Here began our *artillery* service; and for many months the 19th, although an infantry regiment, performed garrison duty in this and half a dozen other forts and redoubts in the vicinity,—thereby attaining a proficiency in artillery that eventually won the 'red,' and would doubtless have been effective at the front, if such service had ever been required of us. But it was not so to be."

Thus have we gone through with the principal events of the year in which Woodbury, and its sons had a part, and have shown that they performed it faithfully and well. We have recounted some of the events of a year of gigantic preparation, fierce and destructive battles, of desperate defeats to our arms, and of more glorious victories to cheer the hearts of the loyal people of the country. The year 1862 closes with the hope, but not the certainty of a better record in future.

1863.—Our account of the military events of 1862, in which the soldiers of Woodbury were interested, closed with the removal of the camp of the 19th Conn. Vols., from the pestilent locality at the head of King street, to the heights near Fairfax Seminary. Here, and in the vicinity, the regiment remained in the defenses, during this year, and till May, 1864. There is little of incident to record of this regiment during this time. They simply entered into the monotony of garrison life.

"During the entire season, the 19th was called upon for nothing more laborious than drilling, target practice, stockade building in

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Alexandria, picking blackberries, drinking a quarter of a gill of whiskey and quinine at Reveille and Retreat, and drawing pay from Major Ladd every two months. Yet a good many seemed to be in all sorts of affliction, and were constantly complaining, because they could not *go to the front*. A year later, when the soldiers of the 19th were staggering along the Pamunkey, with heavy loads and blistered feet, or throwing up breastworks with their coffee pots all night, under fire in front of Petersburg, they looked back to the defenses of Washington as to a lost Elysium, and fervently longed to regain those blissful seats. Oh Happiness! why is it that men never recognize thy features until thou art far away?"

In the early spring, a political incident engaged the earnest attention and discussion of the officers and men of the regiment. The two political parties had made their nominations, in accordance with their several views, and on account of the indecisive result of the war as waged in 1862, those who had originally been "peace men," with considerable accessions, came to the front, and there was a vigorous campaign.

"On or about the 28th of March, Colonel Aiken, of Connecticut, visited camp, and spent an hour or more with Colonel Wessells and Major Smith, at the quarters of the latter. Shortly afterward, it became known that leaves of absence were to be granted to ten officers, and furloughs to ninety men, for nine days—or until after the Connecticut election; and each Company commander was reqested to select ten from his Company for this purpose, and to furnish a list of their names, to be forwarded to Washington, and embodied in an order. Some of the Captains were war democrats, some republicans, and some of no politics,—but all of them professed to select those for furloughs who had the best reasons for going home, without regard to politics. The order shortly came, and the ten officers and ninety men left, for Connecticut."[1]

However it may have been with other companies, the division was made equal between the two parties in the number furloughed to Woodbury, if we regard party divisions as they existed when the company marched from our town. But it is the impression of the writer, that such was the love of Woodbury soldiers

[1] Vaills' 19th Regiment.

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for Governor Buckingham, and such their warm approval of his earnest efforts in the behalf of the Union, and such his kind, considerate and paternal care for the interest and welfare of all the soldiers, that he received their every vote.

An incident occurred at our election, which occasioned a momentary ripple upon the usually quiet surface of our society. When Company I was organized, a desperate shirk, and so far as he knew how to be, a disloyal man, whose name is withheld for fear he will attain more notoriety than he deserves, enlisted in the Company, to claim the bounties. Immediately after arriving in Virginia, he began to shirk duty, and finally was enabled, by *his* representations, to get into the hospital at Alexandria. The writer called on him there, as he did on all the Woodbury soldiers, whereever he could find them, in Jan., 1862. He found him in bed, partaking of rations, and with a pile big enough for three men. This man immediately besought him, with tears, to intercede for his release, with the authorities. This was accordingly done, and when the officer in charge of the hospital was asked why this soldier should not be discharged, he instantly replied, that "there was no reason in the world why he should not be discharged. He was," he said, "a d—d shirk, and knave, who had enlisted to get the bounties; that he never had done and never would do the Government any service, and he would procure his discharge." He was discharged, and voted at this election. When the ten soldiers came up to vote, he reviled them, as "Lincoln hirelings," who had been sent home to vote for Gov. Buckingham. At the same time apparently suspecting that this insult would be resented, he drew a silver-mounted, six-barreled revolver, which

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had been loaned him by a *peace man*, and presented it. Not knowing with what intent the weapon was drawn, Sergeant M. D. Smith cried out, "Fall in, Co. I." The "Woodbury boys" as instantly obeyed, and a "double quick" was made for the revolver. The coward fired, but Mr. Alexander Gordon, who was standing near, knocked the muzzle down, and the weapon was discharged within an ace of his foot. The "squad" took the weapon, and Sheriff Minor took the miscreant into custody. When the nine days furlough expired, the "Woodbury nine" mounted the stage in front of the Post-office, and departed for the "defenses," exhibiting the revolver, and promising to use the weapon at the front. And it did do good execution against the rebels at a later day.

Several calls for volunteers and drafts were ordered by the President in 1863. Woodbury, as usual, was in the forefront of recruiting and raising bounties. It passed the following votes:—

"*Resolved*, That the sum of *six thousand four hundred dollars*, or so much of said sum as may be necessary, be, and the same is hereby appropriated from the Treasury of this town, for the following purposes, viz: *Two Hundred Dollars* thereof to be paid into the hands of a Committee, to be appointed for that purpose, for the benefit of each person drafted from this town, who shall not be exempt under any of the provisions of said law, and who shall be liable to answer to the said draft, under any of the provisions of said law; said Committee to procure substitutes for each and all such drafted men; whenever each one so drafted shall furnish to said Committee the amount in cash over and above the $200, necessary to furnish a substitute, not exceeding $300 in the whole. Provided, that if substitutes cannot be had by said Committee for a sum not exceeding $300 each, that in that case said Committee pay over said $200 furnished by the town to each of such drafted men as are mustered into the service of the United States himself, and also to him who has not, and who does not refuse to accept a substitute, when to be had for a sum not exceeding $300.

"*Resolved*, That the Selectmen of the town be, and they are hereby authorized to borrow the said sum of $6,400, or such part thereof as shall from time to time be necessary, and make their order on the town therefor; and the Selectmen are hereby appointed to disburse said money or such part thereof to said Committee as shall be necessary to carry out the foregoing resolution.

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"*Resolved*, That the aforesaid bounties, or monies, in the hands of said Committee, be paid to the drafted man himself, or his substitute, or their order, who is entitled to the same; and not on any factorizing or other legal process.

"*Voted*, That said Committee mentioned in the foregoing resolutions to procure substitutes, shall consist of two, and Daniel Curtiss and Robert Peck were appointed said Committee."

Dec. 12th, '63, Town Meeting.

"*Voted*, That R. B. Martin, recruiting officer of the town, be authorized, at the expense of the town, to employ one or more agents to assist him in obtaining volunteers to apply on the quota of this town under the call of the President of the United States for 300,000 men.

"*Voted*, That the Selectmen of this town be directed to draw such order or orders on the Treasury of this town, to carry out such provisions of the foregoing vote as shall be allowed by a Committee hereafter to be appointed.

"*Voted*, That Daniel Curtiss, Robert Peck and Truman Minor, be a Committee to audit the accounts of the recruiting officers and bequests above named, and to allow such bills, at their discretion, as they shall judge to be necessary to obtain volunteers to fill our quota, and deliver all such bills as are allowed by them, to the Selectmen."

Under these votes, recruiting went on rapidly, as it did under every other call, and the town nobly fulfilled its duty, under the constitution and laws.

On the 23d of November, the Governor called for colored volunteers for the 29th Regiment, and the colored men of our town came forward with great alacrity. More than half of the able-bodied men, almost immediately enlisted, and did good service. At the collapse of the Rebellion, two companies of that Regiment which contained Woodbury colored men, had the honor of being the first infantry which entered Richmond.

There was no duty devolved upon the army during the war sad, brave, or glorious, in which the Woodbury soldiers did not take a part. One of the saddest duties which a soldier can be called to perform is, to shoot a comrade. Yet the stern exigencies of the service sometimes required this. A description of a

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single case of execution in the 8th Connecticut, at which some of our Woodbury boys assisted, will suffice:—

"CAMP NEAR PORTSMOUTH, December, 1863.

"DEAR FRIEND AND EDITOR:—Having a few leisure moments, I propose to give you an outline of an incident which occurred in our regiment yesterday. You are aware that there has been an addition made to our regiment in the shape of conscripts. Quite a number of them have deserted, and it was found necessary to have an example made of some of them, to put a stop to it. Therefore, two of them who had deserted twice and were caught again, were sentenced to be shot, and the sentence was carried out yesterday. At 9 A. M., the regiments of this brigade were formed on their respective parade grounds, and marched to an open field near Fort Reno.

"A hollow square was then formed, and the men rested on their guns, to await the arrival of the prisoners, with their escort. At half-past nine the funeral escort started from the brigade headquarters, the band playing a dirge. The band was followed by a detail of eight men, carrying the coffins on stretchers, followed by a section of the Provost Guard.

"Next came two carriages containing the prisoners and their spiritual advisers. The procession was closed by a section of the Provost Guard. As the escort entered the square, a solemn silence prevailed. After the escort had marched around the square, the prisoners were taken out of the carriages and led up in front of the detail that were to execute them. After the priests (for they were Ctholics) had shrived them, they were made to kneel in front of their coffins, and bandages put over their eyes. Soon the fatal order was given to fire, and their souls passed into eternity. It was an impressive scene, and it is to be hoped that it will be a solemn warning to those that would desert their country's cause."

The year of 1863 was a year of substantial victories for the cause of the Union. Everywhere the men of the North answered the full demands of duty, and our little town was represented on the greater, glorious battle-fields. Wherever deeds of valor, or courage were to be done, they were to be found. Space permits a reference to only one, the sternest of battles, which saved the nation's life, and in which they participated. It was the glorious battle of Gettysburg, where Gen. Lee, for once,

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ventured to invade our free soil, and tried to bring us to all the horrors of invasion, which the "sacred soil" had so long suffered, in the effort of the government to restore its rightful authority over the the entire territory of the nation.

"On the morning of the 3d—the last and great day of the battle,—Gen Geary, who had marched from the center to the right during the previous night, was attacked by the enemy at early dawn. However, he soon succeeded in driving him back, and in ousting him from that part of the field, which he had won the day before. The battle then surged along this part of the line, with great fury. The enemy being uniformly repulsed, till 11 A. M., when it ceased, and over the whole field everything was ominously silent for two hours. The soldiers ate their dinners and rested, pondering what the issue might be. At 1 P. M. two signal guns, from the Rebel line, broke the silence, and were at once followed by the roar of one hundred and twenty-five cannon, massed in position against our left center. Our own batteres responded, and for over two hours there was the grandest artillery prelude ever heard on this continent. Shot and shell rushed, whistled, shrieked and moaned, and the very air seemed alive with the flying projectiles. At length our guns ceased to reply, and the artillery roar slackened. Then followed the grand assault of the rebels. In it was one half of their whole army. On they came, with a heavy line of skirmishers in front, and two complete lines of battle. They were received principally by the second corps, which behaved with magnificent courage. Reënforcements were rapidly sent to its support, and all our available artillery was converged upon the advancing enemy. Their first line seemed to sink in the earth, but with the madness of desperation on they rushed.

"Now they had reached our guns, and were in the act of turning them against us, when a determined charge recovered them. For several hours, division after division was hurled against the firm and solid lines of our army, only to be dashed back with slaughter and confusion. Finally, the sullen roar of battle rolled off to the southwest, and the enemy withdrew, repulsed and defeated.

"Thus closed the terrible battle of Gettysburgh. The pride and power of the Rebel invasion were thoroughly broken by the invincible valor and obstinate bravery of the hard-marched veterans of the army of the Potomac."

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1864. The year opened with increased preparation and hope. The idea that this was to be a short war, had long since been abandoned, and the certainty that it would be a long, costly, and bloody one, had become a moral certainty. But the intention of the government to defend itself, and bring the war to a successful close, had never been more determined.

The 19th Connecticut was, by an order from the War Department, issued on the 23d of November, 1863, changed into the 2d Connecticut Heavy Artillery, to the general joy of the men, and they thenceforth added artillery tactics to their course of instruction. But they were destined never to fight as artillery. The only benefit to them was, the increase of their number up to eighteen hundred men, the full complement of an artillery regiment.

In the early spring of 1864, General Grant, who had been signally successful in the campaigns of the west, was appointed Lieut. General, and made commander in chief of all the armies of the United States. He established his head-quarters with the Army of the Potomac—the army of so many sad disasters. From the beginning of the war, till now, it had been deemed necessary, by the successive commanders, to keep a large number of troops in the defenses of Washington. Grant reversed all this. When he wanted soldiers for his campaigns, he did not hesitate to take them from the defenses of the capital, or anywhere else where he could find them, nor was he particular from which arm of the service he took them.

On the 17th of May, 1864, an order arrived for the regiment to march at once for the head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac, with five days rations. They reached their destination on the 20th, and were assigned to the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, Sixth Corps. Late in the evening of the 21st, "began that long and terrible series of marches, which were continued almost without a breathing spell, until the 1st of June, when the battle of Cold Harbor began.

On the 27th, Col. Upton called on Col. Kellogg, and said:—

"'Colonel, let your men know that we are to have a *march* to-night, so that they may get as much rest as possible. We shall probably be within fifteen miles of Richmond to-morrow morning.' At eight o'clock the column was again in motion, on the road following the left bank of the Pamunkey; and oh! what language will convey to those who were not there, the least idea of the

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murderous cruelty in that march? We had already suffered all that flesh and blood seemed able to bear, on the road from Spottsylvania to the North Anna, and the future had in store for us many other marches that were grievous beyond expression; but I am persuaded that if all the regiment were to be summoned—the living and the dead—and notified that all their marches except *one* must be performed over again, and that they might choose *which* one should be omitted, the almost unanimous cry would be, 'Deliver us from the accursed night march along the Pamunkey!' In darkness and silence, hour after hour, without a rest of more than five minutes at a time, the corps was hurled along that sandy road. There was no danger that the head of the column would lose its way, for a large body of cavalry had preceded us a day or two before, and dead horses lined the road throughout, at intervals averaging not more than a quarter of a mile, sickening all the motionless air. Ten o'clock,—eleven o'clock,—midnight,—two o'clock,—four o'clock,—the darkness began to fade before the inflowing tides of the morning light, but still the jaded men moved on. Captain Burnham, with stockings and rags bound upon his blistered feet like sandals, (his boots having been used up and thrown away,) hobbled painfully along beside his men, whose feet, like those of all the rest, were in the same condition."

This regiment had been in service about twenty-two months, and were now about to receive their first baptism of fire and blood —an event that was to carry death and decimation into its ranks with scarcely a parallel during the whole war. The battle received the name of Cold Harbor. And what was this place?—three or four unpainted houses east of a sparce pine-wood, common in Virginia. Lieut. Vaill, who was the Adjutant of the regiment, and present at the battle, has so eloquently described it, that nearly his whole description is inserted here.[1]

"Just at the left of the spot where we had stacked our muskets, was a hollow, basin-like spot, containing about an acre of land' and a few pine and chestnut trees, and well protected on the front by a curved line of breastworks, which were thrown up during McClellan's campaign, two years before, or else had been erected by Sheridan's Cavalry. In this hollow the three battalions of our regiment were massed, about two or three o'clock, preparatory to

[1] This battle was fought about ten miles North of Richmond.

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a charge, which had been ordered by General Meade to take place at five. By this time the field pieces of the 1st Division had taken position directly in our rear, while the rebels had batteries directly in our front; and for a long time the solid shot flew back and forth between them, right above our heads, lopping off twigs, limbs, and even large branches, which came crashing down among the ranks. Said Colonel Kellogg to the 1st Battalion, 'Now, men, when you have the order to move, go in steady, keep cool, keep still until I give the order to charge, and then go arms a-port, with a yell. Don't a man of you fire a shot until we are within the enemy's breastworks. I shall be with you.' Even all this, added to a constantly increasing picket fire, and ominous signs on every hand, could not excite the men to any great degree of interest in what was going on. Their stupor was of a kind that none can describe, and none but soldiers can understand. In proof of this, only one incident need be mentioned. Corporal William A. Hosford, then of Company E, heard the foregoing instructions given by Colonel Kellogg, and yet was waked out of a *sound sleep* when the moment came to move forward.

"Colonel Upton, the Brigade Commander, was in almost constant conference with Colonel Kellogg, giving him instructions how and when to proceed, surveying the ground, and anxiously, but quietly watching this new regiment, which, although it now constituted more than half his command, he had never seen in action. The arrangement of companies and battalions was the same that had been established in the defenses, upon the change from Infantry to Artillery. The following diagram will show the formation at Cold Hardor:

FRONT.

FIRST BATTALION—MAJOR HUBBARD.

A	B	K	E
Left.			Right.
Wadhams.	*Lewis.*	*Spencer.*	*Skinner.*

SECOND BATTALION—MAJOR RICE.

L	C	H	G
Deane.	*Fenn.*	*Berry.*	*Gold.*

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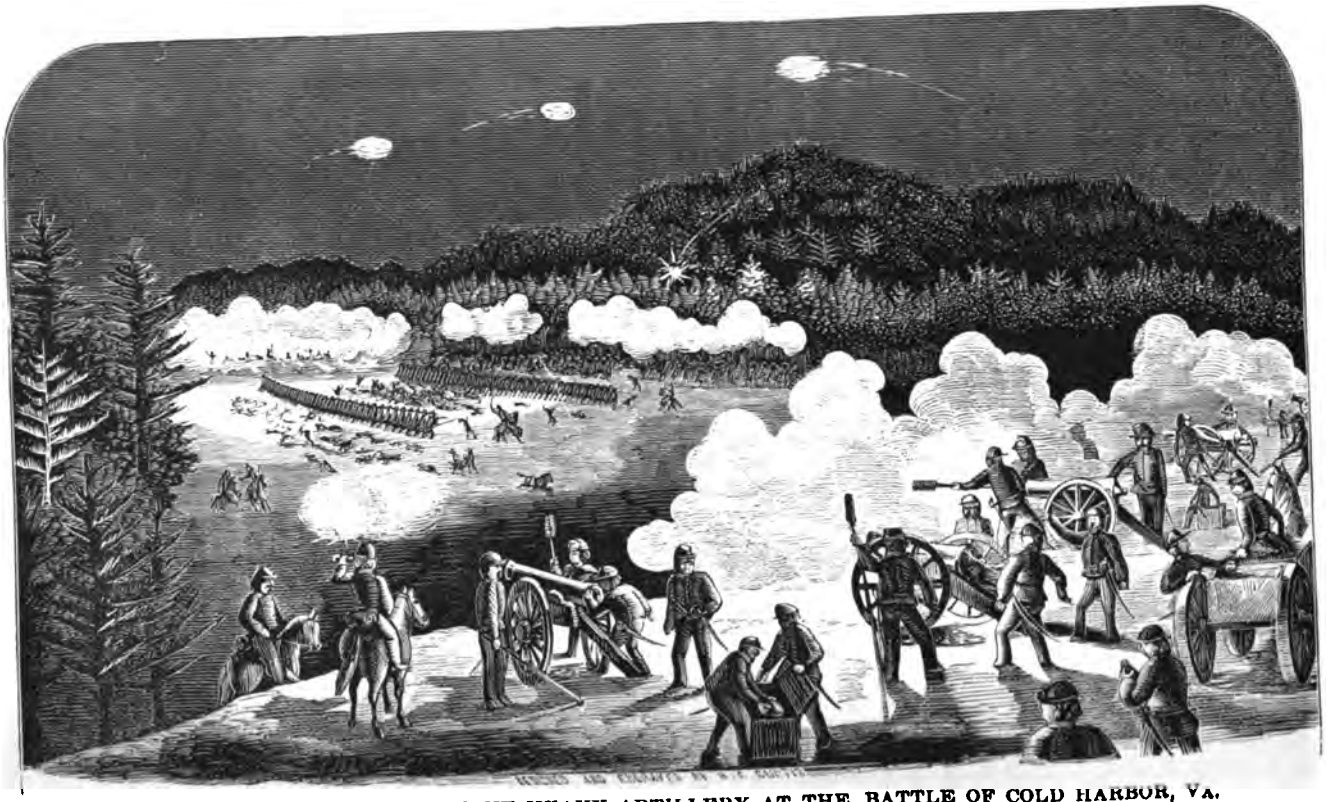

CHARGE OF THE 2D CONNECTICUT HEAVY ARTILLERY AT THE BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR, VA.

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THIRD BATTALION—MAJOR ELLS.

At five o'clock,—or it might have been somewhat later,—the three battalions were moved just in front of the curved breastwork, where they remained for two or three minutes, still closed-in-mass. Knapsacks were left behind the breatworks. Pine woods,—or rather a few tall pine trees, not numerous enough to hide our movements—extended about ten rods to the front, and then came an open field. Colonel Kellogg, having instructed Majors Rice and Ells to follow at intervals of one hundred paces placed himself in front, and gave the command, 'Forward! Guide Center! *March!*' The first battalion, with the colors in the center, moved directly forward through the scattering woods, crossed the open field at a double-quick, and entered another pine-wood, of younger and thicker growth, where it came upon the first line of rifle-pits, which was abandoned at its approach. Passing this line, the battalion moved on over sloping ground until it reached a small, open hollow, *within fifteen or twenty yards of the enemy's main line of breastworks.* There had been a thick growth of pine sprouts and saplings on this ground, but the rebels had cut them, probably that very day, and had arranged them so as to form a very effective abbatis,—thereby clearing the spot, and thus enabling them to see our movements. Up to this point there had been no firing sufficient to confuse or check the battalion; but here the rebel musketry opened. The commander of the rebel battalion directly in our front, whoever he was, had his men under excellent control, and his fire was held until our line had reached the abbattis, and then systematically delivered—first by his rear rank, and then by his front rank. A sheet of flame, sudden as lightning, red as blood, and so near that it seemed to singe the men's faces, burst along the rebel breastwork; and the ground and trees close behind our line were ploughed and riddled with a thousand balls that just missed the heads of the men. The battalion dropped flat on the ground, and the second volley, like the first, nearly all went over. Several men were struck, but not a large number. It is more than probable that if there had been no other than this *front* fire, the rebel breastworks would have been

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ours, notwithstanding the pine boughs. But at that moment a long line of rebels on our left, extending all the way to the Richmond road, having nothing in their own front to engage their attention,[1] and having unobstructed range on the battalion, opened a fire which no human valor could witstand, and which no pen can adequately describe.[2] The appended list of casualties tells the story. It was the work of almost a single minute. The air was filled with sulphurous smoke, and the shrieks and howls of more than two hundred and fifty mangled men rose above the yells of triumphant rebels and the roar of their musketry. ABOUT *Face!* shouted Colonel Kellogg,—but it was his last command. He had already been struck in the arm, and the words had scarcely passed his lips, when another shot pierced his head, and he fell dead upon the interlacing pine boughs. Wild, and blind with wounds, bruises, noise, smoke, and conflicting orders, the men staggered in every direction, some of them falling upon the very top of the rebel parapet, where they were complety riddled with bullets,—others wandering off into the woods on the right and front, to find their way to death by starvation at Andersonville, or never to be heard from again. LIE DOWN! said a voice that rose above the horrible din. It was the voice of Colonel Upton, whose large bay horse was dancing with a bullet in his bowels. The

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"[1] The rest of the brigade, i. e., the One Hundred and Twenty-first and Sixty-fifth New York, Ninety fifth Pennsylvania, and Fifth Maine, were formed in three lines immediately on our left, and advanced when we did. But they received a heavy fire and advanced but part of the way. Indeed, the first battalion of our regiment went up to the enemy's breastwork alone. Our right was nobody's left, and our left nobody's right."

[1] It has been related to the writer of this history, that just before this murderous fire from the left, a rebel soldier rushed among our men under pretence of surrendering, and the moment he was within our lines, he brandished a torch, which disclosed the position of our men. Then the murderous fire instantly came, and the traitorous spy was instantly shot by one of our men.

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rebels in front now fired as fast as they could load, and those of our men who were not wounded, having worked their way back a few yards into the woods, began to reply with energy. But the wounds showed that nine-tenths of our casualties were inflicted by that unopposed fire on the left flank. The second battalion followed the first, according to instructions, crossed the open field under a scattering fire, and having moved through the woods until within perhaps seventy-five yards of the first battalion, was confronted by Colonel Upton with the command *Lie down!* LIE DOWN!—which was obeyed with the utmost alacrity. Major Ells was wounded very soon after the third battalion commenced to follow, and his command devolved upon Captain Jones. Upon reaching the woods, this battalion also had orders to lie down. The rebel fire came through the woods from all parts of the line, and most of the losses in these two battalions occurred while lying here. 'Put up your saber, said Colonel Upton to a young officer, 'I never draw mine until we get into closer quarters than this. See the Johnnies! See the Johnnies! Boys, we'll have these fellows yet!' said he, pointing to the front, where a long string of them came running through the lines towards us. They were the very men who had delivered the first two volleys in our front, and (there being a lull in the firing at the moment) they came tumbling over the breatwork in a crowd, within two or three rods of where Kellogg's body lay. We had too much on hand just then to run after safely bagged prisoners, and when they got to the rear of the 3d Division (who, by the way, having at first advanced on our right, had broken and run to the rear, through our first battalion as it was charging, and were consequently in a convenient position to make the 'capture,') put a guard over them and triumphantly marched them to army headquarters; and in due time General Meade issued an order complimenting the *Third Division of the Sixth Army Corps* for having captured between three and four hundred prisoners, which they never captured at all.[1] The lines now became very much mixed. Those of the 1st battalion who were not killed or wounded, gradually crawled or

"[1] Every surviving man of the Second Connecticut Artillery will bear witness that the Ninth New York Artillery, (which belonged in the the Third Division,) came pell mell through our regiment toward the rear as we were charging,—and that the capture of these prisoners was made by our regiment alone. Colonel Upton, who saw the whole of it, said that the matter should be rectified, and the credit given to the Second Connecticut. But it never was."

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worked to the rear; and the woods began to grow dark, either with night, or smoke, or both. The news of Kellogg's death quickly found its way every where. The companies were formed and brought up to the breastwork one by one, and the line extended toward the left. As Lieut. Cleveland was moving in with the last company, a squad of rebels rose directly in front, fired a volley very wildly, and dropped. The fire was vigorously returned, and the enemy soon vacated the breastwork in our immediate front, and crept off through the darknesss. Thousands and thousands of bullets '*zipped*' back and forth over the bodies of the slain—now striking the trees, high up, with a '*spud*,' and now piercing the ground under feet. Upton stood behind a tree in the extreme front, and for a long time fired muskts as fast as the men could load and hand them to him. Some sudden movement caused a panic, and they started to flee, when he cried out with a voice that no man who heard it will ever forget,—*Men of Connecticut, stand by me!* We MUST hold this line!' It brought them back, and the line was held. Firing was kept up all night long, by a few men at a time, to let the enemy know that we were there and awake, and thus to deter them from attempting to retake the line, which they could easily have done. Major Hubbard sent word twice to Colonel Upton, that if the enemy should attempt to return, he could not possibly hold it. Upton's reply was, 'He *must* hold it. If they come there, catch them on your bayonets, and pitch them over your heads.' At the first ray of dawn it was strengthened and occupied by skirmishers; and during our stay at Cold Harbor, which lasted until midnight of June 12th, it remained our front line;—the rebel front line being about thirty-five rods distant, and parallel with it.

"On the morning of the 2d, the wounded who still remained were got off to the rear, and taken to the Division Hospital, some two miles back. Many of them had lain all night, with shattered bones, or weak with loss of blood, calling vainly for help, or water, or death. Some of them lay in positions so exposed to the enemy's fire that they could not be reached until the breastworks had been built up and strengthened at certain points, nor even then without much ingenuity and much danger; but at length they were all removed. When it could be done with safety, the dead were buried during the day. Most of the bodies, however, could not be reached until night, and were then gathered and buried under cover of the darkness.

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"On the morning of the 3d, the regiment was again moved forward, under the personal command of Colonel Upton, from the same spot whence the fatal charge had been made thirty-six hours before; but this time we proceeded by a circuitous route, which kept us tolerably well protected. Several, however, were killed and wounded during this movement, and after we had taken position. The line was pushed to the left, considerably nearer the Richmond road than we had been before, and there speedily covered by breastworks. This, I presume, was *our* part of the movement of June 3d, which the larger histories regard as *the* battle of Cold Harbor. Perhaps it was. It has always seemed, however, to the survivors of the 3d Connecticut Heavy Artillery, (Upton's Brigade, Russell's Division, Wright's Corps,) that the affair of June 1st was entitled to more than the two or three lines of bare mention with which it is tossed off in Greeley's American Conflict, Deming's Life of Grant, and probably every other of the more important and comprehensive histories of the war."

Capt. Walter Burnham, who was at the date of this battle captain of our Woodbury Co. I, in a letter to Adjutant Vaill, gives some additional iucidents of it.[1]

"NEW PRESTON, CONN., Aug. 10, 1868.

"FRIEND VAILL;—In accordance with your request, I will give you my recollections of Cold Harbor, beginning at the time when we, (the 3d Battalion,) were ordered to lie down among the pines.

"Shortly after Colonel Upton left, a young Lieutenant came into our midst (from what direction I know not,) and shouted-'Now's the time—I'll lead you,' and I, on the impulse of the moment jumped up, and shouted 'forward,' when about half of Co. I, and a few men from H and C Cos., sprang forward and into the Johnnies' breastworks. The thought that I was a little rash and fast in giving the order, came too late—and as most of my men had obeyed the order, I could do no less than follow; which I did, and found it to be a safe place, compared with the knoll, although not as comfortable as it might have been under different circumstances, there being some 12 or 14 inches of water in the

[1] Capt. Burnham was seriously wounded at Cedar Creek, and did not again rejoin his regiment, but was breveted Major for gallant conduct in battle.

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ditch from which the Johnnies had taken the dirt to cover their breastworks, besides a great number of wounded men (Johnnies) just over the line of works,—some groaning, some crying for water, others calling upon some one to shoot them on the spot and end their misery- I distinctly recollect one little fellow from a Georgia Regiment, who was severely wounded, evidently while attempting to come in a prisoner, as he lay on the north side of the breastwork. His cries were terrible and heart rending, during the entire night: 'Why did my parents drive me into this cruel war? why could not I have staid at home? Oh! father, mother, shall I ever see you again? water, water, water: will some one shoot me? kill me quick, I cannot endure this, &c., &c, and even under this call it was quite late in the night before this young man was supplied with water, when lying perhaps not more than twenty feet off, and this to the rear of our line; but so continuous was the firing, no man dared to leave the protection he then had. By morning a great number had died, and we supposed a great many had been removed during the night, as we heard footsteps very distinctly during the entire night. Now under this excitement three-fourths of the men went to sleep and slept as soundly as would have been possible under far more favorable circumstances. I myself took my turn with two other men of my company, to watch what we supposed to be a Johnny with musket in hand, just over the opposite side of the breastwork, whom we thought to be waiting, or rather soliciting an opportunity to pick some of us off. We watched him till daylight, and found him still sitting by the side of a tree holding his musket between his knees, but dead; was severely wounded and died during the night. Just at the left of this man, we found a Lieut. Colonel severely wounded, but full of pluck and vim; wouldn't tell his name, where he was wounded, what regiment, what he wanted, and when taken back to the hospital, refused to take water from the nurses; don't know whether he lived or died. By the way, shortly after we had gone into the Johnnies' line of works, the 10th Vermont came and re-formed directly in rear of where we were, and left the field. This to me seemed a little strange, as it looked as though we were to vacate. Shortly after, some one appeared from the swamp in front of us. We challenged him, and found him to be from the 10th Vermont. He proved to be a Sergeant, a tall, strapping six-footer, courageous, brave, full of pluck and daring. I felt quite satisfied to have him remain, as during the heavy firing, occasion-

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ally, some man would show a disposition to make to the rear, when this fellow's musket would come to a shoulder, with the remark that he would blow the first man's brains out who attempted to leave that ditch. The result was, most of us staid until morning. About daylight we missed the Sergeant, and shortly after discovered him rifling the pockets of our own dead men. He was arrested and sent to the Provo's. He was a brave, courageous fellow, nevertheless. Vaill, do you recollect the second morning after the fight, during a season of shelling, the fact of your sitting at the foot of a chestnut tree and a solid shot or shell going through the body of the tree a few feet above your head; also the shelling we received when we were marching down the ravine, a little to the right and front of the line. I always supposed I had a narrow escape. A shell exploded just at the right of the line, as we were moving by the flank, killed I think a man from D company, just at our rear. A piece of the same shell struck the top ear of my canteen, thereby entailing a loss of a canteen of water —which I had been at some tronble to obtain. You know that water didn't come by pipe into the back kitchen in those days; nevertheless, I did not feel like complaining."

Corporal (afterward Quartermaster Sergeant) Benjamin Wellman, of Company I, gives the following history of his experience at Cold Harbor:—

"I was wounded in the left cheek, the ball passing through under the left ear, while the 3d Battalion was advancing. This brought me down, and I was soon so weak that I could not get up. About two hours afterward, while lying here, I was again struck in the back. Sometime in the night there were two Johnnies came up to me belonging to a North Carolina regiment; one of them gave me water, and the other said, 'You will be taken care of soon;'—meaning, probably, that I would be taken prisoner. Soon after this, there were about a hundred came along, marching in column. Some of them stepped on me. Sometime afterward, a Colonel of a New York regiment came up and gave me a little 'Commissary,' which did me a great deal of good. He said we had taken five hundred prisoners, and told me to keep up courage. In the morning, I was taken to the field Hospital, and

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on the third was put into a government wagon, with several others, and carried to White House Landing. I returned to the regiment on the 26th of December."

The regiment remained at Cold Harbor till the 12th of June, being almost every moment under fire from the 1st to the 12th, and men were being constantly picked off. Isaac Briggs, of our company, was wounded in the foot as he lay in his tent, reading, of which wound he subsequently died.

At midnight, on the 12th, the regiment started on a rapid march for Petersburgh, where it arrived on the 19th, and engaged in digging trenches and skirmishing with the enemy.

"This was" says Vaill, "the most intolerable position the regiment was ever required to hold. We had seen a deadlier spot at Cold Harbor, and others awaited us in the future; but they were agonies that did not last. Here, however, we had to *stay*,—hour after hour, from before dawn until after dark, and that, too, where we could not move a rod without extreme danger. The enemy's frot line was parallel with ours, just across the wheat field; then they had numerous sharp-shooters, who were familiar with every acre of ground, perched in tall trees on both our flanks; then they had artillery posted *everywhere*. No man could cast his eyes over the parapet, or expose himself ten feet in rear of the trench, without drawing fire. And yet they *did* expose themselves; for where there are even chances of being missed or hit, soldiers *will* take the chances rather than lie still and suffer from thirst, supineness, and want of all things."

The regiment was not to remain here long. Jubal Early was now menacing Washington, and the 6th Corps, some 12,000 men, were ordered to its defense. So our men, on the 19th of July, 1864, found themselves marching in thick dust, in that direction. Early had destroyed a portion of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and had marched direct for the capital, which had, at this moment, but few soldiers to defend it. It was none too soon that this movement to drive him away was made, for while the corps was steaming down the James, Jubal's infantry was within six miles of the capital. The regiment marched straight through Washington, to Tenallytown, on the 12th.

"Early was in front of Fort Stevens when we arrived, and brisk firing was going on between his pickets and Gen. Augur's

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hastily gathered troops, which consisted partly of hundred-days men, invalid corps men, citizens, and clerks detailed from the government offices. A skirmish occurred just after dark, which resulted in a loss to our side of two hundred and eighty killed and wounded, and a retreat of the enemy, with equal loss. At ten in the evening the regiment marched two or three miles up the road, by Fort De Russy, to Fort Kearney, and after much shifting, lay down on their arms to sleep. In the morning, Companies C and H were sent to man a battery, but returned in half an hour. Early had learned of the presence of the Sixth Corps, and also of the 19th, (Emory's,) which had opportunely arrived from New Orleans; and he concluded not to capture the Capital, and Capitol, Congress and Archives, Arsenal and Navy Yard, Lincoln and Cabinet, until (as Pollard says,) 'another and uncertain time.' He had begun his retreat toward Snicker's Gap, and pursuit was instantly made by the Sixth and a division of the 19th Corps, under command of General Wright. Our brigade moved up the river at 2:20 P. M., and bivouaced late in the evening near Potomac Cross Roads."[1]

The pursuit was continued to Snicker's Gap, and then this much marched regiment returned, with the 6th, to Washington, almost upon the double-quick. "Tenallytown was reached on the 23d, by way of the Chain Bridge, and the stiff, lame, sore, tired, hungry men, found thirty-six hours rest, new clothing, new shoes, soft bread, and surreptitious Whisky—for all which they were truly thankful; also *cross-cannon* badges (the emblem of the artillery service) to adorn their hats, for which they would have been more thankful, if this badge had not been to them such a bitter mockery!"

Within forty-eight hours, Early stood upon the banks of the Potomac, shewing an evident intention of marching into Pennsylvania, or anywhere else he could do the most damage. So, within three days after its return to Washington, the regiment found itself on the march again, which culminated in the bloody Shenandoah Valley. Our troops were in pursuit of Gen. Early[2]—

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[1] Vaills' Hist. [2] Vaills' 19th

[2] It was on this march, as the author has been informed, a somewhat zealous chaplain introduced into his prayer a couplet from a grand old hymn, but made it have quite a different meaning from the usual one, from his method of accentuation, thus:—

"*Early!* my God! without *delay*,
We haste to seek *thy* face!"

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From this time till the date of the battle of Winchester, there was not much of incident that occurred in our regiment. There was drilling, reorganization, skirmishing, marching and countermarching, Gen. Sheridan being now in command, till the 19th of September, when the bloody battle of Westchester was fought.

Adjutant Vaill's account is given entire:—

"At three o'clock on the morning of the 19th of September, the advance was in motion. Our brigade started from Clifton about daylight, and having struck the Berryville pike, moved five or six miles towards Winchester, and halted for an hour about two miles east of the Opequan, while the 19th Corps was crossing. The Cavalry had previously moved to secure all the crossings, and firing was now heard all along the front, and continually increasing. The 6th and 19th Corps, following Wilson's Cavalry, which fought the way, crossed at and near the pike bridge, our brigade wading the stream a few rods north of it. West of the creek, the pike passed through a gorge over a mile long, from which the rebels had been driven by the cavalry. The 19th Corps and a portion of our own had moved through and formed a line of battle some distance beyond, under a heavy artillery fire, when our division emerged from the gorge and filed to the left into a ravine that ran across the pike, where it was held in readiness as a reserve. This was about half past nine. The fighting now waxed hotter, louder, nearer: nevertheless, some of the men found time, while their muskets were stacked in this ravine, to dig potatoes from a neighboring field. At length the enemy made a vigorous charge upon the center of the front line, at the point where the 3d Brigade of the 2d Division joined the left of the 19th Corps. The line broke, and retreated in complete disorder, each broken flank doubling and crowding back on itself, and making for the rear. The enemy pushed his advantage and came rolling into the breach. It was the critical moment of the day,—for if he had succeeded in permanently separating the two parts of the line, there would have been no possible escape from utter defeat for Sheridan's army. At this juncture Gen. Russell, who was watching from the rise of ground just in front of the ravine, where his division lay, exclaimed, 'Look here! it is about time to do something! Upton, bring on your brigade.' The brigade was at once moved out of the ravine, passed through a narrow strip of woods, crossed the pike, halted for a moment in order to close and dress

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up compactly, then went at a double-quick by the right flank into the gap that had been made in the first line, and made a short halt, just in rear of a piece of woods out of which the remnants of the 2d and 3d Divisions were still retreating, and on the other side of which was the advancing line of Rodes' and Gordon's rebel divisions. The first fire that struck our brigade and regiment during the day, was while coming to this position. General Russell was killed by a shell at the same time, having been previously wounded and refused to leave the field. It was this movement of our brigade that checked the enemy, until the lines were restored and the two or three thousand fugitives brought back. Some of our men began to fire, but were quickly ordered to desist. After a very few minutes the brigade was pushed forward, the left half of it being somewhat covered by woods, from which position it instantly opened a terrific fire, while the 2d Connecticut, which constituted the right half, passed to the right of the woods into an open field of uneven surface, and halted on a spot where the ground was depressed enough to afford a little protection, and *only* a little; for several men were hit while getting there. In three minutes the regiment again advanced, passed over a knoll, lost several more men, and halted in another hollow spot similar to the first. The enemy's advance had now been pushed well back, and here a stay was made of perhaps two hours Colonel Mackenzie rode slowly back and forth along the rise of ground, in front of this position, in a very reckless manner, in plain sight and easy range of the enemy, who kept up a fire from a piece of woods in front, which elicited from him the remark, 'I guess these fellows will get tired of firing at me by and by' But the ground where the regiment lay was very slightly depressed, and although the shots missed Mackenzie, they killed and wounded a large number of both officers and men behind him. Lieut Candee merely raised himself from the ground on his elbow to look at his watch, but it was enough to bring his head in range of a sharpshooter's ball, and he was instantly killed. About three o'clock, an advance of the whole line having been ordered by Sheridan, the regiment charged across the field, Mackenzie riding some ten rods ahead, holding his hat aloft on the point of his saber. The distance to the woods was at least a quarter of a mile, and was traversed under a fire that carried off its victims at nearly every step. The enemy abandoned the woods, however, as the regiment approached, in consequence of which the line obliqued to the left,

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and halted. Companies F and D were here detached and taken off to the right, on a small reconnoisance, but were soon brought back, and the regiment proceeded to the right of the woods and partly through them, and advanced to a rail fence which ran along the side of an extensive field. Here, for the first time during the whole of this bloody day, did the regiment have orders to fire; and for ten minutes they had the privilege of pouring an effective fire into the rebels, who were thick in front. Then a flank movement was made along the fence to the right, followed by a direct advance of forty rods into the field. Here was the deadliest spot of the day. The enemy's artillery, on a rise of ground in front, plowed the field with canister and shells, and tore the ranks in a frightful manner. Major Rice was struck by a shell, his left arm torn off, and his body cut almost asunder. Major Skinnner was struck on the top of the head by a shell, knocked nearly a rod, with his face to the earth, and was carried to the rear insensible. General Upton had a good quarter pound of flesh taken out of his thigh by a shell, and was laid up for some weeks. Colonel Mackenzie's horse was cut in two by a solid shot, which just grazed the rider's leg, and let him down to the ground very abruptly. Several other officers were also struck: and from these instances, as well as from the appended list of casualties, some idea may be gained of the havoc among the enlisted men at this point. Although the regiment had been under fire and losing continually, from the middle of the forenoon until now, it was almost sunset, yet the losses during ten minutes in this last field, were probably equal to those of all the rest of the day. It was doubtless the spot referred to by the rebel historian, Pollard, when he says, 'Early's artillery was fought to the muzzle of the guns.' Mackenzie gave the order to move by the left flank, and a start was made; but there was no enduring such a fire, and the men ran back and lay down. Another attempt was soon made, and after passing a large oak tree a sheltered position was secured. The next move was directly into the enemy's breastwork. They had just been driven from it by a cavalry charge from the right, and were in full retreat through the streets of Winchester; and some of their abandoned artillery, which had done so much damage, stood yet in position, hissing hot with action, with their miserable, rac-a-bone horses attached. The brigade, numbering less than half of the muskets it had in the morning, was now got into shape, and after marching to a field in the eastern edge

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of the city, bivouaced for the night, while the pursuit rolled miles away up the valley pike.

Roll call revealed the fact that the regiment had lost one hundred and thirty-six in killed and wounded,—fourteen of whom were officers. Company A, out of its entire list of officers and non-commissioned officers, had left only 1st Sergeant Henry Williams,—who had command of the Company during nearly the whole of the fight,—and two corporals. Company H had three noble officers killed, including Captain Frederick M. Berry, of whom Colonel Kellogg once said, that he was the most perfect *officer, gentleman, and man*, all things considered, in the regiment. Companies A, B, and E, suffered heavily, C and G still more; and D, F, and I, most of all.

"But, unlike Cold Harbor or Petersburg, there was *victory* to show for this fearful outlay. And it was the first cup of palpable, unquestionable, unmistakable VICTORY that the 2d Connecticut, with all its marching and fighting, had ever tasted."

In summing up his operations in the Valley, Sheridan afterwards adds:—

"At Winchester, for a moment, the contest was uncertain, but the gallant attack of General Upton's brigade of the 6th Corps, restored the line of battle, until the turning column of Crook, and Merritt's and Averill's divisions of cavalry, under Torbert, 'sent the enemy whirling through Winchester.'"

On the morning of the 20th of September, the army moved rapidly up the valley in pursuit of the enemy, who had continued his retreat, during the night, to Fisher's Hill, south of Strasburg, which Early considered the very Gibralter of the Valley.

Vaill thus describes the part taken by the 2d Conn. H. A. in this battle:—

"But Sheridan's report merely considers the affair as a whole; and it will therefore be necessary for us to review it from a regimental stand-point. The regiment moved from bivouac near Winchester before daylight on the 20th, and by the middle of the afternoon, encamped just south of Cedar Creek, remaining until the afternoon of the next day, when it moved off to the right of the pike, taking a circuitous route through wooded ravines and over wooded hills, and at length came out upon open fields about

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a mile and a half west, or southwest of Strasburg. This was on the evening of the 21st. Here lines of battle were formed, and a stay was made of about two hours; after which the march was continued by the right flank, up a steep and winding hill-side, until midnight, when the regiment halted under arms until daylight, on the very top of a hill fully as high as Fisher's hill and separated from it by Tumbling River. The enemy's strong hold was on the top of the opposite hill, directly across the stream. In the morning, breastworks were commenced, part of the men building, while the rest remained in line of battle. Lively skirmishing was going on all day, and once or twice things were hastily put in readiness to meet an anticipated charge,—which, however, did not come. About three o'clock in the afternoon, orders were given to pitch tents,—but while the men were at it, a general advance was ordered. The regiment had but just commenced to move directly forward, when the rebels, (who knew every inch of the ground, and could tell where our lines *ought* to be, whether visible or not,) began to drop shells into their new breastworks, and upon the very spot where they had begun to pitch tents. The regiment moved down the steep hill, waded the stream, and moved up the rocky front of the rebel Gibraltar. How they ever got up there is a mystery,—for the ascent of that rocky declivity would now seem an impossibility to an unburdened traveler, even though there were no deadly enemy at the top. But up they went, clinging to rocks and bushes. The main rebel breastwork, which they were so confident of holding, was about fifteen rods back from the top of the bluff, with brush piled in front of it. Just as the top was reached, the 8th Corps struck the enemy on the right, and their flight was very disordered and precipitate. The 2d Connecticut was the first regiment that reached and planted colors on the works from the direct front. After firing until the rebels were so far off that it was a waste of powder, the pursuit was resumed, and kept up all night; although but little progress was made, on account of the blockade of the road, both by the pursuing army, and the property abandoned by the enemy."

It was supposed that this defeat would satisfy the rebel government as to the prospects of success in the Shenandoah Valley, and the 6th Corps started for Petersburgh again, but were now ordered to "right about," and encamped along the northern bank of a tributary of the Shenandoah, called CEDAR CREEK. Here

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BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

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they remained till the surprise and battle of Cedar Creek, which was, in many of its aspects, the most remarkable battle of the war, and in it the 2d C. H. A. was conspicuous, and among the brave men of that decisive day, none were more conspicuous than the men of Woodbury.

The battle was begun by the rebels, and was to us, in the first instance, a surprise and a defeat. Pollard, in his "History of the Lost Cause," says:—

"The surprise was complete. The 8th Corps was unable to form a line of battle, and in five minutes was a herd of fugitives. Many of the men awoke only to find themselves prisoners. The 19th Corps were soon involved in the rout. The valorous Confederates pressed on, driving the whole Federal left and center, slaying many of the enemy in their camps, capturing eighteen pieces of artillery, fifteen hundred prisoners, small arms without number, wagons, camps, everything on the ground.

"The retreat of the army was now a general one, the 6th Corps doing what it could to cover it. At Middletown an attempt was made to form a line of battle; but the Confederates threatened a flank movement, got possession of the town, and put the enemy on what was supposed to be his final retreat to Winchester."

Greeley, in his "American Conflict," says:

"On our side, all was amazement and confusion; on theirs, thorough wakefullness and perfect comprehension. In fifteen minutes, the army of West Virginia was a flying mob; one battalion of its picket-line had lost 100 killed and wounded, and 700 prisoners. The enemy, knowing every foot of ground as familiarly as their own door-yards, never stopped to reconnoiter or consider, but rushed on with incredible celerity."

An extract from Adjutant Vaill's account of the part taken in this conflict, which was, in its results, the salvation of Washington, and perhaps the first turning-point in the war, follows:—

"The 2d Connecticut had its full share of the varied fortunes of that wondrous day. The number of the regiment present cannot be exactly ascertained, but was probably about 700, officers and men. Our losses in this battle were greater, in proportion to the number engaged, than in any other fight, not even excepting Cold Harbor.

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"On the day preceding this battle, by a recent law of Connecticut, the soldiers had received commissioners to take their votes for President and Vice President of the United States, and had enjoyed what, under the circumstances, was a great luxury to them. The Commissioners, enamored of army life, expressed regret that they could not see a battle before they returned to Connecticut.

"Most of the regiment were up next morning long before Reveille, and many had begun to cook their coffee, on account of that ominous popping and cracking which had been going on for half an hour off to the right. They did not exactly suppose it *meant* anything, but they had learned wisdom, by many a sudden march on an empty stomach, and did not propose to be caught napping. The clatter on the right increased. The musket shots reverberated through the fog and at last, 'Whang! ng-ng-ng went a piece of artillery. And then a smart cannonading, and more musketry. It began to be the wonder why no orders came. But suddenly every man seemed to lose interest in the right, and turned his inquiring eyes and ears to the *left*. Rapid volleys and a vague tumult told that there was *trouble* there. 'Fall in!' said Mackenzie. The 'Commissioners' looked wildly to the right, then toward the left, then turned pale, and then advanced vigorously toward the rear. Shoulder Arms! Battalion, left face! File left! March! Double-Quick! March!' The brigade moved briskly on toward the east, crossing the track of other troops and batteries of artillery, which were hurriedly swinging into position, while ambulances, orderlies, staff officers, camp followers, pack horses, cavalrymen, sutlers' wagons, hospital wagons and six-mule teams of every description came tumbling and galloping pell-mell toward the right and rear, and making off toward Winchester. It was not a hundred rods from our own camp to the place where we went into position, on a road running north. General Wright, the temporary commander of the army, bareheaded, and with blood trickling from his beard, sat on his horse near by, as if bewildered, or in a brown study. The 65th New York was on our left, and then came the 2d Division. The 1st Brigade, (Penrose's,) was on the right of ours, and then came the 3d Division. The ground was cleared in front of the road, and sloped off some thirty rods, to a stream, on the opposite side of which it rose for about an equal distance, to a piece of woods, in which the advance rebel line had already taken position. Truly

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does Pollard say that 'a heavy fog favored them' The newly risen sun, huge and bloody, was on their side in more senses than one. Our line faced directly to the east, and we could see nothing but that enormous disc, rising out of the fog, while *they* could see every man in our line, and could take good aim. The battalion lay down, and part of the men began to fire,—but the shape of the ground afforded little protection, and large numbers were killed and wounded. Four fifths of our loss for the entire day occurred during the time we lay here—which could not have been over five minutes;—by the end of which time the 2d Connecticut found itself in an isolated position, not unlike that of Cold Harbor. 'Go and ask Penrose where he's going with the Brigade,'—said Colonel Mackenzie to the writer hereof. (The Jerseys had withdrawn from our right, and were moving across our rear to the left, with Penrose on foot, some distance ahead of his line.) 'Colonel Penrose! Mackenzie wants to know where you are going with that Brigade.' 'I'm not going anywhere. I'm wounded!'—was the energetic reply,—which was carried to Colonel Mackenzie. Just then Lieut. Cleveland rode up on a keen jump, and said, 'Colonel Mackenzie! General Wheaton wants you to move directly to the rear by right of companies!' Mackenzie replied, 'My God! I cannot! This line will break if I do.' 'Well,' said Cleveland, pointing to the left,—'there goes the 65th, and the 1st Brigade is gone.' A few seconds later, Mackenzie's horse, 'old Pop,' was struck square in the head, and after spinning around two or three times on his hind legs, went down—dead as a stone; and the Colonel, who had previously got a shot through the heel went off over his head. The fog had now thinned away somewhat, and a firm rebel line, with colors full high advanced, came rolling over a knoll just in front of our left, nor more than three hundred yards distant. 'Rise up! Retreat!' said Mackenzie,—and the battalion began to move back. For a little distance the retreat was made in very good order, but it soon degenerated into a rout. Men from a score of regiments were mixed up in flight, and the whole corps was scattered over acres and acres, with no more organization than a herd of Buffaloes. Some of the wounded were carried for a distance by their comrades who were at length compelled to leave them to their fate, in order to escape being shot.

"About a mile from the place where the retreat commenced, there was a road running directly across the valley. Here the

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troops were rallied, and a slight defence of rails thrown up. The regimental and brigade flags were set up as beacons, to direct each man how to steer through the mob, and in a very few minutes there was an effective line of battle established. A few round shot ricocheted over head, making about an eighth of a mile at a jump,—and a few grape were dropped into a ditch just behind our line, quickly clearing out some soldiers who had crawled in there; but this was the extent of the pursuit. Mackenzie and Hamblin now left for the hospital, to have their wounds dressed, and the whole brigade, (and a very small brigade it was!) was deployed as skirmishers, under Colonel Olcott, of the 121st New York. Three lines of skirmishers were formed, and each in turn constituted the front line, while the other two passed through and halted; and so the retreat was continued for about three miles, until a halt was made upon high ground, from which we could plainly see the Johnnies sauntering around on the very ground where we had slept.

"It must have been after noon when we left that position, and moved eastward through the wood, by Sheridan's order, to join the 2d Division, and meet the enemy. There has always been so much dispute as to whether Sheridan really had anything to do with the afternoon formations, that it is best to give his own testimony in the matter. He says:—

"At about 7 o'clock on the morning of the 19th October, an officer on picket at Winchester, reported artillery firing, but, supposing it resulted from a reconnoisance which had been ordered for this morning, I paid no attention to it, and was unconscious of the true condition of affairs until about nine o'clock, when, having ridden through the town of Winchester, the sound of the artillery made a battle unmistakable, and on reaching Mill Creek, one-half a mile south of Winchester, the head of the fugitives appeared in sight, trains and men coming to the rear with appalling rapidity.

"I immediately gave directions to halt, and park the trains at Mill Creek, and ordered the brigade at Winchester to stretch across the country, and stop all stragglers. Taking twenty men from my escort, I pushed on to the front, leaving the balance, under General Forsyth, and Colonels Thom and Alexander, to do what they could in stemming the torrent of fugitives.

"I am happy to say that hundreds of the men, who on reflec-

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tion found that they had not done themselves justice, came back with cheers."

From a careful examination of all the accounts of this battle, the writer is convinced that to the hurried return to the front, (after the repulse, and utter defeat of the morning,) and efficient generalship of Sheridan, was this glorious and decisive victory due. And this can be said without detracting from the praise due the brilliant deeds of the other glorious men who fought that day. There is an irresistible magnetism and fascination exerted over the men in the ranks, by the bravery and skillful daring of a loved, and trusted, and successful leader. Such is Sheridan.

In the quiet routine of civil life, we can little imagine what an electric and irresistible impulse would be given to brave men, who had voluntarily ceased to retreat, and were making a noble stand, to see a beloved leader, whom they supposed to be twenty miles away, riding in mad haste into their midst, with the cheering and thrilling words, "Steady, Boys! You are going back to your old Camps! Charge bayonet! Forward, March!" Does any one doubt that some such inspiration as this turned the sad disaster of the early morning, into the glorious victory that proved the salvation of Washington?

"About two o'clock we were posted, in two lines, in the southwestern edge of a piece of woods, in front of which was an open, side-hill field, at the top of which along a stone wall, was the rebel skirmish line, while the main line was not a great distance back of it. Their assault had already been made, and repulsed by the 19th Corps. About three o'clock, we could hear the cheering to the right, as Sheridan rode along the line,—but that personage did not get within sight of our regiment. By this time Hamblin and Mackenzie had returned to take part in the 'left half-wheel,' which had been ordered. The lines moved forward over the ascending ground, under a galling, but not very destructive fire from the rebel skirmishers, who soon gave up the stone wall to us, and retreated to their main line. A square musketry fight was kept up for ten minutes, when the enemy left:—not, however, before inflicting considerable damage on us. Here Colonel Mackenzie was again struck by a solid shot or shell, which just grazed his shoulder. A remarkably large number of our officers were wounded at this point, but none fatally, nor even severely. (In the morn-

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ing the casualties among the officers had been few and severe,—Hosford being killed, and Fenn and Gregory losing each an arm)

"The enemy attempted to rally behind another fence, a little further back, but after a moment or two gave it up, and 'retired.' Not only in front of our regiment, but all along, as far as the eye could reach, both to the right and left were they flying over the uneven country, in precisely the same kind of disorder that we had exhibited in the morning. The shouts and screams of victory mingled with the roar of the firing, and never was heard

'So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.'

The sight of so many rebel heels made it a very easy thing to be brave, and the union troops pressed on utterly regardless of the grape and canister which, to the last moment the enemy flung behind him. It would not have been well for them to have fired too much, if they had had ever so good a chance, for they would have been no more likely to hit our men than their own, who were our prisoners, and scattered in squads of ten, and squads of *one*, all over the vast field. At one time they made a determined stand, along a ridge in front of our brigade. A breastwork of rails was thrown together, colors planted, a nucleus made, and both flanks grew longer and longer, with wonderful rapidity. It was evident that they were driving back their men to this line without regard to regiment or organization of any kind. This could be plainly seen from the adjacent and similar ridge over which we were moving,—the pursuers being in quite as much disorder (so far as organizations were concerned,) as the pursued. That growing line began to look *ugly*, and somewhat quenched the ardor of the chase. It began to be a question in many minds whether it would not be a point of wisdom to 'survey the vantage of the ground,' before getting much further. But just as we descended into the intervening hollow, a body of cavalry, not large, but compact, was seen scouring along the fields to our right and front like a whirlwind, *directly* toward the left flank of that formidable line on the hill. When we reached the top there was no enemy there! They had moved on, and the cavalry after them. Thus the chase was continued, from position to position, for miles and miles, for hours and hours,—until darkness closed in, and every regiment went into camp on the identical ground it had left in such haste in the morning. Every man tied his shelter tent to the very same old stakes; and in half an hour coffee was boiling and salt pork

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sputtering over thousands of camp fires. Civil life may furnish better fare than the army at Cedar Creek had that night, but not better appetites; for it must be borne in mind that many had gone into the fight directly from their beds, and had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours.

"Late in the evening, after many were sound asleep, the regiment was ordered to be formed in line without arms. When the command to 'fall in' was heard, the general question was, 'Well, old Jubal hasn't forgotten anything and come back after it, has he?' The clause, 'without arms,' however, showed that he had not; although the soldiers expressed their perfect willingness to fight him that way, if he still found himself unable to restrain his pugnacity. The line being formed, Captain Jones—now in command of the regiment—said, 'Soldiers:—I have received a despatch from General Sheridan's Head-quarters, which announces that we have this day taken not less than two thousand prisoners, forty-seven guns and caissons, a large number of battle-flags, all the wagons and supplies taken from us this morning, besides horses, mules, wagon trains, and material of all kinds in unknown quantities; and that our victory is complete. I now propose three cheers for Sheridan, ourselves, our army, and the Union!' They were given with indescribable heartiness, while all the camps, far and near, joined in full chorus. The battalion was dismissed, and thus ended the day that had witnessed a battle which was, in many respects, without a parallel in ancient or modern history."

Gen. Early and the Confederate government had now had experience enough in the Shenandoah Valley. It was certain that there would be no more fighting in that desolated, but beautiful region. The regiment, therefore, returned to Petersburg again, and saw no more pitched battles till the next spring.

While all these stirring events were going on at the front, the people were making the most strenuous efforts at home to fill the fearfully depleted ranks of the brave defenders of the union. Many of these recruits, for whose enlistment enormous bounties were paid, were of the most worthless trash on the face of the earth—bounty jumpers, thieves, murderers, prison-birds and vilest knaves. They took the patriotic monies poured out by the people like water, and deserted almost *en masse*.

In aid of the good cause, Woodbury passed the following votes in 1864:

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"At a town meeting of the legal voters of the town of Woodbury, holden at the Town Hall in said town, pursuant to warning, Jan. 18th, 1864, the following votes were passed on motion made.

"*Voted*, To confirm the votes and resolutions passed at a special town meeting held on the 13th day of August, 1863, and recorded in the records of this town, in the Town Clerk's office.

"This vote was passed by yeas 70, nays, 42.

"At a meeting held 15th February, 1864:—

"*Voted*, That, pursuant to a statute law of this State, approved Dec. 18th, 1862, entitled 'An Act to authorize Towns, Cities and Boroughs to issue Bonds, or other obligations for War Purposes,' the Town pay to any person, who shall get an accepted recruit to count on the quota of Woodbury, on the last call of the President of the United States for 500,000 men, and actually have him sworn in, to the credit of said town, the sum of seventy-five ($75) Dollars, as recruiting expenses, to be paid to him on presenting vouchers from the proper authorities, of the recruit's muster, till the town quota is full.

"*Voted*, That the Selectmen of the town be authorized to issue orders, or other evidences of indebtedness against said town, to meet the expenses as authorized in the foregoing vote, and be directed to do so, on presentation of said vouchers.

"*Voted*, That each man, who shall recruit a man, or men, to fill the quota of the town of Woodbury, shall report daily the name or names of such recruits to the Town Clerk, that it may be determined when the quota is full."

"Meeting held July 30, 1864:

"*Voted*, That pursuant to a Statute law of this State, approved Dec. 18th, 1862, entitled 'An Act to authorize Towns, Cities and Boroughs, to issue Bonds or other obligations for War Purposes,' the town pay to any person who shall procure an accepted recruit, to count on the quota of the Town of Woodbury on the last call

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of the President of the United States for 500,000 men, and actually have him sworn into the service of the United States, to the credit of said Town of Woodbury, the sum of Three Hundred Dollars, recruiting expenses, to be paid to him on presenting vouchers from the proper authorities of the recruit's muster-in, until the quota of the town is filled.

"*Voted*, That any person who shall furnish a substitute, or representative, before the draft, shall receive the same compensation as other recruiting agents, provided the town of Woodbury shall have credit for said substitute or representative, on the quota of the town.

"*Voted*, That the quota of the town be deemed to be thirty-five men.

"*Voted*, That the Selectmen of the town be authorized to issue orders or other evidences of indebtedness against said town, to meet the expenses authorized in the foregoing votes, and be directed to do so on presentation of said vouchers.

"*Voted*, That each man who shall recruit a man or men to fill the quota of the town of Woodbury, shall report daily the name or names of such recruits to the Town Clerk, that it may be determined when the quota is full."

"Special meeting, held Aug. 22, 1864:—

"Whereas the number of persons on the United States' enrollment list for the town of Woodbury, greatly exceeds the number of men subject to military duty residing therein, by reason of which the quota of the town under the late call of the President of the United States for 500,000 men is largely in excess of what it should be, therefore:—

"*Voted*, That for the purpose of reducing the quota, the Selectmen of the town are hereby authorized and instructed to procure the correction of said enrollment list, by the erasure of the names of such persons thereon as are not subject to military duty; and also to have all persons who have entered, or who may enter the military or naval service of the United States, credited on said quota, who are entitled by law to be so credited, and who

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have not been heretofore so credited, and they are hereby authorized to pay all needful expenses for these purposes.

"*Voted*, That pursuant to a Statute Law of the State, approved December 18th, 1862, entitled 'An Act to authorize Towns, Cities and Boroughs to issue Bonds or other obligations for War Purposes,' that the additional sum of Fifteen Thousand (15,000) Dollars be appropriated from the Town Treasury, to be used for recruiting purposes only.

"*Voted*, Daniel Curtiss and Robert Peck, be appointed agents to fill the quota of the town under the call of the President for five hundred thousand (500,000) men, to procure volunteers or assist in procuring substitutes for any citizens of Woodbury who may apply to them for assistance, and said Curtiss and Peck shall have full power to use or apply any part or all of the sum of fifteen thousand (15,000) dollars, heretofore appropriated, if deemed necessary by them, to fill the quota of the town.

"*Voted*, That any person who shall first deposit the sum of three hundred (300) dollars with said agents, shall have the first substitute procured by them to apply on the quota of the town, and so on, in the regular order of deposit of said sum of three hundred dollars, until the quota is filled.

"*Voted*, That the Selectmen be, and they are hereby authorized and directed to pay to, or draw their order on, the Town Treasurer, for the sum of two hundred (200) dollars, in favor of each and every person who has, since the 1st day of July, A. D. 1864, or shall, prior to the draft, furnish an acceptable substitute for the period of three years, to apply on the quota of the town, and shall produce his certificate from the Board of Enrollment, that such substitute has been furnished, in addition to the three hundred dollars already appropriated at the special meeting of said town, holden July 30th, 1864, provided, that no person shall receive a greater sum than has been paid by him for his substitute exclusive of the bounty of $300 paid by the State, making the substitute cost the principal $300.

"*Voted*, That every person who has heretofore procured a substitute under the last call for five hundred thousand men, shall receive a sum equal to the amount expended by him in procuring said substitute, provided that the sum of three hundred dollars shall first be deducted from said expenses, and the sum actually paid for the

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substitute shall be deemed the amount expended, making that each substitute shall cost the principal three hundred dollars, out of the whole sum the substitute cost.

"*Voted*, That the appropriation of fifteen thousand (15,000) dollars shall not affect any previous vote or votes, or any appropriation heretofore made by this town, to encourage enlistments.

"*Voted*, That the Selectmen of the town be authorized and directed to issue orders, or other evidences of indebtedness against said town, to meet the expenses as authorized in the foregoing votes, and to do so on request of said agents appointed by the town to fill the quota."

"Military Town Meeting, Dec. 21, 1864:

"*Voted*, That Daniel Curtiss and Robert Peck be a Committee to fill the quota of this town in the present, or any future call made by the President of the United States for volunteers or drafted men.

"*Voted*, That said Committee is authorized, at their discretion, to fill said quota, by procuring substitutes for such persons as will pay said committee such sum, not exceeding three hundred dollars, as is necessary to procure such substitutes, or by procuring volunteers, and charge the expense to the town.

"*Voted*, That the Selectmen be authorized and directed to draw orders on the Treasury of this town to carry out the foregoing votes, upon the persons presenting the proper vouchers, that said substitutes or volunteers are mustered into the United States Service, to the credit of this town.

"*Voted*, That the Selectmen be authorized and directed to draw orders on the Treasury of this town for all persons that have put in substitutes to the credit of this town since the 5th of September last, for such amounts as said substitutes have cost them, over and above three hundred dollars, exclusive of State Bounty and expenses"

In the latter part of the year 1864, permission was granted to all military subjects to procure, and cause to be mustered into the United States service, substitutes, which should protect them from

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call on any future draft for three years. The last vote quoted above was introduced to assist military subjects to avail themselves of this privilege. A large number of our military subjects availed themselves of this vote, especially, as a draft had been announced, though no quota for Connecticut had been assigned. There is, however, a grim joke about the matter. For, at the very time this favor was granted, the quota of Connecticut turned out to be full on all calls that had been made, with a surplus of some 7,000 to be applied on some future call, which, however, was never made, and it also turned out, that Woodbury had contributed quite a number more than its share of this excess. So, some twenty, or twenty-five persons parted with $300 apiece, and the town with an average of $500, or $600 apiece for the same number, while it was unnecessary, for the purpose intended, if they had had information to instruct them as to passing events. However, the men were forwarded, and no doubt had their influence in "closing out" the rebellion.

As a part of the history of the exhausting individual struggles, which go to make up the record, and the success of the war, two letters of Commissary Sergeant Walter S. Orton, are here recorded. The last one was written only a brief time before this brave young man received his own death wound, at the battle of Winchester. They were written to Deacon Philo M. Trowbridge, who, with the writer, and a few others, particularly identified themselves, not only in the recruiting and sending of men to the front, to assist in the national struggles, but who also identified themselves in caring for the dear ones the brave soldiers left behind them, assisting them in their troubles, cheering them in their sorrows, bearing tenderly to the bereaved the news, that their cherished relatives had died in battle, or by fell disease, or by the inevitable accidents incident to the service. This was often a sad duty, calling for sympathetic tears. The general public will never know how sad were the duties performed by this self-constituted committee.

The writer speaks of this young soldier as of a very dear friend. He was true in all the relations of life. He did not enlist for the poor pittance of $100 offered by the town, and the patriotic offer of C. G. Judson of ten dollars more to the volunteers of his native town, made to show his interest in the course of the town.—No such sordid motive moved him. He had no desire to shed human blood. But he saw the need of more men for

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the service, and determined to leave wife and children, to devote himself to the defense of his country. Greater should be his meed of fame, because he enlisted and went into the war with the sad foreboding that he should not survive it—that he should never reside again in his native town, after he should have marched with the volunteers for their duties at the front. The writer well remembers, even through all the multiplied cares of that beautiful Sabbath day, when there was a hurried gathering of our Woodbury company to march to Litchfield, the sad parting of Orton with his friends, his wife and children, and his parting remark—"I feel I shall not survive this war. But some must be sacrificed. Some must give up all for the union. I cannot withhold my services for the salvation of the country."

He was permitted to see his native town and loved ones, on furlough, once and again. But his foreboding became prophecy. He received a gun-shot wound, quite through his breast, from right to left, at the battle of Winchester. Singularly enough, he lived on, wrote cheerful letters to his wife, but finally died of secondary hemorrhage, some two weeks after his injury was received. There is another circumstance connected with this case. Orton was commissary Sergeant of his company, and was not obliged, by any rule, to participate with his musket in battle. Pure patriotism, in meeting a desperate encounter, must, therefore, have sent him to his death. The survivors can but weep in remembrance of his gentle virtues.

"CAMP OF THE 2D C. V. A.,
Charlestown, Va., Aug. 30th, '64.

"FRIEND TROWBRIDGE:—Your letter was received in due season, and as I have a little leisure, being on the sick list, I will endeavor to give you the details of our movements since May 15th, 1864. I do not know as it will be interesting, as I shall have to write from memory.

"May 15th.—Had orders to march at 12 o'clock, (noon,) to garrison Forts Albany, Stevens, Gregg, Whipple, Hagarty, Berry and others. 16th.—Orders to pack up for a forward movement to the front. Camped near Alexandria. 17th.—Went aboard transports for Belle Plain. Landed at 5 o'clock, evening. Rained very hard; lay in the mud that night; the regiment was paid off.

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18.—Took up the line of march for Fredericksburg, where we encamped for the night. 19th.—Left Fredericksburg in the morning for Spotsilvania, where we were assigned to the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 6th Corps, commanded by Major General Wright; Brigade Commandant, General Upton; Division Commandant, Major General Russell, who is a regular old farmer in looks and dress. The same night, our regiment had to throw up rifle-pits. Although tired, and on half rations, our boys took hold of the work with a will. 20th.—Formed in line of battle and awaited an attack from the Johnnies. They charged our skirmish line, but were repulsed by our brigade battery. At 9 in the evening made a flank movement in the direction of Hanover Court House. The Johnnies charged our empty breastworks the next morning. We marched until 3 o'clock, the 21st, when we halted at Gunie Station; from thence, across the North Anna river, where our advance attacked the Johnnies, and caused them to retreat. We then encamped until the next morning, 22d, when we threw out a strong skirmish line. One man in our company, by the name of Smith, was wounded in the thigh, our corps being in line of battle all of the time. The next morning, 23d. advanced and tore up some 12 miles of the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. A man by the name of Barns had both legs broken, by the falling of a portion of the track—since died—then lay on our arms in line. 25th.—Recrossed the North Anna, commenced the line of march at 8, morning. Halted, in the afternoon, near Chesterfield. Drew a few hard tack and some fresh beef; burned the Railroad Station House, and destroyed several cars the Johnnies had to abandon. Marched until 27th, with only a few halts. Crossed the Pamunky river on pontoons; halted after we crossed, and went into camp. 28th.—Marched two miles, and rested for the day. Took up the line of march at 10 o'clock, night; marched to, and encamped near Hanover Court House—29th, (making the second time we were near the above-mentioned place,)—a part of our regiment tearing up the Railroad track, the balance in line of battle, in the woods. 30th.—Moved a short distance, into a swamp, where we threw up rifle-pits—continual firing on the skirmish line—took up the line of march at 10 o'clock; marched until 10 o'clock, the 1st day of June. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon our corps was ordered to charge the enemy's works, amid a shower of grape and canister. Our men were told to lay down, then charge, after the first fire. Drove the Johnnies out of their pits, carrying two, and then

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the third line of the Johnnies works. Privates A. D. Galpin and F. F. Kane, were killed before they reached the first line of works. (It will do for me to explain a little of the following.) It was there our brave Colonel fell, at the head of his regiment, not giving up until killed—he being wounded three times before he received the fatal shot. Some say he was drunk—but that is not true—he died sober, and he died a brave, true, and noble officer. We never shall see his like again, while in the U. S. service. We lay in the pits until the next day, 2d, when we were relieved, marched to the rear, but within range of the minnie balls and shells. It was there that Isaac Briggs received his wound, while laying in his tent, reading. Nothing of any note transpired until the 12th, when we again made a flank movement, starting at 9 in the evening, and marched until 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the 13th, when we encamped, after crossing the Chickahomany. 14th.—Marched 10 miles, then encamped, near the James river. 15th.—Marched two miles, then camped in a corn-field. 16th.—Took up the line of march at 5 in the afternoon—rested on the banks of the James two hours, then went aboard of transports at 12, night, touching at City Point; from thence, to Point of Rocks, where we remained. We heard cannonading in the direction of Petersburg. Remained in camp until the 19th, then crossed the James river on pontoons, and marched to within two miles of Petersburg; encamped that night,—the 20th, our regement went on picket duty, and we could see the churches in the city, and some of the streets. 21st.—The Johnnies shelled our batteries, but did no harm. 22d. —Were under fire of the Johnnies. Took up our line of march at 9 in the evening, going in a south-east direction, until the morning of the 23d, when we rested four hours, then formed a line of battle, one half of the regiment as skirmishers, and the remainder as reserve. One private of our company, by the name of Ruel Hazen, was killed on the skirmish line. Romayn Hard had a ball put through his cap, which was attached to his haversack, doing no harm to him. We withdrew our line, and went to building breastworks, in anticipation of an attack—lay in the pits all night. 24th.—Changed our position several times during the day—building rifle-pits. 25th.—Remained in the same position, clearing up the woods in our front. 26th.—Our company on picket—all quiet along the line. 27th.—Cleared up a camp ground. 28th.—Remained in camp. No duty to do, only for Walt.; he had to write all day. Reviewed by General Wright. 29th.—Marched down

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to Reams Station, to support the cavalry raid on the Welden and Petersburg Railroad, and effectually cut the road—remained there that night. 30th.—Marched four miles up the Jerusalem plank road, and encamped until July 2d, when, returned to near where we were emcamped, the 28th.—There we remained until the 9th. Then took up the line of march at 9, night, and marched until 9 o'clock, the 10th, when we reached City Point, on our return to Washington, D. C. Took the transports at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, reaching our place of destination, (Washington,) the 12th, where found the Rebs in force, within five miles of the city. We lay in rifle-pits that night. 13th.—Went into camp near Fort Stevens—remained until 12, night,—marched a short distance, then encamped. 14th.—Marched till 5 o'clock, and halted at Poolsville, —encamped all night. 15th.—A rebel spy was hung on the left of our brigade. He remained hanging from one, morn., until sunset. Remained in camp until the 16th.—Took up the line of march at 5, morning; crossed the Potomac at White Ford; water waist deep. Encamped that night three miles west of Leesburg. Our company went on picket. Remained here until the 18th.—Started on the march, passing through Hamilton, Thompsonville, and Snicker's Gap, which we reached after Hunter's men shamefully fled from the Rebel front. There would have been a total rout of all his command, had not our Corps come up and opened their batteries upon them. We went into camp, and remained on the banks of the Shenandoah until the 20th, when we crossed the above named river, and marched to within two miles of Beersville—then we left the Johnnies under charge, or rather for Gen. Crook to take care of; then recrossed the Shenandoah, and marched through Snicker's Gap, the 21st, marching all night, and until night of the present date, when we encamped, four miles east of Leesburg, on Goose Creek. 22d.—Marched in the direction of Washington, where we encamped on the Leesburg and Alexandria turnpike. 23d.—Crossed the Chain Bridge, and encamped near Tenallytown, where we remained until the 25th. We were then ordered to join our old Corps (the 22d). We then marched through Georgetown, and our company was assigned to Fort Clegg. Here we remained until 2 o'clock, the 26th, when we were ordered to pack up, and join the 6th Corps; marched until 10 o'clock that night, the company having five hours the start of our regiment. 27th.—Started on the march at daylight, passing through Rockville and Clarksville, encamped at 5 o'clock. 28th.

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Started on the march, passing through Hyattstown, Urbana, joining the company at the Monocacy river, crossed the river and marched to Jefferson, where we encamped at 10 o'clock, night. 29th.—Marched; passed through Knoxville, Harper's Ferry, and encamped on Bolivar Heights. 30th.—Came back from Bolivar Heights, passing through Harper's Ferry, and Knoxville; marched until 2 o'clock, the morning of the 31st, when we encamped near Frederick. 1st—Remained in camp. 2d.—Marched one mile and encamped. 3d.—Passed through Buckettown, forded the Monocacy, and encamped on the bank. 4th,—Divine Service in camp. 5th.—In camp. 6th.—Took up the line of march at 10 o'clock; marched all night, and the 7th, encamped on Bolivar Heights. Remained in camp until the 10th, when we started on another raid after the Johnnies, passing through Berryville, and Charlestown. Halted for the night at 5 o'clock. 11th.—Marched up the Shenandoah Valley, encamped at 6 o'clock for the night. 12th.—Marched until 9, evening, passing through Newtown. Halted for the night. 13th.—Marched to within four miles of Strausburg, passing through Middletown. The Johnnies made a stand, and we popped away into them. We fired into their rear all of the way from Berryville up the valley. We remained in camp until the 6th, when we returned to Harper's Ferry, destroying grain and hay, gathering up cattle and horses. Our boys foraged all the way back; at Winchester we burned a large flouring mill. The Johnnies followed us to Harper's Ferry, or rather to Bolivar Heights, where we made a stand, and captured, during last week, some 1,500 prisoners. 18th.—They fell back, and we followed them as far as Charlestown, where our cavalry attacked their rear. We don't want to fight them, but bother them, in order to keep them from going to Richmond, to reinforce Lee. Well, my friend, I am tired, and I think you will be, by the time you get this letter read."

"If you choose, you may read this to Cothren, and my brother Fred; also to Capt. Sperry. Remember me to all inquiring friends, especially Mrs. T."

Yours, fraternally,

Sergt. W. J. ORTON."

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"Cold Harbor, Va., 12th June, 1864.

"Friend Trowbridge:—I received your letter day before yesterday, and I was happy to hear from you. Time has made several changes since I last wrote to you. Our regiment marched day and night, commencing May 18th, up to June 1st. We marched all night of May 30, and up to June 1st, at 10 o'clock, and about 5 o'clock of the same day made a charge on the rebel rifle-pits, taking three, but owing to the want of support could not hold but two of them. Our Colonel was killed, after receiving four wounds. He led the charge. Our loss is 380, killed, wounded and missing. Old soldiers say that our regiment was whipped three different times, but our men did not know it, and continued to fight. Our regiment took between 5 and 600 rebel prisoners. They came in fast, for a while. Almond D. Galpin was killed, also Friend F. Kane, at the commencement of the charge—Galpin by a shell, and Kane by a ball. Briggs was wounded two days after in his tent, by a ball from the rebels striking him on the foot. I think that is all of the old men. L. H. Hotchkiss is wounded in the hand; some eleven of the men were slightly wounded. I have forgotten Corporal Wellman, he was wounded in the face, also in the arm. Several of our boys are sick with the summer complaint. We have communication opened to the James river, and we shall get our supplies from there. Balls and shell whistle all of the time. Our company are out on picket. My duty does not take me away from camp. The rebels that I have talked with say, this is the last campaign. They also say that that Ewel, Beauregard and Lee make speeches to the men every night. Some think we are sure to win. They admit that they cannot tell anything about Grant's movements. Well, I must close, as my duty will not permit me to longer indulge in writing to my friends.

Yours fraternally,

W. J. Orton.

"Wednesday, 15th, June, 1864.

"We left camp Sunday, at 8 o'clock, and marched all night, and all day, until seven, and out of the time we marched thirty-two miles, and only rested three hours, out of the twenty-three. Yesterday we marched about eight miles, and we now are near the banks of the James river. Burnside's army crossed last night.

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They say our destination is Petersburg, south of Richmond. Grant says we must have Richmond by the 4th of July. But our men have got to fight before they get it. Grant keeps making flank movements, and gets nearer Richmond every time he moves. He stops in one place until he gets the whole rebel forces in the position that he wants them, then starts off in the night and leaves them behind. Our boys are tired out, foot sore, sick, and completely worn out. A sick man has got to march, as well as the well men. We have got a regular officer for a Colonel, and he is so strict that he abuses his men. We never shall have another man like Col. Kellogg. You may show this letter to Captain Sperry, and it will answer the place of two letters. It is hard to write in the army. I have got some postage stamps. Remember me to all inquiring friends.

I remain yours, fraternally,

W. J. Orton.

Our soldiers serving in the south had a variety of vicissitudes and experiences, besides fighting the enemy. Major Frye, writing from Pass Marchal, says:—

"The moccasins and rattlesnakes are quite abundant, and apparently old settlers, as we killed one with nine rattles. They are quite a protection against a flank movement of the enemy through the swamp; and the aligators actually stick their noses into the tents, in hopes of stealing a biscuit or a piece of pork. And then, all night long, the soldier is lulled to sleep by the most infernal croaking of tree-toads, and kept asleep by the buzzing and biting of myriads of mosquetoes and yellow flies. One knows not how it is; but though every soldier has a musquito bar, still daylight will find as many inside as out: and then innumerable green lizards about four inches long, harmless, but sportive, gambol and catch flies and mosquitoes freely upon your face and body."

And so the fourth year closed with a general waning of the rebellion, and a tightening of the cords by which the traitors were becoming bound, as with hooks of steel, under the magnificent valor of the union armies, and the splendid generalship of Gen. Grant.

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1865. The year opened auspiciously, and as soon as army movements could be made, there was a combined movement and determination on the part of all, officer and man, to squelch the rebellion, and that right speedily. And the campaigns of the year were begun with the hope and expectation of soon bringing the war to a successful close. In this final grapple, we had Grant before Richmond, Sherman in the south-west, and Terry in the south-east, respectively, working at the rebels trunk, and giant limbs, while officers and men, and all were in their best fighting trim. As the people of our State looked on the struggle, they recalled, with pardonable pride, the fact that these three soldiers, —Grant, Sherman and Terry,—who had become the supreme hope of the nation in its hour of agony, had all sprung from a long line of ancestors, who were born upon the soil, and trained in the district schools of Connecticut. And old Woodbury had the proud satisfaction of having furnished the lineage of two of them—Grant and Sherman.[1]

Nearly all the Woodbury soldiers who were now in the war, except those who were serving in the grand old 5th Connecticut under Sherman, in his ever-memorable and glorious "March to the Sea," were in the regiments which were concentrated around Petersburgh and Richmond, under Grant, and were soon to witness, and assist in the fall of these two strongholds, after a deadly siege, which had existed some ten months.

The war had far advanced, and there was an urgent need of men before even the northern mind could be educated up to the point of employing the services of colored troops. At length it was permitted, and Gov. Buckingham issued his call for the 29th Regiment. It was readily filled, as was also the 30th. The 29th contained a considerable number of Woodbury colored men, and it was now employed in the siege of Petersburgh and Richmond, being placed nearer Richmond than the white regiments.

On the preceding October, Grant had made a last effort to turn the Confederate right, and in this movement, the 29th was engaged: "Stubbornly was the advance contested; but from tree to tree, from bush, rock, and rifle-pit, the rebel skirmishers were driven, until they broke, and fled into the woods. The brigade remained in the woods while the 29th pushed forward, nearly six hundred

[1] Samuel Grant, Jr., of Windsor, married Grace Minor, daughter of Capt. John Minor, of Woodbury, and the father and ancestors of General Sherman were natives of Woodbury, from the first settlement of the town, in 1672.

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strong, until they had made their way close up to the breastworks, from which poured a heavy fire. At this time, the enemy opened upon the 29th from a battery in an angle of the works; sweeping the line with shot and shell, and threatening to render it untenable. A well-directed rifle-fire silenced it. The gunners fell at their guns. Comrades attempted to crawl up; but they were shot down or forced back, and the guns remained as silent as if spiked. The blacks exhausted their ammunition, but replenished their supply from the dead or wounded. They vied with each other in deeds of daring. In a lull of battle they would call out, 'How about Fort Pillow to-day?' 'Look over here, Johnny, and see how niggers can shoot!' They exposed themselves with the utmost recklessness and indifference; and Capt. Camp was obliged to restrain them from useless exhibitions of their courage.

"During the afternoon, various points of the rebel works were assaulted, but without success. The 29th remained in front, firing until the muskets became so foul that the charge could not be rammed home. Nightfall found the regiment still engaged with unwearied enthusiasm where they had been for fifteen hours. By eight o'clock, the firing gradually slackened, and finally ceased; and the regiment remained on the skirmish-line till daylight. A violent storm drenched the men completely; but they were vigilant until relieved.

"By this time, our negroes had showed that they could fight, if anybody had sincerely doubted it. On the skirmish-line this day, the 29th had lost twelve killed and sixty-seven wounded. Among the latter was Capt. James C. Sweetland. During the advance of the morning, Sergeant Jacob F. Spencer, of Clinton, ran far ahead of the line, and captured, single-handed, two armed rebels, and brought them back prisoners. They afterwards declared that they would never have surrendered to him if they had known he was a 'nigger.' Gen. Weitzel presented Spencer with a medal for gallantry.

"Adjutant H. H. Brown said in the regimental report, 'Though twenty-three hours on the skirmish line, and the men excessively fatigued, I beg to call especial attention to the fact that there are none missing. When we returned to camp yesterday afternoon, we brought every man we took out, excepting those killed and wounded.'"

And in the final success of the union arms, in the surrender of Gen. Lee and his army, we find this regiment conspicuous:—

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"Weitzel, pressing near Richmond, north of the James, with one division of the 24th Corps, and one division of the 25th (colored) Corps, was attracted by the conflagration, and in early morning hurried forward over the vacated Confederate breastworks towards the city.

"Lieut Colonel David Torrence reported, 'At sunset of April 2 we witnessed the last rebel dress-parade in Virginia, from the magazine of Fort Harrison. Early on Monday morning, April 3, 1865, the picket fires of the enemy began to wane, and an ominous silence to prevail within his lines. Very soon, deserters began to come into our lines, who reported that the works in our front were being evacuated. In a little while, we saw the barracks of Fort Darling in flames; and tremendous explosions followed each other in rapid succession. The earliest dawn revealed to us the deserted lines, with their guns spiked and their tents standing. We were ordered to advance at once, but cautiously. The troops jumped over the breastworks, and, avoiding the torpedoes, filed through the rebel abatis; and then began the race for Richmond.

"No words can describe the enthusiasm of the troops as they found themselves fairly within the rebel lines, and tramping along the bloody roads leading to the capital. The honor of first entering that city was most earnestly contested. Many regiments threw away every thing but their arms, while this regiment 'double-quicked' in heavy marching order. Two companies of this regiment, G and C, that had been sent forward as skirmishers, reached the city close on the heels of our cavalry, and were, without the slightest doubt, the first companies of infantry to enter the city. Through the heat and dust the troops struggled on; and at last, as we came in full view of the city, the air was rent with such cheers as only the brave men who had fought so long and so nobly for that city could give."[1]

Throughout Sherman's Grand March, the veteran 5th maintained its early renown in all the battles. As an instance, it is mentioned, that at the battle of Peach-tree Creek, near Atlanta, Ga., which was almost a complete surprise to the union army;—"As the enemy came shouting and yelling from the woods within twenty yards, flaunting their flags in the assurance of an easy victory, the old division closed sternly in, and the answer to their

[1] Hist. of Conn. in the recent War.

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yells were union bullets and union cheers. For three hours the battle raged, the enemy being repeatedly repulsed, and as often returning to the charge, only to find a wall of fire and steel more impenetrable than before, and to lose increased numbers of their misguided soldiers upon the field. At a little before sunset the battle ceased. The returns of the 5th exhibited a loss of sixty men killed and wounded, out of less than 200 who went into action; among whom were many of the best and most valued men of the regiment.[1]

"In January, 1865, the army—'Sherman's Iron-clads,' as they were called by the Confederates, rested for a few weeks in and about Savannah, after one of the most remarkable campaigns in the wars of the world."

On the 6th of February, 1865, the 2d Heavy Artillery was engaged in the battle of Hatcher's Run, and did good service.

"At midnight the regiment marched back to quarters, arriving at sunrise, and having taken a ration of whisky, which had been ordered by Grant, or somebody else, in consideration of three nights and two days on the bare ground, in February, together with some fighting, and a good deal of hard marching, and hard work, the men lay down to sleep as the sun rose up, and did not rise up till the sun went down."[2]

On the 25th of March, the regiment was engaged in the battle of Fort Fisher, and bore an honorable part, taking more prisoners than the number of its men taking part in the battle. This was a very decisive battle, leaving miles of the rebel picket lines in our possession, thousands of prisoners in our hands, and greatly tightening the grip of the union armies upon Petersburg. The activity of this spring was in strong contrast with the endless cannonading and laying in the trenches not daring to show one's head without risk of its loss, the opposing picket lines running for miles within 200 feet of each other, that had prevailed for the preceding ten months. It is difficult even now to see how the two immense armies of Grant and Lee could have confronted each other for so long a time without more active and decisive hostilities. However, that period was past. All things were now ready, and the end, so long desired, drew near.

[1] Crofut & Morris, p. 708. [2] Vaill.

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"On the 1st of April, Sheridan, with cavalry and infantry, won a great victory at Five Forks over the divisions of Pickett and Bushrod Johnson. Mr. Pollard tells us that on that occasion five thousand rebels, 'having got the idea that they were entrapped, threw down their arms, and surrendered themselves as prisoners.' Indeed, all the rebels along the line seemed about this time to have 'got the idea,' badly,—and General Grant determined to strengthen their hold upon it by a shotted salute in honor of Sheridan's victory at Five Forks. It was about eleven o'clock on the evening of the 1st of April, and all quiet, when BANG! went a gun from Fort Wadsworth. Heavy firing at a distance of three miles or more will not start soldiers from their bunks. Every shot may destroy a regiment or sink a ship,—it will not destroy their repose. But Fort Wadsworth was too near camp,—only fifty paces off—and the men were constrained to look out and see the cannonading of which that shot was the opening gun. Waterloo's opening roar and Hohenlinden's far flashes were but the work of popguns in comparison with the artificial earthquakes that shook Petersburg and its bristling environs, and the lightnings which came in such quick succession that the jaws of darkness were not able to devour them up. Mr. Pollard says of it:—

"'On the night of the 1st April, Grant celebrated the victory of Five Forks, and performed the prelude of what was yet to come, by a fierce and continuous bombardment along his lines in front of Petersburg. Every piece of artillery in the thickly studded forts, batteries, and mortar-beds, joined in the prodigious clamor; reports, savagely, terrifically crashing through the narrow streets and lanes of Petersburg, echoed upwards; it appeared as if fiends of the air were engaged in a sulphurous conflict.'

"At about midnight, the regiment was called up and ordered to pack up everything. Knapsacks, however, were to be left behind; and to secure greater silence, canteens were to be worn on the right side. Six companies and a half fell in, (the rest being on picket,) and proceeded to brigade head-quarters, and thence to the neighborhood of Patrick's Station. All mounted officers were ordered to leave their horses inside the earthworks; and the division moved out in front, a little to the left of the Look-out. A heavy picket fire was opened, under cover of which the lines were formed, three or four deep in all except our brigade, which had only two, although on the right of the division, and our regiment

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(of course) in the front line. The charge was expected to come off at four o'clock, but day began to dawn before the signal gun was fired. Skinner had command of the right wing of the battalion, Jones of the left wing, Hubbard of the whole. The advance was made *en echelon* by brigades, with a great rush and yell—although a part of the 1st Brigade, (the Jerseys,) broke and ran, ingloriously. The advance was over precisely the same ground as on the 25th of March, and the firing came from the same battery and breastworks, although not quite so heavy. Lieut. Colonel Skinner and seven enlisted men were wounded—none of them mortally. A shot, which, judging from the hole it made, was something smaller than a minnie ball, struck Skinner on the side, under the right arm, went through an overcoat, wadded blouse, and vest, pierced the skin, and traveled seven inches on the ribs, then came out and sped on, and may have wounded another man, for ought that is known to the contrary. There was but little firing on our side,—but with bayonets fixed, the boys went in—not in a very mathematical right line, but strongly and surely,—on, on, until the first line was carried. Then, invigorated and greatly encouraged by success, they pressed on,—the opposing fire slackening every moment,—on, on, through the abbattis and ditch, up the steep bank, over the parapet, *into the rebel camp* that had just been deserted. Then, and there, the long tried and ever faithful soldiers of the Republic saw DAYLIGHT!—and such a shout as tore the concave of that morning sky, it were worth dying to hear. On the ground where so long the rebels had formed and drilled their battalions, our line was now re-formed, and then pushed on, over the hills and far away,—across a pike and past a telegraph, which was quickly cut,—then on, until at length Colonel Hubbard found himself and his half battalion alone on the Boydtown plank road. After cutting off and burning a small wagon train loaded with medical stores, we marched back to the rebel camp, where we found the remainder of our brigade holding the right of the captured line. The rest of the corps was in line two miles further to the left, where it had some sharp fighting. Our skirmishers took several works and guns, but for want of support had to relinquish them, and the rebels, following up their slight advantage, turned the guns on us, making it very uncomforable for a few minutes,—our flank being quite uncovered,—when, suddenly, hurrah! a column of reinforcements comes over the hill by Fort Fisher. The rebels turn their guns

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in that direction, but to no purpose:—for the 24th Corps marches steadily forward, goes into line by regiments, advances a heavy skirmish line, and then a superb line of battle,—whereupon the enemy abandon their works and flee. This advance of the 24th Corps was one of the most magnificent sights our soldiers ever saw: it drove the rebels before it as the hurricane drives dead leaves. Our men watched the charge until the line was a mile to the right, then moved inside of our works, and rested an hour. While there, Grant, Meade and Wright rode up, and were greeted with cheers that had in them the prophetic ring of the final and all-comprehending victory so soon to come. Unanimous cheers, too, they were.

"Generals, too, in this rejoicing hour, dispensed with their usual reticence, and seemed to think that it would not be prejudicial to good order and military discipline even to let enlisted men know what was going on 'in high military circles.' Every private soldier in the ranks was possessed of the intelligence that General Grant says that Sheridan is coming up the South Side without opposition; General Wright reports that he cannot find any forces to the left,—so General Grant tells him to move on Petersburg and 'take it as soon as God will let him.'

"The Corps followed the Second Corps—all except our brigade, which was detached and ordered to report to General Parke, commanding the 9th Corps. We marched to the right, by the old camp near Warren's station, and up the corduroy to the rear of Fort Hell, where a rest of an hour was made, in a fiercely hot sun. Then the brigade advanced through a covered way, past Fort Hell, and out in front to the works that had been captured early that morning by Hartraft's division of the 9th Corps. There the men lay down in muddy trenches, among the dying and the dead, under a most murderous fire of sharp-shooters. There had been charges and counter charges,—but our troops held all they had gained. At length the hot day gave place to chilly night, and the extreme change brought much suffering. The men had flung away whatever was fling-away-able during the charge of the morning, and the subsequent hot march,—as men always will, under like circumstances,—and now they found themselves blanketless, stockingless, overcoatless,—in cold and damp trenches, and compelled by the steady firing to lie still, or adopt a horizontal, crawling mode of locomotion, which did not admit of speed enough to quicken the circulation of the blood. Indeed, it was

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very cold. Some took the clothing from the dead, and wrapped themselves in it; others, who were fortunate enough to procure spades, dug gopher holes, and burrowed. At daylight, Colonel Fiske and the 65th New York clambered over the huge earthwork, took possession of Fort Hell, opened a picket fire and fired one of the guns in the Fort, eliciting no reply. Just then a huge fire in the direction of the city followed by several explosions, convinced our side that Lee's army had indeed left. The regiment was hastily got together,—ninety muskets being all that could be produced—and sent out on picket to relieve the 200th Pennsylvania. The picket line advanced, and meeting with no resistance, pushed on into the city. What regiment was the first to enter the city is, and probably ever will be, a disputed question. The 2d Connecticut claims to have been the first,—but Colonel Hubbard had ordered the colors to remain behind when the regiment went out on the skirmish line—and consequently, the stars and stripes that first floated over captured Petersburg, belonged to some other regiment. Colonel Hubbard was, however, made Provost Marshal of the city, and for a brief while dispensed government and law in that capacity. But city life was not conducive to good order and military discipline, and the brigade shortly moved out and marched gaily down to the old camp, four miles away. After remaining there two hours, everything of a portable nature was packed up, a farewell leave taken of the Camp near Warren's Station, and the line of march taken up due west. The brigade now furnished a striking illustration of the difference between the marching and fighting strength of an army. It had come down from Petersbug to camp, numbering three hundred;—now, nearly two thousand men, all of the 2d Brigade started in pursuit of the retreating rebellion.

"While passing through the heaviest of the rebel works, the brigade met President Lincoln and Admiral Porter, under convoy of a squadron of cavalry,—and saluted the dear old Uncle, who looked pale and thin. The Corps was overtaken toward evening, and the night passed in bivouac. Reveille sounded at 3:30 the next morning, and Pack up 5:30,—and after a march of about three miles, over a somewhat different country from that along Grant's Railroad—in that it was hilly and stony,—a halt was made of two hours or more, during which the official announcement of the capture of Richmond was made by General Hamblin, and received with almost interminable shoutings, and a crashing of brass

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bands, the like of which was never heard before. Rebel Generals and staff officers, and squads of greybacks were brought in all through the day. Soon after noon the column was again put in motion, and after a heavy march through the swamps, went into camp at eight in the evening. During this afternoon our regiment passed the body of a negro whose throat had been cut by the rebels, and heard of a white man close by, who had been murdered in the same manner. The place where this night was spent was called Berill's Ford. On the morning of the 5th the march was resumed, and continued all day, with a halt of two hours at noon, during which two days' rations of hard tack, sugar and coffee were issued;—and the corps encamped late in the evening in the neighborhood of Jetersville, in Amelia County. Orders were here issued by General Meade, hinting at long marches, and directing that rations be economized.

"And now came the day of the last fight for the 2d Connecticut. It was the 6th of April, 1865. Reveille sounded at 4:30, and at 5:30 the lines were formed for an advance upon the enemy, who were in force immediately in front. The affair is thus described by Lieut. Curtiss;—"

"After marching back two miles, on the road by which we came on the previous evening, we halted for half an hour, and were then ordered back to the ground from which we had just come. We had just halted there, after a muddy, slippery march, and were mourning that Lee had outwitted and escaped us, when, hark! Firing in advance and to the right. All right. We'll have him yet. We moved on and struck the Danville Railroad at Amelia Court House, marching alongside of it for two miles, and on it for a mile more, towards Burkesville. Here we met Johnny Wheeler, wounded, and Mackenzie and his cavalry. We struck off west-north-west from the Railroad, and marched steadily forward, hour after hour, toward a distant cannonade. At four o'clock we began to overtake the cavalry, who reported everything going on well. We passed 15,000 prisoners just taken from Messrs. R. E. Lee & Co. The firing grew heavier and nearer, and at five we reached the cavalry battle-field of the morning. Although tired and 'played out,' there was no halt for us—but we moved forward into position, advancing beyond our batteries, which were playing a lively tune from a hill close by. When formed, the line was advanced—sometimes by brigade front and sometimes by a flank—but always *on*, until we crossed Sailor's

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Creek,[1] and came to a halt under a steep bank, from the crest of which the rebels poured down a murderous fire. Two lines were formed, the 2d Connecticut Volunteer Artillery and 65th New York in the second line. Everything being ready, 'Forward!' sounded along the whole line, and away we went up the hill, under a very hot fire. It was tough work to get over the crest, but at last we got the Johnnies started, and made good time after them. The 2d Heavies captured Malone's head-quarter's train, and many prisoners, besides one battle flag. We were badly broken, but after running on for some distance, were finally halted and reformed. Colonel Hubbard and Major Jones came up in time to present us to Generals Sheridan, Wright, Wheaton and Hamblin, who all rode along to the front. We also advanced soon after, and found things in a promising condition. General Ewell and staff, and several thousand other prisoners, had been taken, together with wagon trains, guns, caissons, and small arms without number. One of the prisoners told us that they had but three guns left. Our loss in the charge was seven wounded, three of them mortally, viz: Emory W. Castle and Erastus W. Converse, of D, and Charles Griswold, of F. At ten o'clock we moved up a mile further to the front, and bivouaced for the night."[2]

Gen. Lee was now forced to capitulate, and unconditionally surrender his whole army. About noon on Sunday, April 9th, 1865, in a farm house at Appomattox Court House, sat the chiefs, Grant and Lee, and signed the death-warraut of the Confederacy.

The subjoined letters, from a young man who enlisted from Woodbury, in Company I as a private, and by good conduct attained the rank of Brevet Major, show the feelings with which our brave soldiers witnessed the collapse of the rebellion:—

"QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, Va., April 5th, 1865.

"FRIEND COTHREN;—Here I am in Richmond, Va., in old Jeff. Davis' private parlor, writing to you, with no secesh to make me afraid. The private residence of the arch traitor is now the head-quarters of Gen. Weitzel. It is furnished in splendid style—Jeff. left everything—guess he's left the place.

"The inhabitants welcomed us with the waiving of handker-

[1] A small tributary of the Appomattox.

[2] Vaill's 19th Conn.

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chiefs, and other demonstrations of joy. The young ladies seemed to vie with each other in kindness and greeting to us.

"The accursed rebs set fire to the business portion of the city, and it is now a mass of smoking ruins. We labored to check the flames, but did not succeed until great havoc had been made. The rebs did not gain many friends by running away by the light of their own dwellings.

"I expect to go to Petersburg to-day, where I hope to find the 2d Connecticut boys. Perhaps you may wonder how I came up here, as you last heard from me at Wilmington. Gen. Terry's forces joined Sherman in Goldsboro. I was ordered by Gen. Schofield to report at the Chief Quartermaster's, at the headquarters of the Lieut.-General commanding U. S. forces, at City Point or in the field. I followed General Grant to Lynchburg. I have given up the chase till he comes here, where he is expected every day.

"President Lincoln was here yesterday, and rode through the principal streets of the city. He took refreshments at Gen. Weitzel's residence.

"Richmond is a beautiful place, situated on a number of hills overlooking the river. I send you some confederate money. There is any amount of it lying around with 'no takers.' What a harvest for John Bull!

"I havn't time to write another word.

JAMES M. BRADLEY,
Major-General Terry's Staff."

"WILMINGTON, N. C., Feb. 25, 1865.

"FRIEND COTHREN:— Here we are in Wilmington. We drove the last of Hoke's troops through this place on the birthday of Washington (Feb. 22). Well, I have felt elated and proud of our successes before this day; but as I rode with Gen. Terry at the head of the advance, and saw that 'hotbed of secession' get down on its knees before our veteran troops—words cannot express my feelings. Neither can I express my horror and indignation as I saw the union prisoners that they had left in this town, because they could not carry them away. May God forgive them for such fiendish work, for I cannot and never will. I will not try to tell you of their misery; my pen is not equal to the task. From exposure and hunger they were crazy, idiots, living, moving skele

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tons. Five dead bodies of our men (prisoners) were burned by the rebels, because (as they said) there was no place to bury them. So they set fire to the house they were in, and burned it to the ground. We have about 1,000 of the Union prisoners who escaped from the rebs as they were marched out of the place.

"We followed Hoke twelve miles from here towards Goldsboro, and pressed him so hard that we captured his pontoons and many prisoners.

"We find a great many Union men here in this former paradise for blockade runners. These men are Union to the heart. The rebs burned most of the cotton, so that we captured but little of the boasted 'Southern king.'

"It is so dark that I cannot see to write more at this time. You will hear from me again, as we expect to go on with this job, and may wish to tell you how it was accomplished.

"JAMES W. BRADLEY, Lt. and A. D. C.,
Maj. Gen. Terry's Staff,
Wilmington, N. C."

Capt. Walter Burnham, having been the Captain of the Woodbury Company I during its "fighting period," furnishes the writer the following record of his brave company with no unbecoming pride.

"We were finally ordered to join the Army of the Potomac,—which junction was made at Spottsylvania, Va., where we joined our fortunes with the "fighting 6th Corps," on the night of the 16th of May, just in time to witness, on the evening of the 17th, the last grand charge, which was to cover the flanking movement of the extreme left of Grant's line; though not participating in the charge, yet in fair sight of it—the sight of which did not sharpen our desire, I assure you, for a like encounter, which was likely to occur at any time; at least I am free to confess it did not mine.

"From the night of the 19th, till June 1st, (the day of the Cold Harbor battle,) the marches we made were rapid and severe, and between marching and throwing up breastworks at every camping place, our rest but short. On the morning of June 1st, we made a forced march of some fourteen or sixteen miles, reaching Cold Harbor about 12 o'clock, completely exhausted—Company I, with one other company, being immediately detailed to throw up a breastwork in our front,—completing the work about four

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o'clock, P. M., having just time to make a cup of coffee before the charge was ordered, which was at half-past four, the result of which, to company I, was a loss of 16 killed and wounded, being a larger number from company I than any company in the 3d battalion—company I being the left center company.

"Company I was the first to enter the rebel works, and held them for nearly an hour before any other company joined them. In fact, the regiment was so broken up, and companies so disorganized, that no company, as a company, joined us during the night, though by daylight on the morning of the 2d, nearly the whole regiment that were left were in the breastworks. Indeed so eager were some of the men for an advance, at the time of the charge, that two of the Woodbury boys, went quite a distance in advance of the regiment and company, and took up fighting on their own account—Hubbard Hotchkiss and Romayn Hard—and from Hotchkiss' account of their exploit, there was one less rebel General in the field; and as his account corresponded with a subsequent account in a Richmond paper, that came into our lines a few days after, giving an account of the battle, and of a prominent Rebel General having been killed, just at the right of the Cold Harbor road, we came to the conclusion that Hubbard had killed his man.

"Were you an old soldier, you would realize more fully than it is possible for you to do now, the tremendous, heavy, and continuous musketry firing the regiment was under at this battle, when I tell you that of all the battles during the war, the musketry fire just at the right of the Cold Harbor road, on June 1st, 1864, was the most continuous and severe of them all. Yet this, I am told by an officer high in rank, connected with 'Freedman's Bureau,' at Richmond, Va., is an acknowledged fact, both by Union and Rebel Generals.

"From this time forward I took more pride in my company than I had done previously, and the company, as a company, took more pride in themselves, reporting, on most occasions, more men for daily duty,—arriving in camp at the end of those hard, wearisome marches, with more men than any other company in the regiment.

"From Cold Harbor, another flanking movement was made, which brought the 6th Corps near Bermuda Hundred, on the James river, where we remained but a short time, and from thence

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to Petersburg, where, upon a skirmish line, June 26th, company I lost two men, neither of them from Woodbury.

"July 9th were ordered to Washington to repulse Early's threatened attack upon that city. Early retreated by way of Snicker's Gap, our Corps, of course, following hard upon him. About this time commenced a series of marchings up and down the valley, which was anything but agreeable. The first battle in which our regiment was engaged, was at Winchester, on the 19th of Sept., 1864, in which Co. I lost some twenty-eight men, out of somewhere from seventy to eighty—this being a larger number lost than from any other company in the regiment.

"The 2d fight in the valley was at Fisher's Hill, on the 22d of September—the regiment losing but few men; Company I but one man.

"Oct. 19th was the battle of Cedar Creek—Company I again losing more men than any company in the regiment—some twenty-eight or thirty men men, out of say about fifty. So you see that Company I.'s record is all that could be desired.

"The official report of the casualties of a regiment or company subsequently to a fight, shows pretty conclusively the valor and bravery of its men, and Company I, in my estimation, stands second to no other.

"Please pardon my egotism in giving you here a compliment, which I received from Colonel, now Brig. and Brev. Major Gen. Mackenzie. who called me to his quarters the day previous to the Cedar Creek battle, and said: 'Capt. Burnham, I consider your company one of the best companies in my regiment. You may have thought that I have found a good deal of fault with you officers, and been too strict. Gen. Sheridan tells me that I have one of the best, most reliable regiments in his command. The regiment is one of the best drilled and best disciplined I ever saw.'

"I considered myself highly complimented in having one of the best companies, and belonging to one of the best Regiments Sheridan's command; and Company I's record of the following day certainly did not detract from it."

The expressions of these letters are not extravagant, when we remember what it cost "our boys" to be able to say them.

"Connecticut troops witnessed the capitulation, The 1st cavalry, under Col. Ives, acted as an escort to Gen. Grant, when he went

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forward to the conference with Lee. The 14th, under Col. Moore, was hard by, within sight of the memorable house. The 2d Artillery, under Col. James Hubbard, was with the 6th Corps, a short distance north; and the 10th was a mile west, where it had helped to turn back the desperate charge of Gordon.

"The armies were foes no longer, and the victors shared their rations with the vanquished. Among the paroled, there was, besides the mortification of defeat, a feeling of relief from a terrible and sanguinary combat. Among the Union troops there was, superadded to the delight of victory and the joyful foreshadowing of peace, an exultant consciousness that the Army of the Potomac, often censured and always disparaged, had at last won a title to the nation's gratitude." [1]

We have already said, that Woodbury was substantially a unit in support of the war. There were a few exceptions, of no account. No leading man refused his support. It became necessary for U. S. Marshal Carr to write letters of warning to a few disloyal persons, who discouraged enlistments. There were one or two instances, also, in which the people took the matter into their own hands. The most notable case was that of Burr B. Atwood, residing in Upper Nonnewaug. He, with his family, consisting of himself, wife, one or two daughters and as many sons, living at home, though he had a son honorably serving in the union armies, was quite free in expressing disloyal sentiments, and finally displayed a rebel flag from his house, inscribed with a disloyal sentiment. Without concert, in utter ignorance of each other's movements, a large company of the leading young men of Waterbury, and another from Woodbury, proceeded to Atwood's house, meeting just before they arrived at his house. The purpose of this journey was to compel Atwood to take down his rebel flag. He however had seen the *procession* approaching, and took down and hid the flag. They demanded it, but he refused to produce it, and his whole family denied that they knew where it was. A thorough search revealed its hiding place among refuse articles in the sink. It was taken possession of, and carried away. Atwood was asked to recant his treasonable words, but he would not. The production of a rope, and a threat to hang him up to a neighboring tree, worked repentance in his heart, and he mounted his horse block, and took the oath of allegiance from a magistrate

[1] Brofut & Morris.

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present. All the members of his family then followed suit in taking the oath upon the block. A noisy relative of the same family appeared upon the scene about this time, made some careless and unhappy remarks in regard to the proceedings of the patriotic assemblage, and was not over enthusiastic in expressing his love and admiration for the stars and stripes, and the cause of the union. He was therefore ordered to mount the block, and take the oath of allegiance, which he stoutly refused to do, and continued his resistance till the tightening of the rope about his neck assured him the "boys" were deadly in earnest, when he reluctantly took the oath. But on being released, disloyal words again found utterance, when the oath upon the block was again administered to him. And it is related to the writer, who was not present on this solemn occasion, that it became necessary to administer the oath to him *six* times before his rebellious spirit was quelled, and he became a quiet union man.

The "Vigilants" next visited the house of Chauncey Atwood, who was reported, also, to have used disloyal words. He utterly denied speaking the words, and declared for the union cause. As his veracity had never been doubted, his word was taken for truth; but the "boys" said that they would call again on Friday, and suggested the propriety of his having a flag bearing the stars and stripes floating from his house on that occasion, to assure his neighbors of the falsity of the injurious reports. The committee had previously *required* of Burr B. Atwood, that he should have the United States flag floating from his house on the same Friday, when, they assured him, they would return to see if their order had been complied with.

Friday came, and with it the said committee, with a large procession of the leading citizens, led by Sheriff Henry Minor, and preceeded by music, and the national flag. A twenty-five dollar silk flag was floating over the premises of Mr. C. Atwood, and he had provided refreshments under the shade of the fruit trees in his dooryard, in ample abundance for all his visitors, which were partaken of in great good feeling,—after which there was music, and speeches were made by several of the prominent gentlemen present, closing with a patriotic poem from Mr. Atwood.

After giving three cheers for the flag and three more for the host and hostess, the procession moved on to Burr B. Atwood's. A small United States flag was floating over his "tabernacle," as per order, but no one was to be seen on the premises. After dili-

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gent search, the proprietor was found in a small lot in rear of his barn, mournfully ruminating over the sad necessity of appearing to be in favor of the union—the government under which he lived. He was encouraged to come forward, and receive the congratulations of his *friends*, who had so eagerly sought his conversion to patriotic principles. This he did, was handsomely received, and advised to continue loyal. The convocation then departed for their homes, and there was never again a sign of disloyalty in the town. One example had been sufficient.

With the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, the war was substantially closed, and Johnston very soon capitulated to Sherman, and the leader in the south west soon after him. The war-worn veterans now began to return home, and be mustered out of the service, in which they had won such glorious laurels.

As the rebellion collapsed, and it was seen that the war was to come to a close, there had been much solicitude in the minds of the thoughtful patriots at home, as to the course that would be taken by the soldiers on their muster out. Would they noiselessly and naturally return to their old habits of life, and quietly sink into the pursuit of the arts of peace, willingly laboring in their old avocations to obtain a livelihood?—or had they imbibed tastes and habits, in their army life, that would preclude their engaging in their former avocations, and leave them an idle and violent class, preying upon the communities they should afflict with their presence?

The result of the disbandment of our armies, and the return of the veterans, was peaceable beyond the expectations of the most hopeful. Every soldier, on his return, was almost painfully eager to take off the blue, and assume the sober garb of private life. The whole army dissolved into their original places in the community as naturally, as they could have done, if they had only been on a week's visit among friends! Not a jar, not a ripple disturbed the vast bosom of society, and everything socially passed on as smoothly as though the war had never existed.

The brave men now rapidly returned home, and they were received by the people with ovations, and acclamations, never exceeded in the history of the world. The people fully appreciated their heroic services, and expressed their appreciation with boundless joy.

And now the Woodbury soldiers returned to their firesides and homes, which had missed their presence for months and

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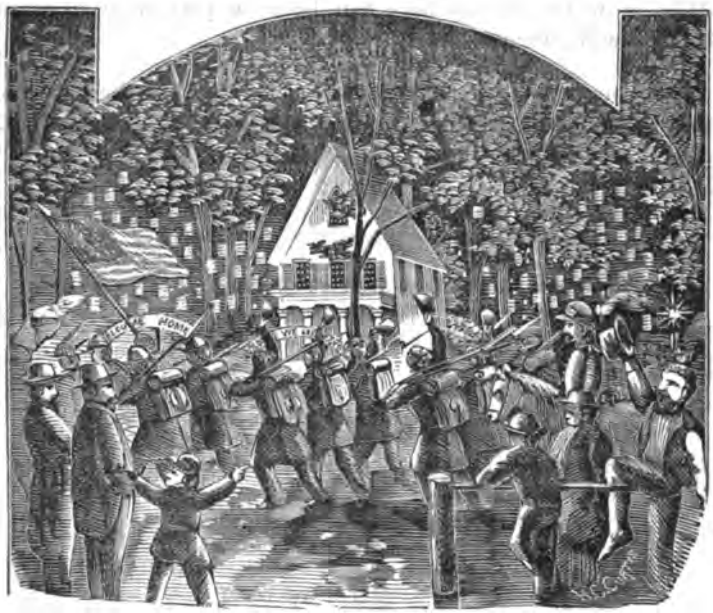
years. The people, under the inspiration of the ladies, prepared to give them a fitting reception. The following is a brief account of the reception, as given in the "Waterbury American" at the time:—

"On Wednesday night, August 16th, 1865, the citizens of Ancient Woodbury had one of the pleasantest reunions ever held in the old town, on the occasion of the reception of our returned soldiers. For days, the ladies, who gave the reception, had been busy in decorating the Town Hall, and preparing refreshments for the soldiers and their families, and the families of the deceased. The weather was delightful, and when the eve came, a better decorated hall or more sumptuous tables have never been seen in Litchfield county. The ladies fully sustained their high reputation as caterers on our public local occasions.

"At sunset, the soldiers assembled at the house of William Cothren, at which, nearly every one who had gone to the



war had been enlisted and gone forth. His house was beautifully decorated in red, white and blue, with a large transparency over the main entrance, appropriately dressed in evergreens, bearing the motto:—"Soldiers, we greet you! Welcome home!"

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As soon as it was dark the house was brilliantly illuminated in every part. Chinese lanterns filled the trees and verandahs, and "Lincoln torches" covered the fences. Under the direction of Capt. Sperry, the soldiers formed and marched through the whole of Main street, from Thomas Bull's to James Green's, the distance of a mile and a half, and for the whole distance, nearly all the houses were illuminated. The soldiers cheered every illuminated house, and were cheered in return. Many of the houses had appropriate transparencies and lanterns. Among these, the houses of landlord Kelly, C. G. Judson, Esq., Enos Benham, Esq, Henry Minor, Esq., Alexander Gordon, Esq., Mrs. John P. Marshall and Col. Smith, were conspicuous. The Old Parsonage, built in 1700, was very conspicuous, from its antique structure."

The Town Hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens and flags. The name of each deceased soldier was encircled with a laurel wreath, placed upon the walls, and the names of the battles in which our soldiers had borne a part, were likewise wreathed with evergreens.

"After performing this march, headed by the Woodbury Drum Band, the soldiers entered the hall, when the following ode of welcome was sung by the Woodbury Glee Club:—

SOLDIERS' WELCOME—BY WM. COTHREN.

Home from the war, from Southern hill and plain—
Home from freedom's battles on the land, on the main;
Home from the tented field, the wounded, and the slain—
Ye battle-scarred heroes, we greet you again.
Chorus—Home, home, sweet, sweet home—
Ye battle-scarred heroes, we welcome you home.

Brave went ye forth on that fair Sabbath day,
Ready for the battle—ready for the fray—
Ready to meet sorrows then soon to come;
Ye battle-scarred heroes, we welcome you home.

Home from the conflict, your duty well done;
Home from the war with proud victory won,
Covered with honor, permitted to come;
Ye battle,scarred heroes, we welcome you home.

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"P. M. Trowbridge, Esq., then made the following presentation address to the ladies, who were present in great force:—

ADDRESS—BY MR. TROWBRIDGE.

"LADIES OF WOODBURY:—Here are the guests I promised you a little more than a week ago. They are my friends—yea, more: comrades, brothers; for, during these long, sad, weary, bloody years, I have been one of them. The pestilence of camp, the exhausting march, the horrid battle-field, though far away, I have shared with them.

"Constant communion with them has made me familiar with the individual history of each, and I now present them to you as true men. They have been tried and are not found wanting. They stood firmly, unflinchingly, and warded off the 'leaden rain and iron hail," from you and your loved ones. They have followed that Old Flag, the flag which had its conception beneath the dark portals of the Star-Chamber, which was ushered into existence amid numberless prayers and floods of tears, which was baptised in rivers of blood, which was consecrated to God and Liberty, which has been a terror to evil-doers and a praise to such as have done well; I say they have followed that Old Flag from victory to victory, till its protecting folds now wave over the whole of this, our much loved land. Their work is done. They come crowned with honor, purchased with self-consecrated patriotism. It is meet then that you, noble women of Woodbury, should thus publicly say, 'Well done, good and faithful servants,' welcome to the sweets of home.

Ladies: there are others here whom I also promised you as guests this evening. They are the husbandless, the fatherless, the sonless, the brotherless. Made so by what? Go to Heaven's record and there read: 'These gave their husbands, their fathers, their sons, their brothers, to crush the most impious rebellion earth has known since Satan was cast over the battlements of this Most Holy City.' Could you have gone with me when those winged messengers came, telling of the fall of one after another, and broken the sad intelligence to anxious hearts, you would have witnessed scenes that would have dwelt with you so long as memory was yours. You would have seen a father, a mother, bowed to the earth because the stay of their declining years had fallen;—you would have seen the heart-broken wife bathing with tears her

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little ones, as they were clustering about her, and crying, 'Mama, mama, won't dear papa come home any more?'

"I have raised the curtain only partially, because the scenes are far too sacred for the world's eye. But you have seen enough, and you will surely greet these, too, and bid their sad hearts be glad; and you will as surely smooth their lonely pathway till they are welcomed to the Heavenly Home, where war and its sorrows are unknown."

At the close of the address, Mr. A. N. Lewis made a response for the ladies, and introduced Mr. Trowbridge as the chairman of the evening.

In this response, which was a poetic one, occurred the following beautiful passage:—

"I envy you, soldiers, your welcome to-night;
Fair cheeks have grown fairer, eyes dimmed have grown bright
At your coming—all welcome you here,
And would, if 'twere proper, most heartily cheer,
In the midst of my speech; not at what I'm reciting,
But for you—your bold deeds, your marching and fighting,
Of which we, your admirers, are proud and delight in!
Yes, soldiers! brave veterans of 'Company I,'
I dare to assert, what none can deny,
Of all the battalions that rushed to the fray,
There were none that knew better to fight and obey,
There were none that loved better the battle's dread noise,
Than 'the 2d'—especially Woodbury boys."

"'Tis well, on a festive occasion like this,
To think of the loved ones whose faces we miss.
Black bonnets and dresses are worn here to-night
For those who went in, but came not from the fight!
Tall pine trees are rustling, magnolias wave,
Over many a hero and soldier-boy's grave!
From the 'Father of Waters' to Potomac's strand,
Ay, down to the banks of the far Rio Grande,
The soil of the South is dotted with graves
Of nameless, yet noble and canonized braves!"

"Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Mr. Purves.

"The Chairman then introduced William Cothren, who, by appointment of the ladies, gave the welcoming address:

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ADDRESS—BY MR. COTHREN.

"Soldiers of Ancient Woodbury:—It has become my pleasing duty, at the request of the ladies who now receive you, and speaking their sentiments as well as my own, to give you a hearty welcome home. This beautifully decorated room, these tables, groaning under the weight of refreshments, the happy faces of worth and beauty you see all around you, all testify with mute eloquence the deep fervor of this, your joyous welcome. We welcome you as patriots, who for love of country went forth to endure all the privations of the camp, in the tented field, and to meet the shock of battle, to save your imperiled country. Some of you went forth from the humbler pursuits, some from higher walks, all with great hearts throbbing with the desire to save and protect the vital interests of liberty and humanity. You went forth as only lovers of their country can do, to battle for the right, perchance to die.

"We well remember that fair May morning in 1861, in the very opening of the great rebellion, when the first company of our Woodbury patriots, in the red uniform, went forth, with earnest zeal, amid the hurrahs of the men and the waving of handkerchiefs by our honored ladies, bound to the front, to pass to battle, promising as they went, with solemn vow, to go to the defense of our nation's capital *through the streets of Baltimore*, where, just then, the northern martyrs in the cause of liberty, had freely offered their lives in the defense of their country. I see here now a remnant of that patriotic band who went to the war from my grounds, and from whom I, a childless man, parted as from my own children. The members of Company E, of the glorious old 5th, will never be by us forgotten. Boys, with earnest emotion, we greet you. With full hearts we welcome you home. Nor can we ever forget, while reason holds its throne, that beautiful morn of the Christian Sabbath, when there were anxious hearts, and a hurrying to and fro. When the peaceful stillness usually devoted to prayers and praise to God, was broken by the notes of war, the shrill cry of the fife, and the fierce rattle of the drum; when religious services were suspended in all our churches, and every citizen was ready to aid the warrior, marching to the relief of the thrice beleagured capital of his country. Oh, there were sad and hurried partings from wives and children, from kindred and

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friends, when Company I, 19th Conn Vols., departed for the war, that beautiful summer's day. While terrors thickened, the heavenly Father seemed to smile on the saddened earth. Well do I remember the sad foreboding with which one of that patriotic band, one ever to be remembered, parted from his wife and children. Solemnly he said, the tears streaming from his eyes, I shall not survive this war; never again reside in Woodbury; but it is my duty to go, and I will die fighting for my country. Sadly prophetic words. He died from wounds received at the battle of Winchester. Do his comrades need that I speak the name of Sergeant Walter J. Orton?

"Another noble spirit I must also mention, as I hurry over the record of our heroes. Young, with all the better aspirations we know in life, of high intellectual, social and moral qualities, liberally educated, and beloved in the home circle, he felt it his duty, leaving all his advantages, to go forth and do his share for the salvation of his country. He met his fate, and ascended to his God from Cedar Mountain, dying instantly on the field of battle. I speak the name of Lieut. Henry M. Dutton.

"And there was another nople spirit, reared and educated by the honored man and soldiers' friend during all this dreadful war, who this evening, by the appointment of the ladies, so fitly presides over these ceremonies. He served as a private in the three months campaign, and again in the glorious 11th Conn. Vols, rising by merited promotion for deeds of valor on the battle-field to the post of Adjutant, and A. A. A. G. of his regiment and brigade, and gave up his young life in the great cause, dying from wounds received at the battle of Cold Harbor. A pure and patriotic soul passed thus to heaven.

"All were worthies. Time would fail me to speak of their merits individually. I must hurry, that you may enjoy other pleasures in store for you. Others besides those I have mentioned in the companies went by squads, and singly joining all the various regiments of our State; but they all went for the same great purpose, and did well their duty in the broad field of conflict to which they were called.

"Soldiers of Woodbury! Survivors of forty-three pitched battles, survivors of 262 enlisted men, who left your homes in our midst to vindicate the honor of our country, and preserve our free institutions, we greet with grateful hearts your glad return. Saviours of your country, forever hail!

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"No time is left me to name in detail the glorious battles in which you have triumphed. Your country and the friends of liberty have not forgotten them. You could not well forget the successful battles in which the illustrious 'Old fighting Sixth' participated. You will never forget those bloody carnivals of death and ghastly wounds at Cold Harbor, where you lost eighteen of your number; at Winchester, where you lost twenty-six out of seventy-eight; at Fisher Hill, where you lost twenty-nine out of about fifty men, in killed and wounded, who went into battle. You cannot well forget how you stood like a wall of fire around threatened Washington for many weary months. You will never forget your marches under the illustrious Grant, your forced marches in the Shenandoah Valley, under the glorious Phil. Sheridan, nor how you snuffed out Jeff. Davis' last attempt to erect his throne in the capital city of the Union. You never will forget the most splendid march in all history performed by you, of over 100 miles in twenty-two maching hours, ending in Lee's surrender, the close of the war, the establishment of peace. Such is but part of the history of your company in the famous 2d Conn. Artillery.

"And you, our old and first beloved of Company E, in the war-worn 5th, who rushed early to the war, you will never forget, nor shall we, your many bloody and victorious battle-fields, nor that splendid, unparalleled march under the intrepid, persevering, victorious Sherman, from Washington to Nashville, from Nashville through all the Atlantic States, to the sea, helping in Lee's surrender and forcing that of Johnston. A soldier who has fought under Sherman may count himself truly blessed. In the fame of Sherman and his troops, our ancient town has a right to take, as she does, a modest and becoming pride. His ancestor in the Sherman line was born in this very street, in a house now standing just above the hall in which we are assembled.

"Soldiers all! you will never forget the fifty dead heroes of your number, nor the forty-seven other comrades, who this day bear honorable scars received in the service of your country. You will never forget the forty-three decisive battles, whose names are inscribed on the dear old flag hanging yonder, for which you and your dead comrades have so bravely fought. Give three times three, for yourselves, for posterity, for history.

"Brave men! ye have wrought well, gladly we greet you here. But you are not all here in bodily presence. We sadly miss the

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familiar faces of the heroic dead. Those dear forms, dear to us, and dear to their families beloved, have 'fallen out,' one by one, on the hurried march, on the southern hills and plains, in loathsome prisons, in the deadly camp, by the more merciful missile of death in all your glorious campaigns. If, as orderly sergeant, I should call the names of this proud roll of honor, (here exhibiting the names of the deceased soldiers,) not one would respond in voices audible to human ears. Roll of honor! Let their names be spoken with heads uncovered by all the living present. These fifty martyrs have stood between us and desolation and horrors indescribable. These names are indellibly engraved on the tablets of our hearts. Did I say this glorious list was not here? I recall the words. It is a pleasure to me to believe that in the disembodied form *they are present*, and look down kindly on these our efforts to do fitting honors to their manly deeds, and those of the servivors present, and that if permitted by an All wise Creator, they would whisper to us, in spirit voices, their approbation of our reverence and veneration. It is a beautiful thought, that those war-worn spirits are guardian angels still to us in time of peace, as before they were our bulwarks in battle. Happy is the lot of the children of the soldier here to-day. Long shall they and the succeeding generations point with pride to the heroic deeds of their fathers, and trace, with becoming affection their lineage to the heroes of this hour.

"There is another class here to-night whom we greet kindly, tenderly, affectionately. It is the widows and orphans of those who have fallen in this great contest for human liberty. We would cherish you all in your future lot in life. We would cherish you for the good acts of those you held most dear, and whom, amid tears, you gave to your country.

"And now, soldiers, returned to us thus happily, thus honorably, we will only add the devout aspiration, that in resuming the avocations of civil life, you may be blessed in all your lawful undertakings, and may still continue to show the same high and ennobling qualities in the arts of peace as you did in the arts of war; and may still be, as in the proud past, heroes in the defence of liberty and law."

"At the conclusion of Mr. Cothren's address, the soldiers and their guests partook of the banquet of good things prepared by the fair hands of the ladies, which were worthy of the joyful occasion."

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Patriotic and appropriate speeches were then made by Capt. Eli Sperry, first Captain of Company I, and by James Huntington, Esq. Other gentlemen were invited to speak, but courteously waived the privilege, that the boys, so long without the sight of pleasant faces, or the sound of gentle voices, might have the more time to look at the one and to listen to the other, and revel in attractions very opposite to "hard tack."

"The exercises were kept up till a few short hours 'ayant the twal,' when all separated to their homes, well pleased with the evening's entertainment."

Thus have we recounted, at some length, the brave and self-sacrificing conduct of our brave men in the field. But there were indispensable duties to be performed, and sacrifices to be borne by those who remained at home, in order to provide for and sustain the vast armies of the union. The absolute cost of this war will never be known, or correctly estimated. It is only by observing the contributions of each little town and hamlet, where they are known, that we can draw an inference of the grand total.

Woodbury was not behind any other town, in proportion to its number of inhabitants, of which the writer has heard. The ladies of the town, more if possible than the men, seemed to be imbued with the patriotic desire of foreseeing and providing for the wants of our brave volunteers. From the first hour of the formation of the "Woodbury Reds," till the close of the war, their labors were assiduous and unremitting. It has been already stated, that under their auspices, in good part; the preparation of that company to take the field cost at least $1,000. Ever after, during the continuance of the war, they were making up boxes of good articles and sending to our soldiers in the field every desirable thing of which they could think, and often packages of great value. They raised money by fairs, sociables, and private contributions. They added everywhere the labor of their own hands. They became connected with every association formed for the benefit of the soldier, and rendered efficient aid to all. In the autumn of 1862, they became connected with the New Haven Soldiers' Aid Society, formed under the auspices of Alfred Walker, who greatly distinguished himself by his zealous efforts for the welfare of the soldiers. That society furnished the materials for garments necessary for the comfort of soldiers, and our ladies

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" made them up," and returned them to the Society, to be forwarded to their several destinations. During that fall, they sent this society, $246.20, in cash, besides all the garments they manufactured. As a specimen of their benefactions, while doing this, in the month of December, 1862, they sent to Woodbury soldiers sixty-four pairs of mittens, cash value estimated at $32.00, which were distributed as follows:—forty-one pairs to the 19th Conn., eight pairs to the 5th, and fifteen pairs to the 8th and 11th. Jan. 6, 1863, they sent $20 worth of supplies to the 5th Conn.—$30 worth to the 8th and 11th—$25 worth to the 19th, and $40 in cash—besides $20 worth, in addition, to the New Haven Society. They also sent money and supplies to the United States Sanitary Commission, and numerous private boxes to individual soldiers. As a specimen of what they were doing during the year 1863, it may be mentioned, that they manufactured for the New Haven Society 12 surgical shirts, 126 pairs of drawers, 12 sheets, 63 shirts, 65 skeins of yarn and 12 flannel shirts. To the Sanitary Commission they sent 78 cushions, 10 fans, 23 ring-pads 113 handkerchiefs, 1 feather pillow, 20 linen towels, 1,374 yards of bandages, 28 rolls of bandages, 16 lbs. dried currants, 30 gals. blackberry cordial, 22 needle-books, 3 bottles of wine, 2 hospital quilts, a large quantity of sage, hops, dried peaches, jam, jars of fruit, 14 lbs. mixed rags, bundles of old clothes, 1 linen coat, together with $163.84 in money. And so they went on, those noble-hearted women, during the whole war.

" On Thanksgiving day, 1864, with final victory close at hand, the United States Sanitary Commission sent to the soldiers in the field a dinner, consisting, among other things, of six hundred tons of turkeys, in number about 200,000. Connecticut furnished her full share of these. For one day, at least, in camp and field and hospital, the quiet bird which plain Ben. Franklin wished to see inscribed upon our armorial field, stood forth supreme, and effectually superseded the proud " bird of freedom." [1]

It is estimated that the ladies were enabled to send, in money and articles of use to the soldiers, in the value at least of $5,000.

The town, as a corporation, paid to volunteers, substitutes, and for recruiting expenses, $47,231·39. In addition to this, military subjects of the town paid for their own substitutes $10,300.00 In a thousand other ways than has been recounted in this history,

[1] Crofut & Morris, p. 472.

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the people were called on to pay expenses that became necessary on account of the war. So that, there is not the slightest doubt, the people of Woodbury paid not less than $100,000, as their quota towards the suppression of the rebellion, or about one twelfth of its grand list at the commencement of the War. In this estimate, no account is taken of the increased taxation necessary to pay our part of the State and national taxes for the support of the military expenses of the nation. It is by such reviews as this that we begin to appreciate the money cost of the abolition of slavery, and the overthrow of the slaveholders' rebellion.

During the existence of the war, the following persons furnished, or helped to furnish substitutes for themselves :—

Lewis H. Atwood,
Wheeler Atwood,
Roderick Atwood
George M. Allen,
Henry M. Allen,
George P. Allen,
Willard P. Abernethy,
Stanley E. Beardsley,
Henry C. Buckingham,
Charles N. Booth, was drafted and paid commutation of $300.
Jesse B. Burton,
Nathan B. Burton,
Horace D. Curtiss,
James G Curtiss,
Walter S. Curtiss,
Sheldon B. Castle,
Samuel D. Castle,
Oliver Cowles,
David Cowes
William Cothren,
John J. Fowler,
Edgar Galpin,
John Galpin,
William S. Isbell,
Henry C. Judson,
Hermon W. Judson,
James H. Linsley,
George B. Lewis,
John H. Minor,
Nathaniel D. Minor,
Truman S. Minor,
Charles D. Minor,
Edward F. Nichols,
John S. Nichols,
Omar E. Norton,
Newell Osborn,
Albert C. Peck,
Samuel F. Peck,
Robert Peck,
George E. Pierce,
Benjamin S. Russell,
Samuel B. Scott,
William Smith,
Herman W. Shove,
Henry P. Summers,
Homer S. Tomlinson,
Ambrose H. Wells,
Truman E. Wheeler,
Frederick Ward.—49.

Since the close of the war, an organization of the soldiers who

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served in the union armies has been formed, called the "Grand Army of the Republic." This is not a political organization, but simply an association for mutual aid, and for keeping alive the remembrances and patriotic feelings which led them to battle for their country. Under the auspices of these associations, for the most part, but in Woodbury, under the auspices of the ladies, a beautiful custom has been introduced, of decorating the graves of their deceased comrades on the 30th of May, annually. The ceremonies usual on these occasions are, a procession, and the decking of the graves profusely with the bright spring flowers, after which, speeches, poems, and patriotic songs follow.

This custom was first observed in Woodbury in 1869, and has since been continued. In 1870, under the direction of Deacon P. M. Trowbridge, who, during all the war was preëminently the soldiers' friend, the ceremony was made very beautiful. After the procession and decoration of the graves, prayer was offered by Rev. Gurdon W. Noyes, pastor of the 1st Congregational church. An original hymn, written by Mrs. Emily G. Smith, was then sung. Then followed short addresses by Rev. John Purves, of St. Paul's Church, Colonel N. Smith, the writer, and others. To give an idea of the nature of the addresses on these occasions, the remarks of the author on "Decoration Day," 1870, are recorded here:—

The vernal season of the year has come, with its flowers and its perfumes. Beauty gleams forth from every side. The carol of birds at early dawn and dewy eve, fill the melodious air. The old earth itself is tremulous with joy. The manly heart, the tender bosom throbs with great emotions. Human nature, for the hour, is ennobled, and kindly sympathies encircle all with a vast comprehensiveness. We are in this beautiful valley, with its lovely outlook—heaven's chosen place for the dispensation of munificent gifts! We are standing in this silent, peaceful city of the dead! It is the votive hour. It is the day of sacred memories! With uncovered heads,

> Come we with our offerings,
> All our dear and holy things,

to decorate the lowly graves of the tried, the true and the brave. It is a sad but pleasing duty. Beautiful and graceful is the act, when blooming, youthful forms, strew these graves with flowers,

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cheered on by the approval of an entire community. How appropriate to revive in each revolving year, with the fragrance of flowers, and the fragrance of a perennial honor, a fond remembrance of those we loved in life, who wrought well, and have ascended into glory. In doing this, we prove the saying true:—

> "On the cold face of death the roses are blending,
> And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

We come with our floral offerings, and tributes of praise, to honor the heroic men who gave their lives for us; who stood like a wall of fire between us and our foes; who saved the nation's life. We come to honor the men who went out from our pleasant hills and sweet valleys, leaving fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and children, the endearments and comforts of home, —all that men hold dear in life, to battle for the right, to execute the will of God, to wipe out a glaring iniquity from the face of the earth. No venial men were they. All that loving friends and kind government could do for them, was a mere trifle, compared with the great sacrifices they willingly made. No malice, no thirst for blood, no love of carnage entered their manly bosoms. They went forth with high resolve, influenced alone by a stern and honest sense of duty. They endured toils and privations and sufferings which no tongue can tell, and no pen can adequately describe. "On the perilous edge of battle," the muskets of their foes puffing sulphurous death and deadly missles into their faces; amid the storm of shot and shell; in the desperate charge, steel clashing with steel, while, each second, comrade dropped silently, or moaningly down in the death agony; in the exhausting march, in the hasty bivouac, resting on their arms in the dense woods, or upon the open plain; in the loathsome hospital; in the horrid prison pen; these gallant men breathed out their lives in a noble cause, and obtained a martyr's crown.

We miss these gallant men from our social gatherings, and from our firesides. We hear no more their pleasant greetings in the bustle of active life. It is a sad and yet a glorious roll-call we make here to-day. Barnum, the gentle of soul, yet bold as a lion; Dutton, the chivalrous, dashing and patriotic, yielding up his life in the deadly charge, and heat of battle at Cedar Mountain; Orton, the faithful and true, victim of Winchester's bloody field; Whitlock, the genial and the brave; the soldierly Hurd, Flushmen and Galpin; the patient and modest Briggs and Wheeler, who receiv-

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ed their death wounds at Cold Harbor; time fails me to characterize all—these are but types of the whole patriot band, who served their country during these four dark, lurid years of civil war, and gave their lives for ther country. With palpitating hearts we call the roll of our honored dead to-day. We place their names on our ROLL OF HONOR, and treasure them in our heart of hearts. We miss these more than fifty stalwart forms, but we garland their memories. We magnify their fame. Well have they earned the guerdon we so gladly accord to them, while they find other and more glorious employment on the heavenly plains. We will teach our children and children's children their honored names, and hand them down to the latest posterity.

"He *never* dies,
Who, when the battle's won, lays down
His armor, and takes furlough of his God."
Memories bright shall guard their fame,
Spread it from shore to shore,
The cypress droop above their graves,
Softly whispering evermore.

In 1866, the people of the town began to agitate the question of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of the brave men who had died in the war of the rebellion. A public meeting was called by the Standing Committee of the two political parties, and an association formed to lead in the enterprise, which took the name of the "Woodbury Soldiers' Monument Association." The following officers were appointed,—who devoted themselves zealously to the work, often to the great detriment of their private business, till their labor became a success:

President,—Lewis Judd.

Vice Presidents,—Rev. John Purves, Rev. George Little, Rev. John Churchill, Rev. Mr. Pullman, and Rev. Wm. T. Bacon.

Executive Committee,—Thomas Bull, R. J. Allen, James Huntington, David C. Porter, and P. M. Trowbridge.

Corresponding Secretary,—William Cothren.

Recording Secretary,—W. A. Gordon.

Treasurer,—Benjamin Fabrique.

Mr. Judd died in 1869, and P. M. Trowbridge was elected President in his stead, Dec. 28, 1869. At the same meeting Rev. Gur-

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don W. Noyes was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Rev. Mr. Little; Rev. A. N. Lewis, to fill the vacancy of Rev. Mr. Bacon, and Rev. Joseph Gilman, to fill the vacancy of Rev. Mr. Pullman. Horace D. Curtiss was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of Mr. Trowbridge; William Cothren, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of R. J. Allen, who had never been able to coöperate with the Committee, on account of ill health—and Heman Botsford and Frederick C. Orton, were added as additional members of the Executive Committee.

Then followed a series of festivals, sociables, concerts, &c., during four years, for the purpose of raising the necessary funds to accomplish the work. The people with one accord manifested great interest in the undertaking, and gave generous aid. By the autumn of 1870, the funds thus collected amounted to about the sum of $1,500. Previous to this time, the General Assembly of the State had passed a law authorizing towns to appropriate monies from the treasury to aid in such laudable undertakings, and to assist in raising monuments to the memory of the heroic dead. It therefore became the general wish of those who had borne the chief labor thus far, and it was deemed fitting, that the whole community by tax should contribute to the praiseworthy object. Accordingly, at their solicitation, the following action was taken:—

NOTICE.

"The legal voters of the town of Woodbury are hereby notified that a special meeting of said town will be holden at the Town Hall on Saturday, the 23d day of April, 1870, at 2 o'clock P. M., to take such measures as may be deemed expedient in regard to erecting a monument to the memory of all soldiers and seamen, resident of, or belonging to said town at the time of their enlistment, and who have died in the military or naval service of the United States, in the late war against the government of the United States.

G. B. LEWIS,
S. B. MINOR,
J. G. CURTISS,
} *Selectmen.*

"At a special town meeting held pursuant to the above notice, on the 23d day of April, 1870,—Present, W. A. Strong, Clerk, William A. Cothren was chosen Moderator.

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"*Voted*, That this meeting be adjourned to the 1st Monday in October, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

W. A. STRONG, *Town Clerk.*

"At a special Town Meeting held pursuant to adjournment, Oct. 3d, 1870, for the purpose of appropriating money from the town treasury to build a monument in memory of the Soldiers and Sailors who fell in the war of the rebellion against the government of the United States—Present, W. A. Strong, Clerk,—Wm. Cothren, Moderator, the following votes and resolutions were passed.

"*Voted*, To appropriate the sum of one thousand dollars, to be drawn from the town treasury by the Selectmen, and laid out and expended by them, in addition to the sum of about fifteen hundrrd dollars raised by individuals, for the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of all soldiers and seamen who were residents of said town, or belonging thereto at the time of their enlistment, and who have died in the military or naval service of the United States, in the war against the government of the United States. Said appropriation to be expended in conformity with Sections 39, 40, 41 and 43 of a statute law of Connecticut, entitled An Act concerning Communities and Corporations, and that the location of said monument be fixed by a Committee, consisting of Hon. Origin S. Seymour and Hon. John H. Hubbard, of Litchfield, and Hon. Robbins Battell, of Norfolk.

"*Voted*, That the above vote be passed upon by ballot. All legal voters of said town who desire to vote in favor of said proposed vote, will deposit in a box under the supervision of the moderator of this special meeting, a ballot with the word "Yes" written thereon. All voters who are opposed to the passage of said vote, will deposit a ballot with the word "No" written thereon. And said box shall be kept open in this special town meeting for the purpose of balloting upon said vote, until 4 o'clock P. M., when said votes shall be counted and declared.

"The votes in said box having been counted by the moderator, Clerk, and one of the Constables of the town (Stephen H. Crane),

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after the closing of said box, the following result was declared, by the moderator, in open meeting:

For the appropriation, . . .	158
Against the same, ...	61

"The resolutions were therefore declared to be passed.

"Voted, to dissolve this meeting.

Attest: W. A. STRONG, *Clerk.*

Sufficient funds being now provided to accomplish the work intended in a creditable manner, plans, specifications and prices were solicited from contractors, and in due time the Plymouth Granite Company were engaged to furnish the monument. Meanwhile, the surviving members of the 2d Conn. Heavy Artillery, of which a large number of the dead soldiers had been members, had been invited to hold their annual re-union here, at the time the monument would be erected, and assist in the solemn ceremonies of its dedication. Everything was, therefore, made ready. The whole town engaged in the work of preparation for the reception of the invited guests. Not only the 2d Heavy, but all the surviving soldiers of the town, from all the regiments, together with the near relatives of the deceased soldiers, were invited to attend, and take part in the honors of the day.

The dedication of the Soldiers' Monument to its patriotic purpose, occurred on the 26th of September, 1871. The surviving soldiers above mentioned by special invitation, provided an escort and guard of honor, to the long procession of distinguished invited guests, near relatives of the deceased soldiers, whose memory the monument perpetuated, and civilians, who swarmed in from the counties of Litchfield, Fairfield, New Haven and Hartford. It rained in the early morning, but the clouds broke away, and the ceremonies proceeded as arranged. Woodbury has had many public celebrations, but none has ever been conducted with a more hearty enthusiasm and general acquiescence, than this. Previous to the march of the Regiment, Deacon P. M. Trowbridge, who was very nearly interested in the soldiers' welfare during the war, addressed the surviving veterans. When the procession to the monument moved, the entire street, some two hundred feet wide, was packed from fence to fence, from Deacon Linsley's house to

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that of Hon. N. B. Smith, a distance of nearly a mile. There could not have been less than seven thousand persons present. Good judges estimate the number as a larger. Everything proceeded in accordance with the pre-arranged plan, at the monument, which is erected in the south central portion of our extended village, on a beautiful eminence at the intersection of four ways, a most lovely place for the purpose, being the same place which had formerly been occupied by the Second Ancient Church for the period of nearly seventy years. The monument was built by the Plymouth Granite Company, of Waterbury, B. P. Chatfield, President, from pure white granite from their Quarry at Plymouth. The lower base is six feet square and twenty inches high, surmounted by the sub-base, four and a half feet square and fourteen inches high.[1] Over this is the die, three feet square at the base, and three feet ten inches high. At the corner are ornamental consoles, and the plane surface is paneled, the panels being finely polished, and containing the names of the deceased soldiers. The pediment cap is three feet ten inches square, and one foot high. The plinth on which the shaft rests, is three feet square, and two feet seven inches high. On the front side, the State coat of arms is handsomely chiseled in bold relief. Above this rises the shaft, beautifully proportioned, and twenty feet in heighth, making the total altitude thirty feet. It tapers gracefully, terminating at a point. The general order of architecture is Corinthian, the outlines are sharp, and the whole effect is excellent, reflecting great credit on the taste of the designer, R. W. Hill, Esq., of Waterbury, as well as on the Plymouth Granite Company.

The exercises at the monument opened with a dirge by the Newtown Cornet Band. This was followed by an introductory address by the writer, President of the day, as follows:—

Soldiers and Friends:—It was a beautiful custom of the aboriginal inhabitants of this lovely valley, when the chief of their people, or a distinguished brave died, to make his grave beside some rippling water, or some ever murmuring cascade, and lay their forest paths beside his resting place, and, ever after, each hunter in pursuit of game, and each warrior on the war-path, cast a stone upon it, as a mark of reverence and respect to the honored dead. Thus in process of time a notable monument arose from

[1] On the sub base is the inscription, "Erected to the Soldiers of Woodbury who died in the Rebellion of 1861."

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these individual and reverential offerings. In like manner do we to-day raise this monument of stone, beautified by the hand of art, and erected on the very place occupied by an ancient church of God for nearly seventy years; to the good, and true, and brave men, who went forth from among us to suffer and to die in defence of the dearest rights possessed by any people. It is a sublime—a glorious honor, when a whole community assembles, with its highest and loveliest ones, to do honor to its martyred dead. It is a scene sublime, and an act historic, that will be handed down the ages to those who shall come after us. It shall stand as an example of all that is tender and noble in a people's gratitude.

It is with solemn awe that we approach the ceremonies of the day. We would do fitting honors to the loved and lost. We would tread lightly over the sacred dust of our slumbering heroes. We would perpetuate their deathless fame. We can never forget what they dared and suffered for us. They have written their names on a scroll of bright memories. We will ever revere those who fell in the strife. We have carved their names in enduring granite. Never, till the hills melt with fervent heat, shall this memorial which our hands have made, cease to remind us and our descendants of the glorious dead. Till then, the successive generations will never cease to remember the brilliant deeds of an honorable ancestry.

Shall we call the Roll? Shall we recount the names and deeds of this glorious Roll of Honor? Shall we speak of Barnum, who, tenderly and carefully reared in our midst, in the first bloom of glorious manhood, when the first cannon thundered forth its traitorous threat in the harbor of Charleston, and Fort Sumter made a feeble reply, rushed eagerly to the front with the first volunteers, and who, after an honorable career, and after deserved promotion, received his death-wound in the bloody vale of Cold Harbor? Shall we speak of Dutton, young, educated, socially connected with the best in the State, established in the profession of the law at Litchfield, with high hopes and brilliant prospects, who left all, and came to Woodbury, when the first insult was offered to the flag at Sumter, drilled the awkward squad on our North Cemetery Plains, day after day, went gladly to the front, and, finally, in that cruel and unnecessary massacre of Cedar Mountain, after deeds of daring equal to the boldest, and after the eighth man who bore the colors in the van, had been shot, seized the standard of the Union and fell, covered with many wounds, breathing out

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his young life in the flame and smoke of disastrous battle? He lies sweetly sleeping with the "unknown dead," though his honored father, the late Governor Dutton, while guerillas swarmed thickly around, sought his body, with tears. Shall we speak of Whitlock, the genial and whole-souled friend, one who went out and in among us, admired and beloved of all, one who would go further, and do more than most, to fulfil a social duty, who, patriotic, to the full degree, incensed by his country's wrong, volunteered as a private, won his way to promotion, and while in the article of death received his Lieutenant's commission, too late to comprehend that his just ambition had been rewarded? Shall we speak of Conrad, the gentle and the true, enlisting in that drear winter, when hearts were faint, and many thought the issue doubtful, serving with equal fidelity and hope, whether in the old 13th Conn. Vols, or the 1st Louisiana, and at last falling by severe disease in the far south, and giving up his life in the holocaust of the Union, receiving his commission on his death-bed, and now sleeping in a patriot's grave in the National cemetery on General Jackson's battle-ground of 1815, below New Orleans? Shall we speak of the next in rank, though non-commissioned, the true, the faithful Orton, who, from all-controlling conscientious motives, bade adieu to wife and children, and all the hopes and roseate tints of life's young morn, served faithfully in the field, and fell, mortally wounded, at Winchester's bloody field? Shall we speak of his comrades, whose life-blood enriches the same ensanguined plain, and wooded slopes? Then name with honor the patriotic Barney, Bunnell, Flushmen, and Locklin? Do we remember Newberne? Castle, Cogswell, and Patterson, ascended thence to their rest.

Do we recur again to Cold Harbor, with its fire of Hell from the left? There fell Briggs, Crommey, Galpin, Kane and Wheeler. At Hatcher's Run, Allen and Walsh breathed out their heroic lives. At New Orleans, James L. Atwood and Abram A. Warner were a patriotic sacrifice. In the death-giving swamps of Alexandria, Harvey H. Fox, Polley, Charles and Horatio Thomas, and White, offered up their lives that the country might be saved. Do we call to mind Sherman's glorious march to the sea, and the scaling of Kenesaw mountain? Then we shall never forget those two brave and noble boys, who went out with the Woodbury Reds, Myron G. Bishop and Charles A. Squire, who went down amid the glare and smoke of battle on that bloody mount. He who remembers the Heights of Fredericksburg, will never forget

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Frank G. and Seth W. Percy. Root and Holmes perished in the far, forbidding mountains of Arkansas. Port Hudson received the sacrificial lives of Tracy and Wellman; and Johnny Tuttle, brave as the bravest, fell, pierced through the heart, in the bloody vale of Antietam. Do we remember with a shudder the prison pen of Salisbury? Bubser died there. Do we tremble when we contemplate the fiendish horrors of Andersonville? It was thence the spirit of Gosley ascended to its rest, from a scene of intolerable suffering. In these commemorative services, we will not forget the deeds of the colored soldiers. We will not forget Freeman, who died at Annapolis. We will remember Rice, who fell at the seige of Petersburg. We will not forget that some of the colored 29th Connecticut were the first infantry to enter Richmond. Has any patriot forgotten, can anybody ever forget the murderous conflict in the deadly gorge of Cedar Creek, when glorious Phil. Sheridan, after his desperate ride from Winchester, rallied his men, and with clarion voice uttered that electric, prophetic command: "Steady boys! You are going back to your camps! Forward, March!" Does anybody forget, that the victory which followed was the salvation of Washington? Dwight S. Atwood, Brady and George E. Judson, gave up their lives in that deadly charge, to aid in this great salvation!

Soldiers and friends! We have now called our Roll of Honor. We have engraved it on this beautiful memorial. We invite you to assist in its dedication. Kindred of the immortal dead! The dust of your beloved rests peacefully on many a glorious battle-field of the Union, carefully guarded by the Eye that never sleeps! Soldiers! the fame of your comrades is secure, and that secures your own! Their reward is on high!

"They're mustered out; the grizzled sire,
The son in boyish beauty;
From life's forced march—from battle fire,
They're resting after duty."

Prayer was then offered by Rev. John Churchill, of Woodbury, which was followed by the singing of an original ode to the memory of the dead, by Messrs. Linsley, Walker, Gordon, and the writer, members of the "Soldiers' Glee Club," as a quartette. The air was one familiar to the soldiers:—"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground"—

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We're gathered to-day to honor the brave,
Who fell in the deadly strife;
Who fought, who died, and gave up their all
To save the Nation's life.
CHORUS—Many are the graves of the soldiers at rest,
On mountain, glen and vale;
And they peacefully sleep on the earth's kind breast;
They're tenting o'er hill and dale—
Tenting to-day, tenting to-day,
Tenting on the old camp grounds.

Oh! gloriously sleep the honored brave!
To them the shaft shall rise;
And the storied urn, and marble bust,
Shall e'er salute the skies.
CHORUS—

'Tis ours, through all time, to honor the men,
Who died in the mortal fight;
The men whose valorous actions brought
The triumph of the right.
CHORUS—

Then followed an interesting and eloquent dedicatory address, by Colonel Augustus H. Fenn, of Plymouth. It was peculiarly appropriate that Colonel Fenn should be invited to deliver this address, as, for a time, before his deserved promotion to a 1st Lieutenancy in Company K, he was a private in the Woodbury Company I, under Capt. Eli Sperry, of Woodbury. He left his right arm at Cedar Creek, and could feelingly speak of his dead comrades of Company I.

SPEECH OF COL. A. H. FENN.

"FELLOW CITIZENS AND FELLOW SOLDIERS:—I feel to-day as if the heavy stone had been rolled away from the door of the sepulchre of our dead, and the two angels in white were sitting, the angel of love at the head, and the angel of gratitude at the foot, where the bodies of our comrades have lain. The country for which they died, the community from which they went forth, have taken these our brothers in its bosom, and bears them forever upon its great heart of love.

"It is my privilege to-day to speak to you in a double capacity, as a citizen and as a soldier. As a citizen—as one of those for whom these brave men have toiled and struggled and died. As

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one who, while they have labored, has entered into the fruits of their labors. As a citizen of this great republic, knowing the love which they bore to it, the peril from which they rescued it, by blood and with their lives. I tell you that what you consummate to-day in the dedication of this beautful, appropriate, durable and costly memorial, they have widely earned and fully merited. It is but the discharge of a debt of gratitude which you owed to them, and I know that you my friends are very far from considering it anything more. It is but an act of simple justice to keep in affectionate and lasting remembrance the name and fame of those who from amongst us have given their lives that the nation might live. It is not for us to honor them, but it is they who have honored us, and beautiful, appropriate and generous is the act which we here complete. It fiuds its highest symbolism in the lives of those it commemorates, in the fact, that, after all, it is not so much for them as for others we have done it, even as they laid down their lives, not for themselves, but for their country and for us. They whose names are inscribed upon that monument need no such memorial, but we who stand here do. They who died gloriously on the field of a nation's honor, need no witness but God, but woe to that nation, woe to that community which dares to forget them. The storied urn or animated bust can never call the fleeting breath back to its mansion. The voice of honor can never provoke the callous ear of death, but when from the top of the lofty pyramids of Egypt forty centuries looked down upon the soldlers of Napoleon, the hearts of the living were made valiant, by the silent witness of the dead. And when from the top of yonder monumental shaft, the muse of history shall look down upon this favored commuuity, the hearts of your young men shall be made strong, the fires of patriotism shall be lighted, and from these sacred ashes and from this hallowed spot shall go forth that controlling and pervading spirit that shall guard and animate the country of their love.

But in that other capacity in which I am permitted to address you, as a soldier, as the comrade of these your guests to-day, as the comrade of these others, your honored, silent guests to-day, speaking in behalf of these my brothers, and of those dead lips, that now cold and still in the silence of the grave, will never speak to you themselves again, I have to thank you and to bless you. I thank you in behalf of the living, that in the rich and generous welcome, in the full and overflowing hospitality with

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which you have greeted us, you have embraced these also, our dear ones and yours. I remember how in those dark days which are gone forever, after the smoke of battle had died, and its thunder was stilled, we have sat down together in the twilight shadows and talked of those who had gone up higher. I remember we said that in the days to come, when this cruel war should be ended, we might meet again amid the dear familiar scenes of childhood and of home. That *we* might meet but that *they* no more should come with their soft voices to greet us. They had gone before, they had passed from death unto life, they could not come to us, but we should go to them. But as I stand here to-day it almost seems to me as if the old familiar forms had come back again, and stood in their accustomed places. As if the thinned and decimated ranks were full again, and Kellogg, our master and our king, stood before us in majesty and waved us on to battle. I hear the thunder of the cannon, the roar of the musketry, the trumpet sounding the charge.

"But the vision passes, and I stand in this peaceful place and mingle my tears with yours beside the memorial of the dead. I thank you also in behalf of these my dead brothers for what you have done for them. I was their comrade, and I tell you their last thoughts were of you, the loved ones at home. Their last prayers were offered up for you, their last blood was freely shed for you. And I tell you it is a peaceful thought, even amid the throes and agonies of death, to feel that we shall not be forgotten by those we love. It matters not so much perhaps where our bodies may lie, though who would not rather that his ashes should mingle with the dust of kindred, but it *does* matter, that somewhere, away down in the heart of hearts of those we love, is a spot where our memory is kept sacred, and somewhere near the dear place that gave us birth, beneath the leafy bower, or by the purling brook, or in the quiet church-yard, is a spot kept green for us, and a stone that bears our name and keeps our memory when we are gone. These men, dying thus for you, never doubted that you would so remember them, and as their comrade, I thank you, with a full and grateful heart, that you have this day so fully, so nobly, so generously redeemed their trust. To you then, our neighbors, brethren and friends, you who went forth from our midst when the call of an imperilled country was heard; you who kept step to the music of the Union, but who came not back to us with the scarred and thinned battalions, the rent and torn stand-

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ards and battle-flags, that told of conflict and death; you whose places are left vacant in many a quiet home and peaceful family circle; you upon whose portraits we love to gaze, on whose memories we love to linger, but whose forms we shall see no more forever; you whose remembrance comes back to us out of the mists and darkness of the past like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land;—to you my comrades, and the comrades of these my soldier brothers, present to-day in your honor, you who marched with us in the closed ranks, step to step, elbow to elbow, shoulder to shoulder, you who dined with us in the same mess, who drank with us from the same canteen, who slept with us under the same blanket, the same ground beneath us, the same sky above us, the same thoughts of home and loved friends in our hearts. You went with us from this beautiful place, you shared with us the privations of the camp, the sufferings of the march, the perils of the picket, the dangers of the field. True comrades of the old 19th, brave boys of Company I, you were always present or accounted for. And though you came not back with us, when we marched in triumph and joy from the hard fought fields you helped us to win, though yours was the sufferer's cross and our's the victor's crown, thank God, you are with us here to-day in Glory wearing the halo of martyrdom, shining with the light of God.

To you then, the husband, the father, the son, the neighbor, the brother, the comrade, the friend, we dedicate this monumental shaft, this pillar of enduring granite, erected by loving hands, consecrated by loving hearts. Long shall it continue to stand in this peaceful place. Long shall it loom forth in majestic beauty from its solid foundation, to guard with jealous care, and to extend and perpetuate the memory of the brave. And as the swift recurring years shall circle over us, and we your surviving and scattered comrades, shall grow old, and tottering, and gray, your worship shall be forever fresh and young. And oft as spring time shall come with blossoms and the song of birds, and shall bring with it that day which a beautiful and now universal custom has rendered sacred to the memory of the soldier dead, the aged with their gray hairs, and the young and beautiful, with soft hands and tender eye, shall gather around this memorial shaft. They shall garland it with their choicest flowers. They shall hallow it with their tenderest associations; they shall crown it with their richest blessings. They shall water it with their warmest tears of gratitude and love.

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"And when, in a few short years at the best, we who knew you and loved you here, shall have followed you and shall have entered with you into rest, they who shall live after us, our children and our childrens' children for generations and centuries to come, shall gather here in gratitude, and reverence and awe, greater even than what we feel to-day, for you will then have passed into the immortality of history, you will have become kings and heroes and priests unto God, in the temple of liberty. And if, which may God in His mercy forbid and avert, the day should ever come, when this beloved land of ours, should fall again into peril as before, and the strong arm and courage of her sons be required again in her defence, be sure, oh my friends, this monument which we dedicate here shall stand as a pillar of cloud by day, as a wall of fire by night. It shall be a shaft of living flame from heaven, which shall light the smouldering ashes on the altars of patriotism in the hearts of the young. Every stone in that monumental pile shall cry out "Where art thou?" and every young man within your borders shall answer, "Here am I."

"The wonted fires of the living shall glow again in the ashes of the dead. The hand that held the trained musked in the deadly charge at Cold Harbor; the feet that marched unflinching 'mid the grape and canister at Winchester; the voice that shouted 'Victory' on the afternoon of Cedar Creek, shall yet [illegible] Battle cry of Freedom for generations still unborn, [illegible] motive power, which shall sweep away the future enem[illegible] Nation, as they swept the flying minions of Jubal Earl[illegible] Valley of the Shenandoah.

"And now, in His hands, with whom are the issues [illegible] death, we leave you, our honored and lamented dead. [illegible] that in this beautiful place, in the midst of all those [illegible] who keep your memory sacred, after the fitful fever of li[illegible] He has given 'his beloved sleep.'"

At this point the flood gates of Heaven were ope[illegible] severe thunder storm passed over the town in lieu, as t[illegible]rs say, of a salvo of artillery in memory of the dead. B[illegible]ion of the President of the day, there was now an inter[illegible]n in the exercises, except the beautiful ceremony of the dedication of the monument during the repeating of the following words by him:

And now we come to the last solemn and grateful act of dedi-

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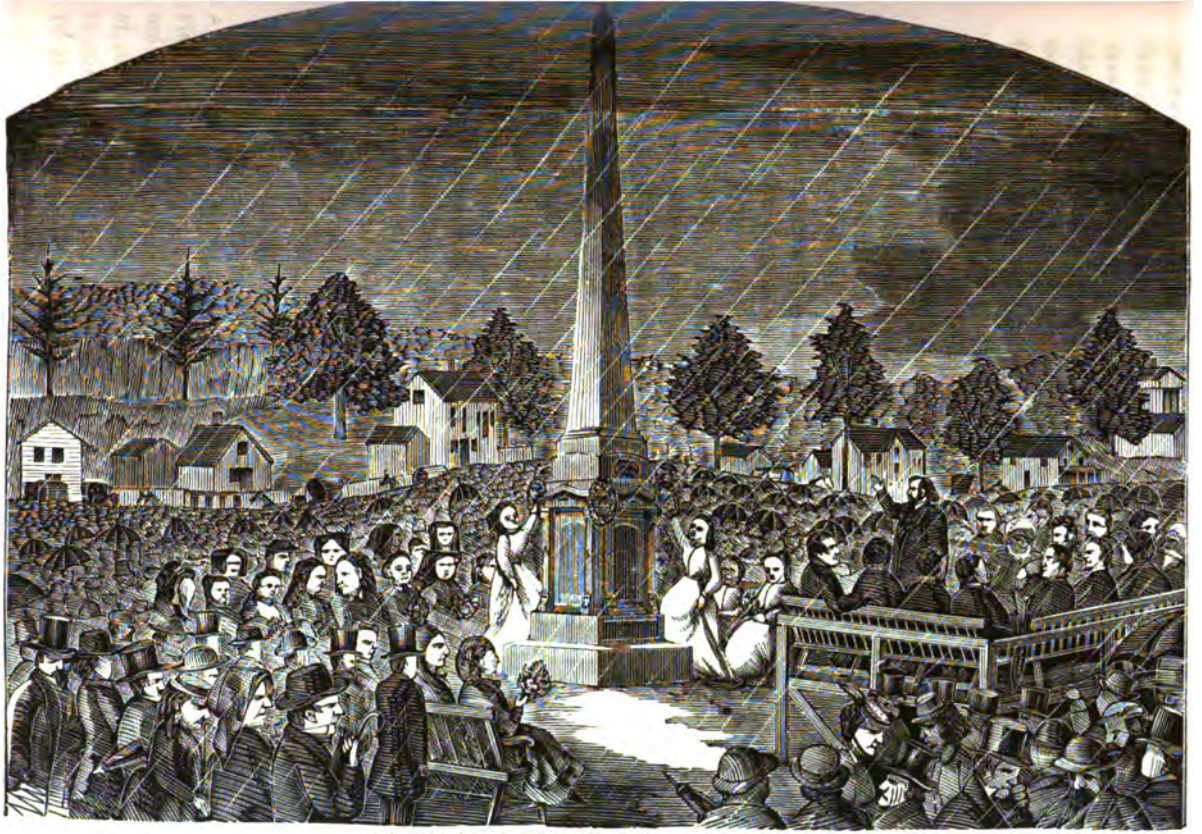

DEDICATION OF SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

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cating this monument of stone to the perennial memory of the heroic names it bears. We dedicate it as a sacred shrine before which the patriotic heart shall do reverence in all the coming ages. We dedicate it to the memory of the men who, in the cannon's mouth, in the deadly charge, on many a gory field, in the fierce fight, hand to hand with desperate foes, in the forced march, in bivouac, in hospital, far from comrades and friends, and in the loathsome prison pen, gave up their glorious lives, a patriotic sacrifice, for their firesides, their homes, their native land! As of old we have come, with surviving comrades, with the battle scarred flags under which they nobly fought, and with appreciating friends, in solemn procession to this sacred place, to dedicate this beautiful work of art as our votive offering, as our tribute of affection, and as an enduring evidence of our appreciation of their services. We dedicate it, that their and our children and children's children may learn the lesson of patriotism to the latest generation. We dedicate it to the memory of those who sealed the covenant of freedom with their blood, and taught the bright lesson of liberty to the remotest nations. We dedicate it to the absent, the loved, the lost, whose mortal remains are scattered on battle-plain, in dismal swamp and gorge, on hill and mountain fastness, all over our land, who have no other earthly memorial save the brilliant deeds of their own good right arms. We garland their memory. We perpetuate their fame in enduring stone.

Bring flowers, bright flowers, ye friends of the heroic dead. Bring garlands, fadeless garlands, and deck the graves of the martyred heroes, who have passed away to the blue empyrean. Embalm their memories with floral showers, and with the abiding evergreen. Never for a moment let their good, their immortal deeds glide from your memories. Let them rest as a halo of glory on all your pathways in life. And thus we leave them, gloriously resting, in silence, in peace, in the smile of Heaven.

Four young ladies dressed in white advanced and suspended three intertwined garlands of evergreen upon each of the four corners of the die of the monument. This was immediately followed by the advance of a number of young ladies similarly habited, equal to the number of names upon the monument, who cast garlands of evergreen and flowers upon it. It was a touching and beautiful sight, thus to see the youth and beauty of the village amid the pitiless, pelting storm, standing bravely up to perform a reverential duty.

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A double quick then took soldiers and families and invited guests to the refreshment tent, where the munificent hospitality of the ladies of Woodbury which had never yet been found wanting on any similar occasion, was taxed to its uttermost. But it did not fail. A more beautiful and satisfactory collation was never spread on a similar occasion in our old town. The ladies sustained their former reputation of bountiful hosts. An adjournment then took place to the 1st Congregational church, where the 2d Heavies had their social reunion, and an interesting time. Capt. Marsh, now of Bridgeport, presided. Brief, patriotic, and appropriate addresses were made by Gov. Jewell, Gen. Noble, of Bridgeport, Cols. Wooster and Torrance of Derby, Col. Smith, of Woodbury, Capt. Marsh, President of the soldiers reunion, and the writer, President of the day, for the citizens. In the midst of these Rev. W. T. Bacon, of Derby, recited a brief and exceedingly beautiful poem, having, at short notice, obeyed the call of duty. That grand old soul-stirring hymn, "America," was then sung by the crowded church, the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. G. W. Noyes, of the 1st Church, and the delighted audience separated to their several homes. Complimentary letters in reply to invitations to be present were received from Ex-Gov. English, Senator Buckingham, Gen. Hawley, Judge Seymour, Senator Ferry, Chaplain Winslow, of Willimantic, Mrs. Wm. Curtiss Noyes, who presented the Regimental flag to the 2d C. V. H. A., the widow of Col. Kellogg, Charles G. Judson, Esq., of New York, and "glorious Phil. Sheridan," Lieut. Gen. of the army, under whose leadership the 2d Heavies fought in the terrible battles of the Shenandoah Valley.

The following is Woodbury's Roll of Honor. It includes all of our soldiers who died during the war, and all those who have died since, to this date, in consequence of wounds received, or diseases contracted in consequence of service, and for which most of them, till death, received pensions. The Roll of Honor, upon the monument, does not contain this whole list. Several names were not inscribed, for the reason that the statute authorizing town aid, confines appropriations for the erection of monuments to the memory of those who died *during* the existence of the rebellion. Two or three others were left off for no conceivable reason the writer can think of, except that, from a given state of facts, the human mind will not always draw the same inference. There is no doubt that each member of the Committee (for the town au-

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thorities left the decision of the roll to the committee) intended to do exactly right in the matter. But the writer, who knew the exact history of every act of Woodbury in the war, and of every enlistment during it, having given more than half of his time to its requirements, knows full well that there were several unfortunate omissions from the memorial tablet. But they will not be omitted here. The author will at least pay *his* debt of gratitude and duty to every brave defender, who went forth in *our* name, and battled to his death in *our* cause.

The first omission to which attention is drawn, (and the only one space allows for remark) is that of Lieut. Henry M. Dutton. At the time time Fort Sumter was fired upon, he was a practicing lawyer at Litchfield. He was unmarried, and had made good progress in his chosen profession. At the first call to arms, Woodbury was more prompt in raising volunteers than neighboring towns. Obedient to the call of patriotic duty, he closed his office and business, came to Woodbury, and cast in his lot with the Woodbury boys, resided here for weeks, assisted in recruiting, drilled the recruits, received the only bounty with which the first volunteers were furnished, red flannel shirts, Havelocks, and necessary articles for a soldier in camp, and marched from here as Orderly Sergeant, the town receiving the credit of his enlistment, and the fame of his heroic deeds in service, till his death at Cedar Mountain. He chose to unite his military destiny and fame with the Woodbury Boys, and the History of Woodbury will not forget to mention his name with honor.

He was buried on the field. His father, Ex-Gov. Henry Dutton, sought in vain to recover his remains, and he lies with the "unknown dead." He had been commended for gallantry in action at the battle of Winchester, May 25, 1862.

Crofut and Morris, in their "History of the Recent War," have the following account of Lieut. Dutton.

"Lieut. Henry Melzar Dutton, was a son of Ex-Gov. Dutton of New Haven, where he was born, in 1836. He graduated at Yale, in 1857; after which he studied law, and commenced a promising practice at Litchfield. At the breaking out of the war, he was one of the young Democrats who threw themselves earnestly

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into the contest. Inducing scores to join him, he went to Hartford as a private[1] in the 5th Regiment; but, he received his Lieutenant's Commission for his services in recruiting. Once in the field, he was popular with officers and men; being conspicuous for sociality, generosity, buoyancy of spirits, and fortitude amid discomfort. At Cedar Mountain, after Capt. Corliss was wounded, Lieut. Dutton led the Company, urging them on, while men were falling on every side. The color guard were all either killed, or wounded. Lieut. Dutton is reported to have seized the colors more than once from some fallen hero, and to have borne it along to the hands of others still able to bear it aloft.[2] During this heroic and hopeless struggle, his commanding form could not long escape unscathed; and he fell, pierced by a volley of rebel musketry. He was very kind to his men, and much beloved."

At the soldiers' reception, on their return from the war, one of the garlanded names surrounding the hall was that of Dutton. This garland was afterwards sent by the Committee to Gov. Dutton, and a letter, full of grateful appreciation and sorrowful remembrance was received in reply, thankful that his son had made so noble a record in the cause of his country.

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[1] This is a mistake. He went from Woodbury as Orderly Sergeant.

[2] A comrade informed the author, that the last time he took the colors, was after the eighth man bearing them had fallen, and he fell with them in his hands, while cheering on his men.

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ROLL OF HONOR.

RANK.

1st Lieut. SAMUEL C. BARNUM, A. A. A-G., died June 19th, 1864.
1st Lieut. HENRY MELZAR DUTTON, died Aug. 9th, 1862.
2d Lieut. HENRY S. CONRAD, died January 9th, 1863.
2d Lieut. FREDERICK WHITLOCK, died January 24th, 1863.
Com. Serg't WALTER J. ORTON, died Oct. 7th, 1864.
Serg't MYRON G. BISHOP, died July 28th, 1865.
" ANDREW B. CANDEE, died Sept. 30th, 1863.
" OLIVER B. CHATFIELD, (Colored), died Dec. 12th, 1869.
" GEO. E. JUDSON, died Oct. 31st, 1864.
" CHARLES A. SQUIRE, died June 22d, 1864.
" TIMOTHY F. WALSH, died Feb. 6th, 1865.
Corp. EDWARD BELL, died Oct. 17th, 1864.
" PATRICK BRADY, died Nov, 1st, 1864.
" CHARLES F. FLUSHMEN, died Sept. 21st, 1864.
" JOHN T. GLAZIER, died Oct. 19th, 1864.
" HENRY F. HARD, died Dec. 15th, 1863.
" FREDERICK HOLMES, died January 4th, 1865.
" HORATIO S. THOMAS. died Feb. 20th, 1864.
" JOHN S. WHITE, died Nov. 13th, 1862.
Private PATRICK ALLEN, died March 8th, 1865.
" DWIGHT S. ATWOOD, died Oct. 19th, 1864.
" JAMES L. ATWOOD, died June 5th, 1863.
" CHARLES BARNEY, died Sept. 19th, 1864.
" ISAAC BRIGGS, died June 23d, 1864.
" FERDINAND BUBSER, died Dec. 31st, 1864.
" JOSEPH BUNNELL, died Oct. 7th, 1864.
" MATTHEW M. CASTLE, died March 28th, 1864.
" WESTON COGSWELL, died March 30th, 1864.
" OWEN CROMMEY, died July 30th, 1864
" HARRY H. FOX, died Feb. 4th, 1863.
" HENRY F. FOX, died Nov. 27th, 1863.
" JOHN R. FREEMAN, (Colored), died April 1st, 1864.
" PETER FLANNAGAN, died Dec. 27th, 1866.
" ALMOND D. GALPIN, died June 1st, 1864.
" HUGH S. GOSLEY, died Aug. 22d, 1862.
" EDGAR GIBSON, died May 6th, 1869.
" FRIEND F. KANE, died June 1st, 1864.
" GEORGE W. LOCKLIN, died Oct. 20th, 1864.

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RANK.

Private JOHN MCDIVITT, died June 1st, 1869.
" SAMUEL M. MALLORY, died April 17th, 1867.
" JOSEPH MILLER, died Aug. 24th, 1868.
" CHARLES PATTERSON, died March 14th, 1862.
" ARNOLD PETERSON (Colored) died Aug. 15th, 1865.
" FRANK J, PERCEY, died Dec. 13th, 1862.
" SETH W. PERCEY, died Aug. 2d, 1864.
" JAMES C. POLLEY, died Nov. 19th, 1862.
" THOMAS RICE (Colored) died April 15th, 1865.
" GEORGE H RICHARDSON, (Colored), died Oct. 27th, 1865.
" JOSEPH F. ROOT, died Oct. 9th, 1862.
" GARDNER STOCKMAN, died May 28th, 1864.
" CHARLES L. THOMAS, died January 16th, 1864.
" THOMAS TRACEY, died May 29th, 1863.
" JOHN E. TUTTLE, died Sept. 17th, 1862.
" ABAM A. WARNER, died Aug. 12th, 1862.
" JOSEPH WELLMAN, died July 23d, 1863.
" CURTISS WHEELER, died June 14th, 1864.

Complete List of Woodbury Soldiers

IN THE

WAR OF THE REBELLION.

ABERNETHY, WILLIAM J. Enlisted in Co. H, 15th Conn. Vols., 28th July, 1862. Promoted Corporal. Fought in all the battles of his regiment. Was never wounded; and was mustered out at the end of the war at Newbern, N. C.

ADDISON, DAVID E., (Colored.) Enlisted in Co. A., 29th Conn. Vols. 30th Nov., 1863; was mustered out 24th Oct., 1865.

ALLEN, CHAUNCEY F. Enlisted in Co. D, 18th Conn. Vols., 17th Dec., 1861, and was discharged for disability 29th July, 1862.

ALVORD, EDGAR A. Enlisted at Woodbury, April 27th, 1861; mustered at Hartford, 22d July, 1861, in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols; re enlisted Veteran Volunteer, 21st Dec., 1863; promoted Corporal and mustered out 19th July, 1865. It is to be noted here, that no one could be received as a Veteran Vol-

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unteer unless he had honorably served for the period of two years. He was slightly wounded in the left thigh at Resaca, Ga., but was never in hospital. He was taken prisoner at Cedar Mountain, the "Aceldema" of our forces, Aug. 9th, 1862; confined in the Libby Prison and on Belle Isle, and was exchanged in Nov., 1862.

ATWOOD, ABIRAM A. Enlisted 2d Sept., 1862, in Co. H., 23d Conn. Vols. He was made prisoner at Brasbear City, La., and was exchanged 4th Sept., 1863, nearly three months after the expiration of his term of enlistment. He was mustered out with his regiment, though still in captivity, 31st Aug., 1863.

ATWOOD, EUGENE. Enlisted at the age of 15 in Co. A, 15th Conn. Vols., 14th July, 1862. Was taken prisoner 8th March, 1865, and kept in Libby Prison till the close of the war. Was mustered out at Newberne, N. C., 27th June, 1865.

ATWOOD, JAMES L. Enlisted 19th Nov., 1861, in Co. F, 12th Conn. Vols. Died of Chronic Diarrhea at Marine Hospital, in New Orleans, La., 5th June, 1863. Buried in Monument National Cemetery at Chalmette, La., six miles below New Orleans, on the old New Orleans Battle Ground, War of 1812.

ATWOOD, DWIGHT S. Enlisted 1st Feb., 1864, in Co. D, 2d Conn. Heavy Artillery. Killed at the battle of Cedar Creek, 19th Oct., 1864.

ATWOOD, OLIVER W. Enlisted in the 133d New York Vols. Served the period of his enlistment and was honorably discharged.

AVERY, WALTER W. Enlisted at Woodbury, April, 1861, mustered in at Hartford, 22d July, 1861. Re-enlisted as Veteran Volunteer in the field, 21st Dec., 1863. Wounded at the battle of Culps' Farm, Ga. Mustered out 19th July, 1865.

ALLEN, PATRICK. Mustered as a substitute in Co. E, 15th Conn. Vols., 25th Aug., 1864. Killed at battle of Hatcher's Run, Va., 8th March, 1865.

BACON, J. KNIGHT. Was Assistant Surgeon on board of a Ship of War, and for a long time Medical Cadet in the Knight General Hospital at New Haven, Conn.

BACON, WM. T., JR. Enlisted in Co. I, 12th Conn. Vols., 23d Nov., 1861. Discharged for disability at New Orleans, July, 1862.

BALDWIN CHARLES N. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Conn. Heavy Artillery, 13th Oct., 1862. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., 18th Aug., 1865.

BANKS, DANIEL C. Enlisted in Co. G, 1st Conn. Heavy Artillery, 22d May, 1861, and discharged for disability 7th Oct., 1862.

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BARNUM, SAMUEL C. Enlisted in the three months troops 7th May, 1861, and was in the battle of Bull Run. Enlisted the second time in Co. E, 11th Conn. Vols., 27th Nov., 1861. For good conduct in battle, he was promoted successively to be 2d Lieutenant, 1st Oct., 1861, and 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant, June 16th, 1862. For a time he acted as A. A. A. G. of Brigade. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, 3d June, 1864, and died of secondary hemorrhage at Washington, D. C., 19th June, 1864. He sent for his foster father, Dea. P. M. Trowbridge, to attend him, and he was with him when he died. He was very cheerful under his sufferings, endured them with great fortitude, and finally died almost instantly, a true Christian patriot.

BARNEY, CHARLES. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 18th Aug., 1862, and was killed at the battle of Winchester, 19th Sept., 1864. He was standing at Sergeant M. D. Smith's left hand. A piece of shell went entirely through his breast, making a hole as large as one's fist. He lay where he fell till next morning, when he was buried upon the field.

BASSETT, EDWIN W. Enlisted in Co. E, 8th Conn. Vols., 25th Sept., 1861. Re-enlisted as Veteran Volunteer, 24th Dec., 1863. Like many others disliking to be retained in service after the war was over, and understanding his enlistment to be for "during the war" only, he went home without leave—i. e. deserted—Aug. 29th, 1865.

BAY, CHARLES. Enlisted in Co. I, 13th Conn. Vols., 11th Jan., 1862, and was discharged Jan. 6th, 1865, on expiration of term of service.

BARRY, WILLIAM C. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 18th Aug., 1862, and was discharged at Alexandria, Va., for disability, 31st Jan., 1863.

BELL, EDWARD. Enlisted in Co. E, 6th Conn. Vols., 4th Sept., 1862, and was discharged for disability the latter part of 1862. Enlisted the second time in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 7th March, 1863. Promoted Corporal, and died at Martinsburg, Va., 17th Oct., 1864, of Chronic Diarrhea, being the same disease which caused his discharge from his former enlistment. He was a good soldier, and fought bravely at Cold Harbor and Newbern.

BELL, ROBERT. Was mustered in as a substitute for Samuel B. Scott, Co. C, 5th Conn. Vols., 17th Aug., 1863. Wounded 29th July, 1864, and mustered out at Alexandria, Va., 19th July, 1865.

BELMONT, WM. R. Enlisted in Co. H, 12th Conn. Vols., 19th Feb., 1864. Transferred to Co. A, and deserted 18th March, 1865.

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BETTS, GEORGE E. Enlisted July, 1862, in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, Promoted 2d Lieut., Aug. 18th, and resigned on account of disability, 25th Nov, 1862.

BETTS, GILBERT S. Enlisted in Co. I, 14th Conn. Vols., 11th June, 1862. Deserted 13th Sept., 1862. Enlisted under the name of Frederick Gilbert, for bounty, 21st Oct., 1862, in Co. G, 24th Conn. Vols. Was discharged 21st March, 1863, to enlist in a regiment of Massachusetts Cavalry.

BENHAM, WILLIS M. Enlisted 29th July, 1862, in 2d Conn. Battery. Was promoted Sargeant, and mustered out at New Haven, 9th Aug., 1865.

BISHOP, MYRON G. Enlisted in the "Woodbury Reds," Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., April 22d, 1861. Mustered July 22d, 1861; Promoted Sergeant. Re-enlisted Veteran Volunteers, 21st Dec., 1863. Wounded 20th July, 1865, at Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., otherwise called Battle of Peach Tree Creek. Left leg was amputated at the hip, and he died of his wounds at Chattanooga, Tenn., 28th July, 1865, the U. S. Roll of Honor says: The Conn. Adj. says, July 24th: "He now lies buried in the National Cemetery, at Chattanooga, in Grave No. 100."

BISHOP, EDWIN D. Enlisted April 21st, 1861, in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., Mustered at Hartford, July 22d, 1861. Re-enlisted in Veteran Volunteers 31st Dec., 1863. Mustered out 19th July, 1865.

BLACK, JOHN. Mustered into Co. B, 5th Conn. Vols., as substitute of Albert C. Peck, 18th Aug., 1863, and mustered out at Hartford, 19th June, 1865.

BLACKMAN, CHARLES F. Enlisted in Co. A, 2d Heavy Artillery, 26th Aug., 1864. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., 18th Aug., 1865. He had previously enlisted in Co. A, 28d Conn. Vols., 1st Sept., 1862, and was mustered out 31st Aug., 1863.

BLACKMAN, CHARLES G. Enlisted in Co. D, 17th Conn. Vols., 18th Aug., 1862, and was mustered out at Hilton Head, S. C., 19th July, 1865.

BOTTSFORD, CHARLES. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 12th Aug., 1862. Wounded in the thigh at Battle of Winchester, 19th Sept., 1864. Mustered out at New Haven, 18th May, 1865.

BOTTSFORD, EDWARD. Enlisted 22d April, 1861, in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols. Mustered 22d July, 1861. Discharged for disability, 17th Dec., 1862.

BLACKMAN, GEORGE. Enlisted in Co. L, 2d Heavy Artillery, 1st Feb., 1864. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., 18th Aug., 1865.

BENNETT, THOMAS H. Enlisted in Co. H, 10th Conn. Vols., as a substitute, and immediately deserted, 1st Nov., 1863.

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BRADLEY, JAMES MONROE. Enlisted as a private in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 5th Aug., 1862. Promoted Sergeant. Discharged Nov. 5th, 1863, for the purpose of accepting a 1st Lieutenancy in the 4th Regiment of U. S. Colored Troops. By good conduct in battle he attained the rank of Major. He was in Butler's expedition up the James River to City Point, and was one of the first six that jumped on shore, hauled down the rebel flag and run up the stars and stripes. The rebel officer commanding then surrendered his sword to him. He was in nearly every battle in front of Petersburg until Gen. Butler's expedition to Fort Fisher, among which was the first advance on Petersburg, June 15th, the Mine explosion, when two South Carolina Regiments were buried in an instant, and a desperate and bloody battle was immediately fought—Ream's Station, Deep Bottom, New Market Heights, Chapin's Farm, attack on Fort Harrison, and on the North side of the James. He then went out as Quarter-master in Butler's Expedition against Fort Fisher. Returned to City Point just in time to be ordered to report to Maj. Gen. Terry for Staff duty. Went with him to Fort Fisher and participated in the taking of that place. He was promoted to the rank of Major for his services on that occasion, in accordance with the following recommendations:

"HEAD-QUARTERS,
DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

"Lieut. James M. Bradley, of the 4th U. S. C. T.; served under me for a considerable time as Staff Officer. He was extremely active and efficient in the performance of all his duties, and in *action* his conduct was always most admirable. It was marked not only by *great personal courage, but by equal executive ability.*

"By his gallantry and his services he has fully earned promotion, and I would respectfully recommend him for the rank of Major.

"[Signed] ALFRED H. TERRY,
Major-General Commanding."

"I fully agree to what is expressed in Gen. Terry's recommendation, and join with him in requesting this promotion.

"[Signed] A. AMES,
Major-General Commanding."

He was personally commended by Gen. Terry for his services at Wilmington. He was next ordered to report to Gen. Grant's Head-Quarters, at City Point, and arrived just in time to enter Richmond with our victorious troops, and witness the surrender of Lee's army. He remained in service till May 18th, 1866, when he was honorably mustered out of the service.

He was in eleven general engagements, and a good many skirmishes. He was never seriously wounded—hit once by a piece of shell which left its mark, but did not disable him. He was never sick a day in service. Was two years in the field at the front, and two years on Staff duty. He was Staff Officer of five different Generals, and received from all of them written testimonials for bravery and good conduct. He was at the close of his service recommended for the rank of Brevet Colonel to the United States Senate. This is a commendable record for a Woodbury private.

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BRADLEY, GEORGE C. Enlisted in Co I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 15th Aug., 1862. Promoted Corporal and Sergeant, and mustered out at New Haven, 12th July, 1865.

BRADY, PATRICK. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 6th Aug., 1862. Promoted Corporal. His thigh was fractured at the battle of Cedar Creek, 19th Oct., 1864, and he died at Martinsburg, Nov. 1st, 1864. U. S. Roll of Honor, No. XV, says it was 24th Oct. He lies buried in the National Cemetery at Winchester, Va., Lot No. 67.

BRIGGS, ISAAC C. He enlisted in Capt. Eli Sperry's Co., 2d Heavy Artillery, 25th July, 1862, being the first volunteer of that Company. He was wounded in the foot by a Sharp Shooter at Cold Harbor, June 5th, 1864, as he was laying in his tent. The Company was resting, after its three days fight, under cover of second line of breastworks. The ball went quite through his foot, He was lying near M. D. Smith, and uttered an explanation of pain. He was taken to the Emory General Hospital at Washington, D. C., and died 23d June, 1864. He was buried in Woodbury. He was an intelligent, good soldier, a ready writer, hopeful, and much beloved by all.

BRONSON, PURNETT. Enlisted in Co. B, 1st Conn. Artillery, 22d May, 1861. Discharged 21st May, 1864—term expired.

BUELL, CHARLES S. Enlisted in Co. E, 8th Regiment Conn. Vols., 25th Sept., 1861. Discharged 24th Oct., 1864—time expired. He served two years in the field, and one as Hospital Steward, and one in Hospital, and was discharged from Finly Hospital at Washington, D. C. He was in the battles of Roanoke Island, Newbern, Antietam, South Martin, Fredericksburg, and a number of skirmishes. Till his death at the battle of Antietam, John E. Tuttle was his intimate companion. They always fought together, and he fell by his side, and was by him buried the next day. He has always remembered him as a soldier and friend. They, together with Charles Cosier and John B. Bunnell, were in the murderous though successful detail for the laying of the pontoons in front of Petersburg.

BUELL, FREDERICK G. Enlisted in Co. A, 2d Heavy Artillery, 26th Aug., 1864, and was mustered out at Washington, D. C., 18th Aug., 1865.

BULSER, FERDINAND. Was mustered in as a substitute in Co. I, 8th Conn. Vols., 11th Aug., 1864. Died Dec. 31st, 1864, in the Rebel Prison at Salisbury, N. C.

BUNNELL, JOHN B. Enlisted in Co. E, 8th Conn. Vols., 11th Aug., 1862. Transferred to Veteran Reserved Corps, 30th Sept., 1864. Mustered out 1st Aug., 1865. He was one of the four Woodbury boys who helped to lay pontoons over the Rappahannock in front of Petersburg.

BUNNELL, JOSEPH. Enlisted in Co. E, 8th Conn. Vols., 4th Sept., 1861. Reenlisted in Veteran Vols., 24th Dec., 1863. Died of wounds 7th Oct., 1864.

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BUNNELL, WESLEY. Enlisted in Co. E, 8th Conn. Vols., 28th Sept., 1861. Wounded at battle of Antietam, 17th Sept., 1862. Discharged for disability 17th March, 1863.

BURTON, JAMES. Enlisted in Co. I, 3d Heavy Artillery, 26th Aug., 1862, and deserted 4th Jan., 1863.

BURNHAM, WALTER. Was mustered in as 2d Lieut., Co. H, 3d Heavy Artillery, 7th Aug., 1862. Promoted Captain of Woodbury Co. I. Wounded 19th Oct., 1864, at Cedar Creek. Honorably discharged 8th Feb., 1865, and was brevetted Major for gallantry in action. Major Burnham wrote the author in relation to his discharge, which was given him against his will, as he desired to see the fight out:

"I was wounded at Cedar Creek severely; obtained leave of absence for thirty days, which was extended to ninety days; at the end of which time I reported at Annapolis Hospital, Md., on the crutches, and was discharged Feb. 7th, 1865, under an order from the War Department, issued about this time, that all officers who were not considered fit for duty at the end of thirty days, were to be discharged the service. This was *one* of the most unjust orders, in my estimation, ever issued from the War Department."

CADY, ARRAH BEECHER. Enlisted in Co. F, 27th Conn. Vols., 10th Oct., 1862, as substitute for John I. Fowler. He was taken prisoner at Chancellorsville, and paroled at Richmond. Discharged 27th July, 1863. Then he enlisted 3d Sept., 1863, under his first two names, Arrah Beecher, fearing if again taken prisoner, his parole might give him trouble. He had been in the battle of Fredericksburg under his first enlistment. He now went to Petersburg, and was present till it was taken.

CANDEE, ANDREW B. Enlisted in Co. A, 23d Conn. Vols., 27th Aug., 1862. He was discharged the next year with his Regiment, 31st Aug., 1863, although he had been left behind sick at Mattoon, Ill., where he died of Chronic Diarrhea, Sept. 30th, 1863. He was son of Frederick B. and Mary Candee, born May 19th, 1842.

CAM, MARSHALL. Enlisted in Co. C, 29th Conn. Vols., (Colored), 14th Dec., 1863. Discharged for disability, 15th March, 1865.

CAM, TRUMAN. Enlisted in Co. G, 29th Conn. Vols., (Colored) 5th Jan., 1864. Mustered out 24th Oct., 1865.

CALLENDER, LEVI. Enlisted first in Co. E, 8th Conn. Vols., 5th June 1861, and was discharged 24th Feb., 1863, for disability. Enlisted second time 5th Jan., 1864. Was wounded at Cedar Creek, 19th October, 1864, and was mustered out 1st June, 1865, at Hartford.

CASTLE, MATTHEW M. Enlisted in Co. I, 8th Conn. Vols., 27th Sept. 1861. Died of Typhoid Fever, 28th March, 1862, at Newbern, N C. Buried in Newbern National Cemetery, in No. 18, of Plot No. 117, and running No. —, in Cemetery 2,328. Aged 21.

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COGSWELL, WESTON. Enlisted in Co. I, 8th Conn. Vols., 21st Sept., 1861, and died at Newbern, N. C., of Typhoid Fever, 30th March, 1862. He enlisted in same Co. with Castle, and died of same fever two days later.

COSIER, CHARLES. Enlisted in Co. E, 8th Conn. Vols., 25th Sept., 1861. Wounded at Fort Harrison, 29th Sept., 1864. Re-enlisted in Vet. Vols., 24th Dec., 1864. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, 1st June, 1865, and mustered out at end of war.

COMBER, JAMES. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Conn. Heavy Artillery, 2d Jan., 1864, and was mustered out at Washington, D. C., 18th Aug., 1865.

CONE, WM. H. Enlisted in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., 22d April, 1861. Mustered 22d July, 1861, at Hartford. Re-enlisted in Vet. Vols., 21st Dec., 1863. Mustered out 19th July, 1865.

COCKFUR, HORACE. Enlisted in Co. H, 8th Conn. Vols., 10th Feb, 1864, and was mustered out at Readville, Mass., 18th May, 1865.

CONDON, RICHARD. Enlisted 22d April, 1861, in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols. Mustered 22d July. Re-enlisted Vet. Vols., 21st Dec., 1863. Mustered out 19th July, 1865.

CONNAY, PATRICK. Enlisted in Co. H, 12th Conn. Vols., 27th May, 1862. Discharged for disability 6th Jan., 1864, at New Orleans.

CONNERS, EDWARD. Enlisted in Co. H, 12th Conn. Vols., 1st June, 1862, and was mustered out at New Orleans, 1st June, 1865.

CONRAD HENRY S. Enlisted in Co. B, 13th Conn. Vols., 22d Dec., 1861. Promoted Corporal and Sergeant. Was transferred to the First Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers, and made Quartermaster Sergeant. He received his commission as 2d Lieutenant in the regiment while he was sick in hospital, but died before muster at Donaldsonville, La., 9th Jan., 1863. He lies buried in Monument National Cemetery, at Chalmette, La., six miles below New Orleans, on the site af the Battle of New Orleans, fought by Jackson in the war of 1812.

CHATFIELD, OLIVER B. Enlisted in Co. B, 29th Conn. Vols., (Colored), 5th Dec, 1863. Promoted Sergeant. Mustered out at Brownsville, Texas, 24th Oct., 1865. Died of disease contracted in the army Dec. 12th, 1869.

CRAMER, EVERTON R. Enlisted in Co. E, 8th Conn. Vols., 25th Sept., 1861. Deserted to Canada, 7th Oct., 1861.

CRANE, GIDEON D. Enlisted Aug. 12th, 1862, in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery. Promoted 1st Lieutenant. Resigned and was discharged for disability 26th Dec, 1862.

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CROMMEY, OWEN. Enlisted in Co. K, 2d Heavy Artillery, 30th Dec., 1863. Died of wounds received in battle at Alexandria, Va., 30th July, 1864, and was buried in the National Cemetery at Alexandria, Va., Grave No. 2,478.

DAWSON, HENRY M. Enlisted in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols, 22d April, 1861. Mustered 22d July, 1861. Deserted 19th Jan., 1863. Afterwards enlisted in a Massachusetts Regiment, under another name, and served out his time.

DEFOREST CHARLES P. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 18th Aug., 1862. Discharged for disability at New Haven, 8th April, 1865. He served as waggoner.

DEFOREST, GEORGE A. Son of above. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 22d Aug., 1862. Promoted Corporal. Deserted 18th July, 1864.

DIBBLE, ELLIOT B. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 2d Aug., 1862. Deserted 4th Jan., 1863.

DOLAN, BARNEY. Mustered as a substitute for William S. Isbell, in Co. A, 5th Conn Vols, 18th Aug., 1863, and was mustered out at Alexandria, Va., 19th July, 1865.

DOWNS, JOHN F. Enlisted and served out his time in a Rhode Island Regiment.

DUNHAM, HENRY, JR. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 13th Aug., 1862. Discharged for disability at Fort Worth, Va., 12th Feb., 1863.

DUTTON, HENRY MELZAR. Enlisted at Woodbury, in the "Woodbury Reds," 29th April, 1861. Mustered into Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., 22d July, 1861. Promoted to Orderly Sergeant. Was promoted and commissioned 1st Lieutenant of Co. C, 5th Conn. Vols. Was killed at the Battle of Cedar Mountain, 9th Aug., 1862. He was buried on the field, and still lies among the "unknown dead," though his father, Ex-Gov. Dutton, went to the battle.field and made diligent efforts to recover his remains. For full sketch of his life, see page 1311.

FLANNAGAN, PETER Enlisted in Co. I, 9th Conn. Vols., 9th Oct., 1861. Deserted 18th May, 1862, at New Orleans, for the cause of ill-usage by his officers, as he alleges. At any rate, he immediately re-enlisted in Co. K, First Louisiana Vols., under the name of Peter Breene, his wife's surname having been Breene. Served faithfully to the end of the war, and received an honorable discharge. After he came out of the army, "Commissary Whiskey" got the better of him, and he perished in a snow drift in Waterbury, 26th Dec., 1866. His wife received the government bounty under the name of Breene, on a full statement of the facts.

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FLUSHMEN, CHARLES F. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 4th Aug., 1862. Promoted Corporal. Died Sept. 21st, 1864, from wounds received at the battle of Winchester, on the 19th of Sept., 1864. He was wounded in the abdomen, and died at Sheridan Field Hospital. Sergeant M. D. Smith went to see him next morning after the battle. He was in great pain, but recognized him. Capt. McKinney says of him, that he was a splendid soldier—bravest of the brave.

FRANK, CHARLES. Mustered as a substitute in Co. F, 8th Conn. Vols., 7th Aug., 1864. Mustered out at City Point, Va., 12th Dec., 1865.

FREHRIG, WILLIAM. Was mustered as a substitute in Co. F, 8th Conn, Vols., 17th Nov., 1864. Mustered out at City Point, 12th Dec., 1865.

FOGG, CHARLES H. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 16th Aug., 1862. Promoted Sergeant. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., 7th July, 1865.

FOWLER, DEGRASS. Enlisted in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., April 22d, 1861. Mustered 22d July, 1861. Promoted 2d Lieut. at muster. Resigned 23d Sept., 1864.

FOX, HENRY F. Enlisted in Co. D, 13th Conn. Vols., 22d Dec., 1861. Died 22d Nov., 1863, of Chronic Diarrhea, at Thibodeaux, La.

FOX, HARVY H. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 1st Aug., 1862. Died of Typhoid Fever at Fort Worth, Alexandria, Va., 4th Feb., 1863. Buried at Woodbury, Conn.

FREEMAN, CROSBY B. Enlisted in Co. C, 29th Conn. Vols., (Colored), 14th Dec., 1863. Mustered out at Brownsville, Texas, 24th Oct., 1865.

FREEMAN, JOHN H. Enlisted in Co. A, 29th Conn. Vols., (Colored), 20th Nov., 1863. Mustered out with Regiment 24th Oct., 1865.

FREEMAN, JOHN R., (Rod's brother). Enlisted in a Rhode Island Regiment, and died at Annapolis, Md., 1st April, 1864.

FREEMAN, GEORGE, (Rod's brother). Enlisted into the Navy, and served on a gun-boat.

FREEMAN, RENSSELLAER, (Rod's brother). Enlisted into the Navy, and served two years on board a gun-boat.

FREEMAN, RODERIC (Colored). Served during the war as cook and waiter to Companies, or to the Regimental Officers. He was in the special employ of Adjutant S. C. Burnum while he lived, and accompanied his body to Connecticut for burial. He was principally connected with the 11th Regiment, and was very faithful in all his duties.

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GALPIN, ALMOND D. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 25th Aug., 1862. He was killed at the Battle of Cold Harbor, ten miles north of Richmond, 1st June, 1864, falling dead by a wound in the head. Immediately after his enlistment, he had a sad presentiment that he should not survive the war, and should never return to Woodbury; and he never did, even on furlough. During the twenty months the Regiment remained in the defences of Washington, he often said he should be killed in the first battle. This presentiment proved true. And yet a comrade told the writer, that in that first battle in which he died, he was as bold as a lion. It will be remembered, that at the time the regiment charged on the rebel works in the woods, a New York regiment broke and retreated in disorder, rushing right through the ranks of the 2d Connecticut. At the moment that Galpin fell dead, he was exclaiming to those frightened soldiers—"Go back you devils—go back to your work." He was at first buried with all the others on the field. He has since been removed, and now lies buried in the Cold Harbor National Cemetery, Section "A," grave marked, "G——, A. D., June, 1864."

GALPIN, DANIEL B. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 12th Aug., 1862. Wounded in the ankle at the battle of Cold Harbor, 1st June, 1864, and at the battle of Winchester, 19th Sept., 1864, in the leg Discharged for disability 3d June, 1865. He receives a pension.

GALPIN, THOMAS C. Enlisted in Co. C, 8th Conn. Vols., 10th Oct., 1861. Wounded at the battle of Antietam, 17th Oct, 1862. Discharged 4th Nov., 1864, at expiration of term of service. He receives a pension.

GILBERT, WILLIAM H. Enlisted as a substitute in Co. H, 8th Conn. Vols., 5th Sept., 1863. Mustered out at City Point, 12th Dec., 1865.

GROAT, HENRY. Enlisted in Co. B, 2d Conn. Vols., (3 months), 17th May, 1861. Discharged 7th Aug., 1861.

GLAZIER, THOMAS T. Enlisted in Co. B, 6th Conn. Vols., 12th Sept., 1861. Promoted Corporal. Re-enlisted as Vet. Vol., 4th Jan., 1864. Died 19th Oct,, 1864. The U. S. Roll of Honor says, Oct. 19th. This probably corresponds with the head board. He is buried at the National Cemetery at Bristol, Pa., Grave 27. He died at White House General Hospital.

GORDON, GEORGE. Enlisted in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., April 22d, 1861, and was mustered 22d July, 1861. Re enlisted in Vet. Vols., 21st Dec., 1863. Was wounded. Discharged 28th Jan., 1865.

GOSLEY, CHARLES. Enlisted in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., 22d April, 1861. Mustered 22d July, 1861. Discharged for disability 22d Nov., 1862.

GOSLEY, HUGH S. Enlisted April 22d, 1861, in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols. Mustered 22d July, 1861. Died at Andersonville Prison, 22d Aug., 1862. Some authorities say Belle Island, near Richmond, Va.

We can never appreciate the horrrors of the rebel prisons. Men were shot for wandering over the "dead-line," or for crossing the brook that run

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through the enclosure. The dead were piled just as they died, one upon another in wagon loads, carted out, thrown into a ditch, and covered with earth. This was the patriot's burial. The men had no bed but the ground; were covered with filth and vermin; had too little food to sustain life, and not wood enough to cook even that; clothing that did not cover their nakedness. One day a poor cripple deliberately crossed the "dead-line," telling the sentinel he wished to die. The sentinel shot the poor fellow dead. "The released soul could not have found at the hands of a loving Father any worse hell than that from which it had escaped." As time wore on, and great numbers of new prisoners were brought in, the rations were reduced, and suffering became extreme. Men died every hour, and were carted off like cattle. Corpses were now carried from the stockade at the rate of a hundred a day. The rains came on, beating unmercifully on the unsheltered thousands. The prisoners had nothing to shield themselves from the thunder storms and the burning sun. Many were insane. Hundreds lost their lives from scurvy. The ration was a few teaspoonfuls of uncooked rice, and two ounces of bacon, to be cooked and eaten amid the mud and desolation of the place. One or two could almost always be seen at the brookside, whither they had crawled to die. Every week some were killed at the dead line—one being shot for reaching over to get a root with which to kindle a fire. Many were now too emaciated even if they could have obtained wood, to cook the bits of bacon on which maggots were crawling. A member of the 52d New York became corrupt while still conscious in life, and his body was literally devoured; parts became raw and bloody, and the filthy maggots could be seen issuing from his nose and mouth. Thus perished twelve thousand seven hundred and twenty of our brave boys at Andersonville prison alone. And so the long, weary, hopeless months passed on.

At length the long hoped for release came. In February, Sherman arrived at Columbia, S. C., and the prisoners were hurried off his line of march to Camp Asylum, and in March, 1865, the officers were taken about a mile from Marlborough, S. C., and exchanged. Lieut. Blakeslee's diary tells of the joyful occasion: "As soon as we were able clearly to comprehend that there was not somebody at our side with a loaded musket, we swung our caps, cheered over and over again, hugged, kissed, rolled on the ground, sang, laughed, and finally cried. Then taking in another breath of fresh American air, we flung up our old pans, kettles, bags of meal, and bundles of all sorts, and cheered again for Lincoln, Gen. Grant, Gen. Sherman, and *Gen. Exchange;* and hugged the horse of the Colonel, who was trying in vain to get us into line."

GIBSON, EDGAR. Enlisted in Co. A, 23d Conn. Vols., 25th Aug., 1862. Was discharged 31st Aug., 1863, and died of disease contracted in the service, 6th May, 1869.

GIBSON, HENRY F. Enlisted in Co. A, 23d Conn. Vols., 25th Aug., 1862, and was honorably discharged 31st Aug., 1863.

HALL, JOHN S. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 6th Aug., 1862. Promoted Corporal. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., 7th July, 1865.

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HALL, JOHN T. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 16th Aug., 1862, and was discharged for disability resulting from being run over by a mule team on Long Bridge, Washington, D. C. He was mustered out 20th Nov., 1863.

HARWOOD, ANDREW, Mustered in as substitute in Co. H, 14th Conn. Vols., 8th Aug., 1863. Had three fingers shot off in battle, and was discharged for disability 11th March, 1865.

HAYES, SAMUEL D. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 6th Aug., 1862, and was mustered out at Hartford, 22d May, 1865.

HARD, HENRY F. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 6th Aug., 1862. Was promoted Corporal. Died of Diptheria at Woodbury, while on recruiting service, 15th Dec., 1863.

HARD, FREDERICK R. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 6th Aug., 1862. Was wounded in the leg at battle of Cedar Creek, Oct. 9th, 1864, and discharged for disability 27th May, 1865.

HEINS, PETER. Enlisted in Co. C, 1st Conn. Cavalry, 27th Aug., 1864. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., 2d Aug., 1865.

HAWLEY, AARON, (Colored). Enlisted in Co. C, 29th Conn. Vols., 14th Dec., 1863. Mustered out with the regiment, 24th Oct., 1865.

HAWLEY, ORRIN, (Colored). Enlisted in Co. C, 29th Conn. Vols., 14th Dec., 1863, and was mustered out 24th Oct., 1865.

HENSGEAN, FREDERICK. Mustered in as substitute for William Smith, Co. B, 5th Conn. Vols., 18th Aug., 1863, and deserted 10th Sept., 1863.

HILMER, FREDERICK. Mustered in as a substitute, Co. B, 5th Conn. Vols., 18th Aug., 1863, and deserted Oct. 1st, 1863.

HOLCOMB, JOHN W. Enlisted in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., 22d April, 1861. Mustered 22d July, 1861. Re-enlisted in Vet. Vols., 21st Dec., 1863. Mustered out 19th July, 1865.

HOLMES, FREDERICK. Enlisted first in Co. H, 1st Conn. Vols., for three months, 23d April, 1861. Was missing in action at battle of Bull Run, but came in safely July 21st, 1861. Enlisted second time in 2d Conn. Light Battery, 5th Aug., 1862. Was promoted Corporal. Died 4th Jan., 1865, in his tent, at White River Landing, Arkansas. He lies buried in the Mississippi River National Cemetery, near Memphis, Tenn.

HOLDRIDGE, DAVID E. Mustered in as a substitute in Co. E, 13th Conn. Vols., in Dec., 1863, and deserted before reaching the regiment in the field.

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HOTCHKISS, HUBBARD A. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 6th Aug., 1862. Promoted Sergeant. Wounded in the scalp and hand at battle of Winchester, 19th Sept., 1864. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., 7th July, 1865.

HOTCHKISS, LEVI H. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 25th July, 1862. He was severely wounded in the hand and arm, and entirely disabled at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 1st, 1864, and was mustered out for disability 26th April, 1865.

HUBBARD, CALVIN A. Enlisted in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., 22d April, 1861 Mustered in at Hartford, 22d July, 1861. Re-enlisted in Vet Vols., 21st Dec., 1863. He was wounded in battle, in the hand, near Dallas, Ga., 25th May, 1864, and in the foot severely, June 22d, 1864. Mustered out at the close of the war, 19th July, 1865.

HULL, AMMI F. Enlisted in Co. G, 1st Heavy Artillery, 22d Oct., 1861. Re-enlisted in Vet. Vols., 17th Dec., 1863. Promoted Corporal and Ordinance Officer for good conduct in battle. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., at close of the war, 25th Sept., 1865.

HERRINGTON, GEORGE F. Mustered in as substitute for Walter S. Curtiss, Co. C, 5th Conn. Vols., 17th Aug., 1863. Deserted Nov. 1st, 1863.

HULL, ULYSSES A. Enlisted in Co. E, 12th Conn. Vols., 16th Feb., 1864. Mustered out at New Haven, 18th May, 1865.

JACOBI, PHILLIP. Mustered in as substitute for Omar E. Norton, Co. K, 20th Conn. Vols., 25th Aug., 1863, and deserted 11th Sept., 1863, at Kelley's Ford, Va.

JACKSON, GEORGE, (Colored). Enlisted in Co. H, 29th Conn. Vols, 30th Dec., 1863, and was mustered out 24th Oct., 1865.

JACKSON, GEORGE P. Served in the Navy, on the War Ship Winona.

JACKSON, HENRY F, (Colored). Enlisted in Co. C, 29th Conn. Vols., 14th Dec., 1863. Promoted Corporal, and was mustered out 24th Oct., 1865.

JACKSON, LOT N., (Colored). Enlisted in Co. C, 29th Conn. Vols., 14th Dec., 1863. Mustered out 24th Oct., 1865.

JACKSON, PHILO, (Colored). Enlisted and served in the 11th Regiment of U. S. Colored Troops, and was honorably discharged at the close of the war.

JONES, THOMAS. Was mustered into the 28th Conn. Vols., as the substitute of Sheldon B. Castle. This was a nine months organization, and there was so much shifting among these regiments, that the writer has no further history of this recruit.

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JUDD, CHARLES, (Colored). Enlisted in Co. A, 30th Conn. Vols., 11th Jan., 1864. Mustered out 7th Nov., 1865.

JUDSON, GEORGE E. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 15th Aug., 1862. Was promoted Sergeant. Was wounded in the left hip and thigh at Cedar Creek, 19th Oct., 1864. Was removed to Patterson Park Hospital, Baltimore, Md., where he died of his wounds, 31st Oct., 1864. He was buried at Southbury, Conn. Capt. Sperry says of him—"He was considered one of the most perfect specimens of a man and soldier. He could always be relied on for truth and honesty, and was one of the very few who were never influenced by bad company. He always wore a pleasant countenance, and was one with whom no body could find any fault."

KANE, FRIEND F. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 9th Aug., 1862 and was instantly killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 1st, 1864. Shot directly through the head. Bela Potter says, "He simply threw up his hands, sunk down, and all was over." He was an excellent soldier and faithful to all his duties.

KERNER, JOHN. Was received as a substitute for the 14th Conn. Vols., 19th Feb., 1864, and not assigned or not taken up on the rolls; which means that he deserted before he reached the regiment.

KOCK, F. W. Was mustered as a substitute in Co. D, 15th Conn. Vols., 24th Aug., 1864. Transferred to 7th Conn. Vols. Mustered out 20th July, 1865, at Goldsboro', N. C.

KNICKERBOCKER, EDWARD. Enlisted in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., 22d April, 1861. Mustered 22d July, 1861. Discharged for disability, 4th June, 1862.

KREGAN, WILLIAM. Was mustered as a substitute for John Galpin, Oct., 1862 into 27th Conn. Vols. The writer has no further history of him.

LANE, PERRY W. Enlisted in Co. G, 1st Heavy Artillery, 22d May, 1862, and was discharged for disability 22d Nov., 1862.

LAURY, JOHN. Was mustered as the substitute of Lewis H. Atwood, 19th Feb., 1864, for the 2d Light Battery, but he never reached the regiment.

LEACH, ALVAH A. Enlisted in Co. E, 8th Conn. Vols., 25th Sept., 1861. and was discharged to enlist in the regular army, which occurred 25th Oct., 1862.

LEACH, DANIEL E. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 12th Aug., 1862. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, May 1st, 1865, and was mustered out July 1st, 1865.

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LOCHLIN, CHARLES A. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, Jan. 2d, 1864. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., 8th July, 1865.

LOCKLIN, DAVIS A. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 2d Jan., 1864. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., 18th Aug., 1865.

LOCKLIN GEORGE W. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 2d Jan., 1864. Wounded in the thigh at the battle of Winchester, 19th Sept. 1864, and died of wounds and fever, at Military Hospital, in Baltimore, Md., 20th Oct., 1864. Buried in Winchester National Cemetery, Lot 66—grave marked "L.—G. W."

LOCKLIN, ISAAC W. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 2d Jan., 1864. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., 18th Aug., 1865.

LORDWIN, THOMAS. Enlisted Sept. 20, 1863, as substitute for Oliver Cowles. Deserted before a military history could be made of him.

LUCAS, AMOS A. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 22d Aug., 1862. Wounded at the battle of Winchester, June 1, 1864, through the knee, rendering the joint utterly useless. Discharged, on account of this disability, 18th Dec., 1864.

LUM, CHARLES H. Enlisted 12th Aug., 1862, in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery. Promoted Corporal. Deserted the first opportunity; which was 15th April, 1863.

LEDGER, JOHN. Enlisted in Co. F, 5th Conn. Vols., 22d July, 1861. Transferred to the Signal Corps, 6th Aug., 1863; did effective service, and came home honorably discharged.

MALLORY, SAMUEL M. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 7th Aug., 1862, and was discharged for disability, 8th May, 1863, at Fort Worth, and died in consequence of disease contracted with former chronic diseases, at Woodbury, 17th April, 1867, aged 46.

MALLORY, WILLIS J. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 9th Aug., 1862. Fought in almost every battle of the regiment, up to the final battle of Sailor's Run, 7th April, 1865, when Gen. Ewell was taken, and some 5,000 othe prisoners. Was present at Lee's surrender, and saw Lee and Grant pass by. That night the regiment celebrated their anniversary on their own account, and with great enthusiasm.

MANCHESTER, OSCAR A. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 6th Aug., 1862. Discharged 8th Feb., 1863, at Alexandria, Va.

MAYNE, GEORGE A. Enlisted in Co. H, 1st Conn. Vols., (3 mos.) 23d Ap., 1861. Discharged 31st July, 1861. Enlisted again in the 13th Conn. Vols., and was transferred to, and became Captain in the 1st Louisiana Vols.

MANVILLE, JAMES H. Served in the Navy. He was 2d Captain of a

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11 inch gun on board of U. S. Ship Savannah, and was in the Newport News engagements.

MARTIN, FRANK. Enlisted at Woodbury, 22d April, 1861. Mustered 22d December, in Co. D, 18th Conn. Vols. Mustered out, 19th May, 1862.

MERAMBLE, GEORGE B. Enlisted in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., 22d April, 1861. Mustered, July 22d, 1862. Discharged 12th Feb., 1862, at Hancock, Md. Enlisted again in Co. I, 20th Conn. Vols., 11th Aug., 1862, and was mustered out at Washington, D. C., 13th June, 1865.

McKAY, WILLIAM H. Enlisted 22d April, 1861. Mustered 22d July, 1861, at Hartford, in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols. Promoted Corporal. Discharged for disability 12th Feb., 1862, at Hancock, Md.

McDERMOTT, CHARLES A. Enlisted in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., 8th Aug., 1863. Mustered out at Hartford, Conn., 23d June, 1865. In a short time after this, he enlisted in the regular army of the United States for three years, under the name of Charles E. Ellsworth. The writer had several letters from him after this enlistment, but he never gave him any reason for enlisting under a false name. He was a good soldier in the old 5th.

McKINNEY, HENRY S. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 2d Aug. 1862. Promoted 2d Lieut., 6th Feb. 1864, 1st Lieut., 30th Nov., 1864, and Capt. of Co. D, 2d March, 1865. Was mustered out at the close of the war, 23d Aug., 1865.

McDIVITT, JOHN. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 5th Jan., 1864. Mustered out at Hartford, 1st June, 1865. Died, of disease contracted in the army, June 1st, 1869. In one of the forced marches and sudden battles near Richmond, this soldier fell out exhausted. As soon as he recovered, he pushed on to find his regiment, but found himself in battle in a negro regiment. He had always had a mortal antipathy against colored men, but when he returned home, this feeling had all vanished, and he gave those soldiers full credit. Said he to the writer one day, in his rough way, "Cothren, there is no use to deny it—the d—d *nagers* fought like H—ll."

McCAN, GEORGE. Enlisted, 22d July, 1861, in Co. E., 5th Conn. Vols. Wounded at Cedar Mountain 9th Aug., 1862. Discharged for disability, 15th Nov., 1862.

MEYER, CHARLES. Mustered, Sept., 1863, as a substitute for Edgar Galpin, but forgot, after getting his bounty, to go to the front.

MYERS, CHARLES. Enlisted in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., 27th Aug., 1863. Mustered out, 3d May, 1865, at Madison, Ind.

MILLER, JACOB. Mustered into Co. C, 5th Conn. Vols., as a substitute for Samuel F. Peck, 17th Aug., 1863. Wounded, 20th July, 1864. Mustered out at Alexandria, 19th July, 1865.

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MILLER, JOSEPH. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 20th Aug., 1862 Mustered out, July 7th, 1865, at Washington, D. C. Died at Woodbury 24th Aug., 1868, of enlargement of the spleen,—being a disease which he contracted in the service. His spleen weighed, at the post mortem examination, about *fourteen* pounds, while a healthy spleen weighs but a few ounces.

MINOR, FREDERIC M. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 7th Aug. 1862, and was discharged for disability at New Haven, Conn., 5th June, 1865.

MITCHELL, JOHN. Mustered in as a substitute for Co. I, 8th Conn. Vols., 19th Feb. 1864. Deserted 28th May, 1864.

MITCHELL, WILLIAM H. (Colored.) Enlisted in Co. B, 29th Conn. Vols., 30th Nov. 1863. Mustered out 24th Oct., 1865.

MUNROE, JOHN. Mustered as a substitute for Nathaniel D. Minor in Sept., 1863, but failed to report for service.

MUNGER, NATHAN B. Enlisted in Co. L., 1st Conn. Cavalry, 5th Jan., 1864. Mustered out 2d Aug., 1865, at Washington, D. C. He afterwards enlisted in the regular army.

MUNGER, TRUEWORTHY. Enlisted in Co. I, 13th Conn. Vols., 11th June, 1862. Was wounded in the taking of the rebel Gunboat, Cotton, on the Red River Expedition, and discharged in consequence, 26th May, 1863.

MORRIS, THOMAS. Mustered as a substitute 19th Feb., 1864, but failed to report to any regiment, after getting his enormous bounty.

MORRISON, WILLIAM. Mustered into Co. A., 5th Conn. Vols., as a substitute for Henry C. Judson, July, 1863, and deserted 11th July, 1863.

MORGAN, THOMAS. Mustered as a substitute in Co. H., 10th Conn. Vols., 21st Nov., 1864. Deserted 26th June, 1865.

MULLIGAN, JOSEPH. Mustered as a substitute Co. I, 6th Conn. Vols., 3d December, 1864. Deserted 10th April, 1865.

MORROE, CHAUNCEY F. Enlisted in Co. E, 8th Conn. Vols., 25th Sept., 1861. Re-enlisted in Vet. Vols. 24th Dec., 1863. Mustered out, 12th Dec., 1865.

MEIN, CHARLES. Mustered as a substitute to be sent to the "Woodbury Reds," Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., 27th Aug., 1863, but failed to put in an appearance. Probably he had some prescience of the toils of Sherman's march to the sea, soon to come, and "foreseeing danger, hid himself."

NEWEY, ARTHUR B. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 8th Aug., 1862. Drummed out of the regiment for desertion and general uselessness, 30th Oct., 1863.

NEWTON, FRANKLIN. Enlisted in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., 22d April, and mustered 22d July, 1861. Promoted Corporal. Deserted 3d June, 1862.

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ORTON, WALTER J. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 5th Aug., 1862. Promoted Sergeant and Commissary Sergeant. He was wounded by a ball through the left arm and anterior walls of the thorax, from left to right, at the Battle of Winchester, sometimes called Opequan. Was carried to Taylor Hotel, in Winchester, where he died, 7th October, 1864.

He wrote cheerful letters to his wife, some days after his wound was received, but finally died of exhaustion, in consequence of secondary hemorrhage. He was buried near Winchester, at first, but has since been removed to Winchester National Cemetery, and buried in Lot No. 87. For sketch of his life see page 1258.

PARMELEE, CORNELIUS. Enlisted in Co. I, 13th Conn. Vols., 7th Jan. 1862. Discharged 6th Jan., 1865; term expired.

PARMELEE, GEORGE B. Enlisted in Co. B, 7th Conn. Vols., 9th Sept., 1861; re-enlisted in Veteran Vols., 2d Jan., 1864. Mustered out 2d Sept., 1865.

PATTERSON, CHARLES. Enlisted in Co. I, 8th Conn. Vols., 21st Sept., 1861. Died 14th March, 1862, of wounds received while charging a rebel battery, when Newbern, N. C., was taken.

PERCEY, FRANK J. Enlisted in Co. C., 14th Conn. Vols., 9th Aug., 1862. Killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., 13th Dec., 1862.

PERCEY, SETH W. Enlisted in Co. C., Conn, Vols., 2d Aug., 1862. Wounded 17th Sept., 1862. Transferred to Invalid Corps. Drowned 2d Aug., 1864, at Hartford, in Conn. river.

PETERSON, ARNOLD. (Colored.) Enlisted in Co. B, 29th Conn. Vols., 3d Dec., 1863. Died at Brownsville, Texas, 15th Aug., 1865. He lies buried in the National Cemetery, near Old Fort Brown, Brownsville, Texas, in grave No. 224.

PETSON, THOMAS. Mustered as a substitute 19th Feb., 1864. It took him so long to spend his large bounty, that his name was never taken upon the regiment rolls.

PHILLIPS, LEMAN. (Colored.) Enlisted in Co. I, 29th Conn. Vols., Jan 1, 1864. Mustered out 24th Oct., 1865.

POLLEY, JAMES C, Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Conn. Heavy Artillery, 15th Aug., 1862. Died of typhoid fever at Regimental Hospital, Alexandria, Va., 19th Nov., 1862. He was embalmed, sent home, and buried in Woodbury. Col. Smith gave the writer the following account of his sickness and death:—

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"The Surgeon requested me to prepare Mr. Polley for his death, now rapidly approaching. It did not seem as though we could let him die! He was so patient, so gentle, and every one so interested in him. All the officers, nurses, and men at the hospital, clung to the idea that he would rally, and so we had hoped; but alas! he was sinking beyond our reach. After some conversation with him, he gathered from my words that he was more ill than he had supposed. He said, 'I know that I am very sick, but do *you* think me dangerously ill?' So ill, Mr. Polley, that I felt it best yesterday to write to your wife that you could not recover.

"Then he lay for several minutes motionless, and evidently struggling with his thoughts. Then he opened his eyes, and a calm look came into them, as he said, 'sing to me as you sung for the *other* men who died.' I sang two verses of 'I would not live alway.' He lay quite still again for a moment, then said: 'Read me something cheering from the Bible.' There was no Bible just at hand, so I repeated from John xiv, 1st. 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, &c.'

"While I repeated this, one of his hot, feverish hands held mine, and with the other he marked the emphasis, stopping at intervals, as though both mind and body were too weak to take in more than a few words at a time. When I had finished, he said: 'You and I understand—it is all well, is it not?' and closed his eyes, and lay back, perfectly tranquil.

"When the time came for me to leave him for the night, I roused him and said, 'I am going back to my tent. 'Yes,' said he, 'go, but try and come back to me again. I am dying, and I know it. I have tried to live so as not to be afraid to die; I have only to die, and it will be all well.'

"At daylight, the next morning, he raised himself in his bed, folded his hands, and in a loud, clear voice, exclaiming, 'Let us pray,' fell back, and was dead!"

POLLEY, HENRY E. Enlisted in Co. D., 13th Conn. Vols., 22d December, 1861. Re-enlisted in Veteran Vols., 8th Feb., 1864. Transferred to Co. B. Mustered out 25th April, 1866.

PRENTICE, WM. P. Enlisted in Co. D., 13th Conn. Vols., 5th March, 1862. Discharged 6th Jan., 1865; term expired.

POTTER, CHARLES E. Enlisted in Co. K., 11th Conn. Vols., 16th Feb., 1864. Mustered out at City Point, 21st Dec., 1865.

PORTER, BELA. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 29th July, 1862. Promoted Corporal. Wounded in the leg at Cedar Creek, Oct. 19th, 1864. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., 7th July, 1865.

PROCTOR, WILLIAM H. Enlisted in Co. C, 1st Conn. Heavy Artillery, 23d May, 1861. Re-enlisted in Veteran Vols., 16th Nov., 1865. Enlisted after the war was over in the regular army.

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QUINN, JOHN M, Enlisted, 22d July, 1861, in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols. Deserted 25th July, 1862.

REYMER, PETER. Mustered as a substitute of David Cowles, in Co. B, 5th Conn, Vols., 18th Aug., 1863. Deserted 28th Sept., 1863.

REYNOLDS, WM, H. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 11th Aug., 1862. Wounded through the knee at the battle of Winchester, 19th Sept., 1864, rendering him a cripple for life. Mustered out at Washington, D, C., 7th July, 1865.

RICHARDSON, GEO. H. (Colored.) Mustered into Co. H., 29th Conn. Vols., as substitute for Dr. Herman W. Shove, 5th Aug., 1864, and was mustered out with the regiment at Brownsville, Texas, 24th Oct., 1865. Died 26th Oct., 1865.

RENNEIS, JACOB. Mustered as a substitute in Co. C., 6th Conn. Vols., 7th Feb., 1865. Mustered out at Goldsboro, N. C., 20th July, 1865.

ROBINSON, JAMES. Mustered as a substitute in Co. I, 6th Conn. Vols., 15th Nov., 1864. Mustered out at New Haven, 21st Aug., 1865.

ROGERS, HENRY C. Enlisted in Co I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 22d Aug., 1862. Promoted Corporal. Was severely wounded in the hand at the battle of Fort Fisher, March 25, 1865. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., 7th July, 1865.

ROGERS, JOHN J. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 6th Aug, 1862, and was mustered out at Washington, D. C., 7th July, 1865. During the war he received thirteen bullet holes in his clothes, but never a scratch on his body.

ROOT, GEORGE W. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 22d Aug., 1862. Promoted Corporal. Wounded in the leg at the battle of Winchester, 19th Sept., 1864. Mustered out at Frederick, Md., 26th May, 1865.

ROOT, EDWARD A. Enlisted at Woodbury 22d April, 1861. Mustered 22d July, 1861. Re-enlisted in Vet. Vols. 21st Dec., 1863. Mustered out 19th July, 1865.

RAYMAKER, ARNOLD. Enlisted at Woodbury 22d April, 1861. Mustered 22d July, 1861. Transferred to Invalid Corps 6th May, 1863.

ROOT, JOSEPH F. Being in the West at the outbreak of the war, he enlisted in Co. L. 2d Wisconsin Cavalry, and died of chronic diarrhœa at Helena, Arkansas, 8th Oct., 1862. Buried, on removal after the war, in Mississippi National Cemetery, near Memphis, Tenn. See Roll of Honor xxi, p. 260.

ROSWELL, GEORGE. Enlisted in Co. I, 8th Conn. Vols, 27th Sept., 1861. Discharged for disability at Washington, D. C., 24th Dec., 1862.

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ROWLEY, CHARLES M. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 12th Aug., 1862. Promoted Corporal. Mustered out 18th May, 1865, at Hartford.

ROBERTS, JAMES. Mustered as a substitute in 2d Conn. Light Battery, 19th Feb., 1864. Deserted 15th March, 1864.

RICE, THOMAS. (Colored.) Enlisted 19th Feb., 1864. Died 15th April, 1865, at Petersburg, Va. Was buried in Hampton, Va. National Cemetery, in Row 20, Section D., grave 32.

SCHINDLER, JACOB. Enlisted in Co C., 1st Heavy Artillery, 15th Dec., 1863. Served through the remainder of the war, and was a brave and faithful soldier. Was mustered out with his regiment at Washington, D. C., 25th Sept., 1865.

On his enlistment, the writer gave him the oath. After he had taken it, he jocosely remarked, in his broken German way, "Cothren, if I see a schmoke I shall run." But, though he saw many fierce *smokes* in the service, he *did not run*.

SELLICK, JOEL F. Enlisted in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., at Woodbury, 22d April, 1861. Mustered at Hartford 22d July, 1861. Promoted Regimental Commissary Sergeant, 23d July, 1861. Discharged at Williamsport, Md., June, 1862.

SHAW, THOMAS. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 28th Aug., 1862. Promoted Sergeant. He was wounded in the arm at Cold Harbor, and again very severely wounded in the arm at Cedar Creek. He was discharged in consequence of his wounds, 1st June, 1865. When he came to the writer to enlist, he stated that he had served three years in the British army, and therefore thought he ought to be enlisted as a Captain. He was informed that we were only receiving privates and *Major Generals* at this office, and asked if he felt competent to fill the latter place. He said he did not consider himself competent to fill that place, and so took the oath as a private. He was a faithful, good soldier, and deserved the promotion he received.

SIMPSON, JOHN. Was mustered as a substitute 19th Feb., 1864. He forgot to report for assignment.

SMITH, MARCUS D. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 6th Aug., 1862. Promoted Orderly Sergeant. Was severely wounded in the forearm at Winchester, Va., 19th Sept. 1864, while advancing under heavy fire to take a rebel battery. Remained three months in McClellan Hospital. Was mustered out 7th July, 1865.

SMITH, NATHANIEL. Mustered in as Major of 2d Heavy Artillery, then the 19th Conn. Vols., 23d Aug., 1862. Promoted Lieut. Colonel, and resigned, on account of ill health, 6th May, 1864.

SOUTILL, THOMAS. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 30th July,

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1862. Deserted 20th Oct., 1862. He saw a girl in Maryland whom he liked better than the service.

SOMMERS, WILLIAM. Enlisted in Woodbury 22d April, 1861. Mustered at Hartford 22d July, 1861. Deserted 1st Aug., 1861, in Maryland. A "Delilah" had too seductive charms, and means of concealment. War presents many phases.

SMITH, JOSEPH. Mustered as a substitute Co. H., 11th Conn, Vols., 19th Feb., 1864, and after spending his magnificent bounties of 1,200 dollars, deserted, 26th June, 1864.

SPERRY, ELI. Mustered in as Captain of Co. I, 19th Conn. Vols., afterwards known as 2d Heavy Artillery, 24th July, 1862. After serving conscientiously, faithfully, well, and to the acceptance of his men, till Jan. 1st, 1864, he was on that day seriously wounded in the left forearm, by the accidental discharge of a revolver, after his return from the "grand rounds of the Defences," he having acted as field officer for the day.

In consequence of this accident, which not only hindered him from using that arm to any effective purpose, but affected his general health, he resigned his commission 20th March, 1864. He took much pride in his company, and good care of its members, though he was sometimes careless of the safety of *himself and friends*. As an example of this, the writer, being on a visit to the regiment, Jan. 26, 1863, by invitation, *slept* with him in his bunk that night, *or tried to do so*. A most violent Virginia rain, sleet and wind storm, swept over the devoted hill near Fairfax Seminary, on which the half-finished camp was located. The storms of all New England for a year consolidated into one, could not be worse. The Captain's tent was warmed by a small, cracked, cast iron stove, with the coals and cinders occasionally falling out, as the fierce winds swept over the camp. The ground covered by the small tent was everywhere overspread by about six inches of water. He had in his care 5,000 rounds of ammunition. He had a lively fear that it would get wet. So he piled the packages all around the stove and within a few inches of it, to *keep them dry!* In the foot part of the bunk was an *unexploded bombshell*, with the percussion end placed against the side of the canvas. During that terrible night, the "fly-pole" became detached from its fastenings at one end, and being fastened by a rope at the other end, as the fierce gusts of wind came roaring along, the "fly-pole" acted like a *flail*, and kept striking, during the long night, against the side of the tent where the bomb was located. The writer had a rational desire to *leave the premises*, but the Captain snored and slept on, and as we wished to be considered as brave as the worthy Captain, we decided to share his fate, whatever it might be. The night passed in safety.

In speaking of his men, the Captain says his "Company I was afterwards distinguished for its skill in the use of small arms, and more particularly so in handling heavy artillery guns—more so than any Company in the regiment. There was not one of our eight Corporals who could not put a shot or shell with precision at any range, and was always ready for a fight."

Adjutant Vaill remarks of the Captain:—

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"It will not do to forget Captain Sperry's speech to his Company about the time of his discharge. It was *his farewell.* The "nub" was in the closing up, which ran something thus: "We none of us know what is in store for us; the probabilities are that we shall never all meet in this world again. But when the great Arch Angel Gabriel's trump shall sound, and when his Adjutant shall report, may Company I, of the 2d Connecticut Heavy Artillery, be reported '*present or accounted for.*'"

SLADE, FREDERICK C. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 15th Aug., 1862. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., 7th July, 1865.

SPRING, RICHARD. Enlisted in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., 22d April, 1861. Mustered, 22d July, 1861. Re-enlisted Vet. Vols., 21st Dec., 1863. Was wounded in his side near Dallas, Ga., 25th May, 1864, and again 22d June, 1864, in foot, at Kensaw Mountain. Mustered out 22d July, 1865.

STAMMER, WARDEN. Enlisted, first, in Co. G., 28th Conn. Vols., 18th Nov., 1862. Discharged, 28th Aug., 1863. Enlisted, secondly, in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 2d Jan. 1864. Promoted Sergeant. Wounded in the leg at Cedar Creek, 19th Oct., 1864. Mustered out at Washington, 18th Aug. 1865.

STARR, GEORGE. (Colored.) Enlisted in Co. H, 127th regiment of United States Colored Vols., and served to the end of the war. His true name is George Jackson, but from mere freak he chose to serve under the above name.

STOCKMAN, GARDINER. Enlisted at Woodbury 22d April, 1861. Mustered in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., 22d July, 1861. Was soon after transferred to Co. A, in same regiment. Discharged, by order of the Secretary of War, for disability, 5th Nov., 1863. He had had congestion of the lungs in the service, and lay a long time in hospital before his discharge. After discharge, he languished, and his disease degenerated into consumption, of which he died, 28th May, 1864, before his regiment was discharged. He was buried at Morris.

SQUIRE, CHARLES A. Enlisted at Woodbury, in the "Woodbury Reds," afterwards Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., 22d April, 1861. Mustered 22d July, 1862. Promoted Sergeant. Re-enlisted Vet. Vols., 21st Dec., 1863. He was killed at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., sometimes called Culp's Farm, 22d June, 1864. He was shot through the heart, and died instantly. He was buried, with two comrades, on the mountain, under a tree, and the graves were marked. After the war, his comrade, Edgar A. Alvord, at the request of Charles' mother, went for the remains, brought them back, and they were buried in Roxbury. His mother erected a beautiful tablet at his grave, bearing the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Charles A. Squire, son of John A. and Eunice Squire. Enlisted into Co. E, 5th Regiment of Conn. Vols., April 29, 1861. Re-enlisted Vet. Vol., Dec. 21, 1863, and was promoted Sergeant, for good conduct in battle. Killed at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., Jan, 22d, 1864, having been shot through the heart. Aged 32." He was

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a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a good soldier, and a friend of all. Fired with patriotic zeal, he volunteered at the first call of his country, and fell, as the true soldier loves to fall, amid the smoke and roar of battle, fighting gloriously.

TABER, DANIEL D. Enlisted in Co. G, 11th Conn. Vols., Dec. 1, 1861—served his time out, and was honorably discharged.

TAYLOR, DANIEL S. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 6th Aug., 1862. Wounded in leg at Cedar Creek, 19th Oct., 1864. Mustered out at Hartford 1st June, 1865.

TAYLOR, JAMES K. POLK. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 2d Jan., 1864. Deserted 28th July, 1864.

TAYLOR, WILLIAM. Enlisted in Co. I, 27th Mass. Vols., Jan. 2d, 1864. Taken prisoner at Kingston, N. C., 7th March, 1865. Mustered out of the regiment, (technically,) while yet in captivity, 26th June, 1865.

THOMAS, CHARLES L. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 11th Aug., 1862. Died of lung fever in Regimental Hospital, 16th Jan., 1864. Sent home and buried in Woodbury.

THOMAS, HORATIO S. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 25th July, 1862. Promoted Corporal. Died of congestion of the lungs at Regimental Hospital, Alexandria, Va., 20th Feb., 1864. Sent home and buried in Woodbury.

THOMAS, IRA. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 28th July, 1862, at the age of 63 years. Walter J. Orton dyed his whiskers, after which his appearance was that of a man of about thirty years. He, with other Christian men in his company, instituted a prayer-meeting in his tent, which became well attended, and was the means of great good to the attendants. He was mustered out for disability 4th March, 1864.

TIERNEY, ANDREW. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 4th Aug., 1862. Was wounded at the battle of Cedar Creek, 19th Oct., 1864, and had his arm fractured, for which he draws a pension. The wounded could not all be reached and cared for on the day of the battle. Many a poor fellow had to lie where he fell. Capt. Marsh, of Co. M, was one of them. Tierney could walk, and as the night was cold, he sought the friendly *lee side* of a horse, which had been killed in the battle, but which retained some animal heat. Capt. Marsh relates that, at intervals, all night long, Tierney broke out with anathemas, saying that the 'd—d rebels fired carelessly, or rather they fired on *purpose*, and *meant* to *hit* him!

TRACY, THOMAS. Enlisted in Co. B, 12th Conn. Vols., 20th March, 1861. Killed at Port Hudson, La., 29th May, 1863, aged 21.

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TRAPPELL, FREDERICK. Mustered as a substitute for Roderick Atwood, Co. G., 8th Conn. Vols., 12th Aug., 1864. Mustered out at City Point, Va., 12th Dec., 1865.

TUTTLE, ELISHA. Mustered as the substitute of John Galpin, 28th Aug., 1862, into Co. I, 28th Conn. Vols. Mustered out 31st May, 1863.

TUTTLE, CHARLES A. Enlisted in Co. A, 8th Conn. Vols., 25th Sept., 1861. Discharged for disability 5th March, 1863, at Washington, D. C.

TUTTLE, JOHN E. Enlisted in Co. E, 8th Conn. Vols., 25th Sept., 1861. Shot through the breast at the battle of Antietam and killed, 17th Sept., 1862. He did not die instantly. Charles S. Buell supported him, as he fell. He desired him not to leave him, but the regiment was ordered forward, and he had to be left with many another, to die. He was killed on a charge in three lines of battle, after they were forced to fall back. The men were ordered to lie down, but it was soon found that the bullets of our own men, from a piece of woods, were striking near the head of the 8th regiment, which then got up and started to retreat. At this moment Tuttle fell. So, there is no doubt that the poor fellow was killed by the bullets of his own men. The field where he lay was lost and won several times that day. Next morning, when details were made to bury the dead, and bring in the wounded, John was found by Buell, stripped of his clothing, with his hands under his head, as though sleeping in repose, looking as natural as when alive. He was no doubt stripped by the rebels before he died. He was one of the Woodbury boys, who volunteered with the 100 picked men to lay the pontoon bridge across the Rappahannock, previous to the battle of Petersburg, under Burnside. Woodbury furnished one twenty-fifth of the whole number volunteering in that hazardous undertaking. A hundred and fifty of our cannon were playing over their heads, and as many more on the rebel side, while the bullets from the rebel sharp-shooters fell like rain among the brave fellows. It was a bold—a sublime affair. They desisted from their work several times, but finally succeeded. While half of the number volunteering fell a sacrifice in that bloody adventure, neither of the Woodbury boys was hit. Forty of the regiment, among whom was Tuttle, were buried in a trench, about half a mile from Sharpsburg, on the direct road to the Stone bridge across the Antietam creek, and 20 rods West of the house of John Otto. The graves were marked with head-boards. He was afterwards moved, with the rest, and buried in the Antietam National Cemetery, about a mile from Sharpsburg. His comrade and bosom friend, Charles S. Buell, says of him :—

"John Tuttle was killed by my side at the battle of Antietam, nobly doing his duty. He was always a true and faithful soldier,—never complaining. Many a sorry soldier has been compelled to cheer up faint heart by John's merry way. Not one that will count on the rolls of old Woodbury, can show a fairer record than he, in your history. We were together in many battles, and I always found him brave to the uttermost. Before the battle in which he lost his life, he was impressed with the idea of death, though never before, and yet was in no wise daunted."

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VOGELLI, FREDERICK. Mustered in as a substitue for Ambrose H. Wells, Co. K, 20th Conn. Vols., 25th Aug., 1863. Deserted 30th Sept., 1863.

WAKEMAN, DANIEL P. Enlisted, 2d Jan., 1864, in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery. Musteaed out at Washington, D. C., 18th Aug., 1865.

WALKER, WILLIAM P. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 2d Jan., 1864. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., 18th Aug., 1865.

WALKER, JOSEPH. Mustered as a substitute for Henry C. Buckingham, 20th Aug., 1863. Deserted 13th Sept., 1863.

WALSH, TIMOTHY F. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 5th Aug., 1862. Promoted Sergeant. Wounded in elbow at the battle of Winchester, 19th Sept., 1864. Killed at the battle of Hatchet's Run, Va., 6th Feb., 1865—ten miles south of Petersburg.

WARNER, ABRAM A. Enlisted in Co. I, 9th Conn. Vols., 1st Nov. 1861. Died at New Orleans General Hospital, 12th Aug., 1862. Buried in Monument National Cemetery, at Chalmette, La., six miles below New Orleans, on the site of General Jackson's Battle-ground, in the war of 1812.

WARNER, GEORGE. Mustered in as a substitute in Co. C., 20th Conn. Vols., 25th Aug., 1864, and deserted while on the way to the regiment.

WARNER, JAMES L. Enlisted in Co. G., 5th Conn. Vols., 29th July, 1861. Re-enlisted in Vet. Vols., 21st Dec., 1863. Discharged for disability 19th June, 1865.

WARNER, NEWTON J. Enlisted in Co. B, 18th Conn. Vols., 22d Dec., 1861. Transferred to Vet. Reserve Corps, 30th April, 1864, and mustered out at the end of the war.

WELLMAN, BENJAMIN. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 11th Aug., 1861. Promoted Corporal and Quartermaster-Sergeant. Wounded in the left cheek and back at Cold Harbor, June 1st, 1864. Lay on the field all night by the side of a dead rebel. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., 7th July, 1865. For further particulars see page 1239.

WELLMAN, JOSEPH. Enlisted in Co. D., 28th Conn. Vols., 8th Sept., 1862. Died at Port Hudson, La., 23d July, 1863.

WELCH, WILLIAM, JR. Enlisted in the regular army in Spring of 1865, at New Haven, Conn. Was sent to the Fort at New London, and deserted soon after.

WELLS, PHILIP. Enlisted at Woodbury, April 22d, 1861, in Co. E, 5th

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Conn. Vols. Mustered at Hartford 22d July, 1861. Re-enlisted Vet. Vols., 21st Dec. 1863. Mustered out 19th July, 1865.

WEST, THOMAS. Enlisted in Co. E, 1st Conn. Cavalry, 21st Aug., 1864. Mustered out at Hartford, Conn., 23d June, 1865.

WHITLOCK, FREDERICK. Eulisteo in Co. I, 20th Conn. Vols., 15th Aug., 1862. Was promoted Corporal, and while he lay sick and insensible at Washington, D. C., in a Government Hospital, his commission as 2d Lieutenant, arrived from Gov. Buckingham. But he never knew of his promotion. He died 24th Jan., 1862. His remains were embalmed, and buried at Greenwood Cemetery. For a sketch of his life, see page 1216.

WHITLOCK, WALTER B. Enlisted in Co. G, 1st Heavy Artillery, 21st Oct., 1861. Re-enlisted Vet. Vols., 26th Jan., 1864. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., 25th Sept., 1865.

WHITLOCK, WILLIAM. Enlisted in Co. G, 1st Heavy Artillery, 22d Oct. 1861. Dircharged for disability 18th Oct., 1862.

WHITE, JOHN S. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 6th Aug., 1862. Died of typhoid fever 13th Nov., 1862, at Regimental Hospital, Alexandria, Va. Embalmed, sent home, and buried in Woodbury.

WHITE, DANIEL. Mustered as a substitute for Newell Osborn, Sept. 3d, 1863. The writer has no further account of him.

WHEELER, CURTIS. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 8th Aug., 1862. Wounded at Cold Harbor through both thighs by the same bullet. Was removed to Armory Square Hospital, Washington, D. C., where he died, 14th June, 1864. He was buried in Arlington National Cemetery, on the estate of the rebel Gen. Lee, back of his mansion, which was formerly owned by George W. P. Custis.

WILLIAMS, GEORGE. Enlisted as a substitute for Frederick Ward, in Co. F, 28th Conn. Vols., at New Haven, Sept. 10th, 1862. The writer has no further account of him.

WILSEY, AMBROSE H. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 12th Aug., 1862. Discharged 17th Aug, 1863, by order of the Secretary of War.

WINTON, ALBERT B. Enlisted in Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols., 22d April, 1861. Mustered at Hartford 22d July, 1861. Promoted Corporal. Re-enlisted Vet. Vols., 21st Dec., 1863. Mustered out 19th July, 1865.

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WINTON, EUGENE. Enlisted in Co. F, 6th Conn. Vols., 7th Sept., 1861. Discharged 11th Sept., 1864—term expired.

WINTON, JARED B. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 6th Aug., 1862. Mustered out at Washington, D. C., 7th July, 1865.

WORDELL, WILLIAM. Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Heavy Artillery, 2d Jan., 1864. Deserted 6th June, 1865.

WOODRUFF, RODERICK STEELE. Enlisted in Co. A, 23d Conn. Vols., 20th Aug., 1862. Promoted Hospital Steward. Taken prisoner at La Fourche, Crossing Hospital, La., 25th June, 1863. Mustered out 31st Aug., 1863.

WYANT, WILSON. Enlisted April 22d, 1861, at Woodbury. Mustered 22d July, 1861, at Hartford, as Captain Co. E, 5th Conn. Vols. Resigned for disability 31st Jan., 1863.—Total, 264.

Thus have we endeavored, with persevering toil and unwearied fidelity, to gather up the history of the part that Woodbury took in the war of the Great Rebellion—a rebellion without precedent in the annals of the world. None was ever so causeless, none so malignant, none so all-destroying. The most thoughtful and observant mind, after the lapse of ten years from its baleful commencement, has scarcely yet been able to grasp a full idea of its frightful proportions. It seems as though there had been some horrid dream running through all those dark and lurid, and all-devouring years; that those bitter years had been counted out of the regular series of the era, and had, so to speak, become the days of vengeance, the *dies irae* of an avenging God, meeted out to an offending people—grievously offending in the curse of human servitude. It was only by such suffering, so much blood, and the expenditure of such vast treasures, in the way of Providence, that so great a curse could be expiated.

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"STATISTICS DURING THE WAR.—In a recent address, General J. P. C. Shanks, a member of the United States House of Representatives, presented copious and very interesting statistics relative to the military arm of the service during the rebellion, which were compiled from official records in the War Department and other reliable sources. From these figures it appears that the number of white commissioned officers in service during the war was 83,935; colored officers, 9; white enlisted men, 2,073,112; colored, 178,895; total officers and men, 2,335,951. There were killed in action—officers of white troops, 3,686; white officers of colored troops, 91; officers, regular army, 93; general officers, 51; total officers, 3,931. Of troops killed in action there were 37,531 white volunteers, 1,514 colored volunteers, 1,262 regular army; total 40,307; grand total, officers and soldiers, 44,238. There died of wounds received in action, 2,069 officers and 31,924 soldiers, of whom 1,037 were colored; total, 38,993. There died of disease, 1,728 officers, of whom one was colored, and 147,320 men, of whom 26,211 were colored; total, 149,048. Died from other known causes, 388 officers and 11,457 men—total, 11,485; from unknown causes, 1,203 officers, 54,094 men—total, 55,297. The deaths from all causes amounted to 294,416; 119 officers and 36,093 privates died in southern prisons. The number of Union officers captured by the rebels was 7,072, and of soldiers, 179,091. There were legally paroled and exchanged, 6,477 officers and 147,851 soldiers; illegally, 105 officers and 1,038 men; there escaped, 397 officers and 2,376 men; recaptured, 301. The number of rebels captured during the war was—officers, 35,872; soldiers, 426,852; citizens, 15,535; total, 476,180.

What painful reflections a careful review of this civil war must ever bring to the reflecting mind and sensitive heart. "There are torn and shattered bodies which are beyond the reach of the surgeon's hand, and to whom the Secretary of War can send no assistance. They sleep peacefully enough in the forty-one military cemeteries of the Nation—three hundred and fifty-five thousand of them—and every mouldering body represents a human life which, before the rebellion, was useful, active and productive. There are more to come, and to these must be added the remains

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of those who were buried elsewhere during and since the war, who died in consequence of their service in it, till the number must reach to more than half a million men. What a harvest of death? What an expenditure of the virility of the land! What a draft upon the production of the future! What a diminution of the real wealth of the country! But, putting aside the cold calculations of the economist, every reader of ordinary sensibility will recall the mental and physical suffering, the bereavements, the untimely departure of the dead, and the long and sharp sorrow of the surviving—of wives, of children, of sweethearts, to whom the telegram or the letter bore intelligence, which, if it did not palsy their souls, at least changed the whole tenor of their lives, and while it darkened all their future, left them possibly self dependent and alone in a bleak and busy world. There are wounds which pensions do not heal, and wants which the Government, however generous, cannot supply. All the laws in the world cannot give back the son to his widowed mother, or restore the husband to the arms of his lonely wife. There is and can be no record in the War Department of broken hearts—there is no bureau of blighted hopes, no Secretary to compute the sighs and tears, the days of distress, the sleepless nights, or the false and mocking dreams of women whom the red hand of war, stretching from the far off battle field, has remorselessly smitten, upon the very hearth-stone of a blasted home, with all its tender recollections, and may be, stern, material necessities. The Government places a little iron monument at the head of a soldier's grave; it pensions his widow and provides for his children. Can it do more? Yes, more, much more! It can remember in all its vaunted policy, in all its law-making, in all its care of the present, and in all its provision for the future, how much the very opportunity of doing anything has cost us, and by what sacrifices we have earned the right and the power to shape the destinies of the Republic, and to make it indeed the guardian of all its children against every form of oppression. We want no wasted lives. We want no gratuitous mortality. We want a steady remembrance of the past, unvexed by revengeful memories and perpetuated hatreds, but always fresh when principles are at stake, or social equities again endangered. So much is due to those who have suffered and those who have died."

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As a result of all the wild turmoils of the war, of the untold suffering and anguish, and seas of human blood, we have peace, a disenthralled race, brighter skies and a purer atmosphere. Let all join in the devout aspiration, that the Giver of all Good will evermore lead the hearts of all to the ways of peace.

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CHAPTER VII.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 307.

1853 TO 1872; REV. LUCIUS CURTIS DISMISSED; RELIGIOUS REVIVAL; REV. ROBERT G. WILLIAMS, SETTLED; REV. CHARLES E. ROBINSON; REV. CHARLES LITTLE; RELIGIOUS REVIVAL; REV. HORACE WINSLOW; REV. GURDON W. NOYES; MEMBERSHIP AND BAPTISMS; REV. SAMUEL R. ANDREW—LIFE AND CHARACTER; HIS OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS SETTLEMENT; DEACON MATTHEW MINOR; MINOR JUBILEE; BENEDICT WILL; CONCLUDING REMARKS.

THE history of the First Church, in the previous edition of this work, closed in the year preceding the termination of the ministerial labors of Rev. Lucius Curtis in Woodbury. He had proved himself a very acceptable pastor and preacher, but ill-health, the great distroyer of human usefulness, intervened, and he was obliged to resign his charge, which he did with reluctance, and to the great regret of his people, on Sunday, Jan. 22, 1854. A special meeting of the church and society was held, Feb. 4, 1854, at which the following votes were passed:—

"Whereas the Rev. Lucius Curtiss has communicated to this Church and Society his request that they should unite with him in calling the Consociation to dissolve the connection now existing between us and him as Pastor and People, on account of ill health; and said church and society being unwilling to sunder those bonds and be separated from one in whom they are so well united, and to whom, personally they are so much attached, without some judicious effort on their part to enable the Pastor to regain his health, and still remain with us;—therefore be it

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"*Resolved*, That we propose to him that, instead of calling the Consociation, he take a vacation of six months, with entire freedom from all pastoral care and labor.

"*Resolved* That for the same period, we continue his salary as heretofore, and supply the pulpit from our resources as a society; and when the period proposed shall arrive, if his health is not re-established, we will then, if he still desires it, unite with him in calling the Consociation."

Mr. Curtis asked time to consider the proposal, and on the 9th of April, he renewed his request for dismission. On the 27th of the same month, the church and society voted to join with him in referring the matter to the Consociation, to be acted on at its annual meeting in the following June. William Cothren was appointed delegate on the part of the church to attend the Consociation. The matter was duly submitted, and the request of Mr. Curtis granted.

There was an extended revival of religion during the ministry of Mr. Curtis, as a result of which, forty-seven persons were added to the church. The whole number of admissions during his administration was eighty.

Some time after the dismission of Mr. Curtis, rest from pastoral cares had brought a decided improvement to his health, and he was settled over the Congregational Church in Colchester, Conn., where he continued till about two years ago, when he removed, and is settled over a church in Wisconsin.

On the 29th of January, 1855, a call was extended to Rev. Robert G. Williams, of Durham, Conn., which he accepted, and was installed April 25, 1855.

During the administration of Mr. Williams, in 1857, the church edifice was repaired, and remoddled, at an expense of a little more than $4,000. Thirty-two persons were received to membership under him, and the affairs of the society were prosperous.

On the 15th of January, 1859, Mr. Williams tendered his resignation. The church and society accepted it, and united with him in referring the matter to the annual Consociation in June, which approved of this action, and such arrangements were made, that he continued his pastoral care of the church till after the Bi-Centennial Celebration, July 5th, 1859.

In accepting his resignation, the society "Resolved, That he has our hearfelt thanks for the faithful manner in which he has discharged his pastoral duties to us."

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The church also, at the same time, "Resolved, That we take pleasure in testifying, on this occasion, to our high appreciation of, and full confidence in the character of our Pastor, as a man, a Christian, and a minister of the Gospel, and that our best wishes and heartfelt sympathies will follow him wherever he may go to labor in the wide harvest-field of the Lord."

At the close of Mr. Williams' labors, the people of his congregation gave him a farewell donation. The following is an account of the event, which appeared in the public prints at the time:—

"A PLEASANT RE-UNION AT WOODBURY.

"The members of the First Congregational Church and Society in Woodbury, in pursuance of a notice read from the pulpit on the preceding Sabbath, met at the parsonage on Wednesday evening last, for the purpose of exchanging sentiments of sympathy and kindness with their late pastor, Rev. Robert G. Williams, who had been dismissed, at his own request, from his pastoral charge over the people, by the late Annual Consociation of Litchfield South. Notwithstanding a severe thunder storm, which came on about the time appointed for the meeting, a large number convened at the parsonage. After an hour or two spent in pleasant, social intercourse, and the exchange of kind congratulations, Mr. William Cothren, at the request of the assemblage, presented to Rev. Mr. Williams a purse containing the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, contributed by individuals, in addition to the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, which had been previously given him as a parting donation by the Society.

On presenting the donation, Mr. Cothren remarked substantially as follows:—

"My Dear Sir:—I have been requested, by the friends here assembled, to perform the pleasing duty of presenting to you, with their kind congratulations and sentiments of esteem and affection, a slight token of their enduring regard, and also of extending to you their adieus at parting. The same hour that witnesses these cordial greetings, marks also the time of separation, and our paths diverge from this point forever. Thus it ever is in this changing, fleeting life. We meet in the rapid journey of our pilgrimage on earth, we take the friendly hand, pass some brief moments in joyous, social intercourse, and then pass on our vari-

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ous paths in the great labyrinth of life. Perchance our paths may sometimes cross, and we may meet again, but we tarry not in our hurried course.

"We meet this evening under circumstances of pleasure, and of pain—pleasure in meeting, pain that we must part so soon. I am glad to be present on this occasion, and the more so, because I did not expect to be here. It is a happy interview. It gives us an opportunity to see the sunny side of human nature—the clear atmosphere of the heart's best affections. It is well that there should be pauses like this in life's turmoil of contending interests. And we congratulate you, sir, that you have been able to perform, creditably and well, so far as you are concerned, your immediate labors with us, for our personal and spiritual welfare.—We congratulate you that you have labored with so great a meed of success. We would fain imitate your earnest, unremitting and unselfish labors for the good of the Church, and of mankind. We would imitate your caution in speech—never retaliating an injurious word or act. In this parting hour, we do not ask you, if we have erred, to forgive and forget, for well do we know, that in your generous heart, it is done already.

"And now, sir, I extend to you the *hand of fellowship, never*, as I hope and believe, to be withdrawn during life's changing pilgrimage. I do this, from the dictates of my own sentiments and emotions, and at the request of the friends here assembled, and others who cannot be present on this glad occasion. I give you the hand of kindly greeting, as well as of friendly parting. We extend to you that hand of kindness, which is often withdrawn, even among most intimate friends,—sometimes for real, but oftener for most imaginary causes. We greet you as one of God's messengers of "peace on earth and good will to men." Our hearts will follow you with kindly emotions, to whatever field of labor, in the vineyard of the Lord, you may be called. We would hold up your hands, and cheer you on in the path of duty, and of usefulness. And now, with this our final greeting, we bid you an affectionate farewell, in the cheering hope that God will at last gather us, a happy and redeemed people, in the mansions of the blest."

"To this address, Mr. Williams responded nearly as follows, closing with a touching and appropriate prayer:—

"I accept this at your hand, and the hand of these kind friends

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here this evening. And while we are to say farewell, let it be only as pastor and people. The place you have had in my heart will be an aching void, if I may not still know you as friends. When I came among you, I gave you my heart, my whole heart, and the kindness I have experienced from you, has produced no desire to recall the gift. Your kindness endures to the last. I can pledge you that to the last of life I shall retain a deep impression of it, and a sense of gratitude which I know not how to express.

"You may remember I have often preached upon the susceptibility of the heart. It is because I know somewhat of its power to suffer and enjoy. I have enjoyed in my heart your kindness, and have felt more gratified than my uttered thanks have intimated. For all the many acts and instances of kindness, I wish again to thank you, and especially for this interview, spontaneous on your part, and for this *valuable* memento, not "a slight token of your enduring regard."

"I am also commissioned to bear to you a message of affection and gratitude from my companion, who cannot be present to-night, but who is here in the thoughts of her warm and loving heart. She loves you very much, and yesterday morning repeated once and again her charge to me to tell you how much she loved you, and thanked you for all your kindness to her and to us as a family.

"I might, not inappropriately perhaps, speak of more general matters, relating to the Church with which you are still united,—an unbroken church.—But there is no need. You have wisdom to see your wants as well as I. You have a place of resort. Let me urge you again to apply to Him, who is able and willing to give all needed wisdom and aid. I commend you to His guidance. And let me beg at the Throne of Grace you will all remember me, as I have every one of you. There let us feel our union, through the head of the church, unto one another.

"And if I have at any time in any manner given any occasion of displeasure or offence, most humbly do I crave your Christian forgiveness, even as I do most cordially forgive all who may now or at any time feel that they have injured me.

"I have often borne you by name to the Throne of Grace. I would like again to commend you to the love and mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

"In the prayer which followed, Mr. Williams remembered most

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especially and tenderly, 'the lambs of the flock,' in whom he always felt the deepest interest.

"The assemblage was then summoned to partake of a most excellent collation, prepared with exquisite taste by the ladies. The tables were loaded with viands and decorated with garlands and rare bouquets. We have never seen a better or more tasteful display, on any similar occasion. Having discussed these to the heart's content, and passed a longer period in agreeable intercourse, the company separated, well pleased with the evening's entertainment."

As has been seen in the preceding pages of this work, Mr. Williams served for a time as Captain of Company G., 1st Conn. Heavy Artillery. He was afterwards principal of a Female Academy at Saugerties, N. Y. Still later, he was for several years principal of the Young Ladies' Seminary in Waterbury; and is now at the head of the Board of Education of the State of Vermont.

The church remained without a settled pastor till the summer of 1862. Rev. Charles E. Robinson began to supply the pulpit in the early part of 1861. He received a call to settle as pastor, April 25, 1862—accepted it May 5th, and was installed June 10th. There were seventeen admissions to the church during his ministry. On the 27th of January, 1864, he tendered his resignation, on the ground of ill-health.

On the 4th of February, 1864, the church passed the vote which immediately follows, and he soon after left, though he was not formally relieved of his charge till the 3d day of November following, by a Council of churches, as he had accepted a call to settle over a church in Troy, N. Y., where he has since remained, in the full performance of the duties of his ministry. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was bestowed upon him at the late Commencement (1871) of Williams College.

"WOODBURY, Feb. 4th, 1864.

"We, the First Congregational Church, having received the resignation of our Pastor, Rev. C. E. Robinson, feel ourselves compelled, owing to the circumstances under which we are providentially placed, to accept the same. We had cherished the pleasing hope and anticipation that the connection, so promising in its commencement, would be as lasting as life, and that we should be permitted to labor together for our dear Lord, many years. Sel-

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dom has any pastor so entirely possessed the confidence and love of an entire church and society as has our present Pastor, and it is with deep regret that we now come to the painful conclusion that we must give him up and dissolve the interesting relation of Pastor and People. Such, however, seems to be the orderings of our Heavenly Father, and we would cheerfully submit. We shall follow our Pastor with great interest and solicitude, and our earnest prayers, wherever his lot may be cast, and shall feel that, that church which shall secure his stated labors among them will be peculiarly favored of Heaven."

Rev. Charles Little, upon invitation, begun to supply the pulpit in the summer of 1865. He remained with the church without installation, but with the approval of the Consociation, about two years, and did a good, an earnest, and a faithful work. Thirty persons were added to the church, and two deacons were ordained during his ministrations; Philo M. Trowbridge, Nov. 3, 1865, and James H. Linsley, Aug. 31, 1866.

Mr. Little had spent most of his professional life in the missionary field. After serving the church faithfully, till the fall of 1867, he removed to Lincoln, Nebraska, where he is still engaged in his holy calling. On parting with him, the church passed the following unanimous vote, Sept. 22, 1867:—

"Whereas, Rev. Charles Little has faithfully labored with us for the past two years, and his labors have been greatly blessed by a good Providence, therefore

"*Resolved*, That we take pleasure in testifying to our high appreciation of, and full confidence in the character of Mr. Little, both as a man and a minister of the Gospel, and that our best wishes and heartfelt sympathies will follow him wherever he may go to labor, in the wide harvest-field of the Lord."

Oct. 13, 1867, both the First and North Congregational churches being without a settled pastor, the church

"*Voted*, That we will unite with the North church and also the Methodist church, in extending an invitation to Rev. Mr. Potter, to labor with us during the first week in December."

Mr. Potter came at the time stated. He is a "Revivalist" preacher, who does not settle over any church, but goes wherever

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he deems the "Lord calls him," to evangelize the people. Great good followed his labors here. As a result of it, about twenty numbers were added to this church, and various members to all the other churches, making the total not less than seventy-five.

The church gave a call, January 16, 1868, to Rev. Horace Winslow, then of Newington, Conn., to settle in the work of the ministry. There were various negotiations in regard to the matter, which resulted in engaging his services for a year. He did a very acceptable work, and twenty-four members were added to the church. So great was the desire of the people to retain him, at the end of the year, that almost the entire congregation (every one found at home by the canvassers) signed an earnest request that he would remain among them. But believing a wider field of usefulness opened to him at Willimantic, Conn., he reluctantly concluded to settle there, where he still remains. He has, however, spent his vacations here, so that the people have not entirely lost the benefit of his counsel and his services.

Mr. Winslow was born, May 18, 1814, at Enfield, Mass., to John H. Winslow and wife, Elizabeth (Mills), graduated at Hamilton College, N. Y.; studied theology at Union Seminary, New York city; settled first at Lansingburg, N. Y.; second, at Rockville, Conn., Oct, 1845, and dismissed, Nov., 1852; third, at New Britain, Conn., Dec., 1852, dismissed Dec., 1857; fourth, installed at Great Barrington, Mass., in 1858; and in 1862, he accepted an appointment as chaplain to the 5th Conn. Vols., under the command of Gen. Banks, at Virginia. After serving several months as Chaplain, he resigned, and was installed, Dec. 1, 1863, at Binghampton, N. Y.; preached next at Newington, Conn., then at Woodbury, as before stated; and then settled in Willimantic, Conn., where he at present resides.

He married Charlotte H., daughter of Capt. Jonathan Pettibone, of Simsbury, born, July 23d, 1824, and married 8th May, 1850. They have children, as follows:—Fanny Hamilton, b. Oct. 25, 1851; Lillian, b. 25th July, 1854, and Mary, b. 1861. [1]

Rev. Gurdon W. Noyes, of Fair Haven, was called by the church, Oct., 1869, to settle, and was installed over the church, Dec. 8, 1869, and still continues his ministrations, to the acceptance and profit of the people. Fifteen members have been added to the church under his administration.

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[1] Andrews' Hist. of New Britain, Conn.

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Mr. Noyes was born in Stonington, Conn., Aug. 13, 1818, being the 12th son of his father, and one of 17 children. He is a great grandson of Rev. James Noyes, of Stonington, who was Moderator of Synod at the formation of the Saybrook Platform, and one of the first donors to the foundation of Yale College. The latter was son of Rev. James Noyes, who came from England in 1634, and is the ancestor of the Noyes family in Connecticut. He was born in 1608, in Choulderton, Wiltshire, England. His father was a very learned man. He came to this country because he could not comply with the ceremonies of the Church of England. He was married to Miss Sarah Brown, not long before he came to this country. He preached in Mystic, Conn., and Newbury Mass.

The family of Noyes is one of Norman descent, and originated in England with William de Noyes, one of the followers of the Duke of Normandy in his conquest of England, in 1006. The family settled in Cornwall, Eng., in the reign of Charles I. William de Noyes, of St. Barian, was Attorney General, and his son, Humphrey, was a Colonel in the Royal army, and married the heiress of Lord Sandys.

Gurdon W. Noyes was graduated at Amherst College, Mass, in 1846, and at the Union Theological Seminary, N. Y, in 1849. He was settled over the Presbyterian church in Porthmouth, Va., Dec. 19th 1849; over the Cong. church, at Cornwall, Vermont, in 1852; over the South Cong. Church, in New Haven, Conn., in 1853; over the Second Cong. Church in Fair Haven, Aug. 1861; and over the First Church of Woodbury, in 1869, as seen in the preceding pages.

This old pioneer church has received into its membership since its origin, 1,535. Within its folds, 3,010 have been baptized, and twenty-three deacons have been ordained, only three of whom survive, viz: Eli Summers, who has held the office forty-two years, Philo M. Trowbridge and James H. Linsley. Its present membership is 186, 58 males, and 130 females. The oldest living members, by date of admission, are Mrs. Julia Blackman, admitted in 1813, Mrs. Truman Orton and Mrs. James Preston, 1814. The oldest male members are Stoddard Strong, 1821, and Deacon Summers, 1822. Edmund Trawbridge, aged 85, is the oldest in years. Forty seven persons were admitted in 1850, of whom only seven have died—a small per centage for twenty-one years.

At the date of the writing of the former edition of this work, Rev. Samuel R. Andrew, one of the four most revered and suc-

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cessful ministers of this church, was still living, and it was scarcely time to pronounce fully upon his life and character. Since then, May 26, 1858, he has passed hence to a bright re-union with "his Father and his God," to whom he had rendered a life-long and filial service. Few men have lived whose memory is so embalmed in the hearts of surviving parishioners and friends. The following notice of him, which appeared in the "New York Observer," after his death, will give an idea of his life and character:—

"Died, at New Haven, Conn., May 26th, Rev. Samuel R. Andrew, aged 71 years. Mr. Andrew was long the honored pastor of the First Congregational church in Woodbury, Conn. For the last twelve years he has resided in New Haven, and for some eleven years he has been the Secretary to the corporation of Yale College. His intellect was strong, clear, comprehensive and discriminating. His judgment was pre-eminently sound and wise. His taste was pure and classical. His style in writing and in conversation, was lucid, chaste, and often elegant. His sensibilities were exquisitely susceptible to beauty in nature, in literature, and in character. His thoughts were always just, and often rich and original. They were never tame and commonplace; and yet the movements of his intellect were so harmonious, and its structure so symmetrical, that superficial observers failed to do justice to its strength and superiority.

"This was conspicuous in the circle of clergymen of which he was one of the brightest ornaments, when he was in his prime; in ecclesiastical councils, where his opinions never failed to be weighty and wise; in brief conversations on important themes, in respect to which he would sum up all that needed to be said in a few brief but pithy sentences; in his written reviews and essays, of which many were given to the public, and all, whether printed or not, were carefully elaborated and chastely expressed; and in the thoughtful and elevated sermons, by which he moulded his people by a constantly refining influence, and impressed them with a well-founded respect for his intellect, and an unchanging confidence in his wisdom.

"He was a laborious student, and a close and comprehensive thinker. He pondered the Scriptures well and interpreted them with an enlightened but believing spirit. He was an independent thinker in theology. The opinions which he held, he boldly but quietly declared and defended. Every man who knew him felt

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that he believed what he spoke. For partizans and bigots he had little sympathy and less respect. His respect for truth was literally awful, to hot-headed and self-confident sciolists, however holy were their pretensions. He was long a member of the South Association of Litchfield County, in which Beecher and Tyler and Luther Hart were so conspicuous, and in which his own influence was eminently useful and important. Few men were more revered through the whole State of Connecticut than he.

"His sensibilities were as tender as his intellect was strong. He sympathized with all that is excellent and noble. His heart was warm to the sufferer and the sorrowing. He was true to his friends and loved them warmly and well. His eye would fill and his lips would quiver with unfeigned and irrepressible emotion at the recital of the afflictions of those whom he loved, but his sensitive decorum would never yield to an outbreak of grief. It was rare, in the last years of his life, that he listened to a sermon or even a brief conversation on any Christian theme, and was not strongly and deeply moved.

"His piety was the very beauty of holiness, it was so unaffected, so symmetrical, so honest, and so tender. 'He was strong in faith, giving glory to God.' When dreadful waves of sorrow broke over him, he cast himself upon the promise of his covenant God with the simplicity and confidence of a child. When oppressed by sad forebodings, he pensively bowed his head in prayer. In the experience and conduct of ordinary life, he trusted in God as his Father and Guide. He was humble, true-hearted, ever trusting, ever thankful, in the varied experiences of a life not exempt from the cares and fears that were especially fitted to annoy and depress a spirit so gentle and sensitive.

"He died as few men die. He had arranged to make a half-friendly, half-pastoral visit to his old friends and charge at Woodbury, and had despatched a letter written in a more than usually cheerful tone to an intimate and beloved parishioner and friend. That letter was received after he had been some hours dead. On the morning of Wednesday he woke at his usual hour, and apparently in his usual health. He spoke of being slightly chilled, adjusted the covering of his bed, breathed twice audibly, and in an instant was gone. Such a death had been pronounced by him to be beautiful and desirable, and his thought was fulfilled. 'Mortality was swallowed up of life.' 'He was not so much unclothed as clothed upon.' 'He walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.'"

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Never perhaps were two persons, pastor and deacon, more closely associated in all their inner religious life and experiences, than were Mr. Andrew and his deacon, Matthew Minor. It was the latter who was able to turn the scale in the perplexed young preacher's mind, as to the question whether he should accept the call to settle over this church, or not. Mr. Andrew wrote an article for the Christian Parlor Magazine, in 1845, which relates this fact, in the chaste, beautiful and eloquent style so peculiarly his own. It is thought well to give this article entire, it is so strongly characteristic, and is withal so fine a specimen of his style of thought and diction:—

"There is, oftentimes, a real and most delightful poetry in many of the incidents of one's life. specially so, when these incidents are looked back upon, over the space of intervening years that have since flown away. Here and there at least, in one's life, select passages will be met with, of surpassing beauty and interest, as one thus turns back and reads over again the variously colored pages of that curious and wonderful book. Even in the case of those persons whose days are spent in the most retired, and quiet, and rural walks of life, many of these charming incidents are to be found. Ought such incidents to be lost and forgotten?—Those—what shall we call them? little episodes of God's peculiar love and mercy to us, which seem to shed so many a bright and joyous a gleam over the path, shall they be suffered to fade away from our minds and be forgotten? They seem too valuable, too precious, to be thus suffered to pass away into oblivion, without some pains being taken to arrest and fix the fugitive impressions which they produce on the mind, before these impressions and scenes which produced them shall thus be forever lost together.

"The writer's lot has been cast in one of the loveliest and most picturesque and pleasant of New England's many charming valleys. On either side of this pleasant valley, stretching from north to south, on two opposite ranges of hills, of considerable height, approaching somewhat near to each other towards the south, and thus forming, in the interval between them, is a kind of basin, covered in the summer season with a carpet of the richest, deepest verdure. Through this valley, and about midway from either side of it, a small stream of water is seen, like a thread of silver, winding along, in graceful meanders, and every now and then covered from view by the fringes of trees, and wild shrubbery which grow on its banks. The valley seems like a place formed for med-

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itation and repose; for thoughts of God, and thoughts of Heaven. This peaceful retreat, away from the great, and noisy, and jarring world, has also some historical associations connected with it, in what may be called, in our young country, the olden times, which seem to add to it a still higher and more romantic interest. This valley was once the favorite abode of a tribe, or the fragment of a tribe, of the red sons of the forest; a race of men deeply wronged and injured, and now almost extinct on the soil, and by the streams where they formerly exercised their own unquestioned rights of sovereignty. And a particular spot is shown to the curious in such matters, where (as tradition says) the remains of one of their chiefs is now reposing, under a rude heap of stones. The name of that chief has been rendered more imperishable than his decaying race, by its having been given to some portion of the natural scenery of the place where he and his tribe once enjoyed their own wild freedom. The river and a neighboring mountain will be his monument to the end of time. Associations also of yet deeper, stranger interest, more hallowed, more touching, and scarcely less romantic, press around the good man's heart as he enters the smiling valley, and becomes acquainted with the history of its early settlement. Its first white settlers were men of faith and men of prayer. They were eminently men of this character. In the eastern range of hills, skirting the village, as you approach it from the south, and a short distance back from the summit of those hills, there is a very singular and almost sacred locality. It is a place of prayer— secluded, wild, and awe-inspiring, to which the early fathers of the village were accustomed to resort, to hold seasons of retired communion with God, and sometimes to spend together there, entire days of fasting and prayer. And thus this spot, at that time especially, must have been well chosen for such a purpose; so far at least as the stillness and solitude, the seclusion and wildness of the place, are fitted to awaken devotional feeling, and to prepare the soul to commune with God. And to this day, that 'pillar of stones' in the mountain is occasionally visited, as a sort of sacred spot, both by the curious stranger from abroad, and by those of the villagers themselves, who love to hold retired communion with God among His works.

"It would not be strange if, under any ordinary circumstances the writer should feel some pleasant interest in such a spot as this, and in the character of the people who occupy the valley, that spreads along just beneath this interesting spot. A serious,

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devout mind, always loves to dwell upon incidents, and objects which bring God into view, and which tend to impart a fresh impulse to its better, its holier aspirations and purposes. But in the case before us, there is more than the pleasantness of the natural scenery of the place, to awaken interest in the writer's mind. There is more than the first historical associations of the place; more than the wild Mountain Bethel, to which the patriarchal fathers of the place (of blessed memory) were once in the habit of resorting for prayer. There are, also, incidents and reminiscences connected with this place, of a more personal kind, to touch the writer's heart, and to call forth some of its sweetest and most delightful emotions. May he venture to allude to one or two of these 'Pleasant Remembrances' of the past? They seem obviously to bring into view, and to exhibit in a pleasing light the guiding, gracious hand of God, in an hour of some perplexity and doubt.

"It was in the spring of the year 18— that the writer first entered this valley, without any view of spending much time there. He came by invitation; but in much weakness and fear, and not without some painful doubt and misgivings, as to the point whether, in coming thither, he was in the path of duty which God would have him pursue. Does the reader ask why? He came thither as a professional messenger of the Gospel of Peace. And he was afraid, lest in a place where contentions and divisions, heart-burnings and jealousies had for a time past existed, he might, possibly, through inexperience or inadvertency, injure a cause which he would gladly serve. On some accounts, therefore, he would have chosen to get away, as soon as possible, from a field of so much difficulty and so much responsibility. After presenting the messages of God's mercy to that people for a few Sabbaths, he became almost decided, in his own mind, to retire from the place, and to await the call of God's Providence to go to some other and more congenial field of labor. And yet it was true that, in many respects, his feelings were drawn towards that people. The determination which he had formed on his first going there, not to remain over a few weeks, he felt, after a while, to be giving way within him. And now the question which oppressed him, and which became the simple naked question before his mind, was the question of duty; not what he would like to do, or would not like to do; but what, before God, and all things considered, he ought to do. And when the matter came to this issue, the

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question seemed as far from being decided as ever, and as difficult of decision as ever.

Some other persons, possibly, who may read these remarks, may have revived in their minds, by means of them, the remembrance of similar struggles, which they themselves have experienced in like circumstances. If so, they will know something of that state of oppressive anxiety in this 'straight between two,' into which the writer's mind was thus thrown. He felt that the question before him was to be, in all probability, the turning point of his own future life. And in addition to this, that the spiritual interest of a respected and beloved people, in their critical position, might be scarcely less affected, the one way or the other, for good or for evil, by the manner in which that question should be disposed of by him.

"It was a pleasant afternoon of a pleasant summer's day, when a venerable elder of the church called at the writer's lodging, and proposed that they should make a visit together, to the hallowed spot already mentioned as a place of resort for prayer. It was the first time the writer had ever been there. And the avowed object of the elder in proposing to the writer to visit this resort was, that he might be his guide in showing him the way to the place. It was so secluded, and so embowered among the mountain shrubbery, that it could not well be found by a stranger, without a guide. They went together to the spot. At the foot of an overhanging rock, some thirty or forty feet high, on the brow of which stood an evergreen fir-tree, lay a rough pile of stone, exhibiting evident marks, by their being discolored with smoke and soot, that fires had often been kindled there. Some names also were rudely inscribed on the shelving side of the rock, though mostly effaced by the dripping of water down the rock. The whole scene, in its external aspect, was indescribably wild. At least, it seemed so then, to the eye and feelings of the writer. The air was breathlessly still; scarcely a leaf on the trees moved. The hum of the village, though not a half a mile off, perhaps, was not heard. The inspection of no human eye was feared, or thought of, in that lonely mountain retreat. To an oppressed and somewhat saddened spirit, and to an imagination beginning to hold some not unwelcome sympathy with the wildness of the scene, it really did seem as if God was in some special sense present there, and as if he might be worshipped there, with a fullness and freeness of heart and soul, not always experienced elsewhere, in our

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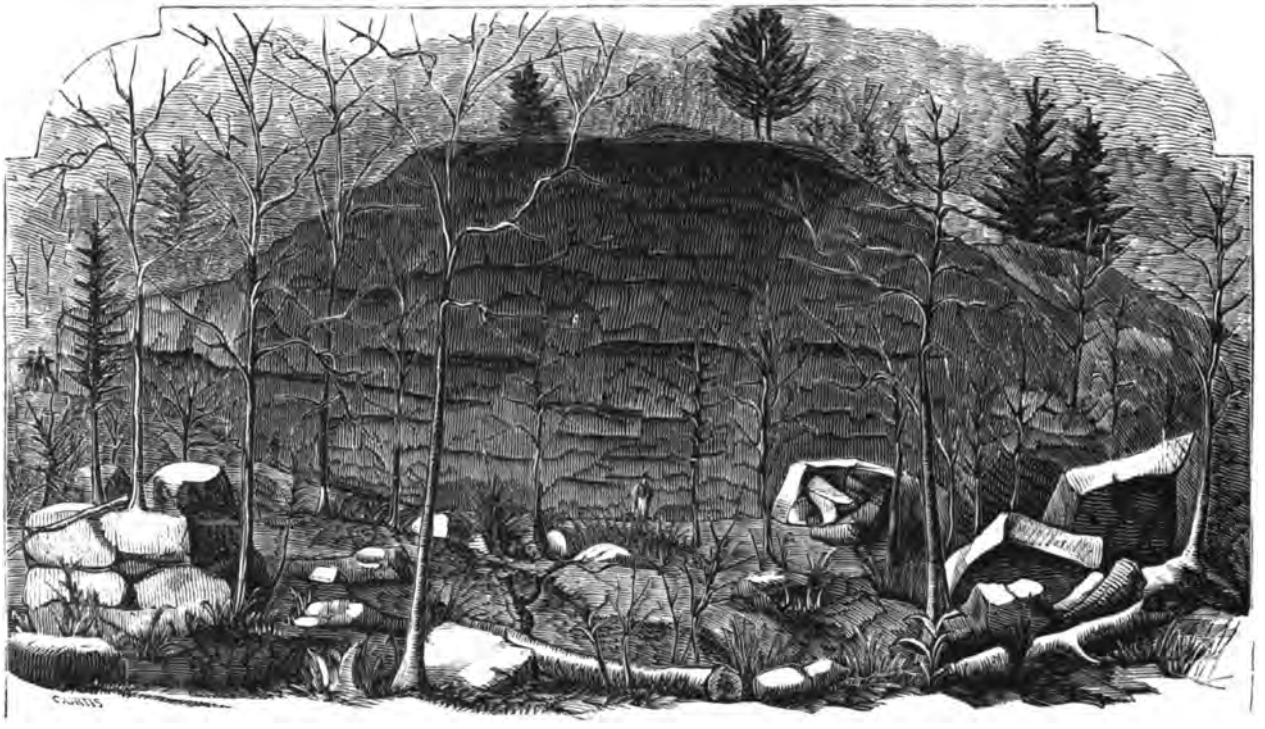

BETHEL ROCK, WOODBURY, CONN.

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approaches to him. Indeed, the very feeling of the soul itself, seemed like a kind of silent, voiceless worship. And prayer there was all adoration, spontaneous, irrepressible adoration. The reason of this was, that the nature of the place strangely suggested to the mind the idea, the great, the awful idea, of a present God, and especially in the more grand and majestic, and terrible attributes of His being. On that rude heap of stones, the two visitants of this solemn temple of Nature, sat down together; the aged veteran soldier of Christ, almost ready to put off his well-worn armor, and the young and inexperienced disciple, just putting on his harness, and with a fluttering, palpitating heart, half-hoping, half-trembling, in view of the prospect before him, and in painful uncertainty as to the particular direction in which the path of his duty lay. Little was said. Few words became such a place; except that the grey-haired man, long since gone to his rest, gave some brief history, partly from his own knowledge, and partly from tradition handed down from his fathers, of the character of those good men in the same church, who had gone before him, of the successive pastors of that church, of the first organization of that church, dating as far back as the year 1670, and particularly of the interesting locality itself, where he and his friend (whom he hoped one day to call his minister) were then sitting. It need scarcely be added, that the time soon came, after a few recitals of this kind were given, when they fell down together in united supplication, before the Hearer of Prayer. And never, while the writer retains the proper use of his memory, will he forget that prayer of the venerable elder; and never will the impressions made by it be effaced from his mind. It was not loud; it was not fervent, in the customary sense of that term; it was not pronounced with a choked or broken utterance; it was not accompanied with tears; nor was it indicative of any such emotion as is usually evinced by tears. It was calm. It was solemn. It was eminently scriptural, both in its phraseology and its spirit. It bespoke a mind familiar with Bible truth in Bible language, and at home in urging that truth as an argument before God in prayer, and it was singularly appropriate, as were the prayers of this good man at all times, and in all circumstances. More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since that prayer was offered; and yet many of the thoughts and expressions employed in it, seem, even now, to be trembling on the writer's ear, as if they had scarcely ceased to be heard by him, and as if he had scarcely felt

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the solemn and glorious audience-chamber of the Most High, when that prayer was offered. It began thus, or in expressions something like them:—'Our fathers worshipped in this mountain. But the fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever? We all do fade as the leaf. Thou carriest us away with the flood. We spend our years as a tale that is told. But Thou art the same; of thy years there is no end. Thou hast been the dwelling place of Thy people in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. The mountains are Thine, the strength also of the hills is Thine." In this strain of sublime scriptural reference and quotation, did he continue for some time to exalt God, and to sink the creature in the dust before Him, until that mountain might almost seem to one's imagination, as the mountain of Israel seemed to the prophet's servant 'full of chariots of fire, and horsemen of fire.' And then, there followed a few words of entreaty for the Divine guidance in difficulty, and for the resolving of doubts as to the path of duty, and for a heart to do the will of God whenever known, and whithersoever it might lead. There the prayer closed. And from that hour the burden of anxiety on the writer's mind began to roll off. That visit to the mountain Bethel was, probably, the turning point in his life. That prayer seemed to dispel the cloud, and to make the path of duty plainer to him than it had ever appeared to him before.

"Now step forward a few months from that time. In the succeeding autumn of the same year, the writer became the pastor of that people. And on the afternoon of the day on which he had taken upon himself his ordination vows, and had become the pastor of that people, another little company was gathered together at the same spot. It was a part of the ordaining Council by whom he had been consecrated to his work. From the temple made with hands, where the ordination services had been performed, these members of the Council had repaired, with the young pastor, to the mountain-temple already described, and were now lifting up their hearts in thanksgiving and praise to God. 'They shook the depths of the forest's gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer;' a pleasant sequel to the good elder's prayer, made at the same spot, but a short time before. Some of the words which were sung, and with which the "sounding aisles of the dim woods

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rang," were those sprightly and beautiful lines of Watts;—

> 'Let Zion and her sons rejoice,
> When we are dead!'

Several of that little company, whose voices were blended in that song of praise, are now resting from their labors. The others will follow at no distant day. And if they are but faithful unto death, is it any matter how soon? Of the departed ones of that little company, the writer vividly calls to mind the names which follow. May he be allowed to pay this passing tribute of esteem and love to their memory. The judicious and excellent Rev. Mr. Langdon, of Bethlehem; the warm-hearted and interesting preacher, the Rev. Mr. Clark, of Southbury; the beloved and successful pastor, the Rev. Mr. Hart, of Plymouth. Among the still surviving members of that little company, were the Rev. Dr. Beecher, now of Cincinnati, Ohio; the Rev. Dr. Tyler, of South Britain, now at the head of our New England theological institution, and some others. If the eye of any one of these dear brethren should chance to fall upon these humble reminiscences of by-gone days, they will doubtless recollect the scene above referred to, and possibly it may seem to refresh them, like a well-spring in the wilderness if, perchance, they ever feel weary in their Master's work. Nearly thirty years have gone by, and yet how beautifully fresh and clear that glad song of praise, from those who loved Zion, and who loved one another, seems now to be going up on the mountain air to Heaven, from under the shadow of that rock in a weary land. Here was prayer too, as well as praise, in that little circle. And such prayer! The love of Christ constrained them. They were dear to each other for their works' sake. And when they went down from that Mount of Transfiguration, shall we call it, to their respective fields of labor, because, like the primitive disciples in the holy mount, they might not be allowed to build tabernacles there, they were doubtless the better prepared, by the little incident here recorded, for their future trials, and would long remember the refreshing scenes of that day. Such, at least, has been the case with the writer of these 'Pleasant Remembrances.' Now, such incidents as the foregoing, little in themselves, and almost unnoticeable, as they may seem to a careless eye to be, are in truth, green spots in the wilderness; beautiful passages in one's history; golden threads in life's changeable, many-colored tissue; sweet poetry, blessed music to man's often

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aching heart. They adorn, they soothe, they sweeten our rough and often thorny course to our home. And why should not some of the choicest of these 'Remembrances' be culled from the past and saved from oblivion, for the honor of Him who has provided them for us, and for the comfort of our fellow-travelers on the same journey, towards the same home?

"And now a word, at parting, to any who may cast an eye over these humble, unpretending 'remembrances.' Since the incidents above recorded, respecting these blessed seasons of prayer took place, the frosts of age have begun to descend upon the writer's head, and he is admonished that the remainder of his term of active service for the good of the only people whom, as a pastor, he has ever loved and served, cannot now be very long. The shadows of evening will soon be closed, and he himself will go to join his beloved brethren, who have been called away from their work before him. Let him record it, then, as one of the deepest convictions which his experience has furnished him, that a quiet and persevering waiting upon God in prayer, under any and all trying or doubtful phases of his Providence concerning us, is the only safe and only rational course of conduct for us to pursue. Let him say to his junior brethren in the ministry, or looking forward to the ministry; let him say to the youthful disciples of Christ in any situation of life; let him say to any and to all who may read these remarks; confide your difficulties to God; ask counsel from Him; believe in his word; and thus wait for light in your darkness; and you, too, shall have, as the consequence, many a bright passage in your life to record, and many a pleasant recollection, to gladden the past, when you shall be called to look back upon it from a point nearer to the grave."

At length, Mr. Andrew's much loved deacon passed away, at the ripe age of 83 years. He preached a special sermon on the occasion of his funeral, dedicated and presented it to the deacon's children. The following extract from that sermon, is the pastor's estimate of his life and character:—

"Deacon Matthew Minor was born the 11th of Feb., 1752, and died July 20th, 1825, being in the 83d year of his age. He was the youngest and, at the time of his death, the only surviving child of Capt. Matthew Minor, by the side of whose grave he lies buried, and for whose memory he is known to have cherished a large share of filial reverence. His great-grandfather migrated to

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this country from Great Britain in the early settlement of New England. His Baptism is recorded in the hand-writing of the Rev. Mr. Stoddard, the then pastor of this church, as having taken place on the same day with his birth, Feb. 11th, 1752. Thus *early* in life was he devoted to God, in that affecting ordinance of the New Testament church, by which (at whatever age administered) we are reminded of the corruption of our nature and our consequent need 'of the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.' He had the happiness to commence life under the care of *Christian parents*, and was from the first a child of many prayers. He was brought up *strictly*, according to the piety of that day, being taught to 'fear God' and to 'honor his father and mother.' In quite early life (as he has told me) he was the subject of serious impressions of mind, from time to time. Possessing naturally a thoughtful, meditative turn of mind, he was often made to feel, deeply and strongly, his need of personal religion. This was more especially true from about fifteen or sixteen years of age, till he was eighteen or nineteen. At this period in his life he became the subject of *pungent* and *distressing convictions of sin*, insomuch (as he has been heard to say) that his sinfulness appeared to him so great, and the justice of God in his condemnation so plain, that it seemed to him, at times, almost as if the earth would open and swallow him up, and as if there was no mercy for him. At other times he would experience a transient respite from such painful convictions, and then again he would harden his heart against God, and seek for happiness and safety in a *legal* way of justification before him. Occasionally, while in this state of mind, he would have short seasons of what he would afterwards think to be a *false peace and comfort* to his soul; once, in particular, (as he told me,) while he was in great darkness and distress of mind, and striving to make himself better by means of many prayers and tears, it seemed to be forcibly suggested to him that he might now dismiss his fears, and cease to feel further trouble, inasmuch as God had heard his prayers and seen his tears, and was now at peace with him. This suggestion was made to him in the following words of Scripture, which made it the more plausible and the more dangerous. 'Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart, for God now accepteth thy works.' But he knew that his heart was still unchanged. His spirit was not subdued and broken for sin, as he knew it must be, and he felt no reliance *on Christ*, such as

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he knew he ought to feel. Thus 'he escaped the snare of the fowler,' in which there is reason to fear, so many are taken. Then again, his convictions returned upon him with augmented force, and the deep waters went over his soul. In this troubled state of mind, with occasional alterations of less solicitude and less intensity of exertion to make himself *fit* for the kingdom of God, he continued for a considerable length of time; till, at last, he came to feel that, in and of himself, he was *completely lost; all hope* forsook him. He had done what he could, and it was to no purpose, and he now felt himself to be (to use his own figure of speech) like a twig of a tree that had been *broken off* from the *old* parent stock, where it always had been living, and before it was grafted into the *new* and better stock into which it was about to be inserted, and where it was to blossom and grow and bear fruit, by having a new and better life supplied to it, derived from its new and better stock. It was in *such* a state of mind, *broken off*, as it were, from the 'old Covenant of *works*,' as a method of life and salvation, and almost despairing of *any* relief that would meet his case, and not yet '*grafted into Christ*,' by a true and living faith; as he was one day sitting by himself, in a retired apartment to which he was accustomed to resort, and reading the 1st Epistle of John, he came (slowly and sadly and despairingly) to the words of our text and read *them*. 'These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may *know* that ye have eternal life, and that ye *may* believe on the name of the Son of God.'. It was enough. The mystery was ended. The dark puzzle was cleared up. Light broke in upon his mind. He saw the way clearly. He felt himself grafted, an undeserving worthless branch, *into Christ*, prepared to derive all his hope and comfort *from Him*. From *that* time his new life, as a Christian, commenced. To that portion of Scripture he often referred, in after life, as the '*word*' upon which he had been led to hope, and from thenceforth he dated his singularly close and exemplary walk with God. This took place when he was somewhere between eighteen and twenty years of age. His hope, as thus commenced, he continued to cherish, up to the time of his death, through a period of more than sixty years. Naturally *cautious, shrinking and self-distrustful*, especially in regard to the all-important question of his *own piety* and personal acceptance before God as he was, he never gave up this hope to the last. In the afflictions which he was called to experience, (and he had

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some severe trials to pass through,) this hope never forsook him, and often it was to him, in times of trouble and sorrow, like 'an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, entering into that within the veil.' He had, it is true, at times, some remaining doubts and fears about his own religious state and character, and perhaps was never *wholly free from these*, yet, upon the whole, his trust in the Redeemer, his habitual communion with God in prayer, and his hopes and consolations from the Gospel, were such as kept his mind in peace. He never appeared to have *any* doubts, even the *smallest*, about the *way* of salvation, however he might feel occasionally as to the question whether he was himself *interested* in that way so as to be saved by it. And on this latter point, though (as I have said) unusually cautious and self-distrustful beyond most other men whom I have known, he had, in the main, a settled and firm trust that he had built on the 'sure foundation' and that he should therefore, through grace, be accepted and saved at last, among the innumerable blood-washed company before the Throne. With this sweet and blessed 'hope,' apparently strong and abiding within him, he went slowly and gradually down into the dark valley, till death removed him from our view. May I be permitted to add, that during his last illness, until by slight attacks of paralysis, his mental powers became somewhat impaired, his conversations with myself (which, by his bedside, were many) on the great subjects of doctrinal and experimental Christianity, and especially on the *way* of acceptance *by Christ*, were of the most strengthening and delightful character. His religion, as now exhibited in these interviews, was anything but gloomy. His soul now dwelt in a region too elevated, pure, etherial, to be habitually or often clouded with gloom. True indeed, his views of *sin* as committed against a *Holy God*, and in violation of His Law of infinite authority and rectitude, were now, as they always had been before through life, deep and awful. It would make you almost shudder to hear him talk on that theme. But, at the same time, his views of the *atonement* by the blood of Christ—his views of the *Gospel* method of a sinner's acceptance and justification before God, as to its *sufficiency and fitness to the sinner's case*, were so much *above and beyond* his views of the sinner's guilt, (great as that guilt is) that when he came to speak of the way of salvation by *faith in Christ*, it was always in terms full of hope and joy, and sometimes even of triumph.

"At the age of twenty years, March 1, 1772, he made a public

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profession of religion, and joined the Church. Nov. 25, 1793, he was chosen a deacon in this church, in which office he continued till his death, discharging its duties with fidelity and great acceptance, to both the church and the people for some forty years.

"Thrice he was elected to represent this town in the General Assembly of the State—though few men have ever so instinctively shrunk from notoriety and intercourse with the world in public political life. He was very often chosen a member of this Consociation, and his prayers and counsels in that body were always welcome; in times of difficulty, they were especially desired and valued. In his system of *Family Government* he was strict and thorough, and he had the privilege of living to see most of his children, and many of his grand-children, hopefully converted and members of the church. Among the circle of his relatives *generally* there is an uncommonly large proportion who are the professed followers of Christ.

"His *own* communion with God *in secret*, and his *acquaintance with the Scriptures*, were almost without a parallel. Of the latter only can I now speak. About the time of his conversion he began the practice, which he followed through life, of reading the Bible through *by course* once a year. This was in addition to all his other and occasional reading of it—which was, probably, far more. Thus, by course, (once every year,) he had read it all through more than sixty times, and his knowledge of that Book was very minute and accurate, and his ability to quote it in prayer singularly happy.

"But time admonishes me to desist; suffice it only to add, in giving this sketch of his life and character, that he was a man of sound judgment, and practical wisdom, of few words, of a modest, unassuming deportment, slow and cautious in forming his opinions, but firm and unwavering in maintaining them. In his manners, there was a happy mixture of Christian dignity and self-respect, on the one hand, and of Christian simplicity and humility on the other. *One* trait in his religious character was quite remarkable. He looked upon death and the things which lie beyond death, with a kind of trembling awe and solemnity. He used to speak of himself as having been 'all his life-time subject to bondage through fear of death.' Yet when he came to die, that dread of death which he had been accustomed to feel, even to a morbid degree, perhaps, seemed to be taken away, and his end was peace. Thus lived and died one of the best of men with whom it has been my lot to be acquainted."

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On the 10th of October, 1860, the descendants of this good man held a family re-union at the house of Mr. Erastus Minor, who occupied the homestead of his father, Deacon Minor, which is situated a few rods north of the location of the house occupied by Capt John Minor, at the founding of the town, long since demolished. The deacon's descendants, by blood and marriage, numbered, at this time, 125. The occasion was one of great interest and enjoyment to the family. There was an address of welcome, a historical family address, reading of the Scriptures from the old Bible read so many years by the deacon, a sermon, refreshments, "after dinner" speeches, songs, closing with the following ode, written by one of the grand-daughters :—

"Beautiful, bright, are the October days ;
Gorgeous in their golden haze ;
Gladly we welcome their presence here,
Solemn, sacred, best of the year.
More glorious still is this union sweet,
Where kindred friends together meet,
To honor the sire, himself a host,
Long gone before, but still not lost.

"As we meet here with filial tread,
Retrace the footsteps of the dead,
And wake the silent echoes, where
Long dwelt the sainted man of prayer,
We seem to see his noble form,
His reverend brow, his accents warm,
His arm-chair in its wonted place,
His Bible, too, that gift of grace.

Hail mighty spirit of the dead.
Upon our hearts thine influence shed.
While here we meet with filial love,
Smile on thy children from above.
A heavenly token let us see,
Which to thy seed shall ever be,
As on we tread life's devious ways
A benediction all our days.

It was an occasion reverent in its honor of the dead, and long to be remembered with pleasant thoughts by all who were present.

It will be seen, on page 306, that Hon. Noah B. Benedict bequeathed certain property to the society, now occupied as a parsonage on certain peculiar conditions, among which was the following :—

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"Nor shall said Society take benefit of this bequest, if it shall hereafter cease to maintain the *pure doctrines of the Gospel, as now held, preached and understood by our Pastor* (Mr. Andrews) *and his people.*"

After a few more years shall have rolled away into eternity, it might be difficult to prove in a court of law how Mr. Andrew's "people" actually did "believe and understand the pure principles of the gospel." But it was thought it could be determined how Mr Andrew "held, preached and understood" these doctrines, and accordingly, the society, on the 2d of April, 1868, in legal meeting,

"*Voted*, That the Clerk of the Society be requested to procure from the widow of our former Pastor, the late Rev. S. R. Andrew, one or more of his sermons, formerly delivered by him from our pulpit, and covering doctrinal points, and of a character to show in any Court, if needed, the doctrines which he preached, the same to be preserved with the records, and other documents of the Society."

In accordance with this vote, his farewell sermon, which covered the whole field of his doctrinal belief, was procured, and is now preserved in the archives of 'ye ancient Society."

Thus have we minutely traced the "dealings of the Lord" with this branch of the "Church universal," from its stormy foundation in 1670, to the present time, a period of 202 years. Our zion has been greatly favored of Heaven, and peace and prosperity prevail in all our borders.

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CHAPTER VIII.

CIVIL HISTORY—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 342.

MISCELLANEOUS EVENTS FROM 1853 TO 1872; TORIES; LOCAL SCHOOL FUND; REMEMBER BAKER; COLONEL SETH WARNER; PARSON STODDARD AND THE GUNLOCK; EPIDEMICS; ANCIENT BURIAL-GROUND; NEW BURIAL-GROUNDS; NEW COUNTY PROPOSITION; ANCIENT TEA-PARTY; MOLL CRAMER, THE WITCH; BREAK NECK HILL; NATURAL CURIOSITIES; WALKER HEADSTONE; RAMPIT HILL; PARSON WILDMAN'S DONATION VISIT; PARKER ACADEMY; BETHEL ROCK LODGE; WOODBURY BANK; BUILDING ASSOCIATION; KING SOLOMON'S LODGE, No. 7.

Wm. Cothren's residence.

CONTINUING our account of the miscellaneous events that have occurred since 1853, we note a few of the most important. For the purpose of clearness and perspicuity, we have already noticed, in the other divisions of this work, many of the most interesting of them. We repeat, in a slightly varied form, a few of the topics introduced into the former edition, for the purpose of allowing the artist to give his interpretation of them. Very few items of the ancient history of the town have been discovered, after the thorough gleaning of facts from every source that was employed on a for-

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mer occasion. A few additional names of revolutionary soldiers have been recorded, and will appear in the chapter of statistics at the end of this volume.

During the war of the Revolution, Woodbury was remarkably free from effective tories. While other towns had bitter and severe conflicts among their own inhabitants, and even among members of the same families, resulting in enormities and bloodshed, our town, thanks to its standing Committee of Vigilance and Observation, consisting of as many as thirty of the leading and most reliable citizens, was practically free from trouble. The laws against the enemies of the patriotic cause were very severe and comprehensive. The spirit of the people was at fever heat, and although, from the sensitive jealousy of all our people, even the ap appearance of any unpatriotic conduct, caused prosecutions to be somewhat frequent, convictions were very rare. But twelve cases of successful confiscation of the estates of individuals appear upon our Probate records, the district at that time embracing a territory including Waterbury and Litchfield on the East, New Fairfield on the South, and all the territory within these towns, to Massachusetts on the North, and New York on the West. Four of these were in Ancient Woodbury, four were residents of New Milford, and four were of Waterbury. If there were other convicted tories, they must have been destitute of estates, or they would have been recorded. This is not a bad record, surely, for our ancient town, containing, at that period, some 6,000 inhabitants, or at least treble the present population.

Among the resources from which our public schools are supported, is one of £100, old tenor—$333.33—which is kept at interest, and the interest only applied to the support of schools. It has always been reported, that this sum was a bequest for this purpose by one of the Shermans; but the writer has not been able to verify the correctness of the story. It is believed that it is the remainder of the money arising from the sale of Woodbury's share of the school lands, set apart for the support of schools, under the "Fundamental Articles" of 1673. This opinion gains strength from a vote passed by the First Ecclesiastical Society, Dec. 6th, 1784, viz: "*Voted*, That Doct. Orton and Nathan Preston be a committee to take care of all the public moneys belonging to the school in this society." This was 111 years after the land had been "sequestered" for this use, and the tenor of that appropriation seemed to be, that the principal should never

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be expended. It is plausible, therefore, to suppose that this was the origin of our present "Local School Fund."

It is interesting to note the transmission of warlike and other traits of character down to remote generations. An instance of this kind may be instanced in the case of the late Brig. Gen. La-Fayette C. Baker, Provost Marshal of the War Department, and Chief Detective officer of the United States Army. He was son of Remember Baker, of Stafford, N. Y., afterwards of Lansing, Mich., and grandson of Capt. Remember Baker, of Woodbury, who was one of the Green Mountain Boys, and cousin of Col. Ethan Allen, and Col. Seth Warner. Capt. Remember Baker, the elder, was killed by the Indians. His head, right hand and toes were cut off, and carried as trophies to Quebec, where they were exposed to public gaze on a stake, placed on the walls. His slayers also took the gold brooches which he wore, and delivered them, with the head, to the Commandant at Quebec, who afterwards, having discovered on them some Masonic emblems, caused the head and hand to be taken away and buried. A reward of £50 had been offered for his head, and the reason for carrying the head to Quebec was, to claim the reward.

During the Revolutionary War, it became frequently necessary to send prisoners of war into the interior towns for safe keeping. Neither party had then become so *civilized* as to impale *prisoners*.

On the 28th of October, 1776, Major Lockwood reported to the New York Committee of Safety, that he had sent the following prisoners of war from Pound Ridge, N. Y., to Woodbury, Conn., for safe keeping, in charge of Lieut. Samuel Bowten, viz:—James Wilson, John Murry, Samuel Coppin, Jeremiah Reerdor, Henry Kilgrove, Michael Cowney, and his child.[1]

In the spring of 1865, Ex-Gov. Hilard Hall, of Bennington, Vt., called the writer's attention to the following matter,—desiring an examination into the facts stated, and a reply:—

"In Harper's Magazine for December last, there appeared an article entitled 'a *new* anecdote of Washington,' to the effect that while he was making the tour of the Northern States, in the fall of 1789, he made an unexpected call at the residence of the widow of Col. Seth Warner, in Woodbury, Conn., informed her that he had ascertained that her homestead had been left by her patriotic husband encumbered by a heavy mortgage, and then took from

[1] 3 Am. Archives, 278.

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his valise 'a bag of silver and deliberately proceeded to draw out and count from it, till he had reached the sum of nine hundred and some odd dollars,' the precise amount due the creditor 'in principal, interest and fees for the discharge of the mortgage,' which sum the *astonished widow accepts* from her illustrious visitor, and with it relieves her estate from the encumbrance."

Accordingly, after a careful inquiry, the following answer was returned, which explains itself:—

WOODBURY, CONN., April 20, 1865.

HON. HILARD HALL,—

Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 6th ultimo was duly received, and would have been answered earlier, except for pressing professional engagements. You call my attention to the story, which is going the rounds of the press, in relation to Gen. Washington's paying, in 1789, a heavy mortgage on the homestead of Mrs. Esther Warner, widow of Col. Seth Warner, of this town. In reply to your inquiries, I have to state, that during the seven years I was engaged in collecting materials for the history of Ancient Woodbury, I never heard a word of the transaction referred to. As we have a strong local pride in the history of Col. Warner, and a national pride in and reverence for the character of Washington, I would be glad if the story were true. But a reference to our town and probate Records show, conclusively, that it is not true. By these records, it appears that Noah Frisbie deeded fifty-one acres of land, with the buildings thereon, in the Parish of Roxbury, in the south-west part of Woodbury, to Col. Seth Warner, of Bennington, Vermont, Oct. 16, 1783. Col. Warner died in December of the next year. Administration was granted on his estate Jan. 19, 1785, to his widow, Esther Warner, and Capt. David Leavenworth. The estate was represented insolvent, and proved to be so, paying only two shillings ten pence on the pound; from all his property, both in Connecticut and Vermont. The inventory of his estate included the fifty-one acres of land before mentioned, and was sold, subject to the widow's dower, the use during life of one-third of it having been set out to her at £118—14—4, including the avails of his few personal effects. Thus it appears that the whole value of his property was much less than the story has it. Of course there could be no mortgage on the widow's dower under this state of facts, and the records

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show no mortgage either before or after Col. Warner's death, either of his or her interest in the land. The avails of the Col.'s Verment property is carried out as £71—2—3.

The inventory shows that at time of his death Col. Warner owned no horse, and therefore Gen. Washington could not have seen his son Seth, "grooming him." By a reference to the Woodbury History, and other authorities, it will be seen, that Col. Warner was disabled in service, in 1777, and it would therefore be singular that Washington should have seen him "on parade," and should, twelve years afterwards, have remembered his "war horse."

There is no tradition that Washington visited Woodbury after the close of the war for independene. During that war, there is a tradition that he, with his staff, passed through the town on several occasions, and houses are still pointed out where he is said to have lodged. This town was in the line of the regular route from Boston to the army on the Hudson River. The foregoing, I believe, answers all the questions you asked me. You are at liberty to use this letter in any manner you choose in aid of the truth of history. Yours very truly,

WILLIAM COTHREN.

On page 79 an account is given of the killing of two hostile

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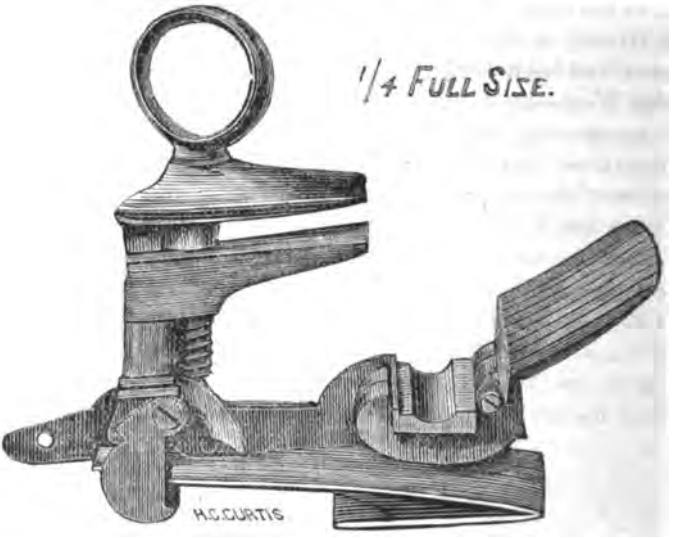
Mohawk Indians, by Rev. Mr. Stoddard. While clearing out a lot of rubbish behind the huge chimney, in the old Parsonage house, which was built in 1700, an exceedingly large gun-flint lock was discovered, which is now in the possession of the writer.



Its proportions are enormous. The base of the lock is some nine inches in width, height of cock about six inches, face, or width for holding flint, one and a half inches. The calaber of the gun needing so large a flint-lock, must have been of ungainly proportions, requiring the strength of a giant to wield it with such deadly effect, as it is related the good old parson did. There is a great deal of history in this old flint lock, successor of the match-lock. The latter was so ungainly a contrivance, it is difficult to see how any damage could have ever been inflicted upon any one but him who wielded it.

On page 148 is an account of several periods of alarming sickness, which carried off great numbers of people. We had another of the seasons of great mortality during the winter of 1870–71. The diseases of which the people died were not precisely epidemic, though fever was the prevailing disease; but men, women and children unaccountably sickened and died, without apparent reason for such mortality. A large number of the most prominent and useful citizens were taken, and many others grappled with

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the fell disease. Within six months, 47 persons died, out of a population of less than 2,000. It was a sad season, well calculated to impress the heart of the most careless.

Though the ancient burial ground south of the Episcopal Church was used for the purposes of sepulture from the founding of the town in 1672, it was never formally laid out till 1741. By a vote of the town it was in that year laid out, by the Committee of common and undivided lands. By its description, we learn that Deacon Zechariah Walker, son of the first pastor, lived on the lot now occupied by widow Burton Candee.

Twenty-five years ago, this ground, though burials were frequent, had become much neglected. Briars and weeds covered the whole area. The south-eastern part, now the most beautifully adorned, was the receptacle of the waste of the ground, including the ravine, now so beautiful. The western border was occupied by the town pound, and the refuse of the neighboring manufactories were piled along the western borders. The whole thing was an insult to the ashes of six generations. This state of things struck some of the people very unpleasantly, and, accordingly, the matter was brought before a special meeting of the town, May 22, 1868. A committee was appointed to investigate the subject, and report the action desirable for the town to adopt. The committee accordingly reported, that the pound should be removed to the river, the whole of the land cleared of rubbish, and enclosed to the highway on the west, and cleared also on the east. The west side was to be graded. This report was accepted, and its recommendations carried out. At the same time it was voted, that though heretofore this ground had been common land, any householder might take up a lot in the unoccupied ground thus reclaimed, and have a title to the same, on improving it. Under this provision the forlorn and desecrated south-east corner has become the most ornamented and beautiful in the cemetery. The south-west, or "pound" corner, has been also beautified, and has become very desirable for the resting place of our deceased loved ones.

At the same time, a lot containing about one and three-quarters acres of land, adjoining the north burial ground, was purchased by the town as an addition to that cemetery, and a lane between the two was discontinued, so as to form a continuous ground. Then immediately began a fierce contest among the inhabitants, on the question of whether the addition should be "free ground," as it was called, that is, every one to have the right to occupy any lot

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in the ground without question, or whether the inhabitants should have a right to purchase family lots, and take an indisputable title to the same, that they might beautify and hold them with immunity from trespass, as any other real estate is held. Although the old rule had been, that the family that first occupied a lot, should be enabled to retain the same as a family burial lot, without molestation, yet in point of practice, there were continual encroachments, by other burials, on the appropriated family lots. Strange as it may seem, there was a little controversy, and the town was nearly equally divided on the question, whether the old plan of inevitable enchroachments should be continued, or whether each head of a family, on paying an assessed price, should have title to a lot, to beautify and adorn as private property, according to his individual taste. Meeting after meeting was called; contrary determinations were arrived at; suits for mandamus and injunction followed, till the town was in quite a turmoil of excitement. It was finally determined, in a special meeting of the town, that one third of the addition should be "free ground," after the old fashion, and that the remainder should be sold, as called for, at assessed prices, the money to go into the town treasury, and the purchaser to have a deed of the same, for the purposes of sepulture alone, with full covenants. The effect has been, that the families have taken an increased interest in the several lots, and the two cemeteries present an improved and tasteful appearance, creditable to the people, and in accordance with that delicate taste we should ever bestow upon the lonely resting place of our beloved dead.

In 1748, 1751 and 1768, (see pages 153–4) there were efforts to establish a new county of Woodbury, with Woodbury for its shire town. Litchfield County was however selected instead, with Litchfield for its County seat. The matter rested there till the spring of 1871, more than a hundred years, when, on account of the fact that railroads had been built on either side of the County, and the shire town had become more difficult of access than many other towns, an application was made to the Legislature for a new County, its seat to be at Waterbury.

A town meeting was held and a vote passed, that the town was in favor of a new County, and appointed a committee of five to advocate the measure before the Legislature. But, with the *commendable* prudence in the expenditure of money which has characterized the town every time this subject has been agitated

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for the last hundred years, a further vote was passed, that the prosecution of the enterprise should be conducted *without expense to the town!* The committee which had been appointed, consisting of William Cothren, Nathaniel B. Smith, James Huntington, George B. Lewis and Cornelius J. Minor, most of whom were not present at the meeting, or learning the terms on which they could address the "worshipful" General Assembly, declined to turn aside from their ordinary avocations, to engage in such a thankless task at their own expense, and the other towns having evinced a similar want of pecuniary interest in the enterprise, it most ingloriously "*fell through!*"

There is a very prevalent, though probably erroneous notion abroad in the world, to the effect that ministers' and deacons' children are wont to be, in early life, more actively hilarious, and sensitively appreciative of wordly joys, than others of their age and condition in life. Parson Stoddard, who, for the long period of sixty years resided in the old parsonage, and presided over the religious interests of the people with so much fidelity and success, had a large family of sons and daughters. Though no scandal ever attached to them, the daughters are related to have somewhat rebelled at the rigid notions of their reverend father. It was not to their liking, when lovers called, to be obliged to sit with doors ajar, that their venerated parents might be assured by the "hearing of the ear," that no careless or irreverent word was ut-

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tered. So, after a time, arrangements were made by which the lovers ascended a ladder, and were admitted at the north-west chamber window of the venerable mansion. A notable occasion occurred, when there was a brilliant, though secret gathering in that old "tristing chamber." It was on the occasion of the first introduction of tea into the colony. The good pastor had obtained a small quantity, to be used in "cases of sickness." But the daughters were "minded" to have a model "tea-party" with their "sweet-hearts." As the article had never been "cooked" in the house, they were at their wits' end to know how to "do the dish." They solved the difficulty in the end by cooking it in a large iron kettle and serving it in a platter, in the same manner as they would a mess of greens.

Woodbury has had a specimen of everything that any part of the State has possessed. It has therefore had its *witch*. The name of this "veritable being" was Moll Cramer, who lived in West side somewhere near the Bunnell place. She was the wife of the elder Adam Cramer, a blacksmith, who was living there as late as 1753. He took especial pains not to offend his wife, for whenever he was so unlucky as to fall under her ire, everything went wrong with him. If he was shoeing a horse, and she came around in wrathful mood, no shoe, however well secured to the hoof, no strength of iron nails was able to withstand her influence. The shoe would immediately begin to loosen, and fall off.

Her conduct finally became so outrageous, that her husband, who was a Christian man, being dependent upon the patronage of the public for his support, and being in danger of the suspicion of "holding familiarity with Satan," was obliged to discard her and drive her from his house. She built a cabin of poles on Good Hill, slept on straw, in a filthy way, and eked out a scanty subsistance

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by begging from the much enraged neighborhood. Her son, who was believed to have been bewitched by her, was inseparable from her in all her wanderings, and begging for bread. No one dared to refuse her anything she asked for. If she asked for a piece of pork, and it was denied, a blight fell upon that man's swine, and no wealth of meal and potatoes could ever fatten them.

One day she went into the house of a neighbor who was churning cream. She conversed indifferently with the lady of the house about butter and other matters, and, after a time, no present of butter, or anything else being offered her, she retired. The churning went on during the afternoon and evening, but no butter was produced. Next morning the churning was resumed by the good dame and her husband, with no better success than before. After a long time it occurred to them that Moll had been there the day before, and that she had doubtless bewitched the cream. The good man of the house, determining to *burn the witch out of the cream*, heated a horse shoe and dropped it into the churn. A few moments after, the process of churning ceased, and the butter was "gathered." If these good people had been a little better acquainted with nature's laws, they would have understood that the heat imparted by the shoe, was just the warmth required to accomplish the purpose, and would not have supposed that any miracle had been performed in *burning the witch!* Further particulars about this crazy old woman, and the superstitious dread of her, will be found on pages 159, 160.

On page 214, an account is given of the passage through Woodbury of the French army, on its way south, to join Washington in his operations against Lord Cornwallis. In the account, a single

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error occurs, in stating that Gen. La Fayette was with the troops. He proceeded another way to join Washington. It was Count Rochambeau who passed through Woodbury in command of the troops. Gen. La Fayette had generously raised the troops in his own country, and commanded them in the field. It was also stated in the former account, that the army passed over Breakneck Hill, in Middlebury, near the north end of Quassapaug Lake, and that the hill was so called from the circumstance of the falling of one of the cattle in descending that hill, and breaking its neck. The army passed over that hill, but we find by the records of ancient Waterbury, that it had borne the name of Breakneck for more than half a century before this occurrence.

One or two natural curiosities have been omitted in the chapter on the physical history of the town. One is a very singular specimen of an oak tree, situated in the highway, near the house of Deacon Truman Judson, in upper Nonnewaug, of which the artist gives the subjoined sketch.

Near the southern boundary of the town, in Transylvania, by the highway, on William N. Shelton's land, is another singular specimen of the freaks of nature. A tree stands there, which is formed by a complete union of a "shag-bark" hickory on the one side, and a white-oak on the other, both bearing nuts "after its kind." It is a very interesting specimen in natural history, and many people go to visit it, to mark its curious combination.

Just below this tree, near the highway, and near the place where stood the old Elisha Minor house, is a mammoth frost-grape vine, which is judged to be near 300 years old, having been known ever since the founding of the town, in 1672. It is forty inches in circumference, at the place where it leaves the ground, and much larger just below the surface. It is thirty-five inches in circumference, ten feet from the ground, and is in no place less than twenty-eight inches in circumference, till it separates into branches, and overspreads a large oak tree. It is now (Aug., 1871) loaded with grapes.

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The Father's Monument, as has been before stated, is located at the head of the grave of Rev. Zechariah Walker. In locating the monument, the ashes of himself and wife were not disturbed. The original head-stone, was made from a native boulder uncut. The artist gives a *fac simile* of it in the margin. The writer caused the original letters, which had become nearly obliterated by the storms of 160 years, to be cut very deep, so that they may be legible for ages to come.

Ram-pit Hill, which is near Hotchkissville, received its name from a pit, which was dug to entrap a wolf, that had been making great havoc among the sheep. A ram was placed within it as a lure for the wolf to enter it. The bait proved sufficient. In the morning the wolf was found in the pit, and the ram, instead of being devoured, had defended himself with so much spirit and bravery, that he had reduced the wolf to a state of great docility. The wolf was despatched, and his companion released.

During the 17th century, there was a custom prevailing among the Congregational societies, (as indeed has been the case in later years) of supplying their pastors with their year's quota of wood, by what was termed a "wood-spell," or "wood bee." It was also in accordance with the custom of the times for the pastor to invite his parishioners "to take something to drink," on arriving at his wood-yard before unloading their wood. Rev. Mr. Wildman, pastor of the church in the Southbury society, at this time, was a wit, and fond of "cracking his jokes" on all suitable occasions. A certain poor, but jocose man, who had no team, but who liked well the customary "treat," on one occasion, took a large log on his

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shoulder, and bore it with much difficulty into the yard. His pastor was ready to welcome him, with the same bland cordiality as the others, and said,—"come, come, good friend, come in and drink *before you unload!*"

The Woodbury Library Association, founded in 1850, has gone on with its good work, dispensing light and knowledge, till its library now contains acout 500 volumes.

The south Academic Association, formed in 1851, ran "well for a season," when the shares were bought up by Mr. Parmenus B. Hulse, who taught a private academy for some years, but having a flattering call to go to New York and engage in a book agency, he sold the building to Mr. Frederick S. Parker, of New Haven, who removed it to the place formerly owned by Hon. Charles B. Phelps, deceased, and fitted it up for a first-class boarding-school, and at the same time enlarged and fitted up, at great expense, the Phelps mansion, for the purpose of accommodating the scholars of such a school. Rev. Alonzo N. Lewis, who had married a daughter of Mr. Phelps, opened here a boarding-school. But, having been invited to become rector of a church at Dexter, Maine, he closed his school, and rented the premises for a dwelling house. It is a very valuable property, and it is hoped that a successful boarding-school may be established there. We have a healthy location, a tidy village, an orderly community, and a most beautiful valley, with pleasant surroundings—a good place for such an institution.

Bethel Rock Lodge, No. 44, I. O. O. F., mentioned on page 339, was very successful in its benevolent mission for several years, when many members were lost by removal from town. Some others seemed to have joined the order simply to become leeches on its treasury, and interest in its fortunes waned, till the number of its members was reduced to about a dozen, when the organization disbanded, and divided its remaining funds, being about a thousand dollars, among its members.

The Woodbury Bank, which failed in March, 1853, and was resuscitated the same year by the stockholders' subscribing fifty thousand dollars, to cover losses, went on languidly for two or three years, the assets on which it had relied for full recovery becoming worse and worse, when a receiver was appointed by the Court, and its affairs were closed up. The bills were redeemed, but the stock, both old and new, proved a total loss to its owners.

The Woodbury Savings Bank and Building Association, which

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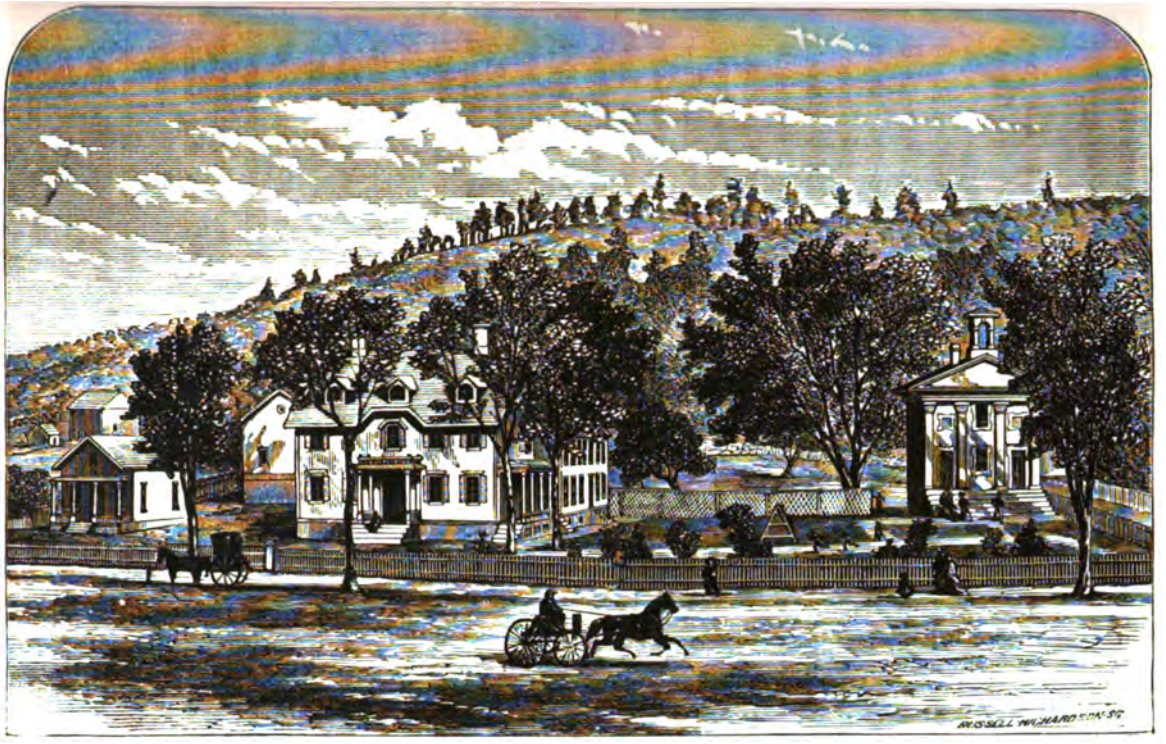

PARKER ACADEMY, WOODBURY, CONN.

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was established in 1853, was managed with prudence for several years, doing a successful business, till its deposits amounted to nearly $100,000. Litigation was then commenced against a bank of the same kind in New Haven County, and the Court of Errors decided that the method of taking bonuses, or extra interest, practiced by such banks, was *usurious*, under the statute of the State, the penalty for which was the forfeiture of all interest upon all loans, together with the bonus. The effect of this decision was, to cause all such banks in the State to close their business, and disband,—ours with the rest. This bank, however, had a superior class of customers—honorable men—who, with one accord, refused to avail themselves of the decision, except in a single instance, in Waterbury, where the loan was small. On closing up its affairs, the bank returned to the owners their deposits, with interest, at the rate of about twelve per cent.

King Solomon's Lodge, No. 7, of Free and Accepted Masons, since the publication of the first volume of this work, has met with continued and cheering prosperity. It has gone on in its unobtrusive work of charity, adding to the number of its members, and to its material prosperity. The major part of its history has been already detailed in these pages, in the account given of its Centennial Celebration, in 1865. Its increase in numbers became so great, that a larger Lodge-room was necessary, and its fine building was enlarged to meet this requirement, in 1867, and the whole was repaired and refitted in a tasteful and convenient manner, at an expense of about $600.

The record of officers and admissions, continued from page 338, is as follows:—

In December, 1853, William Cothren was elected Worshipful Master, Edward W. Atwood, Senior Warden, and William R. Galpin, Junior Warden, and six members were admitted during this masonic year.

In Dec. 1854, Edward W. Atwood was elected W. M., Joseph T. Capewell S. W., and Geo. A. Capewell J. W. Ten members were received during this year, among whom was Major Samuel B. Spooner, now Mayor of Springfield, Mass., and at the head of the Masons of Massachusetts. Major Spooner was principal of the Woodbury Academy, at the time. It has been no detriment to him, who has honored the craft, that he received his first instruction in the "mystic rites" in old King Solomon's Lodge, No. 7.

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The writer has always been glad to remember, that he was the Master who received this friend.

At this meeting (Dec. 21, 1854) the lodge passed the following vote:—

"*Voted*, Unanimously, that the thanks of this lodge be presented to Brother Cothren, for his services as Master of this Lodge."

At the Dec. Annual Meeting, 1855, Joseph T. Capewell was elected W. M., George A. Capewell S. W., and Hiram Manville J. W. Six members were added this year.

At the annual meeting for 1856, John P. DeForest was elected W. M., John J. Hinman S. W., and Reuben Andrews J. W. Four members were received during the year.

At the annual meeting in 1857, Alonzo N. Lewis was elected W. M., John B. Stillson, S. W., and Reuben Andrews, J. W. Brother Charles B. Phelps was invited to deliver a lecture on the Institution of Masonry, Jan. 8, 1858, at the Lodge. A large number of ladies and gentlemen attended. At the close of the address, the officers elect for the year were publicly installed. Eleven members were received this year.

At the Dec. annual meeting, 1858, Nathaniel Smith was appointed W. M., Joseph T. Copewell, S. W., and Reuben Andrews, J. W. Five candidates were received during the Masonic year ending Dec., 1859, among whom was Rev. Curtis T. Woodruff.

At the annual meeting, Dec., 1859, James Huntington was elected W. M., Joseph T. Capewell, S. W., and James Stone, J. W. Eight persons added their names to our list during this year.

At the annual communication, Dec., 1860, the first three officers were re-elected—and three members were added, among whom was Rev. George Rumney, Rector of St. Paul's Church. At the annual communication, Dec. 1861, John Stillson was chosen W. M., James S. Stone, S. W., and Edward N. Bishop, J. W. Fourteen members were "raised" during this Masonic year, ending at the "Feast of St. John," Dec., 1862.

At the annual election, Dec., 1862, James Huntington was chosen W. M., James S. Stone, S. W., and Calvin H. Downs, J. W. Nine men arrived at the "Sublime degree of a Master Mason" this Masonic year, among whom was Rev. Wm. A. Desbrisay. Rev. Mr. Silverthorne, of the Methodist church, was the Chaplain of the Lodge.

This was the year of the departure of Co. I, 19th Conn Vols.,

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for the seat of War. Co. I had quite a number of members of the Lodge. On the 2d of August, the Lodge passed the following vote:—

"*Resolved*, That the Lodge, out of respect and brotherly feeling to those of their brethren who have volunteered their services in defence of their country, present each of them with a regulation cap worn by the soldiers of the United States Army."

At the annual communication, Dec., 1863, James Huntington was elected W. M., Geo. Platt Crane, S. W., and Edward F. Nichols, J. W. Fourteen members were added to the Lodge during the year.

It will be seen, on page 338, that Rising Sun Lodge, No. 27, of Washington, had lost its charter. King Solomon's Lodge received a petition, in Nov., 1864, asking consent to apply for a dispensation to renew the Lodge. Unanimous consent was given, a dispensation was granted by the Grand Master, and also a charter in due form, at the next annual session of the Grand Lodge. Since that time, a very flourishing Lodge has been established there, on a firm foundation.

At the annual meeting, 1864, James Huntington was chosen W. M., George P. Crane, S. W., and Edward F. Nichols, J. W., and six members were added to the Lodge.

At the annual communication in 1865, George P. Crane was appointed W. M., Edward F. Nichols, S W., and Heman Botsford, J. W. Nine members were admitted this year.

At the annual election in Dec., 1866, George P. Crane was elected W. M, Heman Botsford, S. W., and James R. Thomas, J. W. Nine members were added this year.

At the annual communication held Dec., 1867, Alonzo Norton Lewis was elected W. M., Heman Botsford, S. W., and James S. Stone, J. W. Seven elected men joined the Lodge during the year. It was during this year that the large addition, already spoken of, was made to the Lodge building, new carpets and furniture procured, and it became one of the most attractive Lodge rooms in the "rural districts."

In Dec, 1868, Alonzo N. Lewis was elected W. M, Heman Botsford, S. W., and Edwin Roberts, J. W. Five members were admitted this year.

In Dec., 1869, Heman Botsford was chosen W. M., James Stone,

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S. W., and George Brown, J. W. Six members were raised to the "Sublime degree," during this Masonic year.

At the annual communication of this Lodge, Dec., 1870, Heman Botsford was elected W. M., George Brown, S. W, and Thomas Bodycut, J. W. Nine members were admitted during the Masonic year.

At the annual communication held next preceding the Festival of St. John, the Evangelist, Dec. 16, 1871, Thomas Bodycut was chosen W. M., James R Thomas, S. W., and Eli Sperry, J. W. The Lodge is now in a very flourishing condition, and has full work at every communication. It is seven years advanced in the second century of its existence, and well has it performed its benevolent and humanizing work.

We now bring our hurried account of the various town events to a close. We have been minute in detail, believing that however trivial they may seem to the present generation, they will be of great interest and curiosity to our descendants, as is each recorded trace of our ancestors to us.

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CHAPTER IX.

CIVIL HISTORY CONTINUED—CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

MURDER OF BENNET WARD; MURDER OF MATTHEW M. MORRISS; MURDER OF LUCIUS H. FOOT; SUICIDE OF RALPH LINA; SUICIDE OF COLUMBUS W. RANDALL; THEFTS; BURGLARY OF THE FACTORY OF DANIEL CURTISS & SONS, AND THE STORE OF F. A. WALKER & CO.

ALL through the ages, life has been a continued struggle for existence. All seek to advance their own interests, and secure their individual happiness. And yet, with a singular fatality, resulting from our fallen nature, there seems to be implanted in the human heart of man a savage instinct, that ever seeks, unless overruled by a kind Providence, and a virtuous and refined culture, to destroy the life which every rational creature desires to preserve, and to impair the happiness which every one pursues. Jealousy and ambition reign supreme over all the earth. Where this instinct of destruction does not break out in acts of murder and bloodshed, it takes the scarcely less painful direction of slander, detraction, and little lying. It seems to give the natural heart delight to inflict pain, and the "work of grace" has to be long continued in the heart, to work a radical cure. All the beautiful works of nature teach a different lesson—"only man is vile."

Woodbury, as has been fully shown, was settled by as noble a band of men and women, as poor human nature could produce. The result has been, that in the two centuries of its existence, vio-

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lence and murder have been remarkably infrequent. The town was 173 years old before the first known murder was committed. An account of those which have occurred in our borders follows:

On the 23d of November, 1846, Bennet Ward went into a store kept by W. B. Lounsbury, then standing near the house of Deacon P. M. Trowbridge. He was somewhat intoxicated, became noisy and violent, threatening to whip several persons who were in the store, and began to throw fire among the dry goods that were disposed about the store. Among those present was George W. Smith. Ward finally proposed to whip him, and Smith seized a stick of wood from the wood-box, and struck him over the left side of the head, causing a fracture in the skull five inches in length. He then kicked him out of the store—and he fell upon the stoop. He got up, however, and wanted to fight, but the door was shut upon him. He then went about a quarter of a mile, to an out-house of David J. Stiles, and staid there two nights, when he went to Mr. Stiles' house, and soon became insensible. In this condidition he remained till his death, which occurred fifty-six hours after the blow was received. A post-mortem examination by Dr. Roswell Abernethy and T. T. Seelye, showed there was concussion and compression of the brain, besides a chronic inflamamtion, resulting from an old injury. Smith was arraigned for murder, Feb. term, 1847. Hon. John H. Hubbard, States Attorney, and Hon. Charles B. Phelps, appeared for the State, and Hons. Leman Church, G. H. Hollister and the writer, appeared for the accused. After an interesting trial, Smith was acquitted, on the ground that he acted in self-defence.

On the 17th of July, 1861, our community was startled by the announcement that another murder had been committed in our peaceful town. Matthew M. Morris, the murdered man, a very respectable citizen, of ample means, and a very peaceable man, called

at the house of his sister, Mrs. Osborne, where the family, including Charles Fox, the murderer, were at supper. Morris sat smoking a cigar, and a conversation arose between him and Fox about mowing. Morris mentioned several who could out-mow him, to which statements, successively, Fox

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gave the lie. Very soon he left the table, went out on the piazza, and took up his coat, and laid it down again. He returned to the door of the room, where Morris was still sitting and smoking, and told him if he would come to the door, he "would fix him." Morris replied, that he knew he would do nothing to him. Then Fox said if he would come there he would "set his ears up." Morris went towards the door laughing, and Fox commenced striking him on both sides of the head, and almost immediately commenced thrusting at him. Morris then seized Fox, and he fell over a chair on his back. Morris seized and held up his feet so that he could not strike him again; but he sat up and thrust him again with a dirk jack-knife, which he seemed to have had in his hand all the time, (though the witnesses did not see it, it being rather dark at the time,) saying "let me up." At the instant he made the last thrust, saying "let me up." Morris faltered, fell on his face, gasped three or four times, and was dead. The knife, at the last thrust, entirely severed the main artery under the collar bone on the right side, called by the doctors the *vena cava*. Fox immediately walked out, and hid his knife in the corner of the yard, where it was found the next morning, almost entirely covered with blood. He then took his scythe, and started for Roxbury, but being called back by a neighbor, who had arrived, he remained till Sheriff Minor came and arrested him.

A jury of inquest was immediately called by the writer, who heard the case, and returned to him the following verdict:—

"To William Cothren, Esq., Justice of the Peace for Litchfield County, residing in Woodbury:—

"You having summoned us as a jury of inquest to inquire into the cause and manner of the death of Matthew M. Morris, late of said Woodbury, which was sudden and untimely, and the manner of which was not known, and we, having examined into the circumstances of the case, do find that the said Matthew M. Morris came to his death by the hand of Charles Fox, of said Woodbury, by the use of a deadly weapon, to wit, a pocket, or dirk knife.

"Dated at Woodbury, July 18th, A.D, 1861.

Berlin Thomas,	H. W. Shove,
S. B. Fairchild,	Cereno Saxton
Alfred Birch,	George Roswell,
John W. Rogers,	Alexander Gordon,
Wm. H. Allen,	Phineas A. Judson,
Wm. B. Bryan,	H. C. Judson.

"Jurors of Inquest under oath."

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On the rendition of this verdict, Fox was taken before Hon. Thomas Bull, and bound over for trial to the Sept. term of the Litchfield County Superior Court, 1861. Judge Ellsworth presided over that Court. Gen. Charles F. Sedgwick and the writer appeared for the State, and Gideon H. Hollister and Henry B. Graves, Esqrs., for the defence. After the evidence on both sides had been introduced, the judge called all the counsel to the bench, and told them that in his judgment the crime amounted to manslaughter, and no more; and that if it pleased them to agree to this view, and would waive argument, he would immediately so charge the jury. The counsel cheerfully acceded to the suggestion of the distinguished judge, who immediately charged the jury in accordance with his views. The jury retired, and in a few minutes returned with a verdict of manslaughter, and Fox was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the Connecticut State Prison. There is a statutory provision which allows a prisoner a certain number of weeks remission of his term of sentence per annum, for good conduct. Fox was a most exemplary prisoner, and on account of his good behavior, the term of his imprisonment was diminished by more than a year. He was discharged in 1870.

It was left, in the order of Providence, for the people of the town to experience the sensation of a greater horror. On the morning of the 4th of March, 1856, Lucius H. Foot, a taverner of the town, was found brutally murdered, and his whole body frozen stiff, showing he had been killed the evening before. He was found under the horse-sheds of the Episcopal Church, the initial letter of this chapter giving a view of them, and of Foot entering them. Dr. Garwood H. Atwood describes minutely the condition of the body as found, and gives an insight into the nature of the murder. He says:—"We found the body of Foot in the N. E. side of stall No. 2. The body lay on the left side, with the face towards the sill, and about two feet distant from it. Two fingers of the left hand were clinched in the overcoat pocket, and the right arm was drawn back over the head. He lay lengthwise of the sill. The right leg was straight, the left was simiflexed, and drawn under the other. His head lay in a hollow made by the fore-feet of horses. The stall was covered with tan bark, and in this were imbedded a number of stones. There were small spatters of blood on the sill, clapboards, and partition plank, on the north and east sides of the stall. The spatters on the sill were

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opposite the head, and two or three feet distant; there were one or two spatters from four to six feet from the head, on the sill and partition. The spatters were not numerous—might have been twenty-five or thirty in the whole. Some of them were very small; the size of a pin-head, and some were, perhaps, the eighth of an inch in diameter. There was a small quantity of blood near the outer post of the stall, and it appeared as though the body had been dragged from that point to the rear. There was blood on the under surfaces of the stones, which had been turned up in the passage, and out of their beds. There was a stick of hickory wood found not far from the body, with blood on one end; there was also hair on it, which looked like Foot's—was bark on one side, and blood on the bark. The face rested on a little cone of blood, which had oozed out from the wounds, and frozen. The cravat was frozen into this. We took up the body, put it into a sleigh, covered it with buffalo robes, and carried it to Foot's Hotel. The beard was frozen solid, and we could not determine the character of the wounds till we had thawed it out in a tub of hot water, fifteen or twenty minutes. The thighs, legs, hands, face and head were all frozen. The body was entirely rigid, so much so, that it could be raised up, or carried about like a stick of wood. The left boot we got off, with difficulty, and had to rip the other quite down to the sole. He was very warmly clad. He was a strong, well-built, well-developed, robust man, weighing some 175 lbs., full of blood, aged about forty. The fat on his ribs was an inch in thickness. He was in form a noble specimen of a man.

This (producing a human skull)

is Foot's skull. I know it to be his. I assisted in disinterin last September Court. All the facial portions of this skull was knocked in, as you see. Over the left eye was a wound one inch and a half perpendicular, and half an inch wide. In the soft parts, I could put two fingers into the brain. The second wound was

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over the angle of the left eye, about three-quarters of an inch circular. The third one was over the right eye, one and a half inches long, half an inch wide. I put my finger in this wound an inch. The bones between the wounds were all loose—a comminuted fracture. The fourth wound, three-quarters by half an inch, was over the right eye; the fifth was on the outer angle of the right eye; the sixth was on the nose, which was crushed, the blow abrading that and the eye-brow. The seventh wound, one and a half inches each way, was over the right parietal bone. The perpendicular of the wound was one and a half inches; eighth wound—the right ear was nearly torn off, and there was a fracture one and three-quarter inches in the bone. The ninth wound was a hole right into the brain, back of the right ear, near the juncture of the temporal and occipital bones. I could put my finger one and a half inches, right into the brain. This wound was one and a half inches in diameter. In the soft parts, the wound was one and a half inches by an inch in width. The lips of the wound gaped about an inch. The tenth wound was on the left jaw, one and a half inches wide. The jaw was broken into five pieces. The eleventh wound, a dent wound, is upon the upper part of the right side of the head. All the wounds were nearly of the same dimensions. Cracks extended nearly across the whole skull, on both sides. The wound across the face seemed broader—seemed done with a billet of wood. The billet found in the stall would satisfactorily explain the making of this wound. There has been a hammer shown in connection with this case, and that, or a similar one, would better account for all the wounds on the head than anything I can think of. I thought the face wound made by a billet of wood, because a hammer would be likely to cut through the flesh of the face. All these bones (showing them) were broken, as you see them now, before we cleaned the head."

Such is a description of the terrible character of the wounds which caused Foot's death. A Court of Inquiry, which continued its sessions for a week, made rigid inquiry of all, high and low, as to the cause of this death. Excitement ran high. It was thought, if a man could be murdered in the early evening, right under the "eaves of St. Paul's Church," when the street was full of people, that no one was safe, and that it was well to be afraid, even on our own hearth-stones. Circumstances strongly pointed to Edward E. Bradley, as being the perpetrator of this horrible crime. He

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was arrested on this suspicion, brought before Hon. Thomas Bull, a full hearing was had, and he was bound over, without bail, to the next Superior Court to be held at Litchfield. A Grand Jury was duly summoned, and a true bill for the crime of murder was found. The trial of the accused on the indictment commenced at Litchfield on the 14th of April, 1856, before Judges William L. Storrs and Origen S. Seymour—Hon. Gideon Hall, State's Attorney, Hon. Charles B. Phelps, and the writer, appeared for the State; and Hon. Charles Chapman, of Hartford, Gideon H. Hollister and Henry B. Graves, Esqrs., appeared for the prisoner. Not only very nice questions of circumstantial evidence, but other intricate questions of law, were involved in the case, and the trial excited a more general interest than any one which has been tried in this county. On the tenth day of the trial the presiding judge charged the jury, and on the 11th day, they having failed to agree on a verdict, after having been sent out for consideration several times, the papers were taken back, the jury discharged, and the prisoner remanded to jail. The jury stood five for conviction of murder in the second degree, and seven for acquittal.

At the Sept. term of the Court the case came on again for trial. It was commenced Oct. 3, 1856, before Hon. David C. Sanford, and Hon. John D. Park, presiding judges. The same counsel, except Mr. Chapman, appeared. After a careful and laborious trial, continuing for the space of twelve days, the jury again disagreed, the papers were again taken back, and the jury discharged. They stood three for conviction of murder in the second degree, and nine for acquittal. The prisoner was again remanded to jail.

At the April term, 1857, the prisoner was again arraigned for trial, Hon. William W. Ellsworth, and Hon. Thomas B. Butler, presiding at the trial. On the 14th day of April, 1857, the same counsel, on both sides, appeared for the trial of the case.

The trial lasted fourteen days, and Judge Ellsworth, with his tremendous voice and hands, being just about to retire from the bench on account of his age, charged the jury. No jurist more pure than Judge Ellsworth, ever sat upon the Supreme Bench in Connecticut. It was the third trial, and though no man, or woman had yet ceased to think the prisoner was guilty, when the venerable judge, with his tremulous hands and faltering voice, held up the "russet reins," it was said the prisoner used that horrible night of the murder, and said, impressively, "Gentlemen of the

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Jury, if these reins had the power of speech; they could relieve us of *much doubt and uncertainty* in this case," no lawyer, on either side, doubted the result. The "doubt" spoken of in the elementary works, had now been spoken by the judge. On the morning of April 23, 1867, the jury came in, and, on inquiry, announced that they had not agreed upon a verdict.—"Is there any probability that the jury can agree upon a verdict," asked Judge Ellsworth. The foreman replied—"not the least" The Court then took back the papers, discharged the jury, and ordered the prisoner remanded to jail. The jury stood four for conviction in the second degree, and eight for acquittal.

Soon after the prisoner was remanded to jail, his counsel made a motion that the Court direct the State's Attorney to enter a *nolle prosequi*, or discontinuance of the indictment pending against him. The Attorney, without making any motion, also requested the advice of the Court as to his duty in the premises. The Court remarked, that without assuming to *direct* from this side of the Bar, what the State's Attorney ought to do, within the sphere of his duty, he would say, that the case, having been three times tried before a Jury of this County, and *this* time, at least, with *very great ability by the counsel on both sides*, it was not reasonable to suppose, that by any additional number of trials, a jury could be found, while the facts remained the same, to agree on a verdict. That if the prisoner should be released, and new facts should come to light, he could be re-arrested; as, also, if after his return home, his conduct should become violent, or dangerous. In view of these considerations, and the great expense to which the State had already been put, in the prosecution of the case, it was the opinion of the Court, that the State's Attorney would not be guilty of a dereliction of his official duty, if he, for the present, entered a *nolle prosequi*. The State's Attorney therefore entered a *nolle prosequi*, and the prisoner was soon after allowed, by the jailor, to go at large.

Suicides have been very rare in our community. Only two now occur to the writer, and those are of recent occurrence. Last summer a man was found dead by the side of the road leading to Hotchkissville. He was not known by our people, but after much inquiry, he proved to be one Ralph Lina, from Winsted, whither his remains were sent, the next morning after his death. He purchased an ounce of laudanum early in the day, and the empty

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phial, which had contained it, lying by his side, told the sad story. He sought employment in various ways, and, failing in all, resolved to try the "unexplored country."

While these pages are going through the press (Dec. 28, 1871), Columbus W. Randall, a bachelor, living in an old house by himself, has committed suicide by cutting his throat from ear to ear, with a razor. He seemed to have planned the deed very deliberately. He sent word to a neighbor, that he would be glad to have him bring him up a pail of cider, when he came to fodder his cattle in the evening. The request was complied with, and on entering his house, he found him weltering in his blood. He evidently had a superstitious dread of lying alone, perhaps for many days, dead in the house, and framed this excuse to be found soon after he had committed the act. He was not quite dead when found, and it is believed that he did not commit the deed till he saw his neighbor approaching, as he could not survive so frightful a wound for many minutes.

Years ago there was a band of thieves in town, who acted in concert with the great organized thieves' band, that extended their operations in concert, from Maine to the "Far West." A few well directed prosecutions, a quarter of century ago, broke up the "Depot" in this place.

Occasionally there have been burglaries here, with meager results. But some two months ago, a series of burglaries occurred, that startled the community, and bred a strong sense of insecurity. One night, while Mr. Daniel Curtiss was quietly sleeping in his bed, some person or persons entered his house through a rear window, and after traversing several rooms, entered his bedroom, took away his vest and two pairs of pants, and departed without awakening him, or his wife, or any one else in the house. Passing to the rear of the house, they rifled the pockets of what money they contained, and the key to his safe, which was in his office at his factory, a mile away. They unlocked the office, and the safe, possessed themselves of its contents, locked safe and door again, and went on their way.

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D. Curtiss & Son's Factory.

Returning back through Main street, they stole a horse and wagon from the stable of Hon. N. B. Smith, broke into Michael F. Skelly's blacksmith shop, and stole some tools, additional to those which they brought with them. They then proceeded to the store of Frederick A. Walker & Co., opposite of the Episcopal Church, which was not protected by any one staying in it during the night. They found an entrance to the store, blew open the safe, and rifled it of its contents. The Company had a large amount of money and government bonds belonging to themselves, to the town (Mr. Walker being Town Treasurer), and to the neighbors, who placed their valuables there for safe keeping. From the two safes the robbers took away some $40,000, in money and bonds, beside a multitude of papers, valuable to the owners, but of no use to the robbers. Having accomplished these feats, they departed for Waterbury, sorting their papers on the way, and leaving in the bottom of the wagon all that were not available to them. Having reached Waterbury meadows, they turned the horse loose, and evidently took the Railroad track to the Depot, and the early train to New York, probably arriving at, and getting off at Harlem Bridge, before the telegraph was in working order. Large rewards have been offered, and vigilant efforts made to trace the offenders, but as yet without the slightest success. Justice seems to have been baffled, and the promise of punishment, proved a "flaunting lie."

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Thus have we plodded our laborious way through all the historical incidents of our ancient town, and put them on record, for the benefit of those that shall come after us. If the reading shall give the same pleasure to the reader that the recording of them has to the writer, he will not be without his reward.

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CHAPTER X.

HISTORY OF THE SOCIETIES AND TOWNS SET OFF FROM ANCIENT WOODBURY—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 218.

SOUTHBURY; SOUTH BRITAIN; SOUTHBURY VOLUNTEERS; BETHLEHEM; BETHLEHEM VOLUNTEERS; WASHINGTON; WASHINGTON VOLUNTEERS; FREDERICK W. GUNN'S ACADEMY; ROXBURY; ROXBURY VOLUNTEERS; METHODIST CHURCH; ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH; ST. PAUL'S CHURCH; ITS CENTENNIAL.

NEVER forgetting the children of our youth, and of our riper years, we take up again the history of the communities that have separated themselves from us, and "set up for themselves." The account will not be long, for two reasons. The general history of the times in which they as well as we bore a conspicuous part, have been recounted with great minuteness in these pages. And, so far as the ecclesiastical history in concerned, it has been substantially recorded in the history of the proceedings of the Bi-Centennial celebration of the First Congregational Church, in May, 1870.

SOUTHBURY.

At the date of the former edition, Rev. George P. Prudden was officiating as "stated supply," at Southbury. On account of confirmed ill-health, which entirely unfitted him for his work, he closed his labors in April, 1856. In May, 1856, Rev. Jason Atwater was engaged as "stated supply," and remained till Oct., 1858, when he removed to West Haven, but continued to supply the pulpit till the following July. He died at West Haven in the spring of 1860. For the next six months, the church had only occasional supplies. January 15th, 1860, Rev. A. B. Smith com-

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menced his labors as "stated supply," and continued them till a recent date.

The admissions to the church during Mr. Atwater's ministry were 15; baptisms, 15. Admissions during Mr. Smith's ministry 59; baptisms 38. Present number of members 86.

The list of deacons, with date of election, from the organization of the church, is as follows:—Benjamin Hicox, 1372; Noah Hinman, 1732; Benjamin Hicox, Jr., Daniel Curtiss, Timothy Osborn, 1775; Samuel Strong, Jonathan Mitchell, 1783; Adin Wheeler, 1813; Marcus D. Mallory, 1818; Noah Kelsey, 1823; Nathan Mitchell, 1830; Frederick Perry, 1833; Jason Curtiss, 1834; Ira Strong, 1847; Cyrus G. Bostwick, January 11, 1861; Sherman Tuttle, January 11, 1861; David M. Wheeler, January 24, 1868.

SOUTH BRITAIN SOCIETY.

At the date of the former edition, Rev. Amos E. Lawrence was the settled pastor over this parish. On the 31st of July, 1860, his connection with the church was dissolved. On the 27th of Aug., 1860, Rev. John M. Wolcott was hired to preach for a year. He was formally settled over the church, Feb. 20, 1861, and dismissed July 1, 1865. Rev. Homer S. Newcomb has acceptably filled the pulpit since the latter date.

Sixty persons were received members during Rev. Mr. Lawrence's ministry, and 32 baptized; 37 under Rev. Mr. Wolcott, and 31 baptized; and 19 under Rev. Mr. Newcomb, and 15 baptized. The present number of church members is about 130. Simeon Platt was elected deacon Dec. 27, 1827, Anson Bradley and Elliot Beardsley, June 21, 1855; Nelson W. Mitchell, May 4, 1860; and George A. Hoyt, April 30, 1864.

The first church in South Britain was located just in front of the present church, and its foundations were buried when the present beautiful church was built. This people, secluded among the hills, having what is always proper, a respectful appreciation of themselves, have nourished their vine of the Lord's planting in their own way, well knowing that no "outside persons" so well know their own wants as themselves, and have, so far as the writer knows, received a friendly greeting from all the "outside world."

During the Great Rebellion, Southbury, like the parent town, did its full duty, after the magnitude of the contest became apparent. Aug. 9, 1862, Aaron H. Shelton, Almon B. Downs, Geo. S.

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Bostwick, Charles Whitlock and Geo. A Hoyt, were appointed a Committee by the town to solicit funds for a bounty to be paid to volunteers. On the 14th of the same month, a bounty of $250 was voted to each volunteer. A committee was appointed at the same meeting, consisting of the above named gentlemen, "to inquire after and keep intelligence of the location of all soldiers that have gone, or should go from this town, in all the Connecticut regiments, learn their wants, and solicit such aid for them, from time to time, of our citizens, as shall be necessary." On the 26th of August, the same year, the town voted to pay the nine months men a bounty of $125. On Sept. 2d, the town voted to add $75 to this bounty. On the 10th Sept. it was voted to pay $200 to such men as should be *drafted.*

On the 1st of August, 1863, a town meeting was held, and a bounty of $300 was voted to all persons, not exceeding fifty, "who will volunteer to defend this State, in case of invasion, or a war within the States, and will hold themselves in readiness at all times to enlist and serve as such volunteers, whenever their services may be required to repel invasion, or sustain the laws of *this State.*" No such "Home Guards" were ever required, and no money under this vote was ever expended. At the same meeting it was voted to pay a bounty of $300 to each man who should be *drafted* into the service of the *United States*—and also to hire substitutes at the same price for those who should be drafted, and did not wish to go to the war, or for whom it was not convenient to go. On the 15th of August, 1864, the town voted to pay volunteers $300, and to drafted men, or men who furnished substitutes, $400. On the 15th of Sept., 1864, Elisha Wheeler, Esq., was appointed a committee to fill the town's quota under the call for 500,000 men, and was authorized to give *drafted* men a bounty of $500. On the 8th of December, 1864, the town voted to pay a bounty of $300 to any man who should procure a substitute. This was the last vote touching the war.

By returns made to the Secretary of State, it appears that Southbury paid, during the war, for volunteers and substitutes, $8,050, and all other war expenses were $12,000.—Some $1,150 was paid as commutation money by individuals.

The following is a list of the men the town furnished during the war, viz:—

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Andrews, Treat D.
Adams, George,
Averill, Perry, Capt.
Atwood, Joseph,
Abbott, John B.
Booth, Ira M.
Beecher, Lt. Wm. C.
Bradley, Peter,
Bottsford, Edward,
Bradley, Lyman F.
Bray, Wm. H.
Booth, Legrand E.
Bentley, Conrad,
Bennett, Wm.
Bailey, Sylvester B.
Bronson, John G.
Bunnell, James A.
Butler, John,
Bassett, George,
Ball, Hiram,
Canfield, Wm. H.
Candee, Fred.
Cutts, Wm. H.
Davis, Chas. B.
Downs, Edwin L.
Daley, John,
Dede, John,
Diamond, John,
Douglass, Hugh,
Fagan, James,
Garlick, Charles S.
Green, James W.
Gordon, George,
Ganong, Kniffin J.
Hall, John,
Hitchcock, Henry,
Hill, Austin H.
Hayes, Franklin B.
Jackle, Joseph,
Kaltabern, Wm.
Lanugro, Petro,
Lindley, Leverett,
Laspi, Charles,
Menkers, John,
McEwen, John,
Marsh, George W.
Murphy, Michael,
Murphy, Wm. H.
Murphy, Thomas O.
Murphy, Patrick,
Nesley, Henry,
Ohngemarch, John,
Pulford, Hobart H.
Peters, Lewis,
Price, B. M. W.
Peck, Herbert V.
Peck, Erastus F.
Richards, Henry W.
Roch, Simeon,
Rogers, Phillip,
Richardson, Samuel,
Steers, Wm. H.
Saunders, George,
Sherman, Geo. H.
Sweeney, John,
Squire, Oscar,
Smith, Thomas,
Smith, Charles,
Smith, John,
Schreger, Felix,
Salmon, Thomas B.
Seeley, Chauncey,
Thompson, John M.
Vogel, Julius,
Wentz, George,
Wentz, Frederick,
Wentz, Martin,
Welch, John,
Warner, Samuel,
Wheeler, Merit B.
Whitlock, Rusford,
Warner, Theodore,
Whitmore, Francis.

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Within a few years a neat little Episcopal Church has been erected on the site of the old Shadrack Osborn mansion. It will be remembered that this was the head-quarters for commissary stores and recruiting during all the Revolutionary War. Since the last writing, the Union Church edifice, at Southford, has been renovated and repaired, as well as the Brick School House. This quiet inland town keeps on in the "even tenor of its ways." Its population, by the last census, is 1,319. In 1860, it was 1,346—a loss of 27, which is not a large one, when we consider the waste of the late war.

BETHLEHEM.[1]

At the date of the last edition, Rev. Mr. Loomis was the pastor of the Congregational Church in Bethlehem. He had been ordained and installed over the church, Jan. 29, 1850. Mr. Loomis is a native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of Williams College. He was dismissed from the Pastorate, at his own request, June 5th, 1860. He continued to reside in Bethlehem until 1868, when he removed to Greenfield, Mass., where he at present resides. He supplied the pulpit of the 1st church in that place for one year.

Rev. Ephraim M. Wright, the eighth Pastor, was ordained and installed, July 2d, 1861. Mr. Wright is a native of Massachusetts. He entered the ministry in middle life, having been, for many years previous, engaged in teaching, and political life. At one time he was Secretary of State (Mass). He was dismissed from the Pastorate Oct. 2d, 1866. For four years he supplied the church in Terryville. He is at present at the West.

Rev. George W. Banks, the present Pastor, was ordained and installed Oct. 3d, 1866. He is a native of Greenfield Hill, Fairfield County, Conn; graduated at Yale College in 1863, and at the Yale Theological Seminary, in July, 1866.

The following persons are to be added to the list of deacons of the church given in the old edition. William R. Harrison, Nov. 3d, 1867. Theodore Bird, Nov. 3d, 1867. Present number of church members, 130.

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[1] Bethlehem has always been the name of the Society, but when the charter of the town was granted, by a clerical error it was called Bethlem. By special act, May Session, 1864, the name was changed to Bethlehem.

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The Episcopal Society has gone on with a decided material prosperity. During the last year, it has repaired and re-built its church edifice.

The Methodist Society has built a new and commodious church edifice, and has much increased the "borders of its Zion."

The war record of Bethlehem, as given by its clerk, is substantially as follows:—

"At a special meeting of the town, held Aug. 8th, 1862, a bounty of $100 was voted to volunteers to fill the town's quota. On the 11th of September, the bounty was increased to $125 to each volunteer. On the 27th of July, 1863, it was voted to pay $200 bounty to every man who should be drafted and serve in the United States service, or who should furnish an acceptable substitute. At a special meeting, held Feb. 25, 1864, it was voted to pay the town's recruiting officer whatever sum he should find necessary to fill the quota of the town. At a special meeting, Aug. 25, 1864, it was voted to pay a bounty of $500 to each volunteer, substitute, or drafted man. Nov. 14, 1864, it was voted to pay $300 to each person liable to draft, provided he served, or put in a substitute. In the latter case, the payment was conditioned on the payment by the military subject of $100 out of his own pocket. There was at this time a provision by which military subjects could put in a substitute for three years before a draft, and be exempt from draft for that period.

The whole amount paid for bounties during the war was $11,066,66, commutation $300; other war expenses, $320.83—estimated amount paid by individuals for bounties to volunteers and substitutes, $4,750.

The list of volunteers, drafted men and substitutes from the town, is as follows:—

Baldwin, Charles,
Baldwin, Levi,
Burke, Edward,
Burr, Andrew W.
Boyce, Joseph,
Clary, Felix,
Crane, Wm. B.
Dugan, Francis,
Duffee, John,
Flynn, William,
Ferry, John,
Foot, Isaac,
Garvey, Michael,
Gilbert, James H.
Hogan, John,
Hubbard, Henry J.
Hayden, John,
Howard, Patrick,
Hunt, Daniel,
Jorie, John,

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Johnson, Oliver,	Northrop, Dexter A.
Kasson, Alexander D.	Northrop, Harson B.
Kasson, Edgar N.	Northrop, John K.
Le Blanc, Louis,	Oswald, James,
Lounsbury, Albert J.	Rourke, Patrick,
Monagha, Peter,	Stewart, Theodore,
Mcgee, Richard, Jr.	Tolles, Abram B.
McBride, Thomas,	Williams, George,
Nash, Olin,	Waldron, Philip L.

The present population of Bethlehem, by the census of 1870, is 750—a loss of 65 from the census of 1860. Small as it is, it has had its full share of the historical honors of the State.

WASHINGTON.

Rev. Ephraim Lyman was pastor of the church in Judea Society, in Washington, at the date of our last edition. He was installed Pastor of this church, June 30th, 1852, and was dismissed June 3d, 1863. The following Preamble and Resolution was passed concerning his resignation:—

Whereas, The Rev. Ephraim Lyman has tendered his resignation as Pastor of this Church and Society, and *Whereas* continued feeble health will not permit him to perform that amount of ministerial labor which in his judgment the highest good of this people requires; therefore,

Resolved, That while we as a church unite with our Pastor and Society in requesting the Council of Consociation to dissolve the relation between him and this Church and Society, we do this with reluctance and heartfelt sorrow, that we are thus to be deprived of the services of one, whose ministrations have been preeminently faithful, fearless, kind and true. In his study, in the Sanctuary, at the bed-side of the sick and dying, in the house of mourning, or of joy—in all positions, he has been among us the Christian man and minister, one who needeth not commendation from us, his praise being in all the churches. May the Lord give him health and strength to resume, enlarge, and perfect, with joy, his labor of love for man.

During the interval between his dismission and the settlement of the present Pastor, the desk was supplied by different individuals, from four weeks to eleven months each,—the Rev. Wm. H.

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H. Murray, now of Park street church, Boston, the greatest length of time.

The Rev. Willis S. Colton, a graduate of Yale, Class of 1860, was installed, August 21st, 1866, and is the present Pastor.

Deacons appointed have been, Stephen S. Baldwin, Sept. 1849. Samuel Frisbie, Sept, 1860. Charles L. Hickox, Jerome S. Kinney, July, 1867, and Simeon D. Ford, 1869.

Under Mr. Lyman's ministry, seventy-five persons were baptized. Interval between Mr. Lyman's and Mr. Colton's ministry, eleven. During Mr. Colton's seventy-one. To the church under Mr. Lyman, eighty, principally as fruits of revivals in 1851 and 1858, were added to the church. Under Mr. Murray, twenty-four. In 1864, under Mr. Colton, eighty-three, principally as fruits of a revival in 1868. The present number of resident members is 240.

In New Preston Society, there have been dissensions, and a new church and society has been formed, with its location in Marble Dale, "under the hill." As is usual in such dissensions, they have not "aided the work of the Lord."

Washington, as a good, patriotic town, having been incorporated in the very midst of the Revolutionary War, and having received the name of the "father of his country," at that early hour of supreme trial, did its full duty during the war of the Rebellion.

On the 30th of July, 1862, the town voted a bounty of $100 to volunteers. On the 23d of August, this bounty was raised to $150. On the 8th of September, the town voted to give the nine months men $200 bounty, and if enough patriotic citizens of the *town* came forward as volunteers to save the disgrace of a draft, then the volunteers were to receive a bounty of $250. July 25, 1863, a bounty of $300 was voted to drafted men, who should serve. On the 10th of August, this vote was re-affirmed, and a further vote passed, authorizing the Selectmen to furnish, at the expense of the town, a substitute for each drafted man, who did not want to go to the war. On the 30th of November, 1863, Orestes Hickox was appointed recruiting agent, and committees for each school district were appointed to solicit subsciptions, to aid in the filling of the quota of the town. On the 24th of Dec. 1864, the town voted $300 to each man who should put in a substitute in advance, on a regulation then in force, granting that privilege to military subjects.

A gentleman of the town kept a record of what the town contributed in men and money, to the defence of the country, and

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has furnished the following items. Under the call for 75,000 three months' men, there were six volunteers. Under the call for 500,000 three years' men, forty-three; under the call for 300,000 three years' men, thirty-two; under the call for 300,000 nine months' men, sixteen; under the call for 300,000 three years' men, eighteen; under the call for 200,000 men, one; substitutes furnished under all calls, seventeen; commutations paid, sixteen; volunteers engaged at Bridgeport, fifty; total for town, 200. The total quota of the town under all the calls was 192. So that eight more were furnished than the quota. The town paid for thirty-two volunteers for the 19th Regiment, $3,200; for sixteen volunteers to the 28th Regiment, $4,000; for substitutes to fill draft of 1863, $2,725; commutation and bounty, $4,800; volunteers to fill next quota, $2,155; substitutes, $2,400; other war expenses, $760; total, $20,040.

The list of soldiers for Washington is as follows:—

Ames, John,
Allen, William,
Aberton, Geo. H.
Armstrong, Henry,
Bailey, John,
Benedict, John,
Black, William,
Black, Gustavus H.
Barnum, Russell T.
Bryan, Edward F.
Barton, Henry A.
Brice, Benjamin N.
Bennett, Robert,
Blauvelt, James,
Bashley, Charles,
Barney, Wm. C.
Bemus, John,
Cogswell, Watson,
Cogswell, John J.
Cogswell, Robert,
Calhoun, Henry A.
Calhoun, Simeon H.
Calhoun, Edgar W.
Crow, Matthew,
Collins, Jeremiah,
Culler, William,
Colle, Alfred,
Clark, Sheldon,
Cone, Wm. H.
Churchill, David,
Crane, Joseph W.
Dickerhoff, Charles,
Darzin, John,
Davis, Richard,
Davis, Wm. H.
Duskey, Charles,
Dewey, John,
Duggan, Charles,
Ellis, William,
Eiche, Christian,
Flesor, John,
Ferris, James A.
Fox, Lucius,
Fox, Shelden,
Fearn, Wm. P.
Francis, Joseph,
Flynn, Michael,
Flynn, James,
Farley, John,
Foster, John,
Fitzgerald, Patrick,
Ford, Remus F.

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Goodyear, Charles,
Galpin, Charles E.
Glover, Julius A.
Hatch, Calvin B.
Hull, Edward,
Hall, John G.
Hall, Thomas,
Holyendorf, Alexander,
Hanser, Oloff,
Hollister, Dwight,
Hollister, Fitz G.
Hollister, Lewis,
Hamlin, Levi A.
Hamlin, Platt A.
Hamlin, John M.
Hamlin, Lewis,
Hamlin, Lewis G.
Jones, John,
Johnson, Peter,
Knowles, Joseph F.
Kenney, Elmon C.
Kenney, Noxon E.
Libunr, Frank,
Lewis, Jacob S.
Loveridge, Romulus C.
Logan, John H.
Mallory, Truman,
Morse, Charles,
Morse, John,
McNally, William,
McCarthy, Robert,
McMahon, Daniel,
Marks, William,
Meramble, John W.
Man, James,
Muller, Christian,
Mitchell, Abner W.
Mellon, Wm. E.
Noble, Charles,
Nettleton, Jay T.
Nizzer, John,
Nichols, Franklin,
Nicholas, John,
Perkins, Harley,
Pardon, Jesse,
Reno, John T.
Ross, August,
Riley, John,
Smith, Edmund,
Smith, James,
Sullivan, Jerry,
Titus, Jerome,
Thompson, James,
Taylor, George E.
Williams, Burr,
Williams, Charles,
Williams, John, 2d,
Williams, Philip,
Worden, Homer G.
Weston, Theodore J,
Whittlesey, Timothy,
Whittlesey, Alfred N.
Warner, Chauncey L.
Warner, Frank, Jr.
Wright, David B.
Watrous, Wm. J.
Ward, George,
Whitehead, John B.

This town has been prospered for the last twenty years. Business of all kinds has increased, and now that the Shepaug Railroad passes near the village, it will doubtless make still more rapid advancement.

It is quite a place of resort for summer visitors, who enliven

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the "social circle" of the town. But the great attraction, that which adds more than any one thing to the material prosperity of the town, is Gunn's Boarding School for Boys. This institution was commenced by Mr. F. W. Gunn, as a private enterprize, in 1839, and has been continued, with a slight interruption, till the present day. It has become the most successful educational institution in Western Connecticut. Mr. Gunn has a method of government and instruction peculiar to himself, and has received the patronage of some of the most eminent persons in the United States. He is beloved by his pupils. Some two or three years ago his former pupils re-assembled on the hill of "old Judea," formed a "Gunn Alumni Association," and had a week's festivities, with the intention of renewing the same as often as the year returns. Mr. Gunn spends the summer vacation "in camp" at "Point Beautiful," on Lake Weraumaug, when and where the "boys" have their gala days in various sports, boating and fishing on the lake, and "enjoying themselves generally." The artist gives a faithful representation of the lake, from the North-east, with a view of "Gunn's Encampment" at the "far West."

A few extracts from the "Litchfield Enquirer" and "Hartford Post," of 1869, will give a more distict idea of Mr. Gunn and his school:—

"There is a little town nestling among the hills of Connecticut, ten miles from the Railroad, ten miles from everywhere, removed from the noise and bustle of the world, slumbering in a bowl and surrounded by mountains, which bear such a fancied resemblance to ancient Palestine, that the early Puritans called the place Judea, and named the adjoining town Bethlehem; but the revolutionary descendants of the Puritans changed the name in honor of the father of his country, and called it Washington,

"This village of Washington is more like an ideal town than anything real. It differs from any place you know about, and that is the reason why I have decided to tell you concerning it. The only approach to it by public conveyance is from New Milford, a drive of ten miles over a very hilly road. The coach in which you make the transit was not brought over in the Mayflower, but was sent out on the next ship. It is really refreshing to take a seat in such an ark, after a Railroad journey, and to find that your fellow-passengers are at once prepared to enter into a lively conversation, just as was the custom in coaches in the early stages of civilization. The driver is a gentleman of property who

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F. W. GUNN'S SEMINARY, WASHINGTON, CONN.

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has had the contract for carrying the mail since time immemorial, and consequently knows all the inhabitants of the country far and near. He is an agent for the transaction of all kinds of errands; out of every farm-house peers a face in anxious expectation of a letter or a return for that crock of butter sent on the last trip. Newspapers are thrown over the front gate, letters are picked up from the horse-block; parcels, bundles, boxes, bags, women and children are gathered as we proceed, until the coach is like a New York omnibus, with plenty of room inside.

"The occasion of my visit was a reunion of the old boys at Mr. Gunn's celebrated school. I had heard so much about the school that I was anxious to see it in its gala days, when the passed boys were to return to visit the scenes of their childhood, and the present boys were then to welcome them. Forty old boys; some of them lawyers, doctors, clergymen, merchants; but all boys, even now, returned to Alma Mater, and were welcomed by forty boys who are only younger in years, but not a whit younger in feeling; and the youngest, jolliest, happiest of the lot, was the teacher and founder of the school.

"I have not in many a year witnessed such a scene of innocent and genuine happiness as was apparent at this school. It is a boy's paradise. The moral tone of the school is its distinguishing feature. Any one guilty of deceit or fraud, is warned by his companions to report himself to the head-master; if he neglects to do so, he is at once informed upon by his companions. Instead of its being mean to report a misdemeanor, it is here regarded as an offence against the whole boy community to permit a misdeed to go unpunished. The methods of punishment pursued at the school are entirely original, and generally arise on the spur of the moment. A little boy makes too much noise; he is ordered to take a horn to the village green, and to blow a blast at the four corners of the church; or he is sent a mile over the hill to the Moody barn; or he helps rake hay for half an hour in the fields, or cleans some bricks that are required for building. One day a boy stole some apples from a poor widow; he was sent the next day to pick up stones from her field as a punishment, but the widow's heart softened, and she made him come in to dinner, and stuffed him with good things and sent him home. A little boy was caught ducking a cat in the rain-water hogshead; up steps the teacher behind him,, and, seizing him by the seat of his breeches and the nape of the neck, plunges him in after the cat, to show him how

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it feels. Such things as bullying and fagging are not tolerated. There are no rules, no forbidden games; everything that can afford amusement is tolerated at proper times and in proper quantity. The master of the school is unable to distinguish between the good Dr. Busby and the wickedness of ordinary playing cards, and so the boys play whist, if they know enough, openly and in the parlor. The sinfulness of dancing and the orthodoxy of calisthenics are metaphysical distinctions; and the boys have a dance when there is time for it and they feel like it. Those who are old enough have breech-loading rifles, and they are taught how to use them, as the master of the school is one of the best shots in the country. The older boys learn all about the haunts of animals. They know the track of the woodchuck, the racoon, the fox, and can tell the name of a bird from its song, its nest, or its egg. They roam the forests on Saturdays, and fish and hunt, and bathe in the mountain streams; some trusty big boy accompanies the smaller ones, and no party goes away without the knowledge of the teachers. All the boys wear good stout woollen clothing, which necessarily meets with numerous rents and tares, but is kept in order by Aunt Betsey, whose needle and patch-work are in constant demand. Such a beehive, such exuberant spirits and shouts of happiness, constantly bubbling up and running over, as this school exhibits, it has never been my lot to witness before.

"Mr. Gunn's long career and marked success as a teacher, are deserving of something more than a mere passing notice. Shortly after his graduation from College, he started an Academy school at his native place, in 1839, which with a few years interval he has kept up ever since. Commencing with a day school, he began after a time taking boarding scholars. As their number increased he has made one addition after another to his dwelling house, till now he has nearly fifty boarding in his own family. During the past season he has added another story, in which is a large, well-lighted, well-ventilated, school-room.

"Of the character of so old and well established an institution, it is hardly necessary to speak. Mr. Gunn is a born teacher, with that remarkable faculty for interesing pupils in study, which Normal Schools may improve, but cannot give. He has excellent methods of play as well as of study for young folks, and early recognized a fact, now becoming generally understood, that the developement of boys' bodies is as much a part of the teacher's

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duty, as the developement of their minds. Taking into consideration, also, the additional and most important fact, that with him the boy finds a *home*, as well as a school, we are not surprised at the evidences of increasing prosperity that strike us at each return to the old institution. One other fact we can hardly pass by without due reference. From the outset, Mr. Gunn was an outspoken Abolitionist. At that time the Abolitionist was distrusted and disliked, if not persecuted as a disturber of the peace. The effect on the school was for a time disastrous. The number of pupils diminished; and, for a year or two Mr. Gunn taught at Towanda, Pennsylvania. Returning, the school was started again, and from that time its prosperity seems steadily to have increased. Prominent Anti-Slavery people remembered a co-worker, and at different times sons of Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Stowe and John C. Fremont, have attended this school. Of late, too, many have not only ceased persecuting the prophets, but have become prophets themselves, so that the social condition of an abolitionist is now by no means as lamentable as it was thirty years since."

The present population of the town, by the census of 1870, is 1,563, a loss of 96 since 1860.

ROXBURY.

Rev. Austin Isham was pastor of the church at the date of the last edition, and until the first Tuesday in June, 1863, when he was dismissed, having been pastor of the church twenty-three years. During the year following, the Church and Society were supplied by the Rev. Oliver Stone Dean, a young man of superior abilities and power as a preacher.

On the 6th day of June, 1864, the church and society, by their vote, gave the Rev. Oliver Stone Dean, of Putnam, New York, a call to settle as pastor, and appointed Charles Beardsley, Edwin G. Seeley, and Frederick W. Lathrop, a committee to inform him of the votes of the society and church. This call was accepted by Mr. Dean, and he was ordained and installed pastor of the church and society, July 6th, 1864. He continued pastor for three years and one month, and then handed in his resignation, which was relectantly accepted, and was dismissed, Dec. 17th, 1867, though he left some months before he was dismissed, and went to preach in Kalamazoo, Mich., where he is now settled. The following year, the society employed about all the "Theologs" in

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Yale College. I will not undertake to give their names, "for they are legion."

Among the number, however, the society selected the Rev. Juba Howe Varce, a young man in whom the society and church were very well united; he preached nine months, when his health failed him, and he had to leave. The society again resorted to Yale College for a few Sabbaths for a supply, when the Rev. Arthur Goodenough, who had been preaching in Ellsworth, this State, was hired for a year or more, but when his time expired, Nov., 1870, he left, and has since been settled in Winchester, in this State. The society is now drawing from Yale, the old School of Prophets."

The baptisms which have been recorded since any authentic records have been kept, are 440. This record goes back to 1795, and down to the present time.

The revivals which have taken place in the church since the last one named in your edition, have been somewhat frequent. The church was visited by the Holy Spirit in 1832, and forty-two were added to it. In 1833, eleven were added. In 1836, ten were added. In 1838, twenty-two were added. In 1843, eighty-four were added. In 1852, eight were added. In 1854, twelve were added. In 1857, five were added. In 1858, seventeen were added. In 1863, thirteen were added, and in 1867 twenty-five were added. Some others have been added by letter, and some few in other years not enumerated above, by profession. Some have been dismissed by letter, and some have gone to parts unknown, and have been erased from the church records. Many have died, leaving upon the church records, February, 1871, 174 members.

Deacon Sheldon Camp and deacon Aaron W. Fenn, are the present deacons. Deacon Sheldon Camp was elected, April, 1857. Deacon Aaron W. Fenn was elected, October, 1858. [1]

From the other churches of the various denominations in the several towns, the author has received no reports.

As soon as it was announced that the rebels had fired upon Fort Sumter, the old spirit of "seventy-six" was observed in this town, and true to their Revolutionary instincts, the young men sprang to arms. Many a voice joined in chorus with that of Jeremiah T. Bronson, who was one of the first volunteers, and gave his life for his country; in the words,—

"My country calls, and I must go,
To protect our flag through weal or woe."

[1] The date, 1731, on page 276, should be, 1741.

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The first volunteer from Roxbury who was mustered into the service was Seth Warner, a blood descendent of Col. Seth Warner, of Revolutionary memory, and well did he sustain in the field the glories of the old blood. Other good men and true followed, and made an honorable record. Their names should be written in letters of gold. The list follows:—

Allen, William,
Addis, Seth H.
Bradley, Edson,
Bradley, Ira S.
Beach, F. W.
Beers, Harmon,
Bronson, Jeremiah T.
Booth, Charles F.
Booth, Henry A.
Camp, Oliver,
Carrans, Daniel,
Donovan, Jeremiah,
Dickson, David,
Deacons, Henry,
Fenn, Robert L.
Glenn, James,
Hurlbut, Roger L.
Hurlbut, Charles H.
Holland, James B.
Hubbard, Roger E.
Hull, John D.
Judd, Capt. Lewis,
Jackson, Charles,
Lake, George,
Lewis, David,
Lucas, Israel,
Miller, David,
Miller, Frank,
Miller, Peter,
Morriss, Lieut. Wm. E.
Madigan, Michael,
May, Fred.
McKenney, John,
Meirs, Henry,
Nicholson, Cyrus F.
Neeson, John,
Oviatt, John M.
O'Neil, James,
Prindle, Capt. Cyrus E.
Roche, Lewis,
Rueck, John,
Smidt, Henry,
Squire, John J.
Sullivan, Jeremiah,
Smith, Henry,
Smith, Wm. H.
Thompson, Fred.
Tencey, James,
Tracey, James,
Tyrrell, Charles F.
Vanderbeck, Albert,
Wessels, Peter,
Williams, John,
Wright, John,
Wright, Charles,
Wells, John,
Wells, Henry,
Walker, William
Walker, George R.
Warner, Geo. W.
Warner, Seth,
Whitehead, Botsford,
Woodruff, John.

To aid in putting these soldiers in the field, the town voted, Aug. 8, 1862, a bounty of $100 to each volunteer. On the 1st of

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August, 1863, a bounty of $300 was voted to each drafted man, under the Act of Congress of 3d March, 1863. The last war town meeting was hold Sept. 21, 1864—when it was voted to assume and pay all the expenses that had been incurred by individuals in procuring their substitutes during the existence of the war. This covered the whole ground, and there was no further need of town meetings.

The total amount paid by the town for the war, was $16,057.25 —by individuals from their private means, about $4,000.

The population of the town by the census of 1870, was 920—a loss of seventy-two from the census of 1860. These inland towns are constantly losing their population—their best young men, by western emigration.

From the North Congregational and Methodist churches, the writer, after repeated and earnest solicitations, has received no report. The history of the North Congregational church, since the last edition, was substantially given in Rev. John Churchill's very acceptable address at the Bi-Centennial of the old 1st Church, in 1870. Since this gentleman's resignation, some four years ago, the North Church has "heard" about 100 candidates to insure the "acceptable preaching" of the "word" to that people, and within a few weeks the Rev. Mr. Wyckoff has been by them accepted and settled, with the general concurrence of the people, and with the belief that he will do an acceptable work in that promising vineyard of the Lord.

Our Methodist brethren are laboring hard in their "Zion" for the salvation of souls, with very good success.

The Roman Catholics have not yet a church edifice in this town for their religious services, but they have the "liberty" of our commodious Town Hall, with the consent of all the "Protestants," and have services there as often as priests can be obtained to officiate.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WOODBURY.

By request of the writer, the following items have been furnished by Rev. John Purves,—Ministers since 1852.—

Settled.		Dismissed.
May, 1853.	F. D. Harriman,	June, 1856.
July, 1856.	C. T. Woodruff,	Jan., 1860.
Mar., 1860.	George Rumney,	Dec., 1863.
Apr'l, 1860.	John Purves, M. A.	

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ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WOODBURY, CONN.

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From April, 1863, to March, 1871, there were baptisms, 101—86 children and 15 adults—45 persons confirmed—64 added to the communion, and 60 lost from it.—62 Burials, and 33 Marriages.

In 1871, there were 80 families, 104 communicants, 16 Sunday School Teachers, 73 Scholars. In 1855 the Church edifice, erected in 1785, was altered, repaired and beautified, under the direction of Mr. Walter P. Marshall. The Centennary of the settlement of the Rev. John Rutgers Marshall, the first Rector of the parish, was in November, 1871. Within the five years previous to 1871, the parish lost several of its venerable and most valuable members—three of its Wardens—Benjamin C. Peck, Gideon Botsford, and Benjamin Doolittle; also Ephraim B. Peck, James Moody, Phineas A. Judson, and many others, by death and by removal.

While these pages are passing through the press, the Centennial Anniversary of St. Paul's Church is being celebrated. Rev. John Purves, the Rector of the Church, has very kindly furnished the writer with an account of the proceedings, which here follows:—

"COMMEMORATION SERVICES.—The parish of St. Paul's, Woodbury, Litchfield county, Conn., is one of the oldest in the diocese. From 1723 to 1771, it had occasional services from the Rev. Mr. Pigot, the Rev. Dr. Johnson, of Stratford, the Rev. Mr. Beach, of Newtown, and other missionaries of the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts.

"The parish was organized as an Episcopal Society in 1740. In the autumn of 1771, the Rev. John Rutgers Marshall, who had been educated with a view to the Dutch Reformed ministry, but had conformed to the Church, went to England, and having received Holy Orders at the hands of the Bishop of London, returned to Connecticut as a missionary of the Society, and was settled at Woodbury. Mr. Marshall exercised his ministry in troublous times. He suffered persecution and bodily injury at the hands of men whose hearts and minds were ignorantly prejudiced against the Church, but he patiently endured and peacefully discharged his sacred duties, laying foundation principles of Apostolic faith in the hearts and minds of many.

"In 1785, by the liberal use of his own means, he commenced the building of the present church edifice, but he did not live to see it fully completed. In the year 1789, while yet in the full vigor of his powers, in the eighteenth year of his ministry, and

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in the forty-sixth of his age, Mr. Marshall was removed from his earthly labor to await the heavenly crown.

It was to commemorate the centennary of the settlement of the Rev. Mr. Marshall in Woodbury, that, on the 6th day of September, appropriate services were held in the church he was instrumental in erecting, and in the chancel of which, some years since, a memorial window inscribed with his name was placed.

"The former rectors of the parish still surviving, the descendants of deceased parisioners, and all its friends, were invited to be present. The old rectors, much to the regret of all, were Providentially prevented.

"The day was beautiful—a full attendance crowded the church. As the bishops and clergy entered, the congregation rose, and united in singing the hymn—"Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem."

The Rt. Rev. John Williams, D. D., LL.D., Bishop of the Diocese, was accompanied by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Venables, Lord Bishop of Nassau—a grandson of Dr. Moss, Bishop of Bath and Wells, one of the consecrators of Bishop White—followed by the clergy, most of them in surplices; the Rev. Drs. J. L. Clark, E. E. Beardsley, and D. H. Short, and the Rev. Messrs. Moody, Welton, Peck, Russell, Clark, Nelson, Marvin, Pierce, Baldwin, Acly, Bishop and Purves, the rector of the parish.

"Morning prayer was conducted by the Rev. J. L. Clark, the Rev. Professor Bissell, and the Rev. Dr. Short. The XXIVth selection was then sung, Bishop Williams commenced the communion service, Bishop Venables read the Epistle, and Bishop Williams the Gospel. The LXth psalm was then sung, after which Bishop Williams preached from the text, Psalm xliv. 1, 'We have heard with our ears, O God; our fathers have told us what Thou hast done in their time of old.'

"After expressions of hearty congratulation to the parish on this deeply interesting occasion, and a fitting reference to the presence of a colonial bishop, the subject presented was the organization of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in 1701, and its missionary work in Connecticut. At the conclusion of the sermon, 'Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,' was sung, after which the bishop confirmed four persons.

"The rector then received the offertory. Bishop Williams said the prayer for Christ's Church militant. Bishop Venables read the exhortation, the confession and comfortable words. The Trisagion having been sung, and the prayer for humble access offered,

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Bishop Williams consecrated the elements of the Lord's Supper, and was assisted in the delivery of the same by the Rev. Mr. Baldwin and the Rector. The Communion hymn was:

"Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward Christian, onward go,—
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened by the Bread of Life."

A large number of communicants united in the Holy Eucharist. The offering was four hundred and sixty-three dollars.

"At three o'clock in the afternoon, after the singing of the seventy-ninth psalm, the Rev. Mr. Moody read the Litany. The sixtieth selection was then sung, and an address was delivered by the Rector. The subject was: The historic spirit of the Christian traveller following the current of the Church, as a river, from its source to the sea. Ezekiel's vision of the holy waters issuing from the gate of the Temple, was taken as the ground of an historical discourse. The Church, under the figure of a river, was traced from its original spring. It was represented as flowing on from the east, branching into the isles of the west, and from thence passing over into the new world—reaching to the *ankles* in the valleys, rising to the *knees* around the inland hills, swelling to the *loins* among the central mountains, deepening and widening in its course from east to west. A river to swim in, having a continuous line of trees flourishing upon its banks, with healing in its living waters. The faithfulness of such noble missionaries as Johnson, Beach, and Marshall, was eulogized. The history of Marshall, the first settled missionary in Woodbury, and the sore trials he endured, were briefly sketched, and an historical and statistical account of the parish was given to the present time.

"Pleasant are Thy courts above,"

was then sung, and the Benediction pronounced.

Evening service, at 7:40 o'clock, was conducted by the Rev. Messrs. Nelson, Clark, and Peck. The Rev. Dr. Beardsley delivered a sermon from Job, viii. 10. This admirable discourse, by the able historian of the Episcopal Church in Connecticut, was on the mission of the Rev. John Rutgers Marshall, and on the election of Bishop Seabury, in Woodbury, to the Episcopate of Connecticut. He clearly showed the prominent part which Connecti-

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cut took in settling the framework and in arranging the formularies of the Church, as it is now organized.

The hymn,

> "Saviour again to Thy dear Name we raise,
> With one accord, our parting hymn of praise,"

was sung. The Bishop then closed the service with prayer and the benediction. The gifts presented on this interesting occasion were: Wall decoration of the chancel in polychrome; four paintings in oil, to fill four panels of the reredos, (the paintings to contain the symbols of the four Gospels, blended with emblems of the Lord's Supper, and texts from the Evangelists); silver flagon and silver paten; prayer-books for the altar; pulpit desk and pulpit frontal, in crimson and gold; two sets of candle branches for the reredos; a set of altar linen, and a pair of crystal vases. These were presented by the descendants of the first Rector, and by the friends of the parish. In addition, several memorial windows have been promised.

"A beautiful collation was provided by the ladies, of which the bishops, clergy, visitors, and parishioners partook with much social enjoyment.

"All the services were attended by full congregations. The responses were rendered with unusual spirit. The singing, led by the choir, with well arranged and appropriate music, was hearty and joyful, and there was a general expression of cordial thankfulness for the privilege of joining in such pleasant commemoration services.

"Why should not the Church 'spend the flower of her time happily,' by keeping such pleasant memories with religious joy? The centenary of the consecration of Bishop Seabury is not far distant, which may be pleasantly anticipated by religious memorials of the missionaries who preceded him. If the centenary of the birth of a great literary and poetical genius, who 'roused romance from her mouldering urn,' and awakened historic voices in a mountain land, which have resounded round the world, be widely celebrated, why should not the name and memorial of the heroic servants of God, who have been the heralds of the Gospel and the missionaries of the cross, be worthily kept with psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, by those in whose hearts their memory remains as a tuneful melody? The very dust of the

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sacred dead should be honored. At their graves the blushing rose should speak of the cheering hope of the resurrection, and the clustering evergreen vine shadow forth the immortality of saints departed."

Here ends our account of the various societies that have been born and bred in the "old homestead," and we leave them with a benediction, hoping that at the "Day of final accounts" we shall meet with all of our children "in a general joy."

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CHAPTER XI.

BIOGRAPHIES AND AUTO-BIOGRAPHIES OF NATIVES, RESIDENTS, AND DESCENDANTS OF ANCIENT WOODBURY, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

DEATH has made it necessary that further biographies should be written. Further auto-biographies will also be added. Time is short, and this is a busy world, but it is useful and instructive to note the record of the men who act well their part in the great drama and *tragedy* of life. Twenty years will always add to the procession to the "Great Unknown Land." Singular instances occur in every rank in life. The following is an instance in the clerical profession :—

GARRETT GARNSEY BROWN.

Garrett Garnsey Brown, of the class of 1809, Yale College, died in the Woodbury almshouse, on Saturday, October 1st, aged 86 years. He was a native of Bethlehem, and after being graduated at Yale, at the age of twenty-five, went South, where he engaged in teaching in families of wealthy planters in Louisiana. He also preached as a Congregational minister, but whether regularly ordained or not, we do not know. Later in life he went to the Sandwich Islands, where he was unfortunate and lost his property. He subsequently returned to Louisiana, remaining there

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until shortly before the war, when he came back to his native place. He was provided for a while by a brother, but finally, being unwilling to make any exertion for his own comfort or benefit, was turned upon the town, and boarded at the public expense at the Woodbury almshouse. He retained his faculties to a remarkable degree until the end of his life.

HON. SETH P. BEERS.

A sketch of Mr. Beers appears on page 426. An error occurs in the date in the 11th line. It should be, November, 1812.

He was born at Woodbury, July 1st, 1781, but passed his whole business life at Litchfield, Conn. He attended the "Bi-Centennial" of the town, July 4th and 5th, 1859, and made a most feeling, appropriate, and eloquent address, which included a sketch of his own career. One remark made on that occasion proved prophetic in his own case. It is recorded on page 974. "*My coming hither to day seems a completion of the circle of my life. It brings me round to the point whence I started, and connects the termination of the line with the beginning.*" He was at this time one of the best preserved old men with whom the writer has ever been acquainted, but he died a little more than a year later. All his children are gone, too, except Julia. And thus passed away a Christian gentleman of the "old school,"—one of the most honored and useful citizens of our county and State.

HON. CHARLES CHAPMAN.

Charles Chapman,[1] the most brilliant advocate of the Connecticut bar, was a "grandson of Woodbury" by two lines of descent. He died at Hartford, where he resided, on the 7th day of August, 1869, in the 71st year of his age. He was born in Newtown, Conn., June 21st, 1799. His father was Asa Chapman, a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. He commenced his law studies with his father, pursued them for a time at the Litchfield Law School, and completed them with the late Chief Jus-

[1] The larger portion of this account of Mr. Chapman is taken from the 35th Vol. of Connecticut Reports.

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tice Williams, then in practice in Hartford. He commenced the practice of law in New Haven, and in 1832 removed to Hartford, where he spent the remainder of his life. He six times represented the town of Hartford in the State Legislature, and was elected to Congress in 1851 by the Whig party, to which he was then attached. He was also United States District Attorney for the District of Connecticut, from the spring of 1841 to the close of 1844.

Mr. Chapman had a very large professional practice, especially in criminal cases. There was hardly a criminal trial in the State of special importance in which he was not employed for the defence, and he often went into neighboring States upon such cases. Over-work in the trial of a protracted case in Northampton, Mass., a few months before his death, undoubtedly hastened that event.

Mr. Chapman seemed to be in his natural element in the trial of causes before a jury. The more desperate his case, the more he seemed to be inspirited by it. His resources were inexhaustible. His power in addressing a jury was very remarkable. In the examination of witnesses, and the sifting of evidence, he had no superior; it seemed impossible for a falsehood to elude him. His sarcasm, when he thought the occasion demanded it, was terrible. He had command of a masterly English, which he compacted into sentences, generally, of finished elegance, often of dramatic power. His wit was always keen, and ever in hand; nobody approached him in readiness of retort. He did not move his hearers as the greatest orators do, by being profoundly impressed himself and carrying them along by sympathy. The process with him was wholly intellectual—cool himself and with a perfect comprehension of the suttlest springs of human feeling and action, he played with his audience like a magician. Wit, pathos, humor, invective, fancy, logic,—all seemed to combine, or take their turn in sweeping everything before them. In his delivery he was entirely natural, and his manner unstudied. He was very social in his nature, a remarkably good talker, and incomparable and inexhaustible as a story teller. Many of his felicities of speech and story will long survive among the festive traditions of the bar.

Hon. Richard D. Hubbard says of him:—"In the delicate duty of examining witnesses—above all, in that most important and most difficult of all professional functions, a cross-examination—he was not only distinguished, he was consummate. A cross-examination with him was a hot and running fire of scathing

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inquisitions. He searched the very veins of a witness. A perjurer in his hands was not merely unmasked, he suffered on the spot a part, at least, of the punishment due to his crime."

Judge Wm. D. Shipman, of the United States District Court, says of Mr. Chapman:—"No greater mistake could be made than to suppose that mere ingenuity and adroitness were the main weapons which made Charles Chapman, for nearly forty years, a singular power at the Bar of this State. His capacity to maintain a high position in a large class of cases, with the able leaders of the profession, was due to quite other and higher qualities than mental dexterity.

"In this field (criminal defence) he is admitted on all hands to have been without a superior,—I may say without an equal, at the Bar of this State. In the performance of this duty, he was faithful in all things. I say duty, for the defence of persons accused of crime is a duty, which the public cannot afford to see neglected or undervalued. So tender and mindful is our law on the subject, that it not only discards the barbarous usage once prevailing in England, by which alleged criminals were denied counsel, but, if the accused is destitute, it is the duty of the Court to assign him counsel. Whether originally employed by the defendent, or assigned by the Court, the path of the lawyer is plain. He is bound by the law itself to use, with honor and rectitude, every intellectual and professional weapon to the utmost of the ability which God and the law have given him, in the defence of his client. This Charles Chapman did, and the faithful manner in which he performed this duty, constitutes one of his highest titles to honor. He defended men only by the open use of the legitimate weapons of professional warfare. Some may have been acquitted who really deserved conviction. But it is idle to charge the lawyer who honorably and successfully defends an accused man with wrongfully shielding the guilty. He interposes no shield but that which the law puts into his hands, and is necessary for the proper defence of every defendent, whether innocent or guilty. The question before the triers is never that of absolute guilt, but whether, upon the evidence presented in the Court, all reasonable doubt is excluded. No higher duty can devolve on the lawyer, than to see to it that no man is convicted upon unworthy, or insufficient evidence; for in doing so he preserves the only safeguard which innocence has against popular rage, or official tyranny. Our deceased brother well understood this duty, and performed it with

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fearlessness and ability; often in behalf of the poor and friendless, without hope of reward.

"In private life, Mr. Chapman was an interesting and entertaining companion. With his never failing fund of anecdote and humor, his quaint, epigrammatic, incisive comments upon phases of character, and the incidents of daily life, and the usual gaity of his temper, he threw a charm over the hours of relaxation. Though living to the age of seventy, his youthful tastes and feelings never forsook him. He loved the applause which success in that profession brought him. The love of distinction may be pronounced by the moralist an infirmity, but an austere genius has declared it to be

"The last infirmity of a noble mind."

It undoubtedly is a powerful incentive to excellence, and when seeking its triumphs in the fields of intellectual renown, it is, next to the spirit inculcated by Christianity, the most mighty agent in developing and nourishing those virtues which give dignity and ornament to human character."

WILLIAM COTHREN,

Son of William and Hannah Cothren, was born at Farmington, Maine, November 28th, 1819. He fitted for College at the Farmington Academy; graduated at Bowdoin College, Maine, in 1843; received his second degree in course, at the same institution in 1846, and the degree of Master of Arts, *ad eundem*, from Yale College, in 1847. He studied law under the direction of Hon. Robert Goodenough, of Farmington, Me, late a member of Congress from his district, and with the late Hon. Charles B. Phelps, of Woodbury. He came to Woodbury in 1844, taught school for a while, and was admitted to the Litchfield County Bar, Oct., 1845. He commenced the practice of his profession in Woodbury immediately after, and has continued there in the performance of his duties as a counselor to the present time. He was elected a county commissioner for Litchfield County, at the May session of the General Assembly, in 1851. In April, 1856, he was admitted as an Attorney and Counselor of the United States Circuit Court, and on the 8th of March, 1865, he was admitted as an Attorney and Counselor of the Supreme Court of the United States. He

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was elected Corresponding member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, at Boston, Mass., May 5th, 1847; a member of the Connecticut Historical Society, Nov. 23d, 1852, of which, for many years, he has been a Vice-President; an Honorary member of Old Colony Historical Society, at Plymouth, Mass., April 24th, 1854; a Corresponding member of the Wisconsin Historical Society, Jan. 17th, 1855; a Corresponding member of the Vermont Historical Society, Feb. 3d, 1860; a Corresponding member of the Maine Historical Society, Sept. 18th, 1861; and an Honorary member of the Rutland County Historical Society, Oct. 8th, 1868.

HON. SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

Mr. Goodrich was even better known by his *nom de plume* of "Peter Parley," under which he achieved his world-wide distinction as an author, than by his real name. He was the son of the late Rev. Samuel Goodrich, pastor of the Congregational church in Ridgefield, Conn., where the subject of this notice was born. He was a member of a highly cultivated and intellectual family, and spent a life of industry and usefulness, and earned an enviable fame. It is not the design of this notice to write an obituary of him, or an estimate of his life and his works. They are engraved on the hearts of the intelligent and thoughtful in all the world. It is simply to say a word of the closing years of his life, and to mention the fact that "his bones remain with us" in this beautiful valley. Two or three years before his death, he bought a country house in Southbury, on "Maple Hill," on the beautifully shaded street, just below the Woodbury line, for the purpose of spending, in the serenity of a country repose, the evening of his days, and to identify himself with the people of his chosen home, and thus renew the thoughts and associations of his early years. But he was not long to enjoy his desired rest. He went to New York on business one day in good health, the next day he was stricken down, and on the next brought home. The dream of life was over, and they laid him to rest in the "ancient cemetery" of Southbury, where lie the generations who have gone before him. Thus passed away one of the most distinguished men of our times.

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HON. ORLANDO HASTINGS. [1]

Mr. Hastings was born in Washington, in Litchfield County, Conn., in 1789, and, at the age of seven years, was removed by his parents to the vicinity of Clinton, N. Y. He was the third son and fifth child in a family of eleven children. In common with the other members of that interesting household, he enjoyed in early years the instructions and prayers of eminently pious parents; and, as in ten thousand other cases in the moral history of mankind, the first sacred influences of a godly mother have but lived again in the strict integrity and high-toned religious sentiments of the son. His youth was morally circumspect, but not religious.

Being attacked, at about the age of twenty-one years, with hemorrhage of the lungs, he was turned aside from the plan of obtaining a collegiate education, which he had cherished, and after a time engaged in commercial pursuits. In 1815, he entered the law office of the late Judge Griffin, then practicing at Clinton, N. Y.; and in the year 1818, removed to Genesseo, where he established himself in the business of his profession. About this time he dated his hopeful conversion, though his public connection with the church was not formed till the year 1825. In 1830, he removed to Rochester, where the burden and heat of the day were borne. These were the first fruits of his influence, both at the Bar, and in the church. In either sphere it was an influence that will not soon be forgotten. Among the *many* worthy names which are justly revered, as having given character to that city, and which will live as long as it has a history, that of Orlando Hastings will stand high, both as a legal counselor, and as a very pillar in the House of God.

Mr. Hastings was gifted with a mind of rare capacity, distinguished particularly for its logical clearness, its power of close and prolonged attention, and its intuitive grasp of a whole subject at once. He generally apprehended the chief points at issue in clear and sharp outline, with no blur or shading into penumbral dimness and uncertainty. And the views so clearly and strongly conceived, on whatever subject, always enlisted the enthusiasm of his whole nature, stirred the resoluteness of an indomitable perse-

[1] This notice is extracted principally from the funeral sermon preached by Rev. F. F. Ellinwood.

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verence, and called forth a very rare degree of executive force. No opinion was ever indifferently entertained, which he deemed worthy to be entertained at all. No mere surmises—his own or another's—could be accepted by him as conclusions; but *that* which *was* received as *truth*, became a fire in his bones, stirring every energy—putting forth the most unflinching resolution, and the promptest action. Even those who differed with him could never doubt his entire sincerity; and if, in the earnestness with which he sought his ends, he seemed to any too strenuous, they were still constrained to feel that it was neither interest, nor disingenuous obstinacy, but only the zeal of strong and honest convictions, that influenced him.

I shall utter (said the pastor) nothing new to most of you, when I say, that for tenderness of sympathy, Mr. Hastings was one in a thousand. I am constrained to bear it as my well considered testimony, that in all my intercourse with men, I have never known a heart more susceptible to kindness and the tokens of friendship, or more easily moved with sympathy for the wants and woes of others. I have never seen the tears of emotion so often stealing from any other manly eye; nor heard so frequently the stifled utterances of tender feeling, from any other manly lips. Hundreds and thousands who had nothing with which to pay, have gone to him and found advice and help in every species of difficulty; and as to pecuniary means, who does not know that a large proportion of his handsome income was dispensed, almost with the freeness of the sunlight and the shower? Could all those who have received his benefactions for the last half century, stand up here in full array before us, the spectacle itself would utter a silent eulogium more eloquent than tongue can express.

I need not say to those who knew his mental or moral qualities, that he has been to us a valued counselor. I need not add that his well known earnestness and Christian zeal, have rendered him indefatigable in every *labor* of love among us; and so as to pecuniary support, as you might suppose, his liberal purse has been almost a treasury of the church. In our social meetings, he never opened his lips without having something to say, which was both edifying and instructive to his hearers. Moreover his example among us—if punctuality in every religious duty—if thorough honesty in his Christian life—if high-toned sentiment in respect to the influence of the church upon the world has any worth, it has, we trust, left its *lasting impress* upon us. He loved the inte-

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rests of this church as his own life. There was almost no sacrifice that he was not prepared to make for its outward prosperity, or its spiritual thrift. His thoughts were much upon it; he planned for its advancement; he gave to and labored for it, and prayed in its behalf. Even when no longer able to come up to this much loved place, or even kneel at the family altar, still, bolstered in his chair, and speaking only in slow and feeble accents, he uttered one of the most remarkable petitions of his whole life, for the spiritual interests of this church. And we may feel that as a legacy of blessing to us, that prayer stands as a memorial before God.

He was one of the most industrious and successful practitioners in the State of his adoption. On the occasion of his death, special meetings of the church, and other public bodies of which he had been a member were held, at which resolutions of the most complimentary kind were passed, and also in the several Courts before which he had so long and ably practiced, set eulogies were pronounced, scarcely equaled by those delivered on any similar occasion in this country. And thus passed to his rest the able counselor, the revered friend, and the Christian gentleman. [1]

CHIEF JUSTICE JOEL HINMAN.

A brief account of Judge Hinman appears on page 442, but as he has now deceased, a further record of him will be added—taken principally from a paper prepared by Frederick J. Kingsbury, Esq., of Waterbury, and printed in the 35th vol. of Conn. Reports.

Judge Hinman was born at Southbury, Conn., January 27th, 1802, and died of pneumonia at his residence in Cheshire, February 21st, 1870, aged 68. He was buried on Thursday, Feb. 24th, in the graveyard at Cheshire, adjoining the Episcopal Church, where he had been for years a faithful attendant. In accordance with a wish expressed by him some time before his death, and entirely characteristic of the man, no sermon was preached, and no eulogy was pronounced. But he was followed to the grave by a large concourse of his old neighbors and friends, by the judges of the Courts, and by representatives of the Bar from all parts of the State.

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[1] In the account of Dr. Seth Hastings, father of the above, p. 385, the list of children should be as follows, at his death, 84 years of age, viz: Seth, Betsey, Thomas, Orlando, Eurotas Parmelee, Charles, Truman, Sophia.

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The Judge was the twelfth in a family of fourteen or fifteen children, and, after having received a common school education, early applied himself to the study of the law, first with Judge Chapman, at Newtown, and afterwards with Messrs. Staples and Hitchcock, at New Haven. He was admitted to the Bar not long after reaching his majority, and settled in Waterbury, in 1824. The following year he married Miss Maria Scovill, daughter of James Scovill, of Waterbury. In 1830, he was appointed Judge of Probate for the Waterbury District, and continued to hold the office for ten years. He twice represented the 5th District, in the State Senate, and several times the town of Waterbury in the House of Representatives. While a member of the House, in 1842, he was elected a Judge of the Superior and Supreme Courts, to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Roger Minot Sherman. Upon the decease of Chief Justice Storrs, in 1861, he was elected Chief Judge, which office he continued to hold till his decease. Judge Hinman continued to reside in Waterbury till 1845, when he removed to New Haven, where he remained several years, and subsequently to Cheshire, where he died. He left a widow and four children; one son and three daughters. The Judge was 40 years old when he was elected, and is said to have been the youngest man, up to that time, who had filled that position. His election was quite unexpected to him and to the public. The judges of the Court were mostly past the prime of life, and men of marked ability. He was comparatively young, and had attained no eminence at the bar. As a legislator he spoke seldom and briefly, though he was acknowledged as one of the leaders, and his opinion had much weight. In his profession he was possessed of considerable ability, and, on occasions, showed it. But he was unsuited to active practice, slow of utterance, indolent and unmethodical in his business habits, and needed a spur to exertion, which the limited practice of a country town did not supply. But he was much better adapted by nature for the bench than the bar. He had an eminently judicial mind, and having now a sufficient inducement to exertion, he soon won, in his new position, both the respect of his associates and of the bar—a respect which steadily increased during the rest of his life. The whole action of his mind was deliberative, perpending, judicial. "Well, now let's see," was his favorite connecting and lubricating clause, in all the breaks and joints of conversation, discussion and argument. The members of the bar, both old and young, throughout

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the State, regarded him with much respect, mingled with a feeling of complacency closely bordering on affection. He, on his part, was fond of young men, and enjoyed their society and conversation. He called people by their first names. He knew the children, and stopped to talk with them. He made equability a study, and though by no means devoid of temper, he rarely showed more of it than a passing flush.—"Whatever happens," was his advice to a young friend, "make it a point never to get angry. Lawyers will abuse you, witnesses disappoint you, clients deceive and cheat you, and judges will decide against you, when you know you are right; but whatever happens, take it all coolly, laugh, if you can, if you can't laugh, smile, and wait for time to make things right."

His legal opinions are without the graces of style, but they are attractive, because they come directly to the point, and cover the whole ground in a manner quite peculiar to the judge himself. He seems, without labor or effort, to find the true solutions of intricate questions, and the conclusions are so natural, that the reader adopts them with confidence, as being those of his own mind. As has been well said by a distinguished member of the bar, "his honesty seemed rather to be constitutional than to come from any very nice conscientiousness. He seemed to go right because he could not help it."

The State of Connecticut has been extremely fortunate in the presiding judges of her highest Court, and though some have excelled him in legal accumen, or brilliant genius; yet for that rarely balanced common sense, which equals either of these gifts in utility, and for sterling honesty, few names will hold a higher place than that of JOEL HINMAN.

EDWARD J HUBBARD,

Was born in Bethlehem, Conn. Received a Common and High School education. Studied law with Henry B. Graves and William Cothren, Esqrs. Was admitted to the bar in the fall of 1864, and immediately commenced practice with William Cothren at Woodbury. In the fall of 1865, as there seemed to be a better opening at Naugatuck, Conn., he opened a law office there, and remained till the fall of 1866, when the amount of business not being satisfactory, he emigrated West, and opened an office at Trinidad, Colorado Territory, where he at present resides, in the

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full practice of his profession. He holds the offices of County Attorney and United States Collector of Internal Revenue of his District.

HON. JAMES HUNTINGTON,

Was born in South Coventry, Conn., June 4, 1833. Received a High School education, and was fitted to enter the Sophomore class in College. Studied law in the office of Messrs. Loren P. Waldo and Alvan P. Hyde, at Tolland, Conn. Entered the National Law School at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., whence he graduated in 1857, and received the degree of LL.B. Was admitted to the bar of Tolland County, in April 1859, and opened an office in Woodbury, in the spring of 1859, where he still continues to reside, in the full practice of his profession. He was elected Judge of Probate for the District of Woodbury, in April, 1861, and has continued to hold the office till the present time.

WYLLIS LAMBERT.

In July, 1871, the writer communicated to the public prints the following slight sketch of Mr. Lambert:—

"The angel of death still seems to hover over our devoted town —the first Congregational society in particular. On Wednesday, the 7th, another of the "fathers" in our church passed away, after a few days illness, aged seventy. Wyllis Lambert descended from an old and respectable family, was born in this town, and was a life-long resident. At an early age he joined the first Congregational church, and was ever a consistent and valued member. For a long period of years he was an able and efficient officer of the church. To his wise counsel and calm, considerate action, when causes of difference arose, the church is indebted as much, or more, than to any other man in it, for its long period of repose and prosperity. Though of a stern and unbending character by nature, yet he was slow to speak and slow to anger, in all that pertained to the interests of the visible church. He was always in his place of duty, bearing well his part in the church of his choice, in society, and in the bosom of his family. All public trusts and duties committed to his care by his fellow townsmen, were faithfully and scrupulously executed with judgment and discretion. In him was to be found the discreet and wise counselor.

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Faithful in his friendships and in all the duties of life, he has moved on in the even tenor of his way, and rounded out, in a well-spent life, the alloted period of three score years and ten. His death leaves a void in the church and community that will not be filled. The fathers are passing away, and there are none to take their places. Happy those that remain, if, when life's "fitful dream is o'er," they can meet death with calm, expectant hope of a bright hereafter, and sure faith in the mercy of the great Creator, as did the deceased, who longed for the appearing of his Redeemer, and to be absent from the earth, that he might 'be present with the Lord.'"

HENRY MINOR.

In the month of January, 1871, the writer furnished the following account of Mr. Minor, for the public press:—

"Woodbury has been peculiarly unfortunate during the last few months in the loss of an unusually large number of prominent citizens, in middle life, cut down in the full strength of the vigorous period of men's lives, and at the very height of their usefulness. The best and most useful period of a well preserved man's life, is the interval between the fiftieth and sixtieth year of his age. All his powers of mind and body are ripe and vigorous and effective. We can ill afford to spare our leading men at this time of their lives.

"Among those whom we have lately lost, was Mr. Henry Minor, whose death occurred on the 2d of January, at the age of 54 years. Mr. Minor was a son of the late Hon. Matthew Minor, a lawyer of note in this town for many years. The subject of this notice was an active business man all his life, having business relations, in all its various phases, with a large number of persons in several States. But he was the most identified with our own town. He was Deputy Sheriff for Litchfield County during more than twenty years, and bore various offices of trust in the town. As a Sheriff, he had not a superior, if even an equal, in the State. In the difficult duties pertaining to this office, he was always affable, kind and considerate, with the courage and ability to be severe when necessary. He favored the settlement of litigation, and was quite successful on numerous occasions in inducing contending parties to arrange their differences amicably. He was a

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lover of peace, and his advice was valuable in his various relations in the society in which he moved, in business, in his party, and his church. He was not a profuse talker, but a word fitly spoken by him very often had a controlling influence in the difficulties of his time. He was a kind, unflinching and sincere friend. No inducement could ever induce him to desert one. No one would go further and endure more to do a favor. He was an honest and accurate business man, in all his dealings, and a valuable man in every relation in life.

"For the last three or four years, he has been a great sufferer, confined to his house, on his bed much of the time. But he bore up through it all with calm Christian fortitude, closing up his business, and setting his house in order for the last great change. He was fully aware, in his last sickness, that his hour had come, and he met death with the fortitude and composure which had characterized his life. He seemed to have almost a prophetic intimation of his last day. And thus he passed away, through great suffering and weariness, and ascended, as we fondly believe, to his bright reward above."

REV. ELISHA MITCHELL, D. D.[1]

Elisha Mitchell, D.D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology in the University of North Carolina, was born in Washington, Conn., on the 19th of August, 1793. He was the oldest son of Abner Mitchell, a respectable farmer of that town, whose wife, Phœbe Eliot, was a descendant, in the 5th generation, of John Eliot, the celebrated "Apostle to the Indians. Dr. Mitchell was thus a member of a family now very widely spread over the United States, and reckoning many who have exercised much influence in commerce, politics, science and religion. He possessed many of the characteristics which marked the Eliots, especially of the earlier generations. The Rev. Jared Eliot, M. D. and D. D., minister for many years at Killingworth, Conn., was Dr. Mitchell's great-grandfather. He was distinguished, in his own times, for his knowledge of History, Natural Philosophy, Botany and Mineralogy, while, as a theologian, he was sound in the faith, and delighted in the doctrines of the gospel of grace. Among his

[1] This memoir of Dr. Mitchell was prepared by Prof. Charles Phillips.

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correspondents were Dr. Franklin and Bishop Berkeley, and in 1762, he was honored by the Royal Society of London with a gold medal, for a valuable discovery in the manufacture of iron. This ancestor, Dr. Mitchell, closely resembled in many peculiarities of body and soul. Both were men of large stature, of great bodily strength, of untiring activity, of restless curiosity, of varied and extensive attainments, of quaint and quiet humor, of persevering generosity, and of a well-established piety. His desire for excellence in things pertaining to the mind, was a prominent feature in Dr. Mitchell's character, from early childhood. When only four years' old, he acted a spirited part in an exhibition of the school he then attended, greatly to his own satisfaction, and to the delight of his friends. As he grew older, he was never so well pleased as when his playmates would gather around him, to hear him tell what he had read in his books, and explain the pictures they contained. His preparation for college was completed by the Rev. Azel Backus, D. D., who maintained for many years a classical school at Bethlehem, Conn., and was afterwards the first President of Hamilton College, N. Y. Dr. Backus was famous, in his day, for his skill in training boys. He exercised a very strong control over even the vicious, by his genial disposition, his good common sense, his keen wit, his sleepless vigilance, his long-suffering patience, his respectable attainments in science, and his devout deference to the will of God. Those who knew Dr. Mitchell, will readily believe, that many of his excellent peculiarities as a man, and as a professor, must have received an important development by his association with Dr. Backus.

Dr. Mitchell graduated at Yale College in 1813, along with Hon. Geo. E. Badger, Dr. Olmsted, President Longstreet, Mr. Thomas P. Devereux, Rev. Mr. Singletary, and others, who have been of note in various walks in life. Among these, he was counted as one of the best scholars in their class, being especially distinguished for his knowledge of English Literature. He was very popular with his college mates, and the younger members of the institution, especially, delighted to do him honor. The College Society to which he belonged depended on him to gain it credit on public occasions. His fine physiognomy, the dignity of his person, the originality of his discussions, and the humor that enlivened them, rendered his orations acceptable to audiences, and secured him respect from men of taste and education. It was not till the Senior year, that he became thoughtful on the subject of

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religion. The kind and gentle persuasions of a classmate—a man of humble powers of mind, but of exemplary piety—had great influence in leading him to that serious examination of his life and hopes, which resulted in his conversion.

On quitting College, Dr. Mitchell taught a school for boys, under the care of Dr. Eigenbrodt, at Jamaica, L. I. Afterwards, in the spring of 1815, he took charge of a school for girls at New London, Conn. Here he formed an acquaintance with Miss Maria S. North, daughter of an eminent physician of that place, who became his wife in 1819. Experience has shown the wisdom of this choice, as for nearly forty years this lady presided over his household in a manner to command his entire esteem, love and confidence. In 1816, Dr. M. became a Tutor in Yale College, and while so engaged, he was recommended to the favorable notice of the Trustees of the University of North Carolina. This was done through Judge Gaston, by the Rev. Sereno E. Dwight, a son of President Dwight, and at that time Chaplain of the Senate of the United States. Ever since 1802, one of the most active and judicious of the Trustees of the University, Judge Gaston was, at that time a member of the House of Representatives, and on terms of intimacy with Mr. Dwight. Because of this recommendation, in 1817, these gentlemen were appointed each to a professorship in the University of North Corolina—Dr. Mitchell to the chair of Mathematics, then vacated by Dr. Caldwell's elevation to the Presidency, and Dr. Olmsted to the chair of Chemistry, then first established at the University. After spending a short time at the Theological Seminary in Andover, Mass., and receiving a licence to preach the Gospel, from an orthodox Congregational Association in Conn., Dr. Mitchell reached Chapel Hill on the 31st Jan, 1818, and immediately began to discharge his duties as a professor—a labor from which he ceased only by reason of death. In the discharge of these duties, he exhibited an energy, a vigilance, an intelligence, a good common sense, a self denial, an attention to minute particulars, and a success rarely surpassed or even equaled. During the thirty-nine and a half years of his connection with the University, his absence from his post on account of sickness, visits to the seat of government, attendance on ecclesiastical bodies, and for all other causes, did not occupy, on an average, more than three days in the year. Indeed, it may safely be stated, that throughout that entire period, his days and nights, in term time and in vacation, were devoted to his professorship. No one of the

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hundreds of students who have been connected with the University during the last generation, will be able to recall the memory of his absence from morning and evening prayers, but as a rare exception to the general rule.

Dr. Mitchell preached his first sermon in the College Chapel shortly after his arrival there, and his last in Salisbury, N. C., when on his way to the scene of the labors that cost him his life. He was ordained to the full work of the Christian ministry by the Presbytery of Orange, in Hillsborough, N. C, in the fall of 1821. During his long ministry, there were very few weeks in which he did not declare to his fellow men the will of God for their salvation. He always, and most heartily, acknowledged that this Kosmos, with whose varied phenomena he was very conversant, was created and controlled by a personal God, whose wisdom, power, goodness and holiness, he set forth with no little skill, and often with very striking originality. This he did during a time wherein too many of his associates in the investigation of Nature, indulged in speculations and clothed them in language, that ignored the existence of an authoritative revelation concerning creation and Providence. His minute acquaintance with the Archæology and Geography of the Holy Scriptures, rendered his exposition of them at times luminous, in a remarkable degree, and most deeply interesting. For the redemption of the one race of mankind from the abyss of ruin and misery into which the fall of Adam had plunged it, he looked only to the mystery of the Cross inwrought by the Holy Ghost, and received by faith into the heart of each individual, and he rested his own soul thereon with sincere and deep-felt emotions. During his eventful life, he was ever an attentive observer of the signs of the times, being a great reader of newspapers, and other periodicals. In these he had noticed so many associations for the reformation of the evils in humanity, skillfully organized, and vehemently recommended, and, after all; superseded by their original projectors, that while he did not oppose schemes which, devised by man, relied on the organization of his fellow-men for the attainment of reformation, he was not disappointed when these attempts failed—and he persevered in the old way of presenting to his hearers the necessity of a prompt and persevering dependence on the power of personal and revealed religion to regulate the affections, and the daily life.

But it was as a professor that Dr. Mitchell displayed the most energy, and accomplished the greatest results. Until 1825 he pre-

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sided over the department of mathematics and natural philosophy. During this period, the doctrine of Fluxions, now called the Calculus, was introduced into the college curriculum, and the degree of attainment in other branches of mathematics was elevated considerably. In 1825, when Dr. Olmsted accepted a situation in Yale College, Dr. Mitchell was transferred to the chair thus vacated, and left his own to be filled by Dr. Phillips. The pursuit of natural science had always been a delightful employment with Dr. Mitchell; even while a professor of mathematics, he had frequently indulged his taste for Botany by excursions through the country around Chapel Hill. After he took upon himself instruction in Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, he extended and multiplied these excursions, so that when he died, he was known in almost every part of North Carolina, and he left no one behind him better acquainted with the mountains, valleys and plains, its birds, beasts, bugs, fishes and shells, its trees, flowers, rivers and mosses, its rocks, stones, sands, clays and marls. Although in Silliman's Journal, and in other periodicals less prominent, but circulating more widely nearer home, he published many of his discoveries concerning North Carolina, yet it is to be regretted he did not print more, and in a more permanent form. It would, doubtless, thus have appeared that he knew, and perhaps justly estimated the worth of many facts, which later investigators have proclaimed as their own remarkable discoveries. But the information he gatheredwas for his own enjoyment, and for the instruction of his pupils. On these he lavished, to the utmost capacity for reception, the knowledge that he gathered, by his widely extended observations, and had stored up mainly in the recesses of his own singularly retentive memory.

But it was not only for accuracy and intelligence as a personal observer, that Dr. Mitchell was famous, marked as his exertions were by a wonderful activity of body, patience of labor, and insensibility to fatigue. He read greedily all that he had a chance to read on the subjects directly or indirectly concerning his professorship, and on many other things besides. So that he well deserved the name of "the walking Encyclopedia." There were very few subjects on which men of polite literature, and of abstract as well as natural science converse, wherein he was not an intelligent and appreciative listener, or instructive teacher. His knowledge of Geography was wonderful. It was a constant amusement for him to read the advertisements in a large commercial

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newspaper, to learn what things were bought and sold in the markets of the world, and then to sit down and find out where the things were manufactured. Such was his reputation for these acquisitions, that when any one wanted some rare information, or a historical, or geographical, or more strictly scientific matter, it was a common thing to say,—"Go ask Dr. Mitchell." He also kept himself supplied with periodicals and magazines, in which the sciences he taught were developing; for he loved to have his knowledge fresh, and would not wait for others to winnow the true from the false. He took pleasure in removing the pure metal from the crude ore for himself. His large library contained something on almost everything. But it was in such a form, and obtained in such times, and at such prices, that in the market, it never would have brought any approximation to what it cost him. The sciences which he taught were developing, while he taught them, and he felt it incumbent on him to have, at the earliest moment, whatever treatise he heard of, as likely to secure him the latest and best information. Much of what Dr. Mitchell had to read, is not now necessary, and many of his acquisitions may seem to others useless, but he thus provided that no one of his pupils left his laboratory without having an opportunity of hearing all that was of any interest or of use to him, on the subject there discussed. Nor were his remarkable accomplishments as a professor confined to his own apartment. In the Ancient Languages he was frequently ready and able to help a colleague, who was prevented from discharging his own duties. In the mathematics, he would often, at public examinations, propose such questions that showed that his earlier love still retained a hold on his attention and affections. He was a good writer, and in the department of Belles Letters, he was a well read and instructive critic. When it was known that he was to deliver an address before the North Carolina Agricultural Society, a friend, who knew him well, exclaimed, "I'll warrant that Dr. Mitchell begins at the Garden of Eden." And so he did. But by the time that, passing through Egypt and Canaan, Greece and Rome and Great Britain, he got to Cuatham County, N. C., he furnished, as usual, an essay full of rare information, judicious suggestions, peculiar humor, and excellent common sense.

As a teacher, Dr. Mitchell took great pains in inculcating the first principles of science. These he set forth distinctly, in the very beginning of his instructions, and he never let his pupils lose

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sight of them. When brilliant and complicated phenomina were presented for their contemplation, he sought not to excite their wonder, or magnify himself in their eyes, as a man of surprising acquirements, or as a most dexterous manipulator, but to exhibit such instances as most clearly set forth fundamental laws, and demanded the exercise of a skillful analysis. Naturally of a cautious disposition, such had been his own experience, and so large was his acquaintance with the experience of others, that he was not easily excited, when others announced unexpected discoveries among the laws and the phenomina which he had been studying for years, as they appeared. While others were busy prophesying revelations in social or political economy, he was quietly awaiting the decisions of experience. He consequently taught his pupils that there were times wherein they must turn from the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so sweetly. His influence on the developments of science was eminently conservative, for he loved the old landmarks. As a disciplinarian he was vigilant, conscientious, long-suffering, firm and mild. Believing that the prevention was better than the cure of the ills of a college life, he was constantly watching to guard the students from a violation of the rules of morality, and common propriety. When offences were committed, to the offender he set forth his conduct in its true light, and often in very plain language. But when punishment was to be inflicted, he generally proposed that which appealed to the culprit's better feelings, and left him a door open for a return to a better mind, and an earnest attempt for his reformation. Many cases are known where such unwearied and unostentatious kindness has produced the happiest results. How widely extended it was no one can tell now, for it was almost always shown to the receiver alone. It sprang from a love to man and fear of God, for Dr. Mitchell never feared the face of his fellow.

Dr. Mitchell enjoyed being busy. Neither laziness nor idleness entered into his composition, so that he always had something that he was doing heartily. Besides being a professor, he educated his own children, and especially his daughters, to a degree not often attempted. He was a regular preacher in the College Chapel, and in the village church, the College Bursar, a Justice of the Peace, a Farmer, a Commissioner for the village of Chapel Hill, and at times its magistrate of Police. Whatever plans he laid were generally sketched on a large scale, and when executed, they were, commonly, well done. Although a man of strong feelings,

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his excitement rarely lasted long, and he did not harbor resentment, even when he had to remove unjust suspicions, or forgive unmerited injuries. His generosity was abundant, and was often appealed to, again and again. No friend of his ever asked him for help without getting all he could give him.

Such were the leading characteristics of Dr. Mitchell, who loved God, and everything he had made; and now, while colleagues mourn for one, who counselled with wisdom, and executed with vigor—while men of science miss the co-operation of a learned associate, members of the Cabinet and Ministers to foreign countries, with Senators and Representatives in Congress, Governors of the States, with their Judges and their Legislators, Ambassaders from the Court of Heaven, and men of renown in the professions, learned professors, with famous school-masters, and thousands of other pupils in more retired positions, rise up in all parts of our country, to do their revered preceptor high honor. His bow abode in strength to the last, neither was his natural force abated. He died as Abner died, and because they loved him, unlettered slaves, as well as mighty men, followed his bier weeping.

Dr. Mitchell perished on Saturday, June 27th, 1857, in the 64th year of his age. He attempted alone to descend Mount Mitchell, the highest peak of the Black Mountain, which is in Yancey Co., N. C. But a thunder storm detained him on the mountain, so that it was evening and dusk, as he was groping his way down the mountain's sides. Not far from nineteem minutes past eight—for his watch marked that time—he pitched headlong some forty feet down the precipice, into a small, but deep pool of water, that feeds the sugar Camp Fork of Carey River. At the bottom of this pool he was found, July 8, 1857, by Mr. Thomas D. Wilson, who, with some 200 other mountain men, were seeking for him in every glen on the sides of that fearful mountain mass. This was the fifth visit that Dr. Mitchell had paid to the Black Mountain, the others being 1835, 1838, 1844 and 1856, respectively. His object this time was partly personal, and partly scientific. He wished to correct the mistakes into which some had been led, concerning his earlier visits, and to compare the indications of the Spirit Level and the Barometer, that future explorers of mountain heights might have increased confidence in the results afforded them by these instruments. His untimely end left both parts of this work to be completed by the pious hands of others.

Dr. Mitchell was buried in Aberville, N. C., July 10th, 1857, by

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the side of one of his College mates. But at the earnest solicitation of many friends, and especially of the mountain men of Yancey County, his family allowed his body to be disinterred and deposited on the top of Mount Mitchell, the highest mountain peak east of the Rocky Mountains. This was done June 16th, 1858. There he shall rest till the Judgment Day, in a mausoleum such as no other man has ever had. Reared by the hand of Omnipotence, it was assigned to him by those to whom it was given thus to express their esteem, and it was consecrated by the lips of eloquence, warmed by affection, amidst the rights of our Holy Religion. Before him lies the North Carolina he loved so well, and served so faithfully. From his lofty couch, its hills and vallies melt into its plains, as they stretch away to the shores of the Eastern ocean, whence the dawn of the last day, stealing quietly Westward, as it lights the mountain top first, shall *awake* him *earliest* to hear the *greeting*:—" *Well done good and faithful servant.*"

SIMEON H.

Was born in Woodbury, in the house near Freckerick M. Minor's, in Transylvania. He was admitted to the Bar in 1831, removed to Stamford, and resided there the remainder of his life. He rapidly won a high position at the Fairfield County Bar, of which he was a prominent member till his death, Aug. 2d, 1840. The Stamford Advocate of that week paid a high tribute to his professional ability. "Possessed of a strong mind, and sound legal judgment, no member of the Bar commanded a larger share of practice, until his health began to fail him, than he. For fourteen years he discharged the duties of the office of State's attorney. He represented his town six sessions of the Legislature, and was Judge of Probate several years. In the discharge of all his official duties, he was prompt and efficient. He married in Stamford, May 31, 1812, Catherine Lockwood, of Greenwich. They had children: *James Hinman*, born Nov. 17th, 1813; Hon. *William Thomas*, born Oct. 3d, 1815; and *George Albert*, born June 19th, 1817. His wife died March 29th, 1819.

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HON. WILLIAM THOMAS MINOR, LL.D.,

Son of Simeon H. above. He graduated at Yale in 1834, and studied law with his father. After being admitted to the Bar, he commenced the practice of the law in his native town of Stamford, where he contined to reside. He has always been popular at home, and his townsmen, from the first, had looked to him as a leader for them in all local movements for the prosperity of the town. He has represented the town in the Legislature seven times, and once his district in the Senate. In 1855, he was chosen Governor of Connecticut, and was re-elected the next year. He received, in 1855, the honorary degree of LL.D, from the Wesleyan University, at Middletown. In 1864, he was appointed, by President Lincoln, Consul-general to Havana, which office he resigned in 1867. He married, April 16th, 1849, Mary C., daughter of John W. Leeds, Esq., of Stamford. They have had five children, of whom two are now living—a son, who is a graduate of the University of Munich, Bavaria, and a daughter.

On returning from Havana, he was chosen to represent his town in the State Legislature, and by the Legislature he was appointed judge of the Superior Court of the State, which position he now holds. [1]

REV. BENJAMIN C. MEIGS.

Rev. Mr. Meigs was the son of Dr. Phineas Meigs by his wife Sarah, who was the youngest daughter of Capt. Isaac Tomlinson, of Woodbury, and was cousin of the late Mrs. Harriet J. Benedict, widow of Hon. Noah B. Benedict. He was born in Bethlehem, where his father, mentioned on page 387, was then a practising physician. The father studied medicine with Dr. Joseph Perry, of Woodbury, and practiced his profession five years at Norwalk, before his removal to Bethlehem. The mother of the subject of this notice lived to be more than 90 years old, before her death at Quakers' Farms, Oxford.

Rev. Mr. Meigs graduated at Yale College in 1809. Studied theology, and went as a missionary to the island of Ceylon, where he remained for more than forty years, in faithful and successful efforts for the conversion of the heathen. He then returned to this country, and was engaged in the service of the Bible House, at New York, till his death, a few years ago.

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[1] Huntington's Hist. of Stamford.

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HON. CHARLES BARTLETT PHELPS.

Quite a full account of the life of Judge Phelps, appears on page 394. Since that date he has deceased, and a more extended account, written by his son-in-law, Rev. Alonzo Norton Lewis, of New Haven, Conn., is introduced here. Mr. Lewis studied law in the office of Judge Phelps, and was admitted to the Litchfield County bar; but on account of failing health he was obliged to go South. On recovering it, he studied theology, and was admitted priest. Since then he has acted as Rector in Bethlehem, Conn., Dexter, Maine, and Marblehead, Mass. He resides now at New Haven, Conn.:—

"Charles Bartlett Phelps was born at Chatham, now Portland, Conn., May 31st, 1788. He was the eldest son of Dr. Elisha Phelps, a physician of some repute. He entered the Litchfield Law School, when he was only eighteen years of age, where he had as fellow-student John C. Calhoun, John M. Clayton, and others, who have since become illustrious as lawyers, jurists, and statesmen.

So assiduously did he apply himself to his studies, in order to keep pace with his fellow-students, most of whom had the advantage of age and a superior education, that his health failed. In his Diary may be read frequent entries like the following:—"Studied *eighteen* hours this day." At last, being threatened with pulmonary disease, he left Litchfield for Woodbury, where he entered his name as a student with Hon. Noah B. Benedict. Here he became an inmate of the house which he occupied until his death—since known as the "Judge Phelps Place," but more recently as the "Parker Academy."

In 1809 he married Elsie, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Rutgers Marshall, first Rector of St. Paul's Church, Woodbury. The following are his children by this marriage. George Butler Phelps, of Pittsburgh, Pa., Charles Elisha,* Edward Marshall, Judge of the Ohio District Court, St. Mary's, O., John Rutgers, Paolo, Ill., Susan Moseley, wife of Daniel Judson, Esq., Ogdensburgh, N. Y., and Elisha.

He married, 2d, Amanda, daughter of Dr. Joseph Parker, of South Farms, now Morris. Children by this marraige, Elsie Amanda, and Sarah Maria, wife of the Rev. Alonzo Norton Lewis,

* Deceased.

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a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, now of New Haven, Conn.

After the usual course of study, he was called to the Bar, and was a trusted and honored counsellor and advocate, to the day of his death. He was Judge of Probate for the District comprising Woodbury, Bethlehem, Southbury, and Roxbury,[1] from 1823 to 1834; and was re-appointed in '35, '36, '37, '42, '43, and '46; and again from 1849 to 1858, when his age rendered him ineligible. During the twenty-five years that he held this most responsible office, he *never had a decision reversed* by the higher courts. He was elected most of the time "by favor," the Probate District being largely against him in politics.

He was a member of the Connecticut House of Representatives in 1831, '37, and '52. The latter year he was chosen Speaker. In 1843 he was a member of the Senate and President of that body. He was Postmaster of Woodbury from 1831 to 1841. In 1850 he was appointed Judge of the County Court for the County of Litchfield, and was re-appointed in 1852. He was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of New York.

On the 21st of Dec., 1859, he was present at a meeting of the Committee appointed by the Connecticut Legislature to superintend the erection of a monument to Col. Seth Warner, an officer of the Revolution. The Committee, (of which Judge Phelps was chairman,) met in Roxbury, at the house of Nathan Smith, Esq. Gov. Buckingham and other distinguished citizens were present. He was addressing the Committee and other gentlemen, upon the subject under discussion, when he suddenly paused, as if hesitating for a word, put his hand to his forehead, sank back into his chair, and expired without a struggle, aged seventy years, six months and twenty-one days.

No one ever saw Judge Phelps without being struck with his genial face, portly form, and dignity of manner. No one ever knew him intimately, without becoming deeply attached to him. For more than two years, the writer of this sketch was most confidentially and intimately associated with him, and he has no hesitation in affirming that "he was a man, take him all in all, we shall not look upon his like again!" Born soon after the Revolution, and familiarly acquainted with many of the actors in that great drama, he was a connecting link between the generation of '76 and the present. In his tastes and habits, a "gentleman of the

[1] Since erected into a District.

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old school;" with a high-toned sense of honor too rarely found in these modern times; his mind unusually stored with that knowledge which only habits of observation can inspire; a never-failing flow of wit, and anecdote, and keenest *irony*, if the occasion demanded; of great power as a public speaker and an advocate; full of "wise saws and modern instances," and quaint sayings and comparisons, which convulsed the listener with merriment; a kind and unselfish neighbor; an ever faithful and sympathizing friend; strong in his likes and dislikes; a man who read character at a glance; hospitable, charitable, and generous to a fault,

"As many a beggar and *impostor* knew;"

though a *lawyer* a *peace-maker;* (his proudest boast being that he "had settled more cases than he had tried);" to those who knew him in the sanctity of his home, (whatever he may have seemed to the world), a man of deep religious feelings and yearnings; in the language of another,

"Not, like too many, worser than he seemed,
But always better than himself had deemed;[1]

Charles B. Phelps, "the old Judge," will never be forgotten, so long as there is one who knew him left to cherish his memory!

"The upright judge, the wit, the mind intent,
With the large heart, that always with it went,
Passing his years among us, softened, sage,
Almost the feature of another age.—
In one dread moment sent to that far shore,
Where praise nor blame shall ever reach him more."[2]

On learning of the death of Judge Phelps, a large public meeting was held at the Town Hall, to express in an appropriate manner the sentiments of the people, at their sudden and great loss.

Rev. Wm. T. Bacon offered some very laudatory resolutions in relation to the character of the deceased, accompanied by some eloquent and feeling remarks. The author responded as follows, after which the resolutions were unanimously passed:—

MR. CHAIRMAN:—I cheerfully and heartily second the resolutions just offered by my Rev. friend, Mr. Bacon. There are times

[1] Rev. W. Thompson Bacon's Woodbury Centeniel Poem, July 4th, 1859. [2] *Ibid.*

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when a whole community is brought to a sudden pause, by some unexpected calamity. If a thunder-bolt should fall out of a clear, sunny and serene sky, all would be shocked, startled, electrified. In such a manner as this, fell the intelligence of the decease of our honored fellow-townsman, Hon. Charles B. Phelps—suddenly and unexpectedly, while he was in the act of discharging a public and patriotic duty, upon our affrighted ears, two short evenings ago. The deceased had gone to Roxbury, on Tuesday morning, to meet the Committee on the Warner Monument. He had left his house in a very cheerful state of mind, and at the moment the grim messenger of death approached, he was addressing the Committee on the subject which had called them together. Raising his hand in his accustomed manner, when about addressing a pointed remark, he faltered, fell back, and his hand remained raised in the rigidity of death. Thus suddenly was he called to meet his God. Truly did he "die with the harness on." And beautiful is it to die thus, if we are prepared to hear the dread summons to another world. It seems more like translation than death.

Although, my friends, I feel as the senior surviving attorney of this town and vicinity, though young in years, there is a peculiar fitness in my responding to these resolutions, and the more especially as my relations of friendship and professional courtesy with the deceased, were of the most intimate and pleasant character, yet since the mournful news met me at the cars on yesterday noon, having been engaged in such offices of kindness to the bereaved family, as my deep sympathy with their great affliction dictated, I have not had a moment to make fit preparation to *direct your thoughts or collect my own.*

It gives me much satisfaction to speak of our pleasant professional relations. Our departed friend was, in every sense of the word, an honorable practitioner. He was particularly urbane in his practice. During the last thirteen years, being for the greater part of the time the only lawyers in this town, he and I have been almost constantly on opposite sides in the trial of cases, and yet I speak it to his unusual praise, that he has not called me three times before the Court, to decide any of the preliminary questions which arise previous to the trial of cases; nor have I had occasion to call him three times before the Court, for a like purpose. We always agreed on such points, and it was very pleasant to do so. He was kind-hearted and genial in his disposition—emphatically so. He possessed a keen knowledge of the character and motives

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of men, and often have I seen him, when asperities arose in a case, as they will, and must sometimes arise, by the dexterous use of his never-failing fund of wit and humor, turn that into a hearty laugh "all round," which might otherwise have turned into an exchange of blows. The same trait of character enabled him to learn the secrets of the camp of his antagonist, and to interpose at the opportune moment, to arrest the progress of litigation, and settle contested cases. He always avoided a trial, if possible. He often said to me that he intended to so live, that one thing of truth could be said of him, when he was dead; and that was, that he "had settled more lawsuits than any other lawyer in his part of the State." And this can be truly said of him. He would allow causes to go on a while in Court, but he generally found the favorable moment to settle them without trial.

A man of superior intellect, such as the deceased certainly had, cannot reside as he did, for fifty years, in a community, without becoming identified with every fibre of its institutions. It is no matter that you may be opposed to him and his views in politics, in religion, in everything. He will have a hold upon you—an abiding influence in the community. The death of such a man is a public loss. It is a removing of the "ancient landmarks." We do well, then, to meet in this public manner to commune of our public loss.

This is an occasion, the full import of which should sink deep into our hearts. As we gather thus mournfully together, and gaze into the open grave of our departed friend, it becomes us to consider "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." Here we may take an effecting view of the follies and vanities of life. Here we may consider how much sorrow and misery we cause each other, and how heartlessly we often destoy each other's happiness and our own. It is well to pause on the brink of the grave, and learn useful lessons for our future lives. May we here pledge each other to imitate the virtues of the deceased, avoid his errors, and labor earnestly for the happiness of our race, while life remains. All animosities, if any existed, in noble minds, end here. There are no contests in the grave. But I will not detain you longer. I know full well your own thoughts outrun my words, and more eloquently express your feelings.

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REV. JOHN PURVES, A. M.

Mr. Purves is a native of Scotland, studied law in the city of Edenburgh, came to the United States in 1834, studied theology and was ordained Deacon in the Diocese of Conn. in 1840, and Priest in 1841, by Bishop Brownell. He was Rector of St. Matthews' Church, Wilton, from 1840 to 1843; of St. Thomas' Bethel, from 1843 to 1845; at Humphreysville, from 1845 to 1847; at Bethel again, from 1847 to 1853; was next, Rector of Christ Church, Westport, from 1853 to 1860; Rector of Holy Trinity, Westport, from 1860 to 1862; Rector of St. Paul's Woodbury, from 1863 to the present date.

HON. HENRY SHELTON SANFORD, LL.D.,

Son of Nehemiah C. Sanford, was born in Woodbury. After receiving his education, he engaged for a time in mercantile pursuits. But, for a long period of years, he has been exclusively engaged, in one position or another, in the diplomatic service of the country. He has been Secretary of Legation to France and Spain, and Minister to Belgium. During the War of the Rebellion, he made patriotic presents of improved cannon for the service.

DR. AVERY JUDD SKILTON.

This skillful, intelligent and conscientious physician, was the son of James and Chloe (Steele) Avery, and born Feb. 1, 1802, at Woodbury. He was, during his life, an intimate friend of the writer, and he desires to record his worth upon these pages. The following account is taken principally from the Troy Daily Times, N. Y., of the date of March 22d, 1858:—

"Death, the busy reaper of Life's harvest, has stricken down one of nature's noblemen. Dr. Avery J. Skilton is dead. After a long and painful illness, he has gone to obtain the reward of a well-spent life. The hopes of recovery, based upon more favorale symptoms of his case, have been sadly and finally disappointed. 'The golden cord is loosened, and the silver pitcher broken at the

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fountain.' In stopping to pay the merited tribute to one we have so long known and so highly esteemed, a flood of conflicting emotions crowd upon us. What the heart feels, the pen is powerless to trace.

"Dr. Skilton died shortly after four o'clock on Saturday afternoon. On the 6th of December, he was seized with a violent pulmonary attack, which confined him to his room. He persisted, however, in attending to his professional duties, at intervals of comparative relief from pain, until the 10th of December, when he was obliged to resign himself to an invalid's couch. From that day, he never left his room. His disease was of a most severe and aggravated nature, and completely prostrating in its effects. A life of unremitting labor in a toilsome and hazardous profession had broken down a constitution naturally robust and vigorous, and he wasted rapidly away. It was only at intervals during his confinement that he was able to converse, and only once during the long period was he observed to smile. On Thursday last, he became partially delirious, and it was not until immediately preceding his death that he was able, and then apparently only by a great effort, to comprehend the queries propounded to him, and respond to them coherently.

"Dr. Avery J. Skilton was born at Woodbury, Litchfield Co., Conn., on the 1st of February, 1802. He was descended from pure revolutionary stock,—his ancestors having been among the earliest settlers in the locality, and his great-grandfather the first practising physician in the vicinity. He retained until his death the mortar and pestle which this venerable progenitor used in compounding his preparations. The father of our honored friend was a well-to.do farmer, who ranked high in that community which has produced so many eminent men, and of which numbers of our most esteemed fellow-citizens were originally members. The first fact which strikes us in looking back upon his history, is his early aptitude for study, and his disrelish of manual labor. He was by no means calculated to become a valuable appendage upon the farm; his capacities and inclinations fitted him for a course of development purely intellectual. At school, to which he was early sent, he was distinguished for rapid acquirement of various branches of information, such as are taught in primary institutions of the character. He was always in advance of his course. There was no dodging of duty by him—the complaint was that he studied too fast. At the early age of fifteen, he was removed from school,

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and transferred to the farm. Here his peculiar inaptitude for mere manual employments became evident. A persistent course of study had operated unfavorably upon his constitution, and left him weak, and to a great extent incapable of physical exertion. His father, who was cast in one of the sterner moulds of manhood, was not ready to understand that a son of his should be unable to perform the tasks which he considered in some degree inseparable from a well-ordered life, and often reprimanded him for his inertness. Forced at length to regard the peculiar characteristics of his son, he sent him to the West Farms School, distant some three miles from the family homestead. Here he studied in the same classes with Dr. Edward Beecher, the talented author of "The Conflict of Ages," and maintained an equal position with him in school. It was here that his studies first assumed a distinctive character, and he began to master Latin and Greek, and to familiarize himself with the Classics. Outside of his professional studies, his course of reading was varied, and of the highest order. Before he was twenty years of age, he had exhausted all the mental food presented by the various limited libraries of the locality in which he resided, and was forced to betake himself to borrowing books from more fortunate possessors. In 1819, he was prostrated with lung fever, from which for a time his recovery seemed impossible. When he did finally recover, he was so feeble that close mental or sedentary application was rendered impossible, and his course of reading was therefore interfered with and obstructed for a number of years. In 1821, however, he took hold of German. His speed in the acquirement of language was remarkable. We know him to have been a most enthusiastic linguist, and have often been indebted to him for valuable and curious information with regard to obsolete tongues, whose history was unknown, save to the closest students. In 1834, he befriended the exile son of a Polish nobleman, named Rudolph Gutowski, one of a party who, by a desperate stratagem, escaped from their guards, while on their way to Siberia. This young man became a member of his family, and from him he learned the Polish language. In 1847, he became desirous of tracing up the genealogy of his family, and he made that a particular aim of the remaining portion of his life. His researches in this direction led him to make a thorough exploration of the records of Connecticut, and of that portion of England whence his ancestors came. In this way he became possessed of a vast amount of curious informa-

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tion, which to some future collator, must prove highly valuable for historal purposes. He was by this means, also, led to trace back our language to its roots, and to familiarize himself with the vagaries of its different branches, since the days of the Anglise, and the Saxons. He had thus wholly or in part familiarized himself with between fifty and sixty languages, many of which have been out of current use for centuries. Aside from this, he has at different periods been an enthusiastic student of Natural History, in its various forms. At different times, he has pursued the study of Botany, Geology, Mineralogy, Conchology and Paleontology, following up once branch persistently until he had exhausted it, and then taking another. In this way he had collected a valuable philological library, which embodies his peculiar characteristics, and a cabinet of natural, mineral and fossil specimens, which is believed to be the most complete of any private collection in this section. He used to remark that he purchased works and specimens much on the same principle that a farmer will try to buy up all the land that adjoins his own. In the studies to which he devoted the leisure hours he could steal from an extensive practice, he was a thorough enthusiast.

"Dr. Skilton first learned the principles of medicine from works which had been studied by his great-grandfather. At an early period he was doubtful whether he should study for a physician or a clergyman, but having betaken himself, after the manner of John Wesley, to prayer, he became convinced that it was his duty to enter upon the line of life which he did finally adopt. He passed through the usual course in the Yale Medical College, in 1826–7, having previously studied with a practicing Physician at Saugerties, in this State. He commenced his practice in 1827, in this city. He had therefore just entered upon the thirty-first year of his practice in this city, when seized with his fatal illness. The general features presented by the life of a physician—at least, those which come to the knowledge of the public, are monotonous, and to an extent unvaried. Few may know the trials, few realize the necessities, few comprehend the responsibilities of such a life. To those whom he has attended during the 'generation of time' in which he has practiced his profession here, Dr. Skilton stood in the light of a cherished brother, a noble protector, a kind and sympathizing friend. A Christian impulse governed every action of his life, and regulated his relations with his patients. Acute sympathy, and that ardent enthusiasm which was a charac-

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teristic of his nature, led him to make their interests his own. He was faithful in season and out of season. In desperate cases, he forgot comfort and the claims of nature, and every hour found him by the sufferer's bedside. In this he was remarkable. During the cholera season of 1849, he passed several days at a time without removing his clothing, snatching a few moments sleep as he was able to do so. No danger ever deterred him from the performance of his duty. He first became noted here during the fearful cholera season of 1832, when he frequently had as many as fifty cases at a single time. Since then, his list of patients has been very large—much larger than a single man should have attempted to attend. A peculiarity of his practice was the unyielding obstinacy with which he fought disease, combatting it step by step, and inch by inch, and never giving over till life was no more.

"Were the subject approachable, we should like to dwell upon the incidental features of Dr. Skilton's professional career in this city, but we may not. During the three cholera seasons of '32, '47 and '52, his cases were exceedingly numerous, and his time continuously occupied, to the exclusion of all schemes of comfort and recreation. He had been remarkably successful in obstetric practice—having attended over three thousand five hundred births. He made the study of epidemic diseases of all kinds a peculiar professional duty, and was very fortunate in treating them. At different periods, he has held various honorable professional positions. He was a short time since President of the Rensselaer County Medical Society, was a member of the Troy Lyceum of Natural History, which always during its existence had his earnest attention, was a prominent member of the American Medical Society, member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and Corresponding member of the State historical Societies of Connecticut, Vermont and Wisconsin.

"In character, Dr. Skilton was upright and unimpeachable. He was scrupulously regardful of the rights and feelings of others, and exceedingly careful to avoid wronging his fellow-men. To the poor, he was ever kind and benevolent; the poverty of his patient was never allowed to stand in the way of his receiving thorough medical attendance. To all, he was courteous and affable, suffering much in the way of aggression, but never allowing himself to be drawn into passionate ebullitions of ill-temper. He was in every sense of the word, an entire Christian man. In him, the medical profession of Rensselaer county has lost one of its

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brightest ornaments, the State street Methodist Church, with which he had been connected during his residence here a consistent member, a zealous working Christian, a kind and benevolent man,—and the community at large a citizen in whom were united the most desirable attainments and the most brilliant and admirable traits of mental and moral character."

AZARIAH B. SHIPMAN, M. D.[1]

Dr. Shipman was the son of Daniel Shipman, and one of five brothers, all of whom were physicians, viz: Parson G., long and favorably known as an accomplished and skillful practitioner in the city of Rochester, N. Y.; Azariah B., the subject of this memoir; John O., formerly of Fayetteville, N. Y., and afterwards of Syracuse, N. Y.; until suddenly removed by death, in the autumn of 1866; Daniel M, also a successful practitioner in Rochester; and Joseph A., who is now practising his profession in Illinois.—

Dr. Shipman was born in Roxbury, Conn., March 22d, 1803. His father, Daniel Shipman, an early resident of Saybrook, Conn, was an intelligent farmer in moderate circumstances, a zealous old school Presbyterian, and distinguished for his industry and integrity. His mother was Sarah Eastman, a daughter of Dr. Azariah Eastman, of Roxbury, an eminent physician in his day, who bore the armor of his profession for nearly seventy years. The maiden name of the mother of Daniel Shipman was Temperance Franklin, a lineal descendent of the Franklins, and a relative of the illustrious statesman and philosopher.

Soon after Dr. Shipman's birth, his father removed, with his family, to Pitcher, Chenango County, N. Y. The county then was new; most of the inhabitants were poor; and few were the hands exempted from toil; for even the necessaries of life were obtainable only through persevering industry and economy. Mr. Shipman formed no exception to the rule—his limited means, and the increasing demands of a growing family, not only precluded extraordinary advantages, but required the assistance of the sons as soon as they were of sufficient age to render their services available. Azariah was employed on the farm in summer, and en-

[1] Condensed from a Biographical sketch by H. O. Jewett, M. D., of Cortland, N. Y.

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joyed such educational advantages as were afforded by a district school during the winter months, until after the death of his father, which occurred in Nov., 1820. By this event, at the age of 17, he was cast upon his own resources for a livelihood.

Although without money or influential friends, he resolved upon attaining a profession, and accordingly we find him for a number of years, laboring in summer and teaching school in winter, meanwhile devoting himself to study whenever time could be spared from his other duties.

In 1822, he went to Delphi, N. Y., to study medicine with his eldest brother, Dr. Parson G. Shipman. Applying himself with earnestness and assiduity, he made rapid progress in his studies, and in the winter of 1825–6, attended a course of medical lectures at Castleton, Vt. In the autumn of 1826, he obtained, as was then customary, a license from the County Medical Society, and commenced practice at Delphi. In Jan. 1828, he married Emily Clark, daughter of Richard Taylor, Esq., a lady of refined taste and culture, to whom he remained ardently attached, and who now survives to mourn the loss of a kind, indulgent and devoted partner.

In Sept., 1829, he removed to Fayetteville, and entered at once upon a fair practice, with more than ordinary success. The summer of 1832, was a season memorable for the advent of the Asiatic Cholera in this country. Many cases occurred along the line of the Erie Canal in his vicinity, creating intense alarm among the population. Dr. Shipman attended most of the cases, became interested in, and made a special study of the disease, and treated his cases with good success.

In the winter of 1832–3, he attended the lectures of the "University of Pennsylvania," and the anatomical demonstrations at the "Jefferson Medical College," at Philadelphia. On his return from Philadelphia, in the spring of 1833, he located at Cortland, N. Y., where he encountered older physicians, who, with the usual tenacity, sharply contested the pretensions of the new comer. A few successful operations, however, such as had not before been performed in that section, brought his name before the public; and Dr. Shipman was soon recognized, not only as an accomplished physician, but as *the* surgeon of that vicinity, and a few years found him engaged in an extensive and lucrative practice.

In 1844, his reputation as a surgeon, and his frequent contributions to medical literature, having made him generally known to

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the public, Dr. Shipman was, without solicitation on his part, appointed Professor of Anatomy in the medical department of the University of Laporte, Ind. With no time for preparation, he accepted the appointment, and entered at once upon its duties. In the following year he was elected to the chair of surgery, in the same institution—a position more in consonance with his taste, and which he continued to occupy for five consecutive seasons, laboring with all the energies of his active mind, and acquitting himself with much honor.

Seeking a wider field for the exercise of his special talent, he removed to Syracuse, N. Y., where he at once took a high rank amongst distinguished surgeons, and soon secured a large medical and surgical practice in the city, and in the surrounding towns.

Soon after the commencement of the late rebellion, Dr. Shipman entered the U. S. Service as assistant surgeon in the 17th Regt. N. Y. Vols. He was on duty a part of this time in the field, and a part of the time in hospital, at Upton's Hill, through the summer and autumn of 1861. In March, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Brigade Surgeon, and placed in charge of a large Hospital at Newport News. In the winter 1863, he resigned his commission, and returned to Syracuse. Soon afterwards, however, he was induced to accept the appointment of reserve surgeon, to be called upon in cases of emergency, and was almost immediately ordered back, to attend the wounded after the severe battles then being fought by the Army of the Potomac, where he remained until failing health compelled him again to resign and return home, nearly ruined in health, after his three years' service, and depressed in spirits, to terminate his career, just at that period which usually marks the full vigor of ripened manhood.

He resumed his practice, and though gradually declining, he did much professional labor, until the spring of 1868, when it was apparent to his friends, and probably to himself, that his constitution was broken, and the season of his usefulness passed. He, therefore sailed, with his wife, for Europe, March 21st, 1868; hoping that a change of climate, and relaxation of mind might improve his health and prolong his life. Proceeding first to Paris, he visited the principal cities of France, Austria and Italy during the spring and summer months. He spent several weeks at Rome and Naples, examining and admiring their antiquities and splendid works of art. Charmed with the scenery around him, and stimulated by a lively interest in everything he saw, he appeared for a

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time to be rallying. But having feasted his eyes upon the majestic ruins and solemn greatness of the "Eternal City," explored that "piece of heaven fallen upon the earth," and realized his dreams of Italian sunsets, and the grandeur of Vesuvius at midnight, his mind came home to himself, and as the season advanced, he began to feel that the warm climate of Southern Europe was prostrating rather than improving his health. Leaving Italy, he returned to Geneva and Paris, where he remained about five weeks, scarcely leaving his room, and gradually failing in strength, until a pulmonary affection under which he was laboring assumed an acute form, and solicitude began to be felt for his immediate safety. He was favored with the best medical advice which the French capital afforded, together with the kind ministrations of anxious friends. But sympathy and science and skill were of no avail. He sank rapidly, and died Sept. 15, 1868. His embalmed remains were brought home to Syracuse, and consigned, with appropriate ceremonies, to their final resting place in Oakwood Cemetery.

Dr. Shipman received the degree of M. D., first at Castleton, Vt., and afterwards at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. He was for many years a member of the State Medical Society, having several times represented his county society in that body; and was four times a delegate to the "American Medical Association." He was an honorary member of several scientific and historical societies.

DR. PARSON G. SHIPMAN.

Dr. Parson G. Shipman was born at Roxbury, Litchfield County, Conn., April 18, 1799. When a lad six years of age he came, with his father, who removed his family from Roxbury, Conn., to Pitcher, Chenango County, N. Y. He was one of five brothers who were all physicians. Only two of the number are now living, viz: Joseph A., who is practicing medicine in the State of Illinois, and Daniel M., so well and favorably known as an accomplished and skillful practitioner in this city.

Dr. Shipman was naturally diffident and retiring; chose not to appear often in social life. When a boy, he decided on his future profession, and at the age of twenty-two years, received his diploma, and commenced the practice of medicine in Delphi, Onondaga

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County, N. Y. He was without money, and had but few influential friends. He had, however, a strong will, which was unwavering to duty. His will and conscience were happily blended, and could not be easily separated. More than this, he had an unwavering confidence in God. Converted at the age of fifteen years, he never, after his conversion, made any change, or engaged in any new enterprise, without imploring help and direction from his Heavenly Father. Possessing these qualifications and relying on divine aid, he became the popular young physician of Delphi. His enterprising spirit, however, prompted him to look for a wider field of usefulness. He came to Rochester with his family in 1837, opened an office, and soon became a popular and successful practitioner in this city. His increasing practice made liberal demands upon his time and strength, but every call was answered—in the morning, in the evening, and at midnight—each case received prompt attention, whether the patient was rich or poor, residing in the mansion, or dwelling in the humble cottage. He was an obliging neighbor, friendly to all, and a perfect gentleman at home or abroad. Were it not for invading the sanctity of home, we would speak of him where he appeared to the best advantage, in his own family circle. We will only say, he was an affectionate companion, and a kind and loving parent.

His failing health for the past year reminded him that his days would soon be numbered. This only prompted him to arrange his worldly affairs in such a way that his family would be left with as little care and anxiety as possible. In the death of Dr. Shipman, this community have sustained a heavy loss, but nowhere will that loss be so deeply felt as by the afflicted family. His usefulness ended only with his life. He received and prescribed for patients at his own house, after he was unable to make professional calls. His confidence in God also continued to the last, never doubting for a moment that he was accepted in Christ, and we have no doubt has received the crown which is waiting for all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

MRS. MARYANN WOLCOTT SMITH.

While these pages are passing through the press, Woodbury has been called to mourn the loss of another of its valuable citizens. Mrs. Smith, wife of Hon. Nathaniel B. Smith, died on Sat-

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urday, January 20, 1872. She was the daughter of the late Rev. Samuel Goodrich, Congregational clergyman at Ridgefield, Conn., where she was born. Her brothers and sisters, through force of intellect and character, became widely known and honored. Samuel G. Goodrich, the well-know "Peter-Parley," acquired a world-wide reputation, and Mrs. Whittlesey, of the Mothers' Magazine, a national fame and usefulness. No less gifted intellectually than they, and endowed with uncommon loveliness and grace, she became very early the central attraction of a constantly increasing circle of friends. Very earnest in all she did, she learned life's lesson well, and her quick sympathy with others, led her to impart her wisdom freely to those who sought to profit by it. And thus she became to many striving souls a counselor, whose words and thoughts they will long cherish.

She made a public profession of her faith in 1823, and joined the First Congregational church in the town of her adoption, of which she soon became an active an influential member, the first in every good work, the leading member among the females, presiding at their meetings with unusual grace and dignity, and ever imparting great energy and completeness to all their efforts for supplying the needy, whether at home, or in the missionary field far away.

She was one of a circle of mothers who, for many years, met each week to pray for their families, and for the prosperity of Zion. This meeting was very dear to her, and she continued to attend it till the weight of years, and the decease of nearly all its members, rendered its longer continuance impossible, and then, when the stated time came round, she observed the hour alone, in her own home. The ancient church, of which she was for so many years a bright light, may truly mourn the loss of a "mother in Israel."

Though for some years past partly withdrawn from active life, through illness, her loss is still deeply felt by the community. But that loss is wholly ours. To doubt that it is well with her now, would be almost to doubt the "good news" of the New Testament itself, so steadfastly did she follow its precepts, and so devoutly trust its promises. "Write from henceforth, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

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REV. BENNET TYLER D. D. [1]

"Dr. Tyler was born in the town of Woodbury, (now Middlebury,) Conn., in the year 1783, and was therefore at the time of his decease in the 75th year of his age. His parents were intelligent, industrious, and Godly people The family, in which he was the youngest child, was probably a fair representative of the fathers' families in this State, three-quarters of a century ago. Of his father's Christian experience and death, an account was published at the time, in the Connecticut Evangelical Magazine. At the age of seventeen, having pursued studies with Rev. Mr. Hart, the ministor of the parish of Middlebury, he entered Yale College. Hon. John C. Calhoun, Rev. Dr. McEwen, Rev. Dr. Pierpont, and for one year, Rev. Dr. Taylor, were his college class-mates. He graduated in the fall of 1804, and after a year spent in teaching the academy in Weston, Fairfield County, he entered on the study of his profession with Rev. Asahel Hooker, of Goshen, who, in accordance with the custom of the times, received a class of theological students into his family. Here he was associated with Rev. Dr. Humphrey, Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, Rev. Frederick Marsh and others, not now living, towards all of whom he felt like a brother till the end of his life. At this period, his constitution, naturally strong, became much enfeebled by diligence in study, while neglecting suitable bodily exercise, and a stooping habit which he had formed by bending over the book, or his paper, and he was obliged to decline several calls, to inviting fields of labor, and devote himself for a year or more to the restoration of his health.

"When it seemed safe to resume preaching, he entered on the work in the parish of South Britain, in the town of Southbury. As his health then was, the circumstance of the parish being unusually small, rather recommended it; but its distracted condition might indeed make a settlement there formidable to any minister. The Lord's Supper had not been administered for six years. The preceding pastor had been deposed by the Consociation, and with a small party had set up a seperate church. The aspect of affairs in the parish had become every way so disheartening that the churches in the neighborhood had really given up all hope of their

[1] This account is taken, principally, from the Hartford Courant, printed in 1858, at the time of Dr. Tyler's death.

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re-organization, and the establishment of the public means of grace among them. At the earnest entreaties of this people, including all classes, he consented to take up his abode among them. His health was gradually confirmed, and the first fourteen years of his ministry were devoted to hearty and zealous labors for their temporal and spiritual welfare. Few men ever preached more in the same space of time than Dr. Tyler, while in South Britain. It is believed by the writer that he preached as often out of the pulpit, in the school-houses and dwellings of his parish, as in it. At the same time he taught the sons of his parishioners Latin and Greek, and in some cases their daughters, the higher branches of an English education. A considerable number of young men also studied theology under his instruction.

"He left this people on a call to the Presidency of Dartmouth College, when thirty-nine years of age. He nominated his successor at their request, who was accepted with unanimity; and it is safe to say that his successor could not have found a more harmonious and vigorous church, or more agreeable parish in the State.

"He was connected with Dartmouth College six years from 1822; associated with a faculty of excellent men, whom he greatly respected, and with whom his relations were eminently happy. In addition to the labors belonging to his department in the college, for a large share of the time, (owing to the impaired health of the Professor of Divinity,) he officiated as preacher to the students and the village church. It was during this period that the revival of 1826 occurred, which is a memorable event in the history of the college and the village.

"An unanimous invitation of the Second Congregational church and society in Portland, to enter the pastoral office made vacant by the removal of the lamented Payson, revived the memory of his early successful ministry, and confirmed the impression that had been growing upon his mind, that his talents better fitted him for usefulness in the pulpit and pastoral work, than in the Presidency of a college.

"He parted painfully with the Trustees and Professors, some of whom were venerable for age while he was but a youth—one of whom yet lives, patiently waiting his turn to be called to the fellowship of kindred spirits—and took up his residence in Portland. Here he found a large, intelligent, and harmonious church and people. He had laid upon him heavy demands for study and labor, but he also enjoyed health and vigor, and cheerfully undertook

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and performed what he found to do. His ministry in Portland was a success. Scarce a communion season occurred at which some persons were not received into the church, and, as the fruits of one revival, he was permitted to gather into the church more than one hundred souls.

"In the fall of 1833, the Theological Institute of Connecticut was founded, and he was appointed President, and Professor of Christian Theology. It need not be said that now for a season, his mind was deeply moved. He could not dismiss this call without deliberation, urged upon him as it was, by men who were his tried friends from his youth, with whom he had been accustomed to take counsel. He was happily laboring in a field where the blessing of God had been with him, and the prospect for the future seemed only fair and promising. The institution to which he was invited was new—unprovided with funds—an experiment. He would leave a certainty for an uncertainty as regards support. The result is known. He decided to come to Connecticut; and in this place it should be recorded that he never saw an hour after this decision was formed, in which he felt any distressing doubts as to its correctness. So he has recently written. On the question touching the wisdom of the course pursued by him in taking the stand he did, and connecting himself with the Theological Institute, men will form a different judgment, according to their positions and sympathies in the theological world. It is just that the writer (who knows) should say in his behalf, that it was not only his conviction that the seminary was needed at the time he assumed the duties of a professor, but that he believed to the last that it had been instrumental of great good to the church, by the check it had given to the progress of dangerous errors.

"Of his merits as a preacher, of his theological opinions, of his writings in the form of books, sermons, tracts, &c., the writer will not speak, His relatives and friends cheerfully trust his memory to posterity. They respected him for his talents and wisdom, his zeal and ardent, though safe, enthusiasm in every work in which he engaged; but for large and generous charity, for his paternal interest in their welfare, they loved him with a love that can never die. He was the Christian grandfather to the children of his own sons and daughters; and not only so, but grandfather to all children that knew him. Though his final sickness was brief and distressing, yet his mind was clear to the last mo-

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ment, and he died with words of kindness on his lips to all that came near his bedside, and with peace in his own soul.

"Who shall live his life again."

"In some accounts which have been printed, errors appear in relation to his family. He was the father of twelve children, six of whom, with a widow of 72 years, survive. Rev. J. E. Tyler, now resident at East Windsor Hill, with whom he has lived since he resigned his place in the Seminary; Mrs. Greely, widow of the late Hon. Philip Greely, Jr., Boston; Mrs. Goddard, widow of Rev. John Goddard; Edward Tyler, Esq., Cashier of the Suffolk Bank, Boston; Mrs. Prof. Gale, and Rev. Josiah Tyler, Missionary in South Africa."

HON. ISAAC TOUCEY.

Isaac Toucey was the son of Thomas Toucey, one of the founders of the ecclesiastical society of South Britain, in Southbury. He lived in a house a little easterly from the present residence of Bethuel Russell. Thomas Toucey afterwards removed to Newtown, Conn., where the subject of this sketch was born, Nov. 5, 1795; so that he was a grandson of Ancient Woodbury. He studied law with Hon. Asa Chapman, of Newtown, afterwards a Judge of the Supreme Court of Errors of this State. Mr. Toucey commenced the practice of his profession in Hartford, in 1818, and soon obtained a high rank at the bar. He held the office of State Attorney for Hartford County from 1822 to 1836. In the latter year he was elected a representative to Congress, and continued to represent his district in that capacity for four years. In 1846, he was elected Governor of the State. During the latter part of President Polk's administration, Mr. Toucey filled the office of Attorney General of the United States. In 1850, he was a member of the Senate of his native State. In 1851, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, and held that office through his term of six years. When Mr. Buchanan became President of the United States, Mr. Toucey went into his cabinet, and held the office of Secretary of the Navy during that administration, at the close of which he went back to private life. In addition to the public stations which he filled during his long life, there were others which he was offered and declined. Among these was a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.

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From his admission to the bar till his election to U. S. Senate, in 1851, Mr. Toucey was constantly devoted to the duties of his profession, with the exception of the four years during which he represented his district in the lower house of Congress.[1]

ARTHUR B. WARNER,

Son of Sherman B. Warner, Esq., of Southbury, where he was born. He was educated in Woodbury; studied law with Hon. James Huntington, and was admitted to the bar of Litchfield County, in the spring of 1872. He continues in the office of Judge Huntington, as his assistant, and is also Clerk of Probate for the District of Woodbury. He thus casts in his lot with us, "for better or for worse."

COL. SETH WARNER.

On page 411 of the last edition, the author criticised the inhabitants of Roxbury, for the shameful neglect in which they had allowed the remains of Col. Warner to lie. It is not to be supposed that that criticism had any effect. But the fact is so, that a movement was soon after set on foot, which resulted in an appropriation by the State of $1,000, on certain conditions to be performed by the inhabitants of Roxbury, which were fulfilled, and a beautiful monument of Quincy granite was erected on the Centre Green, in Roxbury, April 30, 1859, to the memory of the brave deceased. To this place the remains had been removed, from their ancient resting place in the "Old Burying Ground," about a mile from the center, on the 20th of the preceding October. There are historical inscriptions on each of the four raised panels of the die. Some of the dates differ from those given in the former edition of this work, which were those given by Mr. Chipman, of Vermont, in his work. But the matter of dates was carefully investigated by Ex-Gov. Hiland Hall, of Vermont, George W. Warner, Esq., of Bridgeport, Conn., a descendent of Col. Seth Warner, and the writer, and the dates put upon the monument are believed to be correct.

On the east (front) side is inscribed:—"Col. Seth Warner, of the Army of the Revolution, born in Roxbury, Ct., May 17, 1743,

[1] Hon. Wm. D. Shipman, U. S. District Judge.

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a resident of Bennington, Vt., from 1765 to 1784; died in his native parish, Dec. 26, 1784." On the north side appears:—"Captor of Crown Point, Commander of the Green Mountain Boys in the repulse of Carleton at Longueil, and at the battle of Hubbardton, and the associate of Stark in the victory at Bennington." On the south side is inscribed:—"Distinguished as a successful defender of the New Hampshire Grants, and for bravery, sagacity, energy and humanity, as a partisan officer in the War of the Revolution." On the west side appears:—"His remains are deposited under this monument, erected by order of the General Assembly of Connecticut, A. D., 1859."

HON. WARREN W. GUTHRIE.

Mr. Guthrie was born in South Britain, Southbury. He is a great-grandson of Judge William Edmond, late of Newtown. After receiving an Academic education, he entered the law office of William Cothren, where he pursued his studies with diligence and fidelity for three years, when he was admitted to the Litchfield County bar, in 1855, and immediately opened a law office at Seymour, Conn. He remained there a year, and had more than the ordinary success of a young lawyer. Desiring a wider field, he removed to Kansas, where he has since remained, and is now in a large and lucrative practice, at Atchison, Kansas. Soon after his settlement in Kansas, he was elected to the office of Attorney General, and held it for four years.

Thus the just criticism of the former volume is removed. And here we close our list of the worthy ones whom Woodbury delights to honor.

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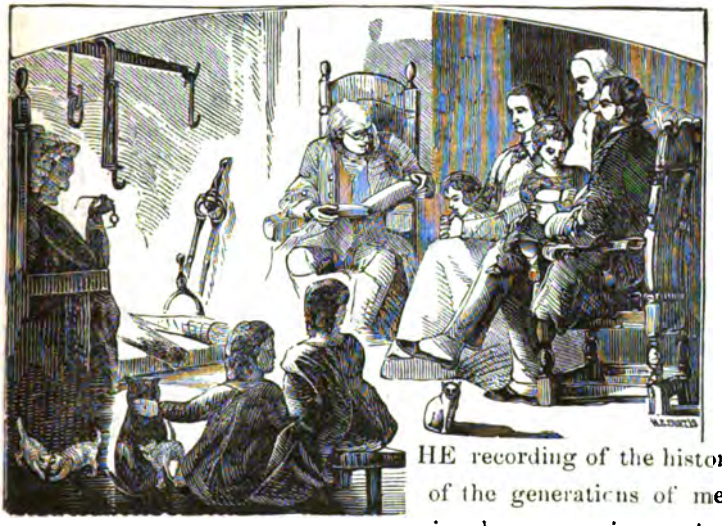
CHAPTER XII.

GENEALOGIES—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 481.



THE recording of the history of the generations of men is always an interesting, though most laborious, work. It recalls us to all that is tender and affecting in the several relations in life. The man who does not "care who his father was," and has no curiosity to know from what branch or stock he has derived his existence, in the line back towards Adam, is a confessed boor, who should be closely watched in all the transactions with which he is connected. The views of the writer on this interesting branch of human inquiry, were fully given in the first volume of this work.

Doubtless many, in looking through this part of the work, will wonder why *their* family histories have not been recorded. The answer is brief. Though the author has importuned them for

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eighteen years, they have not furnished the material. Everything has been introduced that could be obtained. But now the "summer is past and the harvest ended." Nobody will ever have the courage to write the history of our town the next two hundred years.

In writing such extended genealogies as were introduced in the first volume, with its myriad of facts and dates, it was to be expected that errors would occur. Where such have been brought to the writer's attention, they are here corrected. But instead of writing the genealogies over again, which would require much space, the writer has simply re-written certain portions of the genealogies in which the corrections occur. So that in giving the account of any particular family, in this volume, it will be understood that where it differs from the former account, the present account is the correct one. Any one interested in a particular family, can, by an examination, make the necessary corrections.

In this part of the author's work, he has been most kindly and effectively aided by Rev. Benjamin L. Swan, of Oyster Bay, N. Y., one of the most careful and laborious historical and genealogical investigators in this country. If anywhere the writer has differed with him, it has been after the most careful investigation of the facts. At the time the former edition was written, little attention had been given this branch of inquiry. But since then, it has engaged the time and attention of multitudes, and a much more just appreciation of the matter has become prevalent. Works of this kind have become numerous, and, it is believed, the new inquiries have been vastly beneficial.

In recording the following families, the author has followed the plan adopted by the several persons who have furnished him the family records, and not that plan which he deems best for all family records, explained on page 484.

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ALLEN FAMILY.[1]

SAMUEL ALLEN was a petit juror at Windsor, Conn., March 5th, 1644. The inventory of his estate was £76 18s. 8p., as presented in the settlement of it, Sept. 8th, 1668. He died at Windsor, Conn., April 28th, 1668. It does not appear whether he was of the same family as Hon. Matthew Allyn, of Hartford and Windsor, which family had a leading influence in the latter place, and a high standing in the Colony. The orthography of the name is not conclusive upon this point. Deacon Thomas Allen, of Middletown, being regarded as a brother of Hon Matthew Allyn, and the common form of spelling used by him, and more usual in English, and equally nearer to the foreign form, Allyn, which may have been the original name. Nor would the personal circumstances of the parties be conclusive on the same point.

Stiles, in his History of Ancient Windsor, states from private authority, that Ann, the widow of Samuel Allen, removed from Windsor to Northampton, Mass., having three sons, *Samuel*, *Nehemiah* and *John*, and then married William Hurlburt.

Nehemiah Allyn and Sarah Woodford, are recorded as having been married at Northampton, Sept. 21st, 1664. Their son *Samuel*, was b. Jan. 3d, 1665

The record of marriages at Northampton, between 1685 and 1695, is missing, but the births of children of Samuel and Mercy Allen, appear in order: *Nehemiah*, b. Sept. 21st, 1693; *Mercy*, b. June 29th, 1695; *Nehemiah*, b. Sept. 19th, 1697; *Mary*, b. Oct. 22d, 1699; *Hester*, b. Feb. 26th, 1704.

At Deerfield, Mass., first appears the death of Hester, dau. of Samuel and Mercy Allen, Dec., 18th, 1707. Then follow births of *Joseph*, their son, b. Oct. 14th, 1708; and *Ebenezer*, b. April 26th, 1711. One or two intervals in the family record may have to be supplied from some other town. A name or two in the examination of records may have been overlooked. An interval of time occurred after the latest date found at Deerfield, during which the movements of the family are lost sight of. The birth of the youngest child, and the death of Samuel Allen, the father, are not found.

The lineage of Mercy Allen is given in the New England Historical and Genealogical Register for 1850, (Vol. IV, p. 355), in a notice of the descendants of Dea. Samuel Wright, of Springfield, Mass. His name is first mentioned there in 1639, three years after the settlement was commenced. He removed to Northampton in 1655, and died there Oct. 17th, 1665. Of the eight children of Samuel and Margaret Wright, Judah, the seventh in order, was b. in Springfield, May 10th, 1662. Judah Wright m. Mercy Burt, Jan. 17th, 1687. They had eight children, the second of whom was Mercy, b. 1669. The father of the distinguished Senator, Silas Wright, who removed from Amherst, Mass., to Weybridge, Vt., when his son was an infant, through an older line of descent, was in the sixth generation of the same family.

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[1] This account is furnished by Mr. Phillip Battell, of Middlebury, Vt.

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By the records of Litchfield, Conn., it is found that widow Mercy Allen removed to that place from Coventry, Conn., about 1720. She had with her, *Nehemiah*, an adult son, and *Daniel, Joseph, Ebenezer, Lydia* and *Lucy*, minor children. She d. Feb. 25th, 1728. The family had land at Litchfield, a third part of which was conveyed by Daniel Allen, as executor upon his mother's death, to Joseph, his brother, March 1st, 1729; one hundred acres was conveyed by the latter to his sister Lydia, in 1732, and the same quantity to Paul Peck, Jr., the following year.

Joseph Allen, b. as above, at Deerfield, Mass., in 1708; m. Mary Baker,[1] dau. of John Baker, of Woodbury, Conn., March, 1737. Their chh. were Gen. *Ethan*, b. Jan. 10th, 1738; *Heman*, b. Oct. 15th, 1740; *Lydia*, b. April 6th, 1742; *Heber*, b. Oct. 4th, 1743; *Levi*, b. Jan. 16th, 1745; *Lucy*, b. April 2d, 1747; *Zimzi*, b. Dec. 10th, 1748; *Ira*, b. 1751.

Of this family, most of whom were born in Cornwall, Conn., Lydia, Mrs. Finch, lived and died in Easton; Lucy, Mrs. Beebe, in Sheffield, Mass. Heman was in business in Salisbury, Conn., a man of vigorous mind and solid judgment, only temporarily engaged in the local affairs of Vermont. Zimzi and Heber were not concerned in public affairs; the former d. in Sheffield, Mass., the latter in Pultney, Vt. Levi Allen was pervere and eccentric; took the wrong side in the War of the Revolution, and d. at Benington, Vt., in 1801. The oldest and youngest of the family exemplified its peculiar qualities of energy and intellect; the latter more particularly in private enterprise; but both in the public affairs, momentous and critical of the new State, alike in personal vengeance, perhaps, in patriotic ardor; the elder, a leader of the masses, both in counsel and in action.

Gen. *Ethan Allen* m. first, Mary Brownson, of Roxbury Parish, in Woodbury, June 23d, 1762. The chh. of this marriage were *Lorane, Joseph, Lucy, Mary Ann* and *Pamelia*, born, it is said, before the family removed to Vermont. His second wife was Mrs. Fanny Buchanan, whom he married at Westminster, Vt., Feb. 9th, 1786. The chh. by this marriage were *Ethan Voltaire, Hannibal* and *Fanny*. The first wife died in Sunderland, Vt. The second m. Hon. Jabez Penniman, of Colchester, Vt., and died there about 1832. The dau. Lucy, m. Hon. Samuel Hitchcock, a distinguished man in Vermont; Pamelia m. Eleazur W. Hayes, Esq. Both resided and died in Burlington, Vt. Ethan V. and Hannibal Allen became officers of the United States army. The latter died at Norfolk, Va.; the former at the same place, Jan. 6th, 1845, leaving a son of his own name, who has resided in New York. Fanny became a nun of the Hotel Dieu, at Montreal, Canada, where she was distinguished sometimes by visitors from curiosity, for a peculiar dignity of person, as well as by the prestige of her family. Gen. Ethan Allen d. at Burlington, Vt., Feb. 12th, 1789.[2]

John, 3d son of the Juror, Samuel m. Mary Hammond, and was killed by

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[1] *Mary Baker*, b. at Woodbury, March, 1709, was dau. of John Baker, b. at New London, Dec. 24th, 1681, who was s. of Joshua Baker, b. in Boston, Mass., in 1642, s. of Alexander Baker, of Boston. See ante., p. 502.

[2] See Lecture of Prof. Z. Thompson, in Vermont Historical Gazetteer, Vol. II., p. 360.

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the Indians at the battle of Bloody Brook, Deerfield, Mass., Sept. 18th, 1675. His two sons fled to Enfield, Conn., to escape the Indians, prior to 1700. From this, John, brother of Nehemiah, Hon. H. W. Allen, of Warehouse Point, is descended.

ATWOOD FAMILY, p. 490.

MARY, dau. of Wheeler Atwood, b. Dec. 9th, 1814; m. Julius F. Smith, who d. March 25, 1868, at Watertown. They had chh. *Mary Abi*, b. 26th Aug., 1837; *Martha Annie*, b. Oct. 31st. 1839; *John Fenn*, b. April 3d, 1842; and *Truman Julius*.

H. W. ATWOOD, of Brooklyn, N. Y., (p. 494), m. Josephine V. Wood, and had chh. Hattie E. and Robert E.

BACON FAMILY.

Nathaniel, son of Jabez. Sen., d. March 4th, 1846, aged 78.
Nathaniel Almoran, s. of Nathaniel, d. Sept. 1st, 1870, aged 72.
Almira, wife of Nathaniel A., d. Sept. 20th, 1867, aged 64.
Ellen, d. of Nathaniel A., d. March 18th, 1857, aged 29.
Rebecca, d. of Nathaniel A., d. May 8th, 1864, aged 30.
Rebecca, wife of Daniel, d. Aug. 15th, 1855, aged 81.
Maria, d. of Daniel, d. Aug. 26th, 1859, aged 64.
Julia, d. of Daniel, d. Nov. 3d, 1869, aged 69.
Fanny T., d. of Daniel, m. Edmond D. Estilette, Nov. 11th, 1857.
Julia L., d. of Daniel, m. Eugene L. Richards, Nov. 27th, 1861.
Daniel P., s. of Daniel, d. April 30th, 1855, aged 5.
J. Knight, s. of Wm. T., m. Sophia Marsh, Dec. 15th, 1868.
William T., Jr., s. of Wm. T., m. Elizabeth Thompson, May 8th, 1867.
Walter, s. of Wm. T., b Feb. 19th, 1851.
Daniel, s. of William T., b. June 1, 1853.
James, s of William T., b. Jan. 15th, 1856.

BATTELL FAMILY.

THOMAS[4] BATTELL, (spelled by him Battelle) emigrated from England to Massachusetts; settled at Dedham, where he m. Mary Fisher, dau. of Joshua Fisher, Sept. 5th, 1648, and d. Feb. 28th, 1706.

John[3], son of Thomas[1], b. July 1st, 1652; m. Hannah Holbrook, Nov. 18th, 1678, d. Sept. 20th, 1712.

John,[2] son of John[3], born April 17th, 1689, m. Abigail Draper, Jan. 9th, 1710, d. Feb. 14th, 1780.

John,[4] son of John[2], b. April 20th, 1718, m. Mehitabel Sherman, dau. of William Sherman, and sister of Roger Sherman, April 26th, 1739.

William[5], son of John[4], b. Aug. 12th, 1748; went from Dedham to Milford, Conn., m. (1st) Sarah Buckingham, dau. of Josiah and Sarah (Brinsmade) Buckingham.

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His children were—

1. *William*, b. at Milford, March 25th, 1773, and d. unmarried at Torringford, July 8th, 1841.

2. *Joseph*, b. at Milford, July 21st, 1774; settled at Norfolk, and m. Sarah, daughter of Rev. Ammi R. Robbins, and Elizabeth (Le Baron) Robbins, July 24th, 1805. He d. Nov. 30th, 1841, leaving his wife and nine children. Mrs. Sarah Battell, his wife, d. Sept. 23d, 1854. The children are all living at this date, (1870).

3. *Josiah Buckingham*, b. at Woodbury, March 1st, 1776, m. Sarah Gillett, of Torrington; had three dau., all deceased; he died May 7th, 1843.

4. *John Brinsmade*, b. at Woodbury, July 21st, 1779, d. in Manchester, Va., Nov. 7th, 1819, unmarried.

5. *Sally*, b. at Woodbury, May 20th, 1781, m. the Rev. Abel McEwen, D.D., of New London. They had seven chh., three s. and four dau. She died March 9th, 1859.

6. *Ann*, b. at Woodbury, Feb. 20th, 1783, m. the Rev. Harvey Loomis, of Bangor, Maine. They had two sons. She d. July 27th, 1861.

7. *Harriet*, b. at Torringford, June 7th, 1785, d. Feb. 24th, 1822, unmarried.

8. *Urania Phillips*, b. at Torringford, May 15th, 1787, d. Jan. 23d, 1814, unmarried.

9. *Charles Isaac*, b. July 23d, 1789; resided in Evansville, Ind.; d. April 12th, 1868, unmarried.

10. *Charlotte*, b. Feb. 19th, 1796, m. Aaron Austin, has one son living. (1870).

William, father of the above, m a second time, in 1807, Mrs. Martha Mitchell, his cousin, and dau. of the Rev. Josiah Sherman of Goshen and Woburn, Mass., and sister of the Hon. Roger M. Sherman, of Fairfield. Mr. Battell d. Feb. 29th, 1832; his second wife d. October 25th, 1829.

BUCKINGHAM GENEALOGY.

I. THOMAS, the first of the name in this country, belonged to the company that first settled New Haven. They arrived at Boston, June 26th, 1637, and the next Spring came to Quinnipiack.

His house-lot was in "Mr. Gregson's Quarter," and about where Mr. Murdock lived. He had a family of four persons, and an estate of £60.

He removed to Milford in the Autumn of 1639, with Rev. Mr. Prudden and his company, who settled that town. His house-lot there was a little above the 2d Congregational Church, on the corner where the old Bergen House stood a few days ago. On the old church records at Milford, his name stands among the seven who first consented to walk together as a church (the "Seven Pillars" as they were called) and to these the others were added among them, Hannah, his wife.

Upon the death of Minister Prudden, he was sent to Boston to procure another Minister, and d. there 1657.

He left five children: (1). *Hannah*, b. 1632, m. Welsh; (2). *Daniel*, called

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Serg. and afterwards "Elder," which office he held 39 years, b. 1636, d. 1711; (3), *Samuel;* (4). *Mary;* (5). *Rev. Thomas,* of Saybrook, one of the founders of Yale College, b. 1646, d. 1709.

This is Gov. Buckingham's ancestor:

II. "Elder" *Daniel* had seven children; (1.) *Hannah:* (2). *Daniel;* (3). *Mary;* (4). Rev *Thomas,* of the South Church, Hartford; (5). *John;* (6). *Gideon;* (7). *Josiah.*

III. GIDEON was born Oct. 4th, 1675, d. 1719. He married Sarah Hunt, Feb. 3d, 1700, and had six children:

(1). *Gideon;* (2). *John:* (3). *Daniel;* (4). *Alice,* m. Treat; (5). *Josiah;* (6). *Clement,* m. Josephine Hunt.

IV. JOSIAH Bap, March 23d, 1718, d. 1784, m. Sarah Brinsmade. He had five children:

(1). *Judge Gideon,* b. June 22d, 1744, d. Dec. 8th, 1809; (2). *Isaac.* m. Belden, of Wethersfield; (3). *Sarah,* m. *Wm. Battell,* b. 1753, d. 1806; (4). *Urania,* m. Phillips, of Long Island, Nov. 10th, 1785; (5). *Ann,* who died at 20.

BUTLER FAMILY.

RICHARD BUTLER was among the earliest Stratford settlers, and had two daus., *Phebe* m. Benj. Peet; and *Mary* m. John Washborn, of Hempstead, L. I., in 1655, and afterwards Thomas Hicks, and thus became ancestress of Elias Hicks, founder of the Hicksite sect. There was in Stratford, a Dr. John Butler, from 1684, till his death in 1695. He was a grantee of lands in Woodbury before 1697. He was probably son of Dr. John Butler, of Boston, afterwards of Branford, Conn., where he died in 1680. John, Sen., had sons, *John, Richard, Jonathan* and *Jonas.* There was a Dea. Richard Butler in Hartford, who died in 1684, and had sons, *Thomas, Samuel, Nathaniel, Joseph* and *Daniel.* Their descendants are numerous. Zebulon and John Butler, who figured in the troubles in Wyoming Valley, was of this race. Benjamin F. Butler, late Attorney General of New York, was also of this lineage, Capt. Zephaniah Butler was in the campaign of Gen. Wolfe at Quebec, marching with other brave soldiers from Woodbury. His son, father of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, now member of Congress, was a Captain of the War of 1812, and Gen. Butler has his commission signed by Madison, as well as the powder-horn of his grandfather, who fought under Wolfe, marked "Zephaniah Butler, his horn, Woodbury, Connecticut, ye 27, 1758." This Zephaniah and his brother Benjamin moved to Nottingham, N. H., and settled there.

Gen B. F. Butler, M. C., gives the writer the following account of his family:

My grandfather was m. to Abigail Cilley, of Nottingham, d. of Gen. Joseph Cilley of that town. By her he had children, *Benjamin, Susan, Enoch, Alice, William* and *John,* who was my father.

BENJAMIN m. Betsey Morrill, at Deerfield, N. H., and d. childless.

SUSAN was never m., and lived and d. in Nottingham

ENOCH m. Abigail Page, settled in London, and had by her two children: *Betsey Morrill,* who d. unmarried; *Enoch,* who married Sarah Marden, by whom he had children, *Benjamin M.* and *Clymena,* both now living.

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SARAH m. Israel Bartlett, of Nottingham, and had three children: *Sarah*, who d. childless; *Hamilton*, now living, unmarried; and a *younger brother*, name forgotten, now deceased, childless.

ALICE m. Samuel Philbrook, of Washington, N. H., subsequently removed to the State of New York. She had children: *Samuel*, who settled in Savannah, and d. leaving one dau., now living; *Betsey*, who m. Mr. Mapes and settled in New York; *Franklin* also settled in New York; both the last are living, having children.

WILLIAM d. a bachelor.

JOHN m. Sally Bachelder, by whom he had three children, daughters, *Mary*, *Sarah* and *Betsey*.

MARY m. Theodore Houlton, and d. in Greenville, Me., bearing one child, Albert, now living.

SARAH m. Jonathan Maloon, and had three children, *John*, *Horace*, and *Sarah*, the two former now deceased, the latter living. Mrs. Maloon is now living.

BEYSEY m. Daniel Stevens, of Nottingham, and had children: *Betsey*, *Thomas Addis*, *Amanda*, *Charlotte*, *Joanna*, *John* and *Walter*.

BETSEY m. Col. J. B Bachelder, still living, having one child Sarah; *Thos. Addis* m. Sarah Sanborn, and has three children all living; *Amanda* and *Charlotte* living unmarried; *Joanna*, deceased; *John*, still living; *Walter*, still living.

The wife of JOHN, ancestor, having d. he m. Charlotte Ellison, by whom he had three children, *Charlotte*, *Andrew Jackson* and *Benjamin F.*

CHARLOTTE m. Horace Houlton, and d. leaving one child, Francis; *Andrew J.* m. Joanna Harris and had one child, now living, Geo. H. Butler, Consul General at Alexandria, Egypt. Andrew is now deceased. *Benjamin F.*, the writer, m. Sarah Hildreth, and had three children, *Blanche*, who married Gen. Adelbert Ames, U. S. Senator from Mississippi, and two boys, *Paul* and *Ben Israel*, all living.

BOOTH FAMILY.

RICHARD BOOTH m. Elizabeth Hawley; chh. *John*, m. 1st, June 16, 1678, Dorothy (who d. 1710) dau. of Thomas Hawley; 2d., m. Hannah, wid. of Robert Clark, she d. 1717.; chh. *Thomas*, b. March, 1679; *Jonathan*, *Martha*, *Ephraim*, *John*, and probably *Sarah* and *Ann*; *John* Booth, Jr., had a son *John*, b. 1726, d. 1728, p. 510; *Samuel* Booth, who m. Sarah Walker, was son of Nathan, who was son of Zechariah, who was son of Joseph, who was son of Richard. He was b. ——, 1743, p. 510; *David* Booth was son of David, son of Joseph, son of Richard.

BRINSMADE FAMILY.

JOHN BRINSMADE appeared first in Charlestown, 1637, was made freeman, 1638. His wifes name was Mary, who survived him. His children were *Marg*, b. July 24th, 1640. She m. John Bostwick. *John*, b. March 2d, 1643;

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Daniel ——; *Zachary*, 1647, drowned in 1667. (The only manuscript sermon of Mr. Israel Chauncey, now extant, is one preached at the funeral of Zachary. Prof. Fowler owns it). *Paul, Sarah, Elizabeth.*

Mr. B. removed to Stratford before 1650; was representative 1669 and '71; and d. 1673. His son JOHN d. before 1680, and his brother shared his estate. PAUL m. Oct., 1678, Elizabeth Hawkins, a daughter of Anthony H., of Windsor (whose wife was Ann, daughter of Gov. Thom. Wells). Paul had *Ann* b. Oct., 1679; *John*, 1681; *Zechariah* in 1684; *Hester*, *Deborah*. Elizabeth was unmarried in 1673.

DANIEL BRINSMADE m. Sarah, dau. of Daniel Kellogg, of Norwich. He d. in Oct., 1702, and his widow m. John Betts, of Norwalk. Daniel and Sarah Brinsmade had children: *Mary*, 1684; *Daniel*, 1687; *Abigail*, 1691; *Samuel*, 1694; *Ruth*, 1700.

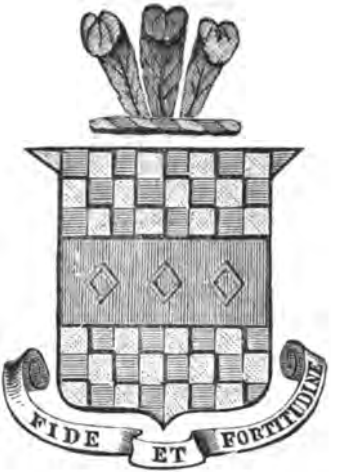
DANIEL BRINSMADE, son of Daniel and Sarah, m. Mercy (or Mary) about 1715. She was b. in 1696, and d. in 1731, Oct. 25. He then m. Hannah ——, of New Haven, in 1732. By his first wife he had *Mary*, b. May, 1716; *Daniel*, July, 1718; *Hannah*, May, 1720; *Abraham*, Feb., 1726–7; Mary m. Israel Munson; Hannah m. Abraham Hawley; Daniel m. Rhoda Sherman; Abraham m. Mary Wheeler, Jan., 1747–8.

DANIEL, son of Daniel and Mercy, m. Rhoda Sherman.

ABRAHAM BRINSMADE, son of Daniel, settled at Trumbull, and has descendents there.

ZECHARIAH, son of Paul, m. Sarah Cobbett, of Fairfield, Oct., 1710. They had 10 children.

CAPEWELL FAMILY.



This family was descended from How Capell, of Hereford. The descendants spell the name Capewell.

Arms.—Chequy or. and az., on a fesse gu., three mascles az.

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Crest.—A plume of three Ostrich Feathers, two az. and one gu.

Motto.—Fide et fortitudine.

MARK CAPEWELL, father of *George* and *Joseph*. Mark Capewell was born in Dudley, England, and was in the employ of Lord Hanks, in the Glass Works, and m. Mary Southall, of Birmingham Heath. She was sister to William and Joseph Southall, of Dudley. Joseph Southall was a Constable in Dudley, and William was a Nail Manufacturer in Dudley.

Mary Southall, wife of Mark Campbell, was mother to *George, Joseph* and *Mark Capewell*, who emigrated to this country in 1840, and have resided in this town since that date, except that Mark Capewell d. Sept. 27th, 1854, and left two children: *George Joseph* and *Eliza*.

GEORGE JOSEPH, son of Mark, m. in West Cheshire, where he now resides, and has two children.

ELIZA, d. of Mark, m. James Bates of Roxbury, where they now reside, and have two children.

JOSEPH THOMAS, was b. in England, December 1st, 1818, and married Sarah Pitt, Aug. 7th, 1838, daughter of John and Ann Pitt. Sarah Pitt was born June 8th, 1820. Children: *Sarah Ann*, b. Oct. 7th, 1840. Married July 1st, 1858, Henry S. Conrad. He d. in the U. S. service. She afterwards m. George Warner of Woodbury, and now resides in Watertown; *John Pitt*, b. Aug. 2d, 1842, d. Aug. 28th, 1851; *Julia*, b. May 23d, 1844, m. Sept. 14th, 1864, Charles E. Warner, of Roxbury; *Emily*, b. Dec. 8th, 1845, m. Oct. 22d, 1865, George L. Beardslee, of Bridgewater; *Ellen*, b. Jan. 10th, 1848, m. Dec. 3d, 1870, Frank J. Atwood; *Joseph Thomas*, b. June 10th, 1851, d. July 15th, 1861; *Walter Stanley*, b. June 16th, 1853.

JOHN PITT, father of Sarah Capewell, was b. in England, Dec. 2d, 1791; served seven years in the British army under the Duke of Wellington; was wounded by a bombshell, and afterwards got his discharge and emigrated to this country in Feb., 1848, and d. 19th of Aug., 1870, aged 79; *George Augustus*, b. Jan. 27th, 1817, m. May 9th, 1838, dau. of Thomas and Harriet Davis; *Harriet Davis*, b. Sept. 25th, 1818, *George Davis*, b. June 27th, 1737, m. Nov. 22d, 1866, Mary E. Judson, dau. of Nathan S. and Flora Judson; *Caroline Elizabeth*, b. Dec. 18th, 1840, m. Jas. Sheldon Stone, Dec. 28th, 1858, son of Sheldon and Julia A. Stone; *Marcus Augustus*, b. Jan. 8th, 1843, d. Jan. 11th, 1843; *Mary Ann*, b. April 30th, 1845, m. April 30th, 1867, Charles Henry Percy, son of Clement and Louisa Percy; *Martha Louesa*, b. Oct. 28th, 1848, d. Feb. 27th, 1862; *Seymour Landon*, b Dec. 14th, 1849; *Hannah Elica*, b. Sept. 22d, 1853, d. Feb. 7th, 1857; *John Edward*, b. June 17th, 1856; *Harriet Amelia*, b. March 22d, 1858; *Frank Eugene*, b. Aug. 27th, 1860; *James Henry*, b. March 15th, 1863, d. same day.

CRAFTS FAMILY.

During the early settlement of Massachusetts, two brothers by the name of Crafts emigrated from Great Britain and settled at Newtown, in the vicinity of Boston, Mass. One of the brothers died leaving no posterity; the other left a number of children, some in Newtown, and some in Boston and its vicinity. And it is believed from this original stock, all who bear the name of Crafts within the United States, descended. Of these, SAMUEL CRAFTS

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came from Newtown and settled in Pomfret, Conn., in 1686. *Joseph*, supposed to be the son of Samuel, m. Susannah ———, and d. Jan. 25th, 1754. His wife d. Aug. 28th, aged 84.

JOSEPH had nine sons and six daughters. These children were *Susannah*, b. Sept. 23d, 1720, m. Abial Lyon, and d. Sept. 2d, 1748; *Samuel*, b. July 15th, 1722; *Joseph*, b. July 4th, 1724; *Mary*, b. Nov. 27th, 1725; *Elizabeth*, b. Sept. 12th, 1727; *Mehetable*, b. March 27th, 1728; *Hannah*, b. March 8th, 1730; *Joseph*, b. March 8th, 1732; *Benjamin*, b. Feb 20th, 1734; *Griffin*, b. Feb. 21st, 1736, d. May 11th, 1737; *Griffin*, b. July 9th, 1738, d. Jan. 20th, 1743; *Ebenezer*, b. Sept. 22d, 1738; *Erancis*, b. Jan. 27th, 1743; *Moses*, b. April 15th, 1744; *Sarah*, b. Jan. 5th, 1746, d. Jan. 20, 1750.

Children of SAMUEL and JUDITH CRAFTS: *Griffin*, b. July 18th, 1748; *Sarah*, b. April 13th, 1750. *Edward*, b. April 19th, 1752, d. March 17th, 1821; *Samuel*. b. May 19th. 1754, d. Jan. 23d, 1755; *Samuel*, b. Jan 15th, 1761; *John*, b. ———.

Children of JOSEPH and ——— CRAFTS: *Samuel*, *John*, *Royal*, *Polly* and *Susan*.

Children of BENJAMIN and ANNA CRAFTS: *Susannah*, b. Jan. 2d, 1762, d, Sept. 21st, 1764; *Frederick*, b. Oct. 11th, 1763; *Susannah*, b. Nov. 23d, 1765; *Gardner*, b. Jan. 1st, 1768; *Benjamin*, b. March 4th, 1770; *Anna*, b. July 5th, 1772; *Joseph*, b. Oct. 15th, 1774; *Hannah*, b. July 13th, 1777; *Moses*, b. July 4th, 1780, d. Aug. 18th, 1780.

Children of Col. EBENEZER and ——— CRAFTS: *Gov. Samuel C.*, *Matilda*, who m. Mr. Corbin; *Augusta*, who m. Dr. Paddock, and two dau. who d. young.

Children of GRIFFIN and HANNAH CRAFTS: *Elizabeth*, m. Martin Bridge; *Judith*, m. Erastus Lathrop; *Sabrina*, m. Wm. Campbell; *Mehetabel*, m. A. Grover; *Erastus* and *Alfred*, ch. by Sarah, his second wife; infant son d.; *Sarah Emily*, infant, d.; *Samuel*.

Dr. EDWARD CRAFTS m. 1st Abigail Clark, b 1759, d. Oct. 23d, 1795; 2d, Ann Baldwin, b. 1759, d. June 8th, 1813; 3d, Mellissa Holbrook, b. 1769, d. Jan. 19th, 1844. Children by first wife: *Julia*, b. 1781, d. Sept. 16th, 1801; *Samuel*, b. 1783, d. at sea June 5th, 1810; *Pearl*, b. 1785, d. Dec. 29th, 1821; *Chauncey*, b. June 1st, 1787, d. Oct. 12th, 1828; *Laura*, b. 1789, d. June 15th, 1805; *Edward*, b. 1790, d. Feb. 20th, 1892; *Edward*, b. 1794, d. Nov. 1826.

Dr. PEARL, son of Edward, m. Sarah Blakeley. Children: *Edward B.*, b. Jan. 13th, 1814; *Elizabeth M.*, b. May 30th. 1816. Married Edward S. Clark; *Julia M.*, b. Dec. 31st, 1817, d. Oct. 14th, 1818: *Samuel P.*, b. 1820, d. July 31st, 1822.

Gen. CHAUNCEY, son of Dr. Edward, m. Maria Bacon, Sept. 11th, 1811; she was b. Sept. 3d, 1794, d. Aug. 26th, 1859. Children: A dau. b. May 30th 1813, d. same day; *Julia Maria*, b. Aug. 20th, 1814, m. Rev. B. Y. Messenger, Feb. 7th, 1838, d. Aug. 25th, 1839; twins b. July 1st, 1816, d. same day; *Charles Bacon*, b. July 18th, 1817, m. Cornelia A. Trowbridge, Sept. 11th, 1868; *Chauncey*, b. March 20th, 1820, d. June 18th, 1841; *Rebecca Bacon*, b. May 7th, 1822, m. Wm. B. Hotchkiss, June 6th, 1843, Their ch. were *Lydia T. C.*, b. July 3d, 1846; *William Josiah*, b. Jan. 6th, 1850; *Chauncey Crafts*, b. Oct. 28th, 1852; *James*, ———; *Samuel Pearl*, b. March 30th, 1824; *Fanny A.*. b. June 4th, 1826, m. 1st, Samuel W. Andrew, Jan. 4th, 1848, and had

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Samuel W. Andrew, Jr., b. April 20th, 1849; m. 2d, Wm. S. Charnley. Children: *Fanny Adele*, b. June 22d, 1856, d. March 1st, 1864; *Edith*, b. Aug. 3d, 1861; *George Bethune*, b. July 26th, 1864; *Lydia Thompson*, b. Dec. 2d, 1828, d. July 25th, 1846.

EDWARD B., son of Dr. Pearl, m. Sarah Ann Thompson, Oct. 15th, 1845. Children: *Elizabeth*, b. July 25th, 1848; *Edward*, b. Dec. 29th, 1850; *John Y.*, b. Jan. 8th, 1852, d. Sept. 20th, 1852.

SAMUEL PEARL, son of Gen. Chauncey, m. Sarah A. Thompson, July 13th, 1859. Child: *Nellie*, b. July 23d, 1860, d. July 9th, 1862.

COLTON FAMILY.

A considerable part of the following Genealogical record was taken from a manuscript left by Rev. George Colton, of Bolton, Conn., who was a great-grand-son of George the Ancestor, or Pilgrim.

The record is principally confined to the descendants of Ephraim, the second son of the Pilgrim, through Benjamin, his fifth son.

The account of this branch, in the original manuscript, is brought down to the time of George, who was the son of Benjamin, and gives the names of Benjamin's children, with those whom they married, where the account ceases.

Three or four generations have since appeared, and the descendants of Benjamin are numerous. Their names and alliances, as many as could be ascertained, have been here recorded, taken principally from the recollections of one who has been familiar with their history. The part thus added occupies about one-third of the succeeding pages. Much difficulty was found in transcribing some portions of the manuscript of Rev. George Colton, owing to the apparent endeavor of the author, (no uncommon thing we believe with writers of that day), to crowd the greatest number of words into the smallest quantity of space, the faculty of doing which he seems to have possessed in a good degree, and to have exercised, *ad libitum*. Consequently many abbreviations occurred not to be found in the list in Webster's Spelling Book, and not a little puzzling, making the exercise of copying often slow and perplexing.

Such care however has been taken that very few mistakes, it is believed, have been made, and the copy may be considered mostly correct.

It is much to be regretted, that this history is so defective in regard to dates and localities, and yet, imperfect as it is, it will be highly valued by all who feel an interest in the Colton Family.

GEORGE COLTON, the first of the family, of whom we have any record, came from Sutton Cofield, England and settled in that part of the old town of Springfield, called Long-Meadow, where he is known in the records as Quartermaster Colton. He came first to Windsor, and married Deborah Gardner, of Hartford. They had five sons and four daughters, viz: *Isaac*, b. Nov. 21st, 1646, d. Sept. 3d, 1770; *Ephraim*, b. April 9th, 1648, d. 1715; *Mary*, b. 1649; *Thomas*, b. 1651, d. 1728; *Sarah*, b. 1653; *Deborah*, b. 1655, d. 1733; *Hepzibah*, b. 1657; *John*, b. 1659, d. 1727; *Benjamin*, b. 1661.

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Deborah, his wife, d. Sept. 5th, 1689. His second wife was Lydia Lamb, whom he m, March 1st, 1692. George and Lydia d. the same year, 1699.

ISAAC m. Mary Cooper, from Springfield, Mass., by whom he had three sons and four dau., *George, Joseph, Benjamin, Mary, Rebecca, Deborah* and *Hannah*.

GEORGE m. Mary Hitchcock, by whom he had four s. and five dau., *Timothy, George, Isaac, Jonathan, Mary, Sarah, Rebecca, Elizabeth* and *Miriam*.

JOSEPH, second son of Isaac, m. Abiline Chapin, of Springfield, Mass., by whom he had two s. and four dau., *Joseph, Gideon, Mary, Hannah, Dinah* and *Mary*.

BENJAMIN, third son of Isaac, m. Elizabeth Pynchion, by whom he had fifteen or sixteen children, some of whom were, *Benjamin, Charles, Isaac, Gideon* and *William*.

MARY, first dau. of first Isaac, m. Daniel Graves.

REBECCA, second dau., m. Joseph Stebbins.

DEBORAH, third d., m. ——— Morgan.

HANNAH, fourth, m. Benjamin Chapin.

EPHRAIM, second son of the Pilgrim, or Quartermaster, m. Mary Drake, of Windsor, by whom he had four s., *Ephraim, Samuel, Josiah* and *Job*.

MARY d. Oct. 19th, 1681. He m. 2d, Esther Marshall, or Marshfield, March 25th, 1685. Children: *Josiah, Benjamin, David, Isaac, Nathaniel, Noah, Thomas, Esther, Sarah, Margaret* and *Mary*.

EPHRAIM 1st, s. of Ephraim, m. Magaret Nolle, of Weathersfield, Conn. Children: *Ephraim, John, Samuel, Mary, Deborah, Jerusha, Demaris, Hannah*; Ephraim m. Sarah Burt; John d. young; Samuel m. Mary Store; Deborah m. ——— Store; Jerusha m. David Burt; Hannah m. Stephen Heep.

SAMUEL, 2d s. of 1st Ephraim, m. 1st, Margaret Bliss, by whom he had a dau., who m. Capt. Frost, and a s. *Samuel*, who m. Flavia Colton. Married 2d, Lucy Colton.

JOSIAH, fourth s. of 1st Ephraim, m. Margaret Pease, of Enfield.

BENJAMIN, s. of 1st Ephraim, and grandson of the Pilgrim, was ordained Pastor of the Congregational Church in West Hartford, Feb. 24th, 1713, and continued his labors there till his death, March 1st, 1759. He m. 1st, Ruth Taylor. Children: *Eli, Benjamin, Ruth* and *Theodosia*. Married 2d, Elizabeth Pitkin, of East Hartford. Children: *Lucina, Elizabeth, Abijah, Esther* and *George*.

ELI, first s. of Rev. Benjamin, m. Eunice Smith, of Simsbury. Children: *Jonathan, Samuel, Eliakim, Eunice*. Eliakim m. Betsey Viets; Jonathan m. 1st, Alenda Wells, m. 2d, Mirriam Benton; Eunice m. Joseph Higby.

BENJAMIN, second s. of Benjamin, m. Anna Whiting. Children: *Benjamin, Anna, Joseph* and *Ruth*.

JOSEPH m. Esther Belden, d. 7th March, 1800. Children: *Joseph*, b. 15th Nov., 1776; *Anna*, b. 28th Oct., 1778; *Ruth*, b. 10th March, 1781; *Esther*, b. 8th Oct., 1783; *Benjamin*, b. 16th Jan., 1785; *Laura*, b. 23d Dec., 1786; *Alma*, b. 8th June, 1790; *Sarah*, b. —— ——; *Whiting*, b. 4th March, 1792; *Benjamin*, b. 30th Oct., 1794, n. April 21st, 1850; *James*, b. 5th April, 1797.

LAURA, b. Dec. 22d, 1786, m. Dr. Samuel Steele, Nov. 6th, 1811. Children: *Laura Sophia*, b. March 4th, 1813, m. Wm. E. Woodruff, April 22d, 1841;

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Esther M. b. Oct. 9th, 1815; *Mary Joanna*, b. Nov. 7th, 1820, m. William Cothren, Sept. 3d, 1849.

ALMA m. John DeForest, June 16th, 1824, d. 14th Jan., 1868. Had one ch. *Abigail*, b. July 15th, 1825, who m. John A. Candee, March 25th, 1845, and have one son, *Edward D.*, b. 25th Feb., 1849.

JOSEPH, s. of Joseph, m. Sabrina Howe. Children: 1 *Mary*, 2 *Melancthon*, 3 *Charles*, 4 *Nehemiah*, and 5 *Joseph* 1 Mary m. Dr. Edwnrd Brace, of West Hartford, Conn. Child: *John M. G.*, who m. Mary Crane, of West Hartford. 3 Charles m. 1st, Mary Grant; 2d Ruth Winship 4 *Nehemiah* was b. Nov. 8th, 1812, m. Harriet Atkins Leach, Feb. 22d, 1844. Child: *Mary Howe*, b. Jan. 5th, 1846.

RUTH m. 1st, Amos Sedgwick. Children: *Joseph Colton* and *Sabrina*. Sabrina m. Gilbert Somers Minor; chh. *Frederick M.*, m. Samantha Franklin. Children: *Thomas B.*, *Ellen F.*, and *Seth Franklin*. Sabrina F., m. Alfred F. Betts. Children: *Sabrina F.*, *Gilbert S.*, *Walter W.*, and *Edwin M.*, m. 2d. Daniel Hosmer. Child: *Maria*, m. Richard Parsons, and has two children.

ESTHER m. John Perkins, d May 27th, 1847, and was buried in Woodbury, aged 63. Her mother, Esther Colton, d. in Woodbury, Aug. 30th, 1826. Children; 1 *Laura*, and 2 *Lucy Ann*. 1 Laura was b. Jan. 2d, 1805, m. Marcus DeForest, Jan. 22d, 1822, d Feb. 7th, 1862. Marcus DeForest was b. July 6th, 1794. Children: 1 *John Perkins*, b. Feb. 23d, 1823; 2 *George*, b. Jan. 15th, 1825, d. April 2d, 1871; 3 *Marcus, Jr.*, b. Aug 27th, 1826; 4 *Lucy Ann*, b. Jan 13th, 1832. 1 John P., m. Mary Jane Morris, Feb. 10th, 1847. Children: *Emily Morris*, b. Nov. 2 th, 1849; *Martha Jane*, b. Nov. 18th, 1853; *John Levi*, b, July 23 l, 1853, d. July 30th, 1858; *Mary*, b. Aug, 27th, 1860, d. 25th Sept., 1868; *Charles Eli*. 2 George m. Mary A. Linsley, Oct. 3d, 1849. Child: *George L.*, b. July 15th, 1854. 3 Marcus, Jr., m. Mary Hine, of Middlebury, Dec. 29th, 1859. He is a highly respected citizen and successful practitioner of medicine in the town of Middlebury. 4 Lucy Ann m. David S. Bull, March 12th, 1860. Children: *Laura Elizabeth*, b. Nov. 9th, 1861; *Thomas Marcus*, b. Aug. 27th, 1863: *Lucy Emily*, b. Aug. 10th, 1865, d. Nov. 28th, 1871.

BENJAMIN m. Jerusha W. Porter, of Hadley, Mass. He d. April 21st, 1850, aged 57. She d. Feb. 27th 1825, aged 28. Children; 1 *Julia M.*, b. March 2d, 1819, m. Theodore Judson, March 11th, 1852. He was b. Feb. 7th, 1818. 2 *Harriet*, b. March 5th, 1820, d. Nov. 19th, 1852, m. Henry Lambert. Children: *Wilaur Colton*, b. Dec. 17th, 1846; *Margaret Emily*, b. March 2d, 1851. 3 *Benjamin Augustin*, b April 2d, 1821, m. Catherine Williams, Jan. 9th, 1851. 4 *Frederick Pierpont*, b. April 20th, 1823, m. Ann Maria Austin, Oct. 22d, 1845. Children: *Benjamin Seymour*, b. May 17th, 1849, d. Aug. 1st, 1851; *Julia Maria*, b. July 16th, 1851.

The author has a large number of additional names in this family, but as not a single date is furnished, it is not thought best to insert them.

Rev. WILLIS S. COLTON, furnishes the following in regard to his branch of his family:

(1.) My great grandfather, Rev. BENJAMIN COLTON, lineal descendant of George Colton, of the north of England, and of Puritan stock, was born in Long-Meadow, Mass., 1737; graduated at Yale College, 1710. He settled in

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the Gospel Ministry, over the Congregational Church, in West Hartford, Conn., 1713, and d. there in 1759.

His first wife was a dau. of Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Westfield, Mass., and d. in 1725, aged 28.

His second wife, Mary Pitkin, was a sister of Gov. Wm. Pitkin, of East Hartford, Ct., she d. in West Hartford, 1761 or '60, at the age of 70. Her children were the following: 1. *Lusina Colton*, who d. a maiden lady in West Hartford, 1817, Dec. 9th, aged 92; 2. *Abijah*, my grandfather, who d. Aug. 8th, 1815, aged 85. He was for many years a deacon of the Congregational Church in West Hartford; 3. *Elizabeth*, who m. Josiah Steele, of same place, and d. in Vermont, aged 84; 4. *George Colton*, b. 1735, who became a minister of the Gospel for more than forty years in Bolton, Ct., and d. there June 12th, 1812, aged 77; *Esther*, who m. a Mr. Allen, and her dau. Nancy Allen was the wife of Mr. Goodrich, father of Prof. Goodrich formerly of Yale College.

(2.) The children of Dea. ABIJAH COLTON (my grandfather) were the following: 1. *Mary*, wife of Ebenezer Faxon, of West Hartford, b. March 30th, 1775, d. 1850, at 74. They had three or four children; 2. *Elizabeth*, b. Feb. 1777, d. in West Hartford, 1859, aged 82; 3. *George*, b. Jan. 12th, 1779, d. in Wethersfield, Conn., Feb. 13th, 1858, aged 79. He was educated at Yale College; graduated with the Class of 1804; studied for the ministry with Dr. Nathan Perkins; was a Home Missionary from 1806 to 1808; afterwards was a Presbyterian Clergyman in New York State, at Westford, Otsego, Oo., and at Royalton, Elba, and Wyoming, in Niagara and Genessee Counties, for many years; 4. *Chester*, b. Dec., 1783, d. in Ohio, 1851, aged 68, having had two children; 5. *Charles*, b. March 5th, 1787, d. 1816, Jan. 10th, aged 29; 6. *Roderick*, b. 1790, d. (I think) in West Hartford, in 1863, aged 73. He had four children.

(3.) The children of Rev. GEORGE COLTON, were as follows: 1. *John O.*, b. at Westford, N, Y., 1810, March 18th, and d. (Pastor of the Chapel Street Church, New Haven, Conn.) April 20th, 1840, aged 30; 2. *Oscar C.*, b. April 12th, 1812, a lawyer by profession; 3. *Amelia D.*, b. Oct., 1814, d. at Lockport, N. Y, 1843, aged 84; 4. *Horace B*, b. Sept. 29th, 1816, d. in the Civil War, a member of the 139th Penn. Vols., at Stafford Court House, Va., near Fredericksburg, Dec. 1st, 1862, aged 46; 5. *George H.*, b. Oct. 1818, d. in New York (while editing Whig Review) in Dec, 1847; 6. *Theron G*, b. July, 1820, now a Congregational Clergyman in Whitewater, Mass; 7. *Julia P.*, b. at Royalton, N. Y., Oct., 1824; 8. *Henry M.*, b. Nov., 1826, now teaching a Classical School in New York City; 9. *Willis S.*, b. June 25th, 1828, at Royalton, N. H.; graduated at Yale College in 1850; was Rector in that Institution from 1852 to 1856; was settled in the ministry as Pastor of the Congregational Church at Wallingford, Conn., Sept. 27th, 1856, and installed as Pastor of the Church in Washington, Conn., Aug 22d, 1866.

Of my brothers, four are graduates of Yale, one obtained his degree, though not a graduate, and four have been ministers of the Gospel.

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COTHREN FAMILY.

[Corrections and additions to page 524.]

7. JANE (Cothren) FISH, b. 15th Aug. 1770, and d. at North Anson, Maine, Jan. 31, 1869, in the 99th year of her age.

22. WILLIAM, b. at Farmington, Maine, Nov. 28, 1819, graduated at Bowdoin College, in 1843, received his second degree there in 1846, and degree of Master of Arts, *ad eundem*, at Yale College in 1847. Removed to Woodbury, Conn., Nov., 1844, and commenced the practice of law at that place, where he has since resided. He married Mary J. Steele, of Woodbury, Sept. 3, 1849, Chh.: *William Steele*, b. Sept. 1, 1856, d. April 25, 1858. *Mary Belle*, (adopted daughter,) b. Aug. 25, 1862.

23. CHARLES, b. 16th June, 1822. Grad. Bowd. Coll., 1849. Resides in Brooklyn, N. Y. Does business in N. Y. City. He m. 1st, Betsey Ann Mitchell, who was the widow of David C. Hinman, Aug., 7th, 1854, chh. *Helen Florence* b. July 28, 1855, d. Sept. 2d, 1856. *Sarah May*, b. May 31, 1857, d. Aug. 15, 1857. His 1st wife d. Aug. 3d, 1861. m. 2d, Alice Radcliff, Sept. 5th, 1862. She was born at Saddleworth, England, Sept. 15th, 1832.

24. NATHANIEL, b. June 21, 1825. Grad. Bowd. Coll., 1849. Resides Brooklyn, N. Y. Lawyer in New York City. Married Elizabeth W. Corlies, Eatontown, N. J., April 2d, 1854. She was b. July 13, 1838. Child: Frank, Howard, b. July 10th, 1871.

25. GEORGE W., b. July 12, 1829. Married Eleanor Hamlin Craig, May 9, 1864. She was b. Jan. 28, 1840. Chh. *Mary Steele*, b. Oct. 29, 1866, d. March 30, 1870. *Eleanor*, b. Dec. 25, 1871—a Christmas present.

26. WESLLY R., b. Dec. 15, 1837. Lives in Farmington, Maine. Married Elizabeth Wendell Holley, Dec. 19th, 1861. She was born Jan. 20, 1842. Child: *William Holley*, b. Sept. 20, 1862.

30. EUNICE CORDILIA COTHREN, b. May 8, 1823. Married Albert F. Brown, who was b. Sept. 4, 1819, at Brimfield, Mass. They were m. at Byron, Ogle Co. Ill., Dec. 8, 1842. Children: *Henrietta Cothren*, b. Oct. 6, 1844; *Edwin F.* b. Jan. 2, 1847; d. 13th Jan., 1847; *Charles F.* b. May 20, 1849; *George H.*, b. March 21, 1851; *Esther Julia*, b. April 9, 1854; *Cora Cordelia*, b. April 11, 1858; *Albert Chester*, b. Dec. 25, 1859; *Sila Persis*, b. Sept. 30, 1863.

34. CHARLES F., m. Mary A. Sage, Jan. 1868.

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35. MARY ISABELLA, m. Lieut. Henry P. Ayres, of the 77th Illinois Vols., Oct. 12, 1864.—Have had two children ; one, deceased.

9. PETER, p. 522, d. at Woods Hotel, Mass., May 27th 1864.

20. *Emily*, p. 523, d. childless in 1852. Capt. *David* m. Lydia A. Wilson, of New Bedford, Mass., in 1845.

8. *William*, p. 522, d. at Martinique, West Indies, instead of at Havana.

Evergreen Bower.

CRANE FAMILY.

Most persons bearing the name of Crane, who have lived in Connecticut, descended from "Benjamin, of Wethersfield," or "Henry, of Guilford." These two men were in business together in Wethersfield, as early as 1658, and may have been brothers; but there is, so far as now known, no record of the time or place of their birth. Benjamin was born about the year 1630, and Henry, about the year 1636. Henry left Wethersfield in 1662, or earlier, and removed to Guilford. He soon after married Concurrence Meigs, daughter of John Meigs, Sen.; another daughter, Trial Meigs, married Andrew Ward, the ancester (maternal) of Henry Ward Beecher.

John Meigs' home lot adjoined the Public Square in Guilford, and is the same now occupied and owned by R. D. Smith, Esq.

About the time of Henry Crane's marriage, the settlement of Killingworth was projected, and appears to have been stimulated by a great variety of religious and political disturbances.

Henry Crane, being then young, enterprising, and comparatively poor in worldly goods, and, withal, a man calculated to lead, rather than to be led cast his fortunes into this new enterprise. He is recorded as one of the thirty original planters of Killingworth, in 1665, and soon after permanently located there. The deed of Uncas, in 1669, conveying a large portion of the

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lands in the township, is attested by his signature. His whole life, in this community, till his death in 1711, was one of unselfish devotion to the public good. He took an active and leading part in all public affairs, civil and religious. He was Captain of the militia, magistrate, and a delegate to the General Court of Connecticut, during twenty-seven sessions, from 1678 to 1702. The confidence reposed in his honesty, wisdom, and sound judgment, is attested by the frequency with which he was called to serve on committees and arbitrations involving varied and important questions relating to private and public affairs.

HENRY CRANE,[1] m. Concurrence Meigs, dau. of John Meigs [1] of Guilford, about 1663; she died in Killingworth, Oct. 9, 1708; he then married Dec. 26, 1709, Deborah Champion, widow of Henry Champion, of Lyme. He died April 22d, 1711; after Mr Crane's death, she married Richard Towner. Had children: [1] *John*, b. about 1664; [2] *Elizabeth*, b. about 1666, and d. Nov. 22d, 1686; [3] *Mary*, b. Aug. 23d, 1670; [4] *Phebe*, b. Dec 24, 1662, who married John Kelsey, Jr., June 27, 1697. [5] *Theophilus*, b. Jan. 5, 1675; [6] *Abegail*, b. April 3, 1676, and died in infancy; [7] *Henry*, b. Oct. 25, 1677; [8] *Mercy*, b. June 21, 1680, who married John Hoadley, of Branford, and [9] *Nathaniel*, b. Aug. 7, 1682, and d. Nov. 17, 1683.

Of these three surviving sons, John and Theophilus, and the families descendent from them during two generations, remained, for the most part, in Killingworth, (now Clinton,) but Henry removed to Durham.

JOHN,[2] eldest son, married Martha Daggett, of Rehoboth, Mass., May 28th, 1694; he died Oct. 18th, 1711; had six children: [1] *John*, b. March 23d, 1695, who d. leaving no issue, Feb. 15, 1722; [2] *Hannah*, b. Aug. 28th, 1697, and married Jos. Seward, Jr. of K., April 26th, 1720; [3] *Jane*, b. Feb. 10, 1701; Married Isaac Kelsey, April 2d, 1723; [4] *Ebenezer*, b. May 19th, 1702, and married Ann Wilcox, Sept. 6th, 1723, and d. April 13th, 1736; [5] *Concurrence*, b. June 4th, 1709; married Jeremiah Stevens, March 9th, 1732, and [6] *Eleanor*, b. Aug. 25, 1711, married Peter Hull, Sept. 5th 1737.

This John Crane was a man very much after his father's pattern; enterprising, intelligent, self-reliant, and in all his aspirations and endeavors, thoroughly devoted to the public good. He was a delegate to the General Court for thirteen sessions; from 1703 to 1711—the year of his death. He received a Captains commission in 1708, and commanded a company in the expedition against Canada, in 1711, and died in New York City, in Oct. of that year; exhausted and diseased by the hardships and exposures of that disastrous campaign. The expenses of his funeral in New York were paid by the Colony of Conn., by vote of the General Court, the same being "nineteen pound, eleven shillings and sixpence."

THEOPHILUS,[3] second son of Henry,[1] married Margaret Lane, Dec. 5th, 1699; he died Oct. 26th, 1732. Children: [1] *Nathaniel*, b. Jan. 18th, 1701; [2] *Theophilus*, b. June 25th, 1703, and died in early life; [3] *Elizabeth*, b. Dec. 20th, 1705; married Josiah Baldwin, Jan 29, 1730; [4] *Mary*, b. March 4th, 1707; [5] *Margaret*, b. Sept. 26th, 1710, d. May 1st, 1714; [6] *Jemima*, b. April 23d, 1713, married Daniel Lane Jan. 8th, 1736; [7] *John*, b. March 21st, 1720.

HENRY CRANE,[3] youngest son of Henry,[1] removed to Durham in 1708, at the commencement of that settlement, and was one of the most esteemed

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and influential men in that community; was Justice of the Peace from 1728 to 1740, Representative to the State Legislature for twenty eight sessions, from 1718 to 1739. He was chosen deacon of the Church in Durham at its organization, in 1710, and performed the duties of this office with signal usefulness and acceptance, till the time of his death, in 1741—and was Captain of the militia as well.

He married Abigail Flood, of Wethersfield, Jan. 27th, 1703: he died April 11th, 1741; she died Aug. 31st, 1754, aged 78 years. Had children; [1] *Silas*, b. at Killingworth, Jan. 25th, 1705; [2] *Henry*, b. in Durham, March 20th, 1711; [3] *Concurrence*, b. March 25th, 1708; married Nathaniel Seward; [4] *Abigail*, b. June 6th, 1712, and died June 25th 1724.

SILAS,[3] son of Henry,[2] married Mercy Griswold, dau. of Samuel Griswold, Nov. 27, 1729; he d. Jan. 15th, 1763; she d. Aug. 29, 1782. Children: [1] *Abigail*, b. Sept. 10th, 1730; married Brotherton Seward, of Durham, who removed to Norfolk; [2] *Jesse*, b. June 5th, 1732; married widow Rebecca Seward, March 3d 1763, and probably had no children; [3] *Flood*, b. Feb. 12, 1734; d. June 2, 1743. [4] *Silas*, b. Nov. 9th 1737; married Lucretia ———; [5] *Robert*, b. Feb. 18th, 1739; [6] *Eli*, b. Nov. 27th, 1742; [7] *Flood*, b. Feb. 27th, 1745, who d. Jan 6th, 1763; [8] *Huldah*, b. April 30th, 1748, married Gurdon Hull, Nov 10th, 1773; [9] *Ruth*, b. Dec. 12th, 1749, who probably never married; [10] *Frederick*, b. Feb. 24th, 1752, married Ann Babcock, Jan. 1st, 1778; [11] *Nathan*, b. Sept. 18th, 1754, and died in 1771.

HENRY,[3] son of Henry,[2] lived near his brother Silas, in Durham. Their father, at the time of his death, was a very large land holder, and these two sons divided the land by a partition deed, conveying to Henry 358 acres, and to Silas, 391 acres, besides undivided land rights. He married Mercy Francis, of Wethersfield, June 7th, 1832; he died Feb. 1st, 1768; she died, Sept. 19th 1786, aged 77. He had children: [1] *John*, b. March 27, 1733, who died Dec. 12th, 1736; [2] *Elihu*, b. June 24, 1735, married Mary Fowler, April 26th, 1759; [3] *Phœbe*, b. Feb. 6th, 1738, married Jonas Bishop, Jan. 20th, 1763; [4] *Mary*, b. Nov. 24, 1739; [5] *John*, b. July 1st, 1741, married Abigail Camp, April 7th, 1762; [6] *Concurrence*, b. Nov. 14th, 1744, married John Johnson, July 5th, 1765; [7] *Ann*, b. Oct. 8th, 1746, married Daniel Hall, Sept. 21st, 1766; [8] *Henry*, b. Dec. 11th, 1748, married Jerusha Parmelee, June 24th, 1773; [9] *Enos*, b. Aug. 10th, 1751, and died Aug. 28th, 1751.

ROBERT CRANE,[4] son of Silas Crane,[3] was married in Durham, by Rev. Elizur Goodrich, to Mary Camp, dau. of Eleazar Camp, Oct. 31st, 1765. He removed from Durham to Bethlehem, April 7th, 1769; bought the farm of Hezekiah Hooker, near the Woodbury line; Mr. Hooker having been one of the first settlers. His two eldest children, Mary and Robert, were born and baptized in Durham; the others in Bethlehem. Children: [1] *Mary*, b. Aug. 7th, 1767; [2] *Robert*, b. Nov. 12th, 1768; [3] *Molly*, b. May, 1770 and died in May, 1835; [4] *Achsah*, b. April, 1772, married Augustus Ray, and died at Monticello, N. Y., Feb. 29th, 1813; [5] *Eleazer*, b. Dec. 28th, 1773; [6] *Jesse*, b. in 1775 and d when six weeks old; [7] *Phinehas*, b. Oct. 10th, 1777; [8] *Sarah*, b. in 1781, married Charles Prindle.

ELEAZAR CRANE,[5] son of Robert,[4] married Anna Prudden, Dec. 9th, 1798; lived in Woodbury and Bethlehem, afterward removed to New Hampshire, and from thence to Beloit, Wisconsin, where he died, June 14th, 1839. His

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widow d. in Bethlehem, April 3d, 1859. Children: [1] *Emeline*, b. Jan. 1st, 1800, married William Judson in 1824; [2] *Orlando F.*, b. May 12th, 1802, married Esther Murray, of Morris, and d. in Litchfield, June 30th, 1866; [3] *Sarah F.*, b. May 12th, 1804, d. in Beloit, Wis., march, 1847. [4] *Robert P.*, b. April 17th 1807, and now lives in Beloit; [5] *Nathan F.*, b. Dec., 1712, and d. when 18 months old.

PHINEHAS CRANE,[5] son of Robert,[4] married Irene Nichols, of Woodbury, Jan. 23d, 1800, (she was the dau. of Gideon and Abigail Nicbols, both of whom died in Nov. 1812, of "New Milford Fever.") Phinehas Crane, like some of his ancestors, was, for a time, Captain of the militia, and, later in life, a deacon of the Congregational church, which office he held at the time of his death, Nov. 17th, 1839. His widow d. March 20th, 1856. Children: [1] *John N.*, b. March 17, 1801, d. Aug. 10th, 1867; [2] *Fanny C.*, b. Nov. 28th, 1802, married B. S. Castle, June 18th, 1830; [3] *Frederick*, b. Jan. 8th, 1805, now living in Wallingford; [4] *Catharine*, b. Dec. 3d, 1806, married John S. Kasson, Nov. 17th, 1831; [5] *Gideon*, b. Sept. 14th, 1808, d. Dec. 9th, 1836; [6] *Nancy*, b Dec. 12th, 1810, married Gilman E, Hill, March 5th, 1834; [7] *Abigail*, b. March 6th, 1813, married Wilson Burritt; [8] *Mary A.*, b. Dec. 27th, 1814, d. Sept. 24th, 1843; [9] *Phinehas M.*, b. Jan. 28th, 1819, d. March 15th, 1863; [10] *Robert*, b. Dec. 27th, 1820, now living in New Haven; [11] *Nathan*, b. Dec. 5th, 1822, died March 24th, 1870.

CASTLE FAMILY.

This family did not reside in Stratford village, but in Stratfield, the border ground between Fairfield and Stratford. The only traces of the name on the records of Stratford, or Stratfield, are as follows:—William Castle m. Rebecco ———, Feb. 1st, 1710–11. Children: *Tabitha*, b. March, 1712–13; *Bethia*, b. April, 1714; *Rebecca*, b. April, 1716; *Jubez*, b. May, 1718.

CURTISS FAMILY.

Rev. Benjamin L. Swan, of Oyster Bay, N. Y., sends the author the following well considered article on the Curtiss genealogy:—

"This family has singularly occasioned the genealogists and historians various errors. Trumbull, for instance, alledges that of the first settlers of Stratford, 'John and William Curtis, and Mr. Samuel Hawley, were from Roxbury,' whereas in fact J. and W. Curtis were never in Roxbury, and Samuel Hawley was born in Stratford—being the son of Joseph, the first settler. Hollister has followed Trumbull, and added more remarkable errors. 'Mr. Fairchild' was not 'the first magistrate of the town.' 'Joseph Judson' was one of three sons of William Judson, of New Haven—an original patentee of Stratford, and instead of 'Samuel Wells from Wethersfield with three sons,' came John Wells son of Gov. Thomas, with four sons, of whom Samuel was youngest.

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"Even the careful Goodwin has found a stumbling-block in the Curtis name, for in his genealogical notes, he marries John Wells to Elizabeth, daughter of John Curtis, of Stratford, and sister of William—a double error, —for John's daughter would be William's niece—and neither John nor William had any sister—and John Well's wife was Elizabeth Bourne, (who, after Well's death, married John Willcoxson,) and when Mrs. Ellen Bostick in her will says, she and Mr. Tomlinson brought from England under promise to give her a chid's portion (i.e., adopt her.)

"Mr, Cothren must not wonder, therefore, that with such pioneers in that line, the account of the Curtis family collected for him, is very erroneous. After a full correspondence with the Town Clerk of Scituate—himself a Curtis—and with Mr. Savage, (to whom I furnished the results of my investigation, and who has used them in his Book, correcting under name 'Welles' the error about Elizabeth C., and after thorough examination of all records in Stratford, and in the Probate Court of Fairfield, in Hartford, &c.,) I can very confidently offer the following as facts.

"JOHN, RICHARD, THOMAS and WILLIAM Curtis, came from England at a very early date, probably not in the same year. They were all at Scituate, between 1643 and 1649. John died there, leaving no family. Thomas came there from York, Maine, and afterward returned, leaving a son in Scituate, from whom the Town Clerk (in 1860) was descended.

"Richard went from Marblehead to Scituate in 1648. His descendants, who are many, are yet there.

"William appears in Scituate in 1643. His descendants are also numerous. Observe, of the four Curtises, none of them landed in Scituate, or came there in 1632, and their posterity remained in Scituate. So much for the Scituate Curtises.

"Now for the Roxbury name. William Curtis, of Roxbury, not one of the foregoing, came over in the 'Lion' in 1632. His son, William, it is believed, came over the year previous, with John Elliot. This son died early; 'God took him in 1634,' say Roxbury Records. Another son, John, married and is believed to have settled in Dover, New Hampshire. Another son, Thomas, died of consumption. A fourth son, Philip, lived at Roxbury, and had nine children. His descendants are to be found there still.

"Mr. Cothren will observe that his informant erred, 1st, in giving William C. of Scituate, the children belonging to William, of Roxbury. 2d. In putting the Scituate Curtises among the passengers per ship Lion—and 3d, in having a son William born to the Stratford family after 1632; whereas the William of that family had a child born to him in 1642, when, by that showing, he would have been about 10 years old.

"We come now to the Stratford Curtises. The earliest mention of them on the Town Record, is in 1652, (excepting the entry of children's births,) and there we read of 'widow Elizabeth Curtis, mother of John and William.' In her will, (1658) Mrs. Curtis names *John* and *William* and *Mary*, daughter of her son Thomas.

"There is no evidence of any consanguinity between this family and the Roxbury and Scituate families, or any of several others—as George, Henry, Thomas, Zaccheus—who appeared in various parts of New England before 1645. Similarity of names among children might suggest cousinship, but it

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is all conjecture. It is not known where Thomas, son of widow Elizabeth C., settled, if, indeed, he came from England, I should have looked for him in Wethersfield Thomas, but the latter seems not to have had any daughter, Mary. There can be but little doubt that Elizabeth was a widow, when, with her sons—then nearly or quite adult—she crossed the ocean.

"JOHN CURTIS, son of 'Widow Elizabeth,' married *Elizabeth*, who seems to have been a Welles, (for a grandson of Gov. Thomas Welles calls John Curtis '*Uncle*') He seems to have had no second wife and died in 1707, aged 96. His wife died, March, 168¾. The Margaret, who died 1714, was not his wife, but the Margaret (Picket) wife of John Curtis, son of Benjamin, son of John—therefore grandson of John C., 1st. J. C. and Elizabeth, his wife, had *John*, born Oct, 1642, died before 1686. He married Hannah Kimberly, (widow). *Israel*, b. April, 1644. *Elizabeth*, b. May, 1647. *Thomas*, b. 1648–9. He went to Wallingford. *Joseph*, b. Nov., 1650, who married Bethiah Bosth. *Benjamin*, b. Sept. 1652, married Esther, dau. of Joseph Judson. *Hannah*, b. Feb., 1654, married Benjamin Lewis.

WILLIAM CURTIS, brother of John 1st, died in Stratford, Dec. 21st, 1702. His first wife's name is unknown. His second wife married after 1676, and after all his children were born, was Sarah Goodrich (nee Marvin) and widow of William G., of Wethersfield. His children by his first wife are *Sarah*, b. Oct., 1642. *Jonathan*, b. Feb., 1644. He married Abigail Thompson. *Joshua* b. Oct., 1646. *Abigail*, b. April, 1650. *Daniel*, b. Nov., 1652. *Elizabeth*, b. Feb., 1654–5. She married a Rose. *Ebenever*, b. July, 1667. Married Ruth Porter. *Zachary*, (Zechariah,) Nov., 1659. Married Hannah Porter. *Josiah*, b. Aug., 1662. married *Abigail*, dau. of Joseph Judson. She died 1697. He then married *Mary*.

The children of Josiah Curtis were by his wife Abigail. William, b. Sept., 22d, 1693.* Anna, b. 1697. Married Zechariah Booth, 1718, and died childless in 1733. By this second wife, Mary ——, he had children, of whom the following are on Town and Land Records in Stratford.

"Eunice, b. Aug. 1, 1699, married Robert Wells. Abraham, b. 1701, May 10th. Josiah, Jan. 6th, 1702–3. Benjamin, Dec. 25th, 1704. Peter, April, 1707. Mary, July, 1711. Matthew, Dec. 1712. Charles, and Mehitabel, (twins,) Jan, 1715–6. She seems to have married H. Hooker, in time to leave a child in 1717, say about 1715 or 1716. She was probably born in 1695, of J. Curtis 1st wife, Abigail."

Amendments to Curtis genealogy furnished by Hon. Wm E. Curtis, of New York City.

Page 531, Line 1. Strike out "Chev" and insert "fess." Strike out "mural coronets," and insert "crowns or." Strike out "sejant" and to and including word "arms" and insert in lieu "in his pp. colors, issueing forth of his colors or and azure, thereon a fess danceth, or maritted gules doubled argent."

Page 531, Line 5. Strike out "ducal coronets" and insert "crowns or."

" " Line 15. After words "Charles 1st," insert "by grant under the

* Mr. Cothren has also Abigail, whom I have not.

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Great Seal, reciting that search having been made in the Register and Records for the true and antient armes belonging to the Curtis name and family, and the same appearing by ould seales and other good testimony and proofs in the custody and keeping of Richard St. George, Clarenci-enx King of armes to be the proper and antient armes thereof, and which they did theretofore beare, they were to them and their issue and posterity in memory thereof, forever ratified and confirmed, accorning to the law of armes and costome of England."

" " Line 19. After word "Conn" insert "This Wm. Curtis became a Freeman in Roxbury, Mass., and the land granted to him is in part still owned by his descendants of the name."

Page 534, Line 1. After "1713" insert "married Elizabeth Birdsie."

" " Line 5. After word "He" insert "married Martha Clark, and"

" " Line 6. After "1759" insert "married Esther Holbrook, July 4th, 1782."

Page 534, Line 8. After the words "County Court," insert "who was born July 14th, 1787, graduated at Yale College, 1807, married Elizabeth P. daughter of Hon. Wm Edmond, Oct. 7th, 1832, and died Feb. 21st 1858."

Page 354, Line 10. After words "New York City" insert "born Sept. 29th, 1823, who married Mary Ann, daughter of Wm. H. Scovill, of Waterbury, Sept. 2d, 1851, and has children: William Edmond, b. June 2d, 1855. Henry Holbrook, b. Dec. 15th, 1856. Francis Randolph, b. Oct. 11th, 1858. Eustace Sanford, b. June 13th, 1860. Frederick Kingsbury, b. Feb. 3d, 1863. Mary Alathea, b. Oct 2d, 1867.

Salmon Curtis had one other child, Polly Ann, b. April 2d, 1783; married Capt. Isaac Tomlinson, and had children: Curtis, died in Missouri, 1839; Ann, married Peter Morton, of New York, died 1846, and Sarah, married Hon. Charles Chapman, of Hartford."

Page 542, Line 26. Strike out words "Cork, Dublin," and insert in lieu "Londonderry."

Page 543. Line 2. Strike out "Daniel," and insert in lieu "Hon. David, son of second wife."

" " Line 11. Strike out "Colonel," and insert "General."

" " " 12. Insert "Hon." before word "Benjamin."

" " " 18. Strike out "July, 10," and insert in lieu "Feb. 16"

Page 533. Eunice Curtis (52) m. Abijah Stoddard, son of Rev. Anthony Stoddard.

Page 534. Joseph (53) m. Mary Stoddard, dau. of Rev. A. Stoddard.

" " Prudence, Curtis, (84 m. William Martin, of Bethlehem Society.

Alfred A. Curtis, of Bridgeport, sends the following Curtis items. The original Curtis Coat of Arms has been in the possession of this branch of the family since the first settlement of the country.

John Curtis was b. 1611 died 1707. William Curtis, his brother, b. 1621, d. 1702. Elizabeth, first wife of John, died 1682. Margaret, the second wife, died 1714.

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Children of JOHN : John, b. 1642 ; Samuel, b. 1644; Elizabeth, b. 1647; Thomas, b. 1648 ; Benjamin, b. 1652 ; Hannah, b. 1654.

Joseph Curtis and Bethiah Booth were married Nov. 9th, 1676.

JOSEPH CURTIS had children: Elizabeth, b. 1677 ; Anna, b. 1679 ; Ephraim, b. 1684 ; Joseph, b. 1687 ; Nathan, b. 1689 ; Jonah, b. 1692 ; Bethiah, b. 1695; Eleazer, Ebenezer and Eliphalet (triplets,) b. 1699.

EPHRAIM CURTIS married Elizabeth Stiles, 1707. Children: Stiles Curtis, b. 1708 ; Henry Curtis, b. 1709 ; Anna, b. 1711 ; Elizabeth, 1715 ; Ephraim, b. 1717 ; Martha, b. 1721 ; Edmond, 1725 ; Bathsheba, 1728.

Ephraim Curtis d. 1767, aged 83. Henry Curtis d. 1804, aged 95. Joseph Curtis d. 1742, aged 82 ; Lewis Curtis, son of Henry D., 1834, aged 89 ; John Curtis, d. 1707, aged 96.

ADDITIONS TO CURTISS FAMILY.

Oliver S. Waller, p. 537, d. Feb., 1858. Sarah Curtis (161) d. March, 1859. David H. Curtiss (150) d. Feb., 1860. His w. d. Aug., 1866.

JAMER G. (No 181) m. Jennette Stiles, May 17th, 1860. Children: *Henry S.*, b. 13th March, 1861. *Anna S.*, b. 2d May, 1862. *James G.*, b. 13th Sept., 1863. *Nellie E.* b. 21st Sept., 1865. *Flora*, b. 13th Aug., 1866. *George*, b. 8th Oct., 1871.

DAVID (No. 182, p. 38). m. Edna E. Russell, 12th June, 1860. Children: *Willie*, b. 1st June, 1861. *Caroline*, b. 18th March, 1862. *Catherine*, b. 9th Oct., 1865.

WALTER S. (No. 183, p. 351) m. Eugenia E. Averill, 29th Nov., 1865. Child: *Daniel Averill*, b. 20th July, 1867.

HORACE D. (No. 186, p. 038) m. Hattie Atwater, of New Haven, Conn., Oct. 6th, 1868. Child: *Horace Atwater*, b. Dec. 17th, 1871.

CORDELIA C. (No. 187, p. 538) m. George C. White, Jr., of Brooklyn, N. Y., 19th Sept., 1867. Children, *Flora*, b. 28th July, 1868. *George Curtiss*, b. 27th Oct., 1871.

CANFIELD FAMILY.

THOMAS CANFIELD, Sen., of Milford, Conn., was not one of the early settlers of the place, but was there in 1646; had wife, Phebe, and two sons and eight daughters. His son, Jeremiah, married Alice or Elee.—Both names are on the records of M. He and his wife both died in N. M. He and his four sons went to New Milford. Rev. Stanley Griswold, in a century sermon preached in New Milford, in 1801, says, Canfield's family was the 8th that came into town,—in 1706. One of those sons, Zorobabel, resided in Bridgewater Soc., m. and had children, one of which was Lemuel, who m. Sarah Burton, and had issue as follows;—Daniel, Anna, Burton, Charles A., Augustine, Lemuel Orlando.

BURTON, Esq., b. Feb. 28th, 1778, settled at South Britain about 1800, m. Polly Mitchell, April 1st, 1802, and had [1]Harriet, b. Dec. 27th, 1802, m. Anson Bradley, Feb., 1824 [2]Mitchell Munroe, born March 30th 1809, m. Eliza J. Averill, Nov. 24th, 1830. [3]Samuel Munson, b. April 19th, 1820, m. Emeline

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Northrop, March 16th 1843. Harriet Elizabeth, b. March 16th, 1850, d. Aug. 18th, 1870. Sarah Eleanor Burton d. Jan. 10th, 1868—his wife, Jan. 10th, 1861. Lemuel, M., d. Sept. 5th, 1854.

AVERILL BURTON m. Alice S. Angevine, Sept. 9th, 1857. Children: Cornelia Elizabeth, b. Dec. 18th, 1858. Robert Monroe, b. Feb. 26th 1863. Averill B., b. Nov. 8th, 1831. Lemuel, b. March 26th, 1787; came to South Britain with his brother and m. Betsey Mitchell, 1807, and d. March 15th, 1817. He had one son.

JEROME, b. March 26th, 1808, who m. Hannah Smith, Nov. 26th 1828. Children: Lemuel L.; Mitchell M.; Cornelia C.; Edward J.; Chandler; Emma G. These all removed from the place years ago.

MR. C.—I have endeavored to make out correctly the Canfield family—my branch of it—brought down to the present time. The earliest name appears on the m. records spelled Campfield, then Camfield, then Canfield.

AVERILL B. CANFIELD.

DEFOREST FAMILY.

It is a tradition in the family, that three brothers of the name of DeForest, or De la Forest, came to New Amsterdam, now New York, about the year 1635, viz. Hendrick, Isaac, and ———. The name of the third brother is in doubt; if there was one, his name was probably Johannes, (*vide* Albany Colonial Records, Vol. II., page 221.) What became of him is not known.

HENDRICK d. soon after his arrival, without children.

ISAAC settled in New York, was m. in 1641, and d. about 1672–3, leaving five sons, viz. *Johannes*, b. 1650; *Phillip*, b. 1652; *Isaac*, b. 1655; *Henry*, b. 1657; *David*, b. 1669.

The descendants of Isaac are numerous. One or more of his sons settled in or near Albany, and intermarried with the Dutch; hence the name became corrupted, and many of his descendants are called DeFrees, DeFrieze, or DeFrest.

DAVID, youngest son of Isaac, b. in 1669, settled in Stratford, Conn., m. in 1696, and d. there in 1721. The following are his descendants in the male line: *David*, b. 1702: *Samuel*, b. 1704; *Isaac*, b. 1706; *Edward*, b. 1708; *Henry*, b. 1710; *Benjamin*, b. 1716; *Isaac* and *Henry* d. without male issue.

DAVID, son of David, (2,) had sons: *Samuel*, no male issue; *David*, *Hezekiah*, *Elihu*, *Ephraim*.

SAMUEL, son of David, (2,) had sons: *Joseph*, b. 1731; *Samuel*, b. 1739, no male issue; *Nehemiah*, b. 1743: *David*, b. 1745; *Josiah*, b. 1748.

EDWARD, son of David, (2,) had, *Isaac*, b. 1736: *Elisha*, b. 1738; *Edward*, b. 1743; *John*, b. 1745; *William*, b. 1752, no male issue; *Joseph*, b. 1758.

HENRY, son of David, (2,) had, *Henry*, b. 1750; *Timothy*, b. 1751; *David*, b. 1755. Neither of them had sons.

BENJAMIN, son of David (2,) had *Hezekiah*, b. 1745; *Nehemiah*, b. 1748, no issue; *Benjamin*, b, 1749; *Isaac*, b. 1758; *Othniel*, b. 1761.

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DAVID, son of David. (3,) had, *Eliud*, b. 1769; *Samuel*; *David*, no male issue; *Isaac*; *Clark*, b. 1772.

HEZEKIAH, son of David, (3,) had, *Uriah*, no male issue; *Hezekiah*, b. 1770.

ELIHU, son of David, (3,) had, *Joseph*, no male issue; *David L.*, b. 1763; *Benjamin*, no mail issue; *Bill Clark*, no male issue.

EPHRAIM, son of David, (3,) had, *Nathan*, b. 1765; *Zalmon*, b. 1770; *Henry*, b. 1778; *Samuel*, b. 1784, no sons; *Ephraim B.*, b. 1787.

JOSEPH, son of Samuel, (4,) had, *Samuel*; *Abel*, b 1761; *Mills*, b. 1763, no male issue; *Elihu*, b. 1777; *Gideon*.

NEHEMIAH, son of Samuel, (4,) had, *William*, b. 1773; *Lockwood*, b. 1775; *Philo*, b. 1779; *Delauzun* and *Charles*.

DAVID, son of Samuel, (4,) had *Isaac N.*; *David L.*; *Samuel* and *Joseph*. The first three had no sons.

ISAAC, son of Edward, (5,) had *Benjamin*.

ELISHA, son of Edward, (5,) had, *Isaac*, b. 1768, no male issue; *Daniel*, b. 1771 had *Albert*, who d. without male issue.

EDWARD, son of Edward, (5,) had *James*, no male issue.

JOHN, son of Edward, (5,) had, *Curtis*; *Philo*, b. 1772; *John*; *Edward*; the two last no male issue; *James* had a son *James*.

JOSEPH, son of Edward, (5,) had, 1 *William*, b. 1787, had sons, *Charles P.* and *George*; 2 *Joseph*, b. 1790, had *William*, *Curtis W.*, *Ransford S.*, *John D.*, and *Daniel A.*; 3 *Mitchell*, b. 1797, had sons, *Daniel* and *William*; 4 *Curtis*, b. 1803, had *William*, *Darwin* and *Charles*.

HEZEKIAH, son of Benjamin, (7,) had, *Philo*, b. 1782, and *Samuel A.*, b. 1784.

BENJAMIN, son of Benjamin, (7,) had, *David C*, b. 1774; *John H.*, b. 1776; *Benjamin*, b. 1780; *Ezra*, b. 1782.

ISAAC, son of Benjamin, (7,) had, *Alonzo*, b. 1788; *Lemuel*, b. 1788; *Aaron*, b. 1790; *Isaac*, b. 1794; *Grandison*, b. 1797. None but the first had male issue.

OTHNIEL, son of Benjamin, (7,) had, *Linson*; *Sidney*, no male issue; *Charles*.

ELIUD, son of David (8,) had, 1 *Hiram*, b. 1793, had, *William J.*; 2 *Charles*, b. 1796, had *Harvey B.*; 3 *William*, no sons; 4 *Samuel*, b. 1800, no sons; 5 *David L.*, b. 1804, had *John E.* and *Cyrus R.*; 6 *Edward*, b. 1806, had *Charles E.* and *Samuel E.*

SAMUEL, son of David, (8,) had, *William*, no male issue; *Henry*, no male issue; *Ira*.

ISAAC, son of David, (8,) had, 1 *David*, who had *Legrand* and *David L.*; 2 *Harvey*, had *George* and *Alanson B.*; 3 *Lewis*, no male issue; 4 *Isaac J.*, had *Josiah* and *Samuel J.*

CLARK, son of David, (8,) had, 1 *Curtis*, b. 1804, who had *Samuel C. Ransille B.* and *William W.*; 2 *Jared*, b. 1807, had *William H.* and *Giles A.*; 3 *William C.*, b. 1811, had *John W.*, *Henry W.*, *Daniel W.* and *Isaac*; 4 *George*, b. 1812, had *Sylvester*, *Charles H.* and *James*.

HEZEKIAH, son of Hezekiah, (9,) had, 1 *Hiram O.*, b. 1794; 2 *LeGrand*, b. 1802, who had *George B.*, *Charles E.* and *Stephen C.*

DAVID L., son of Elihu, (10,) had, 1 *Archibald*, b. 1787, no male issue; 2

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Alfred, b. 1791, no male issue: 3 *Benjamin*, had *David L.*, *Benjamin* and *Alfred A.*

NATHAN, son of Ephraim, (11,) had, 1 *Henry*, b. 1790, who had *Edward*, *James*, *Hiram* and *John*; 2 *Samuel J.*, b. 1793, had *George S.*; 3 *Silas G.*, b, 1794, had *Gilbert*; 4 *J. Hoyt*, b. 1806, had *George*; 5 *Charles*, b. 1808, had *George* and *Charles*.

ZALMON, son of Ephraim, (11,) had, 1 *John W.*, no male issne; 2 *William S.*, b. 1815, had *James H.*

HENRY, son of Ephraim, (11,) had *Henry E.*, b. 1818.

EPHRAIM B., son of Ephraim (11,) had, 1 *William S.*, b. 1812, who had *Albert*; 2 *Samuel H.*, b. 1827; 3 *David C.*, b. 1822, had *Charles H.*

SAMUEL, son of Joseph, (12,) had, 1 *Marcus*, no male issue; 2 *Legrand*, no male issue; 3 *William C.*, had *Joseph* and *Samuel*.

ABEL, son of Joseph, (12,) had, 1 *Henry*, who had *William H.* and *Charles*; 2 *Mills*, no male issue; 3 *William*; 4 *M. Delauzun*, had *Samuel M.*

GIDEON, son of Joseph, (12,) had, 1 *Lee*, who had *George* and *Henry S.*; 2 *Abel B.*; 3 *Cyrus H.*, had *Charles*, *Heman* and *James*; 4 *Charles A.*, had *Charles A.*, *A. Henry*, *Dewitt C.* and *Edward*; 5 *Tracy R.*, had *Cyrus H.*, *Lewis G.*, *Charles L.* and *Albert W.*

WILLIAM, son of Nehemiah, (13,) had, 1 *Isaac*, who had *Thomas* and *William*; 2 *Lockwood M.*; 3 *William*, had *Edward*; 4 *Marcus*.

LOCKWOOD, son of Nehemiah, (13,) had, 1 *W. Wheeler*, , b 1794; 2 *George B.*, b. 1806, and had *Benjamin L.* and *George B*; 3 *Henry G.*, b. 1820, had *Robert W.* and *Lockwood*; 4 *James G*, b. 1822; 5 *Frederick L.*, b. 1825.

PHILO, son of Nehemiah, (13,) had *Delauzun*, b. 1808, who had *George* and *William*.

DELAUZUN, son of Nehemiah, (13,) had *William B.*, b. 1811, who had *William A.*

JOSEPH, son of David, (14,) had, 1 *Isaac N.*, b. 1809, who had *Moulton*, *Newton*, *Henry C.*, *Theodore*, *Joseph* and *Charles*; 2 *John J.*, b. 1811; 3 *James*, *G.*, b. 1817, and had *John* and *Frank*.

BENJAMIN, son of Isaac, (15,) had, 1 *Isaac*, b. 1791, who had *Benjamin*, *Andrew* and *David*; 2 *David*, b. 1801, had *David*.

PHILO, son of John, (18,) lived in Woodbury, had, 1 *Marcus*, b. 1794, who had *John P.*, *George* and *Marcus*, and *Lucy*, who m. David S. Bull; 2 *George*, b, 1804.

PHILO, son of Hezekiah, (20,) had, 1 *Charles*, who had *Charles*; 2 *David D.*, had *George H.* and *Frederick C.*; 3 *John*; 4 *William*, had *Edward.*; 5 *George*.

SAMUEL A., son of Hezekiah, (20,) had 1 *Charles*, who had *William L.* and *Francis E.*; 2 *Spencer H.*

DAVID C., son of Benjamin, (21,) and founder of the "DeForest Fund" of Yale College, had a son *Carlos M.*, b. 1813, who had a son *David*, b. 1847.

JOHN H., son of Benjamin, (21,) had, 1 *George S.*, b. 1812, who had *Henry W.*; 2 *Henry A.*, b. 1814; 3 *Andrew W.*, b. 1817, who had *Edward L.*, *Charles S.*, and *Eugene*; 4 *John W.*, who had *Louis*.

BENJAMIN, son of Benjamin, (21,) had, 1 *John*, b. 1806, who had *Erastus L.*, b. 1834; 2 *Samuel S.*, b. 1811, no male issue; 3 *Benjamin*, b. 1818.

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LINSON, son of Othniel, (23,) had, 1 *Charles H.*, b 1821; 2 *Linson*, b. 1822, had *William H.*

CHARLES, son of Othniel, (23,) had, 1 *Charles B.*, b. 1819, who had *Charles E., Clarence R., Benjamin* and *William H.*; 2 *Benjamin*, b. 1821; 3 *Alfred*, b. 1822; 4 *Othneil*, b. 1826; 5 *David*, b. 1828; 6 *Thomas B.*, b. 1832; 7 *William H.*, b. 1837; 8 *Linson*, b. 1839.

FRAZER FAMILY.[1]

The history of the Frasers, who constituted a clan of the Highland Scotts, extends far back into the region of antiquity. An elaborate history of the clan, by John Anderson, was published at Edinburgh and London in 1825, but the limits of this paper will allow of the introduction of a simple pedigree, only, of the family now residing in the city of New York, with a few collateral relatives. The Frisels or Frasers are first recognized in the array of those adventurers who accompanied the Norman William to the English shores. The precise time when they extended northward is not well defined. The first Fraser who is supposed to be found in characters, is GILBERT DE FRASER, who flourished some time after the year 1100, during the reign of Alexander I. The lands of Hales, in East Lothian, were held by him under the Earls of Dunbar. He possessed large estates both in Tweeddale and Lothian. His third son, name not preserved, was father of Bernard of Oliver Castle, who lived in the time of Alexander II. His son, Sir *Gilbert* of Oliver Castle, Vicecomes of Tracquair, lived in the time of Alexander II. and III., and was father of Sir Andrew (his second son) of Caithness, and Sheriff of Sterling These were styled the "Frasers of Oliver Castle." This Sir Andrew was father of Simon Fraser of Inverness-shire, who m. the heiress of the earldom of Caithness, and was killed in 1333. His second son, *Hugh*, of Ard and Lovat, m. Isabel, dau. of Sir David Wemyss, and d. in 1397. *Hugh*, second son of the latter, became the first Lord Lovat, and m. Janet, sister of Lord Fenton. Their second son, *Hugh*, became the second Lord Lovat, and m. a dau. of Wemyss of Wemyss. He d. in 1450. *Hugh*, second son of the latter, was the third Lord Lovat. He m. Margaret Lyon. Their first son, *Thomas*, was the fourth Lord Lovat. He was m. first, to Janet, dau. of Andrew, Lord Grey. He d. in 1524, *Hugh*, first son of the latter, became fifth Lord Lovatt, m. 1st, Anne Grant, of Grant; 2d, Janet, dau. of Walter Ross, of Balnagown. He was killed July, 1544. *Alexander*, second son of the latter, was the sixth Lord Lovat. He m. Janet, dau. of Campbell, of Calder, and d. Dec., 1557. He had children as follows, viz. 1. *Hugh*, seventh Lord Lovat, b. 1534, who m. Lady Elizabeth Stewart, dau. of the Earl of Athol, and d. Jan., 1576 or '7; 2. *Thomas* of Knockie and Strichen, who m.

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[1] It was originally intended that the information contained in this article should have been incorporated with the information concerning Hugh Fraser, contained on page 732, but it was not received in time.

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Isabel Forbes, of Corfundie; 3. *James*, of Ardochy; 4. *Anne*, who m. John Fraser. From James, of Ardochy, was descended *Anne*, who was m. to Alexander Fraser, (Tacksman), of Drummond. This lady, on account of great personal beauty, received the appellation of "Fair Anne." She was second, or perhaps first, cousin to the Gen. Fraser who lies buried at Saratoga. This Alexander went to Quebec, accompanied by his son Hugh, a lad twelve or thirteen years of age, as a volunteer in the 71st Regiment, a Highland one, and served under Col. Fraser, eldest son of the twelfth Lord Lovat, who was beheaded in consequence of the part he was supposed to have taken in the battle at Culloden. In this capacity he was engaged in the action on the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe fell. Alexander Fraser was of the Drummond family, and resided at Drummond till he left for Quebec. Both Drummond and Ardochy are situated in the Braes of Stratharick, parish of Boleskin, and county of Inverness. The cause of Mr. Fraser's emigration was his dissatisfaction at the feudal controversies existing in the clan, which was very numerous and powerful. The remaining branch of the Drummond family emigrated to Pictou, Nova Scotia, in 1804. Mr. Fraser was offered a large consideration for his moiety of the lease of Drummond, by "Tack," but he chose, however, to make it over to his first cousin, who held the other half, to dispose of as he should see fit.

In those days, the aristocracy of England owned much of the land in Scotland. The proprietors were called "Lairds." The term "tacksmen" was applied to the persons who leased large tracts of those estates from the original proprietors for a long term of years. Some of this class lived on these leased estates for many generations, were of the first respectability, and connected by blood and marriage with the best families in the kingdom, Of this class was Mr. Fraser's family. He never returned from this country to Scotland but died in Canada, two years after the British got possession of the conntry. He had by his wife, "Fair Anne," one son, Hugh, named above, being the same mentioned on page 732 of "Cothren's History of Ancient Woydbury." He left his mother at Ardochy, went to Quebec with his father, entered the counting-house of a relation there of the name of Simon Fraser, generally known and revered by the Canadians as "Bon Homme" Fraser, and after remaining with him for a few years, he commenced business on his own account. At an early age he m Ann, dau. of Robert Jackson, a native of Londonderry, Ireland, and an artillery officer under Gen. Wolfe, at Quebec. Mr. Fraser carried on a prosperous business for some years, when he went to England to increase his stock in trade, leaving his Quebec business in the charge of his clerks, who, in his absence, managed it badly. On his return, his premises, with his entire stock of new goods, took fire and were entirely consumed. From this misfortune he never recovered. His wife soon after died, leaving him two sons and one daughter.

SIMON, the eldest son, was employed for nearly two years in the counting house of "Bon Homme" Fraser, but not liking the business, he left it, removed to the United States, settled at Woodbury, Conn., m. Amy, dau. of Hezekiah Thompson, Esq., of that place, had children, as will be seen on page 733 of the history before referred to, and was lost at sea between New York and Wilmington, N. C., whither he had gone on business.

ALEXANDER, second son of Hugh Fraser, went to Halifax, Nova Scotia,

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where, under the advice of his relative, the late Hon. James Fraser, he was apprenticed to learn the trade of a draper. After serving his time, in 1806, Mr. Fraser sent him to his establishment (Fraser, Thorn & Co.) at Miramichi, on Baubour Island, where he remained first as clerk and afterwards as partner, till the death of Hon. James Fraser, in 1822. In 1824, he m. an English lady of the name of Gregg, and has seven sons and two dau., viz. *James*, *Alexander*, *Davis H.*, *William*, *John*, *Edward*, *Robert*, *Elizabeth* and *Ann* Four other children died young.

MARGARET, dau. of Hugh Fraser, after her mother's death, was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Beek, intimate acquaintances of her mother. Mr. Beek was notary public and collector of his majesty's customs at Montreal, until his death in 1822. His widow and adopted dau. then removed to Chambly, where Mrs. Beek died two years after. Margaret then went to Miramichi, in the fall of 1824, to reside with her brother, and in Oct., 1825, was mar. to John Fraser. She is now dead. They had three children, viz. 1. *Margaret Ann*, who died aged twenty-one years. 2. *John James*, now a barrister at Fredericton. 3. *Sarah Jane*, who resides with her father. Hugh Fraser died in Canada in 1828, aged 82, and his wife at the same place, in 1799, aged 44.

We now return to the relatives of "Fair Anne," of Ardochy. William Frasar, of Ardochy, her brother, studied law, and entered into a lucrative practice. He held the appointment of Commissary of Increase, and became the factor of the leading landholders in the country, particularly those of his own name, who were then very numerous as large proprietors, and were deeply engaged in politics. He m. Miss Fraser, of Balnain, first cousin of Gen. Fraser, who was killed at Saratoga. They had four sons and four dau. He died and was buried at Halifax, N. S., in 1826 or 1827.

WILLIAM, his eldest son, m. at Halifax, soon afterward, moved to the United States, and finally settled at Pittsburg, Penn., where his descendants are numerous and respectable.

ALEXANDER, second son of William Fraser, went as a medical man to the East Indies, where he made an ample fortune. He afterwards returned with his family, consisting of two sons and four dau., and settled in London. The names of the sons are *William* and *Hugh*, both barristers, the eldest of whom, William, is a leader in his profession, and is also an author of some note The names of the dau. are *Jane*, *Ann*, *Margaret* and *Harriet*. The latter was m. to Dr. Benjamin D. Fraser, a son of the late Hon. James Fraser, of Halifax, N. S.; she lived only about a year.

HUGH, the third son of William Fraser, went to the East Indies as a military man, in the company's service, where, by good conduct and bravery, he was advanced to various lucrative stations, amassed wealth, attained the rank of Major-General, and retired on full pay as such in 1828. He has since been knighted and advanced to the rank of Lieut-General. He m. in India the dau. of the Dutch Governor of Pondicherry, and by her had several children. Their names are not known to the writer. Some of the sons are officers in the East India Company's service. Sir Hugh purchased an estate at Brealangwell, in Cromarty-shire, on which he resided. He m. for his second wife a Scotch lady. He had no issue by her, and died about 1852.

THOMAS, fourth son of William Fraser, died young.

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The daughters, who were *Jane, Ann, Harriet* and *Marjory*, all m. except Ann, who died in early life.

ALEXANDER FRASER, of Ardochy, another brother of "Fair Anne," a merchant at Inverness, where he died at the age of eighty years, was father of the late Hon. James Fraser, of Halifax and Miramichi, Nova Scotia. He arrived first at Halifax and spent some years in one or two of the first mercantile houses there. He ultimately formed a business connection with Mr. Thorn, at Miramichi, where they continued for twelve years, and, in 1798, formed a copartnership with a house in Liverpool, Eng.; extended their business, removed to Halifax, and became one of the first houses in the two provinces. In 1803, Mr. Fraser m. a Miss DeWolf, of Windso', N. S., a native of Boston, she having removed with her father and mother, who were loyalists, to Windsor, about 1784. They were nearly related to the DeWolfs, at Bristol, Rhode Island. Barney Smith, of Boston, one of whose dau. m. Mr. Rush, while Minister of the United States at the Court of Russia, was an uncle of this Miss DeWolf. They had two sons and six dau., three of whom died unmarried. *Rachel*, the oldest dau., m. in 1825 the Hon. Major Gore, a brother of the Earle of Arran, Ireland. He became a Major-General and a commander of the troops stationed in New Brunswick, and neighboring provinces. Gen. and Mrs. Gore's eldest dau. m. the Earl of Errol, a Scotch nobleman, and first cousin of Queen Victoria. The Duchess of Inverness, who was m. to the Queen's uncle, the late Duke of Sussex, is the sister of Gen. Gore. She has apartments allotted to her in Kensington Palace, and when the Earl and Countess of Errol are in London, they also have apartments in one of the Queen's palaces, Several of the Frasers residing in New York are second cousins to the countess, whose husband, the Earl of Errol, as above stated, is first cousin to Queen Victoria.

GRISWOLD FAMILY.

Joanna Steele, b. March 26th, 1781, m. March 12th, 1801, OZIAS GRISWOLD, She d. Feb. 17th, 1844. He was b. Aug. 7th, 1772, d. Oct. 22d, 1815.

Children of JOANNA STEELE and OZIAS GRISWOLD: 1. *Sally*, b. April 9th, 1802, m. May 10th, 1827, Solomon Dunham, he was b. April 12th, 1795; 2. *Chester*, b. Jan. 5th, 1805, m. May 10th, 1827, Ermina Palmer, she was b. July 2d, 1827, d. Aug. 25th, 1864; 3. *Allen Steele*, b. Oct. 13th, 1808, m. Nov. 18th, 1830, Mary Jane Steele, she was b. Jan. 16th, 1809; 4. *Thomas Franklin*, b. March 6th, 1813, m. May 12th, 1841, Mary Ann Bishop, she was b. Nov. 15th, 1816; 5. *Lucy Joanna*, b. March 18th, 1815, d. March 10th, 1816.

Children of CHESTER and ERMINA GRISWOLD: 1. *Watson Chester*, b. June 24th, 1829, d. 22d, 1831; 2. *Lucy Joanna*, b. July 27th, 1830, d. Feb, 16th, 1831; 3. *Thomas C.*, b. Jan. 9th, 1832, d. April 9th, 1835; 4. *James N.*, b. March 6th, 1834, d. March 31st, 1835; 5. *Sarah E.*, b. Feb. 20th, 1836, m. Oct. 28th, 1856, Julius Elmore, he was b. Dec. 4th, 1835; 6. *Warren O.*, b. May 26th, 1838, m. Dec. 16th, 1858, Jane M. Dunham, she was b. Feb. 8th, 1843; 7. *George A.*, b. Oct. 9th, 1843, d. April 8th, 1867; 8. *Ellen E.*, b. Feb. 9th, 1851.

Children of ALLEN STEELE and MARY J. GRISWOLD: 1. *Mary J.*, b. June

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2d, 1833; 2. *Samuel A.*, b. Dec. 14th, 1834, m. June 9th, 1859, Frances P. Flagg, she was b. Nov. 17th, 1837; 3. *Charles Steele*, b. Jan. 9th, 1837, m. May 12th, 1858, Lucia I. Bishop, she was b. June 12th, 1840; 4. *Henry O.*, b. Nov. 21st, 1842; 5. *Seth P.*, b. Jan. 27th, 1850.

Children of THOMAS FRANKLIN and MARY ANN GRISWOLD; 1. *Seth B.*, b. Oct. 22d, 1848, d. Sept. 4th, 1849; 2. *Franklin Steele*, b. Oct. 6th, 1850; 3. *Charles W.*, b. May 15th, 1852.

Children of SARAH E. GRISWOLD and JULIUS ELMORE: 1. *Mary E.*, b. Oct. 14th, 1858; 2. *Lillian I.*, b. March 13th, 1861; 3. *Delia E.*, b. Sept. 18th, 1863; 4. *Alice G.*, b. Feb. 1st, 1869.

Children of WARREN and JANE M. GRISWOLD: 1. *Frederick W.*, b. Aug. 1st, 1861; 2. *Lena F.*, b. May 14th, 1867.

Children of SAMUEL A. and FRANCES P. GRISWOLD: 1. *Edward A.*; b. April 22d, 1865; 2. *William S.*, b. Oct. 28th, 1870.

Children of CHARLES STEELE and LUCIA I. GRISWOLD: 1. *Charles A.*, b. Sept. 16th, 1860; 2. *Gerty B.*, b. July 3d, 1863, d. July 16th, 1865; 3. *Joseph H.*, b. May 28th, 1866.

GORDON FAMILY.

Az. three boars heads couped or—

Crest.—In a ducal Coronet or a Stag's head and neck, affrontée ppr. attired with ten tynes of the first.

Motto—(above the Crest)—Bydand; (and below the Shield) Animo Non Astutia.

ALEXANDER GORDON, and JANE, his wife, left Scotland on the 27th day of August, 1719. They left with five children, and arrived in Boston, Mass., on the 2d day of Nov., 1719, with three children.

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Alexander Gordon d. July 27th, 1774, aged 104 years. He had a son *Robert*. I do not know what became of him. Alexander Gordon was buried on the Plains, so called. I think I can get more information about them in a week or two.

D. GORDON.

VOLUNTOWN, May 14th, 1853.

The above is a copy of a letter from Daniel Gordon to Alexander Gordon, collector of the following record of the Gordon Family. He was quite an aged man when he wrote the above, and died soon after.

I am inclined to believe that the ROBERT GORDON, 1st, (that our record begins with) must have been a grandson of the above Alexander and Jane, as he was about sixty years old when Robert Gordon, 1st, was born.

I think he came to Woodbury from Voluntown. He lived in the north part of this town, near Bethlehem line, where he died, and was buried in Bethlehem.

The following record was collected by Alexander Gordon, 3d, (29) of Woodbury, Conn.:

ROBERT GORDON, b. March 14th, 1730, d. March 30th, 1816; Jeane Kasson, (his widow,) b. July 16th, 1736, d. Oct. 14th, 1822. They had seven children, viz. 1 *Esther*,[3] (generation from Robert), b. Dec. 23d, 1757, d. March 7th, 1826; 2 *Mary*,[3] b. Nov. 5th, 1759, d. March 23d, 1827; 3 *Elizabeth*,[3] b. Dec. 6th, 1761, d. June 12th, 1827; 4 *George*,[3] b. July 30th, 1764, d. Aug. 9th, 1811; 5 *Alexander*,[3] b. May 1st, 1767, d. Feb. 22d, 1821; 6 *Jane*,[3] b. June 1st, 1711, d. Feb. 18th, 1833; 7 *Olive*,[3] b. Nov. 9th, 1774, d. June 8th, 1841.

ESTHER GORDON,[3] (2). She had a dau., *Minerva Gordon*, who was b. July 16th, 1791, d. July 1822. Both were buried in Bethlehem.

MARY GORDON,[3] (3,) m. Seth Martin, 6th June, 1788, of Bethlehem. He was b. March 8th, 1763. They had seven children, viz: 1 *Sally Marein*,[3] b. March 10th, 1789; 2 *Gideon*,[3] b. Dec. 12th, 1790, d. Feb. 20th, 1862; 3 *Polly*,[3] b. March 21st, 1793, d. Jan. 25th, 1865: 4 *Wealthy*,[3] b. July 14th, 1795, d. Feb. 2d, 1868; 5 *Seth*,[3] b. Jan. 3d, 1798, d. March 1st, 1871; 6 *Charles*, b. Nov. 4th, 1800, d. Oct. 6th, 1851; 7 *Olive*, b. Aug. 17th, 1804, d. young. No one except Gideon, were ever m. of this family.

ELIZABETH GORDON,[3] (4,) m. Daniel Hannahs, of Bethlehem; removed to York State. They had four sons; may not be in the order as recorded. 1 *Chauncy Hannah*,[3]; 2 *Marvin*,[3]; 3 *William*,[3] a prominent merchant in New York City; 4 *Daniel*.[3]

GEORGE GORDON,[3] (5,) m. Bethia Leavenworth, of Woodbury, Feb. 1786. He d. Aug. 9th, 1811. She m. 2d, Nehemiah Judson, of Woodbury, and still survives him. They had three children, viz; 1 *Althera Gordon*,[3] b. April 22d, 1788, m. Jeremiah Smith, of Fairfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y. She had no children; d. July 29th, 1855; 2 *William Henry Gordon*,[3] b. Dec. 26th, 1790; He m. and had children; he d. March 10th, 1859; 3 *Julia Gordon*,[3] b. May 22d, 1797, m. Daniel Brayton, of Fairfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y. She had no children; d. in 1865.

ALEXANDER GORDON,[3] (6,) m. for his first wife, Nancy Burritt, of Bethlehem, who d. Aug. 25th, 1808; was buried in Bethlehem. They had four

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children, viz: 1 *Sophronia Gordon*,[8] b. Dec. 30th, 1799, at Ellsworth, d. April 2d. 1863; 2 *Susan Ann*,[8] b. Aug. 8th, 1802, m. William Everett, of Ellsworth, Ct. Had four children. She d. April 19th, 1866; 3 *William Chauncy Gordon*,[8] b. July 4th, 1804, d. June 11th, 1840, m. Martha Greenleaf, of Ithaca, N. Y. Had one child, he d. at Ithaca, N. Y.; 4 *Charles Gordon*,[8] b. June 7th, 1806, d. Oct. 17th, 1822, buried at Bethlehem.

ALEXANDER GORDON,[7] (6,) m. for his second wife, Laner Marvin, daughter of David and Sylvia Everett Marvin. They had four children, viz: 5 *Edwin Everett Gordon*,[8] b. Jan. 15th, 1811, m. Sara A. DeGraff, of Albany, N. Y. Had no children, he d. at Mayfield, N. Y., Jan. 27th, 1851, was a Physician; 6. *Robert Gordon*,[8] b. July 18th, 1812, m. Mary Elizabeth Hoyt, of New Canaan, Ct.; had one child, d. May 9th, 1854, at Bedford, N. Y., he was a Shoemaker; 6 *Alexander Gordon*,[8] b. March 13th, 1814, m. Maria Holley Cogswell, dau. of Stephen and Susan Whittlesey Cogswell, of New Preston, Ct., Oct. 15th, 1839. She was b. Sept. 14th, 1816. They had seven children. He is a Tanner and Currier, lives in Woodbury, Ct; 8. *John Marvin Gordon*,[8] b. June 27th, 1816, m. Ann B. Sneath Miner, a widow, daughter of John and Elizabeth Sneath, of New York City. They had three children. She d. in 1867; he d. July 24th, 1866, was buried in Greenwood, L. I., in Lot No. 2,965, Sycamore Avenue, Blossom Path.

JANE GORDON,[7] (7,) m. Bristoll Hall, Dec. 29th, 1791, formerly of Bethlehem. They had ten children, viz: 1 *Timothy Hall*,[8] b. Dec. 3d, 1792, m. Sally Knox, Jan. 9th, 1813. Had eight children, seven living in 1868, lived in Tully, N. Y.; 2 *Olive Hall*,[8] b. Aug. 20th, 1794, m. Russell Knox, in Feb., 1815, had eleven children; 3 *Cyrus Hall*,[8] b. Nov. 25th, 1796, m. Almira Walker. She d. in 1835, he d. in Oct., 1866, at Beaver Dam, Wisconsin; 4 *Betsey Hall*, b. Aug. 20th, 1798, m. Joseph Beach, March 15th, 1823. She d. Aug. 9th, 1823; 5 *Chauncy Hall*,[8] b. Sept. 3d, 1802, m. Matilde Hotchkiss, was a Home Missionary at Redwood Falls, Minn, in 1868; 6 *John C. Hall*,[8] b Nov. 1st, 1804, m. Lucetta Rose; 7 *Nancy Hall*,[8] b. Aug. 21st, 1809, never was m., lives in Phelps, N. Y.; 8. *George L. Hall*,[8] d. young; 9 *Clarinda Hall*,[8] b. Nov. 13th, 1812, d. March 4th, 1881; 10 *George L. Hall*,[8] b. Oct. 28th, 1815, m. Ellen M. Cleaver, is a Congregational Clergyman.

OLIVE GORDON,[7] (8) m. Elijah Brown. They had children: 1. *Truman Beeman Brown*,[8] b. Aug. 8, 1804, m. Amanda Smith, Oct. 10th, 1831. She was born Feb. 14th, 1811; lives in Auburn, N. Y. 2. *Susan Diana Brown*[8], b. Sept. 18, 1806, m. Ludowick Tabor. 3. *Nancy M. Brown*[8], b. Aug. 28, 1808, m. a Mr. Conklin. 4. *Ada Jane Brown*[8], b. Dec. 11, 1810, m. Avery Babbitt, of Auburn, had three children, who died young. She d. June 1st, 1864. 5. *Olive H. Brown*[8], b. March 14, 1812, m. Edgar Smith, Baptist Clergyman, are living in Auburn N. Y. 6. *Clarinda Kasson Brown*[8], b. Sept. 3, 1814, m. Charles Smith, a Baptist Clergyman, and a brother of Edgar Smith.

GIDEON MARTIN[7] (10) m. Samantha Ingersoll, of Bethlehem, Nov. 6, 1820. They had three Children, viz: *Mary Martin*, b. Aug. 6, 1821, m. George Smith, of Morriss. Had twin daughters, and five sons. 2. *Henry I. Martin*, b. March 23, 1833, lives in Bethlehem. 3. *Elizabeth Martin*, b. Jan. 14, 1836, m. Jarvis E. Ellis, of Waterbury, Nov. 21st, 1859.

WILLIAM HENRY GORDON,[7] (21) m. Maria Cheever, had three children, viz:

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1. *Frederick William Gordon*, b. Jan., 1819, d. Dec. 3, 1851. 2. *George Cheever Gordon*, b. May, 1827. 3. *Catherine M. Gordon*, b. March, 1832.

Children of Susan Ann Gordon (24). 1. *Helen Sophronia Everett*, b. Aug., 1829, m. Enoch Everett, of Ellsworth. She d. Sept. 14th, 1866. Left two sons. 2. *Sarah Amelia Everett*, b. July, 1833. 3. *Mary Ely Everett*, b. Oct. 1st, 1836, m. Charles Swift, of Cornwall, Conn. 4. *Martha Lavinia Everett*, b. Sept. 19th, 1841. She died in 1842.

Child of William Chauncey Gordon, (25), *Sarah Roselia Gordon*, b. Sept. 19, 1834, d. Sept. 12, 1868.

Child of Robert Gordon[3] (28), *Julia Maria Gordon*, b. March 22, 1845, m. William J. Clark, of Woodbury, Oct. 26, 1870.

Children of Alexander Gordon (29). 1. *William Augustus*, b. Dec. 28, 1840, m. Sara E. Blake, dau. of J. P. and Emeline Blake, of Waterbury, Ct, Sept. 3, 1862. 2. *Maria Cogswell Gordon*, b. May 15, 1845, d. Feb. 28, 1854. 3. *Alexander Gordon, Jr.*, b. Nov. 16, 1847. 4. *Susan Laner Gordon*, b. April 29, 1851, d. Oct. 31, 1861. 5. *George Cogswell Gordon*, b. June 30, 1854. 6. *Charles Robert Gordon*, b. Jan. 5, 1858, d. Oct. 26, 1861. 8. *Edwin Stephen Gordon*, b. Sept. 20, 1860.

Children of John Marvin Gordon (30) 1. *Elizabeth Smeath Gordon*, b. June 14, 1847, m. Everett E. Dunbar, Feb. 14, 1867, d. July 23, 1868. No Children 2. *Charles Chauncy Gordon*, b. July 30, 1850, lives in Sharon, Conn. 3. *Ann Smeath Gordon*, b. Aug., 1857, d. in infancy.

Children of Truman Beeman Brown, (41). 1. *Charles Gordon Brown*, b. April 7, 1833. 2. *Alice Adell Brown*, b. July 29, 1837, m. a Mr. Croel. Live at Seneca Falls. 3. *Henry Jay Brown*, b. May 16, 1843, d. March 27, 1867.

Child of Olive H. Brown, (45). *Eliza Smith*, d. Nov. 25, 1861, aged 22 years 6 months and 6 days.

Children of William Augustus Gordon, (59). 1. *Caroline Maria Gordon*, b. Jan. 7, 1865. 2. *Susan Cornelia Gordon*, b. Feb. 9, 1868. 3. *Alexander Irving Gordon*, b. Dec. 22, 1870.

Children of Mary Ely Everett, (55). 1. *Harry Gordon Swift*, b. Feb. 19, 1869. 2. *William Everett Swift*, b. Jan. 1, 1871.

GRAHAM FAMILY.

[Corrections and additions.]

LOVE Graham, spoken of on p. 547, m. 1st, John Brinkerhoff, who died soon after his marriage, leaving no children She m. 2d, Rev Jonathan Lee, the 1st minister of Salisbury, Conn. She was his 2d wife. They had children: *Chauncey*, *Love*, and *Walker*.

Rev. Chauncey Lee graduated at Yale College in 1784, and was made a D.D. by Columbia College afterwards. He was for thirty years a minister at Colebrook, Conn. Love Lee m. Rev. Aaron C. Collins. Walker Lee m. and had children.

William Hackaliah Preston Graham had three children: 1. *Maria*, who has deceased. 2. *Elizabeth*, who m. Thomas H. Pease (2d wife) of New

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Haven, bookseller. She d. March, 1849, leaving a son, *Salmon Graham Peate*. From her earliest years she was distinguished for uncommon gifts and graces. 3. *William Preston*, now residing in Boston, Mass.

HINMAN FAMILY.

Rev. Benjamin L. Swan furnishes the following items concerning the Hinman Family :—

HINMAN. There is no trace of the name at Stamford. It is not among lists of the original or immediately succeeding settlers, nor does Huntington (Hist. of Stamford) give the name in any of his lists from the Records. Edward Hinman's name first appears in Stratford in 1651, in which year he has a grant from the town of a home lot. He died in Stratford, Nov. 26, 1681. The children of Edward and Hannah Hinman, were *Sarah*, b. Sept., 1653, m. Wm. Roberts; *Titus*, b. Jan. 1655; *Samuel*, b. Jan. 1658; *Benjamin*, b. Feb. 1662; *Hannah*, b. July 1666; *Mary*, b. 1668; *Patience*, b. 1670; *Edward*, b. 1672.

It does not appear how Titus could have married a Coe, of Stamford, for long before he was marriageable, that name had become extinct in Stamford. Robert had gone to Stratford and died there, having had a dau. Hannah born in Stratford in 1651. But as she is not named in his will, in 1659, she had probably died young. Robert Coe, the elder, with all the rest of his family, had gone to Hempstead, L. I. Probably Titus H. found a wife over there among the Coes of Long Island.

EDWARD HINMAN, JR., youngest son of Edward Hinman 1st, married Hannah ———, who was b. Aug. 14, 1678, and d. at North Stratford, (Trumbull,) Aug. 25, 1777, 99 years old. She died on her birth day. Twenty years before her death, she affirmed that in a dream one told her she would die on her 99th birth day,(Old Style). Repeatedly, afterward, she said the same thing, and in fact on the day predicted she died.

Edward Hinman, Jr. and Hannah, had many children. 1. *Josiah*, b. Nov. 5, 1700. 2. *Hannah*, b. March 3, 1702–3. 3. *Zechariah*, b. Jan. 27, 1704–5. 4. *Samuel*, b. Jan. 6, 1705–6. 5. *Justus*, b. Dec. 28, 1707. 6. *Ebenezer*, b. Oct. 5, 1709. 7. *Sarah*, b. Oct., 1711. 8. *John*, b. Nov. 4, 1713. 9. *Rachel*, b. Dec. 4, 1715. 10. *Eunice*, b. Aug. 16, 1717. 11. *Amos*, b. Oct. 18, 1720. 12. *Charity*, b. June 6, 1723.

Of these children, I find in Trumbull Records, Justus[3], who married Hannah, and had *Mary*, Oct. 1739; *Elizabeth*, Jan. 1742–3; Sarah, Dec. 1749; *Rachel*, Feb. 1752; *Mary*, Feb. 1757.

JOHN[3], who m. Eunice ———, and had *John*, Feb. 1748; *David*, Feb. 10, 1750; *Jonas*, March 1752.

By 2d wife, Anna Nichols, m. Aug. 15, 1754, had *Eunice*, June 1755; *Martha*, Aug. 1757; *Ann*, May 1760; *Isaac*, April 1762.

AMOS[3], m. Abigail ———, and had *Josiah*. Dec. 1747; *Elijah*, Feb. 1749; *Patience*, Nov. 1750; *Justus*, July 1752; *Rachel*, March 1754; *Enoch*, March

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1756; *Samuel*, March 1758; *a son unnamed*, Jan. 1760; *Phebe*, May 1762; *Mary*, May 1764; *Abigail*, Aug. 1770.

By all which it appears that *Samuel*, son of Edward and father of Lemuel was *not* "the ancestor of" *all* "the Fairfield County Hinmans," by far.

ZECHARIAH HINMAN, grandson of Edward, Jr. (but I know not by which sire) m. Mary (Booth), and had *Mary Booth*, b. May 1772.

ELIJAH HINMAN, son of Amos, m. Mercy Hoyt, and had a dau., bap. Dec. 1776, (*name not given*).

JOSIAH HINMAN, son of Amos, m. Phebe Summers, Jan 16, 1772, and had *Abijah*, Nov. 1776; *Elijah Summers*, May 1777; *Eunice*, Oct. 1779; *Ruth Anne*, June 1782; *Patience*, March 1786.

JOHN HINMAN, son of John and Eunice, married Anna, and had *Orilla*, (probably Aurelia,) Aug 1785.

JUSTUS HINMAN, (son of Amos,) m. Abigail Summers, of Stratfield, Feb. 1, 1774.

JONAS HINMAN (son of John and Eunice,) m. Katy Fairchild, May 16, 1779. They had *Joseph Curtiss*, Aug. 1780. (Her mother was a Curtis); *Polly*, July 1783; *Sally*, July 1786; *James*, Dec. 1788.

SAMUEL HINMAN, (son of Amos and Abigail,) m. Hannah Seeley, Nov. 1786.

ISAAC HINMAN, son of John and Anna,) m. Charity Edwards, Jan. 2, 1785.

ENOCH HINMAN, (son of Amos and Abigal,) m. Hannah Stratton, Jan 3, 1782.

Hon. Charles Adams, of Litchfield, furnishes the following items:—

DEACON SCOVILL HINMAN, mentioned on page 561, had children: *Myra*, b. Feb. 27, 1793, lived one day; *Peter*, b. July 12, 1784, d. Oct. 4, 1775; *Serena*, b. Aug. 22. 1786. d. Jan. 29, 1833; *Erastus*, b. Nov. 22, 1798, d. about 1835; *Herbert*, b. Dec. 26, 1800, d. Feb. 26. 1829; *Giles*, b. Aug. 22, 1803, d. Nov. 30, 1804; *Jane Cunningham*, b. May 6, 1806, d. June 10, 1828; *Charles Wm.*, b. May 22, 1808, d. April 17, 1845; *Julia Maria*. b. Dec. 7, 1810, d. Sept. 13, 1869; *Mary*, b. May 24, 1813, d. April 7, 1856; *Augusta*, b. April 19, 1816, d. July 16, 1031; *Henry S.*, b. April 7, 1819, d. Oct. 30, 1848.

All the above were born in Woodbury except the last two, who were born in New Haven.

Jane C. and Julia M. were m. to Charles Adams, of New Haven, (now of Litchfield). Mary m. Rev. Hiram A. Graves, of Boston, Charles m. Rhoda A. Mills, of New Havon. Henry m. Hester Foster, of New Haven.

The wife of Deacon Hinman was Deborah Minor, dau. of Deacon Josiah Minor, who was born March 9, 1774.

Of the children of Deacon Josiah Miner, mentioned on page 689: *Hannah*, m. Rollin Mallory; *Ann*, m. Philo Judson, father of Rev. Philo, who resides at Rocky Hill. On page 599 you have her name Emma Minor, instead of Ann Her 2d husband was Deacon Seth Minor.

Thankful, m. Reuben Hotchkiss. *Deborah*, m. Scovill Hinman.

Captain ELISHA HINMAN, b. March 9th, and baptized March 10th, 1734, was son of Capt. Andrew Hinman, of Woodbury, grandson of Capt. Titus, and great-grandson of Edward Hinman, the Pilgrim, of Stratford.

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He was a seaman by profession, of an accomplished character. He settled at New London, Ct., in early life, where he married, lived and died. In the Revolutionary War he commanded the frigate Alfred. In this ship he made several successful cruises, and took many valuable prizes.

"He was one of the fortunate naval officers who gained laurels for themselves and many valuable prizes for the country, by their skill and bravery, during the Revolution, in that unequal contest at sea.

After Capt. Hinman left the service, he entered into mercantile pursuits at New London for a time, and for several years commanded the Revenue Cutter at New London. He m. Abigail Dolebeare, daughter of George Dolebeare, of New London, March 1st, 1777.

Capt. Hinman died Dec. 39, 1816.

His wife died Aug. 29, 1805.

Their children were: 1. *Mary Sherwood*, b. Jan. 6th, 1778, m. Ebenezer Dimon, of Fairfield, Conn., for many years Sheriff of Fairfield County, and d. May 25, 1852.

2. *Hannah*, b. Oct 11th, 1780, m. James Day, May 19th, 1811, and d. ——

3. *Elisha, Jr.*, b June 29th, 1784, and d. April 7th, 1835.

4. *Ann Welsh*, b. July 29th, 1786, now living at Fairfield, Conn., the widow of Cyrus Kellogg. She had no children.

The children of Mary Sherwood, wife of Ebenezer Dimon, were: 1. *Elizabeth Huntington*, who m. Thomas B. Osborne, resided at Fairfield, Conn., and had three children: *Arthur D. Osborne*, now of New Haven, Conn.; *Thomas Fitch*, deceased; *Mary Elizabeth*, wife of Henry B. Harrison, of New Haven, Conn.

2. *Mary S.*, who m. Day O. Kellogg, of Troy, N. Y., and d., leaving three children: *George D.*, *Theodore* and *Day O., Jr.*

3. *Samuel S.*, who d. in May, 1854, unmarried.

4. *David*, now a physician at Auburn, N. Y., unmarried.

5. *Theodore*, now a physician at Auburn, N. Y., m. Sarah Williams, dau. of Judge Williams of Utica, N. Y., and has three children: *Theodore W.*, *George*, and *James Wager*.

6. *George D.*, who d. Sept. 16, 1833, at Fort Crawford, Prarie du Chein, Wis., while a Lieutenant in the regular army, unmarried.

7. *Abigail Hinman*, who d. unmarried at Fairfield, Jan. 31, 1843.

8. *Oliver*, who was a lawyer in Boston, Mass., for several years; then studied for the ministry three years at Andover, and was settled as a minister at Keosauqua, Iowa, where he lost his health, and died at New London, Conn., Aug. 22d, 1855.

9. *Harriet* died in infancy.

The children of Hannah who married James Day were: 1. *James Ingersoll*, late of Stonington, Conn., now of New Orleans, La. He is married and has several children.

2. *Abigail*, who married John P. Brown, of Medway, S. C., and has several children.

3. *Mary Sherwood*, who married Dr. McEwen, of Stratford, Conn., now deceased, and at present resides in New York City.

4. *Thomas Davis*, formerly a merchant in St. Louis, Mo., now in New York City.

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HICOCK FAMILY.

[Additions and corrections from page 564.]

Joseph Hicock, Jr., m. Ruth Fairchild. Samuel Hicock, baptized Sept. 1687, was brother, not son of Joseph Hicock. This Samuel m. Eleanor Bostwick. On page 565, nine lines from the bottom, erase the words:—"m. Philoman Trowbridge, 1773," and insert them after the Eunice mentioned in the 1st line of page 566. The name *Ithel*, on page 564, should be *Ithiel*, wherever it occurs.

Frances Amelia, sister of George A. Hickox, of Litchfield, Conn., m. Caleb Jewett, of Cortlandville, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1855; died at Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1856, giving birth to a daughter. Frances Hickox, b. Oct. 26, 1856, d. Jan. 15, 1858. George A. Hickox, Editor of the Litchfield Enquirer, m. Mary Catherine Brisbane, of Charleston, S. C., April 22, 1856, and has two children; *William Brisbane*, b. March 18th, 1663, and *Frances Eliot*, b. April 1. 1864.

3. *Eleanor* m. Nehemiah De Forest, and had *Charles*, who died in Bridgeport about six years ago. (Charles was half brother of William).

HILL FAMILY.

[Additions to page 567.]

JONATHAN HILL, father of Charles Hill, b. in Bethlehem. March 25th, 1769, m. Sarah Judson, dau. of Jonathan Judson, of Woodbury, Feb. 9th, 1792, removed to Livingston County, New York, about the year 1818. He d. at Lima, N. Y., Jan. 6th, 1849, in his 80th year. His wife died there April 4, 1847, aged 75 years. Had children:

1. *Clarissa Maria*, b. Nov. 13, 1792, married —— Bushnell, d. May 8, 1837.
2. *Louisa Sophia*, b. Nov. 13, 1792, d. in infancy.
3. *Frederick Bennett*, b. April 21st, 1794, m. Bushnell, d. in Canada West. Sept. 2, 1846.
4. *Charles Judson*, b. April 13, 1796, settled in Rochester, N. Y., Nov., 1816,
5. *Ruth Alma*, b. May 28, 1798, m. ——Bushnell, settled in Livingston Co., N. Y. Died March 2d, 1844.
6. *Erastus*, b. April 30, 1802, settled in Livingston County, N. Y., afterwards removed to Kalamazoo, Mich., where he died June 10th, 1870, greatly respected, leaving a widow and children.
7. *Polly*, b. June 29, 1804, m. —— Johnson, Feb. 20th, 1828. Settled in Western New York. Died at Honeyage Falls, Nov. 11th, 1841.
8. *Truman Curtiss*, b. Jan. 10th, 1807. Graduated at Union College, and entered the ministry. Married Miss Howland, May 24th, 1840. Died at his residence, near Kalamazoo, Mich, Aug. 25, 1864, leaving a widow and chh.
9. *George Gilbert*, b. April 23d, 1814. Married Sarah Backus, Dec. 29, 1836.
10. *Julia Sophronia*, b. Jan. 1, 1820. Died in infancy.

CHARLES J. HILL, b. at Woodbury April 13th, 1796. Married Salome Morgan, of Brimfield, Mass., Jan. 15, 1823. Settled in Rochester, 1816. Commenced the mercantile business at Rochester, 1818, with Andrew N. F. Leavitt, of Bethlem, under the firm of Leavitt & Hill, who built the first brick dwelling-house in Rochester, in 1822, which now numbers 75,000 inhabitants.

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In 1831, C. J. H. entered the merchant milling business, in which he is still engaged—for the last twenty years, under the firm of "C. J. Hill & Son."

Have children: 1. *Charles Benedict*, b. Aug. 8th, 1826, now of the milling firm of C. J. Hill & Son, m. Catherine Elizabeth Clarke. Has children: *Effie Heaton, Charles Judson, Emily Hill, Walter Phelps, Weltha Hill.*

2. *Cornelia*, died in infancy.

3. *Weltha Burwell*, b. March 20, 1831; unmarried.

4. *Harriet Hempsted*, b. Aug 9th, 1834. Married Edward J. Owen, Attorney at Law, New York City, where she d., with her first child, June, 1863.

5. *Emily Williston*, b. Aug. 22d, 1842. Married Edward H. Pierce, Attorney at Law, Boston, May 5th, 1869, where she now resides. One child: *Hattie Hill.*

HOLLISTER FAMILY.

Sable, between a greyhound courant, bendways, and a dolphin hauriant, in base argent, 3 roses gules; on a chief of the second, 2 slips of strawberry, fructed proper.

Crest—an arm in armor embowed between 2 sprigs of strawberry, as in the arms, and holding a branch of holly proper.

Motto—"Fuimus, et sub Deo Erimus."

The history of the origin of the name of Hollister, given on page 583, though furnished the writer by a very painstaking and accurate genealogist, turns out to be erroneous, as well as some subsequent particulars in the same account. Hon. Gideon H. Hollister, of Bridgeport, Conn., late Minister to Hayti, while collecting the materials for his valuable History of Connecticut, engaged the services of the late Payne Kenyon Kilbourne, of Litchfield, a careful investigator, to make full examination of the records, the result of which was

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that he was able to obtain a perfect pedigree, from John Hollister of Wethersfield, to the John Hollister who, in 1608, was Lord of the Manor of Stinchcomb and Burleigh, with many particulars in regard to the generations of the family, their residences, and final resting places. In the various changes which Mr. Hollister has made in his places of business, including his residence abroad, those data have, for the most part, been lost, and cannot be introduced here. He informs the writer, that the name, Hollister, is derived from two French words, which mean holly-land, or the place where the holly tree abounds, and that there is, in Gloucestershire, Eng., a hamlet called Hollister.

Rev. Benjamin L. Swan, of Oyster Bay, N. Y., has sent the following corrections in this genealogy :—

HOLLISTER, page 585. Gideon, $\frac{19}{12}$ son of Thomas, was not he who came to Stratford. He married Rachel ——, and settled in Glastenbury, where he d. in 1753. Gideon, of Stratford, was son of Stephen. (See Goodwin's Historical Notes).

JOHN HOLLISTER, freeman in Weymouth, 1643, resided in Mass., 1644. Nov. of same year, in Westfield, Conn. Hadley, 1659, m. Joanna, dau. of Richard Treat, 1st, and died, April, 1665, leaving widow Joanna and children : *John*, b. 1642, *Thomas*, *Stephen*, *Joseph*, *Lazarus*, b. about 1656, d. Sept., 1709, (Probably not in that order,) and dau., *Mary* wife of John Wells, of Stratford, *Elizabeth*, *Sarah*, who m., 1674, Rev. Hope Atherton, of Hatfield, and 1678 or 9, Timothy Baker, of Northampton. Joseph and Lazarus died childless. John, Jr. married, Nov. 20, 1667, Sarah, eldest dau. of William Goodrich 1st, (not W. J. Jr., who had no children till 1681, and no Sarah at all). Children : *John*, b. Aug. 9th, 1669 ; *Thomas*, Jan. 14, 1672 ; *Joseph*, July 8, 1674 ; *Sarah*, Oct. 25, 1676 ; *Elizabeth*, March 30, 1678 ; *David*, Nov. 21, 1681 ; *Ephraim*, March 15, 1684 ; *Charles*, July 29, 1686 ; *Elizabeth*, (no date,) (probably the first Elizabeth died young, and this latter one married Dr. Steele).

STEPHEN HOLLISTER, son of the first John, m. Abigail, b. 1659, dau. of Matthias Treat, A.D. 1683. His children were : *Jonathan*, (says Savage,) probably correct ; Jerusha, (says Goodwin,) b. Jan. 7, 1684 ; *Stephen*, b. Nov. 12, 1686, died 1706 ; *Abigail*, b. Aug. 16, 1688 ; *Ann*, b. March 16, 1690 ; *Gershom*, b. April 2, 1692 ; *Samuel*, b. 1694 ; *Eunice*, b. 1696 ; *Gideon*, b. 1698 ; *Daniel*, b. 1700 ; *Nathaniel*, b. 1702. By second wife, Elizabeth, widow (or daughter) of Jonathan Reynolds, he had *Stephen*, b. Sept. 12 1709, and died Oct. 2, 1709. (This widow Elizabeth could not have been the widow of Jonathan Reynolds, who died 1673, for his wife could not have been born later than 1638, and would be too old in 1709. (May not Savage have been misinformed—*widow* for daughter—because J. R's daughter Elizabeth, born 1667, would meet the conditions better).

GIDEON, b. 1698, son of Stephen Hollister, married Rebecca Sherman. You will have noticed (on your page 586) the typographical error, 1823 for 1723. The marriage is on Stratford Record. Gideon Hollister married Rebecca Sherman, March, 1722-3. They had *Sarah*, bap. Jan. 172$\frac{4}{5}$. She had bap. *Gideon*, Sept., 1725.

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Gideon Holister was drowned in Pequonnock River (Head of Bridgeport Harbor) May 10, 1725, a little more than four months before his son's birth.

(Hollister's settlement in Stratford may have been influenced by the fact that his sister, Ann, had married Robert, son of Joseph Booth, of Stratford, and Mary Hollister (his cousin) m. Joseph Shelton, of Stratford).

G. H. and his wife Rebecca owned the covenant in Stratford church Jan., 12, 172⅞. She joined in full communion March 21, 1725.

On a careful examination of the records of Stratford, the author has discovered, to his full satisfaction, that the account given of this Rebecca on page 586 is erroneous, and that she was not a descendant of Capt. John Sherman. She was the dau. of Daniel Sherman, by his wife, Rebecca Wheeler, of Stratford, and was born there. Daniel Sherman, was son of Samuel Sherman, Jr., who was the son of Hon. Samuel Sherman, the emigrant to Stratford.

HUNTINGTON FAMILY.

1. SIMON, as tradition has it, was the ancestor of all, or nearly all of the Huntingtons in this country. He was b in England and m., probably, Margaret Baret, of Norwich or its immediate vicinity, Eng. He d. while on the voyage to this country of small pox, in 1633, and his body was consigned to its ocean grave. He had five chilldren, among whom was—5. SIMON, b. according to the Norwich records, in England, in 1629, and was about four years of age when the family came to this country. He settled in Norwich, Conn., became a leading citizen there, a deacon in the church and represented the town in the General Court. He m. Oct., 1653, Sarah, dau. of Joseph Clark, of Windsor and Saybrook. He moved to Norwich in 1660. He died 28th June, 1706, aged 77. She d. 1721, aged 88. He had 10 children, among whom was—(3) Daniel, b. in Norwich, Conn., March 13, 1675-6, m. 1st, Abigail, dau. of Thomas and Mary (Rudd) Bingham, who was b. 4th Nov., 1679, by whom he had five children. She d. Dec. 25th, 1734. He m. 2d, Rache. Wolcott, of Windham. He d. in Norwich, 13th Sept., 1741. His 3d child by his 1st w. was DANIEL, b. in Norwich, March 24th, 1711. He graduated at Yale, 1733, and m , Sept. 25, 1740, Sybil Bull, of Milford. She d. Oct. 12, 1744. He m. 2d, Rebecca Huntington, July 24, 1746. She d. March 7, 1774. Rev. S. B. Huntington has two different dates for this death. On page 87 of his Huntington Genealogy, he has it April 15, 1798. On page 87 he has it as above. He d. July 26, 1756. He had five children, all born in Norwich, the 2d of whom was—(5) DR. DANIEL, b. Oct. 2, 1744. He studied medicine with Dr. Joseph Perry, of Woodbury, and commenced its practice in that town about the year 1767. He became a man of some distinction in his profession, and in the 1st Church, of which he was a deacon. He was the first Postmaster in Woodbury, which office he held from 1797 to 1814.[1] He d. Feb. 19, 1819. He m. Sybilla Tomlinson. She was b. Sept. 10, 1750.

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[1] To this point the account of this family has been taken from Rev. E. B. Huntington's "Memoir" of the Huntington Family

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Children: *Sybilla*, b. January 1, 1770, m. David Stiles Curtiss, father of Daniel Curtiss, Esq. She d. Dec. 30, 1838. He d. Jan. 22, 1846. *Abigail*, b. Dec. 18, 1770. So the record says—two births in one year. Both lived to be bap. in 1781, with the remaining four children: *Daniel*, b. Sept. 7, 1772; *Cynthia*, b. April 1, 1774; *Isaac*, b. July 20, 1776; *Russel*, b. Jan. 18, 1779, d. Sept. 14, 1794; *Alza*, bap. June 10, 1787, m. —— Proctor, of Philadelphia, Pa., April 21, 1822. Children: *William H.* and *Nathaniel L.*

JAMES HUNTINGTON, Esq., Attorney at Law, at Woodbury, is descended from the first Simon through another line.

HURD FAMILY.

A little care is necessary to avoid confusion here. John Hurd, among the first settlers of Meriden, came so early to Stratford, that he represented the town in 1649. He had either a brother or a son Adam, probably his brother, because both Adam's, son John and John's son John, were m. in Dec. 1662. These two Johns are sometimes styled "cousins," on the record, which would make Adam a brother of the elder John. But again, Adam's son John is styled *nephew* of the other John, which implies brotherhood of their fathers, although the two terms of kinship are carelessly exchanged.

On Dec. 10, 1662, John Hurd, Jr., (so called) son of Adam, m. Ann, widow of Joshua Judson, and he had *Sarah*, Dec. 1664; *Joseph*, Feb. 1666; *Benjamin*, Feb. 1667; *Ebenezer*, Nov. 1668. *Ruth*, Feb. 1670; *John*, Aug. 1673. THIS JOHN the SON OF ADAM is he who went to Woodbury.

The other John *son of John*, m. Dec. 15, 1662, *Sarah*, dau. of John Thompson, and from 1664, to 1679, had eight children. *John*, *Sarah*, *Hannah*, *Isaac*, *Jacob*, *Mary*, *Esther*, *Abigail*, but of these I suppose you have no need.

HULL FAMILY.

I examined the Derby Records for Mr. Savage and drew off the Hull genealogy, of which he has made use in his work.[1]

JOHN HULL, (who seems to be the John of New Haven, 1657, and son of Andrew) appears in Stratford, 1661. In 1670 he voted in Pagusset (Derby) as an inhabitant, although the birth of his sons, in 1672, is recorded in Stratford. (This may be explained by reference to the case of Thomas Wheeler before the Court at New Haven, 1663, by which it seems that Stratford claimed jurisdiction and levied ministers rates at Pagusset, so that Hull's record might be left at Stratford).

Upon Stratford Record are the following named children of John Hull:—*John*, b. March 1662, d. 1753 at Derby; *Samuel*, Feb. 1663–4, m. Deborah Beers Fairchild; *Mary*, Oct. 1666; *Joseph*, Feb. 1668–9, d. 1744, great-great-grandfather of Commodore Hull; *Benjamin*, April 1672.

On Record at Derby; *Richard*, Oct. 1674; *Ebenezer* ——, 1678, drowned in the Naugatuck in 1722; *Jeremiah*, 1679. *Andrew*, 1685.

[1] Furnished by Rev. B. L. Swan.

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Joseph Hull of Derby, son of John m. in 1691. Mary Nichols, dau. of Caleb Nichols, of Woodbury, (see Nichols,) and had *Samuel*, 1692; *Joseph*, 2d 1694; *Calsa*, 1695; *Andrew*, 1697; *Mary*, 1699; *Sarah*, 1701; *Abijah* 1703; *Nathan*, 1709.

His wife d. in 1733. In 1735 he m. Hannah Prindle, and died in 1741.

Joseph Hull 2d, son of Joseph son of John, m. Sarah ——, and had *Sarah*, 1726; *Joseph*, 3d, 1727: *Elizabeth*, 1731; *Anna*, 1736.

Joseph Hull, 3d, m. Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke, May 1750; they had *Joseph*, 4th, Oct. 1750; *General William*, 1752; *Samuel*, 1755; *Isaac*, *Levi*, and *David*.

Joseph Hull, 4th, b. 1750, d. 1826, in his 76th year, had *Isaac*, (Commodore).

JUDSON FAMILY.

[Additions and corrections.]

JUDSON, JEREMIAH, (page 588, No. 21, V.,) among his children is *Mercy* instead *Martha*. She married Solomon Burton in 1687.

JOSHUA JUDSON, (4) son of William, m. *Ann*, (who, Goodwin is confident was a dau. of John Porter, of Windsor.) They had children: *Joshua*, b Dec., 1658; *Samuel*, b. Aag., 1660, and *Ann*, who must have been older than the sons—perhaps born 1656—for she married Arthur Perry about 1675.

Joshua Judson died 1661, aged 38 In 1662 his widow married John Hurd, Jr., and had by him six children.

Jeremiah Judson's 1st wife was Sarah, dau. of Nathaniel Foote. They were married in 1652. She died 1673, aged 41. She was the mother of all his children. His second wife, Katharine, m. Nov. 8, 1675, was widow of Thomas Fairchild, Sr. She was also his second wife. Her maiden name was Craig. J. J. went to London to marry her in 1662. The bond executed by him to secure her a title to his real estate in Hartford, is on record in Hartford. Descendants of Jeremiah Judson are in Stratford (old Mill Hill) and in Bridgeport.

11. No. 7 in your list of Joseph's children, (p. 588) viz: Joshua, b. Dec. 3, 1658, is by mistake. He was Joshua's son, not Joseph's. The latter had but one Joshua, a twin with Ruth, and he died young.

Page 593. Capt. James Judson, No. (61) married Nov. 12, 1751, Mary Edwards, dau. of Thomas. (North Stratford—Trumbull.)

P. 592. *Polly* Judson m. Solomon Stoddard. *Kezia* m. John Bassett, of Kettletown, (Southbury). *Mary* m. Birdseye Curtiss, of Newtown.

JOHNSON FAMILY.

[Additions and corrections.]

Page 600. It was MOSES JOHNSON himself, not his son Moses, who came to Stratford and signed the Woodbury compact. *Moses*, *Ebenezer*, (who went to Derby,) and *John*, who d. in 1659, are understood to be sons of Peter, of Fairfield.

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Moses Johnson m. about 1676, Mary, dau. of Robert Rose, of Stratford. Children: *Rebecca*, b. April, 1677, died young; *Zeruiah*, b. April 30, 1682; *Rebecca*, b. 1684; *John*, b. April 18, 1686; *Sarah*, b. Aug. 5, 1688; *Mary*, b. April 20, 1690; *Elizabeth*, Oct. 18, 1691; *Moses*, b. May 13, 1694; *Solomon*, Jan. 5, 1695-6.

That Moses Johnson, Senior, married again is plain, from the mention of Mary, "his aged widow," in 1747.

JENNER FAMILY.

Page 602. JOHN JENNER was in Stratford before 1650, but left in a few years: went to Long Island; had by his wife, *Alice* thought to be dau. of Robert Pigg, of New Haven: *Mary*, b. Oct., 1648; *Thomas*, b. April, 1651, and others.

Samuel, of Woodbury, descended from, or rather may have been son of *Thomas*. Another *Thomas*, of Charlestown Mass., had a son *Samuel*, but he was b. in 1669, and would be but 18 or 19 years old when Woodbury Samuel's first child was born.

KNOWLES FAMILY.

Page 604. *Eleazur* Knowles was son of Thomas, of New Haven. THOMAS KNOWLES was of New Haven, 1645; died before 1648; leaving wibow Elizabeth and sons Eleazur and Thomas. The widow married, in 1650, Nicholas Knell, whose dau. Elizabeth, b. 1653, m. John Mitchell. What became of Thomas K., brother of Eleazer, does not appear.

The following was received from Hon. Liberty Knowles, of Potsdam, N. Y.

"You may find my name on page 605—8. Liberty.—You have given my eldest brother a girl's name, Ellen. My father gave him the first syllable of his name, El., reserving Eazer for his youngest son, b. at Grenville, N. Y., Feb. 1787. My father removed to Greenville, (then Lotana,) March 1st, 1786, and d. there 1814 where El and Eazar still live. LIBERTY was educated at Williams College, Mass., opened a Law office at Potsdam, June 14th, 1809; m. Melinda Raymond, of Richmond, Mass., Feb., 1812; had children: *Catherine*, b. Nov. 12th; *Henry L.*, b. June 23d, 1815, educated at Union College, N. Y., took his father's place in Law business, 1838; *William L.*, b. Feb. 26, 1818, educated at University of Vt., commenced Law practice at Potsdam, 1845; *Augustus L.*, b. May 11, 1821, d. Oct. 19th, 1824.

"Many a leisure hour has been agreeably spent in reading of old Woodbury and its descendants. We trace the Knowles line to the grandfather of Eleazar, of Stratford, who, with sixty-nine others, sailed in a new ship from New Haven for Liverpool in Jan., 1646, and were never heard of. He left a wife and two sons—one son d. young, the other removed to Stratford, m. Jane Porter. Children, two sons: *Eleazer* and *Thomas*. E. was amongst the first settlers of Woodbury.

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KASSON FAMILY.

Page 604. There is an error in the date of the marriage of Geore M. Kasson to Lucretia M. Turner. It should be April 7, 1830.

After *Elizabeth H.*, on the same page, insert *William A.*, b. Feb. 20, 1854.

KIRTLAND FAMILY.

The family of Kirtland is of Scotch descent; and among the first thirty-six settlers of Saybrook, in 1635, was John Kirtland, who came from Silver-street, London. He had a son John, who was the father of Daniel, who was the father of the noted missionary, Rev. Samuel Kirkland, who was born in 1701, graduated at Yale College 1720, under the name of Kirtland. John Kirtland m. his 1st wife in Saybrook, March 3, 1703; m. 2d, Lydia Baldwin.[1]

JOHN KIRTLAND, first settler, who came from Essex County, Eng., about 1633, m. Lydia, dau. of Lieut. Wm. Pratt. His son John m. Lydia Belden. His grandson, Ezra, b. Oct., 1728, went from Saybrook to Bridgeport, 1748, m. Olive Wakeley 1752, and had two sons, Ezra and Zebulon, and d. 1800. His wife d. 1803. EZRA, b. 1753, was m. 1791, to Sarah Wheeler; had seven children, he died 1799; she died 1837. Their first son d., aged 19: WHEELER, b. Aug., 1780, moved to Woodbury, m. Phebe Minor, dau. of deacon Matthew, and had seven children. He died 1822, his wife d. 1845. Wheeler, d. 1823, aged 17. Cornelia m. John Finch, New York City, 1832—both dead. They had three children. John K., Matthew M., Cornelia T. Sarah m. Geo. C. Minor, 1829, and had two children; family all dead. Chas. W. Kirtland m. Elizabeth Ann Stiles, 1854. Reside at Woodbury. Lewis m. Mary Ann Tracy, 1851, she and child d. He resides at Minneapolis, Minn. Benjamin d. 1844, aged 23. Eliza m. Hiram B. Platt, 1840. He d. 1863. They have four children; *Maggie, Fannie, Ida* and *William*. Reside at Waterbury.

LAMBERT FAMILY.

[Additions.]

Henry Lambert m. Amelia C. Moses, Nov. 1, 1854. Children: 1. *Jesse Peck*, b. Feb. 14, 1859, d. Oct. 20, 1859. 2. *Charles L.*, b. May 29, 1861.

GEORGE D. Lambert, m. Ellen A. Judson, Oct. 18, 1858. Child: *Frank Judson*, b. Oct. 19th, 1862.

Henry A. Lambert m. Sarah G. Corliss, Sept. 3, 1867. Child: *Wallace Corliss*, b. May 28, 1869.

Elizabeth L. Lambert m. Truman Abrams, Sept. 5th, 1854. Children: *Ella Lambert*, b. June 27, 1855; *Eddie A.* b. June 22, 1857.

Willis Lambert (p. 611) d. June 7, 1871. Eliza, his wife, d. Oct 4, 1865.

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[1] Davis' Hist. of Wallingford.

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LEAVENWORTH FAMILY.[1]

On page 612 is an account of the origin of the Leavenworth family in this country. It was taken principally from the "Leavenworth Tree" preserved in the family, supposed to be correct, and by them specially requested to be inserted. Later investigations, by Deacon Philo M Trowbridge, and by Rev. Benjamin L. Swan, have shown that there are many inaccuracies. The author would have re-written the article, with all the lights before him, except that his friend, Gen. E. W. Leavenworth, of Syracuse N. Y., has been for for many years engaged in perfecting a complete list of the family in this country, and being now on the eve of publishing it, it would be ungenerous to anticipate him by publishing some of his materials in advance of him, when he has been at so much pains and expense in preparing his list for the use of his family name.

The following corrections and additions, by Rev. Mr. Swan, are added to set the author right so far as he attempted to give the history of the family in his former work:

Leavenworth.

THOMAS LEAVENWORTH, of Woodbury, died in 1683. His inventory was made Aug 20, 1683. Property £225 2s. 1d. He left a widow, Grace, who June 11, 1684, executes a document yet on record in Hartford. The Court, in distributing his estate, mentions three children, without giving their names—two sons and a daughter. The sons are not then 21 years of age, nor the dau. 18 years old. The sons prove to be *Thomas* and *John*. I think the widow married David Jenkins as his second wife. Jenkins went from Woodbury to Stratford in 1694. He had by former marriage *Alice* b. 1678, who died in Stratford in March, 1708–9, and *Mary*, who married Thomas Leavenworth 2d. In 1715, Thomas L. 2d gives bonds for maintenance of David and Grace Jenkins.

THOMAS L. 2D, first appears in Stratford in an old account book of Joseph Booth, 1695, (tanner and shoemaker,) agreeing to make for Booth two pairs of shoes per week for his board, 2s. 2d. per pair.

In January, 1697–8 T. L. 2d "owns covenant" in Stratford, and in February 6, 1697–8, is received to fall communion,

In 1696 he acquires land in Stratford by exchange with John Judson, of Woodbury. There seems also to have been a nephew or brother of Thomas Leavenworth 1st in Woodbury, for in October 12, 1702, the inventory of "John Leavenworth, sometime of Woodbury," is presented in Fairfield Probate Court, and administration is granted to Thomas Leavenworth of Stratford, "cousin to the deceased." Finally, by order of Court, the property, £47, 16s. 8d., is divided between the abovesaid "*Thomas L*, and his *brother* John."

In 1728, Thomas L. 2d is mentioned as Dr. Thomas L., of Ripton, (Huntington). John Leavenworth, brother of Thomas 2d, is, in 1705, styled "blacksmith, in Stratford." He had a son Ebenezer, bap. in 1706, (June.)

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[1] See History of Waterbury, Conn., page 515, and foot note, for corrections in part, and for other branches of the family.

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Thomas Leavenworth [3] (son of Thomas Sen., of Woodbury, who d. 1683) married Mary, dau. of David Jenkins. They lived in Ripton Parish (New Huntington). The children (partly on record and partly derived from his will of July 6, 1748,) were: *James* b. Sept. 1, 1699, d. 1759; *David*, b. Oct. 12, 1701, d. 1725, (m. Sarah —. She joined Woodbury church 1734. He in 1727.) leaving sons, *Nathan* and *Ebenezer*, (named in grandfather's will,); *Ebenezer*, b. April 7, 1706, d. 1734, unmarried. Estate distributed to brothers and sisters. *John*, b. Nov. 3, 1708, bap. in Stratfield. There is a discrepancy of two years in his age, as given at death; *Mark*, (Rev.) b. 1711' m. Feb. 1740, Ruth Peck, and Dec. 1750, Sarah Hull, of Derby; *Zebulon*, m. Esther, who d. 1793. He d. 1778; joined Woodbury church 1742; *Thomas*[3]; *Sarah*, b. Oct. 6, 1722, m. Abner Perry; *Edmond*, b, 1725, d. 1785 aged 60. His widow, Abigail, d. 1804, aged 81; *Mary*, m. Joseph Perry; *Hannah* m. Nicholas Moss.

All the foregoing are named in Thomas L.'s [2] will, except Ebenezer, who was already dead 14 years.

JAMES, son of Thomas Leavenworth [3], m. Hester Trowbridge, of New Haven, Aug., 1720. They lived in Stratford, and he d. in Aug., 1759. They had *Mehetable*, b. July, 1721; *Tamar*, b May, 1727; *Samuel*, b. Feb., 1729; *Daniel*, b. March, 1731; *Ann*, b. April, 1733; *Mary*, b. Aug. 1735; *James*, b. July, 1737; *Esther*, b. Jan., 1740; *Ebenezer*, b. Sept., 1743, d. young.

You will see that the heads of all your classified families are children of Thomas L.[2], except Ebenezer, of the 5th family, and he was son of David, who was son of Thomas[3], and d. 1725.

MALLORY FAMILY.

Mallory, page 615. PETER MALLORY signed New Haven Plantation Covenant, 1644. He had children: *Rebecca*, b. May 18, 1649; *Peter*, b. July 27, 1673; *Mary*, b. Oct., 1655, d.; *Mary*, Nov. 28, 1656, Dodd says Sept. 28); *Thomas*, b. April 16, 1659; (Dodd says Sept. 15,); *Daniel*, b. Nov. 25, 1661; *John*, b. May 10, 1664, (Dodd says 1663,); *Joseph*, b. 1666; *Benjamin*, b. Jan. 4, 1669. (Dodd says 1668,); *Samuel*, b. March 10. 1673; *William*, b. Sept. 3, 1695, (Dodd says Sept. 2). The differences between Savage and Dodd (History of East Haven, where the Mallorys lived) is marked. Dodd, who was a careful investigator, and was on the spot, is to be preferred.

PETER[2] Mallory, son of Peter, m. Elizabeth Trowbridge, dau. of James 1st, of New Haven, May 27, 1678, had: *Peter*, b. April, 1679, d.; *Caleb*, b. Nov. 3, 1681; *Peter*, b. Aug. 1684; *Elizabeth*, b. April 27, 1687; *Judith*, b. Sept. 2, 1689; *Benjamin*, April 3, 1692; *Stephen*, b. Oct. 12, 1694; *Ebenezer*, Nov. 29, 1696; *Zechariah*, b. May 2, 1699; *Abigail*, b. Aug. 5, 1701; *Zipporah*, b. Dec. 15, 1705; (Zipporah m. March 18, 1731 Jeremiah Tomlinson, of North Stratford); *Peter*, b. March 1, 1708 (settled in North Stratford, had *Andrew*, 1744). (12 in all.)

THOMAS, son of Peter Mallory 1st, m. March 26, 1684, Mary Umberfield, (dau. or sister of John 1st, of New Haven,) and had *Thomas*,[2] b. Jan. 1, 1685; *Daniel*, Jan. 2, 1687.

THOMAS MALLORY,[2] son of Thomas, son of Peter, removed to Woodbury.

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If he died July 21, 1783, he was not 101 years old—but (allowing 11 days for difference between Old and New Style,) 98 years 6 mo. 9 days of age, and m. Jan., 1706, Elizabeth Bartlett, (probably dau. of John Bartlett, who came to Stratford 1678). They had *Mary*, b. 1707; *Thomas*, b. 1709 (?); *Bartlett* b. 1710; *Aaron*, b. 1712; *John*, *Jesse*, b. 1715, (you say 1717, and may have access to more correct record).

Page 617. JOHN MALLORY, b. 1739, (who m. Esther Barnes,) was son of *Benjamin*, of Stratford, who was son of Peter Jr., of New Haven. (Thomas and Benjamin were second cousins).

Page 618. CALEB MALLORY, b. 1726, was also a son of Benjamin, of Stratford. *El'le Mallory*, p. 618, is a contraction of Elijah, son of Benjamin, b. 1738.

I can give you all Benjamin's record if you need. He lived in Ripton Parish, and m. Eunice Butler, of Wethersfield, Dec. 22, 1715, and had 12 children. There seems to have been, in most of the Mallory stock, a marvellous productive vitality.

MARSHALL FAMILY.

[Corrections and additions by HENRY P. MARSHALL, Esq., of New York.]

EDWARD MARSHALL came from Barbadoes. (There is no evidence, says Henry P. Marshall, that he was in any way related to Jarvis Marshall.)

Reference to your numbers 11–IV, *no children*—the children named in your book were the children of Hermann, 12–V.

17–I. add to children *Cornelia Ellsworth*. Henry, before given, should be *Henry Rutgers*.

18–II. Frederick A. m. Ann Quarles, of Kenosha, Wis., d. July 18, 1854. Buried there. He d. at Woodbury, 26th Feb. 1866, 51st year.

20–IV. Walter P. m. Frederica Ellsworth.

MARTIN FAMILY.

[Additions.]

"I do not wonder," says Mr. Swan, referring to the former account, "at your incredulity about this family."

As to WILLIAM, who settled in Woodbury, I doubt his having had a middle name (Seaborn). Middle names, so far as I remember, were unknown in New England before the 2d quarter of last century. Had he been born on the voyage from England, the parents would have called him *Seaborn*, alone, if at all, as *Seaborn Colton*, and others. 2. I doubt his ever having been an inhabitant of Stratford. He is not named in the records of any kind or in any list of men, up to 1730—indeed at all, excepting in the Brand Book. William Martyn, of *Wethersfield*, is mentioned in 1670. That fact identifies his origin, not with New Haven, but Wethersfield—where he was, and of which he was, in 1670. I feel *no* doubt of his having been the son of Samuel, of

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New Haven first, and afterward of Wethersfield, of whose children, doubtless, Wethersfield records would give an account.

3 I doubt the marriage of William Martin with Abigail, dau. of *Jonathan* Curtis of Stratford, in 1685.

Jonathan Curtis, son of William, *had a dau. Abigail*, b. Oct. 1671, (by his wife Abigail, (dau. of John Thompson), who, after J. C's death m. Nocholas Huse). This daughter *Abigail could not* have m. Martin in 1685, because, first, in 1692, she, as Abigail Curtis, receipts for her share of her father's estate, and of her deceased brother William's estate. 2. She did after Oct. 1692, probably November, m *Ebenezer Blackeman* as his 2d wife In 1734, Jonathan[3], son of Jonathan[1], and his "sister Abigail Blakeman," adjust property left by "our father Jonathan Curtiss."

That surely decides the matter and sweeps away all the romance of that early marriage (p. 622.)

MEIGS FAMILY.

[Additions.]

Dr. JOHN MEIGS, of Bethlehem, Conn., son of John Meigs of East Guilford, b. April 29, 1725, m. Rebecca Clark, Jan. 21, 1744, d. 1770. Children: *Dr. Abner Meigs*, b. 1749, d. 1834; *Rebecca; Dr. Phineas; Jesse; Irene; Rev. Benjamin C.*, graduate of Harvard College in 1809; missionary to Ceylon. Died there 1830.

Dr. ABNER MEIGS, son of Dr. John Meigs, b. in Bethlehem, Conn., moved to Claremont, New Hampshire, m. Sarah Church, a descendant of the famous Capt. Church, of Conn. Children: *Dr. John Meigs.* b. in Claremont about 1774, d. in Lyndon, Vt., 1823; *Heman*, b. in Claremont, June 9, 1781, d. in Lyman, N. H., May 21, 1857; *Lorenzo*, of Malone, N. Y., d. about 1856; *Anson; Church*, b. Oct. 9, 1788, d. without issue, March 9, 1849; *Sarah; Rebeeca.*

HEMAN MEIGS, son of Dr. Abner Meigs, b, 1781, m. Lydia Hunt, of Tunbridge Vt. b. 1785 d. May 7, 1842. He died May 21, 1857. Children: *Church*, b. Dec. 16, 1804, d. in Malcolm, Iowa, July, 1865; *Chastina*, b. May 17, 1807; m. Welcome McGaffey, of Lyndon, Vt.; *John*, (M. D.) b. Feb. 16, 1810; *Lelonia*, b. July 28, 1815; m. Benjamin Franklin, Paddleford; *Josephine*, b. June 14, 1830, m. David Kibbey.

JOHN MEIGS, M. D., (son of Heman Meigs,) of Stanstead, Province of Quebec b. Feb. 16, 1810, m. Elizabeth Caroline Thorndyke Granniss, Jan. 4, 1843, dau. of William Granniss, of Stanstead. Children: *Alice Lydia*, b. April 26, 1846; *Elizabeth Sumner*, b. May 20, 1853.

MOSELY FAMILY.

[Additions.]

P. 619. This family name was, until about 150 years ago, Maudesley, or Modesly—finally changed to Moseley.

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The first settlers in New England of the name were HENRY, who came over in the Hopewell, 1635. Oct. 24, and JOHN, freeman of Dorchester, Mass., 1639, probably came earlier, for he had a son born 1638. He had wife, Cicely, and sons *John* and *Thomas*, perhaps also Joseph, and dau. *Elizabeth*. He died 1661. His son John settled in Windsor, and d. 1690.

THOMAS, of Dorchester, son of John 1st, m., Oct. 25, 1658, Mary, dau. of Thomas Lawrence, of Hingham, had *John*, 1659 (?) d. 1661; *Mary*, Dec. 31, 1660, d. Dec. 1661: *Increase*; *Thomas*, March, 1667, d. April 1749; *Elizabeth*, Feb. 19, 1668-9; *Unite*, May 5, 1671; *Ebenezer*, Sept. 4, 1673; *John*, April 9, 1676; *Nathaniel*, Oct. 28, 1678; *Joseph*, April 17, 1681.

Thomas Mosely 1st d. Oct. 22, 1706, mentioning in his will *Increase*,[2] son of his *son Increase*[1] deceased. The latter, viz: Increase 2d, would seem to have been father of him who was b. at Norwich, May 18, 1712.

MITCHELL FAMILY.

[Additional history.]

Since the publication of the former volume, several gentlemen have interested themselves in collecting genealogical information in relation to this family name, which includes some of the same and considerable additional information to that then published. Among these investigators are Rev. B. L. Swan, of Oyster Bay, N. Y., and Dr. Chauncey L. Mitchell, of Brooklyn, N. Y. There was also a re-union of the descendants of Deacon Eleazar Mitchell, at South Britain, Oct. 5, 1858, on which occasion much additional information was brought out. The information thus obtained will be introduced in its order, beginning with that furnished by Rev. Mr. Swan, so that the reader on comparing the former with the present account, will be able to find all that is at present known of the early history of the name, while much valuable information in other branches will be found in Huntington's History of Stamford, Conn.

MATTHEW MITCHELL, who arrived at Boston from Bristol, Eng., Aug., 16[illegible] 1635, was accompanied by his sons, David and Jonathan. Savage, says, "perhaps more" children, and it is quite certain that he had daughters, born either before or after his coming to New England. Savage himself mentions *Susanna* and *Hannah*, as named in Matthew's will, 1646. (5 ?). *Hannah* m. Robert Coe, an early settler in Stratford. He died 1659, leaving four children, of whom Hannah, the eldest, m. *Titus Hinman*. The widow mar. Nicholas Elsey, af New Haven. It is also quite certain that Samuel Sherman, Sr., m. *Sarah*, dau. of M. Mitchell. (Savage's reasons against the occurrence of this marriage in England, seem valid.) An interesting collateral proof of this is found in some marginal notes in an old Bible, (now owned by Mrs. David Judson, of Old Mill Hill, Stratford,) and once the property of Mrs. Samuel Sherman. It contains several entries of names of both families. It is presumable also that either another daughter should be added, or that Susanna m. a Butterfield, for Lyon Gardner, 1636, says of a skirmish between Mitchell and some attendants who were getting hay at Saybrook, and the

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Pequot Indians, that they took "one of the old man's sons and roasted him alive." The name of the young man killed was Samuel Butterfield. Other authorities (Mather among them) say, that in 1636 "he[1] had a *son in law* slain by the Pequot Indians," making Butterfield the son in law of Mitchell.

DAVID MICHELL, son of Matthew, seems to have been older than his brother Jonathan. The latter, Mather represents as "about 11 years of age" in 1635, and again, he was born in "1624." But, with usual inconsistency, he represents him at his death, July 9, 1668, as in the "forty-third" year of his age. It is an incident deserving mention, that when Jonathan was a student in Cambridge College, Mass., his brother David, in great distress about his soul, applied to him for advice, and Jonathan's reply, seems not only to have given his brother relief, but it was afterwards published in London, and, says Mather, was "reckoned one of the most consummate pieces in the methods of addressing a troubled mind."

DAVID MITCHELL m. Sarah, dau. of Thomas Wheeler. So his son Nathan, in 1724, (then of Litchfield,) said in Stratford Land Records; but whether her father were Thomas, of New Haven, or Thomas of Milford, or Thomas' of Fairfield, does not appear. He was, I presume, of Milford. Their children, the order of whose ages and dates of birth are lost, were:

1. MATTHEW, who was b. probably about 1653, for he m. Mary, dau. of John Thompson, of Stratford. She was b. in 1655, and d. in 1711. There is an interestsng legend concerning her father and mother, but too long for insertion here. Matthew's children, I have as you have them in your history, (Vol. 2d, p. 634).

2. NATHAN, who went to Litchfield. Of him I have no account, but presume that George C. Woodruff, Esq., can give his family record.

3. ABRAHAM, in A. D. 1700 describes himself as of "Windham, (Hartford County,") and, referring to a transaction in 1695, declares his father *then* deceased. In 1696, A. M. gives land to "my son Nathan." In 1694 and 1695 A. M. is described as "of Stratford—planter." Of his family there are no details on record in Stratford.

4. DANIEL, who in 1689 describes himself as son of David, m. Susanna, dau. of Hon. Samuel Sherman, Jr. She was b. in 1670. He may therefore have been born in 1666, or 1668. Her mother was a Titterton. No children are recorded to them before *Mary* ——' born Feb. 27, 1700–1; *Elizabeth*, b. Sept 9, 1703, bap. Nov. 5, by Mr. Charles Chauncey, of Stratfield; *Elnathan* bap. Nov. 5, 1704, by Mr. Charles Chauncey, of Stratfield.

5. *Martha*, dau. of David Mitchell, m. Nathan Baldwin, of Milford.

6. *Grace*, dau. of David, m. William Pixley, Nov. 1701. She was probably therefore b. about 1680.

7. (?) *Elizabeth*, who joined Stratford Church 1692, I suppose to have been also David's dau., but have no proof. Daniel and his wife Susanna, and his sister Grace joined Stratford Church under the half way covenant, Jan. 11, 1697–8, and in April following, joined in full communion.

Matthew Mitchell had a cattle brand in Stratford Brand Book, up to 1673. Abraham and Daniel to 1687.

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[1] Mitchell.

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April 15, 1688. *Mistress* Mitchell, with *Henry Wakelyn Robert Clarke, Mistress Curtis* and *Widow Hurd*, having brought "letters from Woodbury," unite with Stratford Church.

Was Mistress Mitchell the widow of David, who perhaps had removed with Matthew to Woodbury, and in 1688 returned?

A "*John Mitchell* (adult)" was baptized in Unity (Trumbull) Nov. 7, 1736. It is quite possible that he was a son of Daniel. In 1739, one John Mitchell, of Ripton (Huntington) joins the Episcopal Church in Stratford, (where, *then* the Ripton churchmen had to worship,) and he has baptized the following: Mary. bap. in Episcopal Church, October, 1739, *Ephraim*, October 1745. John, February, 1748. J. W's wife was "*Sarah* ——."[1].

This seems to be the same John who was bap. in Unity, in 1736.

JOHN MITCHELL, SR., of Woodbury, m. Elizabeth, daughter of Nicholas Knell, of Stratford, an early settler, whose name is perpetuated in "Knell's Island," opposite Stratford, and at whose death in April, 1675, the unusual entry is made, "Mr. Nicholas Knell, *that aged benefactor to his country.*" In 1650 he m. Elizabeth, widow of Thomas Knowles, and dau. of Gov. Francis Newman, of New Haven. By Knowles, who died before 1648, she had *Eleazer* and *Thomas.*

By Mr. Knell she had *John*, Oct. 1651, d. soon; *Elizabeth*, May, 1653; *Isaac*, Feb., 1655; *John*, Dec., 1657. (This may be in place under Knowles).

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PETER MITCHELL m. Elizabeth Lamson, of Stratford, Sept., 1747. She was daughter of *William Lamson*, of Stratford. He came from Malden, Mass. was b. 1694, d. 1755. His wife, m in 1717, was Elizabeth Burch. She d. in 1775. She was dau. of Jeremiah Burch, or Birch, who m. *Elizabeth*, dau. of *John Wheeler*, a Milford man, but of Woodbury in 1704. P. M. and E. L. were married in the Episcopal Church.

From *David Mitchell's son John*, descended, in the *fourth generation* the late *Professor Elisha Mitchell*, of the University of North Carolina.

MATTHEW MITCHELL.

COLLATED BY DR. C. L. MITCHELL.

Matthew Mitchell, referred to in Vol. I, p. 168, was of Southouram, Parish of Halifax, Yorkshire, England. He was a man of sterling Christian character, respectable social position, and possessed of considerable if not large wealth.

April 16th, 1616, he married Susan Butterfield, of Ovenden, in the same parish. She is named by Richard Mather in his journal, as one of the pas-

[1] Mr. N. Mitchell, of Fairfield, Conn., wrote the author in 1866, as follows: "I have found David Mitchell's will to his sons, and they are Matthew, John, Abraham and Daniel, and four daughters. David Mitchell d. in 1685, and Nathan Mitchell m. in 1738. So it seems almost impossible he could be David's son, but must have been a grandson."

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sengers on board the ship James, and was therefore the companion of her husband, when he came to this country.

His children were as follows:

Abigail, baptized in Southouram, April 26th, 1618. She probably died in infancy.

David, baptized in Southouram, Nov. 14th, 1619. His descendants are given in Vol. I, p. 164.

Sarah, baptized in Southowram, Oct. 14th, 1621. Came to this country with her mother, married the Hon. Samuel Sherman, "from whom are descended nearly all of the name of Sherman who have resided in Ancient Woodbury, including Senator Sherman and Gen. W. T. Sherman."

Martha, the fourth child of Matthew, was baptized in Southouram, Oct. 26th, 1623, and died the month following, Nov. 22d.

Jonathan, the fifth child, was baptized in Southouram, Dec. 19th, 1624. Cotton Mather says he was afflicted, during the tenth year of his life, "by a sore fever, which settled in his arm with such troublesome effects, that his arm grew and kept a little bent, and he could not stretch it out right till his dying day. His parents, with much difficulty and resolution, carried him to Bristol, to take shipping there, while he was not yet recovered of his illness." (See Mather's Magnolia and Huntington's Stamford, for further history.)

Susan, the sixth child, and bearing her mother's name, was baptized in Southouram, Oct. 14th, 1627. She survived her father and was named in his will.

Matthew, the seventh child, was baptized in Ovenden, July 5th 1629, and died three months after Oct. 4th, 1629.

Hannah, the eighth child, was baptized in Northouram, June 26th, 1631. She was living at Stamford at the time of her father's death, and is one of those named in his will.

Matthew Mitchell, before leaving his home in Yorkshire, appears to have been much with the Rev. Richard Denton, curate of Coley Chapel, of the parish of Halifax, under whose instructions he is supposed to have been, and with whose views, political and religious, he coincided.

On the 24th of Feb., 1622, he witnessed the will of Susan Field, widow, whose daughter Jane was married to John Mitchell. It is not improbable that this John Mitchell was his brother, and the writer, Mr. Somerby, of London, states in this connection that "the Mitchells were a family of good standing, and their arms 'sable, a chevron between three escallops argent,' are painted on the roof of the chancel of Halifax church."

Accompanied by his wife and five children, he embarked at Bristol on Saturday, May 23d, 1635, with Rev. Richard Mather, (grandfather of Cotton Mather,) Rev. Richard Denton, and about one hundred other passengers, on board the ship James, 220 tons, commanded by Capt. Taylor. His family consisted at this time of his wife Susan, and his children, David, Sarah Jonathan, Susan and Hannah, aged respectively fifteen, thirteen, eleven and four years.

He took also with him a considerable number of cattle, the care and provisioning of which became a serious trouble, in consequence of a month's de-

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lay in the departure of the ship after all were on board, and the subsequent long passage of fifty-five days.

Although they embarked on the 23d of May, they did not finally leave Milford Haven till the 22d of June. On the evening of Sunday, Aug. 16th, they anchored off Boston, and landed the next morning, Aug. 17th, after a voyage unusually tedious from calms and heat, and dangers from storms. It is no small indication of his good judgment, that not only were none of his family or his cattle lost, but that he brought them all to their destination in better condition than when they left Bristol.

His first residence in this country was at Charlestown, near Boston, where he remained through the winter of 1635–6; a winter marked with much suffering from the scarcity that prevailed throughout the country, and a sickness of more or less severity, from which no member of his family was exempt.

Early in the spring of 1636 he removed to Concord, Mass., and during his brief stay here, he lost much property by fire.

As soon as the season was sufficiently advanced to make traveling safe, he set out with his young family and his cattle and with a few pioneers, for meadows reported to be on a river about 100 miles to the west. The way was through a wilderness covered with forest, unmarked by any trace of human industry, with nothing to give food, shelter or protection in case of need. In company with Col. Pynchon and others, he arrived at what is now known as Springfield, about or before the month of May. Here the celebrated compact was signed, the original of which still exists, and which bears the autograph of every responsible member of the company.

Owing perhaps to a defective title, for we find few of the original emigrants remaining, and that their successors made a new purchase from the original Indian owners; or to the information they received, that the land selected was overflowed at certain seasons by a rise in the river, he left immediately for Saybrook. He arrived at the mouth of the Connecticut, probably, in the summer, certainly before the month of October. This removal was the most unfortunate possible, occurring about the time of the first irruption of the Pequot Indians. Here his cattle and goods were destoyed, to the value of several hundred pounds sterling, several men in his employment killed, his wife's brother, Samuel Butterfield, cruelly tortured to death, and the whole colony kept in constant peril of their lives. Col. Gardiner, who was commissioned to build a fort at this point, refers repeatedly to "Old Mr. Mitchell," who suffered this and the succeeding year from the depredations of the Indians, and whose intercession, with that of others, induced him to forbear hanging a man, whose cowardice had made him liable to such punishment. Col. Gardner, makes no mention of the aid contributed by Matthew Mitchell, yet this was of such importance that his "extraordinary charges for the public service at the fort," were recognized and publicly acknowledged by the Court at Stratford, a few years later.

"Old Mr. Mitchell" being referred to in Gardner's account of an excursion from the fort on the 22d of February, shows that he remained here during the winter of 1636 and 7, but early in the spring we find he has returned up the river, and settled at Wethersfield.

After the irruption of the Pequots in 1636, the condition of the settlers

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along the Connecticut became one of extreme danger, and committees were appointed, who were to meet at Hartford on the 1st of May, "to deliberate on subjects on which the very existence of the colonies depended." Mr. Mitchell was elected one of those who were to represent Wethersfield, in this vitally important meeting. He here made his first permanent settlement in America, and became one ot the most extensive land owners in that community. The historian, Trumbull, names him as one "of the principal characters who undertook the great work of settling Connecticut, and were the civil and religious fathers of the colony—who formed its free and happy Constitution, were its legislators, and were some of the chief pillars of the church and commonwealth;" and elsewhere speaks of him as "one of the chief men who settled Wethersfield." While here "his estate was doomed to suffer still more serious (than on Saybrook) from frequent Indian raids."[1] He also took a decided part in the difficulties which sprung up in the church, and which finally led to its transference from the "Connecticut colonies" to the "New Haven plantation." The minister, Rev. Richard Denton, with a majority of the church members, generously surrendered to the minority, and withdrew. Being joined by some of the best men in the place, including Mr Mitchell, they went again into the wilderness, and founded Stamford. Mr. Mitchell's land in Wethersfield was "subsequently divided into four farms, and was taken by the Graves, Gershom Bulkley, John Hollister, and Robert Roser." Huntington says "he was a man of independent character, and became obnoxious to a Mr. Chapin. In the contest he excited the displeasure of the Court. His townsmen chose him their Recorder, but the Court would not ratify the election. He nevertheless discharged his duties, and was fined, as was the rest of the town that elected him."

Originally, the settlement of Stamford, or Agawam as it was then called, consisted of twenty-eight men, with their families. Here, with the exception of their minister, Mr. Mitchell's name heads every list, from which it is fair to infer for him a corresponding position in the estimation of the community. He was also the first of the five selected by his townsmen "to arrange and administer their affairs." In a second election, made the following year, his name is still placed in the same honorable position. In the important and very delicate questions of laying out house-lots, "and ordering the manner of assigning them," the infant colony confided the matter to Matthew Mitchell and Francis Bell. In the almost vital affair of obtaining a grist-mill, the arrangement for building the dome was made with Matthew Mitchell and Mr. Ogden. He paid nearly three imes as much towards the purchase and survey of the land as the next largest purchaser. He was the first of the two nominated by his townsmen, of whom one was to be appointed by the General Court, "as a magistrate with Senatorial rank in the Legislative body." The other nominee was Thurston Raynor, who had formerly been a member of the Court, and it is not surprising that the Judges preferred their former associate to a stranger who had never lived in New Haven. At a subsequent time, Mr. Mitchell was a Representative, and also held the position of Associate Judge in the "Plantation Court." Mather says that "his house, barn and goods were here again consumed by fire."

[1] Huntington's Stamford.

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Some have supposed that Matthew Mitchell went with Richard Denton and others to Hempstead, in 1644. But his name is not found in the list of those who went to Hempstead. It is more than probable that the disease which terminated his life the following year, was already so far advanced as to prevent his traveling or taking any part in public affairs. He died in Stamford, in 1645, of stone, aged about fifty-five years.

His history shows him to have been a man of great enterprize, unbounded resolution, clear and cool judgment, and of earnest and positive character. Too conscientious to live patiently under laws requiring a form of worship which he thought wrong, and equally impatient under colonial decision that seemed needlessly arbitrary, his staunch uprightness always commanded respect, and his unswerving justice invited confidence in times when trials demonstrated character.

HISTORY OF JONATHAN MITCHELL,

Compiled from Mather's Magnalia, Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit, and other sources.

BY. DR. C. L. MITCHELL.

JONATHAN MITCHELL, son of Matthew and Susan (Butterfield) Mitchell, was a native of Halifax, England. The records of Halifax show the date of his baptism to have been, Dec. 19th, 1624, and he was probably born about the 15th of the preceding November.

His parents were both pious, of good social position, and possessed of considerable wealth. Like many others of that period, they were driven by persecution to seek in exile the liberty of conscience denied them at home. In company with the Rev. Richard Mather and others, they embarked at Bristol, May 23d, 1635, and landed in Boston, Aug, 17th, of the same year. The winter following was spent at Charlestown, from whence they removed to Concord, early in the spring of 1636. In May of this year, a journey of a hundred miles through an unexplored forest, brought them to what was subsequently called Springfield. The fall and winter were passed at Saybrook, at the Fort, which they left in the spring for Wethersfield, where they arrived during or before the month of April, 1637. In 1640 they removed to Stamford, of which place, they and a few others were the original settlers. Here Matthew Mitchell, the father, died in 1645, leaving two sons, David and Jonathan, and three daughters, Sarah, Susan, and Hannah.

Under the tuition and example of his parents, the religious impressions of Jonathan were very deep, while he was still quite young. Before leaving his home in England, at the age of ten years and a few months, he was afflicted with a severe illness, from which he was but partially recovered when they set out, and his helplessness greatly increased the difficulties of the journey from Halifax to Bristol. Long afterwards, in referring to this illness, and probably also to the fearful experiences of the family in New England during his youth, he writes, "Thus the Lord sought to make me serious, by steeping my first entrance into years of understanding, and into the changes of life,

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and my first motions to New England in eminent and special sorrows." The hurricane which came near wrecking their ship; the sickness of the whole family the winter after their landing; the loss of property by fire in the following spring; the destruction of their cattle by the Pequots in the subsequent autumn; the cruel death of his uncle, Samuel Butterfield, under the torture of the savages; further losses by Indian raids the year following at Wethersfield, and again by fire after the removal to Stamford; culminating in the long, painful and fatal illness of his father; these "eminent and special sorrows," tended eventually to develop the beautiful and noble character that was so loved and admired by the Christian men of his time.

Pioneer life in a wilderness presents few opportunities or incentives to education, but there was something in the life and manner of the boy, that impressed men with his remarkable capacity, and led them to urge upon his father the importance of giving him the advantages of collegiate instruction. Of this number was the Rev. Richard Mather, his friend and companion from Bristol, who, at a future time, had the pleasure of seeing, as one of the results of his "earnest advice," this person's labors worthy of his own constant journeys to his "Monthly Lectures," and of seeing "the most considerable fathers of the country treat him as not coming behind the chiefest of them all." He entered upon his studies in September, 1642, when he was about eighteen years of age, and three years after passed a rigid examination, and was admitted to Harvard College. His studies were now pursued with the same vigor and indefatigable industry which had previously characterized him, and under the example and ministry of the Rev. Thomas Shepard, of Cambridge, his Christian life grew rapidly and symmetrically. In reference to the friendship of this eminent pastor he writes, "Unless it had been four years living in Heaven' I know not how I could have more cause to bless God with wonder, than for these four years," spent at the University. His rapid progress in learning, in all the departments then taught, led to his being early distinguished as a scholar, and elected a Fellow of the College. Nature had amply endowed him with a clear and comprehensive intellect, a sound judgment, peculiarly free from the influence of personal considerations, a rich imagination, and a capacity for long continued and intense study. Nor was his character less remarkable for humility, gentleness and sincerity, united with boldness, earnestness, and sturdy resolution. He was eventually styled, and not unjustly, "The Blessed Mr. Mitchell," "The Honor of Cambridge," "The Glory of the College."

His remarkable faculties of mind and heart, with his extraordinary learning and purity, had given him a reputation throughout New England, and he had no sooner graduated than several of the most important churches sought to secure his services. The church at Hartford desired to make him the successor of the famous Hooker, and he there preached his first sermon, June 24th, 1649. His text was from Heb., xi. 27. "He endured as seeing Him who is invisible." The effort was by no means satisfactory to himself, but the people judged differently, and immediately gave him a call, with a promise of money for a library, and the privilege of remaining a year longer at the University, if he desired. He was unable to accept the offer, because Mr. Shepard and the prominent citizens of Cambridge had previously induced

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him to promise that he would return unfettered by any engagement. His first sermon in Cambridge was preached August 12th, 1649, after hearing which, Mr. Shepard told him that Cambridge was the place where he ought to spend the remainder of his life. Being afterwards told by some of his people that Mr. Mitchell's preaching was highly appreciated, he said, "My work is done." This good man soon went to his rest, and "by the unanimous desire of Cambridge," Mr. Mitchell was put in his place. The ordination took place August 21st of the same year. Just at this time he became dangerously ill with the small pox, a humiliating disappointment, because it prevented his fulfilling the important duties which he had assumed. He was the same year elected a Fellow of the College, and appointed Tutor.

Soon after his settlement in the ministry, he was called to meet one of the severest trials that can test the patience, wisdom, faithfulness and charity of a young pastor. President Dunster, the President of the College, and formerly his tutor, and a member of the church, declined to present his children for baptism, and wrote sermons against the baptizing of any children whatever. A violent opposition was excited, parties were formed, and a bitter strife engendered. The party opposed to the pastor was led by a man distinguished for his learning, high social position, unquestioned Christian character and great personal influence. Mr. Mitchell entered into the controversy with extreme reluctance, and many misgivings as to the result. He treated the subject, not as a debater, but as a sincere seeker after truth. The conclusion was entirely in favor of the points he advocated, and with none but friendly feelings between him and his opponents. He wrote an elegy on the death of President Dunster, "honorable alike to the writer and the subject." This question however continued to be discussed in the churches, and in 1662 a Synod was called to meet in Boston, chiefly for its consideration. The brunt of the discussion fell on Mr. Mitchell, and the resulting report adopted by the Synod, was drawn up mainly by him. "Had the meek, charitable, and amicable spirit that signalized this good man, been expressed by all good men as much as it was by him, a great part of the ecclesiastical differences in the world had been evaporated." One of his antagonists on this occasion, who was greatly his superior in years, the venerable President Chauncey, in the height of the controvery said, "I know no man in this world that I would envy so much as worthy Mr. Mitchell, for the great boldness, learning, wisdom and meekness, and other Christian qualities of an excellent spirit with which the Lord Jesus Christ hath endowed him." In preparing for the pulpit, his subject was exhaustively treated and carefully written out, but he preached without notes or reference, after the text. His voice was musical, flexible and clear; his manner simple, sincere and earnest; and his delivery animated and expressive, rising at times to the highest order of eloquence. "His auditories counted it a feast to hear him, and regretted that they were so soon to be dismissed, for the people were never weary of hearing."

With all his duties, as tutor at the College, his elaborate church and other ministrations, the time daily devoted to private prayer, meditation and self-examination, he fully performed his duties as a pastor in visiting his people, 'for whose souls he watched as one that must give an account.' He delivered monthly lectures, which drew large numbers of people from the neighboring

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towns, as well as from his immediate vicinity. Churches, far and near, in their difficulties, applied to him for help in their councils, and though generally younger than most present, he was more relied upon than any other for right decisions. "The aged, able and venerable ministers, paid a strange respect unto him." In the year 1662, "To prevent contentions and heresies, laws were passed abridging the liberty of the press," and General Daniel Gookin and the Rev. Dr. Mitchell, were appointed the first "licensers of the press."

His connection with the church at Cambridge continued eighteen years, during which period he went over a great part of the system of divinity, made an exposition of the book of Genesis and part of Exodus, and wrote many valuable treatises on the first four chapters of John.

Being himself a scholar, he dearly loved scholarly men, and sought the interests of the University with which he was connected, with so much assiduity that he was styled "the father of the college." The value of his services was recognized in the charter of Harvard College, granted by the English Government in 1650, in his being appointed one of the seven trustees.

During his college life, and subsequently, in the ministry, in mingling with his people, and in the meetings of clergymen, he diligently and earnestly prosecuted his Master's work, and he was called to his rest in the midst of his labors. After preaching from the text, "I know that thou wilt bring to death and unto the house appointed for all living," he was seized with a fever which terminated his life, July 9th, 1668.

Cotton Mather says, that he "never knew a death that caused so great mourning and lamentation generally. He was greatly loved and honored throughout all the churches, as well as in Cambridge, and admired by the most competent judges of real worth."

Morton, who was contemporary with Mr. Mitchell, says: "He was a person that held very near communion with God; eminent in wisdom, piety, humility, love, self-denial, and of a compassionate heart; surpassing in public spiritedness; a mighty man in prayer; and eminent at standing in the gap; he was zealous for order and faithful in asserting the truth against all oppugners of it."

Dr. Increase Mather, who was personally and intimately acquainted with him, says: "He was blessed with admirable natural as well as acquired parts. His judgment was solid, deep and penetrating; his memory was strong and vastly capacious. He wrote sermons very largely; and then used, with enlargements, to commit them all to his memory, without once looking into the bible after he had named his text, and yet his sermons were scriptural.

His publications were a letter of counsel to his brother, written while he was at College; an Election sermon, which he was called to preach before the highest officers of the State in 1667; a Letter concerning the subjects of Baptism, 1675; a Discourse of the Glory to which God hath called believers by Jesus Christ, printed at London after his death, with the letter to his brother affixed, and reprinted at Boston in a duodecimo volume in 1722.

He left a valuable record of the members of his church, in a folio M. S., which was found in 1815, by the Rev. Dr. Holmes, in Mr. Princes collection, deposited in the Old South Church, in Boston. A small volume of his manu-

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script sermons, preached in 1650, in the hand-writing of Capt. Jonathan Danforth, was presented to the Mass. Hist. Soc., in 1813.

Mr. Mitchell married Margaret Shepard, the second wife of his preeecessor, and had four sons and several daughters. Two of the sons were graduates at Harvard College. Samuel, in 1681, and Jonathan, 1687. The former was a Fellow of the College and died young; the latter died in 1695. The sons left no posterity. His daughter, Margaret, was married, June 12th, 1682, to Maj. Stephen Sewall, of Salem, and was the mother of seventeen children. In this line, descendants of Mr. Mitchell still remain.

Children of Minott[7] and Eliza L. Michell: 1. Joseph Silliman[8], b. 11th Feb., 1809. 2. William Minot[8], b. 29th May, 1811, was graduated at Union College, died 15th March, 1849. Practiced law in the city of New York. He was a man of extraordinary genius, and although he died young, had already obtained an eminent position in his profession; m. 1st, Sarah Elizabeth Silliman, dau. of W. Silliman, Esq., of New York, 9th Dec., 1834. She d. May 29th, 1841. Children: I. Minott,[9] b. Sept. 20, 1837. Married Almira G. Smith, April 9th, 1861. Children: 1st, *Sarah Elizabeth*,[10] b. 10th Aug., 1862. 2d. *Ida Louisa*,[10] b. Dec. 21, 1566.

II. Eliza Louise,[9] born Aug. 15, 1839. Married William Cleveland Hyde b. Dec. 15, 1862. Children: 1st. *Harry Cleveland Hyde*, b. March 21, 1864 2d. *William Minott Mitchell*, b. Oct. 9th, 1865. 3d. *Edward Rutherford*, b. Aug. 28th, 1867. 4th. *Edith*, b. Feb. 3d, 1870.

William Minott Mitchell,[8] m. 2d, Mary Delia Silliman, sister of his first wife, 11th Sept., 1842. Children:

III. Delia Silliman,[8] b. 3d Feb., 1844, m. Meredith L. Jones, of Scranton Penn. Children: 1st. *Isabelle*, b. Aug. 10, 1866, d. Jan. 11, 1868. 2d. *Annie*, b. Jan. 31st, 1870.

IV. William Silliman, b. Oct. 10, 1845.

V. Isabella, b. 29th Oct., 1847, m. Edward A. Palmer, May 28, 1868.

VI. Wilhelmina, b. 26th May, 1849. (Posthumous).

CHAUNCEY L. MITCHELL,[8] b. 20th Nov. 1813, practising medicine in Brooklyn, N. Y., at one time Professor of Physiology and Obstetrics in Castleton Medical College, was graduated at Union College; twice m. 1st, to Caroline Laura Langdon, dau. of Hon. B. F. Langdon, of Vermont, Oct. 20th, 1843, d. July 12th, 1855. Children: 1. *Charles Langdon*, b. 28th March, 1845, was graduated at Yale College and at Andover Theological Seminary. 2. *Eliza Leeds*, b. 14th Dec., 1847.

2d, m. Frances E. Wright, dau. of Hon. Benjamin Wright, of Rome, N. Y., Jan. 14, 1847.

JOSIAH SHERMAN[8] MITCHELL, practising law at White Plains, N. Y., b. Feb. 2d, 1816, twice married, 1st, to Elizabeth Anderson, dau. of Hon. Joseph H. and Mercia Anderson, Feb. 9th, 1842. She d. Oct. 17th, 1856. Chh:

I William Anderson,[9] b. 13th Dec., 1842, was graduated at Columbia College, and at the Medical Department of Yale College, m. Natalie Madalena Sayen, June 7th, 1866. Child: *Harry Sayen Mitchell*,[10] b. March 28th, 1868,

II. Anna Caroline,[9] b. 26th Sept., 1848.

2d, m. Margaret Louise Dusenbury, dau. of David Dusenbury, Esq., Jan. 9, 1862. Child: *Charles Halsey*, b. 23d Nov., 1864.

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JAMES MINOTT MITCHELL[8] b. 12 May, 1829, died 17th March, 1832.

CAROLINE MINOTT MITCHELL,[8] b. 12th May, 1829, m. David Anderson, son of Hon. Joseph H. Anderson, of N. Y., Dec. 3d, 1846. Children: 1. *Joseph Halsey*,[9] b. May 9th, 1848. 2. *David Minott*,[9] b. Oct 9th 1855.

Joseph Halsey Anderson,[9] m. Harriet Eells, Sept., 1868. Children: 1st, *Annie Coe*,[10] b. Feb. 2d, 1870. 2d, *Caroline*,[10] Jan. 10th, 1871.

Ann Eliza Mitchell,[8] b. 28th Oct., 1818, m. Frederick A. Coe, Esq., son of Rev. Noah Coe, of Ct., Aug. 16, 1841. He practised law in New York; died Jan. 9th, 1870. One child: *Caroline Mitchell*,[9] b. Aug. 16, 1843, d April 30, 1846.

CHARLES HALSEY MITCHELL,[8] b. 13th Feb. 1824, was graduated at the New York University, practising law in the City of New York, m. Isabella R. Hull, dau. of Judge John Hull, of New Jersey, July 21st, 1859. Children: 1. *Margaretta Hull*,[9] b. May 6, 1860. *Anne Minott*,[9] Dept. 26, 1862. 3. *Eliza Leeds*,[9] b. Jan. 28, 1867, d. Aug. 29, 1867.

Justus Mitchell d. 24th Feb. 1806.

Descendants of Chauncey Root Mitchell.

Children:

I. Elizabeth Thomson, b. 18th Oct., 1808, m. Dr. William S. Stanley. No children.

II. Martha M. b. May 2, 1810, m. Isaac Depew, Dec. 26th, 1832. Five children: *Chauncey Mitchell*, b. April 23d, 1834, graduated at Yale, 1856. Was two terms in the State Legislature of New York. Secretary of State. Appointed minister Resident to Japan, but declined. Appointed County Clerk of Westchester County, and resigned. Appointed Commissioner of Taxes and assessments for the City of New York. Appointed commissioner of emigration for the State of New York; practicing law as an Attorney for the New York Central and Hudson River R. R. Co. 2d. *Wm Beverly*, b. May 8, 1837, m. Helen Ganson, dau. of John S. Ganson, of Buffalo, Feb., 1st, 1865. Two children:

1st, *Ganson*, b. Feb., 1866. 2d, Chauncey, b. May, 1867.

3d. *Lawrence I.*, b. Sept. 6, 1839. 4th. *Katharine*, b. Sept. 8, 1843, m. Dr. Albert Strang, of New York, Sept. 2., 1868. 5 *Annie M.*, b. Dec. 6, 1844, m. Wm. H. Paulding, June 20, 1865. Two children: 1st. *Annie M.*, b. Aug. 2d, 1866. 2d. *Charles C.* b. Dec. 11, 1868.

III. WILLIAM OGDEN, b. June 6, 1812, d. June 1, 1831.

IV. LUCIA JOHNSTON, b. Aug. 19, 1814, m. Dr. William Govan, July 6, 1844, three children: 1st. *Ann Matilda*, b. April 20, 1847. 2d. *Wm. Stark*, b. Feb. 3, 1850, d. Aug. 23, 1855. 3. *Minott Mitchell*, b. July 12th, 1852.

Descendants of SHERMAN MITCHELL, son of Rev. Justus. One child: *Martha*, b. May 23d, 1807, m. Joseph Silliman, of New Canaan. Two Chh.: 1st. *Joseph Fitch*, b. Feb. 7, 1840, m. Caroline Hoyt, Oct 17, 1866, three chh. 1st. *Joseph Mitchell*, b. Sept. 29th, 1867. 2d. *James Hoyt*, b. Oct. 20, 1868. 3d. *Martha*, b. Sept. 13th, 1870.

2d, Justus Mitchell, b. Jan. 25, 1842.

In the Woodbury branch of the family, the following items have been furnished. Deaths:—*Eliza W.*, wife of W. D. Atwater, in 1852; *Reuben Mitch-*

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ell, in 1853; *Susan*, in 1855; *Nancy*, in 1858: *Susanna*, in 1859; *Minott M.*, in 1860; *Frank*, in 1861; *Ruth*, 1866.

Marriages:—Asahel W Mitchell m. Frances Cogswell, in 1858. Married, 2d, Harriet S. Allen, in 1862. Children: *Asahel W. Jr.*, b. Oct., 1865.

List of Descendants of DEA. ELEAZAR MITCHELL,

Born Nov. 27, 1732. 7 Children; *Simeon*, b. Sept. 5, 1759 d. June 9, 1814; *Eunice*, b. May 25, 1762; *Warren*, b. Jan. 15, 1776, d. Jan. 30, 1842; *Anna*, b. April 30, 1768, d. Nov. 13, 1807; *Benjamin*, b. June 30, 1770, d. Aug. 13, 1771; *Olive*, b. April 11, 1774,; *Benjamin*, b. April 22, 1777, d. Sept. 3, 1842.

Simeon m. first, Hannah Johnson, of South Britain, April, 16, 1783; she was b. Feb. 10, 1767, d. Jan. 28, 1790; m. second, Anna Strong, of Southbury, Dec. 25, 1791. Anna was born Oct. 17, 1763, d. April 10, 1828. 3 Children: *Polly*, b. Dec. 7, 1783; *Olive*, b. Dec. 3, 1785, d. Sept. 21, 1857; *Betsey*, b. Aug. 30, 1788, d. June 25, 1810.

EUNICE m. Wait Hinman of Southbury, Jan. 29, 1784. He was b. Aug. 8, 1761, d. April 8, 1834. 2 children: *Josiah*, b. May 23, 1786, d. June 4, 1858; *Olive E.*, b. Sept. 28, 1797, m. Glover Laird,. Jan. 14, 1854.

WARREN m. Milly Kimberly, of Southbury, Nov. 19, 1788. She was b. Feb. 19, 1771, d. March 17, 1853. 4 children: *Cyrus*, b. July 11, 1790; *Sally*, b. March 12, 1795; *Anna*, b. May 11, 1799, m. Anson Bradley, Oct. 6, 1819, d. July 29, 1821; *Nancy*, b. March 26, 1803.

AMOS m. first, widow Ruth Curtis, dau. of Dea. Josiah Minor, of Woodbury, Feb. 19th, 1795. She died Oct. 1, 1801; m. second, Ruth Judson, 1803, who still survives. He was killed by falling from a bridge that crosses the Pomperaug, at the junction with the Housatonic. 3 children: *Eleazar Styles*, b. June 10, 1789, died Feb. 5, 1800; *Harriet*, b. Aug. 10, 1800, d. Sept. 21, 1801; *Betsey Harriet* b. Aug. 5, 1807, d. Nov. 11, 1826.

OLIVE m. Seth N. Wheeler, of Southbury, Feb. 19, 1795. He was b. Jan. 28, 1772, d. Dec. 31, 1841. 4 children; *Betsey*, b. Oct. 22, 1798. m. Peter E. Oakley, Dec. 20, 1818, d April 13, 1831; *Eunice M.*, b. May 15, 1803, d. Jan. 14. 1632; *Sarah Maria*, b. May 8, 1807, d. Feb. 22, 1815; *Ann*, b. Aug. ——, 1812, d. Jan. 1, 1827.

BENJAMIN m. Hannah Pierce, of South Britain, March 1, 1801. She was b. Oct. 24, 1780, d. Dec. 31, 1847. 8 children: *Erastus*, b. Sept. 11, 1802; *Eleazor*, b. Oct. 6, 1804; *Anson P.*, b. Aug. 5, 1807; *Phebe Ann.* b. June 28, 1809, d. Feb. 12, 1828; *Oliver*, b. Sept. 5, 1813; *Laura*, b. April 15, 1817, d. June 11, 1834; *Julia A.*, b. June 10, 1822, d. March 6, 1850; *Bennet*, b. May 14, 1829, d. June 3, 1839.

Third Generation.

POLLY MITCHELL m. Burton Canfield, of New Milford, April 1, 1802. He was b. Feb. 22, 1778, d. Jan. 10, 1818. 3 children; *Harriet*, b. Dec. 27, 1802; *Mitchell M.*, b, March 29, 1809; *Lemuel Munson*, b. April 19, 1820, d. Sept. 5, 1854.

OLIVE MITCHELL m. Joel Crane, of Newark, N. J., June 20, 1804, lived in Southbury till May, 1818, when they removed to Vermillion, Erie Co., Ohio. He was b. Jan. 20, 1779, d. Aug. 8, 1844. 5 children: *Simeon M.*, b. March

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24, 1805; *Mary Anna*, b. Oct. 21, 1807; *William*, b. April 20, 1810, d. Aug. 29, 1810; *Wm. Hobart*, b. May 14, 1813; *Chas. Edward*, b. June 30, 1815, d. Oct 2. 1827.

BETSEY MITCHELL m. Lemuel Canfield, of New Milford, 1807. He was b. March 26, 1787, d. March 15, 1807. 1 child: *Jerome Canfield*, b. March 26, 1808.

JOSIAH HINMAN m. first, *Sally Bassett*, May, 1808. She was b. May 1, 1786, d. April 17, 1850. Married second, widow Eliza Church, April 24, 1856. 10 Children: *Charles*, b. Feb. 14, 1809; *Van Vactor*, b. Sept. 6, 1812, d. Oct. 7, 1839; *Flora*, b. Dec. 16, 1814; *John Henry*, b. April 26, 1816; *Delia*, b April 2, 1818; *Hobart*, b. July 28, 1820; *Ross*, b. Aug. 14, 1822; m. Mary Thomas, New Haven; *George*, b. Sept. 14, 1824; *Preston*, b. April 3, 1827; *Mary Ann*, b. May 17, 1832.

CYRUS MITCHELL m. Charlotte Pierce, Dec. 23, 1812. Residence South Britain. 5 children: *Anna J.*, b. Dec. 26, 1814; *Betsey*, b. Sept. 22, 1817; *Mary C.*, b. Feb. 17, 1820; *Nelson W.*, b. May 29, 1825; *Cyrus L.*, b. Sept. 8, 1828.

SALLY MITCHELL m. Ebenezer Johnson, of Southbury, Oct. 22, 1813. He was b. March 3, 1791. Resides Southbury. 2 children: *Henry Justus*, b. Nov. 8, 1814; *Eliza Ann*, b. Nov. 19, 1819.

EUNICE M. WHEELER m. Matthew E. Mitchell, of Washington, Jan 15th, 1823. 2 children: *Sarah Maria*, b. April 11, 1824; *Betsey Ann*, b. April 16, 1827.

ERASTUS MITCHELL m. Judith A. Downs, Jan. 6th, 1829. Residence South Britain. 2 children; *Ann Eliza*, b. March 13, 1830, d. Oct. 12, 1848; *Laura A.*, b. April 12, 1835.

ELEAZOR MITCHELL m. Cornelia Merwin, of Bridgewater, Jan. 18, 1829. Residence South Britain. 7 children: An infant son d. Nov. 22, 1829; *Lawrence*, b. Feb. 27, 1832; *Benjamin Bruce*, b. July 11, 1835, d. May 11, 1843; *David M.*, b. Jan. 8, 1837, d. March 24, 1838; *Mary*, b. July 6, 1839, d. Feb. 2, 1842; *Mary*, b. Sept. 3, 1844; *Benjamin B.*, b. Dec. 5, 1846, drowned Sept. 4, 1854; *David Merwin*, b. Oct 16, 1841.

AMOS P. MITCHELL m. first, Thalia Painter, of Roxbury, who d. Aug. 14, 1849, aged 41. He m. second, Maria Tyler, of Middlebury, May 30, 1850. Residence South Britain. 6 children: *Josephine*, b. April 23, 1839; *William*, b. May 30, 1841, d. Aug. 15, 1841; *Henry B.*, b. Jan. 25, 1842; *George*, b. March 12, 1846; *William*, b. March 13, 1849; *Julia Tyler*, d. May 11, 1852.

OLIVER MITCHELL m. Mary Griffin, of Hampden, Feb. 22, 1837. Residence South Britain. 1 child: *Benjamin Griffin*, b. Jan 4, 1838.

JULIA A. MITHELL m. Merwin Waller, of New Milford, Oct. 15, 1845. 1 child: *Edwin Mitchell Waller*.

Fourth Generation.

HARRIET CANFIELD m. Anson Bradley, Feb. 1, 1824. He was b. May 10, 1796. Residence South Britain. 5 children: *Lemuel C.*, b. Dec. 1, 1826, d. Oct. 10, 1829; *Burton C.*, b. Jan. 9, 1830, m. *Anna*, b. Feb. 10, 1832: *Sarah*, b. Dec. 6, 1835; *Eliza*, b. Sept. 21, 1839.

MITHELL MUNROE CANFIELD m. Eliza J. Averill, Nov. 24, 1830. She was

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b. June 28, 1811. Resides South Britain. 2 children: *Averill Burton*, b. Nov. 8, 1831; *Henry Monroe*, b. Aug. 15, 1841.

LEMUEL M. CANFILD m. Emeline Northrup, of Seymour, Ct., March 16, 1843. She was b. in March — 1845. Residence South Britain. 2 children: *Harriet Elizabeth*, b. Mar. 15, 1850; *Sarah Eleanor*, b. April 29, 1852.

SIMEON MITCHELL CRANE m. first Eliza A. Ingram, Sept. 5, 1826. She was born July 17, 1812, d. July 7, 1836. He m. second, Olive Rockwell, Sept. 3, 1838. She was b. Sept. 29, 1820. Residence Florence, Erie Co., Ohio. 10 childen: *Charles Edward*, b. Nov. 27, 1827, residence Green Bay; *Samuel Ingham*, b. Dec. 20, 1832, d. 1859; *George Mitchell*, b. July 1, 1835; *Anna Louisa*, b. Feb. 6, 1840, m. Henry W. Hyde, April 30, 1857; *Mary Minerva*, b. July 3, 1842, d. Dec. 29, 1850; *Joel Rockwell*, b. Dec. 1, 1845; *Olive A.*, *Laura A.*, b. Aug. 8, 1851,; *Mary Eliza*, b. Oct. 22, 1854; *Burton Delos*, b. April 7, 1858.

MARY ANNA CRANE m. Dr. G. G. Baker, Nov. 25, 1824. He was born Dec. 19, 1798. Residence Norwalk, Huron Co., Ohio. 1 child: *Sarah Louisa*, b. Dec. 26, 1827, d. Aug. 16, 1849.

WM. HOBART CRANE m. Harriet Chandler Oct. 27, 1841. She was b. July 17, 1819. Residence Vermillion, Erie Co. Ohio. 2 children: *Henry Herbert*, b. June 5, 1843; *Ellen Eliza*, b. Sept. 1, 1846.

JEROME CANFIELD m. Hannah Smith of Hanover, N. H., Nov. 28th, 1828. Residence Brooklyn, N. Y. 6 children: *Lemuel Smith* m. Emily Johnson, June 1857; Mitchell Jerome, deceased; Cornelia C.; Edward Jerome, deceased; Chandler P.; Emma Gertrude, deceased.

CHARLES HINMAN m. Rachel Russel. Residence Oxford, Ct. 2 children: *Martha R.* m. Spencer Bray; *Sarah.*

FLORA HINMAN m. Burr Dickerman, Nov. 25, 1835. Residence Armenia, New York. 6 children: *Harriet*, b. Dec. 2, 1836; *Sarah*, b. May 5, 1839; *Seth*, b. Jan. 10, 1842, d. March 25, 1845; *Milo*, b. March 26, 1844; *Seth*, b. Jan. 2, 1847, d. Dec. 2, 1849; *Alice*, b. Oct. 5, 1852.

JOHN W. HINMAN m. Mary Kelsey, of Milford. 1 child: *Harry Garwood.*

DELIA HINMAN m. Wm. Wallace. Residence Anamosa, Jones Co., Iowa. 2 children: *Louisa; Isabella.*

GEORGE HINMAN m. Lucretia Hewitt. Residence New Haven, Ct. 2 chh: *George; Mary.*

PRESTON HINMAN m. Harriet Beecher. Residence New Haven, Ct. 1 child: *Frank.*

MAY ANN HINMAN m. John Downs. Residence New Haven, Ct. 1 child: *Minot.*

MARY C. MITCHELL m. Curtis B. Bowns, Oct. 22, 1839. Residence South Britain. 2 children: *Elizabeth A; Catherine M.*, d. Jan. 1860.

NELSON WARREN MITCHELL m. Edna E. Platt, Feb. 28, 1849. Residence South Britain. 2 children: *Edward Leroy*, b. Sept. 29, 1851; *Anna Charlotte*, b. Feb. 3, 1856.

HENRY J. JOHNSON m. Lucinda Clark, Sept. 1839. Residence Southbury 2 children: *Charles*, b. and d. Jan 5, 1841; *Emily Mitchell*, b. April 28, 1842, d. Sept. 5, 1842.

ELIZA A. JOHNSON m. Rev. Geo. P. Prudden, Oct. 4, 1839. Residence Wa.

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tertown, Ct. 5 children: *Edward Payson*, b. June 8, 1841, d. April 14, 1843; *Henry Johnson*, b. March 16, 1843; *Theodore*, b. March 14, 1847; *Theophil Mitchell*, b. July 7, 1849; *Lilian Eliza*, b. Dec. 3, 1852.

SARAH MARIA MITCHELL m. Dr. N. C. Baldwin, Oct. 31, 1841. Residence South Britain. 2 children: *Mary*, b. Dec. 1847; *Wilber*, deceased.

BETSEY ANN MITCHELL m. first, David C. Hinman, of New Haven; second, Charles Cothren, Aug. 1854. Residence Brooklyn, New York. 4 chh: *Edward C. Hinman*, b. Dec. 4, 1848; three dau., all deceased.

LAWRENCE MITCHELL m. Esther Holbrook, Jan. 24, 1855. Residence Newtown, Ct. 1 child: *Frank Holbrook*, b. Feb. 4, 1856.

Fifth Generation.

AVERILL B. CANFIELD m. Alice S. Angevine, Sept. 9, 1857. She was b. Sept. 6, 1835. Residence South Britain. 1 child: *Cornelia Elizabeth*, b. Dec. 18, 1858.

SAMUEL I. CRANE m. Sophia Charlotte Buck, April 26, 1854. Residence New York. 2 children, *Charles Herbert*, b. April 1, 1856; *George Edward*, b. Sept. 9, 1858.

HANNAH HICKOCK, dau. of Dea. Mitchell's second wife, m. Rev. Zephania Smith. Residence Glastenbury, Ct. 5 children: *Zephania*; *Lucretia*; *Laurilla*, deceased; *Julia E.*; *Abigail H.*

From South Britain the following additions have been received:—

Sally Mitchell, w. Eben Johnson, d. Jan 24, 1869.

Betsey Mitchell, (Cyrus M's dau.,) d. Nov. 18, 1870.

NELSON W. MITCHELL'S children: 1st, *Edward Leroy*, b. Sept. 29, 1851; 2d, *Annie Charlotte*, b. Feb. 3d, 1856; 3d, *Charles W.*, b. March 12, 1861.

CYRUS LEROY M's family: m. Sarah Hunt June 23d, 1859. Children: 1st, *Walter L.*, b. April 28th, 1862: 2d, *Frederick Warren*, b. Dec. 18th, 1863; 3d, *Robert Cyrus*, b. Mar. 6, 1869.

Erastus Mitchell d. Feb. 9th, 1869.

Ann Eliza Mitchell d. Oct. 19. 1848.

Laura A. Mitchell m. A. B. Downs Nov. 26, 1861. She d. Aug. 18, 1862.

Mary Ann Mitchell d. June 18, 1866.

Oliver Mitchell m. Emeline Canfield Oct. 23d, 1867

Josephine A. Mitchell m. Herman Perry June 16th, 1864. 1 child: *Mary Jane Perry*, b. June 20, 1869.

HENRY P. MITCHELL m. Phebe Stoddard Nov. 14th, 1865. 2 children: *Thalia Esther*, b. Sept. 19th, 1866; *Martha*, b. Aug. 12th, 1868.

WM. E. MITCHELL m. Elizabeth A. Nickerson, Nov. 9th, 1870.

JULIA T. MITCHELL m. S. P. Averill March 2d, 1870. 1 child: *Ada M.*, b. Dec. 20, 1870.

LAWRENCE MITCHELL m. Esther Holbrook Jan. 24th, 1855. 3 children. *Frank H.*, b. Feb. 4th, 1856; *Nellie E.*, b. June, 1860; *Jessie P.*, b. May, 1864.

MARY MITCHELL m. Dr. A. E. Winchell, Oct. 10th, 1865. 1 child: *Mary Helen*, b. Sept. 16th, 1866.

D. M. MITCHELL m. Hatte J. Lemmon Dec. 29th, 1869. 1 child: *Benjamin M.*, b. Oct. 27th, 1870.

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MINOR FAMILY.

There was an ancient account of this family, which the writer was not able to obtain in time for the former edition. He has it now. It is very quaint and curious, and is introduced below entire:

"It is more praiseworthie in noble and excellent things to know something, though little, than in mean and ignoble things to have a perfect knowledge. Amongst all those rare ornaments of the mind of man, heraldic hath had a most eminent place, and hath been held in high esteem, not only at one time and in one climate, but during all times, and through those parts of the world where any ray of Humanitie and Civilitie hath shined, for without it, all would be drowned in the chaos of disorder. Neither is she so partial, that money shall make the man. For he ought not to be accounted a perfect Herauld, except that he can discern the difference betwixt a coat armoriall, obtained by valour, or purchased by money. *Scutum Gentilium Palludamentum Cistatanus*—honorable not mercenary, as appears by the coat of the Miners. The reason (as Garcilaseo Sayeth, page 432) is this. EDWARD, the third, going to make warre against the French, took a progress through Somerset, and coming to Mendippi Colles minerary, Mendippi Hills in Somersett, where lived Henry, a miner, whose surname was Bullman,) his name being taken rather a denominatione soci et ab officio, who with all carefulness and loyaltie, having convened his Domestics and menial Servants, armed with Battle Axes, proffered himself and them to his master's service, making up a complete hundred. Wherefore he had his coat armorial (Gules) signifying Minius, red—another demonstration of the original of the surname, *a Fesse id est cingulum militare*, because obtained by valour, betwixt three plates argent, crest, a battle axe armed at both ends, another demonstration of the arms, for there could be no plates without *Mines*. It is folly to suppose such a surname as *Minor* to have any coat of arms, it being contrary, yea, contradictory in terms, that *Minor* can obtain paternal coats or achievments, unless it be presupposed that *Major* was his father. Bartas, a French Herauld, says *Miner* is a word contracted in Dutch, MIN-HEIR, that is my master or Lord, and gives his reason for the plates to be dollars or pieces of Eight, abundance of which will make Hollander, (albeit born upon a dunghill) to be titled Min-heir, but ye crest reason aforesaid, and Chronologie proves the first, and albeit Heraulds differ in the Describing (says Fordon, page 342) of this surname, *Miner*, and time, with the various dialects of several counties have almost made it to be another name, yet if ignorance would strive to eradicate Ancestrie, it can not do it in this coat, the name and colours making so much proof with the place (says Baker). 1st, the place where the original came from; Mendippi Colles Minerary. 2d, by the field, Minius. 3d, by the charge Minerall. 4th, by the circumstances and actions upon record, relative to the crest, being a battle-axe armed at both ends Minerall. Herauldry is a thing not of yesterday, or which may be otherways found out, being already condescended upon by all nations, and as it were established, Jure Centium, among the Greeks, Romans. Germans, French, Spaniards, English, Scots, Danes and Hungarians, &c. Fridon, the great Antiquarian, sayeth that the

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King's Secretary returned the foresaid Henry Miner a compliment for his Loyaltie in these words. *Oceanus quamvis magnifiury multique torrentes sint ei stipendary. Non de dignatur recipere minares Riviloso id est.* The Ocean (though great rivers pay him tribute) disdains not also to receive the Lesser, if Loyal Brooks, which by one only urne pour themselves into its bosom.

This Henry died in the year 1359, leaving behind him Henry, Edward, Thomas and George Miner, of whom little is to be said, save as only that Henry married one Henrietta Hicks, daughter of Edward Hicks, of Glouces-ter, of whom as appears by the paling of their arms, are the Hicks of Bevers-ton Castle, in Glocester, descended, and had issue, William and Henry.

William married one Hobbs of Wiltshire, and had issue, Thomas and George. Henry, the 2d son, served Richard the second, in the year 1384. Thomas, in 1399, married one Miss Gressleys, daughter of Cotton, in the Countie of Stafford, and had issue, Lodovick, George and Mary. Lodovick married Anna Dyer, daughter of thomas Dyer, of Stoughton, in the Countie of Huntington, and had issue, Thomas, born 1436 (and after that twins, being twenty-two years after ye birth of the said Thomas, and the twins, George and Arthur, who both served the House of Austria, the younger married (as Philipe Comins relates) one Henrietta de la Villa Odorosa. Thomas mar-ried Bridget, second daughter to Sir George Hervie de St. Martins, in County Middlesex, and died 1480, leaving his son William and daughter Anna Miner in tutorage to their mother Bridget, whom she resigned to her father, and turned to a Monasterial life in Dutford, where she remained during the re-mainder of her life. William married Isabella Hartope de Frolibay, and lived to revenge the death of the two young Princes murdered in the Tower of London, upon their inhuman uncle, Richard the 3d. It was said of this William Miner, that he was *Flos Militiae*, the flower of chivalrie. He left behind him ten sons. William, George, Thomas, Robert, Nathaniel and John; the rest are not recorded. The two last went, over to Ireland, in 1541, when King Henry the 8th was proclaimed 1st King of Scotland. Nathaniel married one Fitzmorris neigh Caterburgh, in the province of Leinster, in Ire-land, John married Joselina O'Bryan, daughter of Teig O'Bryan, of ——, in County of Clare, whose posteritie remain there in the name of Miner, bear-ing the same coat. George married and lived in Shropshire, Thomas in He-reford. William, the oldest son, had issue, Clement and Elizabeth Miner, and was buried at Chow Magna, the 23 day of February, Anno Domini 1585, and lies interred in the Priests' chancel, about four feet from the wall, with this inscription:

HERE ,, ETH ,,,,,, M
MYNER · ,,, OF ,,, PSH
OBYT IRM FERRU, MDLXXXV.

This and no more is legible upon the stone, with the coat expressed in the margin (at the † signe) but by the Records and Registry of said church it is evident that his name was William Myner, they both a greeing in the same date and place, and must needs have been the head of the same family, as by the paternal coat of arms clearly appear.

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Clement, his son, succeeded his father in Heritage, and married, and had issue, Clement, Thomas, Elizabeth and Mary Miners, and departed this life the 31st of March, 1640, and lies interred in Chow Magna, in the County of Somersett. Clement, the eldest brother, married Sarah Pope, daughter of John Pope, of Norton, Small Reward, in the County of Somersett, and had issue, William and Israel. This Clement was buried at Burslington, County of Somersett, and Thomas, his brother, is now (in 1683) alive at Stonington, Connecticut Colony, in New England, Anno Domini 1683, and has issue, John, Thomas, Clement, Manassah,[1] Ephraim and Judah Miners, and two daughters, Marie and Elizabeth. William Miner, eldest son of Clement Miner, 2d, married Sarah, daughter of John Batting, of Clifton, in Gloucestershire, and lives, Anno Domini 1683, in Christmas street, in the city of Bristol, and has issue, William and Sarah. Israel, the second son, married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Jones, of Burslington, in County of Somersett, and had issue, Clement, Thomas, Sarah, Jean and Elizabeth, Anno Domini 1683.

And now, having done with the description Genealogicall, I hope that TOV TIC, etc., etc.

$\frac{1}{8}$ egdaba naian Tima, aug. ugabo.

And if I have used any old or ancient words, yea, words differently now Syllibicated, I may excuse myself with Quintialiaum Verbosa restuetate repetites non solume maquis assentores aliquam non sine de lulatonat, and for the ingenuous reader I am not that every Peasant should venture his sick-brained opinion upon this essay, knowing well that asy neminem habet inimicume praetor ignorantum, but if he will take counsel (an illegible Greek quotation here follows, translated by the author to mean, "If thou hast no taste for learning, meddle no more with what thou understandest not,") and keeping himself silent, he may pass for a wit, while on the contrary, his too much garrulity shows his nakedness as much as Prester John, who describes himself fromes Logues of Solomon, or Fishulf from a seth: but I shall be very much beholden to the learned reader, who, if he can give more satisfaciion in the essay, would, for the honor of antiquitie (who now lies in profundo Democratis Putio) mind the Errata chronologically, and see if he can derive the surname from a longer time, it being supposed that Henry Miner's name, before the King's progress into Somersett was Bullman, but how cer ain, however, I know not, but leave it to some other, whose experience and learning exceed mine. Desiring nothing more than that Heraldie should be restored to its pristine splendour and truth, and not be abused by every com. mon painter and plasterer, who, before he will lose a fee, will fansie a coat of arms to the loss of their estates and goods, and sometimes their very names.

Quid non mortalium pectora coginis aure Sacra Fames?

Emblemata ad voluutatem Domini Riges sunt portanda et non alius andi Heraldrie, stands in need of the dose gaperapsusys, and now I will conclude with Ralph Brooks, Esquire, and York Heraldie.

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[1] Manassah was younger than Ephraim and Judah; the latter came from England with their father and older brothers, but Manasseh was born in this country, and is the ancestor of the Stonington Miners.

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To make these names alive again appear,
Which in oblivion well nigh buried were,
That so your children may avoid the jarres,
Which might arise about their ancestors ;
And the living might those titles see
With which these names and houses honored be,
Yet I have hope of more acceptance from
Those future times that after we shall come.
For when beneath the stroke of death I fall,
And those that live these lines examine shall,
Detraction dying, you that do remain
Will credit me and thank me for my pains.
Very—si quid nodisti rectius
Candidas imperti—si non utere mecum.

This coat of the Miners of Chow, I attest to be entered at Bath, in Somersett, by Clarenceux, the 4th of King James the first, which visitation is in custody of me, 1606.

ALEX. CUNNINGHAM.

NOTE.—The original essay (of which the forgoing is a copy) was sent over from England to the first Thomas Miner, some years after he emigrated to this country, and was preserved by the descendants of Manassah Miner, who still occupy the Homestead in Wicketegnack, till within a few years, when it was deposited with the Connecticut Historical Society for preservation.

Children of Thomas Miner:

1. *John*, moved to Stratford, then to Woodbury.
2. *Thomas*, of whom we find no record.
3. *Clement*, married and settled in New London, where some of his descendants now live, and from whom the Lyme Miners sprung.
4. *Ephraim* settled in Stonington.
5. *Judah*, record says, went East
6. *Manassah* settled in Stonington, ancestor of the North Stonington Miners. 7. *Joseph*. 8. *Samuel*. 9. *Ann*. 10. *Marie*. 11. *Eunice*. 12. *Elizabeth*. 13. *Hannah*.

Page 643. Elizabeth, w. of John Minor, and dau. of Richard Booth, was b. Sept., 1641, and d. Oct., 1732. Page 644. John Minor.(5 (16)) m. Sarah, dau. of Robert Rose, of Stratford.

On page 644 is recorded, " 20 V. Grace" (dau. of Capt. John Minor, b. Sept. 20, 1670, m. —— Grant." She was the grand-daughter of Thomas Minor, the emigrant, by his wife, Grace Palmer, dau. of Walter Palmer. Grace Minor was m. to Samuel Grant, Jr., of Windsor, Conn., Ap. 11, 1688. Thus the above blank is filled. She thus became the ancestress of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, the President of the U. S.

The generations upward run thus:—Gen. Ulysses Simpson Grant, son of Jesse Root, and Hannah (Simpson) Grant, b. April 27, 1822, son of Capt. Noah and Rachel (Kelley) Grant, b. Jan., 1794; son of Noah and Susanna (Delano) Grant, b. June 20, 1748; son of Noah and Martha (Huntington) Grant, b.

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July 12, 1718; son of Samuuel Jr. and Grace (Minor) Grant, dau. of John Minor, of Woodbury, b. Dec. 16, 1692; son of Samuel and Mary (Porter) Grant, b. April 30, 1659: son of Deacon Matthew and Priscilla Grant, of Windsor, Conn., b. Nov. 12, 1631.

"Besides the Grant blood, there is intermingled in the veins of the General, by successive marriages, the blood of some of the best Connecticut families—the Huntingtons, the Lathrops, the Porters, the Minors, the Putnams,—all strong names, and significant of good training and sterling growth."[1]

Mr. Trowbridge thinks that *Ann*, No. 147 p. 649, should read *Emm* m. Philo Judson.

Rhoda (187) m. Seth Bacon. Samuel (142) m. Molly Handy.

Burke Minor, (299) b. Aug. 16, 1809, m. Eliza Turner, Sept. 3, 1834. She was b. May 24, 1815, Child: *Catherine Eliza*, b. Sept. 9, 1842.

Charles M. Minor, b. Dec. 12, 1817, m. Harriet N. Ketchell, Aug. 23, 1841. Children: *Arthur, L.* b. Jan. 23, 1853, d. Dec. 7, 1865; *Charles H.*, b. April 7, 1855, d. July 20, 1870.

NICHOLS FAMILY.

[Addition.]

P. 657. *Four Nichols* appear originally in Stratford.

1. *Francis*, who died 1650 leaving small estate. He had three sons: *John*, *Isaac* and *Caleb*. The two latter settled in Stratford. The former, John, came to Fairfield, from Watertown, about 1653, and by wife Grace had *Isaac*, *Sarah* and *John* The father, John, d in June, 1655, and the widow had *Samuel* soon after his death. She mentions him with Sarah and John, in a deed given her son Isaac. Savage infers that three daughters mentioned in inventory of the husband's estate, were by former wife, as they are not named in the widow's deed to Isaac. The son John d. unmarried, 1676. The son Isaac was brought up by his Uncle Isaac, in Stratford, and settled there. Widow Grace, the mother, who had m. Richard Perry, and in 1659 was his widow, gives land in that year to her son Isaac, "now apprentice with his Uncle Isaac, in Stratford." This younger Isaac is commonly styled Isaac[2], Nichol's "cousin," to distinguish him from Isaac[2], Jr., son of "Uncle" Isaac.

Isaac Nichols[2], Jr., son of Isaac 1st, m. Mary —, and had *Francis*, June 1676. *Richard*, Nov. 1678, m. Comfort Sherman 1702. *Joseph*, Nov. 1680, m. Mary Curtis 1704.

Isaac Nichols[2], (cousin) son of John and Nephew of Isaac 1st, m., Aug. 15, 1672, Esther Clarke, (dau. of John, of New Haven,) and had *Grace*, June 1673. *Alice*, Oct. 1674 *John*, Oct. 1676, and *Samuel*, Dec. 1678, and went to Derby.

Page 658. The Samuel who was in Woodbury 1687, was Caleb Nichols' fifth child, born 1658. (See above, Caleb N.)

Same page. Robert Nichols, of Roxbury Society, 1759, was son of Abra-

[1] History of Connecticut during the recent War, p. 756.

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ham N., Jr. and Abigail (Walker). Abraham, Jr., was son of Abraham N. and Rachel (Kellogg), and Abraham was son of Caleb.

Robert was born in North Stratford or Unity, (Trumbull,) Feb. 3, 1734.

ISAAC NICHOLS 1st, had wife "Margaret," or "Margery," (whom I suppose to have been a sister of William Washborne, of Stratford and afterwards of Oyster Bay, L. I., for John, the son of William Washborne, calls Isaac Nichols "Uncle." (To be sure, Washborne may have married a sister of Nichols.) They had children: *Mary*[1], 1647, married Rev. Israel Chauncy, 1667. *Sarah*[2], 1649, m. Stephen Burrit, 1673. *Josiah*[3], 1651, m. Hannah Hawley (who after his death in 1691, m. John Wolcott for his second wife.) *Isaac*[4], 1654. *Jonathan*[5], 1655, m. Hannah Hawkins in 1681. *Ephraim*[6], 1657, m. Esther, wid of Ebenezer Hawley. (She was previously widow of William Ward, of Fairfield, and after Nichol's death, about 1690, m. Eliphalet Hill, four husbands). *Patience*[7], 1659. *Temperance*[8], 1662. *Margery*[9], Nov. 1663. *Benjamin*[10], 1665. *Elizabeth*[11], 1668, m. Rev. Joseph Webb, of Fairfield.

CALEB NICHOLS, brother of Isaac 1st, m. Anna, dau. of Andrew Ward, of Fairfield, and had, *Sarah*[1], Dec. 1650, (Savage errs in saying 1651). She m. Moses Wheeler, Jr. *Anne*[2], March, 1652. (Savage errs in saying 1653). *Esther*, Feb. 1653. (Savage errs in saying 1655). *Joseph*[4], Dec. 25, 1656. *Samuel*[5], March 1658. *Andrew*[6], Nov. 1659. *Abram*[7], Jan. 176½. *Abigail*[8], Feb. 166½, m. WM. MARTIN.* *Hannah*[9], Aug. 1667, unmarried in 1706. *Caleb*[10], Feb. 1668-9. *Phebe*[11], bap. 1670, m. Isaac Knell. *John*[12], bap. 1676, and his will adds, *Mary*[13].

PARKER FAMILY.

Parker has always been a common name in New England. We find Abraham, Amariah, Edmund, George, Jacob, James, Joseph, Matthew, Nicholas, Robert, Thomas, two or more Williams, and as many Johns, appearing in as many of the different settlements in Massachusetts and Connecticut, at an early day. Abraham was the first of the family in this country. It is supposed he came from Wiltshire, England. He first settled in Woburn, Mass., where he m. Rose Whitlock, Nov. 18, 1644.†

1. WILLIAM was early in Hartford and Saybrook, and had 8 children. The 4th child, 2 *John*, was b. Oct. 8, 1648, m., Nov. 8, 1670, Hannah, dau. of Wm. Bassett. He was among the early planters in Wallingford, and settled at Parker's Farms, about two miles West of the village, which first gave the name to that locality. He d. ——, 1711. His w. d. June 7, 1726. They had 10 children. The 5th, 3. *Joseph*, m. Sarah Curtis, June 7, 1705. They had 10 children. The 4th child, 4. *Thomas*, b. June 7, 1709, m. Abigail Dutton, Aug. 30 1748, and settled in Woodbury, Conn., 1756. He d. in 1788. Chh.: 5. *Thomas*, b. April 3, 1749. 6. *Amasa*, b. Feb. 28, 1751, graduate of Yale,

* Here is Martin's wife—the true Abigail—21 years old when she was m., in 1685.

† Davis' Hist. of Wallingford.

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m. Thankful Andrews, Aug. 28, 1771. 7. *Peter* b. March 11, 1753, removed to the State of New York. 8. *Abigail*, b. Aug. 28, 1755. 9. *Abner* removed to the State of N. Y. 10. *Joseph* was a physician in Morris, Conn. 11. *Daniel* m. Miriam Curtis, Nov. 18, 1762.

The following has been furnished by Dr. John Meigs, of Vermont:

THOMAS PARKER, who removed from Wallingford to Woodbury in 1756, was born June 7, 1728, and m. Abigail Clark. He d. 15th Feb. 1788, in his 60th year. She d. July 14, 1808. The children of Thomas and Abigail were: 1. *Thomas*, b. April 3, 1749, d. April 15, 1822. 2. *Amasa*, b. Feb. 28, 1751, m., Aug. 28th, 1771, Thankful Andrews. Woodbury Records say Diadema Parmelee, 30th Nov. 1771, Eunice dau. of Amasa and Diadema Parker, b. 19th Sept., 1772. 3. *Peter*, b. March 11th, 1753, m , Nov. 24th, 1774, Esther Clark. 4. *Abigail*, b. Aug. 28th, 1755, m. David Root, Sept. 29, 1773. 5. *Justus*, b. March 6, 1758, m. — —. She d. 29th Oct. 1799. 6. *Joseph*, b. 21st April, 1760, m. ——. He was father of Frederick S. and Joseph Parker, of New Haven. 7. *Sarah*, b. Oct. 10, 1762, m. Daniel Richards, of Milton, 12th April. 1782. 8. *Abner*, bap. 14th April, 1765. 9. *Rebecca*, bap. 21st June, 1767, m. Joseph Smith, of Newburg, 20th March, 1785. 10. *David*, bap. March 6, 1770.

PETER removed to Washington County, New York, but not till after 1781. The children of Peter and Esther Parker were: 1. *John Clark Parker*, b. Nov. 9th, 1775, m., March 21, 1804 Susan Mason. 2. *Rebecca Parker*, b. July 28th, 1777, m. Dr. Ira Hall. 3. *Esther Parker*, b. June 25th, 1780, m. Nathaniel Hall. 4. *Luther Parker*, b. Dec 26th, 1781, m. Martha Curtis. 5. *William Henry*, b. July 31st, 1787, m. Harriet Blin. His 2d wife was Mary Ann Wheeler.

1. JOHN CLARK PARKER was a Lawyer in Granville, Washington County, N. Y. The children of John Clark and Susan Parker were: 6. *John Mason Parker*, b. June 14th, 1805, m., Sept. 1835 Catherine Pumpelly. March 1, 1854, m. Stella Pumpelly. 7. *Edward William Parker*, b. Aug. 11th, 1807, m. Oct. 1834, Mary B. Carpenter. Married, for 2d w. March 29th 1850, Jane B. Goodrich. 8. *William Henry Parker*, b. Aug. 23d, 1809, m. 1st, March 22d. 1837, Ruth Robinson; m. 2d, Nov. 24th, 1846, Catherine Denton. 9. *Susan Parker*, b. Jan. 26th, 1813. 10. *Geo. West Parker*, b. Sept. 5, 1815, m., Sept. 6th, 1842, Emily M. Smith.

The children of John M. and Catherine Parker were: *Charles Edward Parker*, b. Aug. 25th 1836; *Francis Henry*, b. July 1st, 1838; *John Pumpelly*, b. Sept. 17th, 1842. died. *Norman Pumpelly*, b. Dec. 15th 1845. Died.

The children of Edward W. and Mary Parker were: *Harriet*, b. Aug. 17, 1835, d. Sept. 20th, 1836; *Edward John*, b. March 27th, 1837; *George Henry*, b. Sept. 28th, 1839. Died. *Henry W.*, b. April 22d, 1841; *Harriet Maria*, b. April 4th, 1843.

Children of Edward W. and Jane, his 2d w. were: *Mary G.*, b. Nov. 2, 1852, died; *Cornelia Mason*, b. Sept. 30, 1855; *William Horace*, b. Feb. 9th, 1858, died.

The children of William Henry (son of John C.,) and Ruth Parker, were: *John Edmund*, b. Jan. 25th, 1838; *William Robinson*, b. Feb. 21st, 1846, died Sept. 12th, 1846.

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The children of William H. and Catherine were: *Ruth Robinson*, b. March 5th, 1851; *Catherine Denton*, b. May 21st, 1852, d. Dec. 29th, 1857; *Susan*, b. Feb. 28th, 1854; *Jessie Elizabeth*, b. July 21st, 1856, d. March 6th, 1860; *William Henry*, b. Aug 23d, 1858, d. March 14th, 1860; *Edward Mason*, b. June 27th, 1860.

The children of George W. and Emily Parker were: *George Mason*, b. June 22d, 1844; *William Smith*, b. Sept. 29th 1847, d. April 17th, 1850; *Edward Dix*, b. Oct. 5, 1853; *Jessie Emily*, b. Sept. 18th, 1861 d. May 8, 1863. *Gilbert Dolloff*, b. Oct. 1st, 1866, d. Sept. 15th, 1867; *Charles Francis*, b. Dec. 7th, 1868.

The children of Luther (son of Peter) and Martha Parker were: *Samuel Curtis*, b. Dec. 19th, 1806, m. Rosetta Sylvester; *Esther Hall*, b. April 7th 1809, m. Hiram Brown; *Rebecca Lovisa*, b. Oct. 18th, 1812, m. Elias H. Hedges; *Theda Clarke*, b. May 15th, 1819, m. Wm. S. Hedges.

The children of William Henry (son of Peter) and Harriet, were: *William* b. March 4th, 1822, m. Fanny Green; *Caroline*, b. Aug. 8th, 1820, m. Edward Crosby; *Harriet Eliza*, b. Sept. 1834, m. Wm. H. Meyers.

Children of Wm. H. and Mary Ann, were: *Fanny Henry*, b. March 3d, 1842.

The children of William and Fanny (Green) Parker, were: *Henry Green*, b. Oct 10th, 1858; *Mary*, b. Dec. 21st, 1862; *William Henry*, b. June 23d, 1865; *Nellie*, b. April 5th, 1867.

6. JOHN MASON PARKER, LL.D., graduated at Midd. College, 1828, resided in Owego, N. J., was Lawyer, Editor and member of Congress, and Judge of the Supreme Court.

7. EDWARD WILLIAM PARKER, Cashier of Bank, White Hall New York.

8. WILLIAM HENRY PARKER, Midd. College, 1830, Professor of Mathematics and Nat' Philosopy, since 1848, Treasurer of the College since 1855.

10. GEORGE W. PARKER, Midd. College 1835, Lawyer in New York City.

II. WILLIAM Parker removed from Hartford, had children born at Saybrook, viz: *Sarah*, b. 1637; *John*, Feb. 21, 1641; *Ruth*, June 15, 1643; *William*, Jan. 1645; *Joseph*, Feb. 1647; *Margaret*; *Jonathan*, 1652; *David*, 1656; *Deborah*, 1658. Elder William died at Saybrook, 1686. Margaret, his wife, 1680.

THOMAS PARKER, son of the first Thomas, of Judea Society, Woodbury, m. Jerusha Clark, March 26, 1770. She d. July 1, 1809? He d. April, 1822. Children: 1. *Esther*, b. March 17, 1771, m. Isaac S. Foot, 1 Dec., 1793. 2. *Susannah*, b. — — m. Gideon Foot, 14th March, 1797. 3. *Abigail*, d. Jan. 29, 1812, m. Jonathan Hine, 22d Nov. 1797, m. 2d, Gideon Foot. 4. *Jerusha* d. unm., 4th July 1829, aged 49. 5. *Truman*, b. Feb. 28, 1778, m. Rhoda Warner, Feb. 21, 1798. She was b. April 29, 1775. 6. *Justus*, b. May 6, 1758, m. 1st, Elizabeth Hunt; m. 2d Patty Burrell, Nov. 4, 1801. 7. *Thomas*, d. Dec. 5, 1826, m. Betsey Weller, June, 1813. 8. *Philo*, d. Sept. 26, 1826, m. Sally Minor.

5. TRUMAN, m. Rhoda Warner. She d. April 5, 1859, aged 84. He d. July 13, 1859, aged 86. Children: 9. *Daniel S.* b. May 20, 1799. 10. *Laura*, b. June 18, 1802, m. James Thompson, Jan. 24, 1826. 11. *Norman*, b. March 4, 1805—killed by Norwalk Railroad accident, May 6, 1853. 12. *Rufus*, b. Feb. 21, 1809.

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13. *Jason*, b. April 10, 1811, m. Harriet Thompson, March 4, 1844, d. April 8, 1871. On the occasion of his death the author wrote the following:

Saturday afternoon our quiet community experienced a shock. The startling announcement was made that our friend and neighbor, Mr. Jason Parker, had suddenly died. A few hours before, in full health and strength, he had gone with his assistant to his farm, some two miles from the village, to put up the fences and burn some brush, when the fire became unmanagable, and, in consequence of the extreme heat of the day, the heat of the fire, and his efforts to extinguish it, he fell exhausted, and almost immediately died, departing this life at the age of sixty years. In the death of Mr. Parker, the First Congregational church, of which he had long been a consistent and useful member, a large circle of friends, to whom he was endeared by more than the ordinary ties of consanguinity and friendship, and the community at large have met with an irreparable loss. To the poor he was a constant blessing. His hand and his heart were ever open to relieve the needy. And the blessings of the poor have long been upon him. Without children of his own, he has adopted those of others, and been the dispenser of all the ennobling charities, and paternal kindness and sympathies of the charmed circle of a happy home. Charged by the community with various offices of public trust, he has been faithful in them all, and discharged them to the full acceptance of those whom he served. Beginning life without means, and by careful industry and integrity, gaining a competency and an honorable position in the community, he was well gifted to sympathise with, and assist others in the struggle of existence. Of peculiarly even temperament, and purity of life, his example was ever potent for good. In all the relations of life he fully exemplified the virtues and generosities of that noblest work of God, an honest man. The good die early. A good man has passed away and left a void that may never be filled. This, and the many other deaths that have lately occurred here, speak to us with emphatic voices. In these oft recurring deaths, the First Society is greatly afflicted. We are cast into mourning, and may well inquire why God has so afflicted us. C.

6. JUSTUS. Children: 16. *Elizabeth A.* m. Nehemiah Pope, 6th Dec. 1824. Their chh. *Elizabeth*, m. 1st, Abner Mansfield; m. 2d, Wm. Bassett. *Frederick* m. Harriet Buckingham. *Julius* m. Josephine Stephens. *Clarina* m. 1st, Charles Daskum; m. 2d, Stephen Gunn. *George S.* m. Harriet Minor. *Benjamin* m. Ellen Pierce. *John* m. Jane Nichols.

17. *Shelden*, b. — —. 18. *Frederick*, b. — — m. Sarah, child Edwin. 19. *Charles* m. Sarah Johnson, child Walter. 20. *William* m. Sarah ———. 21. *Susan H.* m. David B. Davidson, 16th Aug. 1846, child David. 22. *Jennette* m. James M. Bronson, of Roxbury, 30th Nov. 1844, as his 2d wife, *Betsey* m. Edward O. Tyler, June 10th, 1839. children: William and Charles

7. THOMAS m. as above. Children: 24. *Abigail*. 25. *Marcus* and others.

8. PHILO m. Sally Minor. Children: 26. *Orley M.*, bap. 1821, and 27. *Edwin M.*

9. DANIEL S., b. May 20, 1799, m. Olive J. Ransom, Dec. 11, 1827. Chh. 28. *Mary Jane* b. ——, m. William P. Thompson. 29. *Eliza Ann*, b.———, m. Merit Thompson. 1 dau. 30. *Susan M.* b. ———, m. John Betts.

11. NORMAN m. Eunice Thompson, Oct. 12, 1826. He d. May 6, 1853. She

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d. Dec. 21. 1870. Chh.: 31 *George De Witt*. b. Nov. 18, 1827, d. Jan. 8, 1829. 32. *Norman Llewellyn*, b. Nov. 6, 1829, m. Jan. 1st, 1855, Mary E. Smith. Children: *Norman Smith*, b. May 3, 1858. *Malcolm Greame*, b. June 16, 1869. Infant, b. Jan., 1872. 33. *Helen Elizabeth*, b. March 31, 1837, m. Hon. James Huntington, June 11th, 1868. Mr. Huntington m. for his first wife Rebecca Huntley Hurd, at Honesdale, Penn., Jan. 6, 1863. She d. Feb. 28, 1865. They had a dau., Rebecca Annistine, b. Feb. 18th, 1865. 34. *Isabella Amelia*, b. Jan. 28, 1840, d. June 1, 1841.

12. RUFUS, b. Feb. 21, 1809, m. Selina Merwin, April 28, 1839. Children: *John*, *Mary* and *William*. 13. NOBLE, b. Sept. 28, 1818, m. Julia Ann Van Buskirk, Nov. 1841. Child: Arabelle.

14. JARVIS, b. March 29, 1819, m. Elizabeth J. Fox, April 8, 1858. Children: *Rhoda Grace*, b. March 8, 1861, d. Sept. 21, 1861. *May*, b. May 1, 1864, d. May 10, 1864. *Truman E.*, b. Aug. 28, 1866.

16. SHELDEN m. C. Barnes. Children: *Mary B.*, *Justus*, *Adella* and others. Live in Rockland, Mich.

20. WILLIAM. Children: *William*, *Charles*, *Justus*, *George*, *Jason*.

35. *Abel*, m. ——. Children: *Currence*, b. May 26, 1765. *Lydia*, bap. 6th March, 1768. *Abel*, bap. Feb. 14, 1773. *Elizabeth*, bap. June 19, 1774. *Eunice*, bap. June 28, 1778. *Lydia*, mother of the above, bap. April 13, 1763.

The following items the author does not readily connect with their appropriate places in the family. The relatives may. Mehetabel, dau. of Hezekiah Parker, b. 1st Aug., 1725. Marcus L., Lorenzo M., and Antoinette W., bap. 1825. Thomas Newell, George Willis, Mary Elizabeth, Abigail Esther, bap. 1825. Thomas Newell Parker, d. Dec. 26, 1826, and Charles Parker of Washington, and Deborah Isbell, were m. 15th March, 1822.

PRESTON FAMILY.

[Additions.]

Page 663. JEHIEL. His Mother (wife of William, of New Haven) was Mary, dau. of Robert Seabrook, one of the original proprietors of Stratford. His dau. Sarah m. Thomas Fairchild as his 1st wife, and his dau. Alice m. Thomas Sherwood, and his dau. Ann. m. Thomas Wheeler.

JEHIEL PRESTON m. his cousin Sarah, dau. of Thomas Fairchild. She was born Feb. 1644. They had (as per Record) Samuel, July, 1663. Joseph, July 1666, and a dau. Mary, with whom Samuel, in 1702, divides land once their father Jehiel's. Samuel, son of Jehiel, d. in 1707, in which year Daniel Jackson, of Stratfield, who m. Jehiel's dau. Mary, calls "Samuel Preston, deceased," "my brother." Mrs. Mary Jackson d. Aug., 1734. Samuel, son of Jehiel, calls Mary Preston, in 1702, "sister," and in 1707, refers to Daniel Jackson and Mary," my sole heir, which would imply that he himself was unmarried or childless. Temperance Preston joined Stratford church in 1686. Was she Samuel's wife?

Hackaliah Preston m. his cousin Emma, dau. of Thomas Fairchild, of Stratford, April 20, 1676.

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PRESTON, ELIASAPH, m. about the close of 1672, or beginning of 1673, Mary, widow of Thomas Kimberly, who d. January 167¼. She was T. K's 2d wife, and much younger than he. They had Mary, (*plain Mary*, Mary Rowe is an error,) April 12, 1674. He removed to Wallingford, and there m. for his 2d wife, Elizabeth Beach, b. in Stratford, in April, 1654, dau. of John Beach 1st, who removed to Wallingford 1670, and d. 1677. Savage says Eliasaph Preston d. in Wallingford, in 1705.

Eliasaph Preston, Jr., of Wallingford (one of the foregoing) says, in Stratford Land Records, (Vol. 2, p. 384,) in 1709, that he m. Rebeka, dau. of Timothy Willcoxson, of Stratford. She was b. July, 1680.

PERRY FAMILY.

[Additions.]

PERRY. Among the earliest of this name in Stratford was Arthur Perry, (whom Savage failed to secure). He m. Anna, dau. of Joshua Judson, about 1675. They had *William*, June 1677; *Anna*, Jan. 1678-9, *Samuel*, Feb. 168¼; *Sarah*, Jan. 1682–3; *Elizabeth*, Sept. 1684; *Yelverton*, Aug., 1686; *Seth*, Jan., 1687–8; *Ruth*, May 1690; *Daniel*, April 1692; *Joshua*, Dec. 1694; *Caleb*, Aug. 1296; *Deborah*, March 1697–8; *Josiah*, Aug. 1699. (By some strange carelessness, the ages of these last six are each erroneously given in Stratford Town Record an entire century—1790 instead of 1690, &c.) I think the entry is not made contemporaneously with the birth of the parties, but at some later time. *Joshua* Perry, (above) born Dec. 1604, d. at Ripton in 1777, aged 83 years—thus corroborating his true birth date.

The name *Yelverton*, which is peculiar, corrects what I must think an error, Yelberson, on your page 666, and I am quite sure, an examination of Derby Records, would show Gideon Perry to have been, not an original immigrant from Wales—but a grandson of Stratford *Arthur*, who in turn I fully believe to have been son of Arthur, of Boston, b. posthumously, or in the last year of his father's life, after his will was made.

ROOT FAMILY.

[Additions.]

Page 675. Trumbull Church Record says, Adonijah Root, of Woodbury, and Ruth Lake, of North Stratford, were married March 20, 1754, which, besides being probably correct, relieves them of the odium of a 7 months child. Ruth was dau. of Edward Lake, and was born March 10th, 1735. Edward, her father, was son of Thomas, of Straford.

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SHERMAN FAMILY.

[Additions.]

The personal investigations made by Rev. Henry Beers Sherman have added valuable materials to this genealogy. Edmond Sherman came over from England before 1636, with his sons Edmond, Samuel and John. He was a cloth-worker, and a man of means. He came from Dedham, Essex Co., England, where Rev. H. B. S. found one of the church windows of stained-glass, bearing his initials, as having been his gift, and the record showed that one of the buttresses of the church was erected at his expense; but still more interesting was it to see the pupils of a free school (endowed by him and still in operation) attending the church in procession. So far back as 1560, the pedigree of Sherman was as follows: From the Parish Records, Dedham, Eng., Edmond Sherman married Ann Pellet, April 30, 1560. They had *Edmund*[2], who, Sept. 11, 1584, married Ann Clark. They had 1. *Richard*, (who married Elizabeth ——, and had *Anna*, Nov. 1613, and *Priscilla*, 1618.) 2. *Edmond* (older than Richard) who ma. Judith Angier, May 26, 1611, and had *John*, bap. Jan. 4, 1614. *Edmond*, bap. June 18, 1618, and *Samuel*, bap. July 12, 1618. Of these, Edmond or *Edmund*, (as all of like name spelled it then,) returned with his father to England in 1636 or 7, and their descendants still live in Dedham, England, and the same business is still carried on among them.

JOHN SHERMAN, (Rev. John,) Mr. Savage's personal researches and better information, correct Mather's account of Mr. Sherman. He was of Trinity College, not Immanuel. He was not obliged to leave College without a degree, as a College Puritan. Mr. Savage saw his subscription on taking his degree, 1630 and 1633. J. S. came to New England, April, 1634, in the "Elizabeth," from Ipswich, Eng., and arrived in Boston in June. He did not go to New Haven in a few weeks, but resided in Watertown nearly a year, and was dismissed May 29, 1635, to form with others a new church on the Connecticut River. In 1640 he sold his house and lot in Wethersfield, and removed to Milford, and was representative in 1643. In 1647 he removed to Watertown, Mass. His first wife was Mary ——, who died Sept. 1644, by whom he had *Mary*, b. probably in 1639. *Bezaleel*, (bap. at Milford) Nov. 15, 1640, (gradu. at Harvard 1661). *Daniel*, March 22, 1642. *Samuel*, April 14, 1644, d. Sept. 1644. His second wife was Mary Launce, regarding whom Mather committed extraordinary blunders. Thus—she was *not* a granddaughter of Earl Rivers, and did *not* have 20 children. Fourteen children by *both* marriages are all whose names have been discovered on record, and one more is supposed to have been lost by wear of the record, 15. The remainder Mather is supposed to have gotten by confounding together the list of Rev. John's children with those of his cousin, Capt. John, who was Town Clerk of Watertown. Of the first wife's children, *Mary* m. Daniel Allen about 1658. *Bezaleel*, whom one authority says d. before 1685. He d. before 1697, and a letter of Higginson to his son at Madras, 1697, implies that B. S. had lived *there*, and that his family were yet there. Of the second wife's children. *Abigail* married, Aug.. 1661, Rev. Samuel Willard. *Mary*, (of second wife

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says Savage) married, May 27, 1679, Ellis Barron, Jr. *Mercy* m. Samuel Barnard, April 4, 1700. (Compare Savage article "Sherman.")

SAMUEL SHERMAN, son of Edmond 1st, was born in Dedham, England, July 1618, bap. July 12, 1618, settled first in Wethersfield, Conn., then in Stamford, and last and permanently in Stratford, where he died. He m. Sarah Mitchell, dau. of Matthew, but not before he came from England, for then he was but 16 years of age. Mr. Sherman was in Stamford 1640–1, as one of the original proprietors. He appears first on Stratford Records in 1650. The record of his children's births, however, is complete in Stratford Record from 1641, the date of his oldest child's birth. And Huntington, who says he thinks no record of a birth has escaped him on Stratford Records from 1640 to 1700, finds no entry of a child to Mr. Sherman. Yet his first four children at least must have been born there. The explanation probably is, that not until he felt himself permanently settled in Stratford, did he carry the names and births of his family to public Record. They were as carefully taken from Stratford Record, Vol. 1. 1. *Samuel*[2], b. Jan 19th, 1641, m. Mary Titterton, 1665, and Abigail (nee Thompson, and widow saccessively of Jonathan Curtis and of Nicholas Huse. 2. *Theophilus*, b. Oct. 28, 1643, I find no trace of his m. nor of his death. He conveyed land in Stratford in 1675. 3. *Matthew*, b. Oct. 21, 1645. 4. *Edmond*, b. Dec. 4, 1647, m. Susanna, dau. of Richard Hardy, of Stamford, about 1670–1. 5. *John*, b. Feb. 8, 1651, went to Woodbury. 6. *Sarah*, b. Feb. 6, 1653, m. Josiah Rossiter, of Guilford, about 1675. 7. *Nathaniel*, b, March 21, 1656–7, m. June 8, 1680, Mary dau. of Benjamin Phippeny, of Boston, had a dau. Comfort, who m. Richard Nichols. Nathaniel was a Locksmith. 8. *Benjamin*, b. March 29, 1662, m. June 1683, Rebekah, dau. of Benj. Phippeny, who m. Richard Nichols. 9. *David*, b. April 15, 1665, m. Mercy ——, was dea. in Litchfield Church, d. 1753.

SAMUEL SHERMAN[2], son of Samuel, m., June 19, 1665, Mary, dau. of Daniel Titterton, of Stratford. In August, 1695, he m. Abigail, widow of Nicholas Huse, and previously widow of Jonathan Curtis. She was dau. of John Thompson. Samuel Shermon[2], was a nason by trade. Mr. Sherman's children were by his first wife. They were: 1. *Mary*, b. May 9, 1666, probably died young. 2. *David*, b. March 23, 1668-9. He m. Rebecca Wheeler, Dec. 1694.

Page (9,) (children of Samuel Shermans continued.)

3. *Susanna*, b. 1670, m. Daniel Mitchell. 4. *Sarah*, b. Nov. 1673, d. young. 5. *Grace*, b. July 1676, m. Daniel Sention (St. John), of Norwalk. 6. *Elizabeth*, b. Jan. 1678–9, m., Nov. 1702, Isaac Clark. 7. *Sarah*, b. Dec. 16, 1681, m., Jan 1706–7 Samuel Beers, of Newtown, Conn. *Abigail*, b. Aug. 4, 1688, m. Dec. 1708, James Beebe, of Danbury, Conn.

I think Mary, as well as the first Sarah, must have died young. In 1719, the heirs of his estate are Daniel Sherman, Daniel Mitchell (husb. of Susanna,) Daniel Sention (husband of Grace,) James Beebe, (husband of Abigail,) Isaac Clark, (husband of Elizabeth) and Samuel Beers, (husband of Sarah.)

Matthew Sherman, Son of Samuel 1st, m. Hannah ——. He d. in 1698. He was one of the original members of Stratfield church, 1695. She also. They had *David*, 1692, m., June 1718, Dinah Rise, of Wallingford. She d. April, 1732. He married twice afterward. *Hannah*, 1694, m. in Jan. 1716–7,

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David Beach. *Jabez*, 1697, bap. in Stratfield, lived in Stratfield, had son Solomon bap. there.

EDMUND SHERMAN, son of Samuel 1st, m. Susanna, dau. of Richard Hardy of Stamford. After death of E. S. she, in 1694 had become wife of one Raynor. They had, *Bezaleel*, b. Jan. 1st, 1673-4, d. 1717, m. widow Jane Cornwell, March 1706-7. *Samuel*, b. Jan. 8, 1677-8. *Edmond*, b. March 29, 1779-80. *Matthew*, b. Jan. 8, 1682-3, m. Dec. 1710, to ———.

With regard to Sarah, whom you add, "bap. 1678. There are no baptismal Records of infants in Stratford, and only here and there one of adults in Stratford till after 1700. I never met with Sarah's name on any record, but cannot correct it. There was room for her to come in, in 1676.

Bezaleel, son of Edmond Shermon, m., March 1706-7, widow Jane Cornwall. They had, *Susanna*, 1707. *Bezaleel*, Oct. 1717, and the father d. the same year. I find no other children recorded to them.

Matthew Sherman, son of Edmond and Susanna, m. —, Dec. 1710. He had *Abigail*, bap. in Stratfield, March 1711-2. *Rebecca*, b. in Stratfield, July 1713. I find no others recorded to them, and am strongly convinced that the Lemuel and David given to him (page 683) belong to his uncle Matthew, who d. in 1698, who had a David at least.

Page 683. John, son of Samuel Sherman 1st. I have nothing to add to or alter your account of him.

SARAH, dau. of Samuel Sherman 1st, m. John Rossiter, of Guilford, about 1675. They had, 1. *Sarah*, 1677, died 1678. 2. *Elizabeth*, 1679, May 16. 3. *Josiah*, 1680, May 30. 4. *Samuel*, Jan. 28, 1682, died soon. 5. *Timothy*, June 5, 1683. 6. *John*, Oct. 13, 1684, died young. 7. *Samuel*, 1685-6, Feb. 8. *David*, April 1687, died 1688. 9. *Jonathan*, April 8, 1688. 10. *Nathaniel*, Nov. 10, 1689. 11. *Sarah*, Feb. 25, 1691. 12 *Patience*, April 6, 1692. 13. *Joanna*, April 28, 1693, died 1703. 14. *Mary*, Sept. 3, 1694. 15. *Theophilus*, Feb. 13, 1696. 16. *Susanna*, Jan. 13, 1697. 17. *Ebenezer*, Feb. 4, 1699. 17 children in 22 years!!!!

NATHANIEL SHERMAN, b. 1657, son of Samuel, m., June 1681, Mary, dau. of Benjamin Phippeny, of Boston. Mr. Sherman was a Locksmith. In Nov., 1707, he m. a second wife, Mrs. Abigail Hanford, of Fairfield. Children: By 1st wife, only one is recorded to him, viz: *Comfort*, b. probably 1683, m. in 1702 Richard Nichol's , son of Isaac N. Jr. By his second wife, Abigail, Nathaniel Sherman had, *Sarah*, Sept. 3, 1708, m. John Lewis, Dec. 1727. *Peninah*, April 5, 1710. *Naomi*, May 12, 1712, m. John Lewis, Dec. 1731.

BENJAMIN SHERMAN b. 1661-2, son of Samuel 1st, m., June 1683, Rebekah, dau. of Benjamin Phippeny. of Boston. He died 1741, aged 80. She died, Aug. 1739, aged 75. Their grave stones are in good preservation.

Their children were: 1. *Abigail*, b. April 10, 1684, d. unmarried, 1743. 2. *Wilmitt*, Jan. 21, 1688, named for Rebecca's mother, who was "Wilmot Phippeny." 3. *Job*, b. April 7, 1690, m. Sarah Seeley, may 28, 1713, had *Ann*, 1714. 4. *Nathaniel*, b. Dec. 1, 1692, m. Ruth Curtis, Dec. 1720 (d. 1726,) m. Eunice Patterson, May 1728. 5. *Martha*, b. Dec. 20, 1695. 6. Mary, b. Feb. 24, 1696-7. 7. *Enos*, b. April 15, 1699, m. Abigail Walker, Jan. 1725, had *Walker*, 1732; *Olive*, 1736. 8. *Benjamin*, April 1703, m. Obedience, (widow of Nathan Fairchild) Nov. 29, 1740, had *Benjamin*, 1741; *Becca*, 1743. She

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was Obedience Mallory, m. Edmund Curtis, 1723, m. Fairchild, 1727. 9. *Samuel*, —— 1705, bap. in Stratfield. 19. *James*, b. March 1706–7, m. Sarah Cooke, Jan. 17, 1733–4. He had *Adonijah*, 1734; *Billee*, 1736.

DAVID, "Ensign, "Lieut., "Captain," (not Daniel,) son of Samuel Sherman 1st., settled in Stratfield, was dea. of the church there. He married Mercy ——, (whose family name has been the object of abundant enquiry. Goodwin and Savage thought her a dau. of Jeremiah Judson, but *his* dau. *Mercy* m. Solomon Burton in 1687. And there is not another disposable girl of the name on record in the second generation in Stratford.)

Dea. David Sherman died 1753. He and his wife were dismissed 1695 to unite, as original members, with the Stratfield church (now Bridgeport First.) They had: 1. *Tamar*, bap. March 1695–6, m. Henry Howland 1718. 2. *Abiah*, bap. Oct. 1697. 3. *Eunice*, bap. Jan. 1699–00. 4. *Esther*, bap. April 1702. 5. *Mercy*, bap. May 1704. 6. *Prudence*, bap. Oct. 1706, m. Robert Denison, April 1733. 7. *Elnathan*, bap. May 1709, with wife joined Stratfield church by renewing covenant, Feb. 1750–1, and had bap. *Eunice*, April 1781; *Abijah*, March 1756. 8. *Mehetabel*, bap. May 1711. 9. *Dorothy*, bap. Aug. 1714. 10. *Jerusha*, m. 1744, Joseph Seeley.

There is an error on page 680. "Mary m. John Brattle," should read *Mehetabel* m. John Battell, of Dedham.

To the children of Daniel (12) p. 684, should be added IV. Rebecca, who m. Gideon Hollister.

To the children of Samuel (37) p. 684, should be added III. Beers, IV. Cyrus.

No. 136, p. 688, *Lewis G.* b. April 4, 1813. *Flora*, b. April 5, 1815.

Deacon Elijah Sherman, (86) p. 687, d. Oct. 23, 1854. His dau. Margaret S. (128) m. Dr. Stephen B. Fairchild, formerly of Newtown, the same day. The deacon requested the ceremony to be performed before he died, and his wishes were gratified.

Hon. John Sherman, U. S. Senator of Ohio, has furnished the principal part of the following account of his branch of the family, to the writer.

One branch of the Sherman family is descended from *Taylor Sherman*, No. 83 of your Sherman family. He was m. in 1787 to Elizabeth Stoddard, (dau. of Israel, S., No. 16 of your Stoddard family,) and lived and died as a Lawyer and Judge, in Norwalk, Conn. He died May 4, 1815. His widow came to Ohio, and died in Mansfield, Aug. 1st, 1848. Their children are as follows: 1. *Charles Robert*, b. Sept. 26, 1788. 2. *Daniel*, b. March 26, 1790. 3. *Betsey*, b. Dec. 7, 1791.

Charles R. m. in Norwalk, Conn., Mary Hoyt, May 8, 1810. Soon after, he removed to Lancaster, Ohio, where he became distinguished as a Lawyer, and especially as an advocate. He held several important offices, and in 1823 became Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, in which position he acted until, on the 24th day of June, 1829, when, while on the Bench at Lebanon, O., he sickened and Died. He was buried at Lancaster. His widow died at Mansfield, Sept. 23, 1852. Their children were: 1. *Charles Taylor*, b. Feb. 3, 1811, m. Feb 2, 1841, with Eliza Williams, of Dayton, and have five children. A Lawyer at Mansfield, O.

2. *Mary Elizabeth*, b. April 21st, 1812, m. Oct. 29, 1829, with Gen. W. J Reese, and have five children, one of whom is married. Live in Lancaster, O.

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3. *James*, b. Dec. 10, 1814, m. Sophia Connell, Oct. 11, 1842. Have three children. Merchant in Fort Fort Des Moines, Iowa.

4. *Amelia*, born Feb. 11, 1816, m. Robert McComb, Aug. 2, 1832. Have seven children, one of whom is m. and has a child. Farmer in Mansfield.

5. *Julia Ann*, b. July 24, 1818, m. June 5, 1838, to John G. Willock, of Lancaster. Died April 3, 1842. having one child.

7. *William Tecumseh*, b. Feb. 8, 1820, grad. at West Point. Served in Mexican War as Capt. and Brev. Major. Married, May 1, 1850, with Ellen B. Ewing, dau. of Hon. Thomas Ewing, of Ohio. Children: *Maria Ewing Sherman*, b. Jan. 28, 1851. *Mary Elizabeth Sherman*, b. Nov. 17th, 1852. *William Tecumseh Sherman*, b. June 8th, 1853, d. Oct. 3, 1863. *Thomas Ewing Sherman*, b. Oct. 12, 1856. *Ellen Mary Sherman*, b. Sept. 5, 1859. *Rachel Ewing Sherman*, b. July 5, 1861. *Charles Celestine Sherman*, b June 11, 1864, d. Dec. 4, 1864. *Phileman Tecumseh Sherman*, b. Jan. 9, 1867.

Gen. Sherman, at a late New England dinner, gave the following account of his family:

"I learned from books alone, that in 1634, fourteen years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, three persons by the name of Sherman reached the Boston coast [applause]: the Rev. John Sherman; his cousin, John Sherman, who was styled the Captain; and his brother, Samuel Sherman. The Rev. John Sherman and the other cousin settled at Watertown, Mass., and it is related of the Rev. John Sherman that he preached a sermon under a tree there. Samuel Sherman, a young man, about 14 years of age, and adventurous, emigrated to Connecticut. Samuel Sherman was the ancestor of my branch of the family, and settled at Stratford, Connecticut, and lived there fifty years after reaching his home. He married and had children, and his second son, John Sherman, adopted the legal profession. [Laughter.] That John Sherman had another son John, who had a son Daniel Sherman, a man of note in his day, a cotemporary of Roger, and a member of the Council of Safety and the Legislative Assembly. His youngest child, Taylor Sherman, settled at Norwalk, Conn., was Judge of the Probate Court, and was one of those who lost property by Arnold's descent upon the coast of Connecticut. He also was one of those who inherited part of the land which the State of Connecticut donated in the Western Reserve, and was one of those who went to the West to arrange a treaty with the Indians. In 1808 he returned to Connecticut. He went out again in 1808 and made a partition of the fire-lands. His son, my father, then a young man of 20 years, married Mary Hoyt at Norwalk, Conn., in 1810, and their families still live there. My father went to Lowcastle, Ohio, followed by my mother and her child, on horseback. That child was my brother, Judge Charles Sherman of Ohio. I was the sixth child. Our father died and left us all very bare. [Laughter.] But friends came up and assisted us, and we all reached maturity, and we all married, and the number of children we had I really cannot keep on counting. [Cheers and laughter.] Gentlemen, the Shermans are a numerous family, and I may safely assert that they all obeyed the Divine commandment—they went forth, increased and multiplied [laughter], and I hope they have done their share toward replenishing the earth. [Laughter and cheers.]"

7. *Lamson Parker*, b. Oct. 13, 1821, m. at Cincinnati, O., Mary Gichell. Has one child. Live in Fort Des Moines, Iowa.

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8. *John*, b. May 10, 1823, m., Aug. 31, 1848, S. C. Stewart, dau. of Judge Stewert. Live in Mansfield. Now Senator of Ohio.

9. *Susan Denman*, b. Oct. 10, 1825, m., Nov. 7, 1844, Hon. T. W. Bailley, now Supreme Judge of Ohio. Have two children. Reside in Mansfield.

10. *Hoyt*, b. Nov. 1, 1827. Now Banker in Fort Des Moines, Iowa.

11. *Fanny Beecher*, b. May 3, 1829, m., May 9, 1855, Charles W. Moulton, of Mansfield.

(2.) *Daniel*, removed early to Huron Co., O., and resided there ever since. Farmer, m., July, 1813, to Abby Guthrie. He died April 23, 1820; m. 2d to to Laura Hubble, 3, 1824. Has children: 1. *Betsey*, b. Nov. 5, 1814; m., May 1835, to C. B. Hall, of Vermont, and has several children. 2. *William*, b. Jan. 20, 1817, unmarried. 3. *Harriet E.*, b. April 4, 1825; m. S. D. Fish, of Monroeville, and have children.

(3.) *Betsey*, m. July 10, 1820, Jacob Parker, of Mansfield, O., (Late Judge of Com. Pleas). She died April 25, 1851. Had three children: *Charlotte*, b. 28th Sept., 1833, m. John Wood, of Mansfield, and have children: *Charles W.*, b. 11th Sept., 1828, unmarried. In Fort Des Moines, Iowa; *Elizabeth*, b. 24th May, 1831, m. Dr. Mowry, and d. April, 1855, childless.

HOMER B., son of Amos Sherman, (see No. 30, p. 683,) b. Dec. 7, 1797, m. Laura, dau. of Stephen Crane, of New Milford, Dec. 1818. Children; 1. *Frederick L.*, b. Nov. 18, 1819. He took an active part in recruiting for the late war, and was very effective in many capacities. He was appointed Assistant Provost Marshall of Conn., Nov. 17, 1862, and Enrolling Officer for Roxbury and Bridgewater, May 28, 1863, both of which offices he filled with loyal vigor and success. 2. *Mary J.*, b. Nov. 10, 1821, m. Stephen Wells, of New Milford, Oct. 1847; have two dau. 3. *George T.*, b. Feb. 10, 1824, m. Mary Robbins, of Cold Spring, N. Y., Oct. 1844. Children: *Mary*, b. Oct. 1845. 4. *Laura C.*, b. June 15, 1826.

1. FRED. L. m. Lydia E. dau. of Joel Bishop of Washington, Nov. 16, 1843. Children: *Homer W.*, b. June 17, 1846, d. April 20, 1870. *Horace M.*, b. July 6, 1847; resides in New York city.

STILES FAMILY.

[Additions.]

STILES, Francis, is not named in any Stratford Record, and there seems to be no reason for thinking he ever came to that town. Savage notes the recorded birth of a child to Francis, at Windsor, Aug. 3, 1645. He also thinks Francis Stiles died at Windsor, not later than 1653. Very likely he may have been an original patentee or proprietor of Stratford, but, like William Judson, came not himself to dwell there. Several of his sons however, settled in Stratford. Robert Clark m. Sarah, widow of F. Stiles, some years before 1665.

THOMAS STILES, (brother of Francis, and son of Thomas, of England,) was an original patentee of Flushing, L. I., 1645, and his descendats were there.

EPHRAIM STILES, eldest son of Francis, m., July 8, 1669, Ruth, widow of Obadiah Wheeler, b. 1645, d. June, 1714, aged 69, in Stratford. His second wife m. after 1680; was Bathsheba, dau. of Henry Tomlynson, b. Jan. 1660-1.

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After Stiles death, in 1714, she m. a Curtis. Her grave-stone strangely omits the name of her last husband, and reads "Bathsheba Curtis, formerly wife of Ephraim Stiles," aged 74, d. 1735. Mr. Stiles d. in June, 1714. His will was made 1712. He had *Elizabeth*, Feb. 18, 1687, m. Ephraim Curtis, 1707, had 12 children; *Sarah*, Nov, 4, 1693, m. Thomas Welles, Aug. 1710, had nine children; *Phebe*, March 25, 1696, m. David Judson, Oct., 1713, had 10 children, of whom Ruth, b. 1726, m. Benjamin Stiles, of Woodbury, p. 699, (72).

BENSAMIN STILES, son of Francis (p. 696, Benjamin (11) seems to have d. in Stratford. "Benjamin Stiles, aged 60, April, 1711." This places his birth in 1651.

Samuel Stiles, son of Francis, m., Dec. 31, 1664, Elizabeth, dau. of Thomas Sherwood.

I think Savage errs in supposing him dead before 1682, for he is named—Samuel of Woodbury, 1699–1708—sometimes as "Ensign Samuel Stiles," "brother of Ephraim."

HANNAH, dau. of Francis Stiles, m. Edward Hinman of Stratford. He d. Nov. 21, 1681. They had *Sarah*, b. Sept. 1653, m. Wm. Roberts: *Titus*, b. Jan. 1655; *Samuel*, b. Jan. 1658; *Benjamin*, b. Feb. 1662; *Hannah*, b. July, 1666; *Mary*, b. 1668; *Patience*, b. 1670, m. John Burroughs; *Edward*[2], b. 1672, had 12 children in Stratford. It was his wife, Hannah, who lived to 99 years, and foretold the day of her death.

MARY, dau. of Francis Stiles, (b. not later than 1640,) m., about 1660, Hope, son of William Washborne, of Stratford, and then of Hempstead, L. I. Hope Washborne removed from Stratford to Derby) upon the settlement of that town. He was however for some years with his father, in L. I., at Oyster Bay, &c. His children recorded in Stratford are, *Sarah*, b. Dec. 1661; *John*, b. May 1666; *William*, b. March 1669; *Samuel*, b. March 1671; *Ephraim*, b. Aug. 1673. Savage adds *Mary* and *Jane*.

SARAH, dau. of John Stiles, (p. 695, m., about 1650, John Stewart, of Springfield. In 1691 she m. John Sacket, of Northampton.

Isaac Stiles, (son of John). p. 696–(7,) m. Hannah, dau. of Robert Rose, of Stratford. (R. R., Senior, came from Ipswich, Suffolk Co., England, in the ship Francis, 1634, having among other children Robert, aged 15. Robert Rose, Jr., came to Stratford before 1648, and there had wife Rebecca——, and children; *Mary*, 1655; *Rebecca*, 1657; *Elizabeth*, 1659; *Dorcas*, 1661; *Sarah*, 1664; *Mercy*, 1672; *Hannah*, 1666. Mary m. Moses Johnson, of Woodbury. Sarah m. John Minor, Jr., of Woodbury, and Hannah m. Isaac Stiles, Jr.)

Isaac Stiles, son of John, is termed Jr., for what cause does not appear—but it implies another Isaac, of whom I find no mention. By his wife Hannah, who outlived him, he had, 1. *Sarah*, b. 1677, m. —— Perry, of Derby. 2. *Deborah*, b. Jan. 1682, m. John Shether, of Killingworth. 3. *Jonathan*, b. March 10, 1688–9. *Isaac*, (who may have come between Deborah and Jonathan), m. Abigail Adams, of Milford, Feb. 1618–9, and had William, Jan 23, 1719–20.

John and Joseph, whom you name, I do not find on Stratford Record as children of Isaac. Jonathan, son of Isaac, went to New Jersey. He was on Stratford Record—wife Rebecca and children: *Joseph*, 1706; *John*, May, 1709; *Thomas*, Dec. 1711; *Rebecca*, Sept. 1719; *Ephraim*, Feb. 1723–4. Isaac Stiles d. in Jan. 1714–5.

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Isaac Stiles, son of Isaac, (at bottom of your page 700) is the above-named husband of Abigail Adams, who was his first wife, and who seems to have d. before 1724, for in that year his wife "Sarah" was dismissed to Ripton church, from Stratford.

SHIPMAN FAMILY.

Daniel Shipman, b. May 13, 1773. Sarah Eastman, b. Aug. 11th, 1774. Parson G. Shipman, April 18, 1799. Azariah B. Shipman, March 22d, 1803. John O. Shipman, Jan. 5, 1805. Eleanor W. Shipman, Feb. 11, 1807. Daniel M. Shipman, March 29, 1810. Joseph A. Shipman, Dec. 15, 1812. Richard E. Oct. 1815.

Marriage. Daniel Shipman and Sarah Eastman, Dec. 27, 1797.

Deaths. Daniel Shipman, March 3d, 1820, aged 49 years 6 months and 10 days.

Sarah Shipman, his wife, Oct. 27, 1842, aged 68 years 2 month and 16 days.

Sarah A. Wallace, dau. of Daniel and Sarah Shipman, May 16, 1863, aged 49 years 6 months and 1 day.

John O. Shipman, Sept. 24, 1866, Azariah B. Shipman Sept. 15, 1868, in Paris, France.

Parson G. Shipman, January 19, 1871, aged 71 years 8 months and 29 days.

Parson G. Shipman's family. Parson G. Shipman b. April 18, 1799. Sarah Fairchild, Nov. 9, 1802. Eliza Shipman, April 21, 1824. Henry Shipman, May 3, 1828. Helen Shipman, Aug. 8, 1830. Sarah Shipman, July 20, 1834. Elizabeth L. Way, July 1, 1832. Sarah Eastman Shipman, Feb. 25, 1855. Daniel Shipman, July 15, 1857. Elizabeth Shipman, Dec. 4, 1858. Parson G. Shipman, Feb. 25, 1861. Eleanor Weller Shipman, April 25, 1863. Jane Evans Shipman, Oct. 29, 1865. Azariah B. Shipman, 7, 1868. John Orville Shipman, June 13, 1870.

Marriages. Parson. G. Shipman and Sarah Fairchild, July 3d, 1823.

Parson G. Shipman and Elizabeth L. Way, May 10, 1854.

Eliza A. Shipman and Francis Jewell, June 22, 1847.

Helen Shipman and Rufus K. Chandler Feb. 4, 1857)

Deaths. Henry Shipman, son of P. G. and Sarah Shipman, June 25, 1831, aged 3 years 1 month and 22 days.

Sarah Shipman, dau. of P. G. and Sarah Shipman, March 20, 1835, aged 8 months.

Sarah Shipman, wife of P. G. Shipman, May 28, 1853, aged 50 years 6 months and 19 days.

Daniel, son of P. G. and Elizabeth Shipman, Jan. 16, 1858, aged 6 months and 1 day.

Helen Chandler, dau. of P. G. and Sarah Shipman, March 5, 1864, aged 33 years 7 months and 3 days.

Parson G. Shipman, Jan. 19, 1871, aged 71 years 8 months and 29 days.

Lydia Daniels, sister of Daniel Shipman, was born July 13, 1763; d. in Mulnott, U. C., July 19th, 1861.

SARAH E. SHIPMAN.

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Marriages. Arad, son of Arad and Martha Evans, of the town of Paris, Oneida Co., N. Y., m. Eleanor W. Shipman, Sept. 24, 1826.

Births. Martha Jane Evans, b. June 24th, 1827, at Cazenovia, N. Y.
Daniel Shipman Evans, b. June 15th, 1830, Cazenovia, N. Y.
John Orville Evans b. Feb. 7, 1837, at Fayetteville, N. Y.
Edwin Henry Evans, Dec. 4, 1839, Fayetteville, N. Y.

Deaths. Martha Jane Evans, June 18, 1842.
Edward Henry Evans, Oct 1st, 1841.

Married. John Orville Evans m. Carrie Beard, Nov. 15, 1865.

Sarah Ammarilly Shipman, m. Sept. 1836, to William H. Wallace, of Rochester, N. Y.

Births. Henry William Wallace, 1838. Matthew Thornton Wallace, 1841.

Dr. John Orville Shipman m. Rachel Green, of Chenango Co., N. Y. Dr. Daniel Madison Shipman, m., 1st, Sarah Townsend. Children: *Mary Antoinette* and Sarah m. 2d, Mary Yelverton. Children: *Henry* and *Louisa*. Dr. Joseph A. Shipman m. Hannah Hunter in 1841. Children: *Martha Jane, Madison, Mary, Orville* and *Henry*. The last two are dead.

STRONG FAMILY.

[Additions.]

On page 708 it is said that *Ebenezer* Strong was "probably the son of Adino Strong, Sen., b. before his removal to Woodbury." Further investigations render this supposition to be a truth. Ebenezer was the oldest son of Adino, b. Sept. 27, 1704. His 2d w., Mary Smith, was b. 12th Feb. 1707. This has been stated to the writer by Rev. Benj. W. Dwight, of Clinton, N. Y. The conclusive evidence, however, is found in the wills of Adino and his wife, Eunice, where he is especially mentioned as the first born. Mr. Hermon Perry, of Southbury, searched out these wills.

Children of Ebenezer and Mary Strong. 1. *Elizabeth*, b. Nov. 27, 1729, m. Asa Johnson. Children: *Justus, Asa, Amos*, and a dau. who m. David Sanford. 2. *Eunice*, b. 14th Aug., 1731, m. David Birce. Children: *Eunice*, m. Phineas Barnes; *Comfort*, m. John Edwards; *Currence*, m. John Platt; *Mercy* m. Wm. Platt; *Betty* d. young; *Patience* m. Samuel Botsford.

3. *Dorcas*, b. Oct. 13, 1733, m. Amos Bronson.

4. *Charles*, b. June 26, 1735, m. Betty Hinman, dau. of Andrew Hinman. Children: 1. *Benjamin*, removed to Coos. 2. *Lucretia*, m. Oliver Chatfield; 3. *Anna*, m. Simeon Mitchell; *Betty*, m. Thomas Ames, removed to Coos; *Andrew* m. Sarah Hopkins, removed to Bangor, Me.; 4 and 5. *Mary* and *Olive*, (twins); Mary m. Deacon Frederick Perry. Children: *Betsey, Charles, Sophia* and *Andrew;* 6. *Olive*, m. Abner Clark, of Northampton, and removed to Ohio. Children by 2d wife: *Charles* and *Harmon*—removed to Western New York. 5. *Josiah*, b. 5th Jan., 1737, m. Mary Baldwin, of Woodbridge. 6. *Molly*, b. 14th Oct. 1740, d. unm.; 7. *Ebenezer*, b. 8 June, 1743, m. Patience Hinman. Children: *Ephraim*, m. —— Hale, of Glastonbury, *Rebecca*, who m. Nathaniel Bacon. 8. *Mercy*, b. 13th Sept., 1745, m. Sylvester Wooster—removed to Herkimer Co., N. Y.

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STODDARD FAMILY.

Charles S. Woodward, Esq., a great-grandson of Rev. Anthony Stoddard, has furnished me the following additional matter, including some repetitions of the items contained in the former edition for the sake of greater clearness in tracing the connections of the family:

Issue of Rev. Anthony Stoddard. Rev. ANTHONY STODDARD, b. Aug. 9, 1678, d. Sept. 6, 1760, graduated at Harvard, 1697. Settled as minister at Woodbury, Conn., where he continued sixty years. He m. 1st, Prudence Wells, dau. of Robert and Elizabet Goodrich Wells, of Wethersfield, Conn., Oct. 20, 1700. Prudence was born 1682, died May, 1714, aged 32; m. 2d, Jan. 31, 1715, Mary Sherman, dau. of Edmond and Susannah Sherman, who died Jan. 12, 1720, aged 29. Children: 1. *Mary*, b. June 19, 1702, m. Joseph Curtiss, son of Stephen and Sarah Minor Curtiss, b. Oct. 20, 1700. 2. *Solomon*, b. Oct. 12, 1703, died May 23, 1727, of sickness called "great fever." 3. *Eliakim*, b. April 3, 1703, d. 1750. He m. Joanna Curtiss, dau. of Ensign John and Johanna Curtiss, in 1729. 4. *Elisha*, b. Nov. 24, 1706, d. 1766. He m. Rebekah Curtiss, dau. of Stephen and Sarah Minor Curtiss. *Israel*, b. Aug. 7, 1708, d. May 30, 1727. *John*, b. March 2, 1710. 7. *Prudence*, b. Oct. 12, 1711, m. Mr. Glover, and settled in Newtown Conn. 8. *Gideon*, b. May 27, 1714, m. in 1734, Olive Curtiss, dau. of Peter Curtiss, and grand-daughter of Israel and Rebecca Curtiss. 9. *Esther*, b. Oct. 11, 1716, m. Preserved Strong. 10. *Abijah*, b. Feb. 28, 1718, m., April 4, 1739, Eunice Curtiss, dau. of Ensign John and Johannah Curtiss. 11. *Elizabeth*, b. Nov. 15, 1719, m. Daniel Munn. They had one child, *Elizabeth*, who m. Lewis Beers.

Issue of Eliakim and Joanna Curtiss Stoddard. 1. Lieut. *John*, b. Jan 26, 1730, d. June 22, 1795, m. Mary Atwood, April 15, 1751. She was dau. of Lieut. Jonathan and Hannah Sherman Atwood, born April 20, 1733 and d. Jan. 16, 1802, residence Watertown, Conn. 2. *Israel*, b. Jan. 28, 1732, d. Aug. 8, 1794. He m. July 4, 1759, Elizabeth Reade. 3. *Anthony*, b. Oct 21, 1734, d. 1785, m. Phebe Reade, sister of Elizabeth, wife of Israel 2. 4. *Joanna*, b. July 16, 1738, m. Reuben Squires. 5. *Prudence*, b. Sept. 24, 1740, m. John Marchant. 6. *Eliakim*, b. July 25, 1742, d. in infancy. 7. *Seth*, b. Dec. 2, 1744, m. Hannah Noyes, of Sharon, Conn. 7. *Abigail*, b. Aug. 2, 1747, d. Dec. 17, 1808, m. Oct. 17, 1765, Israel Woodward, b. March 17, 1740, d. Nov. 22, 1814. 9. *Eliakim*, b. Dec. 11, 1749, d. in Canada.

Issue of Lieut. John and Mary Atwood Stoddard. 1. *Samson*, b. Oct. 25, 1752, d. Nov. 1, 1809, m. 1st, Susannah Nettleton, who d. April 24, 1779; m. 2d, Amy Goodwin, who d. Sept. 16, 1827. 2. *Abiram*, b. Oct. 25, 1756, d. Oct. 25, 1776. 3. *Wells*, b. July 1, 1759, d. Nov. 11, 1838, m Sarah Hickcox, who d. June 3, 1841, aged 80. 4. *Phebe*, b. Feb. 19, 1761, d. Sept. 25, 1827, m. Dec. 2, 1779, Josiah Hickcox, who was b. Sept. 9, 1760, d. Sept. 20, 1786. 5. *John*, b. July 1, 1763, d. Feb. 24, 1821, m. Sarah Woodward, dau. of Nathan and Sarah Hickcox Woodward, who was b. Sept. 17, 1766. 6. *Submit*, b. March 17, 1766, d. Sept. 7, 1775. 7. *Joanna*, b. Feb. 19, 1767, d. June 5, 1847, m. Eri Parker. 8. *Mary*, b. June 11, 1771, d. in 1845, m. 1st, Randall Judd, parents of Lewis Judd, late of Woodbury. He d. 2d, Nathaniel Curtis. 9.

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Sarah, b. May 13, 1773, d. May 20, 1831, m. James Williams, b. May 13, 1775, d. at Cherry Valley, N. Y., Dec. 20, 1809. 10. *Israel*, b. Feb. 15, 1776, d. April 4, 1859, m. 1st, Polly Wilson; 2d, Mary Wilson, both of Harwinton, Conn. 11. *Eliakim*, b. Aug. 10, 1779, d. Feb. 28, 1860, m. 1st, Lois Matthews, b. April 23, 1781, d. Dec. 12, 1842; 2d, Nancy Adsit, July 13, 1843. She was b. Dec. 20, 1794, d. Oct 29, 1860.

Issue of Israel and Elizabeth Reade Stoddard: 1. *Phebe*, b. Nov. 25, 1766, d. in 1775. 2. *Asa*, b. Sept. 4, 1762, d. in Dayton, Ohio April 11, 1842, m. Armenal Prindle, who d. at Woodbury Nov. 8, 1825, aged 63. 3. *James*, b. May 14, 1765, d. in Washington, Conn., 1805, m. Mary Judson, by whom he had five children. He was a Physician. 4. *Elizabeth*, b. June 17, 1769, d. Aug. 2, 1848, at Mansfield, Ohio, m. Taylor Sherman, son of Hon. Daniel and Mindwell Sherman. He was a lawyer, resided at Norwalk, Conn., where he d. May 4, 1815.

Issue of Abigail Stoddard Woodward: 1. *Rev. Israel Beard Stoddard*, b. Dec. 4, 1767, Congregational minister, d. at Wolcott, Conn., Nov. 17, 1810, m. Sally, dau. of Rev. John Smalley, of New Britain, Conn. 2. *Pamela*, b. April 15, 1770, d. Dec. 18, 1830, m. Chester Belden, resided at Hudson, N. Y. 3. *Abigail*, b. May 19, 1772, d. at Watertown, Conn., Sept. 21, 1850, unmarried. 4. *Anna*, b. Dec. 4, 1774, d. at Watertown, Conn., April 21, 1862, m. Younglove Cutler. March 19, 1805, who d. April 29, 1816. Children: Dotha Stone Cutler, b. Dec. 23, 1805, d. at Watertown, Conn., Jan. 26, 1826; Hon. Leman Woodward Cutler, b. Dec. 12, 1807, m. Oct 31, 1831, Mary E. Holcomb, dau. of Rev. Frederic Holcomb, D. D., residence, Watertown, Conn. 5. *Asa*, b. Aug. 24, 1779, d. June 1st, 1864, m. April 6, 1801, Hannah Hickcox, dau. of Josiah and Phebe Stoddard Hickcox, b. April 6, 1781, d. April 14, 1851, residence, Watertown, Conn. They had one son, Charles Stoddard Woodward, b. Oct. 10, 1804, m. Jan. 20, 1852, Maria L. Andrew, of Litchfield, Conn. b. March 6, 1820. Children: Charles Asa, b. April 12, 1855; Andrew Jackson, b. July 8, 1857.

Issue of Phebe Stoddard Hickcox: 1. *Hannah*, b. April 6., 1781, m. Asa Woodward. 2. *Samuel*, b. Jan. 17, 1783, d. Oct. 29, 1839, m., about 1805, Huldah, dau. of Col. Aner Bradley, of Watertown, Conn. Issue, one son, Samuel Josiah, b. Oct. 20, 1806, d. at New Orleans Oct. 18, 1832, unmarried. 3. *Josiah*, b. Feb. 13, 1786, d. Jan. 10, 1787.

Issue of Asa and Armenal Prindle Stoddard: 1. *Henry*, born in Woodbury, Conn, March 18, 1788, was a Lawyer, residence, Dayton, Ohio, where he d. Nov. 1, 1869; m. 1st, Harriet L. Patterson, Dec. 4, 1821. She d. Oct. 1, 1822, leaving one son, Asa P. b. Sept. 21, 1822. Henry m., Aug. 27, 1833, Susan C. Williams. Children: Henry, b. Jan. 2, 1835; John W., b. Oct. 1, 1837; Ebenezer Fowler, b. July 16, 1845. 2d w. d. April 4, 1861. 2. Elizabeth, b. Oct. 23, 1789, d. April 30, 1861, m. Ebenezer Fowler; one son, Henry S. Fowler, residence, Dayton, Ohio. 3. Ann M., b. Nov. 21, 1792, m. Sheldon T. Gibbs; one daughter, Mary Ann, residence, Dayton, Ohio.

Issue of Elizabeth Stoddard Sherman: 1. *Charles Robert Sherman*, b. Sept. 26, 1778, at Norwalk, Conn.; d. June 24, 1829, m., May 10, 1810, Mary Hoyt, of Norwalk, Conn. He studied law in the office of his father and of Judge Chapman, of Newtown; was admitted to the bar in 1810, and soon after re-

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moved to Lancaster, in Fairfield County, Ohio. 2. *Daniel Sherman*, b. March 26, 1790, d. in Monroeville, Ohio, Nov. 12, 1864. 3. *Elizabeth Sherman*, b. Dec. 7, 1791, d. at Mansfield, Ohio, April, 1851, m. Jacob Parker, who d. Dec 31, 1858; three children only are living.

Issue of Charles Robert and Mary Hoyt Sherman: 1. *Charles Taylor*, b. Feb. 3, 1811, residence Mansfield, Ohio. 2. *Mary Elizabeth* b. in Lancaster, Ohio, April 21, 1812. 3. *James*, b. Dec. 12, 1814, d. at Cincinnati, Ohio, July 10, 1864. 4. *Amelia*, b. Feb. 1816, d. Jan. 9, 1862, residence, Mansfield Ohio. 5. *Julia Ann*, b. July 24, 1818, d. April 7, 1842. 6. *William Tecumseh*, b. Feb. 8, 1820, m. in Washington, D. C., May 1, 1850, Ellen Boyle, dau. of Hon. Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, has six children and is now General of the United States Army. 7. *Sampson Parker*, b. Oct. 13, 1821; a banker, Des Moines Iowa. 8. *John*, b. in Lancaster, Ohio, May 10, 1823, m. Aug 31, 1848, M. L. Cecelia Stewart; now Senator in Congress of United States. 9. *Susan Denman*, b. Oct. 10, 1825, m. Nov. 7, 1848, Hon. Thomas W. Bartley, Ex-Governor and Supreme Judge State of Ohio, residence Cincinnati, Ohio. 10. *Hoyt*, b. Nov. 1, 1827. Lawyer and banker, residence Des Moines, Iowa. 11. *Frances Beecher*, b. May 3, 1829.

On page 534, "Curtiss Family," the following correction should be made, viz: Joseph Curtiss, son of Stephen and Sarah Minor Curtiss—he was b. Oct. 20, 1700, d. June 5, 1727, m. Mary Stoddard, b. June 19, 1702, d. May 27 1727. She was daughter of Rev. Anthony Stoddard and left two children. 1. *Prudence*, b. June 1724, m. Wm. Martin, settled in Bethlehem, Conn. Reared a numerous family. One of her sons, Samuel Stoddard Martin, m. Olive Minor and resided on the homestead many years. 2. *Thaddeus*, bap. April 24, 1726, m. —— Stoddard, and removed to Rutland, Vt. about 1761. Six children: 1. *Mary*, bap. April 8, 1750. 2. *Sarah*, bap. Sept. 24, 1752. 3. *Thaddeus*, bap. Sept. 29, 1754. 4. *Mary*, bap. July 11, 1756. 5. *Elizabeth*, bap. Feb. 19, 1758. 6. *Prudence*, bap. May 25, 1760.

Mr. Elijah W. Stoddard (I believe he sails under the title of *Reverend*) in his genealogy of the Stoddard family, published in 1865, p. 45. Speaking of the late Col. Henry Stoddard, of Dayton Ohio, mentioned on page 714, chose to make the following false and slanderous remark, with what good purpose cannot be seen. "In Cothren's 'Ancient Woodbury,' references are made to Henry above, which, as I learn, 'are very *incorrect* as to *dates*, *facts* and *inferences*, and were in no part furnished by him, and were not known to him till read in the printed copy of the book." The author has to say, that *all* the *dates* and *facts* were furnished him by Col. Stoddard, and he has now in his possession the original manuscript. He had been for a great number of years, indeed from his very youth, residing in the West, and the writer had no other means of obtaining the *facts* and *dates* except from himself. It is to be remarked here, that this statement is not to be so much wondered at, when one examines the account of the *Woodbury* Stoddard families in this Mr. Stoddard's Genealogy, and notes the manifold and inexcusable blunders and inaccuracies contained in it.

Col. Henry Stoddard remained to the end of his life a friend to the writer, never finding any fault with anything in the Woodbury History. He always was liberal in donations towards any Woodbury local object. As an instance, he contributed $50 towards the erection of our "Father's Monument."

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He was b. in Woodbury, March 18, 1788, and d. at Dayton, Ohio, Nov. 1, 1869. Went into a store when 16 years of age, (1804,) remained five years (1809,) when he commenced the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1812. In 1816 he went West. He commenced the investigation of the Amos Stoddard matter in 1837, which eventuated in his great and successful lawsuit before the Supreme Court of the United States. He retired from the active practice of the law in 1844, giving his attention only to the Amos Stoddard matter, his own private business, and the business of a few of his old country clients, whose affairs he had managed for 25 or 30 years and who would not be thrown off. Age and its infirmities came creeping on however, and for the last six years of his life, he had not been away from his home.

An extract from a Dayton paper will show the appreciation of Col. Stoddard by his fellow-citizens:—

"Another of the pioneers of the Dayton Bar is gone. Henry Stoddard, Sr., the oldest lawyer in Dayton, died at his residence in this city, yesterday, at one o'clock, P. M. Although advanced in years and of feeble health, the announcement of his death will be received by his many friends with surprise. On Friday last he was as well as usual; on Saturday, though not so well, his indisposition was not such as to seriously alarm his family, but early on Sunday morning there was an alarming change for the worse, which continued until the last.

"The deceased was a son of Asa Stoddard, who died, at an advanced age, in this city in 1842. The family of Stoddard are descendants of Rev. Anthony Stoddard, whose grandfather, Anthony Stoddard, a citizen of London, emigrated to this country and settled in Boston, Mass., more than two hundred years ago. It is large, and comprises many men of eminence and worth, among whom are Senator Sherman, of Ohio, and his distinguished brother, General W. T. Sherman.

"Henry Stoddard, Sr., was born at Woodbury, Connecticut, on the 18th day of March, 1788, and at the time of his death was in the 82d year. In his 25th year he was admitted to practice law in the State of Connecticut, and four years after he emigrated to the West, and settled in Dayton, then a village of six hundred inhabitants. He made the journey from the East on horseback, in company with Judge George B. Holt, who, since the death of Mr. Stoddard, is the oldest member of the Dayton Bar.

"Mr. Stoddard was eminently successful as a lawyer, and by his ability and exertions as such, early acquired a competency, upon which, after an active and well spent life, about twenty years ago, he retired from practice and devoted his time to his own affairs and to the care of his estates.

"As a lawyer, Mr. Stoddard was remarkable for the care with which his cases were prepared, and for the learning and ability displayed during their trial. His strict integrity and determined character enabled him to acquire a large practice, and for many years after he had retired from the active duties of his profession, he received from a number of his old clients in this county such earnest entreaties to attend to their legal business, that their death only relieved him from what he looked upon as a duty. For many years before his death, Mr. Stoddard was an earnest and consistent Christian, a member and one of the founders of the First Presbyterian Church of this

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city, and contributed liberally toward its support. For all charitable objects his hand was open, and his abundant means enabled him to accomplish much good.

"It is with unmixed sadness we chronicle the loss to our community of one of its most prominent members, and the Bar of its oldest, and for many years its leading practitioner. But we mourn not for him. He had passed the alloted time of three score years and ten, and will now enjoy the rest, he has earned by a long and virtuous life."

Col. Stoddard m. 1st, Harriet L. Patterson, Dec. 4, 1821, who d. Oct. 1, 1822, leaving children: *Asa P.*, b. Sept. 21, 1822. He m. 2d, Susan C. Williams, who d. April 4, 1861. Children: *Henry*, b. Jan. 2, 1835, m. Sallie L. Kemper. Children: 1. *Henry*, b. Aug. 11, 1860. 2. *Carleton*, b. Dec. 27, 1861. 3. *Frank*, b. Sept. 13, 1863. 4. *Rebecca L.*, b. Nov. 4, 1866.

John W., b. Oct. 1, 1837, m. May 7, 1861, Susan Kiefer. Children: 1. *Susan K.*, b. April 1, 1863, d. Aug. 2, 1868. 2. *Charles Grimes*, b. Jan. 31, 1865. 3. *Daniel Keifer*, b. July 29, 1869, d. July 1st, 1870.

Eliza Jane, b. March 25, 1843.

Ebenezer Fowler, b. July 16, 1845. Entered Yale College Sept. 1863. m. Nov. 10, 1868, Elizabeth W. Lowe. Child: *Marianna Phillips*, b. Sept. 30, 1869, d. April 6, 1870.

Dea. Gideon Stoddard[4], (11) p. 7[15], had three more children than he is credited with on that page, viz: *Chloe*, b. Nov. 30, 1764, m. Samuel Martin; *Ruth*, b. May 30, 1768, and *Oliver*, b. in 1771.

SEDGWICK FAMILY.

Gen. Robert Sedgwick was m. in England, emigrated to this country, and was one of the early settlers of Charlestown, Mass. He d. at Jamaica, W. I., May 24, 1656. His wid. Johanna d. later than 1657. Children: 1. Sam. bap. 1639. 2. Hannah, bap. 1641. 3. WILLIAM, bap. 1643. 4. Robert. 5. Sarah.

3. WILLIAM, of Hartford, Conn., m. Elizabeth Stone, dau. of Rev. Samuel Stone, second minister of Hartford, Conn. Had one child. 4. Samuel, b. 1667.

This child *Samuel* (4) m. Mary Hopkins, of Hartford, grand-dau. of Stephen Hopkins, one of the early settlers of that town 1689. Capt. Samuel Sedgwick d. March 24, 1735, in his 69th year, and was buried in West Hartford burial ground. His wid., buried in the same place, d. Sept. 4, 1743, aged 73. Children: 4. *Samuel*, b. Aug. 22, 1690. 5. *Jonathan*, b. March 29, 1693. 6. *Ebenezer*, b. Feb. 25, 1695. 7. *Joseph*, b. May 16, 1697. 8. *Stephen*, b. Mar. 17, 1701. 9. *Abigail*, b. Feb. 28, 1703. 10. *Mary*, b. July 1, 1705. 11. WILLIAM, b. June 29, 1707. 12. *Elizabeth*, b. Dec. 10, 1708. 13. *Thankful*, b. Nov. 3, 1710. 14. *Mercy*, b. Jan. 18, 1713. 15. *Benjamin*, b. Nov. 7, 1716.

WILLIAM, (No. 11,) of Hartford, Conn., m. Mirriam Hopkins, widow of Elias Hopkins, of Hartford, and dau. of Capt. Daniel Webster, of Hartford, May 14, 1761.[1] Elias Hopkins was son of Consider Hopkins, of Hartford, b.

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[1] Capt. Daniel Webster was great-grandson of John Webster, one of the first settlers of Hartford, Conn., and one of the early Governors of Connecticut,—in the line of his son Robert Webster, and grandfather of the late

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in 1726. William Sedgwick d. 1771, aged 64. His wid., after two other intermarriages, d. Sept. 17, 1819, aged nearly 90. Children: 16. *William*, bap. June 6, 1762. 17. TIMOTHY, born Dec. 7, 1763. He d. Oct. 2, 1833, aged nearly 70.

17. TIMOTHY m. Lucy Sedgwick, Oct. 4, 1787. She was b. Oct. 17, 1771. She d. Dec. 12, 1858. Children: 18. *Hannah* m. Timothy C. Steele, Jan. 1, 1809. She d. Feb. 19, 1868. 20. *Nancy*, b. Feb. 15, 1791, m. Timothy Anderson, Jan. 26, 1815. 21. *Timothy Jr.*, b. June 30, 1793, m. 1st, June 12, 1820, Amni Mix, who was b. 22d March, 1777. She d. Feb. 2, 1866; m. 2d, Mariva E. Holmes, May 23, 1867. 22. *Hiram*, b. Sept. 16, 1795, m. Almira S. Merriam, Ap. 29, 1819. 23. *Pamela*, b. Feb. 28, 1798, m. Horace Wells, Dec. 24, 1823. 24. *Levi*, b. Aug. 11, 1800, d. June 10, 1868, m. 1st, Lucy Ensign, Oct. 12, 1825. She d. Sept. 1, 1830, aged 26. Mar. 2d, Sarah Lewis, who d. Sept. 6, 1853, aged 51. Children: *George Ensign*, d. Dec. 28, 1849, aged 21 *Thomas*, d. Dec. 9, 1850, aged 18. *Willard Whiting* d. June 15, 1856, aged 18. *Levi A.*, d. Sept. 11, 1861, aged 31. 25. WILLIAM, July 12, 1803, d. March 11, 1864; m. 1st, Louisa Brace, March 20, 1828. She d. April 6, 1854; m. 2d, Anne Louisa Barber, Feb. 1, 1855. 26. *Mary*, b. Jan. 31, 1806, m. Harry Goodwin March 15, 1832, d. April 4, 1843. 27. *Amos*, b. May 6, 1808, d. Dec 5, 1866. 28. *Lucy Ann*, b. July 28, 1810, d. Oct. 23, 1815.

25. WILLIAM, m. 1st, Louisa Brace, March 20, 1828. She was b. June 21, 1803. Children: 29. *Helen Louise*, b. June 11, 1829. 30. *John Webster*, b. July 24, 1831. 31. Timothy, b. July 20, 1833, m. 2d, Annie Louisa Barber, Feb. 1, 1855. Children: 32. William *Thompson*, b. Dec. 9, 1855.

30. JOHN WEBSTER m. Mary Annie Wood, May 18, 1858. Children: 37. *Ella Adele*, b. June 11, 1859. 38. *Clarence Wood*, b. Sept. 1, 1863.

31. TIMOTHY, m. Mary Elizabeth Wentworth, June 14, 1855. Children: 33. *George Wentworth* b. Aug. 22, 1856. 34. *Louisa Brace*, b. Dec. 22, 1858. 35. *Mary Emma*, b. Nov. 24, 1861. 36. *Edward Timothy*, b. Oct. 5, 1865, d. April 4, 1867. Mrs. S. d. Oct. 1868.

From the first Gen. Robert Sedgwick, in direct lineage, are descended Gen. Charles F. Sedgwick, of Sharon, Conn., now and for many years State's Attorney for Litchfield County, and Major Geo. John Sedgwick, of the United States' Army, who fell a patriotic sacrifice in the war of the Rebellion in defence of the country he loved so well. He was removed by six generations from Major Gen. Robert Sedgwick, who struck such sturdy blows for the rights of the people while marching under the banners of Cromwell. He was b. in Cornwall Hollow, Conn., 13th Sept. 1813. He was killed at Spottsylvania by a sharp-shooter, while on a reconnoisance. He was borne to his home at Cornwall Hollow, and a public funeral offered by the Legislature, which was declined by the family, with thanks. No military salute was fired above his grave, but, as the body was lowered to its last resting place, a peal of thunder, like the roar of distant artillery, reverberated along the heavens, sounding his requium. And the tired soldier rested. Miss Catharine Sedgwick, the authoress, is of the same lineage.

Noah Webster, LL D., author of the Dictionary. Charles Webster, brother of the latter, m. 1st, Betsey Woodruff. Children: Charles and Nelson. Mar 2d, Mrs. Joanna Wilkinson, b. 3d Jan. 1776. Children: Elizabeth A., b. Nov. 10, 1811, and Hon. John W. Webster, of Waterbury, b. Jan. 19, 1817.

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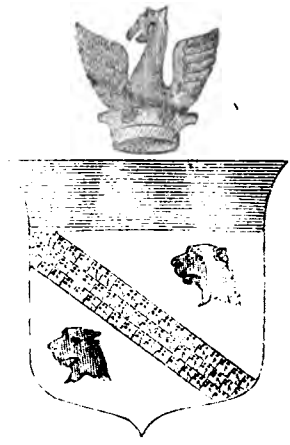
STEELE FAMILY.



Argent a bend chequy sable and ermine between two lions' heads erased gules; a chief azure. *Crest*—Out of a ducal coronet or, a demi ostrich with wings endorsed, gules.

Quite a full account of the Woodbury Steele family, was given in the first volume. Since then a full history of the name in this country has been published by Mr. Daniel Steele Durrie, of Albany, N. Y., to which those desiring a full account of the name are referred.

Mr. John Steele was the first of the name in this country. His name appears *first* in connection with Dorchester, one of the earliest settlements of the colony of Massachusetts, in the year 1630, ten years only after the arrival of the Pilgrim company in the Mayflower.

Next he is found to have been one of the proprietors of Cambridge, (first called Newtown,) in 1632. Two others, George and Henry Steele, were also proprietors at the same time. Mr. John Steele, having been made freeman by the Court in 1634, was elected a representative from Cambridge, in 1635; Cambridge being designed to be the capital of the colony, as it was soon after the seat of the University.

During this period, however, the numerous arrivals at Cambridge, and the want of pasture lands in the vicinity, induced a portion of the people, including a number of their chief men, with the Rev. Mr. Hooker, their pastor, to seek another location. Another inducement for their removal was, a dislike of some regulations, which were thought to circumscribe their rights as freemen. The proposed enterprise met with strong opposition, but at length its advocates obtained the consent of the majority, and Mr. John Steele, in the autumn of 1635, led the pioneer band through the rugged, pathless wilder-

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ness, to a new location on the Connecticut river. As leader and magistrate, he appears to have conducted the expedition safely and wisely. Arriving late in the season, they had to endure all the trials and hardships of a severe winter, with the labors of clearing the forests, constructing their rude dwellings, securing food, and of protecting themselves from cold and wet, the ravages of wild beasts, and the warlike savage. Bravely persevering, while other expeditions during the same season failed, and many perished, they succeeded. And in the ensuing summer came the main portion of their company—men, women and children, with their minister—to their new home.

Here, on the margin of the river, near the head of its navigable waters, and through much toil, patient endurance, aud trust in an Almighty arm for success, they laid the foundations for a *new town*, afterwards named Hartford; and of a new Colony (Connecticut) the *third* of the colonies of New England. And here the subject of this narrative, as a faithful head of a family, as an active member of the church, as a magistrate, as one of the principal members of their legislative, judicial, colony Court, aided in establishing a community, the duration, wisdom, and happy influence of whose institutions have been, with few exceptions, the glory of the State. During twenty-three years elected to the principal Colony Court, he was present at eighty-eight, at least, of its sessions, and engaged in its legislative and judicial decisions, and for four years its Secretary, or Recorder. For nearly twenty years he was also recorder of the town of Hartford, and for a time Recorder of Farmington.

His closing years were passed in Farmington, where he was a member of their church. His residence in Hartford was on the Main street, just North of the present Atheneum. His will bears date Jan. 30, 1663–4. He died Nov. 25, 1665.

A very complete pedigree, from the first John Steele down to the Woodbury branch, was inserted, in the former edition. But as Mr. Durrie, in his exhaustive examination, was able to discover some additional dates, a few of the generations will be repeated to include these, and the latest information.

1. JOHN STEELE,[1] b. in Essex Co., Eng., came to New England about 1631–2. Settled 1st at Newtown—now Cambridge, Mass.—removed to Hartford, Conn., and thence to Farmington, Conn. He m. 1st, Rachel ——, probably in England. She d. in 1653; m. 2d, Mercy, wid. of Richard Seamer, or Seymour, at Farmington, Conn., d. Nov. 25, 1665,[1] Had 8 Children: among whom was—2. JOHN, JR.[2], m. Mercy Warner in 1645, d. before his father, in 1653–4. After his decease, his widow m. Thomas Hill. She was dau. of Andrew Warner, who came from Cambridge to Hartford in 1635–6. They had six children, the last of whom was,

3. Samuel[3], b. March 15, 1652, m. Sept., 1680, Mercy, dau. of Major Wm Bradford; he d. 1710. She d. 1720. He resided in Hartford, Conn.; had five sons and two dau., of whom was—4. THOMAS[4], b. Sept. 9, 1681; m. May 10. 1709, Susanna Webster; he d. 1757. She d., Nov. 27, 1757. Resided in West Hartford, Conn. Had eight children, of whom the second was 5. Samuel[5], b. March 11, 1712; m. Dec. 20, 1739, Elizabeth Merry; 2d, Martha S——; he d. Sept. 12, 1779. Had fifteen children, the fifth of whom was Allyn—pp. 691–

[1] Durrie has it 1655, p. 7., a mistake of ten years.

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692. The remainder of the pedigree is full from this point, except such items as have originated since 1852.

Page 693. Roderick S. Woodruff m. Clara Shear, of New York City, Nov. 28, 1871. 80. *Henry*, d. July 29, 1869. *Mary Louisa Steele*, m. Henry D. Atwater, of New York City, Oct. 10, 1866. He was b. May 23, 1836.

Thomas Sedgwick Steele, m. Annie E. Smith, Nov. 10, 1868. She was b. March 8, 1844.

82. *Charles A. Steele*, m. Jane E. Parmelee, Sept. 11, 1839.

Hannah Sedgwick Steele, p. 693, d. Jan. 19, 1868. Julia A., dau. of George T. Steele, (No. 83, p. 693,) b. Nov. 1, 1848, m. Samuel D. Bull, May 24, 1870.

Lucy J., (p. 693) m. Austin Curtiss, Sept. 18, 1861. Have one child: Chas. Henry, b. Oct. 14, 1864. *Frances L.*, (p. 693) m. Frederick T. Stone, Oct. 18, 1871.

THOMAS FAMILY.

Page 722. John Thomas was the father of Jeremiah Thomas who first settled on the summit of the hill known as Good Hill, on the main road from Woodbury to Roxbury. Jeremiah Thomas first settled on that part of Roxbury known as the lower road, a little west of where the Baldwin family now reside. His sons all died unmarried save Deacon Charles, who inherited all the real estate, but was to pay so large legacies to the daughters in cash, he was obliged to dispose of a considerable portion of the real estate, to do it; retaining a homestead, which has been handed down through three successive generations of sons, and is now owned by George W. Thomas, youngest son of Capt. Charles Thomas. Deacon Charles, son of Jeremiah, married Mary Burgess, (instead of Barges, as you have it in the history,) of Branford. The Burgesses now residing in Washington are a branch of this family. Deacon Charles' children were: 1st, Deacon John, who married Parnel Weller, and died without issue. 2d, Jeremiah, who married 1st, Sarah Judson, by whom he had twelve children; he moved to Spencertown, N. Y., but soon after returned to Salisbury, Conn., where he died. Two of his sons entered the profession of Law, one settling in the State of N. Y., the other in Ohio. 3d, Mary, married 1st, Noah Dudley, by whom she had one son; 2d, Seth Mitchell, by whom she had one daughter and two sons, one of which now resides at Montrose, Penn., at the advanced age of 87 years. 3d, Deacon Ichabod Ward. 4th, David, who died in infancy. 5th, David, who married Abigail Case; his children were Benajah C., Polly, Abigail, Calvin, who held the office of Quartermaster in the war of 1812; John, who received the appointment of Postmaster in the town where he resided; Sally and Anna. David moved from Connecticut to Vermont, and from there to Jefferson Co. N. Y., and from there to Northern Ohio, where many of the descendants now reside, while many others are scattered over the different States. 6th, Charles married Jerusha Weller, and had three children; Charles and Jerusha (twins) and Mary. Joshua, the twin, died unmarried at the age of 21, first victim in Roxbury of the scourge known as the New Milford fever. Charles married 1st, Susanna Warner, by whom he had three children: Charles W. who receiv-

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ed the degree of A. B. from Yale College, and is now a Methodist clergyman in Texas; has held the office of Presiding Elder in his conference; Daniel W., who went south and died at the age of 25; Elvira C., who now resides at West Haven, Ct., m. 2d, Jane Miller, by whom he had two children: Jerusha J., who is married and now lives in West Haven, Conn.: and George W., who is also married, and now lives at the old homestead in Roxbury, and has a family of five children—two sons and three daughters. 7th, Annis, who married Abel Bronson. 8th, Sarah, who married Thomas Warner. 9th. Susanna, who married Stephen Terrill. 10th, James, who died in childhood. Capt. Charles is still living, at the advanced age of 80 years, and is now at West Haven, Ct., with his daughter, a pleasant, genial old gentleman. Capt. Charles' mother, Jerusha Waller, did not die, as recorded in the former edition, but lived after her husband's death for more than twenty years, and died at the old homestead, at the advanced age of 94 years.

THOMPSON FAMILY.

[Additions.]

THOMPSON, Ambrose, (page 737) was son of John and Micable Thompson, who were among the first settlers at Stratford, and had numerous descendants. Their own history had a decided romance about it. His wife was Sarah, dau. of John Welles, 1st, of Stratford: (I cannot explain his having children baptized, in two instances, in Woodbury, for he lived in Stratford, and all his children are recorded there.) He would seem to have been visiting Woodbury on these occasions.

Daniel Thompson was son of Daniel, son of Ebenezer, son of Ambrose.

Henry Thompson was son of Daniel, son of Eben^{r}, son of Ambrose.

Doctor Ebenezer, I suppose to be also a descendant of the same line, but cannot positively connect him now.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS was born in Greenwich, Fairfield County, State of Connecticut, the 11th of December, 1787. When six months old, was taken by his grandparents on his father's side, to Woodbury, in Litchfield County, and brought up, and educated by them, principally under the tuition of Matthew Minor, a ripe scholar and a graduate of Yale. When 18 years of age, he commenced the study of law with his uncle, Charles Thompson, and continued with him until February, 1809, when he went to the City of New York, and finished his legal studies, under the supervision of John Anthon, Esq., a distinguished Lawyer of that city.

On the 10th of May, 1809, in the May Term of the Supreme Court of the State, he was admitted to the Bar to practice as an attorney.

After having taken the oath of office as an Attorney, a pleasant incident occurred. On his way back to his seat, he was accosted by an elderly gentleman, who happened to be sitting near his seat, who asked him if he was the son of Wm. A. Thompson, of Woodbury, in Connecticut? To which he replied that he was. "Well," replied the elderly gentleman, "your father and I were school boys together. I am most happy to see you, and I wish you

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to go with me to my office, No. 14 Broad Street, in the city of N Y.," only a few doors from the old City Hall, where General Washington was sworn in as the first President of the United States. This elderly gentleman proved to be Col. John A. Graham. a distinguished and eminent criminal Lawyer, and an urbane and polished gentleman. His partner having died only three weeks before, leaving several suits pending, he was in need of a young Attorney to attend to these suits, and to prepare them for trial—and Wm. A. was pleased with an opportunity to commence business, and improved the opportunity of a copartnership for two years with Col. Graham.

Shortly after the copartnership with Col. Graham had expired. Col. Aaron Burr, the late Vice President of the U. S , returned from Europe, and settled down in the practice of Law at No. 9 Nassau st., N. Y., and needed a young man to aid him in his business, which, on account of his previous high reputation as a Lawyer, had become, in a few days, overwhelming. Timothy Green. an old friend of Col. Burr, having learned the Colonel's necessity, and being acquainted with W. A., recommended him as a suitable person for a partnership in his business—which the Colonel approved of, and continued it for several years.

In 1822 he was elected a member of the Legislature of the State. While there, he introduced a new and safe principle into Banking Institutions, giving great confidence and credit to the circulating medium, never before attained, and which has since been adopted by all the respectable Banking Institutions in the United States.

It consisted in requiring all Banking Institutions, before they commenced operations, to appoint the Governor, Comptroller, and the Attorney General of the State, Trustees, and to deposit in their hands $120 of good securities for every dollar they intended to issue, and that all the bills of the bank should be counter-signed by a Deputy Comptroller, before they were put into circulation. He also procured the bill Incorporating the Merchant's Exchange to be passed.

His speech on a bill relating to the Education of the Indians, is novel and interesting. It will be found in the "National Advocate" of the 24th of January, 1823.

In the Assembly, on the bill Incorporating the Merchants Exchange Co., of the city of N. Y., Mr Thompson said "that in compliance with the request of the gentleman from Allegany, (Judge McCall,) he rose to explain to the members of the House the objects contemplated by the bill, and also to state, that it is now presented for consideration, with such provisions and amendments as corresponded with the views and wishes of the whole Committee to whom it had been committed, composed of the delegation from the city of New York.

"The object of the bill," said he. "is to enable the applicants to purchase ground, and erect thereon an edifice, in some proper and convenient place in that city for the accommodation and convenience of mercantile and commercial men, to be a place of general resort for all persons, either native born or foreigners, who are anywise engaged in commercial pursuits. Buildings of a similar kind have been erected in all the principal commercial cities of Eu-

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rope, and are considered amongst the greatest ornaments and conveniences of those countries. In Liverpool, a city with which we hold a great commercial intercourse it is, he believed, called the 'Merchants Exchange;' the one in London is called the 'Royal Exchange;' and are considered amongst the principal conveniences and advantages of those places. My Honorable friend on the right," said Mr. Thompson, "desires to be informed of the necessity of such an immense appropriation as One Million of Dollars. My answer is, that the ground on which the building is to be erected, being in a business section of the city, must be purchased at a very high price, and it is contemplated that the building itself will be of a stupendous and magnificent structure, calculated to adorn and beautify the great and growing metropolis of this free and prosperous country—and like the Acropolis of Athens, and the Pantheon of Rome, to be a lasting monument of the taste, genius and glory of the age in which we live. An Exchange, or a suitable building for the transaction of business, has long been needed by the citizens. And for myself," said he, "I am happy to see men of sufficient public ambition, like those named in this bill, associated for so laudable and praise-worthy a purpose, as the one expressed in the memorial to this Honorable Body. I therefore hope,' said he, 'as every member of this House must feel a considerable share of pride and ambition in relation to every thing that regards the style and structure of the public edifices of his country, and particularly those of a durable and lasting character, in which the genius and taste of his countrymen are displayed, that he will not hesitate to freely give his assent to the passage of this bill."*

As a memento of his early acquaintance and friendship with Cooper, our distinguished countryman and Novelist, at the request of his mother, Mr. P. caused a law to be passed, adding the name *Fennemore* to his name, as she desired that the name of *Fennemore* should go down to posterity, with the unfading reputation of her distinguished son—James *Fennemore* Cooper.

ADALINE AUGUSTA, m. Joseph M. Palmer, one of the most eminent and distinguished Lawyers in the State of Maryland, as the Law Reports of that State for many years will readily show. He died 4th April, 1870, at the advanced age of 87 years.

JULIA MARGARET, b. June 11, 1795, m. Doctor Rice, a distinguished Physician, and d. 1st March, 1829, at Thompsonville.

CAROLINE REBECCA, b. 28th Jan., 1802, m. James Hillhouse Raymond, of New Haven, 11th June, 1818. He was a graduate of Yale College, studied Law, and commenced the practice of his profession in the State of Maryland. He was a ripe and indefatigable scholar, and wrote and published several books of merit on the different branches of legal science. At the request of the Legislature of that State, he wrote an essay on the subject of free and slave labor, for which he was highly applauded, and pecuniarily rewarded by the State.

CORNELIA ANN, b. 4th Jan., 1801, m. Jonathan Stratton, of Sullivan Co.

* This building fronts on Wall Street, with twelve stone columns of forty-feet in height, three and a half in diameter, and cost $4,000 each.

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He was a prominent citizen of the County, and was twice a member of the Legislature.

Children of Wm. Augustus: *John H. Thompson* was born the 7th day of Feb., 1813, in the City of New York, and died July 25th, 1847, while being educated for the Medical profession.

Wallace Thompson was born on the 5th day of Jan., 1815, and died at Samarang, in the Island of Java, the 11th day of Aug. 1839.

Alfred Thompson was born the 18th day of October, 1816. He was educated for the legal profession, but was obliged to abandon it, to take charge of the family estate.

Eunice Dwight Thompson was born the 12th day of Aug., 1822, in the City of New York, and m. Garet S. Vanwagoner, a Lawyer, of Patterson, N. J., Jan. 25th, 1844.

Had two children: *C. S.* and *Louisa Vanwagoner*.

Frances Amy Thompson was born the 2d day of May, 1824, in the City of New York, and m., March 8th, 1854, Doctor J. S. Chapman, a graduate of the Medical College of Maryland, and son of the Rev. W. H. Chapman, of Virginia.

She had two children: *Nina* and *Josephine*, both b. in the City of New York.

Josephine Thompson, was born the 21st day of August, 1826, in the City of New York, and married Doctor Justo del Risco, of the City of Puerto Principe, in the Island of Cuba. He came to the City of New York and graduated at the Medical College of the city, after which he went to Paris, and perfected himself in the study of Surgery, in which branch of his profession he has since gained distinguished honors.

Cornelius S. Vanwagoner, Jr., was born in the City of New York, on the 8th day of Nov., 1844.

Maria Louise Vanwagoner was born in the City of Patterson, N. J., on the 6th day of Sept., 1846.

Florence del Risco was b. in the City of Puerto Principe, Island of Cuba, on the 30th day of Oct., 1824.

Justico, Arthur and *Josephine del Risco*, were born in the City of Puerto Principe.

TROWBRIDGE FAMILY.

[Additions.]

Page 740. William (3,) of New Haven, *did not* marry 1st a Sullivant, and 2d a Lamberton—but Capt. George Lamberton, of New Haven, who was lost in the fatal ship. Jan. 1646, had a dau. Elizabeth, who m., Oct. 17, 1654, David Sillivant, (Silliman,) and on New Haven Records. William Trowbridge m. March 9, 1657, Elizabeth, widow of Daniel Sillivant.

It was *William Jr.*, that experienced the storm and famine, instead of *William Sen.* 5. *William* m. Thankful, dau. of Rev. Wm. Stow, of Middletown. Page 741. Doct. *Israel L.* should read *Isaac L.*

Henry Aikin, (p. 743,) moved from Middletown to Norfolk, Conn., lived

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with his son Lemuel, d. in 1816, aged 86, and was interred in the old cemetery in that town.

23. *John*, (p. 742,) d. Nov. 11, 1855. His wife Mahala d. April 6, 1855.

TUTTLE FAMILY.

[Additions.]

WILLIAM TUTTLE, from whom the Tuttles in Woodbury and Southbury are descended, emigrated from England in 1635 and settled at New Haven in 1639. In the year 1651, in company with several others he hired a vessel, put his effects on board, and sailed for Delaware Bay. Upon reaching Manhattan, they were intercepted by the Dutch, treated with great indignity, and compelled to return. At the next session of the Commissioners, William Tuttle and Jasper Crane, for themselves and associates, presented a highly wrought statement of their grievances, and demanded severe measures of redress. After the Delaware expedition, William Tuttle remained in New Haven until his decease, which took place in 1673. He possessed considerable wealth, and was also a man of influence, as appears from the fact that the prefix "master" was attached to his name, a term of distinction very sparingly used in those days. He had eight sons and four daughters, and six of the former and three of the latter married, and had families. Their descendants may now be found in almost every State in the Union, and among them are many who have acquired an extended reputation for distinguished ability. The descendants of William, through his daughters, are almost if not quite as numerous as those of his sons. His daughter Elizabeth married Richard Edwards, and was the grandmother of Jonathan Edwards.

William's youngest son, Nathaniel, settled in Woodbury about 1680, and died Aug. 26, 1721.

NEWTON TUTTLE, the great-grandson of Nathaniel, the first settler in Woodbury, was born in the then parish, now the town of Southbury, in the year 1768. On the 10th of Sept., 1786, he married Ruth Pierce, great-granddaughter of Deacon John Pierce, and settled in Southbury as a farmer. But his thoughts and energies were not confined within the limits of his farm, and during the intervals of business, he ardently availed himself of such means of information as were within his reach. About the year 1794, he became a convert to Methodism, and was one of the founders of the first society of that denomination in the town. A short time after he was licensed to preach, and continued to officiate until his decease. The first Methodist society in the town was organized upon George's Hill, so-called, and continued to worship there until about 1832. Mr. Tuttle had the pastoral charge of this society for many years, and frequently officiated in other places.

As his sons became old enough to go into business for themselves, he provided each with a farm, taking the burden upon himself, and in no case allowing them to become indebted to others. In more than one instance he gave up his own homestead to a son, and at great inconvenience to himself sought another residence. Nor did his parental solicitude cease after he had

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started his children in life—he continued to watch over and advise with them as long as he lived, and so elevated was his character, that not one of them would have deemed it prudent to have disregarded his wishes. During his life he became interested in some manufacturing enterprises, which he carried on in connection with his farm. He transacted a large amount of public business, and his services were in frequent requisition as administrator and executor in the settlement of estates, and as guardian for minors. It was his custom to take his wards into his own family, and treat them as his children. A man of lofty character and rigid, perhaps stern ideas of duty, he expected those placed under his charge to conform to the same standard he had set up for himself. His widow used to relate, that at one time he was appointed guardian for a refractory boy, who had been the terror of a whole neighborhood. She begged her husband not to take this boy into the family, for fear his example might be injurious to their own children. But she was overruled, the boy came, and, with no coercion beyond the influence and example of his guardian, turned out to be one of the best behaved boys she had ever seen. If any disagreements arose among his neighbors or friends, he constituted himself a peace-maker, and his efforts were always successful. The late Chief Justice Hinman used to say, that he had met with but few persons who possessed so strong a mind and as well-regulated a judgment as Newton Tuttle.

He represented the town of Southbury in the General Assembly in 1824 and 1828, and died on the 12th of December, 1833. His wife survived him and died in July, 1850, aged eighty-three years.

JOHNSON TUTTLE, No. 66, p. 726, b. Feb. 23d, 1797, farmer, resides in Southbury, Conn. Married, Jan. 21, 1818, Esther Hinman, who was born Feb. 6, 1800. Had one child: *Jennette E.*, who was born Sept. 3, 1811. Farmer, resides in Newtown, Conn., had two children: *Johnson Tuttle Platt*, b. Jan. 12, 1844, m. Sept. 3d, 1867, Mary Jay Pettee, of Mass., who was b. June 7, 1846. Occupation, Lawyer; resides in New Haven, Ct. LL.B Harvard University, 1865; *Theron E. Platt*, b. May 16th, 1848; occupation farmer, resides in Newtown, Conn.

The following is a continuation of the genealogy of the family of Aaron Tuttle, No. 35, p. 725, and Rebecca Wooster. Aaron died Sept. 15, 1836, aged 76 years. Rebecca, his wife, died Oct. 4, 1855, aged 83 years. They had 11 children: *Olin, Cyrus, Anna, Daniel, Betsey, Mary B., William L., David N. Harry, Silas, Aaron.*

Olive, b. Jan. 14, 1791, m. Daniel Rigly March 11th, 1813; d. Nov. 28th, 1824, aged 34 years, had five children: *Ezekiel, David, Abijah, Elkanah, William T.*

Cyrus, b. Jan. 1793, m. Hezekiah Riggs, had no children. He d. July 20, 1870, aged 77 years. Time of her death unknown.

Anna, b. 1795, m. Isaac Benham, had three children: *William, Jared, Betsey Ann.*

Daniel, b. Sept. 4th, 1797, m. Sally Platt, Oct. 7, 1818, had seven children: *Rebecca, Ruby, Melissa, Sarah, Elizer, Aaron, Edmund A.*

Betsey, b. Jan. 31, 1800, m. Samuel W. Treat, Dec. 5th, 1822, had four children: *George, Mary Ann, Olive, Jane.*

Aaron m. Anna Abbott, had three children: *James, Jerome, Celestia.*

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William m. Emerett Manvill, had four children: *Cyrus, Mary, Emeret, Ellen.* Wm. d. in 1865.

David N. m. Euphemia Dockerty, had three children: *Washing G., George, David.* He was the youngest son; was Captain of a Company in the late Rebellion, and was killed by a rebel bullet at Donaldsonville, Louisiana. David N., the father, died Jan. 16th, 1870.

Henry, b. Jan. 20, 1809, d. Nov. 30, 1832, aged 24 years, m. Harriet Munson, had one child: *Harriett.*

Silas, b. June 26, 1812, m. Susan Allen, Sept. 1st, 1838, had three children: *Julia S.*, m. Algernon O. Beach, Feb. 20th, 1861. Had one child, *Frances Emily*, d. March 26, 1866; *Emily Augusta, Mary Ellen.*

David, b. Sept., 1814, d. Oct. 27, 1871, aged 56 years, m. Eliza Munson, has three children: *Frank, Helen, Flora.*

I cannot give the names or number of the grand-children of all of the sons and daughters of Aaron and Rebecca Tuttle. I have only named that of my own grandfather, he being in the eighth generation in the direct line from William Tuttle, who emigrated from England in 1635. I will however say, that my brother Daniel has one great-grandchild that is in the 9th generation in the direct line. I am not able to give full dates, as I should like to do.

Yours respectfully, SILAS TUTTLE.

George F. Tuttle, Esq., of N. Y., furnishes the following:—

Wm. Tuttle, of New Haven, and wife Elizabeth and three chh: John, Ann and Thomas, aged respectively 3½, 2½ and 8 months, sailed from London in the ship Planter, in April, 1635. Wm. Tuttle was at that time 26 years of age and his wife was three years his junior. They landed in Boston the same year, and he removed to New Haven in 1639. In the meantime two more children were born, namely David and Jonathan. The rest of his twelve children were born in the New Haven Colony. The following is a list of his children, and their births and marriages. *John*, b. 1631, m. Catharine Lane; *Ann*, b. 1633; *Thomas*, b. 1635, m. Hannah Powell; *Jonathan*, b. 1637, m. Hannah Powell; *Jonathan*, b. 1637, m. Rebecca Bell; *David*, b. 1639, d. childless; *Joseph*, b. 1640, m. Hannah Munson; *Sarah*, b. 1642, m. John Slauson; *Elizabeth*, b. 1645, m. Richard Edwards; *Simon*, b. 1647, m. Abigail Beach; *Benjamin*, b. 1648 d. unmarried; *Mercy*, b. 1650, m Samuel Brown; *Nathaniel*, b. Feb. 24, 1652, m. Sarah Howe.

Nine of these twelve children had families, and I have gathered several hundred names of each of the nine. John and Thomas remained in New Haven. Jonathan removed to North Haven in 1670, and was one of the first settlers there, and many of his descendants still remain in that town. The town records were destroyed several years ago, which makes the task of tracing his descendants more difficult. Joseph settled in East Haven, Conn. Two of his sons removed to Morris Co., New Jersey, and were the progenitors of a numerous and highly respectable family in that State. Sarah settled with her husband in Stamford, Ct. Elizabeth was the mother of Rev. Timothy Edwards, D. D., 64 years minister of East Windsor. He was her only son. Timothy had a son Jonathan, who was President of Princeton College, and the most celebrated theologian that America ever produced. Jonathan Edwards, President of Union College, was his son. Timothy Dwight,

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President of Yale College, was the elder Jonathan's grandson. Col. Aaron Burr, Vice President U. S., was also a grandson of the 1st Jonathan Edwards. Theodore Woolsey, recently President Yale College, is a great-grandson. A very large number of distinguished men descended from Elizabeth and Richard Edwards. William Tuttle was a leading man in New Haven, much employed in public affairs. All of his children married in the leading families and the blood of Wm. Tuttle still remains the best blood in Connecticut. Col. Brown, of Waterbury, (Brown & Elton,) is a direct descendant of Mary Tuttle and Samuel Brown. Joseph Tuttle, President of Wabash College, descends from Joseph and Hannah Munson; as does the Rev. James M. Tuttle, D.D., a very eminent man in the Methodist Epis. Church. Every branch of William's descendants has given birth to a large number of clergymen. Bishop Tuttle, of Montana, is descended from Simon and Abigail Beach. His wife is also a Tuttle, her mother being 2d cousin to the Bishop. I have made considerable collections in every one of these nine families, and the subject grows in interest every day.

In the same ship in which Willium arrived in Boston in 1635, there came Richard Tuttle, wife and son, and John Tuttle and son. Richard settled in Boston, and became a wealthy and distinguished man there, and all the Tuttles in Eastern Massachusetts for several generations were descended from Richard and from John, who settled in Ipswich. Whether these were related to William, is not certainly known. Another John Tuttle arrived a few years later at Boston, and was one of the company that made the first settlement in Dover, New Hampshire. There are many descendants, and a geneological account of them has been compiled by Charles W. Tuttle, of Boston, Mass. There is a tradition among the Dover Tuttles that John was a brother of William, of New Haven.

John Tuthill came to New Haven with William, and was soon appointed by the Court, to take charge of their new settlement on the East end of Long Island. It is asserted by some writers that this John Tuthill was brother to William, and there is some foundation for the asserfion. This family has continued to spell the name Tuthill, and are thus distinguished from all the other families of the name in the country. The wife of Wm. Henry Harrison was of this family. Many years ago I stopped at the house of one of her sons, "John Scott Harrison, a little below North Bend, and was hospitably entertained He told me his family had always held their Tuttle relations in high esteem. Judge Tuthill, of Iowa, is compiling the genealogy. The descendants of William are probably more numerous than all the others combined, and Charles W. Tuttle, of the Dover family, wrote me, they are "the most distinguished." It is marked by honesty and worth of character, as well as capacity.

You may perhaps feel some curiosity to know my own line. It is from Simon Tuttle and Abigail Beach. They had a son Deacon Timothy, who emigrated from Wallingford to Cheshire, and built the first frame house in the latter town—in which house four generations of his descendants were born and lived. Deacon Timothy had a son Ephraim, who married Hannah Paine. They had a son Ephraim, who married 1st, Mary Hull, a sister of Gen. Andrew Hull, and grand aunt of Andrew Hull Foote, Admiral U. S. Navy.

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Capt. Lucius Tuttle, a brother of my grandfather Ephraim, married Hannah Hull, a sister of my grandmother, Mary Hull. Andrew Hull Tuttle, a son of Capt. Lucius, moved to North Carolina, and some of his grandchildren were killed in the Confederate service, as were some of the other branch on the Union side. Mary (Hull) Tuttle had but one child, Uri (my father). She died when he was three years old, and he removed to New Haven when he was about 20, married, and had a large family of children. So much for myself.

I thank you for the list of names who would give information. With several of them, we have been for some time in correspondence. I will write to the others.

I would now like to ask if you can tell me what family John Tuttle belongs to, to whose memory the citizens of Waterbury erected a monument. Several years ago he lost his life in attempting to rescue two young girls from a burning building. The circumstances are related in Barber's "Historical Collections of Connecticut."

Your very valuable genealogical notes are received. I am very much pleased with the verses by your grandmother, and will endeavor to embody them in our work.

Nathaniel, of Woodbury, son of William, of New Haven, had eight children. I have the names of 7, as follows: *Mary*, bap. May 1683. *Ephraim*, b. July 20, 1683. *Hezekiah*, *Sergeant*, *Isaac*, Feb. 3, 1697. *Temperance*, Nov. 24, 1684. *Ann* and *Aaron*.

Nathaniel was married to Sarah Howe, Aug 10, 1682. He died Aug. 10, 1721.

TOMLINSON FAMILY.

More research is needed in the records of this name, particularly in New Haven, regarding *Thomas Tomlinson*, who took the freeman's oath there in April, 1644. What became of him? Were *Henry* and he *brothers*? Did *Thomas* leave any family in New Haven? Was WILLIAM, (whom the Derby people gave in 1671 50 acres of land, if he will settle thereon by March, 1672,) a son of Charles? or of Henry?

Derby Records need examination for the children of Jonas (son of Henry Tomlinson, of Stratford,) who settled there so early at least as 1676, probably indeed was among the first company of settlers.

Also examine there for the children of *William Tomlinson*, mentioned above. In 1696 (June), *Sarah Tomlinson*, in Derby, married Andrew Smith. *John*, *Isaac*, *Abraham*, *Samuel*, *William*, *Jr.*, are also on Derby Records. How many of them belong to *Jonas* and how many to *William*?

"*Elixabeth Tomlinson* of *Derby*," covenants and is bap. in Stratford Oct. 8, 1693. Was she a dau. of *Jonas*? Can you draw from the Town Clerk of Derby any facts regarding these parties? The Derby Town Records were beautifully written and are very easily examined. The Church Records are miserably defective.

Henry Tomlinson appeared in Milford in 1652. (Perhaps earlier.) His

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wife *Alice* was dismissed to Stratford church in Oct. 1658, (though a clerical error on the Milford Church Record styles her wife of *Robert Tomlinson*, by mistake, insead of Henry). His children were: 1. *Jonas;* 2. *Margaret*, m. Jabez Harger, of Stratford and Derby. 3. *Mary*, m. —— Pierson. 4. *Tabitha*, m. Edward Wooster as his second wife. These were before he came to Stratford. From Edward W's son Abraham, by his first wife, *Gen. David Wooster descended.*

5. *Phebe*, b. in Stratford, Aug. 14, 1656, m. Thomas Wooster.
6. *Agur*, " " Nov. 1, 1658, d. 1728, aged 70.
7. *Bathsheba*, " " Jan. 3, 1660–1, m. Ephraim Stiles.
8. *Abraham*, " " d. May, 1662.

Henry Tomlinson died March 16, 1681. His widow, Alice, in 1688 m. John Birdsey, Sen., as his 2d wife. She outlived Mr. B. eight years, and d. 1698. Henry Tomlinson's estate is given in the Probate Record as £509.

Of his children, JONAS settled in Derby, had wife *Hannah*, named in his will of 1692. Had children: *Agur Tomlinson*, son of Henry, m., Dec 13, 1681, Elizabeth, dau. of Jeremiah Judson. She was b. Feb. 1658. In Oct. 1692 he m. Sarah, widow of Ephraim Hawley, and daughter of Samuel, youngest son of Gov. Thomas Welles. By his wife Elizabeth he had *Alice*, d. in Oct. 1684. *Elizabeth*, b. Aug. 11, 1684. By his 2d wife, Sarah, he had *Zechariah*, b. Oct. 1693. Mrs. Sarah Tomlinson d. in June 1694, and in April 1702, Mr. T. m. wid. Abigail brown.

ZECHARIAH TOMLINSON, (son of Agur) m. Hannah, dau, of Joseph Beach, of Stratford. She was b. Feb. 1702–3, and d. 1740, aged 37. About 1742 or '43 Zech. Tomlinson m. for his 2d wife Mary, widow of Daniel Homes. She d. in Oct. 1749. They had, *Agur*, Sept. 13, 1720; *Sarah*, Sept. 1722; *Joseph*, Nov. 13, 1724; *Beach*, Dec. 1726; *Zachariah*, March 1729–30; *Gideon*, March 1730–1; *Abraham*, April 1733; *Henry*, July 1735, d. Dec. 1738; dau. (unnamed) Aug. 1737. d. same day; *Henry*, April 1739, d. Feb. 1740. By 2d wife he had *Mary*, bap. Nov. 1744.

AGUR (Dr.), son of Zechariah Tomlinson, m. Mary ——, who d. 1802. He d. 1774. They had *Catee*, bap. June 1746; *Hezekiah*, (Dr.) bap. Dec. 1747; *Hannah*, bap. Feb. 1749–50; *Agur*, bap. April 1752, d. young; *Mary*, bap. July 1753; *Agur*, Sept. 1754, d. young; *Henry Agur*, bap. Dec. 1755; *Mary*, bap. Sept. 1758; *Ann*, bap. June 1760; *William Agur*, bap. June 1763: *Mary Alice*, July 1766, d. 1771.

JOSEPH TOMLINSON, son of Zechariah, m. —— ——. He d. 1774, aged 49 years 11 months. Had bap. *Stephen*, Oct. 1749; *Elizabeth*, Oct. 1758, m. Philip Wells, father of Tomlinson Wells, of Litchfield; *Hannah*, Dec. 1763, m. Othniel DeForest; *Katy*, Aug. 1771.

BEACH TOMLINSON, (son of Zechariah,) m. Charity, (dau. of Josiah) Shelton, in Oct. 1752. She d. in Ripton 1809, aged 72. Had *Josiah*, July 1758; *Henry*, March 1755; *Agur*, ? 1757, who m. Sarah Curtis. She d. 1790: *Gideon*, 1774, bap. in Huntington; *David*, 1779, bap. in Huntington.

ZECHARIAH (son of Zechariah,) TOMLINSON, m. Amy ——, had *Sarah*, Oct. 8, 1753.

SARAH, (dau. of Zechariah) TOMLINSON, m. Nov. 1748, Hezekiah Thompson. He died in Sept. 1750. They had *Zechariah*, b. Oct. 1749; *Sarah*, b. Feb. 1750–1, after his death. The widow m. in 1757, Thomas Alcott.

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GIDEON, (son of Zechariah) TOMLINSON, m. Oct. 1757, Mary, widow of —— Wells. She d. June 6, 1758, in childbed, aged 26. He then m. Jan. 17, 1760, Hannah, dau. of Col. Jabez Huntington, of Windham. She d. in 1769, aged 27. Capt. Gideon Tomlinson d. in 1766, aged 35. By 1st wife he had *Mary*, b. June 6, 1758, d. with her mother, same day. By 2d wife he had *Jabez Huntington*, b. Dec. 24, 1760.

Capt, *G*ideon Tomlinson was present at the taking of Ticonderoga and of Montreal. A sermon preached from Ephesians, vi, 11, by Rev. Izrahiel Wetmore, in Stratford, May 1759, to Capt. Tomlinson and his Company, on their departure for the northern campaign, is still preserved in the Wetmore family

JABEZ HUNTINGTON TOMLINSON, son of Gidon, m. June 1780. Rebecca, dau. of Joseph Lewis, of Stratford, and had *Gideon*, b. Dec. 31, 1780; Gov. of Conn. Rep. in Congress, Senator in Congress, LL.D.; *Hannah*, b. Jan. 10. 1784; *Nancy*, b. Jan. 23, 1785; *Sarah Lewis*, b. Feb. 27, 1789; *Huntington*, father of Gideon, now resident in Stratford; *George*, bap. July, 1796.

ABRAHAM (son of Zechariah) TOMLINSON, m. 1st Rebecca dau. of Rev. Hezekiah Gold, of Stratford. She d. 1774; m. 2d, Anne dau. of Samuel Fulsom. By 1st wife he had *Jerusha*, Sept. 1756; *Alexander*, Jan. 1759, d. 1759; *Sarah*; May 1760; *Rebecca*, Aug. 1762; *Huldah*, May 1766, d. unm. in old age; *Henry Abraham*, Jan. 1768, d. 1785; *David*, Nov. 1769; *Mary*, Jan. 1772, d. 1861 unm.; *Charles*, Sept. 1774.

By 2d wife, A. T. had *Elizabeth*, Jan. 1778; *Anna*, Aug. 1782.

Mrs. Abby J. Hubbard, wife of Hon. J. H. Hubbard, of Litchfield, has furnished the following account of her branch of the family. A part of the names and dates are a repetition of the preceeding account of Mr. Swan, but is introduced entire to show more clearly her connection with the main branch of the family.

HENY TOMLINSON, or (Tomline,) was one of the first settlers of Stratford. His wife's christian name only is recorded, *Alice*.

Their children were: *Jonas*, settled in Derby; *Margaret*, b. 1642, m. Jabez Hardyear, 1662; *Mary*, m. a Pierson; *Tabitha*, m. Edward Wooster 1669, (ancestor of Gen. David Wooster); *Abraham*, d. May 30, 1662; *Phebe*, m. Thomas Wooster, (who d. in Derby 1713;) *Agur*, b. 1658; *Bathsheba*, b. Jan. 1661, m. Ephraim Stiles.

Henry Tomlinson d. March 16, 1680–1. His wife afterwards m. John Birdsey 1st, as his 2d wife, and d. 1698.

Agur Tomlinson 3d, son of Henry and Alice, and b. Nov. 1658, m. Dec. 13, 1681, Elizabeth Judson, dau. of Jeremiah J. Their children were: *Elizabeth*, b. Aug. 11, 1684. Mrs. Elizabeth J. Tomlinson d. before 1692, and Agur Tomlinson m. Sarah, widow of Ephraim Hawley, and dau. of Samuel Wells, son Gov. Thomas Wells. They had one child: *Zechariah*, b. Oct. 1693. Mrs. Sarah Wells Tomlinson d. in 1694, and Agur Tomlinson m. 3d Abigail Brown. He d. in 1727.

ZECHARIAH TOMLINSON, son to Agur, m. 1719, Hannah Beach, dau. of Joseph Beach, and Abiah (Booth), his wife. Joseph Beach was son to John Beach, first of the name in Stratford. Their children were: *Agur*, b. Sept. 13, 1720; *Sarah*, b. Sept. 1722; *Joseph*, b. Nov. 13, 1724; *Beach*, b Dec. 1726;

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Zechariah, b. March 1730; *Gideon*, b. 1731, d. 1766; *Abraham*, b. April 1733; *Henry*, b. July 1735 d.; a dau. d. 1737; *Henry*, b. April 1739.

Mrs. Hannah Tomlinson d. Oct. 1740, and Zephaniah Tomlinson afterwards m. Mary, widow of Daniel Homes, and dau. of John Moss. They had one child: *Mary P.*. b. Nov. 1744. Mrs. Mary Tomlinson d. 1749.

AGUR TOMLINSON, 1st son of Zechariah and Hannah, and b. at Stratford 1720; *Sarah*; *Joseph*, b. at Stratford, Jan. 13, 1724, m. Elizabeth or Betty Curtiss, an only dau. Their children were: *Stephen*, b. Oct. 1749, d. young; *Phebe*, m. Capt. Moore; *Curtiss*, m. widow Martin; *Joseph*, m. Sally Curtiss; *Elizabeth*, b. Oct. 1757, m. in April, 1776, Philip Wells, of Stratford; *Sally*, m. Samuel Mills; *Hannah*, b. Dec. 1763, m. Capt. Hovey; *Katy*, b. Aug 1771, m. a Shelton.

BEACH, b. 1726, son of Zechariah and Hannah Tomlinson; *Zechariah*; son of Zechariah and Hannah; *Gideon*, son of Zechariah and Hannah, and b. 1731, m. 1757, Mary Wells, and had in 1758, one dau., *Mary*. Mrs. Tomlinson d. and Mr. T. then m. Hannah, dau. of Jabez Huntington, of Windham, Ct., and had one son: *Jabez Huntington*, b. Dec. 24, 1760.

Gideon Tomlinson was a Captain at Ticonderoga and Montreal. His death occurred 1766.

JABEZ HUNTINGTON TOMLINSON, son of Gideon and Hannah, m. June 1780, Rebecca Lewis, had two sons: *Gideon*, b. Dec. 31, 1781, who was Gov. of Conn., and *Huntington*, who settled in Stratford.

Abraham, son of Zechariah and Hannah Tomlinson, and b. April, 1733, m. Dec. 1754, *Rebecca Gold*. dau. of Rev. Hezekiah Gold. Their children were: *Jerusha*, b. 1759; *Alexander*, b. 1759, d.; *Sarah*, b. 1760; *Rebecca*, b. 1762; *Henry A.*, b. 1763; *Huldah*, b. 1766; *David*, b. 1769; *Mary*, b. 1772, d; *Charles*, b. 1774.

Abraham Tomlinson m. 1777, Anna Fulsom, and had two children: *Elizabeth*, b. 1778: *Anna*, b. 1782.

Henry, son of Zephaniah and Hannah Trowbridge; *Mary*, dau. of Zechariah and Hannah Trowbridge.

Ann Fulsom, second wife to Abraham Tomlinson, was a near relation of Cloriana Fulsom, a lady of very great beauty, who m. 1771, a Scoth Nobleman, Lord Sterling.

Curtiss Tomlinson, who lived in Huntington, was the father of John Tomlinson, M. D., who early removed to Harrodsburg, Ky., and was the father of the late Mrs. Carity Tomlinson Belknap, wife of the Secretary of War.

Elizabeth Tomlinson, dau. of Joseph, was b. Oct. 1757, m. to Philip Wells, 1776. Philip Wells d. Dec. 23, 1818, aged 65. Elizabeth, his wife, d. Nov. 27th. 1848, aged 92. Children: *Hezekiah* m. Eunice Blackney; *Sally* m. Marsh; *Philip* m. Nancy Watson; *Betsey* m. Cyrus Northrop; *Tomlinson* m. Electa Smith; *Sophia* m. McMahon; *John* m. Jane Vanderbergh; *Joseph* m. Anna Marsh; *Stephen* unmarried.

TOMLINSON WELLS was m. to Electa Smith June 16, 1823. Children: *Philip*; *Abby Jane* m. John H. Hubbard; *Virginia M*; *Frank*, who served as Capt. in the 13th Conn. Vols., from its enlistment until it was mustered out, a period of four years and four months, and with but one exception a longer time than any other known officer served in one Conn, Regiment during the war.

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Abby Jane Wells was m. to John H. Hubbard, Sept. 1855. Children: *John Tomlinson; Philip Parley, Anna Electa*, twins; *Frank Welles*

Betsey Wells, who m. Cyrus Northrop, had children: *Caroline*, who m. Wm. Mygatt, Oxford, N. Y.; *Sarah*, m. Col. Wm. J. Starr, New Milford: *Emily*, m. Earl Bostwick, New Milford; *Joel* m. Catharine Canfield, New Milford; *Sophia* m. Eli Mygatt, New York; *Catharine* m. James Hine, M.D. New Milford, from whom I have received much information regarding the Tomlinson family, as well as other family records.

I find, in looking over old records, that John Hollister 1st, (page 585 Ancient Woodbury,) m. Joanna Treat, dau. of Richard Treat, one of the first settlers of Wethersfield, sister of Robert Treat, for thirty years Governor of the colony of Conn.

Their dau. Mary 2d, m. John Wells, of Stratford, son of John Wells and grandson of Thomas Wells, one of the early Governors of Conn.

Thomas Wells, the son of John and Mary Hollister, m. Sarah Stiles, who m. Bathsheba Tomlinson (Page 696.)

Hezekiah Wells, son of Thomas and Sarah Stiles, was father of Philip Wells, who m. Elizabeth Tomlinson.

Thus I find that we are descended from the Tomlinson family, on the Wells side, too, as well as from the Stiles family.

There is shown us an old well in Stratford in which my grandmother, Elizabeth Tomlinson, descended on the stones, coming up in the same way, bringing her child, about two years old, who had fallen into the well. The well was eighteen feet deep before reaching the water where the child was found, playing on a large stone. It being "town meeting day," no one could be found to go down. I fear her descendants do not inherit her courage.

William R. Tomlinson, Esq., of Oxford, furnishes the following:—

Family of Russell Tomlinson, Esq.., of Woodbury. RUSSELL TOMLINSON was b. Dec. 23, 1764. Agnes Cortelyou, of New Utrecht, L. I., was b. March 1st, 1764, m. April 25, 1779. Their children were: *Sarah*, b. March 14, 1780; *Isaac*, b. May 26, 1782; *Peter*, Nov. 18, 1784; *Simon*, b. May 22, 1787; *James*, b. Aug. 18, 1789; *Betsey*, b. April 29, 1792; *Russell*, b. March 27, 1801: *James C.*, b. March 4, 1806.

James was drowned in the Housatonic river, April 22, 1804; Esq. Russell d. June 22d, 1809.

Family of Peter, son of Russell Tomlinson, Esq.: *Esther Holbrook*, wife of Peter, was b. Sept. 27, 1783. Their children were: *Willard*, b. Aug 22, 1820. *Peter and Edwin*, b. Dec. 17, 1823.

Willard d. Dec. 7, 1832; Peter, son of Russell, d. July 11th, 1842; Esther, wife of Peter, d. Feb. 10, 1859.

Family of Simon, son of Russell Tomlinson, Esq. Charity Hurd, his wife, was b. July 8, 1780. They were m. Aug. 28, 1806. Their children were. *Agnes*, b. Jan. 22, 1808; *William R.*, b. Sept. 15, 1809; *Catherine A.*, b. Oct. 5, 1811; *Charles H.*, b. May 1, 1813; *George*, b. Sept. 29, 1814; *Mariett*, b. Feb 2, 1816; *Sarah*, b. Sept. 22, 1818.

Simon d. Aug. 25, 1818; Sarah T., d. April 1842.

Family of Sarah, dau. of Russell Tomlinson, Esq. She m. David Tomlin-

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son, of Derby, Sept. 26, 1799. Children: *Eliza*, b. May 4th, 1801; *Mary*, b. March 5, 1803; *David*, b. Sept. 1, 1804; *Augusta*, b. Nov. 12, 1806; *Jane*, Nov. 7, 1808; *Charles*, b. Nov. 6, 1810; *Betsey*, b. Sept. 21, 1812; *Sarah*, b. Dec. 5, 1814; *Isaac*, b. May 24, 1817; *Simon*, b. April 11, 1820.

Charles and Eliza are dead; dates unknown.

Family of Isaac, son of Russell Tomlinson, Esq. Grace, dau. of Reuben Lum, his wife; *Jennett*, m. Sherman Prescott, of New Haven; *James* m. Milly Miles, of Derby; *Mary* m. Anson T. Colt, of New Haven; *Peter*, m. — Canfield, of Derby; *Betsey* m. — Canfield, of New Haven; *Isaac* d. when a child.

Betsey, dau. of Esq. Russell, m. Charles Bacon. No children.

Family of Russell Tomlinson, Jr.., who m. Sarah Burwell, of Brookfield. *Mary Tomlinson.*

Family of James C., son of Russell Tomlinson, Esq., who m. Laura Tomlinson.: chh.: *Agnes; Elizabeth; John R.; Mary A.; Willard; Edward; Isaac; Laura.* Births I do not find. Laura, the youngest, is dead.

The wife of James was a Tomlinson, and the husband of Sarah was a Tomlinson. Relationship not traced.

The following items are taken from the Woodbury Records:—

Henry Tomlinson d. March 16, 1680–1. His s. Abraham d. May 30, 1662.

Isaac Tomlinson m. Sybilla ——. She d. May 29, 1774. He d. Dec. 19, 1806 aged 84. 2d wife Mary d. 15th Sept., 1843, aged 83. Child: *Samuel*, b. July 9, 1759, d. 25th May, 1809. Wid., Jerusha, d. April 1, 1804, aged 49; *Daniel*, b. 29, 1761; *Mary Ann*, b. Feb. 11, 1763, d. of small pox March 29, 1777; *Sarah*, b. May 12, 1765.

Dr. Abraham Tomlinson m. Mary Gypson, Nov. 11, 1760. Children: *Billy*, b. Nov. 9, 1761.

Deacon Samuel Tomlinson m. Comfort Hurlbut, of Roxbury, Nov. 1, 1753.

Lydia, wife of Capt. Isaac Tomlinson, d. May 29, 1774. Hannah Tomlinson m. Benjamin Ingraham, Feb. 18, 1742. Samuel, son of Jonas Tomlinson, bap. Dec. 1687. Samuel Tomlinson m. Jerusha Martin, Jan. 17, 1783. Isaac Tomlinson m. Jemima Bacon, April 1784. David Tomlinson m. Lorena Bacon, 1784. Child: *David*, b. March 4, 1788. Caleb Tomlinson m. Mary Southworth, of Southbury, Sept. 1, 1747. Benjamin Tomlinson m. Sarah Turner, Jan. 31, 1770. Child: *James*, bap. Feb. 12, 1771. Martha Tomlinson m. Nathaniel Holbrook, June 19, 1791. Children of Timothy and Eunice (Booth) Tomlinson. (He d. Jan. 2, 1821. She d. Nov. 25, 1821:) *Timothy*, b. March 19, 1792; *Samuel*, b. Nov. 28, 1796; *Joseph*, b. Sept. 12, 1898.

Children of Abijah Tomlinson: *Moses*, b. March 4, 1764; *Levi*, bap. March 2, 1766; *Sarah*, d. Nov. 27, 1768. Truman Tomlinson m. Nancy Perry, June 22, 1806.

Sybel Tomlinson, b. Sept. 10, 1750; *Isaac*, father of Harriet 2d, w. of Hon. Noah B. Benedict, b. Aug. 31, 1752; *Russell*, (see preceding page) b. at Squanuck, (Derby,) Dec. 23, 1754; *Timothy*, b. in Derby, June 18, 1757; *Samuel*, b. July 9, 1759; *David*, b. May 29, 1761; *Mary Ann*, b. Feb. 11, 1763, d. March 1777; *Sarah*, b. May 12, 1765, m. Dr. Phinias Meigs, and became mother of Rev. Benjamin C. Meigs, the celebrated missionary to Ceylon. Dr. Phinias M. d. Dec. 19, 1806. aged 45.

1. TIMOTHY TOMLINSON, above, m. Nancy Hibbard. Child: *Samuel*, m. Jen.

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nette Patterson, of Roxbury. Children: *Elisha P.; Sarah J.*, who m. Robert C. Partree, Jan. 5, 1848, and has children: *Homer A.*, and *Betsey*, who m. John Wesly Judson. Samuel T. d. Dec. 10, 1860, aged 64. 2. JOSEPH, who m. Alma Partree. Child: *John D.*, who d. June 20, 1854, while a member of Yale College, aged 21; *George*. The mother d. before the father. He d. Sept. 12, 1857, aged 60. 3. *Isaac* d. unmar. 4. *Nathaniel* m. Elvira Davis, lives in Michigan, and has five children. Caroline Tomlinson m. Leman A. Warner, April 10, 1844. Eliphalet Tomlinson m. Polly Logan, Oct. 12, 1824. Agnes Tomlinson m. Charles Wagner, March 30, 1828. Maryette Tomlinson m. Harry Johnson, April 2, 1831. Bennet Tomlinson m. Martha Hurd, Dec. 23, 1834. Sylva Tomlinson m. Erastus Burr, Oct. 1, 1839. Sarah Tomlinson m. Charles B. Benton, 28th Oct., 1840. Amos B. T. m. C. Upson, 1 Jan. 1844. Wm. T. m. Sarah J. Hine, 2d Jan. 1848.

WHEELER FAMILY.

[Additions to p. 747.].

John Wheeler[1] was son of Thomas, of Milford. He m. Nov. 5, 1662, Sarah, dau. of Thomas Sherwood. They had *Sarah*, Feb. 24, 1663–4; *Mary*, Aug. 26, 1666; *Elisabeth*, Feb. 1669; *Mercy*, bap. Jan. 19, 1671; *Thomas*, May 24, 1673; *Ruth; Dinah*, m. Ephraim Tuttle; *John*. *Elisabeth*, b. 1669, m. June 1696, Jeremiah Burch.

Lieut. Samuel Wheeler, p. 751, was a descendant of Moses Wheeler, one of the first settlers in Stratford.

WARNER FAMILY.

[Additions.]

The first Dr. Ebenezer Warner, according to his headstone in the burial ground, d. April 26, 1760. The inscription reads:—"In memory of Ebenezer Warner, Captain and Doctor. He deceased April 26, 1760, aged 78 years." Susannah, wid. of Dr. Ebenezer Warner 2d, d. Oct. 19, 1782, in her 64th year. Gideon, son of Dr. Ebenezer Warner 3d, was b. Aug. 15, 1762. Curtiss Warner m. Eunice Castle, dau. of Israel Castle. He d. July 13, 1836. She d. Jan. 28, 1829.

WALKER FAMILY.

[Additions to page 745.]

Joseph (7) m. Abigail, dau. of Rev. Peter Prudden, Nov. 14, 1667. They had *Robert*, b. in Milford May 1668, m. Ruth Wilcoxson, Aug. 1695. He d.

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1748. *Sarah*, b. in Stratford Jan. 1669–70; *Abigail*, b in Stratford Feb. 18, 167½; *Mary*, b in Stratford Dec. 18, 1680.

Armilla Walker, w. of Reuben Walker, (p. 746,) dau. of Dea. Matthew Minor, b. Feb. 1783, and d. Jan. 18, 1858. Their son (p. 746) Joseph F. b. Dec. 11, 1806, m. 1st Maria S. Burnham, Jan. 10, 1831. She was b. Oct. 30, 1804, and d. Nov. 4, 1832, aged 29. He m. 2d Esther R. Cogswell, Aug. 20, 1833. She was b. June 11, 1814. Children; 1. *Frederick A.*, b. March 11, 1835. 2. *William B.*, b. Jan. 12, 1837. 3. *Maria B.*, b. March 1, 1845, m. Walter E. Way, Sept. 16, 1861, and d. Aug. 5, 1863. Child: Freddie W. Way, b. Aug. 12, 1862. His grandfather, Joseph F. Walker, is his guardian till he shall be 21 years of age, both father and mother being dead; his father having d. May 27, 1866, aged 27 years. 4. *Hattie C.* b. Sept. 11, 1844 m. William J. Clark, Oct. 11, 1864, d. Dec. 11, 1866, and was buried Dec. 11, 1866—a coincidence of dates Child: *Sarah P.* b. Aug. 4, 1865.

FREDERICL A. WALKER, (1) b. March 11, 1835, went South (to La.) in 1856; returned 1861 on account of the War. Mar. 1st Sarah P. (dau. of Silas and Laura Clark) Sept. 18, 1861. Ch: Edward C. Walker, b. July 25, 1862.

Sarah P. Walker, wife, d. Nov. 5, 1864.

F. A. Walker m. 2d, Fannie A. Thompson, (from Ala.) Oct. 7th, 1868, dau. of Wm. P Thompson. Children: *Harriet C.*, b. Nov. 9, 1869; *Mary M.*, b. Nov. 14, 1871.

Elizabeth, (No. 10, p. 745,) m. Deacon Samuel Bull. They had no children.

It is related of Joseph Walker No. 32, p. 745, that he froze to death in the month of June 1816—known as the "cold season." He was 85 years of age, went to bring the cows, and was found chilled to death. This was at Peacham, Vt.

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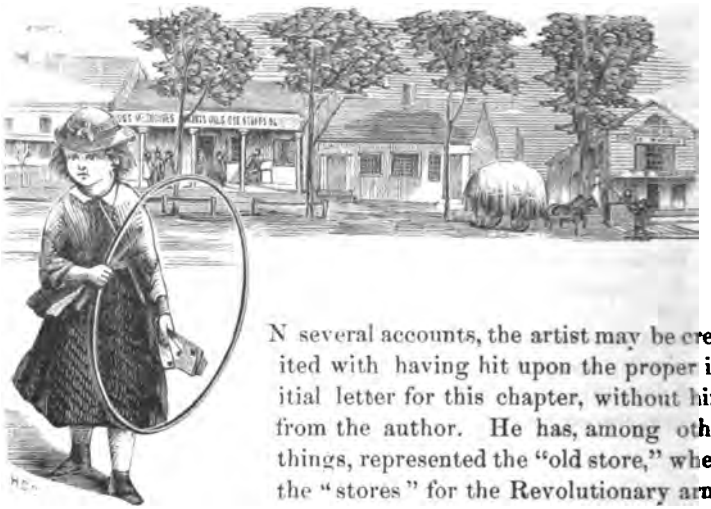
CHAPTER XIII.

STATISTICS.



IN several accounts, the artist may be credited with having hit upon the proper initial letter for this chapter, without hint from the author. He has, among other things, represented the "old store," where the "stores" for the Revolutionary army were received. The writer was informed, years ago, by the old people, whose memory reaches back as far as the revolutionary period, that they had often seen, during those momentous years, long rows of barrels, filled with beef and pork, reaching, in multiplied series from the store to the Episcopal Church. No one thought then of stealing any of the patriotic supplies.

The statistics which follow, are simply additional to those commencing on page 766.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

Josiah G. Minor, from 1865 to 1871.

SENATORS.

Abraham Beecher, Bethlehem, 1855.
Frederick W. Lathrop, Roxbury, 1858.
Joshua Bird, Bethlehem, 1859.

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Elisha Wheeler, Southbury, 1863.
Henry W. Peck, Bethlehem, 1865.
Daniel Curtiss, Woodbury, 1866.
Earle Buckingham, Washington, 1867.

SPEAKERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Capt. John Sherman, 1712–13.
Charles B. Phelps, 1852.

JUDGES OF PROBATE.

	Chosen.	Retired.
Charles B. Phelps,	Ap. 1850,	July 4, 1858. [1]
Lewis Judd,	" 1858,	" " 1860.
Thomas Bull,	" 1860,	" " 1861.
James Huntington,	" 1861.	

CLERKS OF PROBATE.

Alonzo N. Lewis,	Appointed Jan. 5, 1858.
Charles B. Phelps,	" July 5, 1858.
James Huntington,	" July 9, 1859.
Charles Betts,	" Ap. 17, 1860.
George H. Peck,	" July 11, 1861.
Lucien Parker,	" Mar. 17, 1865.
Frederick A. Walker,	" Oct. 11, 1867.
Arthur D. Warner,	" Ap. 13, 1869.

TOWN CLERKS.

	Chosen.	Retired.
Lewis Judd,	Oct. 1852,	Oct. 1858.
Robert Peck,	Oct. 1858,	Oct. 1867.
Willis A. Strong,	Oct. 1867.	

ROLL OR REPRESENTATIVES.

1854	Truman H. Judson,	David S. Bull
1855	Lewis Judd,	Truman Minor,
1856	Asahel W. Mitchell,	Benjamin Fabrique,
1857	George B. Lewis,	Elijah D. Judson,

[1] Judge Phelps having become disqualified by age to hold the office, Mr. Judd, who was not a lawyer, was elected, with the understanding that Judge Phelps should continue to discharge the duties of the office during his life, which he did.

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1858	David H. Curtiss,	Walker S. Seeley,
1859	Anthony C. Strong,	David C. Bacon,
1860	Charles Millard,	Philo M. Trowbridge,
1861	Nathaniel B. Smith,	Joseph F. Walker,
1862	Charles H. Webb,	Willis A. Strong,
1863	Benjamin Fabrique,	Thomas Root,
1864	Timothy C. Bacon,	Benjamin Fabrique,
1865	Daniel Curtiss,	John Abernathy,
1866	David C. Porter,	Henry S. Curtiss,
1867	Nathaniel Smith,	John Churchill,
1868	John Churchill,	Horace D. Curtiss,
1869	Edwin Roberts,	Robert Peck,
1870	Geo. P. Crane,	Joseph T. Capewell,
1871	Walter S. Curtiss,	Charles Isbell.
1872	Charles C. Mitchell,	Nathan Warner.

LIST OF POSTMASTERS—(continued)

	Appointed.	Retired.
George P. Allen,	June, 1853,	July 1, 1861.
William E. Woodruff,	July 1, 1861,	Ap. 1, 1867.
Frederick A. Walker,	Ap. 1, 1867,	Oct. 19, 1867.
Stanley E. Beardsley,	Oct. 19, 1867,	Ap. 26, 1869.
William E. Woodruff,	Ap. 26, 1869.	

LIST OF GOVERNORS—(continued.)

Henry Dutton, - - -	from 1854 to 1855.
William T. Minor, -	from 1855 to 1857.
Alexander H. Holley, -	from 1857 to 1858.
William A. Buckingham,	from 1858 to 1866.
Joseph R. Hawley, -	from 1866 to 1867.
James E. English, - -	from 1867 to 1869.
Marshall Jewell, - -	from 1869 to 1870
James E. English, - -	from 1870 to 1871.
Marshall Jewell, - -	from 1871 to

WOODBURY LISTS.

1853	$1,127,123	1860	$1,084,570	1867	$1,228,690
1854	1,141,541	1861	1,188,788	1868	1,267,691
1855	1,138,892	1862	1,170,479	1869	1,271,856
1856	1,127,011	1863	1,170,718	1870	1,248,858
1857	1,069,182	1864	1,200,795	1871	1,122,275
1858	1,055,544	1865	1,264,907		
1859	1,079,121	1866	1,306,377		

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LIST OF WOODBURY JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

Silas Chapin,	Robert Peck,	John W. Rogers,
Garwood H. Atwood,	Reuben J. Allen,	Wm. C. Botsford,
Nathaniel Smith,	Henry Dawson,	Jas. Huntington,
Cornelius J. Minor,	Henry H. Peck,	Thomas F. Judson,
Scovill Nettleton,	Edward J. Hubbard,	Eli Sperry,
Benjamin Fabrique,	Reuben B. Martin,	Jesse B. Burton,
Joseph T. Capewell,	Truman S. Minor,	David S. Bull.
John W. Judson,	John Churchill,	Willis A. Strong.

REVOLUTIONAKY SOLDIERS—(Additional List.)

Avery, Roger
Alfred, Samuel
Atwood, Elijah, Jr.
Averill, Col. Perry
Brewster, Morgan
Barney, Fred.
Backus, Electus
Baker, Jacob
P. 779, Prownson; should Brownson
Brownson, Abraham Jr.
Fields, Geo.
" John
Fielor, Geo.
Glazier, John
Green, Freeman
Gillis, Abraham
Gibbs, Timothy
Hinman, Nathan
Hill, Billiams
Hollister, Preston; killed on the expedition to Canada.
Hurlbut, Asahel
" Zula
" Jubillia
" Aaron
Judson, Lt. Joseph; d. of small pox, 26th Ap. 1777
Kenick, John
Kid, Jeremiah
Lewis, Ebenezer
Leavenworth, Lt. Ebenezer; died of small pox 18 Mar. 1778, aged 44
Linch, Michael
Long, Robert
Lincoln, Patrick
Liberty, James
Minor, Titus
" Elnathan
Moody, Gideon W.
Porter, William
Penny, Joseph
" James
Pierce, Samuel
Ramsdale, Ezra
Root, Ezekiel
Rowe, Abraham
Stoddard; killed at the battle of Bennington
Sharp, Peter
Seeley, John,
Tyler, Levi
Tiff, Major
" John
Ufford, Job
Walker, Nathan
Williamson, Joseph
Weller, Benjamin
Whittlesey, killed at the massacre of Wyoming.

WASHINGTON REPRESENTATIVES.

A

1854	Cyrus E. Sterling,	Rufus Smith.
1855	Guy C. Ford,	Joel Morehouse.
1856	Powell Hickox,	Samuel J. Averill.
1857	Geo. W Cogswell,	Powell Hickox.
1858	Garry Newton,	Geo. C. Hitchcock.

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1859	Joseph E. Hatch,	George K. Logan.
1860	Isaac D. Patterson,	Robert B. Limburner.
1661	Orestes Hickox,	Sidney H. Lyman.
1862	Joseph Watson,	Nelson Ford.
1863	Seth S. Logan,	Charles C. Lemmon.
1864	Seth S. Logan,	Willington Watson.
1865	Romulus W. Ford,	Abel Bristol.
1866	Henry J. Church,	Levi Morehouse.
1867	Wm. Beardsley,	B. P. Beach,
1868	William Odell,	James D. Barton.
1869	John B. Newton,	Henry S. Wharton.
1870	S. H. Welton,	Samuel H. Clark.
1871	Joseph N. Frost,	Geo. S. Humphrey.
1872	Geo. S. Cogswell,	Sherman Platt.

WASHINGTON PROBATE JUDGES.

Ithiel Hickox, 1852 to 1855.
Daniel G. Platt, 1855 to 1857.
Ithiel Hickox, 1857 to 1860.
Henry J. Church, 1860 to 1868.
J. B. Newton, Jr. 1868 to 1870.
H. H. Morehouse from 1870 to

SOUTHBURY REPRESENTATIVES.

1854	Ely Pierce.	1863	Anthony B. Burritt.
1855	Elisha Wheeler.	1864	Reuben Pierce.
1856	William Guthrie.	1865	Henry W. Scott.
1857	Charles Hicock.	1866	Samuel J. Stoddard.
1858	Almon B. Downs.	1867	Wm. T. Gilbert.
1859	Anthony B. Burritt.	1868	Ely Pierce.
1860	Ely Pierce.	1869	John C. Wooster.
1861	Nathan C. Munson.	1870	Samuel W. Post.
1862	Almon B. Downs,	1871	Chas. S. Brown.
		1872	Ezra Pierce.

BETHLEHEM REPRESENTATIVES.

1854	Benjamin T. Lake.	1863	Marvin S. Todd.
1855	Wm. A. Hayes.	1864	Abraham Beecher.
1856	Henry Catlin,	1865	Edwin L. Thompson.
1857	Leonard L. Hotchkiss.	1866	Henry Davis.
1858	L. H. Guild.	1867	Henry J. Martin.
1859	Sidney Peck.	1868	Henry Catlin.
1860	Samuel L. Bloss.	1869	Marshall E. Beecher.
1861	Marvin S. Todd.	1870	Warren H. Taylor.
1862	Henry W. Peck.	1871	Gideon D. Crane.
		1872	George S. Guild.

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ROXBURY REPRESENTATIVES.

1854	Harvey Thomas.	1863	Edwin E. Prindle.
1855	Jonah T. Davidson.	1864	Albert L. Hodge.
1856	Charles Barnes.	1865	Albert L. Hodge.
1857	Hermon B. Eastman.	1866	Henry L. Randall.
1858	Ell Sperry.	1867	Charles Barnes.
1859	David Pierce.	1868	Geo. A. Northrop.
1860	Charles Beardsley.	1869	Elliott Beardsley.
1861	Geo W. Morris,	1870	Chauncey A. Beers.
1862	Elliot Beardsley.	1871	C. E. Trowbridge.
		1872	Cyrus E. Prindle.

ROXBURY JUDGES OF PROBATE.

Myron Downs, from 1851 to 1857. Herman B. Eastman, 1860 to Charles Beardsley, 1857 " 1860.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH ROLL OF MEMBERS—(continued.)

1854.

Maria, w. of Nathaniel Preston, Sept. 3.

1855.

Elizabeth, w. of Rev. R. G. Williams, Aug. 31.
Merlin Upson, Sept. 27.
Emily, w. of Merlin Upson, Sept. 27.

1856.

Sarah, w. of T. M. Thompson, March 2.
Harriet L. w. of Jason Barker, May 4.
Aurelia, w. of Henry Lambert, May 4.
Edward Whitlock, May 4.
Henry A. Lambert, " "
Jason Parker, Sept. 7.
Walter Curtiss, " "
Emily A. Curtiss, " "
Rebecca J. Hurlburt, " "
Mary J. Summers, " "
Lucy A. w. of D. S. Bull, " "
Elvira W. Somers, " "

1857.

Mary J. Gorman, Jan. 4.
Ellen C. Curtiss, Jan. 4.
Mary C. Ames, March 1.

1858.

Phebe May, Jan. 17.
John B. Bunnell, Jan. 17.
Mary Z. w. Henry P. Summers, Feb. 7.
Mary A. Banks, May 2.
Cordelia Curtiss, "
Martha Finley, "
Martha J. Hitchcock, "
Mary E. Minor, "
Susan L. Minor, "
Betsey Orton, "
Margaret L. Strong, "
Perry W. Lake, Sept. 5.
Ammi F. Hull, "

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1859.

Deborah Cadwell, July 3.
Dea. Judson Blackman, Nov. 5.

1860.

Lucretia M. w. of Joseph Sherman, June 3.
Adolphus F. Sherman, June 3.
Sabrina F. w. of Horatio S. Thomas, July 15.

1861.

Ira Thomas, Jan. 4.
Betsey, M. w. of Ira Thomas, Sept. 5.
Christina, w. of —— Wentz, Sept. 8.
Hortensia, N. w. of Elam B. Burton, Sept. 8.
Clementine S. w. of John Dawson, Nov. 8.
Sarina R. w. of Lewis Dawson, Nov. 8.

1862.

George C. Bradley, Jan 12.
Sarah M. w. of Geo. C. Bradley, May 11.
Jemima E. Young, May 11.
Maria, wid. of John Leavenworth, May 11.
Julia E. Benedict, May 11.
Emily S. Hull, "
P. B. Hulse, July 3.
Margaret Stewart, July 6.
Mary Young, "
Caroline M. w. of Barlow Russell, Sept. 1.
Elizabeth L. w. of Rev. W. T. Bacon, Sept. 1.

1863.

Sarah Barnes,

1865.

Rebecca T. Bacon, March 5.
Nathaniel Smith, May 7.
Helen R. Thomas, Sept. 7.

1866.

Nathaniel M. Strong, Jan. 7
Mary O. Martin, "
Susan R. w. of Rev. Charles Little, March 2.
Helen L. Sedgwick, March 2.
Sherman Ford, March 4
John Dawson "
Floyd F. Hitchcock; "
Geo. M. Lockwood, May 6.
Sarah M. Hitchcock, "
Jane Minor, "
Charlotte Minor, "

1866.

Emily E. Hitchcock, July 1.
Harriet Leonard, "
William T. Bacon, Jr. "
Charles K. Smith, "
Charles E. Strong, "
Josephine A. Dawson, "
John O. Martin, "
Harriet E. Strong, Sept. 6.
Eliza A. w. of Floyd F. Hitchcock, Sept. 6.
Verenice Munger, Sept. 6.
William H. Williams, "
Eliza J. w. of do. "

1867.

Charles C. Nettleton Jan. 6.
Sallie R. w of Chas. C. Nettleton, Jan. 6.
Ellen F. Minor, May 6.
Mary Upson, "
Eunice E. w. of Walter S. Curtiss, May 6.
James Tyler, June 30.

1868.

Benjamin S. Russell, May 3.
Harmon Warner, "
Delia, w. of H. Warner, "
Henry Bryan, "
Frederick T. Strong, "
John H. Minor "
John W. Nichols, "
Horace Minor, "
Geo. M. Allen, "
Elizabeth T. w. of Wm. T Bacon, Jr. May 3.
Julia S. w. of Alfred F. Betts, May 3.

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Katie M. Woodruff, May 3.
Harriet M. Drakeley, "
Harriet J. Lemmon, "
Clarinda w. of Horace Hurd, "
Augusta, w. of Geo. M. Allen, July 5.
Charlotte H. w. of Rev. Horace Winslow, Sept. 3.
Mrs. Fanny R. Pettibone, Sept. 3.

1869.

Lydia, w. of Ebben Wheeler, Jan. 3.
Ellen C. Lathrop, June 3.
Edwin M. Betts, "
Harriet F. w. of Horace D. Curtiss, Jan. 3.
Julia M. wid. of —— Johnson, Oct. 8.
Jennett A. Tuttle, Oct 8.
Agnes, w. of Rev. Gurdon W. Noyes, Dec. 31.
Louisa K. Noyes, Dec. 31.

1870.

Almira, wid. of Joseph Brothwell, Jan. 2.
Mary Ann, w. of Grandison Beardsley, March 4.
Silas H. Marray, May 12.
Sylvia A. w. of Silas H. Murray, May 12
Mrs. M. Gydes, Dec. 20.
Louisa J. w. of William J. Wells, Dec. 30.

1871.

Carrie C, Noyes, May 7.
Julia A. w. of —— Hinman, "
Charlotte S. w. of D. S. Lemmon, July 2.

1872.

Lillian, w. of John Warner, Jan. 7.
Frances Julia Curtiss, Jan. 7.

LIST OF THE PRESENT INHABITANTS OF WOODBURY.

This list includes all those who were living when Mr. William A. Gordon took the census of the town for Government in 1870. The census of 1860 was taken by Mr. Lewis B. Candee, when the total population was 2,050. The families are grouped togther, the fathers and mothers, first, united by a *brace*, and the children in the order of their birth so far as practicable. The writer could not always tell by the copy furnished if the regular order of birth was followed or not. But it will make little practical difference.

CENSUS OF WOODBURY, 1870.

Whole population 1884, *of which 55 are colored.*

A.

Abbott, Ezra
" Almira
Abernethy, W. P.
" Lucy,
" Susan,
" Arthur B.
Allen, Abner
" Betsey A.
" Minnie C.
" James H.

Allen, Gilbert
" Elizabeth
" Harriet
" Ira
" Sarah
" George P.
" Julia
" Wm. H.
" Lovina A.

Allen, George M.
" Augusta
" George H.
" Catherine
" Ellen
" Joseph
" Almira
" George

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Allen, Emily U.
" Mary J.
" Catherine
" Henry M.
" Reuben J.
" Chauncey

Andrews, Geo. N.

Anthony, Samuel
" Sarah

Alvord, Edwin
" Susan M.
" Hattie M
" Clark

Atwater, Laura A.

Atwood, Abiram A.
" Catherine M.
" Eugene F.
" Ernest
" Garwood H.
" Henrietta E.
" Henrietta E.
" Elizabeth H.
" Frederick S.
" Sarah

Atwood, Elijah
" Pamela
" Roderick
" Althea
" Edson S.
" Mary
" Herbert
" Ella
" Noble
" Alma E.
" Susan E.
" Nellie M.
" Dora S.
" Lovell N.
" John A.
" Lydia A.
" Nancy
" Jason
" Frank J.
" Chauncey
" Martha
" Bernice
" Burr B.
" Mary C.
" Elisha

Atwood, Francis A.
" Marilla S.
" Ida
" Martha
" Burton
" Infant
" Nancy M.
" Lewis H.
" Harriet
" Alanson
" Alice
" Wheeler
" Louisa
" Burnett
" Horace S.
" Maria H.
" Samuel
" Lucinda C.
" Maria J.
" Clorunda L.
" Katie
" Preston
" Electa A.
" Frederick B.
" Ermina F.
" Betsey

B.

Banks, Lucinda
" Mary A.

Barnes, Reuben
" Naomi
" Seraph
" Colton R.

Bull, Thomas
" Susan
" Elizabeth A.
" Julia A.

Bull, David S.
" Lucy A.
" Elizabeth M.
" Thomas
" Emily

Botsford, Heman
" Harriet
" Carrie O.
" Ferris
" Mary
" Lucy
" Philo

Bacon, David C.
" Susan M J.
" John
" Augusta
" Timothy C.
" Catherine S.
" Simeon W.
" Harriet M.
" David C.
" Esther W.

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Bacon, George H.
" Sylvester K.
" Zemira L.
" Wm. A.
" Sylvia
" Caroline A.
" Wm. H.

Brothwell, Almira
" Wm. C.
" Joseph J.

Blake, Emeline C.
" Ruth J.

Blakesly, Edgar
" Nelson
" Gilbert
" Betsey
" Edgar

Beecher, Harriet L.

Brophy, Patrick
" Mary
" William

Beardsley, Grandison
" Mary A.
" Stanley E.
" Alice
" Everett
" Willis

Brooks, Wm.

Bourt, Hezekiah

Barnard, Hiram H.

Bartholomew Nettie E.

Briggs, Rosamond
" Daniel

Betts, Ralph N.
" Anna
" James S.
" David
" Anna M.
" Sarah M.
" Charles
" Jane
" Cornelia J.
" C. Edward
" Frederick W.
" Marcus D.
" Elizabeth E.
" Otis W.
" Alfred F.
" Julia S
" Walter W.
" Edwin M.
" Perry
" Harriet
" Jennie
" William

Botsford, Wm. C.
" Annette

" Charles
" Cornelia

" George

Bradley, Enos L.
" Sarah S.
" William
" James B.
" Samuel E.
" Amerdo H.
" George H.
" Franklin N.
" Frederick
" Phineas S.
" Sarah S.

Bradley, Edward E.
" Adaline C.
" Robert P.
" Charles S.
" Jessie P.
" Frank
" S. N.
" Sarah H.

Bartram, Polley

Bassett, Samuel

Benham, Enos
" Emily J.
" Bennett
" Harriet E.
" Emma
" George

" George

Benedict, Abel
" Eunice
" Sophia E.
" Edward H.
" Julia E.

Birch, Alfred
" Maria
" Martha J.

Burton, Nathan B.
" Jennet M.
" Ira M.
" Frank W.
" Elam B.
" Hortensia M.
" Jesse B.
" Adelaide P.
" Mary E.
" Jesse B.
" Sarah J.
" Wm. B.
" Nathan R.

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Burton, John W.
" Helon O.
" Edna G.

" Joseph
" Meliss

Brownson, Rob't S.
" Emma G.

Bodycut, Thomas
" Jane
" Georgiana

Baker, Philip

Bishop, Leman

" Edward N.
" Henrietta

" Riley
" Elizabeth,
" Elma H.

" Maria

" Noah
" Abigail

Bristol, Hannah M.

Bidwell, Mary B.

Boughton, John
" Dotha A.
" Abby M.

Bunnell, Sabra
" Watson A.

Baldwin, Horace C.
" Elizabeth D

" Lydia L.
" Eunice

" Samuel
" Eunice
" Nancy

Bassett, George
" Susan M.
" Frank C.
" Ella L.
" Hermie

Bryan, Frank P.
" Henry

Bolster, Levi
" Mercie
" Mercie H.
" Nancy C.

Bolks, Fred
" Berns
" Sarah H.
" Henry J.

Broas, Sarah
" Henry D.

Bailey, William
" Mary J.
" Ella M.

Bates, Calvin
" Emeline M.
" Wm. R.
" Edwin C.
" Robert W.
" George W.
" Julia A.
" Elden
" Frederick

Buckingham, Nels'n
" Hannah B.
" Lewis

" Henry
" Mary
" Nettie
" Jane
" Henry
" Carrie
" Lacy

Blackman, Chas. A.
" Lucinda
" Harriet
" Charles

Blackman, George
" Annette
" Maria P.
" Augusta
" Lillie E.
" Nathan'l B.
" Brewster J.
" Flora A.

" Julia

" John E.
" Harriet S.
" Augusta
" Addie
" Samuel
" William

Bennett, Geo. D.
" Lucinda F.
" Charles

" Betsey A.

Bell, Thomas
" William

Barto, Marshall
" Charlotte
" Charles
" George
" Dora
" Charles, Jr.
" Ella

" Chauncey
" Julia
" Wm. H.
" Willis L.
" Emma J.
" Nettie

Boylan, Michael
" Catharine
" Bartholomew
" Michael
" John
" Margaret
" Peter
" Nettie

Buell, Frederick
" Sarah A.

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" William
" Lillie

Bonsy, Orra
" Roxana
" Orra L.
" Clarinda
" Nellie

Brown, George
" Hannah
" Mary A.

Breckinridge, Charles
" Louisa N.
" Arthur J.

Barnes, Vincent W.
" Caroline

Barnes, John M.
" Leslie S
" Carrie G.
" Martha E.
" Albert
" Frederick
" Frank H.
" Lydia B.
" Charles

C.

Curtiss, Daniel
" Julia F.
" Emily A.
" Ellen C.
" Edward J.
" Frances
" Elizabeth
" Walter S.
" Eunice E.
" Daniel A.
" Horace D.
" Harriet A.
" Horace A.
" James G.
" Jennette M.
" Henry S.
" Anna
" James G. Jr.
" Nellie E.
" Flora,
" Walter J.
" David
" Edna E.
" Willie,
" Caroline
" Catharine
" Jane
" Mary M.
" John
" Maria

Curtiss, Elizabeth L.
" Benjamin S.
" Martha J.
" Charles S.
" Jennie W.
" Benjamin Jr.
" Elnathan

Capewell, George A.
" Harriet A.
" Seymour L.
" John
" Harriet
" Frank
" George D.
" Mary E.
" Joseph T.
" Sarah
" Ellen
" Walter S.

Churchill, John
" Caroline
" Harriet C.
" Nathan P.

Cothren, William
" Mary J.
" Mary Belle

Cogswell, Wm. C.
" Maria J.
" Mary A.

Castle, Bethel S.
" Fanny C.
" Chauncey N.
" Sarah A.
" Chauncey J.

Clark, Charles, Jr.
" Emma,
" Amos E.
" Harriet
" Silas
" Laura
" Sarah P.
" Wm. J.
" Polley
" Sila
" Susan B.

Crane, Betsey
" George P.
" Cordelia S.
" Henry R.
" George H.
" Stephen H.
" Emma B.
" Horace

Candee, Betsey E.
" Frank B.
" Abigail
" Edward D.

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" Eliza O.

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" Margaret

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" Roxy
" Everton R.

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" Walter

Cued, Albert

Conner, Catherine

Corning, Mary

Chapman, Albert W.
" Ellen J.
" William
" Annie

Collety, James
" Catherine
" James, Jr.

Chamberlain, Fileno

Cartright, Orson
" Margaret

Comber, James
" Mary
" James
" William
" Thomas
" Margaret
" Catherine
" Sarah
" Emma
" William
" Thomas

Cosier, Mary E.

Cozier, Charles
" Mary
" Lillie
" Edwin
" Eugene
" Margaret

Carpenter, Isabella
" Enos L.
" Jane L.
" Egbert L.

Carr, George
" Margaret
" Geo. F.
" Mary E.
" Lucy B.

Carroll, Patrick
" Mary
" John
" Hannah,
" Margaret
" Ellen
" Patrick
" Dennis
" Martha
" Infant

Cady, Erastus
" Emily
" Jennie

Callender, Levi
" Sarah M.
" Alice G.
" Susan M.

Canfield Robert A.
" Rachel

Cowles, David
" Ella M.
" Oliver
" Phebe M.
" Edward
" Esther A.
" Julia H.
" Eugene A.
" Caroline L.

D.

Drakeley, Louisa
" Robert J.
" Olive
" Laura M.
" Harriet M.
" Lucius
" Hollister
" Jane
" George

Downs, Calvin H.
" Minerva A.
" Julia E.
" Millicent

Dawson, Henry
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" William
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" Frank
" Ellizabeth
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" Louis

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" Josephine

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" Mary
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" Almira
" Frederick
" Estelle
" Wm. C.
" Julia M.
" Sarah J.
" Helen

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" George
" Emma
" Annie
" Charles E.
" Almira

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" Hannah
" Nellie L.

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" Hattie

Davis, Marguerite

Dunee, Thomas

Doulan, Margaret

Doran John

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" Mary A.
" Lillie C.
" Carrie A.
" Howard C.

Dickerson, Frank

Deming, Sarah

Ditter, Mary

Diamond, Bridget

Doolittle, Betsey

DeWolf, Geo. W.
' Sarah
" Georgiana
" Lillie

F.

Forbes, Loren
" Harriet
" Mary W.
" William

Fabrique, Benjamin,

Fox, Julia W.
" Philo
" Asenath

Fardough, Levina
' Thomas
" Joseph P.

Flowers, George

Fowler, William
" Martha E.
" Ellen
" Charles
" Lillie
" Infant
" Harmon
" Hannah
" Hannah
" Myra
" Richard
" John J.
" Martha
" Jay
" Fileno
" Charles
" Fannie
" Susan

Fisher, Josephine

Fairclough, Thomas

Fanning, Michael
" Ann
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Gee, John
" Thomas
" Joseph
" Henry
" Julia G.
" Russell O.

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" Fannie
" William W.
" Benjamin T.

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" William

Gibson, Esther
" Ellis
" Julia
" Fred. W.
" Eliza
" Asahel B.
" Mary J.
" Eliza A.

Galpin, Patty
" Cyrus
" Daniel B.
" Eliza H.
" Martha
" Thomas C.
" Sarah J.
" Wellington
" Stephen F.
" Sarah
" Hanford J.
" Sarah A.
" Mary
" Sarah E.
" Lorenzo
" William
" Julius H.
" Anna S.
" Ellen E.

Galpin, Infant
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" Susan A.
" George L.
" Leslie
" Lillie
" Charles
" Minnie
" Julia

Gleason, James
" Mary
" Catherine
" Mary

Gyde, Alfred
" Mrs M.

Gorman, Michael
" Ann
" James

Geeder Adolphus

Geer, Henry
" Mary D.
" Julia

Goodsell, Chas. M.

Griswold, Dotha

Gillett, Mary

Glazier, Hannah

H.

Hotchkiss, Eliz. M.
" Leonard L.
" Louisa M.
" Hubbard A.

Hurd, Horace
" Clarinda

Hurd, Marcus A.
" Eunice M.
" Eva J.
" Minnie C.
" Truman
„ Albert S.
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" Harriet C.

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" Eliza A.
" Charlotte

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" John S.
" Charles

Hylan, John
" Catherine
" William
" Thomas F.

Harrison, Mary

Higgins, Edward
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" Catherine
" Richard T.

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" Wealthy R.
" Lora
" Julia

Hogan, John
" Johanna
" Ellen

Hogan, Henry
" Josie

Harvey, Robert
" Louisa
" Charles M.
" Caroline F.
" George W.
" Remus F.

Harwood, Andrew

Hart, Charles
" Lucy

Harrison, Sarah J.

Hoyt, John R.
" Caroline
" Wm. N.
" Clara E.
" John H.

Hubbard Cyrus

Hard, Lucius
" Lucinda
' Lydia A.

Hill, Emma
" Charles

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" John S.
" Ephraim
" Eliza J.
" Henry N.
" Mary L.
" Hezekiah C.
" Susan

Hatch, Mark
" Emily

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Houston, Martha

Holmes, Miles
" Lucinda
" Mary

Holdworth, Thomas
" Flora
" Ella
" Charles
" George
" Frederick

Hazen, Catherine
" Eliazur
" Sarah
" Charles H.
" Minnie

Hurlbut, Seth

Hull, Bradford J.
" Catherine
" Ammi F.
" Augusta M.
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" John

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Isbell, George
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" Roderick B.
" Sarah A.
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" Tracey B.
" Ackerman E.
" Margaret
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" Betsey T.
" Nellie M.
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" Hermon W.
" Eliza J.
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" Burton
" Polley L.
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" Willis W.
" Mary M.
" Albert N.
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" Harvey
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" Emily
" Susan

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" Vincent D.
" Isabel C.

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" Nancy
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" Ruth P.
" Theodore
" Julia M.
" Martha E.
" Frank
" Nathan S.
" Flora A.
" Truman H.
" Sarah P.

Jeffrey Henry L.

Jabut Samuel,

Judd, Emily.

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Kirtland, Chas. W.
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" Currance J.
" Edith
" Leman B.

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" Frederick

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Lambert, Willys
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" Almira

Lathrop, George
" Emily J.
" Ellen C.

" Erastus
" Fanny

Leach, Alva
" Betsey A.

" Alva A.
" Lucy A.

" Daniel E.
" Sarah

Lewis, George B.
" Charlotte L.
" Betsey

" John

" Emma
" Flora

Agur B.

Luddington, Anna

Lomber, Chester

Lavou, Lydia

M.

Minor, Judson

" Erastus
" Melinda
" Susan
" Jane
" Horace
" Charlotte
" Maria

" William

" Josiah G.
" Mary

" Henry
" Altha
" Mary J.
" Emily L.
" Julia B.

" Frederick M.
" Samantha C.
" Ellen F.
" Seth

" Sarah

" Wesley
" Dora E.

Minor, Nellie

" Charles D.
" Lillie A.
" Wm. E.
" Howard S.

" Charles J.
" Clarissa T.
" David S.

" Harriet

" Truman S.
" Margaret
" Arthur T.

" Althea

" Solomon B.
" Frances A.
" Fannie J.
" Jesse

" Cornelius J.
" Mary

" Fanny

" Albert

Mitchell, Charles C.
" Louisa M.
" Wallace

" William
" Ellen

" Asahel W.
" Harriet S.
" Asahel W. Jr.

Martin, Mary Ann
" Caroline E.
" Mary O.
" Harriet E.
" John O.
" Frederick S.

" Reuben B.
" Susan W.
" Susan W. Jr.
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" Alvira M.
" Sylvanus A. Jr.
" Wm. W.
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" Julia

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" Susan

" Chauncey J.
" Mary
" Susan

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" Jerusha

Munson, Reuben
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" Charlotte
" John N.
" Abner

Morriss, Ann
" Jerusha
" Hobart H.
" Sarah M.
" Frank
" Sophronia
" Mary
" Kate

McKay, Wm. C.
" Rosamond
" Ann Eliza
" Wm. H.
" Sarah

McKay, Carrie
" Infant

Millard, Charles
" Abigail
" Charles A.
" Sophia
" Emma E.

Mansfield, Chas. M.
" Alma
" George
" Nancy
" Nellie
" Infant
" Ann
" David S.
" Eliza M.
" Serino P.
" Walter E.
" Ralph
" Wilbur D.
" Isabella E.

Maher, Patrick
" Margaret
" William
" James

Miramble, John
" Caroline

Manchester, Alice

Mack, Ellen

Maxfield, William
" Rosetta
" Emma J.

Munger, Nelson B.
" Abigail
" Nathan B.
" Abram

Mallory, Fannie
" Willis J.

Manvill, Henry
" Horace

McCaffrey, Nancy

Munn, Nathaniel
" Polly
" Myron B.

McDivit, Abigail

Murray, Silas H.
" Sylvia A.
" Eva M.
" Lula A.
" Ida J.

Miller, Mary
" Eliza J.
" Maria
" John
" Rosanna
" Joseph

N.

Nichols, Philander
" Philinda
" Martha J.
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" Mary M.
" Clara M.

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" Edward
" Matthew

Nichols, Edward F.
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" Edward
" Charles

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" Agnes
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" Carrie C.
" Edward M.
" Herbert L.
" Agnes L.
" Hezekiah C.
" Harriet
" Sarah M.

Noyes, Mary
" Charles J.

Northrup, F. B.
" Sarah C.
" Althea

Nettleton, Eugusta E.
" Sarah B.
" Mary J.

Nettleton, Chas. C.
" Sally R.

Nettleton, Augusta
" Jerusha
" Sarah
" Nancy
" Lamson
" John
" Scovill

Norton, Omar E.
" Margaret H.
" Fred. A.

O.

Orton, Truman
" Martha M.
" Fred. C.
" Betsey
" Sarah

Osborn, James M.
" Nellie
" Frederick M.
" Benjamin
" Almon
" Salina

Osborn, Juliette
" Newell
" Charles
" William
" Mary O.
" John M.
" Lucinda
" Aaron
" Polly
" Sidney E.
" Frances
" Lucy
" Daniel

Oelsmar, Gustavus

Oakley Loretta

Oliver, Adeline
" Emma

Osbea, Jeremiah
" Catherine
" John
" Edward
" Mary
" Constantine
" Jeremiah

P.

Preston, James
" Eliza
" Wm. L.

Pulford, Verona

Page, Mary B.

Purdy, Daniel
" Ellen
" Fannie

Pierson, Wm.

Ponell, Betsey
" Walter

Peck, Caroline

Patterson, Samuel
" Harriet
" Mary K.
" Wm. B.
" Mary

Peck, Johnson A.
" Isaac
" Anna
" Nancy M.

Peck, Henry H.
" Abigail
" Frank B.
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" Mary
" Jennie
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" Bruce L.
" Martha J.

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" Eunice
" Helen
" Jason
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" Edwin P.
" Sally
" James E.

Porter, David C.
" Mary E.

Potter, Edwin
" Annis
" Frank
" William

Potter, Charles
" Bela
" Rhoda
" Alice

Partree, Robert C.
" Sarah J.
" Mary J.
" Frederick
" Samuel
" Julia
" Homer

Proctor, Alza
" Nathani'l C.
" Elizabeth
" Geo. N.

Perkins, John

Percy, Chas. H.
" Mary A.
" Clement
" Louisa

" Harriet J.
" Julia E.
" Samuel B.
" George W.

Post Edgar

Pangman, Susan

Pierce, Nathan
" Susan E.
" Susan Esther
" Mary D.

Peet, Eli S.
" Abigail L.
" Harriet E.
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Pitt John
" Ann

Q.

Quick, Michael
" Bridget
" Mary E.
" Julia E.

Quick, Michael
" Thomas
" William
" Anna M.

Quick, William
" Bridget
" Anna

R.

Rogers, John J.
" Jerusha

Rodman, James
" Lucy
" James D.

Root, Thomas
" Polly
" Homer A.

Robinson, Lewis W.
" Ruth Ella
" Infant

Rolinson Rodney G
" Maria
" Carrie

Randall, Robert T.
" Henrietta W.
" Columbus W.

Reynolds, Betsey
" Wm. H.

Russell, Barlow
" Caroline

Russell, Benjamin S.
" Sarah H.
" Dwight B.
" Stiles C.
" John B.
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" Infant

Roswell, John
" Emeline
" Mary E.
" George E.
" Sarah E.

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" Laura
" Lottie

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" Celestia M.
" Electa
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" John T.
" Charles

Reeder, John

Roberts, Edwin
" Jane A.
" Nellie
" Frederick

Roberts, James
" Maria A.
" Ella M.
" William J.
" Sarah J.
" Charles H.

Rowley, Chas. M.
" Margaret L.

Rigga, Fred

S.

Sherman, Cyrus
" Mary
" Bennet A.
" Emily M.
" John
" Roger
" Joseph R.
" Lucretia M.

Seeley, Florence A.
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Seymour, Mary

Strong, Stoddard
" Solomon
" Eliza
" Seth
" Harriet A.

Seeley, Eli
" Mary

Sherwood, Henry

Short, Jonathan

Sanford, Spencer B.
" Adeline J.
" Frank S.
" Ellen L.
" Edith J.

Stoddard, Cyrus A.
" Maria H.
" Wealthy A.
" George A.
" Eliza
" Charles
" Martin
" Eliza
" Edward C.
" Ellen S.

" Anthony C.
" Julia
" Willis A.
" Fred T.
" Isaac
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" Nathaniel L.
" Mary B.
" Nathaniel M.

Satchwell, Charles
" Mary
" Elizabeth
" Ellen

Stewart, Margaret
" William
" Henry
" Celia

Schaffer, Adam
" Henrieta
" Wm. H.

Seeley, Walker S.
" Mary A.
" Delia
" Eliza M.
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" Minnie A.

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" Charlotte

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" Samantha
" Alonzo A.
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" Frank B.
" Sarah R.

" Mark

" Marcus D.
" Charlotte
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" Frank

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" Percy L.
" Sarah A.
" Henry C.

" Horatio N.
" Ellen M.

" Elijah F.

" George F.
" Elizabeth R.
" Willie
" Charles

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" Mary E.
" Julia

" George S.
" Cornelia

Scovill, Sydney
" Lucretia M.
" Margaret
" William
" Edward
" Alice
" Walter
" Emma
" Anna
" William
" Mary Eliza

Shelton, Wm. N.
" Frances
" Millie A.

Stone, Abernethy B.
" Frances A.
" Ella M.
" Nettie P.

" James S.
" Caroline
" Mary E.
" Nellie L.
" Fanny M.
" Ursula

Stevens, John M.
" Antoinette
" Justus N.
" John J.

Scott, Samuel B.
" Mary E.
" Mary E.
" Ida M.

Stocks, Wm.

Sperry, Eli
" Marilla L.
" Anna J.

Sperry, Anna A.
" Alfred B.
" Frank D.
" Chauncy P.
" Emily M.

Summers, Eli
" Amelia

" Henry P.
" Mary Z.

" Shelden
" Mary

" George M.
" Parthena E.
" Abby G.
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" Auer

" Nancy

" David C.
" Minerva B.
" Marion D.
" David L.

Skelley, Michael F.
" Esther
" John P.
" Edwin T.
" Mary A.
" George M.
" Hugh T.

Salmon, John
" Augusta
" Henry A.

Saxton, George
" Caroline

" Sereno
" Julia A.
" Lawrence
" Elizabeth

Squires Jo. W.
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" Eliza
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" Nathan
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" Mary,
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" George
" Nathan S.
" Cornelia S.
" Mary B.
" Martha F.
" Dolly
" Eli B.
" Esther J.
" Andrew
" Harriet
" Henry
" Lillie

Tomlinson, Jennette
" Homer S.

Tyler, Josephine
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" Maria A.
" Mary
" Charles
" James
" Harriet
" Mary

Tierney, Andrew

Trowbridge, Edm'd
" Esther L.
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" Philo M.
" Sarah E. A.

Turney, Abel
" Sarah A.

Teeple, George L.
" Ophelia

Town, Mary T.
" Eli M
" Mary

Tuttle, Wm. R.
" Sarah E.
" Polly
" David
" Martha P.
" Marvin E.
" Caroline

Thomas, Ira
" Betsey M.
" Hortensia M
" Sabrina F.
" Sherman L.
" James R.
" Margaret
" William
" Edward
" Alice
" Walter
" Berlin
" Polly
" Frank
" Janet

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" Almira
" George
" Martin
" Emily
" Julia
" Flora
" Elizabeth
" William
" Mary
" Herbert

Tabor, Daniel
" Fanny

Tucker, Charles
" Harriet
" Edwin

Treat, Bryan A.
" Sarah
" Charles C.
" Emma A.
" Stephen A.

Todd, Dwight
" Abby G.

" Robert S.
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APPENDIX.

A few articles and items which reached the author too late for insertion in their appropriate places, are here appended, together with a table of *errata.*

COLTON FAMILY.

[Additions.]

The name of Charles Colton, son of Joseph, who was s. of Joseph Sen., appears on p. 1480. He m. 1st, Mary Grant. They had one child: *Homer Grant.* She d. in 1835, and her child about two months later, aged two months. He m. 2d Ruth Winship. Children: 1. *Clarence W.*, b. Dec. 29, 1839. He has been an instructor of youth for quite a number of years, and was, for about a year, assistant Principal of the Parker Academy, Woodbury. He is now preparing for the ministry at the Berkeley Divinity School at Middletown, Conn. 2. *Henry K.*, b. June 28, 1843. He m. the widow of a Presbyterian minister in Spartansburg, S. C., about a year and a half ago, and has one dau. 3. *Charles R.*, b. March 27, 1845. Now resides in Germany.

CURTISS FAMILY.

[Corrections.]

The description of the "coat of arms" of this family, as used in this country, is not correctly described on pages 531 and 1488. The true description is as follows, viz:

Azure a fess dancetteé between three crowns, or—

Crest—A lion in his proper colors, issuing forth of his colors or and azure, supporting in his right paw a shield azure, thereon a fess dancetteé or, mantled gules, doubled argent.

Motto—Saepere aude.

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Page 1489, Line 12, "1713" should read "1704. Same page. 18th line, "1832" should read "1823." Same page, line 11 from the bottom, "July 10th" should read "Feb. 4th." Page 1490, line 23, "Eugenia" should read "Eunice."

HON. DAVID F. HOLLISTER.

Mr. Hollister was born in Washington, Conn., March 31, 1826. He fitted for College under the instruction of William Cothren, in Woodbury, entered Yale College, and graduated in 1851. He immediately commenced the study of law in Mr. Cothren's office, was admitted to the Litchfield County Bar in 1852, and immediately opened an office at Salisbury, Conn., where he practiced for a time with good success. But seeing a more inviting field at Bridgeport, he removed thither, where he still resides, in the full practice of his profession. Soon after he settled at Bridgeport, he was elected Judge of Probate for that District, which office he held for several years. Upon the passage of the U. S. Internal Revenue law, he was appointed Collector of the 4th Collection District of the State, which office he still continues to fill.

REV. ALONZO NORTON LEWIS, A.M.*

Mr. Lewis was born in New Britain, Conn., Sept. 3, 1831, and fitted for College in Farmington, at the celebrated school taught by Dea. Simeon L. Hart. He was educated at Yale College, and also studied Law at the Law School of that Institution. He was successively Principal of the Litchfield Academy, New Hartford High School, Naugatuck High School, and for six years Superintendent of Public Schools and Principal of the High School in the City of Waterbury. He completed his Law studies in the office of Hon. Charles B. Phelps, and was admitted to the Bar in Litchfield, Oct. 7, 1857. In 1858 he went South, where he became Principal of the Blind Department of the N. C. Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind, in Raleigh. Just before the tide of Secession swept over the South, he returned to Conn., where he again engaged in Teaching, and in the study of Theology. April 14,

* Received too late for insertion in proper place.

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1866, he was ordained Deacon, in St. Paul's Church, Woodbury, and Priest in St. John's Church, North Haven, March 7, 1868. From 1866 to 1870, he was minister and Rector of Christ Church, Bethlehem, and Principal of the Parker Academy, in Woodbury, a Boarding School for Boys. 1870 to 1872, he was Rector of the Church of the Messiah, Dexter, Maine. He now (1872) resides in New Haven, where he is temporarily engaged in literary pursuits.

POETICAL ADDRESS *

TO THE RETURNED SOLDIERS, AT TOWN HALL, WOODBURY, WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUG. 16, 1865.

BY ALONZO NORTON LEWIS.

King Solomon, known as the wisest of men,
Found "*three things,*" nay "*four,*" too deep for his ken.
Without stopping to name them, (you know what they were,)
There is one thing, to-night, I can't get thro' my hair!
It is *this:* why a man, without laurels and scars
Was chosen to welcome you home from the wars.
(Or rather *receive,* in behalf of the fair
These guests, who, to-night, are our pris'ners of war.)
It *should have been* one, who, in Freedom's dread van,
Has stood up at the front, and not "sent a man!"
It *should have been* one, who, in Battle's fierce ire
Himself has received the baptism of fire!
Such an one am *not* I:—the rod's peaceful whack,
Not the cannon's deep boom and rifle's shrill crack,
Has rung on my ear thro' the four weary years
That have shrouded the Nation in mourning and tears!
To "teach young ideas," not soldiers, to "shoot,"
Has been my employ—I ought, then, to be mute,
While you, whose grim faces are bronzed by the sun
Of the South, where battles and forts have been won,
Describe what *you've* seen—tell what *you* have done!

But why was *I* chosen to welcome you here
To all these fair faces, to all this good cheer?
I have it—'tis *this!* Since the sex *men* call "weak,"
In public, by Paul, are forbidden to speak,
They have hit upon me, not for my *heroism,*
But because, when you *went,* I—*staid at home* with 'em!

* An extract from this Address was given on p. 1286. By request we give it *entire* in the Appendix.

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I envy you, soldiers, your welcome to-night;—
Fair cheeks have grown fairer; eyes dimmed have grown bright
At your coming—yes! one and all welcome you here,
And would (if 'twere proper,) most heartily cheer
In the midst of my speech—*not* at what I'm reciting,
But for *you*—your bold deeds—your marching, and fighting;
Of which we, your admirers, are proud, and delight in!
Yes! soldiers—brave veterans of "Company I;"
I dare to assert, (what none can deny,)
Of all the battalions that rushed to the fray,
There were none that knew better to fight and obey,
There were none that loved better the Battle's dread noise,
Than the "SECOND"—especially *Woodbury Boys!*

'Tis well, on a festive occasion like this
To think of the loved ones whose faces we miss.
Black bonnets and dresses are worn here to-night
For those who *went in*, bnt *came not* from the fight!
Tall pine-trees are rustling, magnolias wave
Over many a hero and soldier-boy's grave!
From the "Father of Waters" to Potomac's strand,
Ay! down to the banks of the far Rio Grande,
The soil of the South is *dotted* with graves
Of nameless, yet noble and canonized braves!
O Liberty! throned in thy temple on high,
Say—is it not sweet for one's country to die?*
Say—POLLY† and ORTON‡—(if spirits can hear,)
Was the gift that ye laid on the Altar, *too dear?*
Is a land like our own snatched from ruin's abyss
No joy to your souls in the region of bliss?
And say, O Columbia! canst thou forget
Till the sun in the West forever shall set,
The brave "boys in blue" who fell in the strife
Where a Nation in arms was struggling for life?
No! Justice forbids it—a thousand times No!
While grass shall grow green, and water shall flow,
We'll cherish, brave martyrs, your glorious names,
And your story shall ever be Freedom's and Fame's!

---

* "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!"

† Died at Alexandria.

‡ Died of wounds received at the Battle of Winchester.

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The following lines, recited by Rev. Wm. T. Bacon, editor of the Derby Transcript, at the dedication of the Soldier's Monument, Sept. 1871, were received too late to appear in the appropriate place:

At my desk, 'mid a pother of things of all kinds,
Democratic, Republican, all sorts of minds;
Books, papers, types, devils, all the people are muss'd with,
And everything else that an editor's curs'd with—
Came this note from your President, reading— "So, so,
Mr. Poet, we want *you* to 'hoe out a row!'"

"To hoe out a row"—in this beautiful place?—
These vallies, these hills, all this grandeur and grace?
This sky looking down here, as no where on earth?—
And all the swift thoughts that the picture gives forth?—
To hoe out a row *here*? Methinks, then t'were well
It be *well* hoe'd. *How* well hoe'd, that others must tell.

To "hoe out a row?" Methinks some here have stood,
And "hoe'd out a row," where the harvest was *blood!*
Clouds gather, war thunders, the fife-wake and drum,
And pale—quivering lips whisper "foe," and "they come;"
The onset, the grapple, the shout, and the yell,
The rattle of cannon and scream of the shell;
And all the mad *hell* of such horrible fray—
Stop, boys, we'll not dwell on such theme here to day.

But we'll speak of *their* memories softened by time,
We'll speak of our *brave*, and for them weave the rhyme;
Of those brows, glory wreath'd, where light *never* shall fade,
But shine on, like the stars, on that flag they obeyed

Ah, the mother's fond thought of her long-absent boy,
The father's proud hope, and the young maiden's joy;
The picture she bears through the wearisome day,
And her dream, through the night, of her lad far away.
O, how hallow'd *that* image that memory keeps,
Of her *hero*, she thinks of with pride *while* she weeps!

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When History shall write of those names, which, like stars,
Shine out on the world from its holiest wars;
When a just fame shall trumpet their memories forth,
Who have lived, and have died, as the salt of the earth;
Then *our* dead shall be treasured on scroll and in lay,
Till earth's last sun has set, and the stars fade away!

[Fern Rock at Nonnewaug Falls.]

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ERRATA AND ADDITIONS.

A few errors which escaped attention while the work was passing through the press are here corrected, and a few additional facts presented, which in these closing hours of the work have been brought to the attention of the author. There are some minor errors in orthography, &c., which the reader will easily correct for himself. If he will take a pencil and note the following corrections on the appropriate pages, he will not be incommoded further.

Page 883, tenth line from the top, for "Harle," read "Hazle" Plain.

Page 900, eighth line from bottom, for '1866," read "666."

Page 982, seventeenth line from top, for "no," read "not."

Page 983, nineteenth line from top, for "the," read "these."

Page 1194, nineteenth line from the bottom, for "where," read "when."

Page 1225, fourteenth line from top, for '1862," read "1863."

Page 1232, tenth line from the bottom, for "Hardor," read "Harbor."

Page 1280, in foot note, for "Brofut," read "Crofut."

Page 1295, two lines from the bottom, for "Hurd," read "Hard."

Page 1313, first line at top, for "Erank G.," read "Frank J."

Page 1310, twenty-first line from bottom, for "Fnglish," read "English"

Page 1313, ninth line from the bottom, for "Harry," read "Harvey."

Page 1314, sixteenth line from top, for "Alam," read "Abram."

Page 1315, seventh line from top, for "Brasbear," read "Brashear."

Page 1319, fourteenth line from top, for "explanation," read "exclamation."

Page 340, eleventh line from top, for "Hatchet's," read "Hatcher's."

Page 1373, tenth line from bottom, for "Hilard," read "Hiland."

Page 1374, tenth line from top, the same correction is to be made.

Page 1376, line sixth from top, for 'width," read "length."

The cut on page 1375 is that of the Stoddard Parsonage, built in 1700.

Page 1419, twenty second line from top, take out words "and one" where they are repeated. Same page, twenty fourth line from top, for "Martin," read "Mountain."

Page 1419, tenth line from bottom, for "Bulser," read "Bubser."

Page 1422—The cut is a representation of the "amalgamated hickory and white oak tree" mentioned on page 1382.

Page 1432, ninth line from bottom, for "Bethlehem," read "Morris."

Page 1443, seventeenth line from top, the name should be "Hon. Simeon H. Minor," instead of "Simeon H." simply.

Page 1445, eighth line from bottom, for "Butler," read "Bartlett."

Page 1469, ninth line from top, for "nearly," read "near."

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Page 1470, thirteenth line from top, for "Zimzi," read "Zimri."

Same correction in the 18th line.

Same page, 19th line, for "pervere," read "perverse."

Page 1743, ninth line from top, for "1700," read 1703."

Page 1475, third line, for "Sarah," read "Samuel."

Same page, ninth line from top, for "Norwich," read "Norwalk."

Same page, fifteenth line from top, for "Oct., read "aged."

Page 1480, twelfth line from bottom, for "Wilaur," read "Wilbur."

Page 1481, line 13th from bottom, for "1843," read "1848." For "84," read "34."

Same page, ninth line from the bottom, for "Mass.," read "Wisconsin."

Same page, sixth line from bottom, for "N. H.," read "N. Y." For "Rector," read "Tutor."

Same page, 4th line from bottom, for "Wallingford," read "Wethersfield." For, "27," read "17."

Page 1484, line 15th from top, for "1662," read "1672."

Page 1485, line 19th from top, for 1748," read "1747."

Same page, 23d line from bottom, for "1832," read "1732.

Page 1487, sixth line from top, for "when," read "whom.'

Page 1489, eighteenth line from top, for "1832," read "1822."

Next line, for "354," read "554."

Page 1497, line 6th from bottom, for "N.," read "H."

Same page, 4th line from bottom, for "26," read "16."

Page 1498. line 14th from top, for "28," read "29."

Page 1499, line 28th from top, for "Marien," read "Martin."

Same page, 9th line from bottom, take out "and still survives him."

Page 1501, line 17th from top, for "Eewin, read "Edwin."

Same page, 19th line, for "Smeath," read "Sneath."

Same correction three lines further down.

Page 1502, first line from bottom, for "Fnoch," read "Enoch."

Page 1503, line 18th from bottom, for "1738," read "1788."

Same page, 6th line from bottom, for "599," read "597."

Page 1504, lines 12 and 13, transpose the dates of death.

Same page, 17th line, for "19," read "10."

Page 1508, 9th line from bottom, for "S," read "E."

Page 1509, 2d line from top, for "Meriden," read "Windsor."

Same page, 4th line from bottom, for "Fairchild," read "Fairfield."

Page 1510, 3d line from top, for "Calsa," read "Caleb."

Same page, 17th line from bottom, for "J. J.," read "T. F."

Page 1512, line 13th from bottom, for "Hiram," read "Niram."

Page 1514, line 19th from bottom, for "1673," read "1653."

Page 1515, line 22d from top, for "Hermann," read "Hermanus." Take out, same page 3 lines lower down, the "d," and in the next line put the words "Buried there," after the words "51st year."

Page 1516, tenth line from top, for "Blackman," read "Blakeman."

Same page, 21st line, take out "died there in 1830." He died in 11th street New York City a few years ago.

Page 1518. Later information makes the following corrections necessary,

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viz: "2 Nathan," mentioned on the 25th line, was not the son of David, mentioned on the 15th line, but was the son of "3 Abraham," mentioned on the 27th line, and so all the words after "DAVD MITCHELL," on the 15th line, to the words "of Milford," belong to "3 Abraham," (27th line.)

Page 1519. "John Mitchell, Sen.," mentioned in the 13th line, was son of "David Mitchell" mentioned on the 15th line of page 1518.

Page 1520, fourth line from bottom, insert the word "eight," after the word "eleven."

Page 1527, 18th line from top, for "1566," read "1866."

Same page, two lines below take out "b."

Same page, line 10th from bottom, for "1847," read "1857."

Same page, two lines from the bottom, for "David," read "Daniel."

Page 1528, 14th line from the top, for "Dept.," read "Sept."

Same page, tenth line from bottom, for "20th," read "2d."

Same page, 5th line from bottom, for "Jarnes," read "James."

Page 1543, line 15th from bottom, for "1604," read "1694."

Same page, 12th line from bottom, for "June 1," read "June 6."

Same page, 1st line from bottom, for "W." read "M."

Page 1529, 12th line from bottom, for "Anson," read "Amos."

Page 1530, line 21 from top, for "Nov. 19," read "March 19."

Page 1543, line 5th from bottom, for "1604," read "1694."

Page 1545, eleventh line from top, for "Stratford," read "Stamford."

Same page, 21st line from bottom, for "Litchfield," read "Stratfield."

Page 1546, twelfth line from bottom, for "John," read "James."

Page 1549, third line from top, for "1844," read "1848."

Same page, tenth line, insert "June" before "3."

Same page, 16th line, for "1833," read "1823."

Page 1550, seventh line from bottom, for "1618," read "1718."

Page 1553, 1st line from bottom, for "He d.," read "married."

Page 1554, fifteenth line, for "Stoddard," read "Woodward."

Page 1558, eighteenth line from top, for "Harry," read "Harvey."

Page 1561, third line from bottom, for "Joshua," read "Jerusha."

Page 1575, 12th line from bottom, for "1898," read "1798."

Page 1567, 27th line from top, for "Sept. 3, 1811," read "Dec. 1, 1818."

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