The Farmington Myth.

When the Lord made the world he made Asia, Africa, and Europe; and last of all he made North and South America. He made the Americans with special care. A time is the time when the nations of the world would finally come together. When the Lord was making New England, one of the little angels asked that he might make it easy, so the Lord let him make the state of Connecticut as the little angels shaped the creek and built the mountains. The little angel worked with enthusiasm, but when the work was nearly finished there was a large hollow; the material was all gone. Then the little angel was overwhelmed with confusion. The Lord took him under his hand and the Lord took from the folds of his mantle some of the stuff of which Paradise is made and fitted it into the hole. And the little angel became Farmington.
Farmington, Connecticut,
The Village of Beautiful Homes.

Photographic reproductions, illustrating every home in the town.

Prominent people past and present,
All of the school children,
Local antiques, etc.

Farmington, Connecticut,
1906.
Published by
Arthur L. Brandegge and Eddy M. Smith
Farmington, Conn
Traversed from north to south by trap ledges that broke through the sandstone millions of years ago, this town lies along the side of the mountain, and below, the Farmington River makes a great bend and flows off towards New Haven to join the Connecticut.

The wide flat meadows, chased over by countless effects of cloud where the Marsh Hawk sails silently along seek maples and willows that herald the spring, and acres and acres of sturdy flowers in the late summer that almost conceal the grazing cattle.

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

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

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

From the mountains descend some of the most beautiful brooks in the world. Without particular mention of the Diamond Glen brook, there is the brook that flows through Rice's Woods. Every beauty that belongs to a little brook is there; from the brown pools where the trout live, to the broad, gravelly stretches where everything is twinkling in the sun. Another brook...
ful brook is the one that rises below the Smith place. One may not see the stream at first for it is thickly fringed by a wonderful collection of white birch trees. At times a deer may be seen returning to these spots after an interval of years. In fact there is little change in this brook since the Indians lived in their fort on Fort Lot over on the golf links of the Country Club.

A GLANCE AT THE

FARMINGTON LANDSCAPE

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

CHARLES FOSTER.
Old Houses in Farmington.

BY JULIUS GAY.*

In the winter of 1639, when the town of Hartford had been founded three and one-half years, and Windsor and Wethersfield about the same time, all three towns began to think their broad acres too limited, and applied to the General Court for some enlargement of accommodation." A committee was appointed to view the valley of the Tunxis and report on the 20th of February, but Windsor was busy building a bridge and a meeting house, and their neighbors of Wethersfield objected to the wintry weather; so the Court added to the committee Capt. John Mason, who had recently rid the colony of two or three Pequots, and who brought the Court on the 15th of June following to order the conditions for the planting of Tunxis.

Five years thereafter, in 1645, the village of Tunxis Sepus, literally the village at the bend of the little river, became by legislative enactment the town of Farmington.

The settlers found the natural features of the place much as we see them today. To the east of the main street their lots extended to the mountain, and on the west to the river, beyond which fertile meadows spread away to the western hills, undivided for more than one hundred years by divisional fences, a broad panorama of waving grain and green corn fields.

The land was indeed owned in severalty, but annually the proprietors voted on what day in October they would use it for pasturage, and on what day in April all must remove their flocks and herds. Access to this common field was through the North Meadow Gate just west of the Catholic church, or through the South Meadow Gate near the Pequot stone bridge. Along the main street houses began to rise, log huts at first, each provided by law with a ladder reaching to the ridge to be examined every six months by the chimney-viewers. In 1741 the town granted fourscore acres of land to encourage the erection of a saw-mill, but long before

*Part of an historical address delivered at the annual meeting of the Village Library Company, May 1905.
which was the approved style until the

time of the Revolution, and which is

ever now being revived under the name

of the Old Colonial style. The huge

chimney was at length divided into two,

and moved out of the way of the front
door, which now, with its polished brass
knocker, welcomed the approaching guest.

An old house was seldom pulled down,

but, moved to the rear, it made a kitchen

for the newer structure, so that in time

the house had as many styles of archi-
tecture and dates of erection as an Eng-
lish cathedral.

A street come in sight of the villa-
ges, looking down upon it from the

Hartford road, we see on the left side

of our oldest houses long owned by

Seth North, and built by his father

Humphry, or his grandfather Thomas.

Mr. North did not take kindly to Pur-
tian ways and never went to church, and

so was universally known as "Sinner

North." By the children he was pleased
to be addressed in the most deferential
manner as Mr. Sinner." A most con-

servative authority, writing me about

the old-time character of the village,

mentioned "its universally gentle ways,

where everybody went to church ex-

cept Sinner North." He was other-

wise so much in accordance with modern

ideas, that as he drew near his seat, he

offered his hand to be greeted, the

place a lovely spot on the mountain be-

tween two rocks, and his friend, Adam

Stewart, chief sternator, who was to

inhabit the house for his kind services.

The civil authority, however, interposed

and insisted on giving him what they

deemed a Christian burial, but Adam

Stewart set the house and it remained

in the family many years. Nearly op-

posite stood in Revolutionary days the

tavern of Samuel North. It, too,
found his way at variance with public opinion, bought, as he states it, his rum, sugar, tea, etc., in violation of the exercise laws, in foreign parts, sold them for Continental money which proved worthless and then was arrested on complaint of Thomas Lewis and Deacon Hall and fined $200, the General Court deeming to interfere. A little east of Mr. North's tavern stood the home of the Bird family from whom the hill derived its name. They have all long ago taken their flight to other towns, but our oldest men can easily remember the old house and the tragic end of Noah Bird, one of the last of the family who dwelt there. He was killed by an escaped lunatic on the night of Sunday, May 15, 1825, and the attempt to capture the lunatic resulted in the death of still another citizen. Proceeding the hill toward the west, we find on the corner where the road, formerly called the road to Simsbury, runs northward, an old house once the home of Josiah North, and soon after his death in 1784, passing into the hands of Capt. Jane Buck, who there lived and died at an advanced age. But we must linger on the site of the numerous houses that once looked over the valley from this hill, only at the foot we must stay a moment, through the little red house of Geo. Treadwell, just north of Pole Brook and west of the big rock can only be remembered by the oldest of our people. Dr. Porter and Professor Denison Olmsted have both written worthy memorials of this eminent patriot, scholar, and Christian, but an exhaustive account of his public services must be a history of the commonwealth of Connecticut, of the rise of foreign missions, and of much of the political history of the State in the days of the Revolution.

Crossing the brook and walking on the line of the old road which once ran where the small cut of the premises of Mr. Bartley stands, we come upon the house of Mr. Elijah Lewis, 134 feet for his grandfather Elijah in 1740, the family living while it was building in an old house just west. Going southerly about thirty rods, we find on the corner next south of the North schoolhouse an old gambrel-roofed building with the end towards the street, and, as some far off time, painted red. In 1752 it was the property of Daniel Curtis, 133 who, twenty years thereafter, sold it to his son Gabriel, who, after another twenty years, found it necessary to pay Capt. Judah Woodruff for new windows and for twenty days' labor in making the old structure inhabitable. Gabriel was a tanner and shoemaker, and in 1782 sold out to Frederick Andrews of the same trade, removing to Burlington, Vermont. The old house now became the
now abode of journeymen shoemakers, pumelling leather under the direction of Mr. Andrus, thereafter known as Boss Andrus. He died in 1843, and the old house followed the usual dreary fortunes of a tenement house until, in 1882, we find it transformed by the subtle magic of a genial philanthropy, into the home of the Tunxis Library (3). Entertaining books fill every nook and corner, and antique furniture ranges around the vast old-time fireplace, welcome readers young and old to a free and healthful entertainment.

The old house next west, in 1752 the residence of Daniel Curtis, became thereafter the home of his son Solomon until he died in the army in 1776. In 1852, his heirs sold it to Frederick Andrus (4). The brick blacksmith shop (5) and the white house (6) adjoining were built soon after 1753 by Charles Free. The bend on which the house next west (7) stands was successively owned by the families of Norton, Row, Judd, North, Smith, Whitmore, and DeWolf.

I do not know who built the house. The Elm Tree Inn (8), where Phineas Lewis once kept a famous tavern in revolutionary days, was built at various times.

Just across the line on what was once the garden of Col. Gay and of three generations of his descendants, stood the little red shop (9) now reserved to the east side of the Waterville road just north of Peke brook. In 1768, Gabriel Curtis pays Capt. Judah Woodruff thirteen shillings for making for it a shoe window of thirty-two sashes. You can count them to-day if you like for his son Lewis Curtis, Lewis advertise in the Connecticut Courant under date of 1795, "that he still continues to carry on the clock-making business, such as chime clocks that play a number of different tunes and clocks that exhibit the moon's age, etc., etc., etc."

A few steps down the hill westward brings us to the house built by Col. Fisher Gay (10) in 1796 and 1797, as appears by his ledger account with Capt. Woodruff. Col. Gay died early in the war, and some account of his public services can be found in H. P. Johnson's "Aide in the Revolution."

Crossing the Waterville road, we come to the house opposite the Catholic church, some parts of which are very old, the upper story of the front, however, having been built by the late Capt. Pomroy Strong (11) soon after he bought the place in 1812. There was, as early as 1765, one more house to the west, and then came the North Meadow Gate.

Returning now to the main street, the highway committee in 1795 sold to Deacon Samuel Richards a strip out of the center of the Highway, 20 feet wide,
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

THE CLOCK SHOP OF LEWIS CURTIS.
where in the following, he built the little log house on which Daniel Currie lived. He built it in 1744, and gave it to his son, William Currie, as a wedding present.

The next owner was the Rev. Mr. Paul Revere, who lived there and conducted school for young people in the village. He was also an active member of the church and the town meeting. He was known for his kindness to the poor and his generosity to the needy.

The present owner is Mr. William Brown, who has lived there for many years. He is a respected member of the community and is known for his hospitality and his love of the land. He has maintained the house and its surroundings with care and devotion, and has ensured that it remains a symbol of the history and culture of the area.
sought the freedom of the far West. Poor Nehemiah! He soon found something worse than New England justice. Having invested his money in a drove of cattle, he sold them at Niagara Falls for six hundred pounds, and fell in with a certain James Gale of Goshen, N. Y., who during the war commanded a plundering party on Long Island. The treacherous companion followed him from Niagara, and while Mr. Street was bending over a spring of water by the roadside, struck him from behind with a tomahawk, and all the troubles of Nehemiah were ended.

The land to the south once belonged to Rev. Samuel Hooker and remained in the family for four generations. Here stands the house (18) where Major Hooker lived and died, and where, under a great elm tree in front, most gentle
purposes, store, tailor’s shop, tontement house, post-office, clande, gringery, and noon, much enlarged, for a savings bank. Where my house stood, there stood, until I removed it in 1852, the very old house of Solomon Whittam. At the northeast corner was a square addition in which Miss Nancy Whittam resided over the post-office. I remember calling on the way from school and going through the small delivery window a huge dining table covered with methodically arranged letters and papers, and Miss Nancy, with gold-rimmed spectacles, bending over them. By this little window, on a high shelf, to be set out of reach of mischievous boys, stood a big dinner bell to call the post-mistress, when necessary, from regions remote. Sometimes an adventurous youth, by climbing on the back of a cannon, succeeded in getting hold of the bell, but I never knew the same boy to repeat the offense. The next buildings are modern, so let us hurry on past the drug store 1241 of the post-office, now owned by Mr. Channing Denning, is said in the history of the “Hart Family” to have belonged to Deacon John, son of Capt. John, and if so, must be about 150 years old. The land was in the Hart family for five generations. Near the site of the post-office stood the house of Sergeant John Hart, son of Deacon Stephen, the immigrant, in which he and his family were buried on the night of Saturday, December 12, 1669, eight persons in all, only one son, afterwards known as Capt. John, escaped, by being absent at their farm in New Haven. From this point southward to the road down to the new cemetery, all the houses were destroyed by the great fire of July 24, 1864, including the long yellow house, just north of the present residence, which was the home of Rev. Lincoln Putnam during his sixteen years’ residence in our village. In my last paper I spoke of him as a patriot in the War of Independence. Of his high character and fervid eloquence as pastor and preacher, we have the testimony of Dr. Porter in his “Half Century Discourse.” Professor Drummond says of him, “Don’t see him coming in at yonder door, hidden in his flowing blue cloak, with his snow-white cap and twinkled hat of the olden time? Don’t see him winding his way through the aisle to the pulpit, bowing on either side with the dignity and grace of the old nobility of Connecticut.” Immediately south of the road to the new cemetery stands the brick house 1243 built by Dr. Porter in 1868, the year of his marriage. We need not linger in our hasty progress to speak of the manifold virtues of one too well known to us all, and personally to many of us to need our eulogies here. The next house 1241, now the residence of Mr. Royce, was built by the Rev. Joseph Washburn, on a lot purchased by him for that purpose in 1786. This builder of descansions and much loved pastor, after a settlement of eleven years, while seeking a mild southern climate in his failing health, died on the voyage on Christmas day, 1855, and was buried at sea. A few years later his house became the home of this library under the care of Deacon Elisha Porter. The large brick house 1244 on the top of the hill, with its imposing Roman facade looking southward, was built by Gen. George Cowles. The house on the corner 1241, long the residence of Zenas Cowles, and now owned by Lieut. Commander Cowles of the U. S. Navy, of a style of architecture much superior to all houses of the village of.
that time and perhaps of any time, is said to have been designed by an officer of Burgoyne's army sent here as a prisoner of war. The house next north of it (29) was bought by the late Richard Cowles in 1810, and must have been built by its former owner and occupant, Coral Case, or by his father, John Case.

But it is high time that we crossed the street and commenced our return. Nearly opposite the last-mentioned house stood the dwelling of the Rev. Samuel Hooker, second minister of Farmington, of whom I have formerly spoken. On this site, and probably in the same house, lived Roger Newton, his brother-in-law, and the first pastor of this church. On the 13th of October, 1652, he stood up with six other Christian men, and they were known in New England phraseology as the "Seven Pillars of the Church," seeking no authority from any intermediary...
lost, and with it all account of the erection of the first house. In September, 1765, Mr. Newton was dismissed from this church and went to Boston to take ship for England. What befell him by the way is narrated by John Hull, mayor of Boston, who coined the famous pine-tree shillings. After waiting on shipboard at Nantasket Road six or eight days for a favorable wind the commissioners of the colonies and the Rev. John Norton sent for him, desiring a conference before his departure. The captain of the vessel and his associates, of a race always superstitious, thinking this divine another Jonah and the cause of their detention, hurried him on shore, and, the wind immediately turning fair, sailed on their way without him. He remained in Boston several weeks, preaching for Rev. John Norton on the 17th of October. After this date, shut him out from the busy world, when the political party of his active days had passed away, and few men who hated the names of Washington and Hamilton all the old familiar places in the town, the State, and the nation, he is said to have sometimes longed for a redoubled use of the thunderbolts of the Almighty. Here, too, for much of his life lived his son Ebenezer Mix, universally known as Captain Eb, who made voyages to China and brought back to the merchant princes of the town, teas, spices, silks, china tea-sets, marked with the names of wealthy purchasers, and all the bric-a-brac of the Orient.

Crossing the house (32) adjoining the burying-ground on the north, the home of the library and of Deacon Elijah Porter until his marriage in 1812, we come to the house (31) built by Mr. Ebenezer Winslow, and which was re-

we lose sight of him until his settlement in Milford on the 24th of August, 1800.

Crossing the road formerly known as "the highway leading to the mill place," and a century later as "Hatter's Lane," we come to the house next south of the old cemetery (31), owned and probably built by John Mix. He was commonly known as Squirt Mix, a graduate of Yale, an officer of the Revolution, ten years Judge of Probate, thirty-two years town clerk, and twenty-six years a representative to the General Assembly. He was, as I am told by those who knew him well, tall in stature, dressed as a gentleman of the time, with silver knee-buckles, formal in manner, of quick temper, punctilious, very hospitable, a good neighbor, a member of no church, and bound by no creed, and in politics a federalist. In his later days, when old age and total blindness...
61. THE ZEVS COVELS PLACE. "OLD GATE," RESIDENCE OF COMMANDER W. H. COVELS, U. S. N., BROTHER IN LAW OF PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT.
port, assisted by the General, and dissatisfied with accommodations here, he ordered the inn-keepers of Hartford to prepare to move their winter sessions of the Assembly, and expected the selection of Farningham to report where accommodation could be obtained here. The next house (37) from which the stage coach goes its daily rounds was once the residence of Mr. John Andrews, and after 1826, of his son in law, the late Deacon Simeon Hart. In the brick shop (38) next north, Mr. Andrews made japanned tin ware. He was the maker of those chandeleirs, compounds of wood and tin, that long lining from the meetings house ceiling. Crossing the street, formerly known as the Little Back Lane, we come to the house (39) built by Mr. Andrews on land bought in 1804, and where Deacon Simeon Hart for many years kept his well-known school. About twenty rods south, on the east side of that street, we come to the gambrel-roofed house (37) built by Hon. Timothy Pitkin, LL. D., on a lot bought by him in 1788. He was a son of the Rev. Timothy Pitkin, a graduate of Yale, a lawyer by profession, five times speaker of the Legislature, a member of Congress from 1809 to 1826, and the author of a “Political and Civil History of the United States” of great value as a book of reference. Next south is the gambrel-roofed house (37) formerly the home of Capt. Selah Porter, and immediately beyond this once stood the house of Deacon Martin Bull and of his father before him.

Returning to the late residence of Deacon Simeon Hart, and crossing the now vacant lot where once flourished the famous inn of Amos Cowles, we reach the house (38) with Ionic columns built by the late Major Timothy Cowles. Chauncey Jerome, in his “History of the American Clock Business,” says under date of 1849:

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

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

Crossing the road up the mountain, we find on the corner the square house (42) with the gambrel roof and the chimney in the center owned and occupied by the Rev. Samuel Whiting.
during his ministry. Parts, if not the whole, of the building are much older than its well-preserved walls would indicate. Tradition says the kitchen was built out of the remains of the old meeting house, and the Rev. William S. Porter, who knew more about the history of the town than any man who has ever lived or is likely to live, says that the house, probably the front, was built by Cliff Freeman, a colored man of considerable wealth, of course after the death of Mr. Whitman.

Leaving the main street and ascending the hill to the east, we come at the dividing line between the grounds about Miss Porter’s schoolhouse and the farm residence of Rev. H. B. Bosson in 1873 to the site of the house of Col. Zadok Hulker, known as the “Old Red College” during the days when his son Deacon Edward, there entered Southern young men for college. Commander Edward Hulker of the United States Navy sends me a plan of the old house, which he of course well remembers. He says, “The part marked kitchen was floored with smooth, flat mountain stones, and had a big door at the eastern end, and originally at each end, and my father used to say that when his father was a boy, they used to drive a yoke of oxen with a sled load of wood into one door and up to the big fireplace, then unload the wood upon the fire and drive the team out of the other door.” By the building of the house on the corner (441) eastward, we have the minute account from the time when in May, 1871, Capt. Luther Seymour drew the plan to the 25th of May, 1872, when Deacon Hulker took possession with his faithful bride. We even know the long list of those who helped raise the frame and of those who came too late for the raising but in time for the trim.

But we must hurry back to the main street, lest with the rich materials at hand for an account of this most interesting man, we detain you beyond all proper bounds. The next old house to the north (431), the house of Col. Martin Cowles, was built and occupied by John Porter in 1784. Opposite the Savings Bank, the south part of the house once the residence of Reuben S. Norton, merchant, was built by his grandfather, Thomas Smith, Sen., and the north third, by Deacon Thomas Smith, son of the latter. The next house (429), long the residence of Horace Cowles, Esq., was built by Samuel Smith, brother of the Deacon, in 1790, and is a good specimen of the style of houses erected by Capt. Judah Woodruff. The next old house (427), with the huge brick basement, was built about 1757 by Capt. Luther Seymour, cabinet-maker and house-builder. Many choice pieces of old furniture in town, much prized by rich hunters, were the work of his hand, but a large part of his work, finely studded with brass nail heads, as was the fashion of the time, has been forever hidden from sight under the sods of the old burying ground. Capt. Seymour was also librarian of one of the several libraries which divided
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

(C21) THE ASSHILL, WADSWORTH PLACE, BUILT IN 1789, RESIDENCE OF ADRIAN E. WADSWORTH.

(C22) THE DEACON SIMON BAGLI PLACE, RESIDENCE OF GEORGE T. MILES.

THE FARMINSON STAGE, WITH PARSONS DRIVER.
the literary patronage of the village. The next house (48) on a slight elevation stands on a lot bought in 1760 by John Thomson, third in descent of that name, conspicuous about town with his brother, neighbour and his pronounced opinion on Commercial paper money. Here lived three generations of his descendants. Passing the house (49) owned by Dr. Thomson, and before him by Mr. James K. Camp, and two other buildings, we come to a house built or largely renewed in 1808 by Nathaniel Olmsted, goldsmith and clockmaker. Here for twenty years were made the tall clocks bearing his name, which still correctly measure time with their solemn beat. He removed to New Haven to be near his brother, Professor Denison Olmsted, and there died in 1810, most genial and lovable of men. His funeral discourse was from the words, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." We will halt under the big elm tree, which overshadows the little house where Aman Curtis spent his life, long enough to say that his father, Selvius Curtis, in company with Phineas Lewis in 1765, the year when Selvius was married, brought home from a swamp three elm trees. One was planted back of the Elm Tree Inn, in front of the house of Mr. Curtis, and the third failed to live. The big elm tree is, therefore, 133 years old. On the corner eastward stands the house 1780, much improved of late, built in 1780 and 1787.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

CAPT. SEBASTIAN PORTER PLACE: RESIDENCE OF PHILIP J. BRADY

HYDE-A-WHYTE: BUILT BY MAJOR TIMOTHY GOWLES. RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM K. CHASE

SIDE VIEW OF "HYDE-A-WHYTE"

AN INTERIOR IN "HYDE-A-WHYTE"
FORMERLY RESIDENCE OF RUBEN S. NORTON (since torn down)

[Image 1 of the Cad Coveles Place, residence of Henry N. Whittelsey]

THE JONATHAN COVELES PLACE, BUILT IN 1770, RESIDENCE OF FRANKLIN WHEELER, A.M., M.D.
by Captain Judah Woodruff for Major Peter Curries, an officer in the Revolutionary War, who removed to Granby in 1790, and was the first keeper of the reconstructed Newgate prison, leaving it in 1796 in declining health and dying in 1797. Omitting the other houses on the west side of High street, for want of time and information, we come to the house lately owned by Selah Westcott (51), built by Major Samuel Dickinson on a lot bought by him in 1813. Major Dickinson was a house-builder, and when the Farmington canal was opened, he commanded the first packet boat which sailed southward from our wharves on the 10th of November, 1828, on which a six-year-old boy, afterward a gallant U.S. naval officer in the late war, made his first voyage, sailing as far south as the old South Basin. He writes me: "Long live the memory of the old 'James Hillhouse', and her jolly Captain Dickinson, who was not only a royal canal boat captain, but a famous builder, whose work still stands before you in the 'Old Red Bridge', one of the best and most sub-
stoutly built bridges of Connecticut." On the northeast corner of the intersection of High street with the road to New Britain, long stood the house of Capt. Joseph Porter, one of the three houses on the east side of High street, with much projecting upper stories and conspicuous pendants, built about 1720. This was moved some rods up the hill when Mr. Franklin Woodford built his new house, and was burned on the evening of January 15, 1886. So there remains but one of the three houses, the one bought by Rev. Samuel Whitman for his son, Elnathan, in 1735, and in the same house sold by John Stanley, S. S., to Capt. Ebenezer Sted in 1750. Descending to the low ground on the north and rising again, we come to the gambrel-roofed house where lived Dr. Elia Todd from 1748 until his removal to Hartford in 1810. Of this eminent man you will find appreciative notices in the two addresses of President Porter and in the article on the Connecticut Retreat for the Insane by Dr. Sturges in the Memorial History of Hartford County. He will...
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

(45) BUILT IN 1750 BY CAPT. LEONE SCAMOUE; RESIDENCE OF GOTTIEB FRISCH AND JOHN W. RUSSELL.

(47) THE JOHN THOMPSON PLACE; RESIDENCE OF MARTIN SOLMONSON AND MISS MARY J. RADCLIFF.

(49) THE DR. THOMPSON PLACE; RESIDENCE OF HENRY A. BISHOP AND LEWIS F. MERRIMAN.
probably be longest remembered as the first superintendent of the Connecticut Retreat for the Insane in Hartford, where his system of minimum restraint and kind treatment opened a new era for suffering humanity. At the northern end of High street, facing the road to the river, we make our last stop at the house of Mrs. Barney (1805), built by Captain Judith Woolnough about 1805 for Phineas Lewis. Between this house and the place from which we set out, there stands no house, old or new, to detain us longer. Thanking you for the patience with which you have endured our long walk through the village streets, I am reminded that it is time we parted company with the old worthies whom we have called up before us for the entertainment of an idle hour, remembering that in times gone by they were wont to hold before his Excellency the Governor such as having assembled themselves together, refused to disperse until after nine of the clock.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

THE ELE LEO PLACE. AFTER BEING REMODELED, NOW RESIDENCE OF FRID. HAYS.

THE PRINCIPAL PLACE. BUILT 1830. RESIDENCE OF MRS. SARAH E.

EARNIE AND MISS JULIA S. BRANDER.

EARNHAM PLACE. BEFORE ALTERATIONS WERE MADE.
An Old Letter.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mrs. Louis A. Tourtellot of Utica, N. Y., we are enabled to publish a fac-simile copy of a letter written Dec. 38, 1868, by President Porter of Yale, to his mother, Mrs. Thiria Deming, formerly Miss Ann H. Putnam, second daughter of the Honorable Timothy Putnam, President Porter's description of some of the important events of Farmington of half a century or more ago, written in a very happy manner, and we are glad to be allowed to use it here.

Farmington, Dec. 38, 1868.

My dear Mrs. Deming,—

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

I take this opportunity to thank you for all your kindness to the boys of boys that used to be allowed such free quarters in your mother's kitchen and sometimes in the sunny parlor, in which you saw your piano. I remember particularly that you played for me on one occasion among other wonderful things "the battle of Prague." My recollections of your family are as fresh as ever, of your father in his office, the light in which shone as regularly every evening as the light of the stars, of your mother's humor and cheerfulness and kindness to the boys, of your sister Mary and yourself who never down upon us like angels from an upper sphere and whom we were content to adore and did not presume to criticize or judge, of your respectable brother William, who was about my age, the greatest joker and terse, and yet the greatest favorite of all the set, of Timothy always grave and handsome, once a hungry little boy, now a grave and solemn gentleman who keeps the extremes in order with his long and low at the triennial convention I come to Farmington several times in the year and of course always to your old home many times and never pass it without being impressed with its eminent beauty and responsibility.

It is not such a place as I should like to live in, I would not object to

"Thiria Deming, 38 Dec., 1868"
Farmington even although death and decay has wasted much of its ancient glory. Do you think it possible that life and the scenes of childhood and youth are as bright and beautiful to the new generation, as they were in the simple times and the cheerful days of our childhood and youth? I hope so for the sake of the generation itself, but the whole structure of family and social life seems greatly altered since the days when Farmington was a self contained community, perfectly a world of its own, with honorable T. Parkin just returned from congress with tassels on his boot tops, and Edward Butler with his Southern students, and the Treadwell with his gold headed cane, and Esq. Mox town, clerk, and Gen. Solomon Cowles, the pompous gentleman who liked to make speeches to the noisy boys, and Gen. George Cowles with his white nose, for regimental musters, and Mr. Hart, teacher of the academy and all the Cowles with their saddle horses, bank stock and great suppers, fine silver and heavy silver plate. Farmington then had one mail a week and Deacon Richards was P. M. !

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

N. Porter

The beaux, my granddaughter's all, sometimes having occasion to travel from Andover to New Haven perhaps without a protector, frequent the conductors of public conveyances to take charge of her 9 lb. baggage, they will confer a favor on her; 

New Haven Augt. 16, 1842

Framed and hanging in the village library rooms is a very interesting document written by Noah Webster which is reproduced here in fac-simile. It speaks for itself. To-day the average 'Connecticut Girl' would consider herself perfectly capable of taking a trip around the world by herself. Not a thought would be given to so short a trip as one from Amherst to New Haven.
Farmington Schools.
By E. N. S.

In Old New England towns, schools and churches were established at about the same time, and Farmington was no exception to that general rule.

The following, concerning "Schools" from the oft quoted "Code of 1641," shows very plainly the importance that was attached to the necessity of a little "learning" in those early days.

"It being one ecclesiastical project of that old prophet, Satan, to keep men from the knowledge of the scriptures, as in former times, keeping them in an unknown tongue, so in these latter times, persuading them from the use of tongues, so that at least the true sense and meaning of the original might be clouded with false glosses of sun-seeing deceivers, and that learning may not be buried in the grave of our fore-

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

"It is therefore ordered by this court and authority thereof, that every towneship within this jurisdiction, after the Lord hath increased them to the number of fifty households, shall then forthwith appoint one within thence to teach all such children, as shall resort to him, to read and write, whose wages shall be paid, either by the parent or masters of such children or by the inhabitants in general, by way of supply, as the major part, of those who order the prudentials of the towne, shall appoint, provided, that those who send their children, be not oppressed by paying much more than they can have them taught for in other towns."

"And it is further ordered, that where any town shall increase to the number of one hundred families or..."
concerning the early schools of the village.

The accompanying, given with the quaint orthography of the original, are interesting:

"December 26, 1683. Voted yt ye town would have a school & also yt ye town shall give ten pounds for ye incorrection of ye same & also yt each man shall pay fouer shillings a child ye quarter yt it shall be sent."

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

In 1655, Thomas Thompson of Farmington, dying left a will directing the education of his children. The Court in Hartford "finding many terms or expressions therein dark and intricate," decided that the proper education for the sons, was to so instruct them that they "shall have learning to write plainly and read distinctly in the Bible, and the daughters to read and sew sufficiently for the making of their ordinary linens." It was customary to employ a female teacher for the small children and girls during the summer months. In the winter, when the older boys attended, a "man teacher" was secured. Not only was an able teacher required, but an athletic one as well, for in those times they were firm believers that to "spare the rod" was "to spoil the child," and for many years the brute strength of the "master" accomplished fully as much as his ability as an instructor. It is said that Dr. Johnson remarked on one occasion "my master whipped me very well. Without that I should have done
nothing.” Mr. Gay says, “Many years ago a gentleman, then prominent in the public affairs of the town, told me the custom in the district school of his boyhood. Winter after winter the boys had turned the master out of doors until the school had become a total failure. The committee were at their wits ends. Finally they heard of a young man in a distant town who thought that he could teach the school. The committee thought otherwise, but, as no one else would undertake it, they engaged him. The very first day showed the boys that a new manner of man had come among them, and they went home, battered and bruised, and howling to their parents for vengeance. Their fathers were terribly enraged, and vowed that the very next morning they would show that master that he could not treat them boys in that sort of way. When the school bell jangled the next morning, every boy was in his place, and everything went on in perfect order. An unusual stillness preceded the room, but it was a deathlike stillness that boded no good to the master. A fire of oak logs was blazing in the fireplace, and the master now and then stirred it up with the big iron shovel, which somehow he neglected to remove from the logs, and left it there with its long handle sticking out within easy reach of his desk. It was not long, for in a few minutes half a dozen burly men tramped into the room without any useless ceremony of knocking, and having briefly stated their business, made a rush for the schoolmaster. Drawing the huge iron shovel blazing hot from the fire, he brought it down upon their luckless pates with all the power of his strong arm. The action was short and decisive. In a few
voted to "erect a new schoolhouse with all convenient seats," "an ye meeting house green near where the old chestnut tree stood." In 1747 records show that there was a school in the Cider Brook district for it was "granted to ye school dame yt kept school of the Inhabitants att Cider Brook, ye same Sallery pr week as they gave ye dames in the Town plat." In May, 1736, the society voted to sell "the school house in the church yard to the highest bidder," they having previously voted to erect two schools, one at the north end of the town, and one at the south end. During 1773 the town was divided into twelve school districts, and the inhabitants were empowered "to erect school houses in their respective districts, where and when they please." Since that time the schools have changed in place to satisfy the requirements of the town, until today the "New Center School," an ideal model of the 19th century school building, accommodates all of the children of the borough up to the High School grade. The scholars above the grammar grade, attend the High School in Unionville, their transportation expenses being defrayed by the town, it being considered a more desirable plan than maintaining a high school in Farmington. The present schools are all prospecting and efficient.

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

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

At "Scott's Swamp," the old red build-
A small photograph showing the children playing "ring around the roses," in that school yard, will doubtless recall happy childhood days to many.

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

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

struction of Indian children was established in Farmington, and under the date of May 27, 1732, the Rev. Samuel Whetman wrote to Gov. Eaton concerning that school as follows:

"May it please your Honour, I understand that ye Act of Assembly relating to ye boarding out of Indian children in order to their being schooled is expired, and having a few moments to turn my thoughts on that affair, hope that ye defects in what is here broken off will be overlooked. I have heretofore only to inform your Honour that of the nine Indian boys that were kept at school last winter, 3 can read well in a testament, 3 currently in a psalter and 3 are in their primers. Testaments and psalters have been provided for those that read in them. 3 of ye Indian boys are entered in writing and one begins to write a legible hand. I think the Assembly on their behalfe will have their care of ye & will be ready to them and pray that ye Act of Assembly be revived and continued, not at all doubt but ye poor care of ye government is pleasing to heauen, and may be of advantage to some of them soect they may be saved by coming to the knowledge of the truth. I humbly pray to ye Honourable and Obligent Servant,

"Sam Whetman."

The school for boys of Dea. Simon Hart, was kept in the building that is at present the residence of P. Bradford Allen. It was a noted institution in its day, and in the new concrete is a monument erected in memory of Dea. Hart by over 1000 of his former pupils.
A school was kept by Deacon Edward Hooker, son of Noahali Hooker, in a building near the present residence of Mrs. M. O. Heydock, where Southern students were given a preparatory education, fitting them for college. It was known as the "Old Red College."

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

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

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

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GRADES EIGHT AND NINE. CLEMENT BUSHNELL, PRINCIPAL

GRADES SIX AND SEVEN. MISS ELECYA LAWRENCE, TEACHER

GRADES FOUR AND FIVE. MISS MARGARET BURWELL, TEACHER
Probably the most noted of all the early books used in the schools of Farmington was the old "New-England Primer." The accompanying fac-simile of some of the pages of the edition of 1777, will doubtless be of interest.

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

We are fortunate in being able to present to our readers an exact transcript of the first alphabet published in this country. This without doubt would prove very edifying and instructive to the school children of to-day, but in the "days of long ago," it was in perfect keeping with the religious teachings of the times, and was dreadfully real and earnest, and as has been so aptly said, "the whole belongs to that department of literature which he who runs may read."

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

Or the first lessons in combining letters, lo be lo be lo be.

Or the pleasure in reading words of two syllables, as baker, hierarchy, etcetera.

Or the satisfaction of knowing one's duty, in those "Lessons of Easy Words," commencing

"No man may put off the Law of God." And later the advanced steps, both in length of words, and stubborn morality, in pursuit of

"The wicked they," and ending the spelling with

One prominent sin,

Mischief marks a slack,

or the practical definition

"Ale, to be troubled."

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

"Of the Boy who Stole the Apples."

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

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

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

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

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

Quite a handsome piece of printing is the catalogue of 1827, showing 31 boys and 24 girls on the roll, also three assistant teachers, Leonard Wellsee, William Hannaford, lecturer on chemistry; Philip Strong, student-assistant. A year or two later, when Mr. Chamayo Rowe graduated from West District School into the Academy, Master Hart had a teacher of penmanship a political exile from Greece, Petros Mengus by name, who, I am assured, wrote very handsomely.

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

John Hooker declined Anthony's oration over Caesar's body, and following that was his own extempore full of green fields and skipping lambs which subject in midwinter gave the girls much cause for merriment. The pleasure of that occasion had spread three quarters of a century and made 20 seem but yesterday.

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

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

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

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

Mr. John Rogers, minister of the gospel in London, was the first martyr in Queen Mary's reign, and was burnt at Smithfield, February 11, 1554. His wife with nine small children and one at her breast following him to the stake, with which sorrowful sight he was not in the least daunted, but with wonderful patience died courageously for the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The Honorable John Hancock, Eqi; President of the American Congress.

AN old man found a rude boy upon one of his trees eating Apples, and desired him to come down; but the young Sauce-box told him plainly he would not. Won't you? said the old Man; then I will fetch you down; so he pulled up some twigs of Grass, and threw at him; but this only made the Youngster laugh, to think the old Man should pretend to beat him down from the tree with grass only.

Well, well, said the old Man, if neither words nor grass will do, I must try what virtue there is in Stones; so the old Man pelted him heartily with stones;

Moral.
If need words and gentle means will not reclaim the wicked, they must be dealt with in a more terror manner.
same height, and the whole structure presenting a much more harmonious appearance. You enter and find yourself in a square room painted a dingy red and on a week day you pass through the door into a dark little room with doors on all sides except the south, where hang the shawls and tippets and one thing or another of the school children, while on the shelves stand their dinner baskets. Are you one of those happy youths who did not know then, as now, how jolly it all was? Then enter the door directly in front of the teacher's desk, salute the master according to the forms then and there required, and pass up the main aisle to the high and honorable seats in the rear, or sit quietly down among the little folks in front as your years may require. If you are of an older growth and desire to get into the library room of a week day and have things all to yourself, which could not be at the regular Sunday evening meetings of the company, you will make known your wants to the schoolmaster, who will, if he thinks you trustworthy, reach down the big old iron key from a nail back of his desk, and with this you will proceed through the dark room and recitation room heading from it into the room in the south-east corner and find all the literary treasures of half a century's accumulation within your reach. In one corner stands, just as it stands now, the great closet with whose appearance you are familiar, but with a diversity of hoarded treasure. Directly before you ranged the Edinburgh Encyclopedia containing to the boy's notion all the knowledge of the ages. On the shelves above in orderly array, stood the apparatus of the old Farmington Academy. Around the room ran book cases which had done service when the books well filled Deacon Porter's kitchen. In the center was a huge table piled up with books in the most disorderly fashion. The room was for recitations, but more often was used as a playground for the children on rainy days.

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

ORDER OF THE EXERCISES

AT THE

EXHIBITION OF

FARMINGTON ACADEMY,

TUESDAY EVENING,

April 21, 1832.
these men helped to make up the thirty-two who went to the war at the first call of the President, but they did help to fire the martial spirit that went more than our quota of volunteers.

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

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

Next to the church, this may be called our most historic building. The education and pleasures of several post generations are closely connected with it, and we rejoice to hear that an honorable future yet awaits it. M. D. B. in Farmington Magazine, March, 1911.

**Legend of Will Warren's Den.**

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

"Wife of Jonathan Griswold; this was his second wife; her maiden name, Experience Warren, daughter of Michael of Wethersfield, and Experience Stephens; his wife, born June 26th, 1714, was the sister of Old Will Warren who was the Hermit, and had his den on Rattlesnake Hill, so often referred to even to this day.

Will Warren (or Moor Warren) appeared in Farmington, a dark Indian-looking man coming from, no one knew..."
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

where. That alone was suspicious. Some whispered, "he is a retired pirate," and prejudice was still further excited when it was found that he did not attend the services of the church. For some misdemeanor he was whipped at the whipping post. It may be that he persisted in fishing with his Indian friends on the Sabbath. It is not very clear, but certainly he was so angered by the punishment that he attempted to set the village on fire. Already a house and a barn were ablaze, when Will Warren was discovered in the act. He barely escaped his pursuers and aided by the darkness he fled to the mountains. All that night he hastened on, but as so often happens, he wandered in a great circle, and the morning found him on the mountain ridge that overlooks Farmington. Below him he could see the people with their dogs already on his trail. Like a hunted animal he crept along the trap ledges until he perceived two Indian squaws, sitting in the sun sewing wampum. They knew him and he told them partly by words and partly by signs of his troubles. Their round black eyes blinked and they said not a word. Then one stooped and taking Will Warren in her arms, carried him to the low covered opening that leads into the cavern. Later the searchers arrived, a tired people with their dogs; but the Indian women blinked their black bead-like eyes, and knew nothing and said nothing. The dogs had lost their scent, and the chase was over.

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

SUPPOSED BURIAL PLACE OF WILL WARREN'S INDIAN WIFE

ENTRANCE TO WILL WARREN'S DEN
THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH — Built 1771
The Congregational Church.

BY THE REV. QUINCY BLAKELY

AN OLD VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

The complete list of pastors is as follows:
1. Roger Newton, 1652-1657
2. Samuel Hooper, 1661-1667
3. Samuel Whittleman, 1742-1751
4. Timothy Pitkin, 1752-1785
5. Allen Lovett, 1785-1790
6. Joseph Washburn, 1795-1803
7. Noah Porter, 1806-1806
8. Levi Leonard Pease, 1810-1819
9. James F. Merrim, 1871-1875
10. Edward A. Smith, 1874-1888
11. George E. Clark, 1888-1898
12. James Gibson Johnson, 1891-1895
13. Quincy Blakely, 1895

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

O N THE 13th of October, 1632, Mr. Roger Newton, Stephen Hart, Thomas Judd, John Bronson, John Goddles, Thomas and Robert Porter, in simple Congregational fashion, organized themselves into the "First Church of Christ in Farmington." These men were afterward known as "the seven pillars of the church." Before the year closed they had added seven more to their number, and eight years later it is recorded, fifty-one had been admitted to the membership of the church.

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

During these two and a half centuries of the church life, up to the beginning of the present pastorate in 1895, there have been in all but twelve ministers, the average length of their ministrations being over twenty-two years. This list is a notable one, beginning with Roger Newton in 1632, who headed the little company of the seven original members, to Dr. Johnson, whose death in 1618, following just a week after that of his beloved wife, brought sudden and great sorrow to the community. Of these pastors, the most noteworthy, both in length of time and impress upon the life of the community, is unquestionably that of Dr. Porter, who was born here, the great-great-grandson of Robert Porter—one of the original members of the church—baptized in the church when an infant, received into membership at seventeen, ordained and installed as pastor at twenty-five, remaining as its pastor influent and beloved for sixty years, until his death in 1866. It was during hispastorate in 1808, that the Sunday School was established, which has since that time been one of the regular and most important institutions of the church. In this period also, in September, in 1810, nine men who had been appointed the June preceding, by the General Association of Massachusetts, as members of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, met at Farmington in Dr. Porter's study and completed the organization of this first foreign missionary society in America, which has given such splendid and continuous service ever since. The first president of the board was the distinguished G. T. Treadwell of this church.

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

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

In memory of
1. Samuel Whittleman 1700-1748
2. Third pastor of this church 1749-1751
3. Fellow of Yale

DATE ON FOUNDATION STONES
FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

The church has had three meeting houses. Where the first was built is not known, the "old book" which contained the record being worn out and lost. The earliest reference to it is in 1672, when the new book begins. It was evidently a very rude structure and was used as a fort as well as a church in the second building was commenced in 1700 and completed in 1711. It was thirty feet square, and furnished with a cupola or tower which according to tradition was in the center. How hard it was to secure this building can be inferred by the length of time taken for its construction, and how much the prosperity of the town advanced in the next sixty years, can be seen in the contrast of this small, and, as the records show, very poorly constructed building with the beautiful and splendidly built edifice, which at that time succeeded it, and which stands to the present day, still beautiful and strong.

The third and present structure was begun in 1771, as shown in the date so plainly marked upon the foundation stones. It was completed, and the dedi-
cation exercises were held November 25th of the following year. The two persons to whom the credit of its building is most due, are Colonel Fisher Gay, one of the leading merchants of the town, and Captain Judah Woodruff, who was the architect and master builder; and who also built a number of the fine and substantial dwelling houses of the village, most of which still remain and in good condition. In building the church, no pains were spared to have the material of the best quality, and the work most thoroughly done. The design of the building, probably made by Captain Woodruff, resembles in a general way, that of the Old South Church in Boston, as do many of the best New England churches. The spire is its crowning glory, not only in its external beauty, but in the quality of its construction. It was completed below and raised to its place on the tower, its top reaching a height of 150 feet. The impression which it made upon the youthful Elihu Burritt, as described so happily by himself at the tenth anniversary celebration, was as follows:

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

The arrangement of the interior was in general the same as at present. The pulpit being opposite the west door with aisle extending to it. There was also an aisle from the north to the south doors so that the body of the house was divided into four blocks, each containing six pews; and along the walls on every side was a row of square pews, a pew in each corner, and with one or two benches to the north and south doors.

The pulpit was high and round-angled, and overarching it was a large sounding-board. On these were two carvings of the date, 1714, with his arms by Capt. Woodruff, which were much admired. Beneath the pulpit was a closet which, according to legend, was reserved for the "tithing man" for many years. In 1816, sixty-two years later, extensive alterations were made. The old square pews were all removed, also the high pulpit and wonderful sounding-board, which would be a prized and cherished now, if the varying common taste had not at that time crushed them entirely. Sometimes it was introduced in 1824, previous to which time, during the one hundred and seventy-two years in which the people had gathered for worship, and in the two earlier buildings, the only provision for warmth had been the foot warm, which those who were able brought with them, and which the people who came in a distance, filled from the common one of those lying near the church. But in 1774 a bell was purchased and in 1798 a town clock. Before the bell was placed the base of a drum called the people together for Sunday worship, and for other public meetings.

During all these years, especially since the present church building has stood, with occasional periods of diminished interest and enthusiasm, much attention has been given to the music of the church, with results which have contributed to the pleasure and profit of the congregation and have added much to the ministry of worship. But here as elsewhere we have the sad, though somewhat humorous record of many disagreements as to the conduct of the music, which have lessened the harmony of the church, and injured its spirit. As Dr. Porter remarks in his anniversary address, "the efforts to effect a concord of sweet sounds have resulted in fierce discords between sensitive tempers and maimed fruitful occasions for temporary troubles." At one time a large committee was appointed "to compromise the difference among the singers." In 1774 it was "voted to sing at the close of the second service in the winter as well as in the summer. In 1803 there were eight choristers to direct the singing, with one leader. In 1818 the Handel Society was organized with a large membership under the leadership of the eminent Dr. Eli Todd. Dr. Todd was reported to be an idolat in the time and rarely attended church, though he was an intimate friend of the pastor and the beloved physician of the community, and it was a matter of great rejoicing when he consented to conduct the singing of the church. He did not sing, but led the choir with a violin, the use of which was introduced at this time. The bass-viol was soon added, also flute, clarionet and bassoon. It was not until 1814 that an organ was purchased by subscriptions from the ladies, and appropriations from the society. The church building was used without further changes until 1873, when the complete renovation was made, the result of which may be seen in the edifice as it now is, beautiful without and
TILL:

- ILLAGF.
- OF
- BRAINTFL.

AMKS

Mi;ll!A.

1871-1873.

LEVI LEONARD PAINE,
1861-1870

JAMES I. MERRIAM,
1871-1873

EDWARD A. SMITH,
1874-1888

LEVI LEONARD PAINE,
1861-1870

JAMES I. MERRIAM,
1871-1873

EDWARD A. SMITH,
1874-1888

GEORGE L. CLARK,
1888-1900

QUINCY BLAKELY,
1905

JAMES GIBSON JOHNSON,
1890-1905.
A FOOT STOVE: FOR A GREAT MANY YEARS THE ONLY MEANS OF WARMTH IN THE CHURCH.

Within the old stoves were replaced by a furnace, the gift of Mr. D. N. Barney. The new pulpit was given by Miss Martha Day Porter and her sister, in memory of their grandfather, Dr. Porter. And the fine organ was given by Miss Anna Jennings of New York in remembrance of Miss Sarah Porter, her beloved teacher. In 1892, the following year, the beautiful and thoroughly equipped Parish House, also in memory of Miss Porter, was erected by her pupils, in honor of her wise unselfish and noble endeavor to make real to them the Life Eternal and this is Life Eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou has sent.

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

Reference to the church spire—From "Horticultural Magazine," July, 1866.

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

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

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

The steeple was built with the church in 1771. The quality of the material and workmanship put into the structure by the builders was in keeping with the spirit of those days when the foundation of a staunch and abiding republic was being planned. An indication of this is found in the fact that the shingles on the roof did faithful service for over a century and a quarter, and it was only five or six years ago that it was found necessary to replace them with new roof coverings. This is among the numerous churches for which is claimed the one-time attendance of George Washington. Its beauty and attractiveness would certainly have attracted the attention of a man of Washington's tastes.
TRANSLATION tells us, or was it some learned man who knew just what was taking place here long before the evolution of man on our planet, that our river did not always follow its present tortuous course, northward, but flowed from a great lake southward where now flows the sluggish current of the Quinnipiac. Our ancestors found it pursuing its present way and named it the aborigines "Tunxis Sepus," or the crooked river. Crossed by no bridges and impeded by no dams, it abounded with fish. Shad were so plentiful that the early settlers despaired so soon of an article of food, and humbly apologized if it was discovered on their tables. The first dam which interfered with the ascent of fish was that which turned the wheels of the corn-mill of Capt. Thomas Hart, and which we hear of in 1701, as being not far from the Indian Neck. When built we know not. It is only by the record of the legal complications which befell an Indian, Wenemos, who had stolen "a good fire-lock gun," that even this early date was preserved. In 1727 the dam was complained of as a nuisance by those who travelled over the Lisbon Road. Thirteen years afterward the town applied to the General Assembly for a lottery to raise money to build a canal way at "Eighty Arches," high enough so be out of reach of the water set back by the dam. For many years the inhabitants of the valley crossed the river in boats going down to it through the north meadow gate, and along the Chen brook highway on which was subsequently built the present Catholic church. Since a ferry was established at this point by the town in 1766, which voted that the "would be at the charge of providing and keeping in repair a cause with ropes convenient for passing and rescuing the river at the landing place." This place was long afterwards known as "The Cause Place." The ferry, however, had its disadvantages, and in 1722 we read that "the Society granted to Samuel Thompson, son of John, for the charge he had been at in recovering the cause that was driven down to Simsbury, two shillings." Instead of theZend rope a chain was stretched across the river to guide the cause. Six years afterward, the town had either built a bridge or was tired of the ferry and the Hook scandal Society voted for the local that at present lies between the claim to be taken care of by the Society. "The Great Bridge," at this point. In 1728 the town voted to build a "bridge near the north meadow gate, which is the site of the same construction as the present bridge," and in 1803 they voted to sell the woodwork of the old North Bridge. In 1837 they voted the building of the present covered bridge, which we accomplished the next year. The remains of the cast abutments of the first two bridges may still be seen several hundred feet lower down the river, the erection of which caused a whirlpool very torrignant in its day, and dangerous to the unwary swimmer. During a brief period after the Revolutionary war, while for one or at most two generations, the merchant princes of Farmington retained their wealth, the river bank just below the bend was covered with boat houses and pleasure grounds, and a path led down to them through a double line of Lombardy poplars from the newly built house of Rev. George Cookes. These disappeared long ago, and the mill and bridges are the only structures on the line of the river which have changed in appearance since the Indian paddled his canoe over its surface, or fished along its bank, or buried his dead in the hill-side which still looks down on the most beautiful bend of the river. The freshets which every spring cover our broad meadows for miles, suggestive of the prehistoric lake, preclude any building along its banks. So does Nature kindly protect her own from the improvements and intermeddling of im- geneous men. 

The village of Tunxis Sepus, Farmington, 1807.
Morehead Ledge and Diamond Glen.

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

NEAR THE BRIDGE, LOOKING SOUTH.

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

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

C Rowe.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

TUSSIS SEPUS

THE MILL
The Water Lillies.

BY R. B.

Aft raining at anchor the lilies lay
Asleep in their round green leaves,
And ripples of wind on the waters
pl
And Nature hardly breathe.

The pocketed see them from below,
As we see the saints in our dreams,
And wonders to see their tall forms grow
To a region beyond the streams.
THE MYTH OF THE BEND.

TRADITION tells us that our Farmington River did not always flow in its present tormented course northward, but flowed from a great lake southward. Essay on the Indian Sepoys Farmington River by Mr. Julian Gay.

"There used to be one nation lived one side and one the other side of the Farmington River, and it either tribe crossed this river boundary and got 'sketched' he got killed." From conversations and recollections of Mr. Lucien Parmenter.

THE PRELUDE

The moon was full, and not a breeze stirred the branches of the forest. A solitary wolf was calling far away, the night was full of the sweetness of June blossoms. The young Indian girl was talking very earnestly with her lover. "I fear I am so fearful. Last night the great owl cried for an hour near the lodge, and you know that means death. I am afraid. Perhaps you had better come no more," said she. "Be not afraid," said the Indian. "Many times have I crossed the river. I am not afraid, no harm will come to us. Did you think a little river like this could keep me from you?" "Oh, but the river," said the Indian girl, "it is the river of death. I hate it. Do you remember the fate of Red Wolf who swam the river for the wounded deer? Oh, I tremble still—the stake, the tortures with fire. My heart tells me that you will suffer the same fate. Leave me. Leave me. What was that?" "I was a wolf or bear." He draws his bow and sends an arrow into the gloom. There is a scream of pain, the hollow is alive with dark forms, there is a fierce light and the young Indian is captured.

THE MYTH

By the side of the river knelt the Indian girl, the great unknown forest murmured behind her, before her lay the river like a sheet of silver. She prayed to the Great Spirit, Gitche Manitou, she prayed for the life of the one who had crossed the river and must suffer death. "If there is need of a life let me die," said Gitche Manitou. She prayed for a reply, but there was no reply, only the sound of the night-birds and the river flowing southward among its reeds. Again she prayed earnestly to the Great Spirit and again there was no reply, only the far distant cry of some animal in the mountain. Suddenly the river was lit from side to side with a pale and then a brighter light, and there was Gitche Manitou, the Great Spirit.

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

By Julius Gay,*

THE TUXIS Indians, who once occupied the broad meadows and forests surrounding our village, first came within the range of our ancestors' knowledge about the year 1690. Already in January, 1690, the inhabitants of the three river towns, in the westward march of empire, before they were hardly settled on the Connecticut, moved the court for some enlargement of their accommodations. A committee was therefore appointed to "view those parts by Tuxis Sepus which may be suitable for those purposes and make report of their doings to the court which is ad\n\njourneyed for that end to the 20th of February at 10\ldots of the clock in the morning." The depth of a New England winter did not prove an attractive time for exploring an unknown forest buried beneath the snow, and when the court was duly opened it was informed that "our neighbors of Wethersfield, in regard the weather hath not hitherto suited for the viewing of Tuxis Sepus, .\n\n	intimated their willingness to defer the issue of the business." In December, 1693, the court ordered that the plantation called Tuxis shall be called Farmington." So in the year 1693 the settlement had been made long enough to be called a plantation, and two years earlier, in 1691, Stephen Hart had recorded the purchase of land on the west side of the river from a previous owner.

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

* The document then proceeds in a rambling, incoherent manner to stipulate that the Indians should surrender their land, reserving the "ground in place together encompassed about with a creek and trees and now also to be staked out, also one little shop which is also to be staked out." The English were to plough up the land for the Indians, who were allowed to cut wood for fuel. Fishing, fishing, and hunting were to be enjoyed by the English and Indians alike. The deed was signed by Geo. Haynes on the part of the English and by Per\nch and Vivano on the part of the In\n
*blacks. The consideration was the pro\ntenance afforded the Indians and the lucrative trade offered them in corn and fish. Nor was the consideration a small one. Before the coming of the English the tribe was between two hostile and powerful enemies, the Pequot on the east, and the Mohawks on the west. The brilliant campaign of Captain John Mason had indeed relieved them from
Me-sipuwa, which would suggest that those Indians rather than the Fauquis tribe were the guilty parties. The latter, however, had been duly warned against entertaining hostile Indians and were therefore held responsible for the murder and the blame of a like nature, and they "mutually agreed and obliged each other to pay to the General Court in October, or to their order, yearly, for the term of seven years, the full sum of ninety thousand pounds, well strung and unremittable." Nearly ten years after the murder of John Hart, the town records show that the money was paid. The record of the trial is of great interest, and the story of the murder and subsequent events forms a stirring chapter in the history of the town.

The deed of 1651 contained in foeto the land, and in 1653, and again in 1654, becoming dissatisfied with these not very well understood legal documents, the town authorities with him, and in a business-like manner goes to the southern end of the grant, marks a tree and builds a monument. In like manner he defines the eastern and western bounds, so that all men could see and understand, and then goes home and signs his seals, device, a bow and arrow, to a long account of his day's work. His son Sebasdian, in the presence and by the help of his father, adds his device, which was also impressed by the surrounding hills. The document was duly recorded, and to the last deed we need consider. Peace was firmly established, and with few exceptions the relations between the whites and Indians from then to last friendly. For an account of one such exception we must go back a little. John Hull, unimportant of Boston, in his diary on April 23, 1657, says: "We received letters from Hartford, and heard that at a town called Farmington, near Hartford, an Indian was so bold as to kill an English woman, great with child, and likewise her husband, and say what we tell a little child, all within their houses and then fired the house, which also tided some other form or forms of the Indians, being apprehended, was hived and murdered, it was brought to Hartford, and after he had his right hand cut off, was, with an axe, knocked on the head by the executioner." This story is worth a little study and has been illustrated as the manner in which much grave history is evolved. In his court of justice, an act of war against the Indians, and among the usual and usual business of the day, there was a party, a story that shall go down through all time as authentic, as the exploits of old testament heroes, to consider the facts and then the story. The General Court in April, 1657, takes notice of a "most horrid murder committed by some Indians at Farmington, and though Me-sipuwa seems to be the principal actor, yet the accessories are not yet clearly discovered." Messengers were sent to the Narraganset and the Massachusetts Indians, that is, to the head of the Hunt and Danforth, to deliver up materials for the historiographer. The Indians answered the house of John Hart at midnight, murder the entire family, and burn the house over their remains. The town records perish in the flames, and the tribe pay a fine of eighty thousand pounds yearly thereafter. In point of fact the Indians did not murder John Hart but burn his house. No record was destroyed, and the court complained that the Indians did not pay the fine for the transgression of ten years before. The murder of 1657 was probably the work of a few Indians and not of the friendly Massachuset tribe. The Indians being to the north within the jurisdiction of the Massachuset Indians, were not many years a menace to the whites and friendly Indians able to repel a well-known tradition that about the year 1657 a murdering party from the north, seeking to prevent John Hart, held a council, appeared at the Hart farm, one mile north of the present south line of Avon, and proceeded thence, southward, murdered a Mr. Scott at a place known as Scott's Swamp. The earliest record of the tradition is that by Mr. I. Ellick Codding, father of the late Ellick Codding,

FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT.
Far into the land recently of Mr. Henry C. Rice. Here were formerly plunged up in great numbers two kinds of Indian arrow heads, the broad, black kind used by the Tunxis Indians, and a lesser number of a kind that reminded me of a lighter color. These latter we were told were the weapons of a hostile tribe left here after a great battle. Of this battle, Deacon Ephraim Potter has left us an account based on the traditions of a hundred years ago. He says the whites "made an agreement with them to remove to the west side of the meadow, but before they left their old settlement they had intelligence that the Stockbridge Indians were preparing to come and try their strength with the Tunxis tribe. They met accordingly at what is called the Little Meadow. The battle was fought with true Indian courage and was very bloody, but the Stockbridge Indians were too powerful for the Tunxis, and they gave way and retreated to their settlement, whereupon the squaws formed a battalion and, attacking the enemy on their flank, soon drove them from the field and gained a complete victory. The Indians soon after the battle, made preparation to remove to the west side of the meadow." The removal of the Indians ordered by the General Court in 1685 was probably soon accomplished, for as early as 1685, the high ground west of Popolno Meadow was known on the town records as Fort Hill, where MANY still can be seen the granite stones which marked the new place of Indian burials. In 1675 the Court admitted that they had "set their wigwams where the authority appoints." During the whole of the King Philip's War in 1675-76 when the country was suffering the horrors of Indian warfare, the Tunxis tribe remained faithful to the English, and on the 4th of October, 1675, sent six of their warriors to assist them at Springfield. They were Negebogam, Wamawesse, Wawassaw, Sepeose, Fubdachopassin, and Undercroft. In the year 1682 we get a passing glimpse of the relations of the whites and Indians from a single leaf of the account book of Deacon Hussey, the records of dealings with the Indians, Deacon Ball lived on the east side of the road which diverges from Main Street a little south of the Congregational Church. To Chilly he sells two hogs for which he was to receive five and one-half bushels of corn at harvest time. For one horn bow he Indian promises a buckskin well dressed and duly pays the same. To Laplough he loaned one hundred of grain and two hundred and fifty bushels of barley to hunt with, for which he was to receive nine pounds of tallow.

From Minton he received ten pounds of tallow for a hunting hatchet, four more for mending his gun, and another four for a half bushel of corn. He has accounts also with Woodmore, Indians, and others for sales and repairs of axes, bush scythes, guns, gambols, fose, pecks, knives, hatchets, etc. Implementations for hunting seems to have been most in demand and we paid for from the proceeds of the hunt. They bought some old corn and hoes, and it is to be hoped made good use of them, but the picture of Indian agronomy given by Wood in his "New England's Prospect" is the more commonly received one. Describing the occupations of the squaws, he says "another work is their planting of corn, where they exceed our English husbands keeping it so clear with their flaxseed hoes, as it is a garden rather than a corn field, not suffering a damping to advance its ambitious head above their mortar corn, or an unendeering worm to spoil its spacious soil." Their corn being ripe, the gather it and drying it in the sun, convives (as they then bore it which be greatly disliked in the ground) the proposer of a horse, cob, redolent with metal of trees, where in they put their corn, covering it from the intrusive search of their gormandizing husbands, who would eat up both their allowed portion, and reserved food, if they knew where to find it.

Six years later, in 1688, Perkins and Mansfield had departed this life for the happy hunting grounds of their race, and no one resided in their stead. Under the mild protection of the English they had become a ready obedient臣民 of the king, and the king of office for their petty spoils and dignity involving the varieties of self respect and worldly goods for its attainment, did not appeal to their simple nature.

Nevertheless, it was desirable that some of their races should have authority to agree with the English in the settlement of controversies. A meeting of the tribe was therefore held on the 17th of September, 1688, at the house of John Waldworth, and there was the first in the history of the tribal nation of the Pequot that were dead, whom they would make choice of to be chief. They were modestly deposed Mr. Waldworth to nominate a man of two, who did nominate Wawasaw and Shinn, and all that were present well approved of them. "As captives to whom the English may have recourse at all times." The record of the meeting was signed by John Waldworth, William Lewis, Senior, and John Stroud, Senior as witnesses on the part of the English and by Newsho, Jnke, and eleven others on the part of the tribe.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

COTTAGE OF LEWIS N. LONG.

THE FARMINGTON CREAMERY PLACE
RESIDENCE OF GEORGE F. BURGESS

"ROSE LAWN" RESIDENCE OF N. WALLACE

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

"MEADOW VIEW" PROPERTY OF N. WALLACE; RESIDENCE OF MRS. G. H. MUNN

ANDREWS' CIDER MILL

ON THE WATERVILLE ROAD
Wawawis and Shinn, on that part accepted of the place of captives, oruck them amongst all the indians non
in our town and do promise to carry quietly and peaceable towards all English
and to give an account to Mr. Walworth of any strange Indians coming.
Twelve others, not being tapes
in addition, also signed an agreement to act agreeably and quietly towards the
English, and to be subject to Shinn and Wawawis as their chief commanders.
This agreement seems to have been faithfully kept. In 1778, an attack from Canad being feared and
bands of hostile Indians having been found lurking about Litchfield, the
Governor and Council resolved "That John Hooker, Esq., William Walworth,
and Eaton Codie, or any two of them, shall respect the Indians of Farmington,
and the said Indians, each and every of them, shall, to the best of their
ability, before and after said committee ever
in the abovementioned, at such place a
and committee shall appoint, and to said committee an account of their
and business the preceding day unless said committee shall, for good reason
to them shown, give them allowance to come and answer for
some time."
In October this requirement was removed from the Farmington Indi
proceeded therewith from
wartour and were a white cloth on their
lands; where they were more
country to bone, than by
shouting themselves from the hostile Indians around them.

The conversion of the natives of the
continual progress to Christianity was a favorite
purpose set forth in the grants and
charter issued by the Executive Council, whether Protestant or Catholic. In
1706 the General Assembly of Connecticut
set aside the common ministers to prepare a plan for their conversion, and
in 1777 the Governor and Council observed that the
missionaries among the Indians in the October
session of the Assembly. In 1777 per
leaving Indian children in their
families are ordered to endear to
them to read English and to
catch them. In 1775 the Council
Assembly passed for the payment at
hand of the Indian youth of Farmington a sum under the
parson of Rev. Samuel Whitman, and the
next year the latter reported mu
been employed. I have been
and your Honour that of
the nine Indian bales, which were kept on
school last winter, that we can read
as children in a uniform, three currently in a
police, and two are in their young
element, and none have been per
for those that need them.
Three of the Indian boys are entered in
writing and others begin to learn a lett
FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT.
ble hand."

Appropriations for the school
were made by the Assembly for three
successive years. In 1747 a pupil of the
school, one John Mathewson, became its
teacher. In 1754 the tribe had made such
progress in adopting the customs of their
white neighbors that the Eclectic Society
granted a bounty to the Christian
Indians belonging to said society to
build a seat in the gallery in the Meeting
House. In 1777 Mr. John Brown, of the
east corner of said house and to be done
at the direction of the society commit
In 1783 Solomon Mossman
joined the church, and two years after
his wife, Fannie, also joined. In
November, 1778, a new teacher took
his place in the little Indian schoolroom in
West District. This was Joseph John
son, a Mohawk Indian, who was foster
son and had been a soldier in the French war.
He had attended Wheelock's Indian Charity School at Litchfield. In 1798, he
after leaving his parents in accordance
at one time going on a whaling voyage
and visiting the West Indies. Returning
to a sober, religious life, he was accepted by the Society for Propagating
the Gospel in New England" to teach the
Indians until he was ordained as a minister at Hanover, N.H., in the summer of 1778.
He had much to do with the subsequent
formation of the tribe to the west.
The continual progress of the Indians
in a court of his and their teaching
and aspirations in regard to it are set
in the memorial of Ephraim Wampoo
son, Solomon Mossman, and the rest of
embraced to the Max session of the
General Assembly in 1774 "Your Honour. Memorialists may have
always lived and inhabited in the said town of
Farmington by means wherein the most of
us have in some measure become
acquainted with and formed some general
ideas of the English custom and
manners, and many of said tribe have
been instructed in reading and writing
in English, and have been at considerable expense in maintaining the same, and
more, and some other books in English for our
benefit, to which honest instruction though poorly
but to the extent of interest, and we...
and further that we are in Honour of your
people, that they may have Honour to
a seat in the gallery, and direct
in our own.

The petition was granted.

Another memorial was the same per
persons, that of the earlier, traced
on a great change to come over
the tribe. The desire of the states was
which no existing influence
or religion itself, could wholly solve,
been set on me by the allowance of
of new scenes offered them and of more
reason for the exercise of their old-time
freedom of forest life. The memorial states that they have received a kind
mention from their brethren, the Six
Nations at Oneida, to come and dwell
with them, with a promise of a cordial
reception and ample provision in kind
whereof to subsist, and being
strangely situated where they now dwell,
think it will be best for ourselves and our
children and also tend to extend and
advance the kingdom of Christ among
the heathen nations to sell our interest in
the Colonies, to accept said kind in
invitation of our brethren and to remove to
the Colonies, and to prevent being
impacted upon therewith, we humbly pray
your Honours as our fathers and guard
rooms to.appoint of John Strong and
Thomas Go.
and Mr. Jonathan Task,
all of said Farmington, a
minute to assist, direct, and oversee it
in the coming years.

The petition was granted.

We have another account of this invitation of the
Indians to the home of their former dead
beneath a tree. It was written down by
Deacon Elijah Porter, who was a boy
of thirteen at the time of the
occurrence and sketched what of it
personally knew. He says, "Sometime before the Revolutionary War a tribe of the Oneida Indians came to
Farmington to make the Thames a friendly visit. Accordingly they had a
part of gold down in the evening they
held a powwow. They built a very
large fire and the two tribes joined
and set to running around this
fire singing and shouting and sounding the war-whoop, so loud as to be plainly
heard a mile."
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

FINE HILL FARM - RESIDENCE OF C. F. THOMSON

RESIDENCE OF FRED R. ANDREWS

RESIDENCE OF JAMES H. ANDREWS

MOSES AKKE PLACE - RESIDENCE OF TRUMAN MILLER

HELEN L. ANDREWS' STUDIO ON THE WATERVILLE ROAD
In 1775, the Indians began to return to their original homes, being encouraged by an act of the New York legislature which had the following preamble: "And whereas the Oswego and Tuscarora tribes, with whose territory this state have been distinguished for their attachment to the cause of America and have thereof entitled themselves to protection, and the said tribes by their humble petition having prayed that their land may be secured to them by authority of the legislature, commissioners were appointed to devise measures for their contentment. In an act of 1784 we read that "the tract of land bounded by six miles square contained by the Oswego Indians to the Stockbridge Indians by a line south from the Green Mountain in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight shall be laid off and returned to the Stockbridge Indians and their posterity forever." And be it further enacted that the tract of land before set apart for the Indians called the New England Indians, consisting of the tribes called the Mahican, Stockbridge, Stonington, and Narragansett Indians, and the Pococks of Groton and Westfield of Farmington, shall be and remain to the said Indians and their posterity, but without any power of alienation by the said Indians or of leaving or disposing of the same, or any part thereof, and the same tract shall be called Brothertown and shall be deemed part of the town of Pittsfield in the county of Berkshire.

Brothertown was on the Oriskany and occupied the greater part of the town of Marshall, which was formed, a part of the town of Pittsfield and the southern part of Berkshire in which is located Hamilton College. New Stockbridge was six miles to the west in the town of Augustus, the settlement was commenced at first one parish, the Rev. Samson Oocum presiding, alternating Sunday mornings, now in the form of a circuit in Brothertown and now in some house in New Stockbridge. The history of these two settlements, of their conflicts with the land hungry whites, and of their own internal dissensions, is too voluminous for our present consideration. In 1831 they again became a new removal, to parseFloat this time to Gen. R. W. Indian. The amount of Indian blood diffused through that conglomerate of races must now have become so small that we will not pursue the history of the tribe farther. Those who desire further knowledge of the Brothertown Indians should consult the account of Rev. Samuel Oocum by the Rev. William DeLoss Long and the numerous authorities to which he refers. I shall only quote a few lines from the account which President Dwight gives of his visit to them in 1799. He says: "I had a strong inclination to see civilized Indian life, i.e., Indian life in the most advanced state of civilization in which it is found in this country, and was informed that it might probably be seen here." The Brothertown Indians, he says, were thirdly residents in Montville and Farmington, and were in number about one hundred and fifty. The settlement is formed on the declivity of a hill, running from north to south. The land is excellent, and the spot in every respect well chosen. Here forty families of these people have fixed themselves in the business of agriculture. They have cleared the ground on both sides of the road about a quarter of a mile in breadth, and about four miles in length. Three or four strong stone houses. The remaining houses are of logs, and differ little from those of the whites, when formed of the same materials. Their furniture is much inferior to that of the white people. Their fences are indifferent and their meadows and arable grounds are imperfectly cleared. Indeed, almost everywhere is visible that slack hand, that disposition to leave everything unfinished, which peculiarly characterizes such Indians as have left the savage life."

We will close this paper with a brief account of the scanty remains of the Tuscarora tribe who lived and died on their ancestral soil. Solomon Mosseau, who joined the church in 1793, died January 25, 1858, at the age of 78 and was buried in the Indian burying ground on the hill to the left of the road as you go to the railroad station. A well-executed monument marks his grave. He had a son Daniel who was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and a son Luke who removed to Brothertown. Thomas Carroon, who is said on the church records to have been the last Tuscarora Indian of unmixed blood, died December 21, 1824, aged 64. He is best remembered by the story of his burying run at the store of Zeena Coode, the nearest source of supply for the inhabitants of the Indian Neck. It was during the early days when total abstinence societies were unknown and all classes and conditions of men bought rum, and every merchant sold it, as one of the absolute necessities of life. Thomas, having obtained a gallon for eight shillings, in due time returned for another supply and was disgusted to learn that the price in the meantime

FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT
had risen to nine shillings. It was ex-
plained to him that the extra shilling
was for interest on the money and for
shrinkage of the liquor, and that it
cost as much to keep a hog-head of
rum through the winter as to keep a
horse. Yes, yes, said the Indian. He
can eat hay, but he drink much water.

Thomas got his run for eight shillings
as before. The story of Henry Moss-
uck, son of Luke and grandson of
Salomon, is not exciting, but as he
was the last of his race and as his
career well illustrates the inevitable fate
of weaker races in the contest of life.

I must venture to give you a brief
sketch of a man sinning somewhat, but
very much sinning against. His first
recorded appearance in public was in
a justice court, where Esquire Horace
Cowles fined him for stealing chickens
on the night of July 8, 1824. A month
afterward he was wanted in another
matter but had absconded to parts un-
known. Two years later he goes to
sea for a three years' voyage, and, as
I am told, with Capt. Elmer-er Max,
giving a white neighbor a power of at-
torney to take care of his land in his
absence. Just before he returned, his
trustee agent sold the land, pocketed
the proceeds, and went west. Passing
over twenty years of his uneventful life
we find him at the age of forty-nine
in Colebrook, where on a Saturday night
in the last week of March, 1864, two
wretches not twenty-one years of age,
William H. Calhoun and Benjamin Bal-
com, murdered a certain Barnice White
in a most brutal manner. They were
sentenced to be hung, and Henry Mos-
 suck, known as Henry Manasseh, was
sentenced with them as having prompted
and abetted them. A year afterward
the sentences of all three were com-
menced to imprisonment for life. I have
read the lengthy records of the court
and the minute confession of Calhoun
and have learned much from other
sources. There seems to have been no
evidence whatever against Mossuck ex-
cept that of the men, who reiterated
the story of their brutal crime with no-
more compunction than they would feel
at the butchering of an ox, and who
had every motive for lying. Mossuck
vainly petitioned the legislature for re-
lease for three successive years in 1864,
1865, and 1866; but finally, in 1867, Bal-
com on his death bed having asserted
the innocence of Mossuck, and the
chaplain and officers of the State Prison
giving him a good character, he was
pardoned. He died in our poorhouse
on the 10th of October, 1883.

More enduring than these frail me-
morials are the few Indian words of
blessings which remain forever at-
ached to the places where the red man
lived: Pequabuck, the clear, open pond;
Qumupack, the long water land; and
Tunis Sepus, by the bend of the river.

A Farmington nine field
Ferns and Birds of Farmington.

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

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

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

By a small clearing in the middle of Kentucky were two old men talking, gestulating, seated in the field. Rare plants nodded their flowers on every side. It was a complete cure.

We do not pretend to claim that finding rare plants will cure every ill, but it is hard for most folks to keep up with the collector of rare plants. For his path will be through the woods and swamps, and high up where the Ruta Minuta hangs on its trail from the face of the trap ledges. Almost every species of fern that is found in New England can be secured in Farmington, and there are several places where the Ophioglossum holds court, and certain sandstone ledges where the Campylopus Rhynchosiphon (the walking fern) hangs down its long megaphorion naeculiis exactly as it did in the early times of the world. The aristocrats Aplomodium and Asplenium and the stately Cunningham, the trail Dicksonia, they are in our woods and fields, and thousands of peatmoss and Asplenium Fridericium and Plantago grow among the rocks. We will not name them all two times, although it would place us meekly.

Among the many things in Mr. Keep's school is the collection of native birds, or rather the birds that visit Farmington. There are three large cases, two holding the large birds, the...
big herons, the hawks and owls, and the others filled with sparrows and warblers. The large heron in the picture was collected on the Farmington meadows. It is a shame to kill these big herons, but they are so large they excite the ambitions of the gunners.

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

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

All these owls fly so softly, and except for the occasional hooting are so
The hawks in the picture, beginning at the right, are, first, the red-tailed hawk. The upper part of the tail is a deep cinnamon red. This hawk is quite imposing. He soars around in great circles, narrowing more and more, and finally catches a mouse or a squid in midair.

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

The last group of birds are a few of our most common birds. Beginning at the right is the (Bob White) quail. We used to hear them in the neighboring lots before our worldly residents shooed the hawks and turned them into golf links. The second bird from the right is the ruffed grouse, a noble bird and noteworthy there are often more hunters than birds, so manage to secure. When the hawks get through with these birds the winter descends on them and tries its best to exterminate them.

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

The third to the right is the crow, a beautiful and much shelled bird. We tried him as though he were a chicken. Underneath is the crow's relative, the blue jay. He is beautiful, although a little coarse. After the long summer killing little birds and eating eggs and running the hawks, in the winter he comes about the farms begging for a few grains of corn.

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

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

—R. B. B.
The Old Cemetery.

AISORS to our ancient town not infrequently return from their wanderings with marvels about the old cemetery they have discovered on the east side of the main street, a short distance south of the church.

The ground was set apart for burial purposes at three separate times. The central portion was in use in February, 1692, or twenty-five years after the settlement of the town, and how much earlier is unknown. A path led to it from the highway through land added to the town in 1707 by purchase from Joseph Barnes. The eastern half acre in the rear was sold to the Ecclesiastical Society in 1757, by Colonel Case. Here, for two centuries, our fathers buried their dead, borne hither on the village bier, the bell tolling a solemn knell as the bearers ascended the narrow path and left their loved ones where now

"Their name, their years, spelt by the undated stones.

The place of fame and elegy supply.
And many a holy text around she strews.
That teach the pensive moralist to die!"

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

There have been no interments in the cemetery for many years, and it presents much the same appearance that it did fifty years ago. Former residents in our village who return to visit the scenes of their childhood will miss most of all the old gateway of Egyptian architecture, modeled after that of the Green street cemetery in New Haven, substantiating, however, for the winged globe, emblem of dronity, the words MEMENTO MORI! Monuments are erected to the memory of four of the pastors of the church, Rev. Samuel Hooker the second pastor, Rev. Samuel Whitman the third, Rev. Timothy Patten the fourth, and Rev. Joseph Washburn the sixth, who was buried at sea the oldest stone having a date stands on the north side of the ground close to the fence, and bears the inscription

S S 9 B
No 8
1685

The next oldest reads

A S
AG B 26
16 88

Next after which comes

SH AG 33 DSI 10
187 1689

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

173
S H AG 77

unforms us that Stephen Hart, son of the last named Stephen, died in 1773.
Here lies interred ye Body of ye Revd Mr Samuel Whitman, ye late Learned and Pious Pastor of ye 1st church in Farmington who departed this life July ye 1st A D 1751 in ye 73rd year of his Age.

Here also lies interred ye Body of Mrs. Sarah Whitman, ye pious consort & Relict of ye Revd Mr. Samuel Whitman who departed this life Sept 16th 1758, in ye 70th year of her Age.

Rev. Samuel Hooker
The Second Minister of Farmington
Died in the 75th year of his Age Oct 4th 1767, aged about 61 years. He was the Son of Rev. Thomas Hooker
The First Minister of Hartford
His widow, Mary Willet Hooker married Rev. Thomas Buckingham of Norwalk, Conn, died June 14th 1774, and was there buried.

This monument is erected by his descendants in 1865.
aged 72. On the north side of the path, not far from the entrance to the cemetery, a stone is erected: "In memory of Mr. Matthias Leaming Who has got beyond the reach of Persecution. The life of man is Vanity." He was one of the unfortunate men who, in the Revolutionary war, did not fight on the winning side.

Near the street, and consequently on the west side of the ground, a stone marks the last resting place of Shem, the son of Noah. Not to claim too
great antiquity for our ancient burial ground, it is proper to state that Shem was a negro, and tradition, whether as a witicism or a sneer, tells us that our colored brethren were here interred, so that on the Resurrection day, when all the dead arose and faced the east, they would remain in the rear of the great congregation. This must take rank with the remark made me by a learned divine, in the spirit of the author of Hudibras, that our forefathers in pure contrariness buried their dead in this ancient ground in a direction opposite to the ritual of their ancestors.

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

Julius Gay.
The following epitaphs appear in the "old cemetery":

In memory of
Rev. Joseph Washburn A M
For ten years
pastor
of the Church of Christ
in Farmington
Over which he was ordained
May 7, 1795.
He died at sea on his
passage to Charlestown, S. C.
Dec. 25, 1805
Aged 30.

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

Sarah F. Tullar
1869-1889
Buried at Greenport 1:1
Erected by her pupils
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

Rev. Samuel Hooker
The Second Minister of Farmington
Died in the 37th year of his
Pastorate Nov. 15, 1805—aged
about 84 years. He was
the son of Rev. Thomas Hooker
The First minister of Hartford.
His widow Mary Willet Hooker
married Rev. Thomas Buckingham
of Norwich County, Died June 24th
1712, and was buried there.
This monument is erected by his
descendants in 1803.

Sarah A.
Daughter of
Solomon &
Mary E. Coole.
Died Oct. 14, 1843.
Aged 25 years.
There is a calm for
Those who sleep,
A rest for every pious
Grave's fond,
They softly lie, and
Sleep in the ground.
Love on a double stone is the following.—
In memory of
Gilman Coolis
who died Oct. 1st
A.D. 1802, in the
57th year of
his age.
In memory of
Emma, Relict of
Gilman Coole,
who died Nov. 26
A.D. 1802 in the
57th year
of her age.
Sacred to the memory of
Mrs. Belinda Norton, consort
of Mr. Romana Norton,
who died in child-bed,
Feb. 20th A.D. 1792, in the
22nd year of her age.
This monument is erected by
her affectionate husband,
If conjugal, fidelity, innocence & youth
could have arrested
the shafts of death,
Surely Belinda had not died
Ichabod Porter Norton
Died May 13, 1813.
Aged 27 years.

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

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

In Memory of
Nohah Bird
who was killed
by an insane person
May 17, 1833.

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

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

The Ghost.

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

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

The old cemetery on Canal Street
contains many interesting memorials.
The monument erected in remembrance
of the stamp's Indians, has sculptured
on one face Mrs. Nancome's tribute to
the red man. A full description and
picture of this monument appears else-
where in this work, in Mr. Gray's article.
on "The Lancers Indians." It can be seen that the "Center Basin," in 1841, is buried here, and the grave suitably marked. A beautiful, though simple granite monument, shows the last resting place of

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

Sarah Porter
Born
August 10, 1803
Died
February 17, 1899

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

*AMONG THE OLDS" A TYPICAL FARMINGTON WOODS*
Farmington in 1838.

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

The first settlers of Farmington were from Hartford, being descendants from Boston, Newton, and Roxbury, in Massachusetts. They began the settlement in 1635, being probably attracted at this early period by the fine natural meadows upon the Tunxis or Farmington river. The town was incorporated in 1635. The land was purchased of the Tunxis tribe of Indians, which was a numerous and warlike tribe, by eighty-four proprietors, and divided by them and their heirs according to their respective interests. The township at the time of its incorporation was fifteen miles square. Since this period there have been several towns have been formed from it, viz: Southington, Berlin, Bristol, Berlin, and Avon. The present length of Farmington is seven and one-half miles from north to south, and averages upwards of four miles in breadth. The town is situated principally between two mountainous ridges which stretch from N.N.E. to S.S.W. divided by valleys; the mean distance between the mountains is about four miles. The east mountain, on the side of which the village is built, presents a mural front to the west, and has two convenient passes through it; the road to Hartford passing through the north, and the road to Middletown passing through the south pass, distant from each other about four miles. The Farmington river, about 45 yards wide, enters through the west mountain from the northwest, and runs southeast to the central part of the town, where meeting the east mountain, it turns to an acute angle, and runs northward through the town, parallel with the mountain.

On the east side of the east mountain, opposite a peak called Round Hill, rises the Quinipow or North Haven River. The great flat, or natural meadow, from the river westward, a rich loam and sand, and is one of the most fertile tracts in the state.

The above is a view of the central part of the village, showing the Congregational and Methodist churches. The main street, on which they are built, extends about two miles from north to south, on an elevated plain from 50 to 75 feet above the level of the river. The course of which is seen by the row of trees standing below the level of the houses. The New Haven and Northampton Canal, passes between the river and the houses, and course being elevated above the level of the river. There are about one hundred handsomely dwelling houses within the limits of something more than a mile, some of which are elegant edifices. The Academy in the village, and the Methodist Church, recently erected, both stand near the Congregational Church. The above view was taken from Round Hill, a singular elevation in the meadows, about half a mile distant from the main street. This hill is a natural course, it covers about 15 acres; it rises abruptly to the height of about 50 feet, and is nearly circular in form. It was once probably an island in the center of a lake which covered the whole of the present meadow.

These meadows are now occasionally overflowed. During the winter of 1850, a cry of distress was heard by some persons on the bank of the river. Captain Strong and George F. Mills, went about five o'clock P.M. in a canoe to relieve the sufferers. They proceeded to Round Hill, where they heard the cries of a man named Bailey, to the northeast, where they found a spot of horses and part of a wagon, and a man by the name of Ayers, in a bunch of willows, in the middle of a current, about two rods from the shore, and with a good deal of difficulty, they got Ayers into the canoe. As they were passing a tree, Ayers seized a frond or one of the branches, in doing this he overbalanced the boat. He succeeded in climbing the tree, while the others swam to the hill where they called for help. About a o'clock, Dr. Eli Todd, William Hall and Joel Warner manned a canoe, and alternately drawing and navigating it, reached the hill. After a number of attempts to relieve Ayers, a bridge of tree was formed from the tree to the shore on which he was enabled to pass. Todd, Hall and Warner sailed in the course of the road, northwest in search...
of Bibe the found the current so rapid that they were obliged to return without effecting their object, though they came within speaking distance, and exhorted him to be silent throughout the night, except when they should call to him: his cries before had been distinctly heard throughout the town for nearly three miles in length. He remained on a cake of ice about two rods in length, throughout the night.

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

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

The town is bounded N. by Avon, E. by Hartford and Berlin, W. by Bristol and Burlington, and S. by Southington. The central part is about nine miles west from Hartford. The number of inhabitants is about 2000, and has not varied much in the last thirty years.

The first minister in this place was Roger Newton, settled in 1677, and who continued nine years, and then removed to Milford. The second was Samuel Hooper, who was ordained in 1678, and died in 1697. Samuel Whitman was ordained the next minister in 1696. He continued 13 years, and died in 1709. The next year Timothy Pitkin, from East Hartford, was ordained, he continued until 1728, and was then dismissed at his own request. He was succeeded by Allen Goffett, in 1729, who in 1735 was succeeded by Joseph Washburn.

This town has at present a school fund, besides what is received from the State, amounting to nearly $1000, the annual interest of which is applied to the payment of teachers. In 1693 the town voted a certain sum for the support of a teacher for half a year, and in the directions to the committee for presenting one, a clause was added, that he should be so gifted as to be able occasionally to step into the pulpit.

The native Indians must have been very numerous, in and about the town, when the first settlers arrived. The hunting grounds and fishing places were peculiarly attractive. Their hunting grounds were on two sandy hills, one on the west side of the great mead way, and one on the east, and near the center of the present village. In excavating the roads, many of their homes were discovered, and some domestic articles, as cups, &c. In 1871 a committee was chosen by the town, to desc

ignite houses to be fortified against them. It appears that seven such houses were used for that purpose. The doors were made of double plank, nailed by nails driven closely together, so as to prevent their being cut through by hatchets. In 1703 the number of Indians was about two, a considerable number having removed in a body to Stockbridge, Mass., and another division of them have since removed to that place.
Much of the beauty of Farmington is made by its natural features, its mountains and river. But like so many New England villages, it is the men and women that make the real character of the town. As generation after generation passes, it begins to be realized that certain individuals—deacon, minister, a school teacher, a farmer, or a doctor—have unselfishly kept the towns pointed toward healthful and lofty ideals. These are the heroes whose deeds are unrecorded (except in our hearts), who have been the back bone of New England, of the west and ultimately of the world.

No matter how hard the conditions of life may have been these ancestors have always stood by education, and in turn education has stood by them. Farmington, like all college towns, has had a peculiar literary life of its own. And over everything and through everything, as the Indian Summer light bathes everything in a golden hue, has been the quiet but powerful influence of such men and women as Deacon Simeon Hart, and Miss Sarah Porter. These pictures, and the list is necessarily incomplete, represent every man and woman.

We often wonder if our own generation will be able to fill the places of these worthies. We feel pretty sure they will not in the same way—nor in other ways, and we all believe that the influence of the really good and unselfish never dies.

Rev. Noah Porter, D.D., Rev. Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale University, Miss Sarah Porter. A town would be counted fortunate which was the birthplace and residence of any one of the above named persons. Farmington is three blest. Dr. Porter was born and largely educated in this town, and was gladly called at the age of twenty-five to the pastorate of its church in 1866. The reasons assigned for the call are that "this society, from personal acquaintance with Mr. Noah Porter, Jr., being one of us, and from sufficient experience of his ministerial gifts and qualifications, are satisfied that he is eminently qualified for the work of the Gospel ministry." These "gifts and qualifications" were signalized shown during the sixty years of his ministry, not only in church and town, but also throughout the state and denomination.

His son, who was born in 1854, in Farmington, has linked the name of this town with the fame of the great university which is known wherever education and civilization extend. He died in 1892.

Miss Sarah Porter
See the article on "Miss Porter's School."
Eugert Cowles, great-grandson of the grandson of John Cowles, a first settler of the town, and one of the "Seven Pillars of the church," was born April 4, 1828. He was conversant in the public life as a lawyer, long a judge of probate, and filled the offices in which he could be the most useful to his fellow men. A town or society meeting, for a long series of years, which did not listen to his addresses of wisdom, was unknown. His knowledge of olden time life and affairs was exceptional. Closing his eyes, and abstracting himself from all things present, he would pour forth the most minute and vivid account of his early days. The Eucharistic Society arranged for an appropriate celebration of his one-hundredth birthday, but he passed away a few months before the arrival of the day.

Samuel Smith Cowles was born in Farmington, Dec. 4, 1814. At the age of 15 he began learning the business of a printer in a book-publishing concern at Windsor, Vt. In 1837 he was a journeyman printer in Boston. A year later he began to edit and print the "Charter Oak," an anti-slavery paper in Hartford. He returned to his native village in 1843 and after the death of Deacon Simon Hart, became the treasurer of the Farmington Savings Bank, which prospered greatly under his management. In all public affairs, he was a firm and unwavering defender of what he deemed the right. He died Dec. 5, 1872.

Dr. Isabel Thompson, descended from the first settler, Thomas Thompson, one of the "Seven Pillars of the church," was born April 16, 1760, and died May 2, 1868. After graduating at Yale in 1781 he was a private tutor in the family of Lawrence Lewis, Esq., nephew of General Washington, at Woodlawn, Va. In 1823 he studied medicine with Dr. Ichad Todd, and was a student in the medical college in New Haven preparatory to his lite work as physician of this village. He was conservative in his principles and taste. Dr. Johnson was his model of literary greatness, and President Dwight his admiration in all things.

Dr. Edward B. Carrington, a son of Allen Carrington, was born in the year 1808, in Woodbridge, Conn., whence he came to Farmington in 1829. From then until his death in 1882, he served his town as physician. His portrait was taken from an old miniature and represents Dr. Carrington as he looked when he first came to Farmington.

Rev. Thomas Kendall Fessenden, son of Joseph and Sibyl Jane (Hollbrook) Fessenden, was born in Brattleboro, Vt., Sept. 10, 1813, and graduated at Williams College in 1834. He was pastor of Congregational churches in Norwich, Conn., Homer, N. Y., and Ellington, Conn. In his later years he was curator in the Educational School for boys in Middlebury, and for the Hampton Institute, in Virginia. He died in this village Jan. 18, 1894, and is buried in the new cemetery, which he had done much to enlarge and beautify.

Mr. Henry Miggat, a descendant of Deacon Joseph Miggat of Hartford, the immigrating ancestor of the family, was born in Wethersfield, Jan. 27, 1804. Marrying, in 1809, a granddaughter of Capt. Judah Woodruff, the town builder of this village, he built a house on her ancestral estate just north of the newly erected house of Mr. John I. Norton. Here he died, Jan. 9, 1882. He was a farmer, and especially a horticulturist. His recreation was music. For many years he played the flute in the choir during the days when all manner of orchestral instruments had not given place to the organ.

Charles L. Whitman was born May 29, 1827. He and his father for many years kept a tavern in Farmington, in the days when there was much traffic through this town. The place was famous in all the region, partly on account of Mrs. Whitman's excellent pie and cake. When one's ancestors have been among those who serve the public with care and courtesy, it seems to become second nature in the descendants to be very polite. This might explain Mr. Whitman's genial manners, but I am inclined to believe it was more a special goodness of heart. He was also for many years one of the directors of the bank and an alderman.

John Edward Cowles was born November 4, 1800, and died February 22, 1868. Frances Woodruff Cowles was born November 13, 1800, and died March 7, 1868. Their father, Martin, kept a store, where stands Mrs. Agate's 'summer house,' near there. They spent their lives as well-to-do farmers in this village.

Maj. Timothy Cowles was second son of Col. Isaac Cowles, whose home was where Aspin Porter now resides. His brothers were Esquire Henry, Capt. Richard, Solomon, 2d, and Samuel Hooker. The last named was a Yale graduate and died in his young manhood, greatly respected. The business life of Maj. Timothy was passed in farming. He bumbled the well known Stone Store which was destroyed by fire July 21, 1884. He also owned the large hotel building, now the place of the Porter Summery. Maj. Cowles was a broad minded, large hearted man. Many a poor man would witness to his large benevolence. He loved to see his fellow men prosper in life and gave employment to very many laborers, at having liberal wages to all. His cabin near his closed April 28, 1858, aged 74, and a good man was at rest. The memory of the past is blessed.

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

Mr. James Woodruff Cowles was a farmer and lived on the ancestral farm on the west side of Main Street half way to Plainville. Here he was born August 13, 1804, and here he died November 10, 1887. He will be remembered by most of the citizens of the village. He had a very pleasant tenor voice and led sometimes the choir and sometimes the old folks concert, then a novelty. He was also a frequent deacon in the town meeting.

Thomas Cowles was son of Zenas Cowles, long years a merchant in the store on the corner of Main Street and friend to the railroad depot. He was a graduate of Yale College and added the precious gift of law to farming. Cowles was a man of fine personal appearance, a ready debater and a fluent speaker. He served in both branches of the General Assembly, and was popular with his constituents. At one time he went into business in the State of Ohio, but in a few years returned to his native town, where his latter days were passed. His son, Capt. William Sheffield Cowles of the navy, now owns and occupies the old family homestead on the corner. The old store building is doing duty as a livery for the ladies' summery.

Thomas Cowles died October 22, 1881, aged 58 years, Elizabeth Sheffield, his wife, died on the 26th two days before. In both they were not divided during their funeral.
Peacon William was born July 27, 1839, at the age of 84.

Gen. George Cowles, the son of Gen. Solomon Cowles, a colonial officer, was born in Farmington. The residence of James L. Cowles, was built for George by his father, Solomon. For a long time a sign was upon the front of his store then standing where the D. R. Hawley house now is. The sign read: George Cowles, drugs and medicines. The store continued a great many years under his management. Farmington then contained very many military men of high rank in office. It was Gen. George Cowles then, afterward a brigadier, then Major General, the highest officer in the militia of the State. The General was greatly respected by his fellow citizens and soldiers, as, indeed, he was a constant gentleman of the olden time and a very capable military officer. His death occurred January 7, 1880, aged 80 years.

Augustus Ward was born December 2, 1811, and died April 6, 1881, son of Comfort and Pimme Ward. He was a merchant in New Britain in his earlier days. Marrying a daughter of Mr. Selden Cowles in 1820, he removed to this village and built a hotel on the site of the old Cowles mansion. He was a farmer, but had much to do with the Farmington Savings Bank after its organization in 1816, being one of its most able and efficient directors.

Peacon Edward Lucas Hart, nephew of Deacon Simcox, was born in East Haven, December 31, 1813, and died in this town May 15, 1870. He graduated at Yale College in 1836, and after teaching in New Haven and Berlin became associate principal in his uncle's school in this village. He was a successful and inspiring teacher, much beloved by all who were favored by his friendship. He was for many years a director in the Farmington Savings Bank.

John Webster was born in 1812 and was for twenty-seven years first selectman of the Town of Farmington. This is the longest term which has ever been served by any man in the State of Connecticut. He also represented Farmington for six years in the legislature. He died in 1881.

Dr. Chauncey Brown was born in Canterbury, Conn. He went to Brown University for one year and then to Union College, whence he was graduated with honor. He was a student of Greek, reading the Greek Testament with great pleasure during the remainder of his life. From the medical school of Brown he returned to Canterbury. In the first year and a half of the Civil War he was physician and surgeon in one of the hospitals of Washington. He came to Farmington about 1845 and in 1857 married Julia M. Strong. He was a strenuous believer in abstinence from alcoholic drink and also in anti-drug when both beliefs were unpopular. He died in 1888.

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

Hun J. Hooker was born April 19, 1850. His early life was spent in Farmington. While residing in his native town he was ever forward in all enterprises calculated to promote the welfare of society, and the best interest of his fellow men. He died February 20, 1884.

Samuel Deming in his time was one of the staunch citizens of this favored town. His occupation was farming; as he had a large bonded estate. The building now a post-office was bought by him, and for a period of time he engaged in trade with H. L. Gilwell, the firm being Gilwell & Deming. The building was afterward occupied as a tenement. Mr. Deming was an officer on the staff of Gen. George Cowles (his brother-in-law); he took a lively interest in the affairs of the Methodists, whose school room was the upper portion of his store building. Mr. Deming served at times as magistrate and was a fearless defender of what he considered right. At the age of 72 years, which occurred the 26th of April, 1871.

Augustus H. Williams was born in East Hartford in 1851. Coming to Farmington as a young man he engaged as clerk in the drug store of Gen. George Cowles and was afterward a partner, the firm being Cowles & Williams. When the store was completed Williams & Maguire (Henry Maguire) occupied it as a general store, stocked with dry goods, groceries and various goods sold in country stores. In after years Mr. Williams started a store and lumber yard in Plainville. The race canal was then in operation and canal boats James Williams, Capt. J. and Henry Larmey carried passengers, wood and produce to New Haven, loading with groceries and pine lumber on return trips. The stone and lumber yard was on the meadows of the canal basin white, now by, the Timotha Stock Farm. Mr. Williams was head of the church choir in Farmington for many years. In 1871 he was very efficient in caring for the Methodist church activities at the railroad station. Mr. Williams was in active health for a considerable period and died December 8, 1885, at the age of 80 years.

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

How Channing Ropes, the subject of this sketch, was born in Farmington, March 17, 1852. Concerning his boyhood days there is little known, but that he attended the common school of the town and later the "Academy" of Simcox Hart's School must be assumed, as all who know him are willing to accord him a high place in condition as
The village of beautiful homes

which were freely offered to numerous veterans. Mr. Rowe was a member of the Harrison Veterans, being one of the oldest representatives of that body, and he took great pride in recalling incidents of that famous "Wake-awake" campaign.

He had served at least four Presidential elections, his last vote having been cast for President McKinley.

The Rev. Noah Porter married Chances Rowe and Susan Dickinson Oct. 14th, 1844. Mr. Rowe was very domestic in his habits, and the family and affection were more strongly marked and developed in his character than in that of most men. Two sons, Charles H. and George, were his only children. George dying at the age of 68 years, Charles, who graduated from Yale College in 1840 and the medical department in 1842, was appointed assistant surgeon of the Eighteenth Connecticut, of which ex-Governor P. C. Hamilton was a member; later he was appointed surgeon of the Seventeenth United States Infantry and was transferred to Texas, where he fell a victim to the yellow fever scourge in Galveston, in September, 1857, at the age of 71 years. This was so great a blow to the affectionate father that he ever afterward bore the marks of a deep grief, and would be moved to tears in recalling the memory of his soldier son.

The loss of his wife a few years later, added to loss of business, filled his cup of grief and sorrow to overflowing. His mental balance for a time was threatened, but the later years of his life saw his mind and cheerfulness greatly restored, and he was regarded by all his towns-people with a deep and sincere affection. His mind was clear and his steps were active until a week or two before his death, which occurred on Dec. 1st, 1870, at the ripe age of 86 years.

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

The last years of his life were spent in pleasant walks about the town, making visits on neighbors, and in social intercourse with all, who have only the kindest remembrances of their friend and neighbor. J. K. Hardwick in Farmington Magazine, April, 1897.

George Woodruff, the youngest son of Major Deen and Martha Scott Woodruff, was born Jan. 23, 1809. He resided all of his life on the farm where his ancestors had lived as far back as the family can be traced. To the sturdy uprightness of character inherited from Puritan ancestors, he added a kindliness of spirit that made him beloved by all who knew him. His staunch loyalty to the church of which he was a member and whose services he attended with great regularity during his long life, his pleasant smile and kindly word of greeting to those he met will be long remembered by his friends. He died in 1897.

Rev. Samuel Hooker, the second pastor of the Church of Christ in Farmington, was installed in July, 1669, as the successor of his brother-in-law, Rev. Roger Newton, who in September, 1657, had been dismissed with the intention of returning to England. Of the early life of Mr. Hooker an account can be found in Ashley's Harvard Graduates as full and accurate as the industry of the learned librarian of Harvard University could obtain, how he studied at that ancient seat of learning, paying his quarter bills in wheat, silver, pork, butter, rose-water, etc., as was the custom of the day, how in November 25, 1684, he was chosen a fellow of the college, how the people of Springfield chose him for their pastor February 7, 1690, which honor he declined; how the year after his settlement here he was appointed by the General Court of Connecticut one of a committee of four persons to go down to New Haven to.
treat with the gentlemen and others of our loving friends there respecting an amicable union of the two colonies; and how the colony in 1677 granted him 250 acres of land. President Porter in his address of 1890 says: "He was, according to the testimony of Rev. Mr. Pitkin, an excellent preacher, his composition good, his address pathetic, warm and engaging, and as story relates, he informed a friend of his that he had four things to do with his sermons before he delivered them in public, to write them, commit them into his memory, and get them into his heart. From this notice, and the well-known fact, that his father was raised through out New England for the force and sure of his pulpit eloquence, we have reason to believe that he was a warm hearted and eloquent preacher. His death was deplored as a great loss upon his people; and his memory was embellished in the affections of his flock."

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

The list of the published writings of Mr. Hooker is a brief one. Some of his letters to Rev. Increase Mather and to Rev. James Fitch, from 1670 to 1682, have been printed. Writing to the former at the conclusion of King Philip's War, when the New England mind saw a special providence in every event, he says: "The late report which comes to me is, that a divine hand hath followed those of our enemies who went Albany-ward. Multitudes of them swept away by sickness. At this time a very malignant and dangerous fever is wandering hereabout. God seemeth not to have finished His controversy with the land." In May, 1677, Mr. Hooker preached the Annual Election Sermon from the text (Hes. i. 12). "For it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you." And the Rev. John Whiting introduces the printed pamphlet to us by an address to the "Christian Reader," declaring "in what awful and tremendous manner the Lord's anger hath of late in special made to appear against his wilderness people, the inhabitants of many villages made to cease even in Israel and some candlesickes removed out of their place," adding, I suppose, to the death of Gov. Winthrop. "Of the long discourse which follows we have room for but a brief space: the "Dir
dinal Conclusion." "When a sinful people have been chastened, and are still threatened but not destroyed, it is time for them to seek Jehovah till he comes and rains righteousness upon them, that is, till he, by the efficacy of his almighty spirit, makes them a believing, sanctified people." To which he adds: "If God rain not righteousness upon you, it may be expected that he will rain something else. Seek this gentle rain that the storm of his wrath fall not on you."

In May, 1693, Mr. Hooker preached another Election Sermon which the General Court ordered printed "for the people's good." They twice repeated the order at subsequent sessions, but no copies of it have come down to us. We hear of him not infrequently on committees and at meetings of his brother ministers for matters of public interest. In the witchcraft case of Ann Cole he was called in as a consulting divine, just as our maternal age in such matters would call in a consulting physician. He does not appear, however, to have been in any way responsible for the tragic ending of the case.

In this writing of sermons and attention to public affairs was added the labors of presiding at endless church meetings, and the recording of the innumerable discussions of things new to other lands. Petty material matters were tediously disposed of by the town built meeting-houses and paid the minister, but small charges fell to the church. A peck of wheat from each member paid the expense of the common table, which might be committed into sixpence in coin or threepence for "broth" in those wise whose wives come not to the Supper." Much time was wasted on that obsolete, crooked, good man, Simon Wrothum, who made more trouble than forty out and out wicked men. John Woodruff, borrowing without formal leave some small matters, is accused of stealing, and rebuts with a charge of lying, and the church votes that John did not "err or speak Libre in this." Meeting after meeting sat upon the matter until both parties made the apology. "An era of good feeling suddenly set in, and others parties signed a confession concerning other matters to be read the next Sunday, but alas, human letters are not before the Sun, came they privately requested Mr. Hooker not to read it. Page after page of Mr. Hooker's record is taken up with the case of "Goodly Rey.," who having committed a certain offence, is summoned before the church, not so much because of her offence, as because, not clothing herself in appropriate sackcloth and ashes, she had bravely the matter out in gorgeous apparel ."

The church over which Mr. Hooker was installed in 1690 was formed nine years before, in 1692, by his brother in law, Rev. Roger Newton, and six other pastor, men, known as the "Seven Elders" of the church. On the first of March, 1686, the church record shows a membership of fifty-seven. Some of these, no doubt, were attracted hither by our broad, fertile meadows, but many had been members of the church of the Rev. Thomas Hooker in Hartford. After his death, when differences arose, some of the church had gone with Elder William Goodwin to Hadley, and a length had followed him to this town to sit under the ministry of the son of that beloved pastor. Here died Elder Goodwin, and here, after a pastorate of thirty-six years, did the Rev. Samuel Hooker, as the record reads, "in the sixth day of November about one of the clock in the morning, A.D. 1706," at the age of about sixty-four years, and was buried in the invisible burial-ground.
FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

PROPERTY OF MRS. E. V. FINNEGAN.

THE RICHARD GAY PLACE.

RESIDENCE OF HUGH CHESTNUT.
probably at the spot where the vegetation and affection of his descendants dedicated a monument to his memory, June 19th, 1895.

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

*Thomas Ball*, one of the early settlers of Farmington, was born in Hartford about the year 1647. He was a son of Captain Thomas Ball famous in Colonial history as the commander of the Connecticut troops at Saybrook when Sir Edmund Andros attempted to read his commission as royal governor; he, on learning that the captain's name was Ball, said: "It is a pity that your arms are not tipped with silver." Thomas the younger was one of the early deacons of the church and lived on the east side of the road which diverges from Farmington main street a little south of the church and which was in his time known as "the little back lane." He was a farmer, blacksmith, gunsmith and shaper of horses.

His account book gives a list of all sorts of work in iron done by him, from hardware for the meeting house and the fittings of the village stocks, to work for his townsmen on carts, plows, axes and all the primitive appliances of early agriculture. He had his full share in the dignities and honors of public life, and was by turns constable, collector, town clerk, schoolmaster, assessor and school committee. Twice he represented the town in the General Assembly. His marriage with Esther, the daughter of the first John Cowles, is interesting as illustrating the matrimonial customs of the day. The court record is as follows:

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

Benjamin and Hester had been residents of Hatfield where her father spent the last years of his life, but the preferences of the young had little weight with the stern parent or the solemn magistrate. Esther was duly married to Thomas April 17th, 1666, and Benjamin consigned himself with Martha Leonard in June, 1670. We can only guess at the thoughts of Esther as tilings came from time to time to the quiet home of the village blacksmith of the brilliant military exploits of her former lover, reciting his Hatfield friends and relatives from their Indian captors in Canada after the hosts of 1675, and finally sacrificing her life in the vain attempt to save Deerfield from destruction in the terrible days of 1675. Esther died in 1694 in the comparatively early age of 42, and Deacon Ball soon after married Mary, widow of Captain William Lewis and eldest daughter of Ezekiel Cheever the famous school-master of New England. He died in 1707 or 1708, leaving behind him a numerous family of young Ball's to continue the family name and honors.

*Abigail Hoadley* of whom the writer is a descendant, recorded his house lot in Farmington in May, 1660. It contained two acres, situated on Eko Brook on the south side of the road to Hartford, and was therefore opposite nearly the site of the future residence of Geo. Treadwell. He was one of the nineteen "truly and well beloved petitioners" to whom his majesty Charles II, granted the charter of Farmington. His life was spent for the most part in the public service. From 1645 to 1655 he was frequently on the jury at Hartford. From 1650 to 1655 and thereafter he served on the General Court, and from 1656 to 1673, an Assistant, offices corresponding to our representative and senator. He was early a resident of Windsor, but must have settled in Farmington before May 17, 1660, when he was appointed a grand juror for this town. He was also a commissioner for Farmington, a convenient service established to relieve the burden of the General Court, having power to determine any action to the value of forty shillings, and to do any miscellaneous business committed to it by a higher tribunal. To the commissioner in particular was referred the punishment of Indians found walking up and down and looking linger after the day light shutting up. A matter of twenty shillings and a severe whipping if any of six stripes at least. He was particularly empowered to distribute the money to be paid yearly by the Indians who had been guilty of killing horses, but in the absence of the Indians their labor must have light. As a reward for all these numerous public services he was granted by the Colony four hundred acres of land. He died "February the last 1714, . . . . stricken in years," leaving his "body to a comical burial in the common burial place in Farmington." He left three children by his first wife and three by his widow Ann, daughter of Geo. Thomas Wells. Dr. Stiles in his history of Windsor, narrates this to Isabel Brown during the lifetime of his second wife Ann, to the great satisfaction of genealogists. All such liberious people can find of record that Anthony Hoadley, now Hoadley, married the fair Isabel Brown.

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

RESIDENCE OF FRANCIS D. STIRLING.

THE OLD GLEYSON HOUSE.

RESIDENCE OF WILSON O. KEYS.

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

The doctor left five sons, three of whom were physicians. The eldest son, Daniel, removed to Waterbury and was the second person of five successive generations known as Dr. Daniel Por- ter—father, son, grandson, great-grandson and nephew of great grandson. He died near the end of the administration of Sir Femand Andross and so left no will or inventory to shed light on his character and surroundings. Scarcely anyone at that time left estate or will to enrich the royal governor with probate fees. They divided their accumulations while living, a desirable course in many ways. His youngest son, Samuel, remained in his native village and was styled in the records, "Samuel Porter, Doctor of ye town of Farmington."

John Steele, the first town clerk of Farmington, spent the last years of his life in this village and here died February 27, 1664. The earlier and more active part of his life was in Hartford, though he owned a house and lot here a little north of the site of the Savings Bank from January 1655 until his death. He left it to his son Samuel, calling it a tenement house. He was a resident of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1635, and in the autumn of that year came to Hartford with Rev. Thomas Hooker and his church. He was the Secretary of the Colony from 1636 to 1639. Recorder of Hartford for twenty years, and Deatory to the General Court twenty-three years.

His very peculiar handwriting is conspicuous on our town and church records. He begins the latter with the entry of the formation of the church by its original seven members October 13, 1652, and adds: "About one month after, myself (John Steele) joined with them." The inventory of his estate attested before Mr. Howkins shows the very modest sum of £82, as the savings of a long life of public service. A few items in his will would interest the modern collector. A "silver bowl, which was mine own, marked with three silver stamps and one S, all on the upper end of the bowl," and the one silver spoon given to each child. The three silver stamps were probably hall marks and the S the initial of the family name.

"AULD LANG SYNE"

L. F. Dorman and J. H. Andrews
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH

THE TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE

POST OFFICE AND F. L. SCOTT'S STORE

MAIN STREET, LOOKING SOUTH
RESIDENCE OF CHARLES W. HUN

RESIDENCE OF JOHN H. HART

RESIDENCE OF EDWARD D. GRAY

CONGREGATIONAL PARSONAGE, RESIDENCE OF REV. QUINCY BLAKELY
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

RESIDENCE OF EDWARD H. DEMING.

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

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

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

They were all farmers, every one of them. The minister was the biggest farmer of them all. To him was allotted a double portion of land. The Rev. Roger Newton removed early and died elsewhere, but his successor, the Rev. Samuel Hooker, dying here in 1697, left a farm valued at £400, many horses, cattle, and sheep in his pictures, much wheat, rye, corn, and barley in his granary, and rails salvaged for the next year's crop, with abundant hickory tools for the prosecution of this industry. With two sermons, not the shortest, to write every week, and an other for lecture day, with an occasional election sermon, and much public work in the colony, he must have been a laborious man. His estate, with the exception of that of Mr. John Wardworth, was the largest inventoried before 1700.

The work of the farm was done largely by oxen. Almost every farmer owned a yoke, but more not two, so far as can be learned. Horses were about twice as numerous as oxen, and were also used in the cultivation of land, as the inventories of their tackling pieces.

Every man had a cow or two, but no large herds. John Hart, buried in his house in 1666, left six, as also did Nathaniel Kellogg, dying in 1677. But one and two were the common number.

Sheep were held a necessity on every farm to furnish warm clothing in the long New England winter. John Orton, dying in 1693, left a flock of twenty-five, but the average number wasn't many. Some were numerous. John Coules' estate had thirty-eight. The average for a farmer was fifteen. A few flocks of hens usually closed the list. Farming implements were such as we know them five years ago, before the day of horse rakes and mowing machines, only a raker construction. They had fans but no fluming mills, trusting to the winds of heaven to winnow the grain from the chaff as in biblical times. Their cart and plows were home made and so rudely built that the apocryphal frequently estimated the value of the iron parts only. Josiah in his "Two Voyages to New England" printed in 1675, advises the planter to buy his cart wheels in England for fourteen shillings rather than trust to colonial workmanship. Certain tools were then common which some of us remember to have seen in our boyhood, long since. There was the heavy and cumbersome brake for breaking flax, the wooden swaying knife for continuing the process, and the hitchet. Wood cards were also common. After flax was raised, and rye was raised when the coldest ground would no longer hold the winter wheat. Millet, or a mixture of wheat and rye, was often sowed in the hope that one or the other grain might thrive. Barley was raised for the manufacture of malt, and we find even oats used for this purpose. It took the Englishman several generations to learn that he could live without beer. Wood in his "New England's Prospect," printed in 1694, gives his English view of the matter. "Every family," he says, "having a spring of sweet waters, twist them which is far different from the waters of England, being not so sharp, but of a tamer substance, and of a milder colour; it is thought there can be no better water in the world, yet slate I do not prefer it so good beer as some have done." After the multiplication of apple orchards, cider largely took the place of beer. John Hart had a cider press in 1660, Capt. William Lewis in 1660 had not only a cider mill but a malt mill, a still, and a small of malt and hops. John Bronson in 1680 had ten barrels of cider in his cellar valued at four pounds. Potatoes are not named. Probably none of the settlers ever saw one. Peas and beans were common, but far the largest crop was Indian corn. Corn was the first staple thing which the straying Pilgrims could find after they left Plimouth Rock. The friendly Squaquotm showed them how to raise it. "Also he told them except they get fish and set with it on these old grounds it would come to nothing, and he showed them that in the middle of April they should have some enough come up in the crook by which they began to build." So says Gay Bradford in his history. Other inducements to live in this place in such half shelter, a few kernels of corn, and a few beans. The slow was for managing, and the cornstalks formed in good time different poles for the bean vines to climb. The savages meanwhile coming to the sunny side of his wigwam trusted the rest to all beneficent rains, with a little assistance from humanity. Other things the settlers soon learned. Of the blackbirds which still pull up their corn, Roger Williams writing in 1643 says: "On this sort there be neither grace nor sweetness of the Indian corn, as soon as it appears above the ground. Against these birds the Indians are very careful both to set their corn deep enough, that it may have a strong root, not so apt to be choked up, yet not too deep, lest they burn it, and it never comes up. But also they put up little watch horses in the middle of their fields, in which to catch their biggest children lodges, and
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

RESIDENCE OF HENRY C. WILSON

SHOP OF H. C. WILSON

RESIDENCE OF MRS. MARY C. MILLER AND MRS. C. F. MILLER
FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT,

- in the morning, present the bed
- from doormat the corn?" As for the
crow, he says, "These birds, although
dye the corn some hurt, yet scarce
will one native amongst an hundred kill
them, because they have a tradition, that
these birds are wicked creatures and
that great evil of one in our care, and
an Indian or French man another, from
the great God Gavemouavoit's field in the
southwest, from whence they hold
came all their corn and beans." In 1749
the town offered a reward of two pence
for crows and one shilling for the
doon for blackbirds. In Hartford, in 1757,
it was held the duty of every good citi-
zen to kill one dozen blackbird each
year, or pay a fine of one shilling. If
he killed more than one hundred he was
excluded to one penny for each bird. From
that time to this many bounties have
been paid and much power bestridden, but
the crow is still with us, and his warn-
ing voice is still heard as he wings his
dark flight from the mountain to the
meadow. The most troublesome ani-
mals the farmer had to contend with,
were the wolves which, roaminig by
night in packs of ten or a dozen, with
dreadful cries, invaded snug, deep, silver,
and the smaller animals. From a small
leaf of the town accounts, we learn that
in 1758 Thomas Farns, Stephen Hart,
Samuel Scott, and Matthew Woodruff
were each paid six shillings and eight
pence for killing wolves. They were
mostly killed in pits into which they
were enticed by but placed over the
concealed mouth of the pit. They were
poor chinks, and once in the pit then
tame sure. The road running from the
eighth mile southward from the
Hartford road was since 1777, and I
know not but much longer, been known
as the Wolf pit road, and certain dis-
positions in the ground made to be
known to redskins how at the mouth
wolf pit. Another very common meth-
odd of destroying these animals Joseph
tells it in his "New England's Rarities":
of 1027. "The wolf, he says, "is very
numerous, and go in companies, some
time ten, twenty, or twenty, and accum-
ning, that seldom are killed with
guns or traps, but oft by dogs have
been made to be afraid of it. The
frightening horn marketed book, arrayed
with a brown thread, and then, wrapping
some wood about them, they dag them
much of faloow till he be round and big.
an age, that (when an animal has been
killed by the wolves they scatter the
dead carcass after they have been off
the wolves, about midnight the wolves
are one to return again to the place
where they first the bright red heat
and mark where the carcase once
amounted to six hundred and
fourteen, and the town in an animal
was thus killed by a war. Their. It is
difficult to say how much damage
they do, as the greatest part of them
are not able to go far in the
woods, and are therefore the
least part of them suffering. The
beaver, which are the
most valuable and most
dangerous, are the
least killed by
dogs. . . ."

John Clark, his son, was a
minister, son of John Clark
and was a weaver. Sergeant
Stephen Hart, son of Deacon
Stephen had "beams, shears, reeds, and
other weaving tools," valued at $2.5. For
grant John Clark, who died in the
Canada Expedition of 1770, had a cover
lot of John Root's weating, valued at
$2 shillings. The latter was known as
"John Root, weaver," as early as
1700. Samuel North, dying in 1782,
left "A loom and tools belonging to it,"
valued at three pounds. Here, surely,
were weavers strong to supply all rea-
sable requirements of the little vil-
lage. Probably the goods from the
weaver's wares, of these many looms into substantial clothing,
but, as early as 1797, Deacon Thomas
Porter, son of the first Thomas, came
to be known as "Thomas Porter,
tailor." His house stood near the
site of that of Judge E. H. Denning,
and here the young men who desired
something more picturesque than homemade
garments doubled required; we fre-
quent our inability to describe the fash-
ions of his shop. An inventory of the
wardrobe of a respectable farmer of the
day must mention. Sergeant John
Clark had four coats, one of kersey, one
of serge, a cape coat, lined, and an old
coat. Of waistcoats he had a blue
and a serge. His breeches were,
severally of drugget, serge, and leather.
He had a hat of coarse beaver, two
fringed muslin neckcloths, two
pairs of gloves, and two speckled
shirts. Further it is unnecessary to go
far; men, besides the minister, wore
broadcloth-John Fudd, son of William,
Samuel Cowles, who, besides two broad-
cloth coats, valued at six pounds,
had a damask vest and four pairs of
silk buttons; Capt. John Stanley, who
had a straight broadcloth coat of a
red color; Samuel Bradley, who also
carried a silverheaded cane, and his
son, Samuel, who had two coats, each
clothes as valuable as his father's,
and of better quality and finish. The
title of luxury is simply depleted by
Gow Treadway's years afterward
had already set in. Samuel Langdon,
on of Deacon Langdon, removing to
Northampton and carrying thither the
luxurious habits of his native village,
was with divers persons "presented by
the grand jury to the court at
Northampton, March 26, 1797, for
wearing of silk, and that in a dashing
manner, and others for long hair and other
extravagances contrary to honest and sober
manners and decorum, not becoming a
wilderness state, at least the profession
of Christianity and religion." Mr. Lang-
don made his peace with the court by
paying the clerk's fee, 2 shillings
and 2 pence.

Samuel Woodruff, son of Matthew
the immigrant, was the village shoemak-
er, commonly known as "Samuel
Woodruff, cobbler." About 1750 he
removed to Southampton, and tradition
calls him its first white inhabitant.
John Newell, son of Thomas the
immigrant, was another shoemaker. He
removed to Waterbury with those who
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

RESIDENCE OF CHARLES A. RISLEY

RESIDENCE OF EDWARD H. DORMAN

RESIDENCE OF THOS. H. RISLEY

RESIDENCE OF MRS. AUGUST RETHNER

RESIDENCE OF CHARLES STANLEY MASON, JR.
went from this village, but returned, and died unmourned in 1690. His inventory shows: "Leather, leather, hide, and shoemaker's gear," valued at £11, to shillings, 6 pence. Benjamin Judd, son of Deacon Thomas, dying in 1688, left "Leather, and shoemaker's tools, to the value of one pound and six shillings." Joanna Smith, who was killed in the "Fells Fight" of May 19, 1670, was the village cooper, and, after him, John Stedman and Samuel Bronson. Daniel Merrill was a tanner, and Joseph Hawley had a tannery.

Thomas Lee, son of the first John, was described in the deed of David Lee of Southampton, weaver, as "Thomas Lee, brother, son and heir of Farmington," in 1695. Jowers must have been important members of the community, but I know of no one distinctly classed as such. Thomas Thomason the immigrant, a brother of Samuel Thomsen, stationer, of London, dying in 1665, left tools for a carpenter and other small implements, valued at £3 pounds, 1 shilling. Richard Bronson, in 1687, left a full set of carpenter's tools. Deacon John Langdon left a set in 1680. William Hooker, the cooper, died in 1673, and his tools were left to a "turning table, with saws and other tools, for turning and cooper's work." He was a merchant, and these may have been a part of his goods. John Bronson and John Warner had each a pit saw—useful tools before saw mills could be built.

The Gridleys were the blacksmiths of the village. Samuel, son of the first Thomas, lived near where now stands the house of the late E. B. Growes, Esq., and his shop was in the highway, as was the custom in 1712, when Thomas was recording his trade, and he was known as "Thomas Gridley, smith," to distinguish him from other Thomas Gridleys. His house, given him by his father in 1694, was on Bird's Hill, on the north side of the road to Hartford. His tools inventoried in "my ye good's shop" of Samuel Gridley were pretty much what you would find in a country forge of today. Mr. Gridley was also a merchant, and the long inventory of his estate is interesting as showing the evolution of the early country shopkeeper. Samuel Copper, weaver, Capt. William Lewis had, in his inventory, two pounds and four shillings. John Washworth, two pounds six shillings. John Newell, three pieces of eight, that is, fifteen shillings. and John Clark a sum not separately appraised; and if others had any it was not specifically mentioned. Nathaniel Kelley had a small valued, in 1657, at two pounds. Everyone accepted in payment such goods and valuables as the debtor had to offer. Hence Mr. Gridley, as he perished in the good measure, opened a shop for them, but it is not certain he had accumulated any leather goods, and the skins of animals; 3 cows, 5 wildcats, 1 bear, 4 sheep, 7 hogs, 34 hares, and 2 minks. On his own landwork, besides other iron wares, he sold nails, not by the pound but by count. They were 2560 four penny nails, 2216 six penny, 2200 eight penny, and 2260 lead nails. He sold them to the goods he made. or got in payment for work. His business came in time to embrace almost the entire manufactures of a village, or almost the entire implements, tools, harness, shoes, hanks, ribbons, and fish. He had a large business in nails, copper, brass, copper, and iron. His business was so large that he could afford to purchase all kinds of unusual powder. Here too, the hunter found powder, flints, and bullets. John Washworth, dying in 1681, son of the first William, besides a large farm, had a shop, containing goods not specifically enumerated, but valued at £7 pounds. He had also a cold still, an alembic, and sundry implements. Perhaps he combined the business of a druggist with other inconveniences. He was probably the wealthiest man of the village. He had a library valued at £136 11s. 4d. His house stood a little south of where now live Judge Eli P. Doning, William Hooker, son of Rev. Samuel Hooker, lived on the west side of Main street. in the corner where the road turns off to the railroad station, and was also a shopkeeper. His business, judging from the inventory, must have been largely in hardware, such as brass kettles, a number of pots, pans, and spoons, including pewter tankards. 5 dozen powder spoons, and 32 dozen cumb, or drakehouse spoons. Farming, however, was his principal occupation. Roger Hooker, another son of Rev. Samuel Hooker, was also a merchant, and in dying in 1698, left as great a variety of goods as you will find in the country store of today, and some other things from a very valuable lot of iron, skins, steel, and mace, skins, down to linen, knives and tobacco. The value of this was given as £4 13s. 4d. He was inventoried in a Farmington house, and was one of the three allowed in the Blue Laws. John Tho., the Rev. Samuel Peters, the drum, I suppose, was town property, and was bought by John Jud, drummer, at a regular sale. A little later in 1718 four other men were each paid 13 shilling 4 pence for drumming. The three New England methods of calling the muster to the meeting houses were the drum, bell, and the sugar hogs.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

"THE MAPLES," FORMERLY THE JAMES W. COWLES PLACE, RESIDENCE OF GUSTA VUS COWLES.

THE JOHN D. HILLS PLACE, RESIDENCE OF FRANK W. RIVERS AND F. L. SILVERHILL.

THE CHARLES HILLS PLACE, RESIDENCE OF OSCAR LILSE.
FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

black head be some of their number. Whether the cause some foundation or was merely the joke of a mimic of his clerical brethren, does not appear, but the black head is still unexplained.

One of the most necessary pains that a new settlement is the mill soon to be required for household use and grinding to grind the wheat and corn. Sometimes during the first ten years of the village, John Brownson set up a mill on the brook, thereafter known as the Mill Brook, and subsequently as the Bullock Mill Brook, and which, running down the mountain, crossed Main Street just north of the house of the late Egbert Codew, Esq. Before he had sold it to Dr. Deacon Stephen Hart, who described the premises as "certain parts on which a mill stands, with a spring adjoining to it in which the mill water couched and continued all the land that the country gave to John Brownson there, except the house lot." It was probably a sawmill. In a grant of 1687 we hear of the Upper Saw Mill Pond, Deacon Stephen Hart gave the mill in his lifetime to his three sons, John, Stephen, and Thomas. In 1712 the town granted to John Brownson liberty to build a saw mill upon the brook, that drains down the mountain by Jonathan Smith's, and also the improvement of so much land as is necessary to set a mill upon, and to damming in any place between Jonathan Smith's lot and John Hart's, provided he do not dam the main river. In 1729 the town gave Solomon Codew, Thomas Codew, Isaac Endicott, Ann Codew, and William Codew, title to the saw mill ground, which they were to own in most part on the mill, called the Bullock Mill Brook." Then petitioned for both "that although there is one great mill now in said vicinity, yet it does not at all time well accommodate the people with grist, for in certain seasons of the year sawd mill is rendered much useless by reason of floods, ice, etc., wherein the people are obliged to carry their corn on cart and grind it at great cost and great trouble." The reason is that the first mill on the brook was a saw mill built before 1702, the second a bulling mill built in 1712, and that the third mill was built on the mill race after a mill had been abandoned to the present day. I find an early mention of it in the year 1701, which contains several points of interest. In that year a Worcesters, an Indian, stole a "good white gun" from John Hart, a Hadley, and another Indian, Nunnamuck, to get from the very convenient circumstance, mentioned to and rated "two acres of land at

 instant use, his gun, pipe, bowam, pipe, hawk, and cothe. I think there must have been a fireplace in the room, for we had two heaters, two smoking guns, a spit, a pair of tongs, two trammels, and their hooks. Here, besides, we had bottles, large and small, of brass and iron for a good display of cutlasses, powder, twenty-four, boxes, lock-in- ters, powder horns, small arms, powder, and even small trunks, and here the family supplied of medecines, Matthew's pills, blistering salve, and sundry drugs, whose names I must have for the professional practitioner to prescribe. Here are the goodman's money, scales, and weights, his spectacles, and, as Isbailiery, a collection of books which would have been called good Sunday reading fifty years ago. They are old books, a pith book, and other books entitled "HOMEOPATHIA, Or a Discourse Concerning Genets, wherein the Nature of Blazing Stars is Explorated," with an Historical Account of all the Genets which have appeared from the beginning of the World unto this present Year, 1683. By Increase Mather." "Time and the End of Time," being two discourses by Rev. John Fox of Woburn, Mass. 1691, "Zion in Distress, or the Grants of the Protestant Church," printed in 1683 for Samuel Philpot, "Spiritual Almanac, The Equinoctial Sun," Divine Providence Opened," "Man's chief End to Divine Book," or Some Brief Sermon Notes on 1 Cor. 15:26, and some other works by the same author. We will cut from the porch which opens into the hall, on either side of which are the parlor and kitchen, and back of all the room. Over each room except the kitchen is a chamber, and over all the garret. In the porch we find much which had reference to an old bent life, and which the modern housewife certainly have requested Mr. Codew to bestow elsewhere, horns, arrows, saddles, the plow and plough, and plow from the very common consequence, mentioned to and rated "two acres of land at
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

RESIDENCE OF GUSTAVE A. WOLLENBERG.

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

THE ROLL HOUSE, PROPERTY OF MRS. FULTON WOLLENBERG.

CANOE CLUB HOUSE.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

in the big fireplace a pair of cast-iron fire dogs weighing sixty-four pounds, two pairs of tongs, a pair, two trun- mels and a jack. The furniture seems scanty, a table, a chest, a trunk, bedstead, a great chair and two small ones. Sundry baskets, feeders, tubs, pails, and kettles stand around. The main features of the kitchen, however, are the loom, the great wheel, two linen wheels, a hand red, and the great piles of linen sheets, pillow ears, table cloths, towels, and napkins, large ly no doubt the production of the loom and wheels, and large supplies of yarn, tow, and flax for further manufacture. Spinning and storing up vast supplies of spool'd linen against their wedding day, were the great accomplishments of the young maiden. We read of spinning matches which lasted from early dawn to nine o'clock at night, the contestants being supplied with food by other hands, while they worked, and finally with bloody fingers sinking from sheer exhaustion. Spinning bays have continued until within a few years in some rural districts. I remember as late as the fall of 1850, passing, on a by-road near Farmington, Maine, just at sunset, a merry procession of young women with their great wheel carried by young men, on their way to a contest with the spinners of the next village. Let us now inspect the parlor, then as since the crowning glory of the house. We find a bedstead with a feather bed and a great supply of blankets and coverlets, and hanging over all, a set of calico curtains with a calico valance to match. A warming-pan, a most useful article in a cold room, completes the sleeping equipment. Other furniture is three chests, a trunk, a round table, a great chair, three little ditto, a joint stool, and five cushions. There is also a cupboard and a carpet for sand cup- board. A carpet was not a floor cloth but a covering to furniture often showly embroidered by its owner as a specimen of her skill. Probably a green rug, valued at five shillings, was for the floor. Here are Mr. Gridley's pair of pistols and holster. There now remains down stairs only the kitchen, which will not detain us long, though it probably detained Mrs. Gridley many a weary hour, for here are the cheese press and churn, the butter tubs, and all the machineries of the dairy, and last of all, an hour-glass with which the various mysteries of the place were tuned. This hour-glass is the only instrument for the measurement of time I find, except the watch and clock of Rev. Samuel Hooker. The sun dial answered very well when the sun shone, and a blast on a conch shell when the good wife deemed it to be dinner time, called the village home at noon.

If you please we will now walk up stairs. In the parlor chamber we find a bed with a silk grass pillow and two leather pillows weighing ten pounds, and a goodly supply of blankets, coverlets, curtains, etc. There are a number of chests and boxes and twenty-one pounds of yarn, and there was room left somewhere for Mr. Gridley to store go baskets of wheat and 80 of rye, a practice which the tidy house-keeper of to-day might not approve in her best chamber. It was, however, the custom to store grain in the house where it would be under the protection of the household, as we see illustrated in the picture books of to-day.

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

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

An historical address delivered at the annual meeting of the Village Library Oct. Sept. 14, 1868, by Mr. John Hig.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

THE JAMES SOUTHERGILL PLACE, RESIDENCE OF C. J. CARLSON

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

RESIDENCE OF H. CHISHOLM AND MRS. MAGGIE GALLAGHER

PROPERTY OF N. D. BARNES

RESIDENCE OF ALFRED R. TOW,

F. W. HURLEBET'S BLACKSMITH SHOP

RESIDENCE OF F. H. HURLEBET
ARINGTON was detached from Bristol in February, 1885, and assigned to the jurisdiction in Plainville. The first disciples of the faith in this handsome old village were Thomas Smith, Lawrence McCahill, John Reilly, John Brady, Mrs. Mary Skelly and John Flood. The first mass was said in the early fifties in the present residence of John Flood. The Catholic population of Farmington is chiefly Irish and numbers 200 souls. Mass is said every Sunday in the brick church purchased by Rev. Patrick Duggett, and dedicated in the honor of St. Patrick.


Mr. John Reilly is the authority for the statement that mass was said by Father Duggett in what is now the residence of Mr. Henry Rice on Cedar street some fifty years ago. In those days it was customary to say mass in private homes in the different towns. Mass was also said regularly at the home of Mr. Reilly's brother at the "Copper Mines" near Winsted. Some of the priests who have ministered in Farmington are Father Daley, Father Hart, Father Duggett, Father Roddan, and Father Walsh who has charge of the parish at present.
The Hart Jug.
1632.

The curious old jug shown in the accompanying illustration was brought to this country in 1632 by Stephen Hart from Bramber, Sussex Co., England. Mr. Hart settled in Massachusetts Bay and in 1630 was a "proprietor" at Hartford, Conn. The records show that in 1672 he was one of the eighty-four proprietors of Farmington, and purchased land of the Indians at a place now known as "Older Brook." He died March, 1682, aged 77 years. The jug has remained in the family ever since its present owner, Mrs. Ellen (Hart) Deming, being of the ninth generation of Harts who have possessed it. In the background of the photograph is a very beautifully decorated serving tray in perfect condition.
From the Diary of a Revolutionary Soldier.

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

The following appears in Vol. 26, Magazine of American History.

Diary of Lieutenant-Colonel Fisher Gay. Original copy of Mr. Jonas Gay, of Farmington.

Colonel Gay went from Boston to New York and ordered Colonel Erasmus Wolcott, to command the drive of the siege in 1776. He commanded a State Regiment, was taken sick in the battle of Long Island.

February 2, 1776. Set off for headquarters to join the Army under the command of General Washington. Reached Boston, and arrived at Boscobel 6th of said month. Stationed at Boscobel with the Regiment I belonged to and quartered at Mr. Wyman's with Colonel Wolcott, and Mr. Perry. Went on by General Washington to have an order of the 13th of said month, and was ordered by the General to go to Connecticut to purchase all the gunpowder I could.

Went to Providence and from thence to Lebanon to Governor Trumbull, where I obtained 2 six-pounders for the cannon, and then to New London to Mr. Loomis, and obtained from him an order on Messrs. Clark and Nightingale in Providence and returned to Camp the 10th and made report to the General to his great satisfaction.

Took Rumbarth and worked well. Sergeant Maggott died in Captain Hart's company.

Went to Cambridge and Watertown.

19th. Unwell by a cold and sore throat. Was officer of the day, and very much fatigued going the round at night. Returned and got to bed at about 3 o'clock in the morning.

20th. Returned at 9 o'clock and made report to General Ward, being so unwell Major Brewer carried it for me. My head sick with pleurisy and got to be bleeding and came on an alarm and reported that the regulars had got on to Dorchester. I turned over and on with my boats to join the Regiment although advised not to by Mr. Perry and others. It happened to be a false alarm. The doctor came in and blooded me and sent me to bed and physicianed the next day. Nothing material matters. Out parties began corporating the town of Boston and the 2nd day of March at evening to o'clock. Continued Sabbath and Monday evening, nights. Monday evening I went on to Dorchester Hill with the regiment as a covering party 2500 men sent on and were relieved on the morning of the 5th by 3000 men. That night we threw up two forts on 2 advantageous hills. The enemy made an attempt on the hill at evening to come out to dispossess us of our forts, and drive us off the hill. The wind proved contrary and we continued fortifying until Saturday evening, that is the 10th, we went on Hook point to fortify. The enemy prevented by firing about 1200 cannon. They killed 4 men for us with one cannon ball. Providence so ordered that I went out of the way of danger from any other quarrel only from the castle.

Sabbath morning had orders from General Thomas to return to headquarters. There saw the dead men. Came off the hill at evening. Ordered a party of 400 men for the castle with Colonel Wolcott on the hill. An alarm in the morning I ordered the regiment to meet before the Colonel's door after prayers. I marched them off with Major Chester. Near the alarm post, found instead of going to action the enemy had abandoned Boston 700 troops ordered immediately. Ordered to march into and take possession of the fortifications in Boston. Colonel Lear, my self, Majors Sprout and Chester with a number of other officers and troops marched in and took possession and turned there until the 12th at night, then returned to Camp at Roxbury nearest people more glad at the departure of an enemy and to see friends.
A Unique Collection.

As Delving in the mounds of Farmington, we were astonished indeed to find these wonderful Peruvian remains. Some distance from the trolley and in a very quiet neighborhood we discovered these wonderful relics, arranged in one of the Farmington homes. It is true that Mr. Hooker had brought them from Peru some years ago, and most of the discovery belongs to him, and also many thanks for allowing us to use them in this work. As we read what he has written concerning their uses and decorative value, it is also very interesting to learn that they are quite like the utensils of that mysterious early people of our country, the Mound Builders.

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

This ancient Peruvian pottery was excavated from the burial mounds of the earliest known inhabitants of that country. The specimens are from a mound in the vicinity, and black, red, and yellow in color, are all unglazed and show very early stages in the ceramic art, from conical unornamented globular forms, to carved and polished vessels closely resembling Greek and Etruscan amphorae. They are indeed nearly all water jars, some arranged for carrying in the hand others for suspension. Several are ornamented with the brush as well as with the tool. Some of the specimens are doubtless graves, some are provided with a contrivance which emits a whistle when water is poured in. Much of the work in shape and ornamentation is like that of the Mound Builders, and of other early people of North America, and many of the vessels may be commonly repeated in other collections of Peruvian birds.

Very truly yours,
W. A. Hooker
Farmington, June 10, 1908.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

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

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

COTTAGE AT D. N. BARNEY'S RESIDENCE OF NATHANIEL D. COBB

(Photos by N. Slocombe.)
FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT,

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

"THE CEDARS" THE OLD FARM HOUSE OF JEFFERSON, BUILDER OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, RESIDENCE OF HENRY C. RICE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MAPLE IN FARMINGTON AT THE "CEDARS."
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

FRONT DOOR AT "THE CEDARS"

FARM COTTAGE AT "THE CEDARS"

W. A. HOOKER'S COLLECTION OF PERUVIAN WATER GROTES

TOOLS USED BY H. D. WOODRUFF Supposed to have been used in the erection of the Congregational Church.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

THE "SHACK," AT MOUNTAIN SPRING FARM

RESIDENCE OF MYRON HARRIS

SOME EARL. CHINA BELONGING TO MISS JULIA S. BRANDEE
Farmington and the Underground Railway.

It is hard to believe now, when the North and South are becoming more and more closely joined, that at one time barred was the boundary between the two portions of the country, and that here in quiet Farnham Heights, and elsewhere, the fugitive-slave law was opposed and disregarded by some hot-headed rabble called abolitionists. For us, who in these days are at all interested in social questions, it is hard to understand why every one was not an abolitionist. I suppose it was hard then, as now, to decide every question on its own merits. So we give the brave advocates of causes of freedom the more honor, and easily forgive them their share in the disturbances of the time.

The Underground Railway was the same green, I suppose, to people who imported slaves from the South to Canada, and Farnham is proud of the opportunity of being one of its stations. The route led from New Britain or Waterbury through to Sunbury, and several fugitive slaves were helped over this, no one of whom was captured.

Mrs. Row's was one of these times. "It is true that an occasional farmer found his way to Canada for freedom, Farnham citizens had some where. We held these tracts to be self-evident that any man were created free and equal, and have certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." So the fleeing fugitive was fed and hidden, and then sent on his way to liberty with a blessing and a cheer, to gain in the morning what was refused in a dark night. One of the strongest remained for a time in the employ of a farmer. Heskett exhibited marks of a painful coming with a raw body. In one of the barns he was asked as to the shuttering. "Fifteen hard to beat, he said, but when the bleeding heart was rubbed with run, I tell ye, less, that fetched ye home from father." The daughter of one of the strong abolitionists writes: "I remember my father going to Hartford once to one of the hiding places where a negro was concealed in a warehouse in the house. It was winter and snowing. The man was buried in the bottom of the sledge and covered in such a way as to resemble a load of feed. He was brought to our barn and there passed on to another place of safety and reached Canada in this time."

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

The daughter of another prominent abolitionist recalls her excitement on the occasion when she did not know the reason, her feeling that all who were not in sympathy with her father were his bitter enemies. The mystery that surrounded many of his comings and goings. She and her brother dug often in the ground, hoping always to find the "Underground Railway." There were three stations in town, one in Horace Cowles' house, one Mr. George Hurlburt's, and the other Mr. A. B. Meyers, the last house in Farnham on the Waterhouse road. The亲手 of the night is still standing.

A colored man, living in town, in Mr. George Hurlburt's house, often went to Mr. Richard Lewis' at night, giving a signal. Then they would go away to another place at six o'clock. Mr. Lewis met this colored man and a slave where the wolf's road comes out in the Harriet Law. They followed the high road to the Deep Glen Farm and from there to Sunbury. Mr. Lewis once sold some land to James and Martha Ransom for George Anderson, who was a fugitive slave.

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

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

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

"Farewell from home and all its pleasures
Mirth and joy I left behind,
To increase a stranger's treasures."

For the raging fellows' home
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in gold and silver.
But though slave they have enslaved me,
Minds are never to be sold."

And then a note: "England had 80,000 slaves and she has made them free. America has 25,000 and she has only begun."

J. H. J. in Farnham Magazine, Sept., 1861"
ST JAMES' PARISH owes its beginning to the zeal and labor of the Rev. Edward R. Brown and of Charles Loring Whitman, layman. It was in this way Mr. Whitman's aged father, being at the point of death, desired to be baptized in the faith of the church. This sacrament was administered by the Rev. Mr. Brown and it was then determined by those present that a mission should be established in Farmington. Immediately after, October 5, 1873, the first service was held in the district school house. In the following year the chapel over the Post Office was prepared and services were held there for upwards of twenty-three years.

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

The church was built in 1888, after plans drawn by Henry H. Mason, was consecrated June 1, 1889, and the Mission was organized as St. James Parish, June 2, 1902.
Although a late acquisition to Farmington society, Mr. Arthur J. Birdseye is one of its most enthusiastic citizens. "Farmington, first, last and always," is his sentiment. His charming home, "Birdseyeview," on the edge of the mountain overlooking the village, is here illustrated.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

INTERIOR AT "THROSEYVIEW".

ON THE HART HOMESTEAD AT CIDER BROOK.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

RESIDENCE OF FRANK V. NEWMouser.

RESIDENCE OF STEPHEN BELLER.

EIGHT ACRE BRIDGE.

RESIDENCE OF FRANKLIN BLAKESLEY.
FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

RESIDENCE OF EDWARD GRISWOLD, PROPERTY OF WILLIAM RHOADES.

RESIDENCE OF G. E. FRIDMAN.

RESIDENCE OF WALES MILLS.

RESIDENCE OF THOMAS HURDAN.

RESIDENCE OF HENRY T. STEENSON.

RESIDENCE OF CHARLES MANSON.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

The Farmington Canal.

W E HAVE on former occasions considered the libraries which our ancestors founded, the music they sang in the sanctuary, the scanty learning taught them in the old log school-houses, their noble services in the War of the Revolution and in colonial days, the venerable horses which sheltered them and finally the early industries of their labors and worthy lives. To-night we will go back a little further than many of us can remember. What we have ourselves seen may perhaps interest us as much as those things only our ancestors saw and of which they have left such meager knowledge. I propose to speak of the Farmington Canal, an institution of great expectation never realized, to the capitalist a losing venture, to the farmer a great annoyance, but to the boy of half a century ago the most delightful source of endless enjoyment. To-day the traveler, just before he is stopped in his rambles westward by the river, will occasionally find traces of a good-sized ditch, here overgrown with alders, there cut deep between high banks of sand, and again totally disappearing with the march of improvements. Before it shall have been wholly buried from the face of the earth, let us for one evening recall it to mind; in summer with all its gay horse-drawn boats, its bridges and quiet depths, and in winter a highway for merry skaters. In the first place, however, let us for a moment consider the facilities for travel our townsmen enjoyed just before the days of the canal.

In the year 1822 the principal means of communication between the towns of this state was by the ordinary highway. In summer, daily, dot-to-dot, by stage-coaches; in winter, and when these began to melt in the spring, of unknown depths. A charter for a turnpike road from Bristol to Hartford had been granted in 1815 and revoked in 1819. The Farmington Turnpike Company was chartered in May, 1795, to run from Hartford through Farmington to New Haven, and the Greenfield Company, chartered six months later, was to proceed thence northward to the state line. At the same session the Hartford and New Haven Turnpike Company was chartered, and these roads, with one on the east side of the Farmington River from New Hartford to the Massachusetts line, constituted the turnpike facilities of this region. The traveler along these thoroughfares paid at the numerous toll-gates, according to the style of his carriage, from 25 cents in a four-wheeler pleasure carriage down to four cents if on horseback.

Sunday was in general a free day, nor by any means for the encouragement of Sabbath-breaking, but because every one was supposed to be traveling to church or returning thereto. Emancipations were free. The soldier on training day, the freeman on his way to town meeting, and the farmer going to mill might all proceed on their way unmolested. Stage coaches were beginning to appear. From the first day of May a coach was advertised to leave Hartford on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 1 o'clock A. M. and arrive at Boston at 8 o'clock P. M. Fare, 80 cents. Also we are informed that the 'New Post-Coach Line Dispatcb' in six hours from Hartford to New Haven, leaves Hartford every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 1 o'clock A. M. precisely, and running through Farmington, Southfield, and Cheshire, arrives at New Haven at 5 o'clock P. M. in time for the steamboat. The above lines of Post-Coachers are now, and in modern style, houses, selected with great care and are in charge of drivers that are experienced, careful, and steady.

The broad Connecticut furnished ample means of communication for its river towns, and in the year 1824 of which we are writing, any bold spirits who were unwilling to wait
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

RESIDENCE OF MR. EDGAR D. HILLS.

THE FENTLOW PLACE.
RESIDENCE OF THOMAS ENO.

RESIDENCE OF PROF. HOBART BILLYER.

RESIDENCE OF MRS. CHARLES ENO.

RESIDENCE OF ZACHARY TAYLOR.

RESIDENCE OF J. B. MOFFET.
time in beating against hard wind could have Hartford for Saltbrook on the
sounding Experiment, Captain Haskell, on Tuesday and Friday, and return the
following days.
Such were the means of intercommunication in the year 1822 when 200
miles of the Erie Canal were an all-completed fact and boats were to
run when the season opened. Why should not this state have a canal also?
So thought the public spirited men of New Haven who, not content with
moving Hartford in their foreign commerce, wished also a water
communication with the interior towns.
On the 26th of January, 1823, a meeting
of citizens from seventeen towns on the proposed line of the canal was
held at Farmington with the Hon.
Timothy Pitkin as moderator, and a
committee was appointed to procure a
survey and raise one thousand dollars
for the promotion of the Canal. The Farmington Canal Company was
chartered. The canal was to run from the tide waters of the harbor of New
Haven through Farmington to Southwick, Massachusetts, and a
branch along the Farmington River through New Hartford to the north
line of Goshen. The branch, though the utility of much after can
transportation, was never built. Of the
15 charter commissioners, Gen
George Cowles was the member from this town, and here they held their
first meeting on the 3d and those twenty-one directors, of whom Solomon
Cowles and Samuel Fanning were two.
In the latter part of the year
1823, a survey was made, and the
estimated cost of the work was $200,000.
From a map of the canal printed in
1828, giving distances and the
location and position of the locks, it
appears that this canal was only a
small part of a grand project. It
was to connect at the state line with
the Hampshire and Hampden Canal
to be constructed in Massachusetts,
and that in turn was to be continued northward along the west bank of the
Connecticut River, crossing it at
Brattleboro into New Hampshire,
and then, continue in New Hampshire and crossing in Vermont, it
was to reach Lake Memphremagog through
which connection was possible with
the St. Lawrence River in Canada.
A grand scheme to extend the Canal
in importance. Subscriptions came in freely. The river towns
furnished at the prospect which was to
run from their broad river, and writers in the Connecticut Courant who
must have then taken at the expense of the
town capital like others since their
day, commended the wisdom of the New
Haven people who were about to
divert the waters of the Connecticut
from flowing past Hartford and turn
them upon the mud flats in which their
own shipping was usually stuck fast.
At length by a brilliant bit of financ
ning the money was raised. The
Mechanic's Bank of New Haven was
chartered on condition of its
subscribing for $2000 of the stock of
the Canal Company. The plan of
requiring a bonus from a newly char
tered bank for some worth-while object
having been previously introduced with
the Phoenix Bank of Hartford and
completed in the case of the Connecti
cut River Banking Company and others.
In July, 1823, we learn from the
New Haven Register that on
Monday the 4th instant the ceremony
commemorating the excavation of the
Farmington Canal took place at Sal
ton Brook village in Granby. The
ceremony was remarkably pleasant and
the exercises were appropriate and interesting.
There were from two to three
thousand people present on the occa
sion, and among them several gentle
men of distinction from Massachusetts.
The large fitted up by Capt. Geo.
Rowland of New Haven, drawn by
four horses, in which he and several
gentlemen of our city (New Haven)
embarked on Saturday, gave an am
brose of interest to the occasion, and
the sight of it was highly gratifying to
all present, the plan was well designed
and happily executed, and reflects great
credit on the gentlemen who con
ceived the project. The services of
the day were commenced with prayer by
the Rev. Mr. McLean. The decl
oration of Independence was read by
the Hon. Timothy Pitkin, and an ad
oration was delivered by Barrow
Beach, Esq., after which a procession
was formed under the command of
Capt. George Cowles, which moved to
the north line of the state in the fol
lowing order, viz.:
The Simsbury Artillery
Capt. Rowland's boat drawn by six
horses. The reporter has unfortu
nately increased the number since we
were startled, in which were seated the Governor of the
State, the President of the Canal
Company; the mayor of the day, the
Hon. Jonathan H. Lyon of North
Hampshire, the commissioners, and
the engineer, together with several of the clergy.
The Directors and Stockholders of the Canal
Company.
Citizens from this state and Mas
sachusetts.
The procession, composed of gentle
men in carriages, wagons, and
on horseback, two miles in length
Previous to commencing the excava
tion, Geo. Weldon delivered the fol
lowing address:
Eloquently, Greetings and Friends:—We are assembled on this anniversary
of our National Independence to per
form an interesting ceremony. The
time, the circumstances, and the ob
ject of our meeting are calculated to
awaken reflections and to suggest
thoughts peculiarly appropriate to the
patriotic enterprise of uniting the Val
leys of the Connecticut with the city
of New Haven by a navigable canal
as this day to be commenced. To me
it has been assigned the high honor of
first applying the hand of labor to a
work which is itself magnificent,
though, as I believe, but the first of
a series of like operations which are
likely to combine the resources of an
extraordinary and flourishing country.

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

We need to hear that much of this
glorification occurred on the Sabbath
day, and that that was the cause the
canal never prospered. The Fourth
of July, however, that year fell on
Monday, and Deacon Hoollan, a
stout observer of the Sabbath
feast, who took part in the celebra
tion, writes, "On Saturday a
boat on wheels drawn by four
horses arrived in town from New
Haven. That afternoon there was
nothing to do but to go to the
Williams house, the superintendent
of the canal, and eight or ten other
people. It was covered with a white
lining and curtains, decorated with two
tables. Its stern was painted
"Farmington Canal," and on each side
"For Southingt, Memphis," and on Monday," the deacon writes, at 5 o'clock the morning, I rode
with brother Martin Cowles in a cart to
Grantsville, where a large concourse of
people assembled to celebrate Ameri
can Independence and to perform and
witness the ceremonies of breaking
ground for the Farmington Canal.
Geo. Weldon read an address and
performed the ceremony of breaking
ground by driving a small hole with a
spade. Mr. Lyon, of Northamp
ton, made an address in horse-shoe, and,
after a few other ceremonies, the
multitude returned to Grantsville and
about three hundred miles together on
the village green under a howers.
Returned home and arrived about ten
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

RESIDENCE OF SAMUEL I. GRIESEWOOD

RESIDENCE OF LEWIS H. GRIESEWOOD

"ELM FARM," RESIDENCE OF CLARENCE A. ALDERMAN

RESIDENCE OF JOSIAH H. HOLLE

R. R. STATION

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

A little more than two years pass and the little hole in the ground reached from Southwick Pond to the waters of Long Island Sound. Water was let into it in Cheshire and a correspondent of the Connecticut Courant writes: "On Saturday, November 24th, the Cheshire summit being so far completed as to be navigable, three boats and a cannon were provided, and at 3 o'clock, on the firing of a signal gun, the Petticoat Flag was hoisted on board the Fayette, and the boats started from the north end of section 13. On passing the summit three cheers were given and one gun fired. On its safe return three cheers were given and a Federal Salute of 21 guns fired. The ceremony closed by a plentiful refreshment to every one who had worked on the canal."

Winter was now fast approaching and little more was done on the canal that year. Deacon Hooker gives us an account of maritime affairs in Farmington at the opening of navigation the next season. "Friday, June 24th, 1823. Very fine weather. A multitude of people collected this afternoon to witness the launching and sailing of the first canal boat that has been seen at Farmington. Everything was arranged well. Bell ringing, cannon firing, and music from the Phoenix Band were accompaniments. About two hundred gentlemen and ladies, who were previously invited and furnished with tickets, sailed to and on the aqueduct and back again. The boat was drawn at first by four, and afterwards by three, large gray horses handsomely decked, and rode by as many black boys dressed in white. Crackers and cheese, lemonade, wine, etc, were furnished to the guests, and the company formed very thick on the passage. The boat was named "James Hillhouse" with three cheers while passing the aqueduct." The Courant states that "the boat was owned by Messrs. Cowles and Dickenson, and was launched at Pittkin Basin, and that other boats were furnished and floated ready for immediate use as soon as the water in sufficient depth shall have reached New Haven harbor, it being now at navigable depth from the head of the feeder on Farmington River to Taylor's tavern near New Haven." We have the following account of the first letting the water into the Farmington feeder in a letter of Commander Edward Hooker of the U. S. Navy:

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

The part of the canal through which Commander Hooker said the first water ran that day was known as the feeder. It took water from a dam across the Farmington river a little below Unionville, and delivered it into the main canal just above the aqueduct, supplying the place of unavoidable leakage from Northampton to Farmington. A considerable source of water was from the numerous brooks which emptied into the canal, and lest the supply should, during a protracted storm, be in excess, a contrivance called the waste gates was built on the line of Polo Brook. During a storm, Mr. Leonard Withers made
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL BOMBS

RESIDENCE OF WM. J. O'MEARY

RESIDENCE OF DENNIS RYAN

THE MICHAEL LONG PLACE. RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH MCCORMICK.
I have been hastening to raise the gates. In consideration for his services he was allowed to build a turning shop on the north bank of the brook adjoining the bog-pond, and use the surplus water to turn his wheels. On one memorable occasion the water supply was so much in excess of his needs, as to carry off his log over-shot wheel well nigh to the river and threaten the whole establishment. I remember seeing the wheel standing under an apple tree where it had lodged all one summer; it was finally got back into place before the canal came to an unimportant end.

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

"The undersigned, a committee in behalf of nearly two hundred ladies and gentlemen who were gratuitously furnished with passage and entertainments on board the new and elegant packet boat Hesperia, built and owned in our entreprising citizen, John O. Pettibone, Esq., which made an excursion from Simsbury to the junction across the Farmington river, at Farmington, on Thursday afternoon the 23d of October, present the thanks of the party to the proprietor for his politeness and liberality manifested upon the occasion, and to Captain Hamil- lton for his accommodating and gentlemanly conduct. Endeavor to the citizens of Westport for the cheerful greeting and cordial reception of the boat and party at that village. This with Mr. Goldie's handsome boat, the American Eagle, of Farmington, which passed us on an excursion of pleasant resort, being the two first boats which have navigated this part of the line, attended a scene not less interesting from its novelty than gratifying to our citizens, as an event illustrating the completion of the canal."

Let it now return to the notice of Hector Helper "Monday, Novem- ber last, 1828. This morning the canal boat James Hillhouse, with Dick motion, a Captain, Newell Bissinger, Captain goodfield, an old sea-captain, at the helm, forty passengers, and several persons engaged for New Haven, reached the first boat, from Farmington that had undertaken to go through, the canal being now open for navigation, but the water not having to run high enough to render the probability of the undertaking not freely certain, but the proprietors (two neighbors Dickinson and Col. Gad Goodfield) are ambitious to have their boats enter the honor of making the first passage. Pleasant but rather cold. Edward and I rode to the South beach into Westport, November 23d. A notable day at Farm-ington and to be remembered as the first time of canal boats arriving in our village from other towns. About noon the canal boat Enterprise, built at White, N. Y., and loaded with sixty thousand shingles from Seneca Lake, arrived. In about half an hour afterward the Hesperia, a handsome packet boat, arrived from Simsbury with a company of ladies and gentlemen on their way to New Haven, and after stopping an hour departed on their way. The Farmington hand of music accommodated them a few miles out. It was drawn by three horses. About a mile back, P. M., the elegant packet boat, West England, arrived from New Haven with passengers and one hundred barrels of salt on board. The Farmington hand having met the boat, returned in her to the village with amusing music. Our village bell could not ring, having broken一下子就 ringing for part of the arrival of the other boat at noon, but there was some scattering ringing of muskets. Between 2 and 3 in the evening the sound of the bugle and the ringing of their vessel denoted the arrival of Dickinson's boat, which demonstrated the practicability of navigating our canal, especially by her return, although going down there was barely enough water to float the boat between Farmington and Southington.

Friday, November 28th. Sleep and an uncomfortable day. Rode to Nortin- gton to attend as we can to our meeting. A number of people went down further in a canal boat as far as R. F. Hawley's, and then walked about a mile to the place of meeting."

This was the first instance of our attracts attending tomen meeting by canal boat. The meeting had reference to the division of the town which was voted at toward and finally consummated to the larger peace and happiness of all parties concerned, as must always be the case when diverse local interests clash. We were two town meetings the old gatherings attended by canal boat. Before a church was erected in Plainville, we worshiped once by boat to the old meeting house at the center, beginning the way with psalm singing and other portions of the service. One of these old times I happen since told me that the small boys were not wont to fish for smelts from the stem of the boat, then elders sitting at the mid-bend bow of going fishing on Sunday. So ended naviga-
out the whole business season of eight months, and the business was extended by the establishment of a line of boats to run from Northampton to Brattleboro, Vermont.

1843. Canal damaged $20,000 by floods, and the whole fall trade lost. Repairs finished November 9th.

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

1845. Navigation interrupted from the middle of July to the last of September by an unprecedented drought. October 27, a breach in the embankment occurred at Ten Mile Run, costing $7,000, the work of design.

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

1847. Railroad opened to Plainville, January 28th. Navigation was not suspended till the railroad was ready to take the place of the canal.

I distinctly remember one of the breaks in the canal which interrupted business. It occurred a little north of the granite mill just as a boat loaded with coal was passing. The boat was swept down into the river, and the coal scattered over the river bottom as far north as the dam. Probably some twenty thousand dollars' worth of coal, a hundred years hence, will find traces of this coal and triumphant ly argue that sometime the Farmington canal was navigable by steamboats which dropped the coal overhead. I remember also seeing the first train of cars come into Plainville. It was in January, and my impression is that we skated down on the canal, a not unusual excursion for the boys on a Sunday afternoon. Skating was not then the performance of smaller figures on a smooth bit of ice, but a swift race after a ship to Plainville, or the Wharf, or even to Avon, and he who could outstrip his companions with the greatest ease and the most graceful motion was the best skater. But we knew that the canal was doomed, and that this was probably our last winter's expedition of any considerable length. The farmers the next spring dug canals for the little water that remained, and the boys were driven to the river for amusement, which, especially for the smaller ones, was a poor substitute for the old canal. While that remained one boy could help learning to swim. The water was just so deep that any frightened learner had but to stand on tiptoe and his head was at once safely above water. Everybody learned to row a boat as soon as he was old enough to row a small boat in the river, and the water was full of roaches shining in the sun, and bullock heads and eels down in the deep water ready to fall an easy prey to the youthful swimmer. Boats bearing on their sterns the names of Bal Swan, Mr._FULLER, Amos Adams, Hon. R. Dolbeer, Hon. D. T. Lagrange, and I know not how many other names, passed frequently, and the boys had but to drop from the nearest bridge upon their sticks and ride after as they would. If the captn. amused himself by steering too far out from the towpath for the boys to jump above, they had only to wait for the next bridge which they climbed into when the sails had been previously knocked into wide gaps for their accommodation. Other farmers hated the canal. The water flowed through the towpath and turned their meadows into swamp.

Farmington also subscribed 75 shares in the stock of the Hampden Canal Company. The New Haven and Northampton Company was organized June 22, 1830. The stock in the two old companies was surrendered, the creditors subscribed their debts, and there was a cash subscription of net capital, $1,000,000. And now a rival appeared to whom all ordinary canals have to give way, more formidable than the Connecticut River itself. On the 3d of December, 1838, the Hartford and New Haven railroad was opened from New Haven to Meriden, the time over the eighteen miles being fifteen minutes. The subsequent history of the canal is briefly reported this:

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

1842. The canal was operated through
A True Story of Old Times in Farmington.

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

Again. "Well," the paper says that old Mike, the crazy man, has got out, and that he's running around the country. You must look out, girls." Mrs. Maria laughed a little. "I don't believe he did come up here!"

"No, I suppose he would be rather too much trouble. Him, when last seen, wore a plain cloth cloak."

The cat jumped, the clock ticked, the knitting needles clacked. Mr. Brownlow almost wept.

A knock resounded from the "end door," which opened directly out of doors. "That's Stephen, come to see about having that eat," So up jumped Mr. Brownlow, and hospitably opened with the door.

A vision of a wild, haggard face, a pale cloth, a flashing axe, was all, and poor Mr. Brownlow lay dead across the threshold, his head clenched at one stroke! Oh! the horror of that moment for those women! Speechless and humbered, they looked for instant death for themselves at first. But, apparently, the marshall had turned back into the night.

When their terror could look in screams, the only support that they could bring was Zenas, the "helper," for the hired man had already gone for his evening's pleasure.

So the two women left their dead, and fled to the village for aid. In a moment, for them, peace and happiness were immediate terror and grief; their sustained sigh down the shadows balldow was finished just at the tranquilizing good night of the nine o'clock bell was booming, it clanged to a wild clanging which brought forth a host crowd of men and boys, with "What's the matter?" on every lip. Each one was eager to set out on the search for the human, lost he should do some other deed of horror. Lanterns and warm coats were quickly brought, and in an incredibly short time, at least sixty men were ready to start on the quest, and in groups of eight or ten, were rushing off when "Hold on!" shouted Deacon Munro in stentorian tones. "Call those boys back! Attention! everyone!

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

The satisfaction of all with this proposal was expressed by a cheer; and after a little modest hesitation on Spurr Morton's part, he stepped on the church house block, and gave out his impromptu orders. He was a man of spare frame, and simple manner, but his clear-cut features and determined eyes gave promise of a lofty, fearless nature, and on his face the keenness of experience indicated wisdom and penetration. He neither assumed no demanding expectant air, but three words showed that he was accustomed to lead.

"My friends, a dreadful thing has happened tonight. Don't let carelessness of ours bring more trouble. I see that most of you have dreams. I make it a strict order that no man shall be on old Mike, even if a good chance offers itself. Surround him if possible, catch him by all reasonable means, but bring the poor creature into town quietly and safely, so that he won't be shocked to see, and above all, don't shoot!"

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

James almost sobbed his thanks when, beside having great powers of mind, was endowed with the stability and self-control which James lacked. Jonathan was soon to marry the pretty sister of James; and it was a matter of rejoicing to the friends and neighbors that he was to be a minister; they considered that the profession of him honor in the community."

"Well," grumbled James, as the two started for West Farm, their usual place of search. "I don't see why I should be1 hand."
IN CONSTRUCTION - THE ELMS, PROPERTY OF A. WALLACE, AND WHEN FINISHED TO BE THE RESIDENCE OF MR. E. Belden.

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

RESIDENCE OF MRS. W. V. UNDERWOOD, FORMERLY THE JULIUS H. COWLES PLACE.

ON THE VILLAGE STREET - JUDGE DOMING AND MR. HENRY M. COWLES.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

JOINER SHOp  A. D. Kern, Proprietor. BLACKSMITH SHOp of C. Hospital

THE VILLAGE BASTILE

RESIDENCE OF MRS. JANE R. GRISWOLD
FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

"ROUND HILL" from the hill.

PROPERTY OF HENRY MARTIN COOLES. RESIDENCE OF JOHN HURLEY AND FRANK CHRISLY.

"LITTLE RICHARD"

PROPERTY OF FRANK WILLIAMS. RESIDENCE OF CHARLES RISELY, JR., AND JASPER WILLIAMS.

"THE HOUSE THAT"
AN HISTORICAL ADDRESS
DELIVERED AT THE
Opening of the Village Library
OF FARMINGTON, CONN., SEPTEMBER 30, 1890.

BY JULIUS GAY.

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

There have been other libraries in this town also well deserving consideration, if time permitted.Seven were in active operation in the year 1882, with an aggregate of 1,041 volumes on their shelves costing $1,711.00. The most recent library is too well known to need an outline or description from me. If the Brown Library had not attained its remarkable prosperity, there is little reason to suppose we should have been here this evening.

In the year 1770, when the Revolutionary War had been a thing of the past for twelve years, the people of the village found time to turn their energies to peaceful pursuits. The long and bitter controversies in the church had just given place to peace and good will, and the settlement of the beloved pastor, the Rev. Joseph Washburn, in May of that year. He had John Treadwell of this town, afterward Guy Treadwell, was at this time a member of the upper house of the State Legislature, and John Mix, Esq. had just begun to represent the town in the lower house; each year certainly at the months of May and October came around. He was the center and public person of men, with such assistance as then followed women were ready to offer him. Founded, in that year, the first library in the village of which we have any extended record. They called it the Library of the First Society in Farmington, and the library with its dry changes in name and organization has survived to the present time.

The first librarian was Ephraim Porter, a soldier of the Revolution, who served three years in the Connecticut troops on the Hudson, and was for many years a deacon in the Congregational church. The members of the first committee were Samuel Ball, John Mix, and Isaac Coles. Martin Ball, also a deacon of the church, was a man of versatile powers and occupations—a goldsmith and maker of silver spoons and silver buttons, a manufacturer of salt-petre when it was needed in making gunpowder for the army, a conductor of the church music with Guy Treadwell for assistant, the treasurer of the town for eight years, and clerk of probate for thirty-nine years, and until the office passed out of the control of the old Federal party. He was one of the seventy signers of an agreement to march to Boston, in September, 1774, to the assistance of our besieged countrymen, if needed. Of all his numerous occupations, perhaps none pleased the worthy deacon more than writing long and formal letters to his friends. One of these, in fifteen to a student in col-
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

RESIDENCE OF JOHN REELLY

"WAITING FOR THE TROLLEY" 
Property of Miss Julia Brandegee.

OLD CHAIRS PROPERTY OF MISS JULIA BRANDEgee.

MILL AT SCOTT SWAMP

SOME BEAUTIFUL FAMILY CHINA OWNED BY MRS. TIMOTHY H. ROGUE.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

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

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

The library company numbered thirty-seven members, who contributed 380 volumes, valued at $834.84, which amount was six-sevenths of one per cent of the assessed value of all the property in the First Society of Farmington. The books were in part the remains of a former library formed August 1, 1788, of which no record, except this date and the amount of money collected, had come down to us. The first book on the list was Dean Swift's Tale of a Tub. Other works of fiction were Hume's History of England, Vol. V., Rollins' Travels, The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves, of Smollett, The Sentimental Journeys of Sterne; Henry Brook's End of Quality; Fielding's Tom Jones; Miss Emma Burnet's Evelina and Cecilia; Dr. Moore's Zelma; and Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield. There were translations of Gil Blas, and of several French novels. The Tales of the Castle and the Adelard and Theodore of Madame de Genlis, and others of a more ephemeral nature. Of poetry, there had, of course, the Paradise Lost, Pope's version of the Iliad, Young's Night Thoughts, and Goldsmith's Poems. There were, too, McPherson's Ossian, The Task and Idylls of the King, Thompson's Seasons, and the poems of Wordsworth.

This list is not a long one for the New England mind did not take kindly to works of imagination being appealed to in their patriotic side they bought with alacrity. The conquest of Cattaraugus by President Dwight, and the Vision of Columbus by Joel Barlow, those two epic poems which were thought to be so inspired by the Genius of American Liberty as to put to shame all the works of earlier metrical and epics. To these they added the poems of General David Humphreys, revolutionist, soldier and diplomatist, and a volume of miscellaneous American poetry, which completed the list, not did they see occasion to make an addition; until twenty years after, 1817, they bought Thomas Moore's Lalla Rookh, published that year.

History filled a little better. Robertson was represented by his Histories of America, Scotland, and India, and his Life of Dryden, and Froude's History of England. The Age of Reason, Shakespeare, and Milton's Poems, his Plays, and Paradise Lost, were represented. Sir Walter Scott's works were still not known. The poems of the Bronte family had not come. Moore's The Lay of the Last Minstrel was the best all the nation had. The collection was certainly not complete, and the catalogue is silent.
The old weather-beaten sign reproduced by the accompanying photograph was suspended for many years over the front door of The Captain Joe Porter Tavern which stood at the northeast corner of New Britain Avenue and High streets. The house was moved to the rear to make room for what is now the residence of John R. Whitney, that was built by Franklin Woodford. The old house caught fire and burned to the ground about thirty years ago.

Captain Porter was born August 23, 1766; died June 13, 1826.
FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT

Personal Description — Our Farmer

There are also stories by Flagg, Sechip, Talcott, and other chroniclers.

Such were the 560 volumes with which the first library was opened to the public.

For a quarter of a century then after the books added were, with few exceptions, of a didactic character, and the exception of Don Quixote.

Sir Charles Gildon, added in 1701, more novels were bought until Mr. Hannah More's "Gildon in Search of a Wife," found favor in 1824, probably owing to the religious character of the audiences, and so matters continued until the Waverly Novels knocked too hard at the doors to be denied admission.

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

Ceritainly not in a conscientious spirit, or because they thought it pleasing in the sight of Heaven, but simply and wholly because they liked it. Not the religious and moral only, but all classable as a deviation from their theology, with an excitement, and too often with a bitterness unknown even to the modern politician.

They held strong abhorrence to these high themes by the waverly at the corner store, and even they flip and New England run at the tavern. They thoroughly believed the creed which taught them that the slightest deviation from the narrow path they had marked out for their trek would condemn them to the pit and agony of a material hell. Such was their belief and since the biographies that pleased them.

Even the young ladies of the day read the works of Jonathan Edwards, at the record show. But let no one picture them only as Puritans, among the Holy, as Hannah More's "Gildon in Search of a Wife." They were sensible companions on their occasional piastrae surroundings. The same ladies danced with the French and English officers of the army of Revolution in the light of their campfires, down on the Great Plain, with the appellation and attendance of their fathers, and even, in tradition says, at the command of the church.

We know from old letters, cautiously treated by the secretary at farmsington, that amusement at what course the young ladies were wont to gather, what they did, and what young men, with more money than brains, were tried upon for stopping on the way to'town of the immunities to them during our stay. We know how they read and the society books of ladies became the indispensable read. They were treasured, with others at the house of Serafin Street, in old town and returned to book until the time occurred a mile off. This time of manners at moments, important to society, but while other votes in the case were adventurist in temperament, we can not help doubting a bit at the choice of the golden age of American letters, while with a young plan to take us over the post and with an age and for the purpose, who in the most eminent of modern authors, "From the life," will forebear knowledge.

The name and a drawing of books held on the cover. Sunday of each month, and became the community to begin circulating the library, became of the State and the Church, the health of their families, the labors of their farms, and all the details of men and women. It was a true library club made up of the most intelligent and worthy members of the community.

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

Deacon Porter kept the library in excellent order. Every volume, though originally bound as books, then were, in full leather, had a short cover of sheepskin sewed around it. The read-
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

RESIDENCE OF H. C. NEY

RESIDENCE OF MRS. MAX. M. MANN
323 and West Road.

RESIDENCE OF MISS EVA R. SHAPIER.
FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

RESIDENCE OF GEORGE H. HURST

RESIDENCE OF ROBERT B. BRANDON, "CHATEAU INGRES"

REAR OF SHAFER PLACE

RESIDENCE OF ROBERT E. BRANDON

"THE HEMLOCKS" RESIDENCE OF ROBERT L. REDDING

A QUIET CORNER ON THE SHAFER PLACE
February, 1819, Deacon Porter was re-instated in office, and the books set up in the kitchen of his new school; and it was the fashion of the times when any dead institution started into new life after the manner of the fabled bird of or that turned down a leaf to keep its place while reading was timed a puny, and a strict record was kept of every grace spot or other blemish, giving the volume and page where it occurred, so that any new damage could be charged up to the offender with unmixed certainty. In one case a day was the cost of a book to return books on time. It made no sort of difference who the unlucky offender was, be he of high degree or otherwise, he had to pay. Major Hooker pays his six-pence, Col. Norridah Hooker his shilling, and even Capt. Tweedwell is reminded that it has cost him five shillings and sixpence, the request of the minister the Phoenix Library. Nine years afterwards it was incorporated under that name, Jan. 28, 1823, by inserting a copy of its articles of association with the Secretary of State.

Contemporary with this another library called the Village Library, also holding its meetings on the first Sunday evening of each month, had existed for many years. The leading spirits of the company were Capt. Selden Porter at the center of the village, Capt. Pomponio Strong at the north end, and John Harden Cooke, at White Oak. Its records date back to January, 1817, but I was told some thirty years ago, Capt. Selden Porter was one of the most prominent men of the town, that he and his fellow shareholders were the real founders. They met on a Saturday afternoon under the church-ari school, and each contributing ten cents, began the purchase of the little volumes entitled "The World Displayed." This selection seems to indicate a reliance on the literary taste of the schoolmaster, but when the next purchase was made the true book in a perfect style itself, and Robinson Crusoe was the result. These and some subsequent purchases were the nucleus, he said, of the Village Library. The accuracy of Capt. Selden's recollection seems to be sustained by the list of books bought from the Village Library at its dissolution in 1829. Two of the twenty volumes of "The World Displayed" the first purchase, are still in existence, bearing the bookplate of the Village Library, a work of art probably beyond the skill of Deacon Ball. It substitutes for his awkward boy a self possessed lady seated in an incision in the most approved position taught by the boarding schools of the day. She is absorbed in a book taken from the library at her side, and through the same in the main room. It bears the name of the subscriber, those of the donor, crossing the summer of distant mountain, "Belzam is the word.

"Belzam" in what then prose - no - no - no, Charming stroke the sense, but in turn wins the soul."
The accompanying description of the picture by the artist who made it will doubtless be of interest to many.

I have been asked to tell how this picture came to be taken. Very well, I asked Miss Porter, Mrs. Dow and Miss Roxy Cowles to come to the studio at a certain hour to be photographed, and they all very graciously accepted my invitation. At first Miss Cowles drew back with her characteristic modesty, but Miss Porter, putting the place beside her with her hand said, "Don't be foolish Roxy sit right down there," and Miss Roxy sat and the whole thing was done in five minutes.

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

—R. B. B.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

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

CHARLES CARRINGTON, M.D.

JOHN H. WILLET, M.D.

AN OLD MAP, PUBLISHED ABOUT 1860
FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

January 1, 1883, only twelve weeks before his death. He was succeeded by Austin Hart, Esq., who had charge until the office building was sold and moved away. The library once more home-less, was moved across the street into the basement, which stood before the great fire on the site of the present library. Finally, in 1883, the town gave a resting place for the next thirty-five years in the new town hall, being agreed to in consideration, that any responsible person belonging to the town may have the use of drawing books from the library upon paying a reasonable compensation.

Mr. Claron D. Cookes, the town clerk, was librarian for the year 1883. In February of the following year, Mr. David J. Cumpian, then the very successful principal of the Middletown district school, was appointed librarian. With his habitual energy and expertness in bringing order out of confusion, and the library became once more a very useful and prosperous institution. During the next ten years nearly all of the most valuable books of the library were acquired thanks to the tireless labor, the generous gifts, and the practical good sense of Deacon Edward E. Hart.

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

HACKER'S

The present library was established in a room made for the purpose in the Town Hall, built in 1850. There were forty thousand books, belonging to the Town Library, also nearly fifteen hundred books from the Town Free Library, and with others donated by individuals interested there were nearly twenty-five hundred books.

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

There are now over five thousand books shelved and more room needed.

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

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

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

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

The Seventeenth Annual Report of the

FARMINGTON LIBRARY, 1883.

There are now 280 catalogued books in the Library, no adding having been done this year or by gift, and 71 have been purchased. The books bought are carefully selected with a view to their permanent value. We depend almost wholly on gifts for our donation, although we intend to purchase the best of the books and journals when published.

The Library has been open to the public 60 days, January 25th, owing to the intense cold and blizzard prevailing, is the only day in fifteen years in which it was not opened.

There have been 5721 visitors, of these 390 are regular and about 15 new transients, an average of 30 per day. The books read are classified as follows: Fiction: 325 or 595, and the remaining two, the medical and the scientific, are divided into Miscellaneous, 201, Biography, 291, Travel, 195, and History, 45.

Books and magazines have been given the Library by the following friends: Mrs. Butler, Mrs. H. N. Rummel, Mrs. M. Taylor, Mrs. H. A. Shanks, Mrs. M. R. Grant, Miss Eleanore Johnson, Mrs. Eliza Gribb, Miss J. H. Godt, Miss A. O. Mason, Mrs. Pope, Miss Pope, Mrs. John M. Russell, and Mrs. Victor.
REPORT OF TREASURER.

JULIUS GAY, Treasurer, in account with the Library Co., Oct.

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JULIUS GAY, Treasurer, in account with the Library Co., Oct.

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<td>Express</td>
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OFFICERS

Lillian E. Root, Librarian.
Julius Gay, Secy and Treas.
Committee for three years.

Alfred A. Pope, Julia S. Brandegee.
Committee for two years.

Danford N. Barney, Ed. H. Deming.
Committee for one year.


ON THE CLIFF AT TUNAS OR BARRIES. It was at this point that President Roosevelt retired to the shack below.
Our older readers must have noticed in these columns once or twice each year, almost from the beginning of our paper, short reports and programmes, very classical, of concerts given in the Young Ladies' School in Farmington. Count, under the direction of an earnest, sterling teacher, who all this time seems to have been more fond of solid good work in a corner, than of the notorious with musical men, vastly his inferiors, strivings to achieve by advertising rather than by worth—From Dwight's Journal of Music, March 25, 1872.

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

In 1855, Mr. Klausner says, I came to Farmington as teacher of music at Miss Porter's School. She had written to Germany, then to Henry Lumm, leader of the New York Philharmonic, to ask that an instructor be recommended to her, one who would teach not fashionable music, but as it is taught in Germany. I had been in New York five years, but gladly came to Farmington, for life in the country is more natural than city life. The year after I came, the concerts, now so admired, were started and given during the first two years in the village assembly hall and for the public. The first musician to come was Theodore Thomas. He had been my friend in New York, where he had been trying hard to gain a musical foothold and came to see how I was getting along in Farmington to look about him. He was well satisfied and came about forty times after that, at first once a year, then oftener.

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

"When Thomas came to Farmington he played first violin in a symphony. This had no leader; was a sort of re-
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

...for his friendship for Rich Wagner had been great... Schumann's novel... it half... the greatest... Then there were always others who came, among them Emma Eames, when she was a girl.

"Farmington was beginning to be known in Germany through some arrangement and editions of musical works which I had made. Dr. Von Lieben, early in the sixties, was coming to America and asked whether I would probably plan. He was told in New York, Boston, and Farmington. Some of Schumann's works which I had arranged, I sent Madame Schumann. It pleased her very much and in the many letters which I had from her after that she sent greetings to "Schumannville."

Much more of music and musicians Mr. Klausner had to say, showing the pleasure he felt in his memories of work, both among his scholars and for the broadening of musical culture through his editions. It does not seem complete to close without saying more about these editions and I quote from the letter written by Dr. Leopold Eames:

...and translated in the journal mentioned at the beginning of this article.

"Karl Klausner (A Musical Sketch). Klausner had early seen that to work successfully for art in America, one must proceed not from above downward, but through thorough pedagogical instruction from below upward. Art as such was little cherished in the land at that time (1855), judging virtuosity and humbug did their best to ruin a half cultivated taste entirely; and amongst teaching musically there were only a few who had the courage and capacity to go to work to purify and reform. He wished above all to work upon the tastes and help to form what was most needed—a musical public. To this end he selected the matter of his teaching with the greatest conscientiousness, using the classical music of the great German masters as the best basis for the musical culture of his pupils. But not content with that, he enriched the current editions of many compositions with a multitude of instructive additions which materially increased their value for instruction. Many a corrupt text in the old editions was critically rectified, countless little errors, handed down like heirlooms, were needed and altered. Moreover, the fingering was carefully marked according to the modern principles, established by Franz Liszt and Brahms. ...Klausner has also made himself serviceable by arrangements of orchestral and chamber music for the piano.

"In the special services which Klausner has rendered to the school in Farmington, and we may say to the musical culture of North America in general, belong the concerts which he has established, occurring three or four times yearly in the rooms of the institution, for which the audience is composed almost exclusively of the teachers and pupils of the school.

"If one would know what splendid concert programs are, programs of the purest artistic tendency, of the severest choice among the good and the best, he has only to study those of the Farmingtonian sources and matter of music. They would be an ornament to any concert room in the world, and satisfy the select circle of listeners." Charles H. Johnson, in Farmington Magazine, November 1900.

THE KARL KLAUSER PLACE.
Death of Capt. Ferrer, the Captain of the Amistad, July, 1839.

Don José Ruiz and Don Pedro Monte, of the Island of Cuba, having purchased fifty-three slaves at Havana, recently imported from Africa, put them on board the Amistad, Capt. Ferrer, in order to transport them to Princep, another port on the Island of Cuba. After being out from Havana about four days, the Africans captured on board, in order to obtain their freedom, and return to Africa, armed themselves with cane knives, and rose upon the Captain and crew of the vessel; Capt. Ferrer and the cook of the vessel were killed; two of the crew escaped; Ruiz and Monte were made prisoners.

From an old print.

During the month of August, 1839, the public attention was somewhat excited by several reports stating that a vessel of suspicions and practical character had been seen near the coast of the United States, in the vicinity of New York. This vessel was represented as a "long, low, black schooner," and manned by blacks. The United States steamer Button, and several revenue cutters, were dispatched after her, and notice was given to the collectors at various sea ports.

The following giving an account of the capture of this vessel, and other particulars, is taken from the "New London Gazette".

"The Suspicious Looking Schooner Captured and Brought into the Port of New York."

"Much excitement has been created in New York for the past week, from the report of several Pilot Boats having seen a clipper built schooner off the Hook, full of negroes, and in such a condition as to lead to the suspicion that she was a pirate. Several Cutters and naval vessels are said to have been dispatched in pursuit of her, but she has been most providentially captured in the Sound, by Capt. Godsey, of the surveying brig Washington. We will no longer detain the reader, but subjoin the official account of the capture very respectfully forwarded to us by one of the officers."

"U.S. Brig Washington."

"New London, Aug. 29, 1839."

"While the vessel was coming in from the Sound off Gull Island, under circumstances so suspicious as to authorize Capt. Godsey to stand in to see what was her character, a number of people on the beach with carts and horses, and a boat passing to and fro, a boat was armed and dispatched with an officer to board her. On coming along side a number of negroes were discovered on her deck and quarter, or thirty more were on the beach. Two white men came forward and claimed the protection of the officer. The schooner proved to be the Amistad," Capt. Ramoniles, from Havana, bound to Guanabara, Port Prince, with 54 blacks and two passengers on board; the former, four nights after they were out, rose and murdered the captain and
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

CINQUE Reproduction of an engraving by John Sartain.
three of the crew, they then took possession of the vessel, with the intention of returning to the coast of Africa, Pedro Montero, officer, and Jose Ruiz, owner of the slaves, and a part of the cargo, were only saved by navigating the vessel. After being about four days in the Bahama Channel, the vessel was steered for the Island of St. Anthony, near New Providence from thence she went to Green Key, where the blacks landed in a supply of water. After leaving this place the vessel was steered by Pedro Montero, for New Providence, the negroes being under the impression that she was steering for the coast of Africa, they would not, however, allow her to navigate the coast, but anchored every night off the coast.

The situation of the two whites was all this time truly deplorable, being treated with the greatest severity, and Pedro Montero, who had charge of the navigation, was suffering from two severe wounds, one on the head and one on the arm, these having been suffered instantly. He was ordered to change the course again for the coast of Africa, his negroes themselves steering by the sun in the daytime, while at night he would alter their course so as to bring them back to their original place of destination. They remained three days off the coast of Long Island, to the eastward of Providence, after which they were two months on the ocean, sometimes steering to the eastward, and whenever an occasion would permit, the whites would alter the course to the northward and westward, always in hopes of finding in some vessel of war, or being enabled to run into somewhere when they would be able to land from their hounded situation. Several times they were boarded by vessels, once by an American schooner from Kingston, on these occasions the whites were ordered below, while the negroes communicated, and traded with the vessel, the schooner from Kingston, supplied them with a plum of water for the moderate sum of one dollar to the schooner, whose name was not ascertained; nothing that the negroes had plenty of money, valuable tallow, and soap, and all that they could spare; and finally, though they may have been aware of all, they were not on board, and perhaps supposed the character of the vessel was on the 18th of the present month, the vessel was steered to the northward and westward, and on the 28th, distant from New York 4 miles, the Pilot Boat New York came along and gave the negroes some apples, sugar cakes, and cloth. On the 29th, when the vessel was about 20 or 30 miles of the coast, the negroes, with Pedro Montero, became very desirous of returning to the vessel; on the 30th, they were accommodated with the two whites, for having them so much out of their way, that they expected every moment to be murdered. On the 31st they made Montauk Light, and steered for it in hopes of running the vessel ashore, but the tides stirred them up the entrance, and they were anchored off the Great Washington, off Cohologna Point. The negroes were found in communication with the shore, where they had in a fresh supply of water, and were on the point of sailing again for the coast of Africa. They had a good supply of money, some of which it is likely was taken by the people on the beach. After arranging, and sending them out abroad from the beach, the leader jumped over board, with three hundred doubloons about him, the property of the Captain, all of which he succeeded in losing, from his person, and then submitted himself to be captured. The schooner was then taken in tow by the brig and carried into New London.

Tuesday, 12th May 1817.

"We have just returned from a visit to the Washington and her prize, which are riding at anchor in the bay near the fort. On board the former we saw and conversed with the two Spanish gentlemen, who were passengers on board the schooner, as were some of the negroes and most of the cargo. One of them, Jose Ruiz, is a very gentle- man and intelligent young man, and speaks English fluently. He was the owner of most of the slaves and cargo, which he was conveying to his estate on the Island of Cuba. The other Pedro Montero, is about 40 years of age, and is the owner of four of the slaves. He is formerly a ship master, and has navigated the vessel since her arrival at the blacks. Both of them, as may be naturally supposed, are most ungratefully thankful for their deliverance. Jose Pedro is the most striking instance of compliance, and unalloyed delight we have ever witnessed, and it is not strange, since only yesterday his sentence was pronounced by the chief of the hurricanes, and his death-song was chimed by the grim crew, who gathered with uplifted sabre, around his decapitated head, while the tears of several women, who were his acquaintances, could not come to the time of the murder of the ill-fated captain and crew. He sat smoking his Havana on the deck, and to judge from the marks his countenance, is not an ordinary man. Mr. Borden the merchant, a sick of his, and he throw his arms around his neck, with uplifting tears coming down his mouth, checked, beg-pole the overwhelming transport of his soul. Every man and then he closed his hands, and with uplifted eyes gave thanks to the "Holy Virgin" who had led him out of his troubles. "

"Some King has given us two letters for his agents, Messrs. Stibon, Brothers, & Co. of Boston, and Peter A. Hark- man, of New York. It appears that the master of the vessel, or some portion of whom were his, were very much attached to him, and had determined after reaching the coast of Africa to allow him to see his home what way he could, while his poor companion was to be sacrificed. "On board the brig, we also saw Cannique, the master of this bloody tragedy, in tears. He is about five feet eight inches in height, &c. to 40 years of age, of erect figure, well built and very active. He is said to be a match for any two men on board the schooner. His composure, for a native African, is unusually intelligent, evincing uncommon decision and coolness, with a composed characteristic of true courage, and nothing to mark him as a malicious man. "By physiognomy and phrenology he has considerable claim to benevolence according to Gall and Spurzheim, his moral sentiments and intellectual faculties, as also his various of his annual propensities. He is said however, to have killed the Captain and crew with his own hand, in cutting their throats. He also has several times attempted the life of Senor Monet, and the backs of several of the poor negroes are scored with scars of blows inflicted by his lash, to keep them in submission. He expects to be executed but nevertheless manifests a sort of uncommonly friendly and comradely spirit. "With Captain Godwin, the surgeon of the port, and others, we visited the schooner, which is anchored within nautical shot of the Washington, and there we saw such a sight as we never saw before, and never wish to see again. The bottom and sides of this vessel are covered with barthacles and seaweed, while her rigging and sails presented an appearance worthless of the 'Happy Hatchet' after her battle of 1820. She is a Glasgow built vessel, of 21 guns, with matchless model for speed, about 30 tons burden, and about six years old. On her deck were grouped among various goods and arms, the remains of her three crew, some docked in the most fantastically manner, in stacks and masts, piled off the cargo, while others, in a state of nudity, mounted to mere skeletons, lay crowded on the deck. Here could be seen a negro or white parricide, and the vials which nature gave him, and a plant of wood, bored but mere bared, with a string of geese, about his neck, and another with a lunen.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

RESIDENCE OF F. M. HAWLEY

RESIDENCE OF MRS. ESTER H. MUX

RESIDENCE OF JOHN H. RICHES

RESIDENCE OF WM. H. PARSONS AND FRANK HARRIS

"CENTURY COTTAGE" RESIDENCE OF CHARLES BRANDOLE
cumbic-shirt, whose bosom was worked by the hands of some dark-eyed daughter of Spain, while his mother proportions were embroidered in a shroud of gauze or Canton crepe. Around the windlass were gathered three little girls, from eight to thirteen years of age, the very images of health and gladness.

"Over the deck were scattered in the most wanton and disorderly fashion, rags, vermicelli, bread, rice, silk and cotton goods. In the cabin and hold were marks of the same wanton destruction."

From "The Captives of the Amistad," by Simeon E. Baldwin, read May 17, 1839, and printed in "Papers of the New Haven Colon Historical Society, Vol IV., published in New Haven in 1878, we take the following extracts:

"The most famous case tried in Connecticut was that of the Amistad. Never was a voyage of more interest or of a deeper interest. I think we may fairly deem it one of the finest guide-posts that pointed the way to the yet unopened grave of slavery in the United States. In the spring of 1839, a number of Africans living near the west coast were kidnapped by some of their own countrymen, acting as Agents of Spanish slave-traders, and placed in a barracoon, at a place called Panamahome. From thence, a Portuguese slave, the Tecora, took them to Havana, where in a few days they were sold in two lots to a couple of Columbians. Don Jose Ruiz and Don Pedro Montez. Ruiz was the largest purchaser, taking 70 of them at $900 apiece.

The chief of the said Manding captives was Cinque, otherwise called Cinque, Cuando or Simon, a tall and stately African of commanding presence and determined spirit. A little schooner of about 60 tons was chartered to take them with an assorted cargo of merchandise, in the cabin, by Guatapa, another Columbian, and Ruiz and Montez sailed from Havana on June 28, 1839. The vessel's papers described the negroes as "laborers," a term meaning those who had acquired a foreign language, but commonly used to designate slaves imported before 1828, and to give this more color, Spanish names were assigned to each at random. This was done in collision between the authorities and the slave-traders, who usually paid the Governor at Havana half the price at the rate of $15 a head, for each slave landed at the port.

The following is a list of the names of the Amistad captives, and in some cases the meaning of their names: 1. Sambu (slave); 2. Guarau (Bechuan); 3. Jan (Bantu); 4. Nehe (a water stock); 5. Buxu; 6. Banzu (shoal); 7. Gxakwor (second boat); 8. Kwon; 9. Fdubu (first ship); 10. Pea, 11. Peana (to devil); 12. Sutso; 13. Most; 14. Nwamwe (put on or off); 15. Fajars (blow); 16. Rn (black); 17. By (three men); 18. Shira (suffering); 19. Kunt (a room); 20. Bnana (grand); 21. Ss; 22. Kwna (man or big man). 23. Nozit (crooked); 24. Fiduna; 25. Fmnaua (Ceylon); 26. Yaro; 27. Fmna (Canary); 28. Faduna (Malta); 29. Fiduna (Man), 30. Banu (black); 31. Fiduna (white); 32. Sduna (falling water); 33. Kwna (bone); 34. Temu (groat); 35. Kunt (country); 36. Munan (black mark)."

The Africans had been brought over on the Tecora in boxes, but it was thought unnecessary to examine them on this short over-sea voyage. Their supply of provisions and water was scant, and two who went to the water cask were whipped for it. One of them asked the cook where they were being taken, received for answer that they were going to be killed and then eaten. This ill-timed mockery was taken for earnest, and was the last incitement needed to cause the captives to strike for liberty. During the second night they rose under the lead of Cinque. Several of them had armed themselves with knives of the kind used on the sugar-cane. The captain of the schooner was attacked, killed his first ascendant, and thenmall himself on a stroke from Cinque's knife. The cook paid for his pleasantry with his life, also at Cinque's hand. Montez was severely wounded. The cabin boy, a mulatto slave of the captain named Antonio and Ruiz were secured. The rest of the crew escaped in one of the boats. It was a sharp and sudden struggle. Mr. Barber made it the subject of one of his quaint woodcuts as a frontispiece to his history of the Amistad captives.

A reproduction of this rare print appears in this article.

"The cut of knife, of which the negroes made use, is a formidable weapon, and does its work somewhat after the fashion of a hotchpot or short hand book.

"In the grasp of a strong arm like that of Cinque, it is as sure and deadly as the guillotine. It was his design, if the rising was successful, to attempt the voyage back to their native country, by which they only knew that it was three months distant, and to carry toward the eastward the negroes could speak a little Arabic and an other a few words of English in signs and threats they made Ruiz and Montez take the wheel by turns, and steer to the eastward. By day they kept this direction, but as soon as the tall tell sun had set, they would bring the vessel gradually about and head for the north. Two months of toiling away we brought the little schooner at last to a shore far from that which the Africans had hoped to see."

Their capture is described elsewhere in this article in detail.

"When the schooner was taken back to the dock, the other negroes gathered about him, and he made an address which moved them very deeply. Antonio, the Cabin boy, understood enough of the words to give a summary of the speech in Spanish to a newspaper editor in New London, who translated it into English as follows: Published in New York Sun of August 31, 1839:

"Friends and Brothers: We would have remained, but the sun was against us. My brothers, I tell you not to give up the white man. So I induced you to help me kill the Captain. I thought I could be killed. I expected you would have been better than having many means in captivity. I shall be hanged. I think, you say, this does not prove me I could the happy if you do. I could save some of my brothers from the bondage of the white men."

The second speech as Antonio and the New London editor gave it to the newspapers, can thus be read, and: "My brothers, I am once more among you, having received the enemy of our race, by saying that I had doubled hands I came to tell you that you have only one chance for death, and none to liberty. I am sure you prefer death as I do. You can kill the white man now on board (and I will help you), make the people here kill you. It is better for you to die than, and then you will not only avert bondage yourselves, but prevent the entanglement of many bound women on your children. Come, friends, with me then!"

"When the Virgin heard that the argument in the supreme court was about to come on they determined to write to Mr. Adams, and to him, a broad bow of eleven who had picked up much better than the older ones, they selected as the scale. The following was the result, written with no aid from the white men:"

"New Haven, Jan. 4, 1839.

"Dear friend, Mr. Adams: I want to write a letter to you because I am loved by the Manding people, and you are the friend of your country. We want to tell you something. Jose Ruiz are, they are born in Havana, he tell me. We stay in Havana, at day and at nights, we are no more. We all born in Manding: we are not under the Spanish language. Much people been in America. We talk American language, but not very good. We write over here, we write plants of letters, we read most all
of the time, we read all Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John, and plenty of little books. We love books very much. We want you to ask the Court for what we have done wrong. What for American we have in prison—some people say Mendie people crazy; Mendie people shoot, because we do not understand American language. Mexico people don't. They tell bad things about Mendie people, and we understand. Some say Mendie people very happy because they laugh and have plenty to eat. Mr. Pen- dleton (the jailer) come and Mendie people all look sorry because they think Mendie people and friends we no see now. Mr. Pendleton say Mendie people marry White men afraid of Mendie people. The Mendie people no look sorry again—why that we laugh. But Mendie people feel sorry; O, we can't tell how sorry. But people say, Mendie people not ghosts. Who we feel bad, who we feel ghosts? We want to be free very much. Dear friend, Mr. Adams, you have children, you have friends, you have them you feel very sorry if Mendie people come and carry them all to Africa. We feel bad for our friends, and our friends all feel bad for us. Americans tell us a ship sea and Americans tell us a slave ship catch us. They say we make our free, they tell lie. If America people give us free we glad, if they no give us free we sorry—we sorry for Mendie people little, we sorry for America people very much, because God punish them. We want you to tell Court that Mendie people no want to go back to Havana, we no want to be killed. Dear friend, we want you to tell Court that Mendie people want to be free, we want to understand, we want to be happy, we want to have friends, we want to have children, we want to have a house to live in. We want you to tell Court that Mendie people want to be free, we want to understand, we want to be happy, we want to have friends, we want to have children, we want to have a house to live in. We want you to tell Court that Mendie people want to be free, we want to understand, we want to be happy, we want to have friends, we want to have children, we want to have a house to live in.
Cimquez,
The Black Prince.

SIXTY years ago, a band of African savages led by their warrior chieftains and in defiance of opposition on the part of many townspeople, invaded our peaceful village and in a way took possession of the place. To very many of the present generation the foregoing statement seems to be altogether incredible, but it is nothing more than history, slightly "embroidered" for dramatic effect.

In 1814 the case of the "Amistad Captives" was of international importance, and never has Farmington been so truly the center of public attention, as when these distinguished foreigners were among her summer visitors.

Their story is quite as romantic as those that are served up in the modern novel, and I am permitted briefly to recount it here for Farmington's credit. To remember, as clearly, that was a civilization which was barely three years old at the time—how this same Black Prince used to toss me up and set me upon his broad shoulder while he executed a barbaric dance on the lawn for my amusement.

There are those, however, living in Farmington, whose personal recollections of Cimquez and his following are dearer than mine, so I hasten to cite the story from authentic sources.

In the year 1817, sailing masters on the high seas were still on the lookout for suspicious craft, and deemed it prudent to give a wide berth to "Long Is-land schooners, with taking masts," beloved in the story books of our forefathers, and very much the terror of half a millennium. When, therefore, such a schooner was sighted on an American morning of the year in question, bound off Montauk Point, all well-dressed mariners and other folk dwelling in that famous part for safety, and the schooner was promptly hailed by the telephone—being out of order, that is—enough prize was razing the extreme end of Long Island.

Steam was unknown to the revenue cutter of that period, and several days elapsed before the steam sailing cutter "Washington," Lieutenant Grinnell, overhauled the uppermost marauder and with her crew at quarters sent an armed boat to take possession. During the few days before the revenue cutter put in appearance, the supposed pirate had sent very formidable looking and nearly naked black men aboard to purchase supplies for which they paid in Spanish doubloons, and certain venturunsome sailors men with confidence in the speed of their boats had drawn near enough to the suspected schooner to see that she was manned entirely by blacks, and apparently only waited to let alone. Her name was found to be the "Amistad."

No serious resistance was offered to the revenue men, but one splendid specimen of an African plunged overboard, struck out for the open sea, and was only rescued from death by drowning through the efforts of an entire boat's crew, who rescued him and hauled him aboard after he was quite exhausted by his exertions. This was Cimquez, the Black Prince, and he afterward admitted that it was his intention never to be taken alive.

Below decks were found two white men, Spaniards, and a negro cabin boy. Abounds were taken to New London and held for government action. Then it came out that the "Amistad" was a slaver, and that the thirty-four black men and three women found on board were the survivors of a "cargo" run off from the coast after the usual methods of traders. They must have been treated with somewhat more humanity, than usual for less than a score of them died and were thrown overboard during the passage to Cuba, where Monte- ris and Ruiz brought the whole craft and sold at work for their plantations at Puerto Principe.

But they had reconciled without con- sulting the Black Prince. His must in deed have been a high order of native intuiitance, for although born, so to say, in an African jungle and having lived three years or so in all essentials as a forlorn man, he was observant enough during the voyage to notice that the sun always rose westward and set east. Therefore, said this Prince to himself, as he lay chained and groaning for air between decks, "when I sail towards home I will steer toward the rising sun."

The capture of the schooner before she reached her destination was more in the line of Cimquez's experience. None of the crew were ever heard from again, but Ruiz and Montes had met, bought the black men as chattels in open market so these two were saved alive with the cabin boy afterward who was neither old enough nor big enough to have made enemies among the negroes.

Cimquez noticed his prisoners in unmistakable terms that the ship's course was east, but naturally enough while the mutinous vermicul could hardly be the sun the mysteries of the manner—company, with its strange biographies, was too much for him, so the white men managed to keep her headed to the north and west between sunset and sunrise, and eventually she brought up as has been related, off Montauk Point, and straightened the slaves and anti-slavery factions were set to the ears.

The slaveholders and their northern sympathizers supported the claim of the Spanish minister that the Africans were lawful properties, while the anti-slavery faction held that once the trade in human creatures was illegitimate under Spanish and American law, the captives were free.

Was spelled "Cimquez." It was popularly pronounced "Simppe" in New York. The Spanish terminal s was here adopted as most likely to be correct.
tives were well within their rights when they demonstrated their title to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" on the Freedom Tree. This last mentioned view of the case was taken by the lower court sustained by the district judge, and thence carried up to the United States Supreme Court, where it was argued by the venerable John Quincy Adams of Boston and the Hon. Simon E. Baldwin of New Haven. Mr. Adams devoutly wrote in his diary on the day when he decided to act as counsel in the case: "I implore the mercy of Almighty God to control my temper, to enlighten my soul, and to give me utterance, that I may prove myself in every way equal to the task." Whether in answer to this petition of not, his speech occupied more than two days, and on March 26th, 1841, Justice Story delivered the opinion of the Court, affirming at last the freedom of the captives.

During all the weary months since their capture the Africans had been kept in confinement at New Haven, where they were provided with more creature comforts than they had ever known before. Mr. Lewis Lippan, of New York, a noted philanthropist, and one of the founders of the American Missionary Association, was a leader in all steps taken for their benefit. He was well known to many of the older generation in Farmington, and if I mistake not, often visited the town. During this stay in New Haven some of the students in the Yale Divinity School devoted much time to the instruction of the captives in the primary branches of an English education, so that when the edict of emancipation went forth, the brightest among them were able to read and write a bit, and all had been lifted a little toward the light of civilized Christianity.

When it was decided to quarter them in Farmington, pending arrangement for their return to Africa, there was consternation among the timid souls in the quiet village. Stories of hereditary cannibalism were plentifully circulated, and there were not wanting formal protests against forcing such a brute upon the community. But Mr. Lippan and his friends prevailed at last, and with but little delay the whole band of thirty-seven embarked on a canal boat, and escaping the Christian prints that they had imbibed, crouged up the placid water way that then led from New Haven to Northampton.

Barracks had been erected on land at the rear of the old Walworth House, now occupied by Mr. Dunning, and adjoining the cemetery, and here the captive speedily made themselves at home. These barracks were still standing when I last visited the place, though I am under the impression that they have been moved somewhat from their original position.

Comique was a born ruler, and, although by his lieutenant Grabbo, he maintained a very creditable degree of discipline among his half-savage followers. They were for the most part free to roam about except for regular school hours, and the town doctor soon ceased to fear them. Anxious mammas at the first trembled and kept their tempting morsels of children behind bolted doors, but before long the belief in tales of cannibalism died out, and it was now a common sight in those days to see the big grown-up black children playing with little white boys in village door yards.

The African visitors, or some of them at least, were often welcomed by my father, the late John T. Norton, at his home, now the property of Mr. Newton Barney, and as I have already said I retain dim, child-like memories of the strange, kindly black men. A broad flight of steps then led down to an terrace in front of my father's house, and I distinctly remember seeing the athletic Comique turn a somersault from these steps, and then go on down the sloping lawn on a succession of hand springs, hills and head springs. He was bold, to the wonderment and admiration of my big brothers and myself. Again I recall a visit to the barracks, where I beheld the whole black company club, as it seems to me, in dark brown or gray coats. In my childish eyes they seemed a mighty host, and as such they will always remain in my memory, for probably I had never before seen so many men together at any one time.

I was a favorite boy with Grabbo, the second in command, who was allowed sometimes to take me out for excursions in the neighborhood. I can even remember that my mother was very anxious at first about these expeditions, but eventually acquired entire confidence in these big able playmates of her little boy.

The excursions were expert swimming and very fond of boating in the canal basins or in the millponds until, unfortunately, poor Grabbo, on a certain day, was taken with a cramp and drowned, in spite of the efforts of his companions to rescue him. A messenger came at once for my father. We were sitting on the porch of the dell of the evening, it was early dusk when we saw a dark figure striking up the path, taking no notice of the rest of us, he went straight to my father, and said in broken accents, "We—want—vou—Grabbo—he—died," and with that he
Photograph of an old blue and white "Abolition" plate. Part of a set that was used by Mr. Samuel Denning when Anti-Slavery conventions were held at his home in Farmington. Now owned by his daughter, Miss Kate Denning.
Names of the Mende African
written by themselves

Gingir

Guli, Poo, Vordo

Lagni, Banna

Tumnu Bata, Nolna

Bar, Nubi

Queen

Yoone

Bis

Sa

Palassina Torma
Japanese Students.

O N THE border of a country once a goodly number of souls from Japan came to our village and found a good home, also careful instruction at Mr. Edward I. Hart's. Some were not of the Japanese government, others part themselves and a few had humble means. Among the number, three stand out in my memory more prominently than the others. Shimiki, who was of royal birth, distinguished himself by appearing several times daily in different suits, of various shades and cuts, all American tailoring, with beautiful shoes wherever a man could wear them, neck and footwear the most choice, and crowning all, a very proper suit, an. He was a genuine dandy. Mocum, his opposite in every way, was poor, of humble birth, med. and had not a sound voice which endeared him to all his American associates. If I am not mistaken all his education was received here whereas the others, after leaving here, graduated from the Hartford High School and Yale College. Mocum had with him a friend who assisted and died. He cared for his friend most tenderly and to show his appreciation to the ladies here, who sent delicacies and did for him in other ways, had some copies of our hymnal, the "Plymouth Collection," very much bound and presented them, writing in each, both in English and Japanese, words of gratitude. Mocum, an unusually bright youth, made friends here, and at home, a name for himself which gave him the title of professor and brought him to this country a few years ago on some business of scientific importance. He remembered his friends, even those in little Farmington, calling upon them all.

Many evenings were devoted to these young men while they were here at their studies. They were most eager to learn our games and were quick to acquire them where we were slow and clumsy to learn theirs, owing to the extraordinarily quick and deft fingers which required. They too polite to laugh at us but we did that part for them very well and gave up trying to manipulate our fingers as it was quite out of the question to do anything in that line as skillfully as they without practice from infancy. At one gathering, when refreshments were passed, Mocum was asked to take a kiss. He arose somewhat embarrassed but evidently determined to do his full duty. When it seemed necessary to explain that the kiss was to take was of regret and on the plate, he also explained that his was not of hispers, and it took him some time to get the idea straightened out, retaining an expression of wonder for a half hour or more, and I must add, he was very good natured along the instrument created. The double meaning of words perplexed them greatly.

Mitsukuri, afterwards, often wrote his friends here of his efforts to secure for the women of his country more liberty and pleasure. After many months came a postal letter saying his sisters were allowed to join him; and a few friends of him, occasionally, of an evening for games but it was a much longer time before they were permitted any instruction. Some years ago at the World's Fair, the head of the Japanese department was placed when these communications of his were received after and said, among other things, "Shimiki is a great man in our country, very high in rank, and Mitsukuri is very learned, he has a great mind." S. E. Garvey in Farmington Magazine, Oct. 1911.
## Old Store Accounts.

Mr. Lewis kept an old 'store book' for many years, which showed the purchases and sales of the store. The entries in the "old store book" are quoted just as written, the quaint spelling of the original being preserved.

The amounts are in pounds, shillings, and pence.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 2, 1780</td>
<td>Amos Clark to Phlip</td>
<td>2 1/2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>To half Jiff of rum</td>
<td>0 6/8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot; a half Point of rum</td>
<td>0 1/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot; a Jiff of rum</td>
<td>0 1/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 31, 1780</td>
<td>To a Jiff of rum</td>
<td>0 8/9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>To a Jiff of Brand</td>
<td>0 6/8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>To a Jiff of Philip</td>
<td>0 6/8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 1781:</td>
<td>To a Quart of Brand</td>
<td>0 1/3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ditty to Brand</td>
<td>0 1/3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>To a Quart of Brand</td>
<td>0 1/2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>To a Quart of Brand</td>
<td>0 1/2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>To a Jiff of Rum</td>
<td>0 8/9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 1786</td>
<td>Borrowing a pair of shoes</td>
<td>3 9/10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar. 1790:</td>
<td>Gabriel Curtis to John</td>
<td>3 9/10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>To a day work and a half</td>
<td>3 9/10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 1790:</td>
<td>To a Dice</td>
<td>3 9/10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 28, 1790</td>
<td>Paid for one Quart of School Books</td>
<td>3 9/10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 1790:</td>
<td>To Sheep Skin</td>
<td>3 9/10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 1790:</td>
<td>Ditty to Curtis</td>
<td>3 9/10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar. 1790:</td>
<td>Charles Woodruff to my house</td>
<td>3 9/10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March 24:</td>
<td>To use my horse</td>
<td>3 9/10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

April 1798: Mr. Lewis paid Mr. Lewis back for 12 dollars.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>July 1789:</td>
<td>John Cadwal, Dr. to Ditty of shoes</td>
<td>3 9/10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>To a pair of shoes</td>
<td>3 9/10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>To a pair of shoes</td>
<td>3 9/10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## A beautiful house

The following is an account of the purchase of the house:

- **Sept. 3, 1789:** Mr. Lewis bought the house for $200.00.
- **Oct. 21, 1789:** Mr. Lewis paid off the mortgage for $100.00.
- **Nov. 1789:** Mr. Lewis paid off the mortgage for $50.00.

Mr. Lewis lived in the house for many years and it was later sold to Mr. John Lewis.

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**Image:** A photograph of the house, labeled "Residence and Store of Mr. A. T. Lewis, formerly the store of Mr. Lewis."
Farmington Water Works.

Although written some five years ago, Mr. Walksworth says that this article is thoroughly up to date, as no changes have been made in the system since that time.

The history of the present system of water works in Farmington would not be complete without recording the many attempts made by its citizens, since the earliest times, to bring the pure, clear water from the springs on the mountain side to their houses and barns in the prosperous village below. And this prosperity is not a myth; Farmington was in fact up to 1782 the center of the most populous district in the State. Likewise it can safely been stated that the wealth of the Town was at this time not second to Hartford.

That the early citizens of Farmington were able, energetic, and resourceful is evidenced by the high grade and class of their homes and homesteads, many of which on Main Street, erected before the War of the Revolution, stand to-day as the most spacious, comfortable and tasteful dwellings in the village. Into some of these houses was conducted from an early period by means of a primitive and most ingenious system, which, for want of a more descriptive name, might be called "The Yellow Pine Log Pipe Line." These log pipes were made by boring a two inch hole through eight foot sections of yellow pine logs, varying in size from six inches to one foot in diameter. The method of joining was to carefully taper the smaller end and run the other to proper size. The well known resistance of this variety of wood to splitting made it possible to drive the sections together with great force, forming a perfect water tight joint, in fact these lines were laid through valleys and over hills, making not only good gravity lines, but a limited extent serviceable force mains. Water could be diverted at any point by simply letting to the axis of the main, then turning and plumbing into a branch.

The "Log Lines" were met with everywhere in the town, and with few exceptions an axe was required to remove a section the width of the trunk, sound and wellarrooted. and dug out with the utmost care, which supplied the buildings on the site now occupied by the Town Hall, after being cut through, maintained a flow of clear spring water for several hours, and this flow was stopped only by thorough plugging. Residents in the vicinity for fifty years could not remember the laying of this "Log Line" which would indicate the fragility of these pipes under favorable conditions. These lines undoubtedly performed their mission faithfully for many years, cheapness being their great recommendation.

Another kind of pipe line frequent ly met with was constructed of red unglazed brick tile of great thickness and strength, having a small bore not over one inch. This was put together in sections of two feet with cone-shaped ends, the joints being packed in clay. These tile lines could only have been used as gravity conduits, as the resistance of the joints could not have been greater than that of the clay forming the bond at each joint, or the tile must have been bulky failures and their use abandoned in the columns before the advent of hydrants, as otherwise the use of this form of tile would have served, to a limited extent, as a permanent and serviceable conduit.

The next departure was the use of lead in making pipes. This was obtained in small cut into proper width and folded and soldered together at the local smithy. Some of this old "Seamed Lead Pipe" lasted seventy years ago, and was doing service to-day. David Carrington claimed to have made the first of this "Seamed Pipe" for Samuel Dunning, to displace an old Log Line in laying it across Main Street it was actually run through the old log main, either for the purpose of protection or to decrease the exposure of digging, or it may be both. At any rate this standard primer pipe was not over方形 or even round to the narrow trenching for the water works sewer system. The side of pipe in use displayed all the older, and many new ones were laid, reaching further up the slope of the mountain. On the longest lines many persons were wont in boring the cost and sharing the privileges, so exciting rights which are probably guarded to this day, particularly valued for the excellent quality of the drinking water supplied. All the older pipe lines were laid with pipes of small diameter, generally one inch or less. These were capable of
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

supplying only a very limited amount of water, say two or three horses and farm barns to one line, although there are two lines with pipes of larger diameter that supply several premises to each line. Among the most notable, largest, and possibly the most expensive of these private water conduits was the two-inch conduit constructed about the year 1886, by Austin F. Williams, from the "Gun Still Brook," to his residence on Main Street, some two thousand feet. In 1887 the buildings of the writer were connected with this system, thus affording a happy relief from the unnecessary toil of pumping water from a well for sixty head of stock during the winter months, a task continued from the earliest recollections of the writer. In 1888 an interruption occurred in this service from early in January to the following April, the cause attributed being the usual one, the presence of an eagle in the pipe. The persistence of that eagle, and the fact that the well went dry, so necessitating the hauling of water by wagons, were a combination that raised a determination to have from some source an independent supply for the farm; accordingly early in the summer of 1881 the "Gun Still Brook" was chosen as affording the only adequate supply for a gravity system. Land was bought of Lucius F. Dorson in the August following, and later of William Pentelow. The two purchases included the tracts known as the "Old Still Pond," the lower being called No. 1, and the upper No. 2. In September a two inch galvanized wrought iron pipe was laid from No. 2, 3,500 feet to the farm buildings and house. Under the pressure due to a fall of 112 feet, this gave a supply ample for several farms.

Aside from repairing the dam to reservoir No. 2 there was no further development or extension of the system until the determination of a lawsuit in 1886, brought in the year 1881 by a lower riparian proprietor. The real extension of the system began in the fall of 1886 by connecting the houses of Miss Sarah Porter (pensioner), Mrs. Rebecca Keep, Mr. Channos Rowe, Mr. Jas. L. Cowles, and the farm barns of Miss Sarah Porter and Jas. L. Cowles.

In July, 1887, a four inch cement water pipe was laid in Main Street a half mile from the front gate of Miss Porter's School, connecting at this point with a one-inch water pipe running as far as Charpentier Avenue. In October, a one-inch pipe was laid in Charpentier Avenue from Main to Canal Street, and on Canal Street from Mr. Mason on the south to the residence of Mr. T. C. Collins on the north. In 1887 the four inch main water pipe was continued on Main Street to a point opposite Gay's Store, setting four hydrants and two horse fountains, also running one branch down the Avenue to the house of Mr. Noah Wallace and another down the passageway to the houses of Mr. and Mrs. Brandgee. Later in the same year a one and a quarter inch pipe was laid on New Britain Avenue to the residence of Mr. H. R. Woodward.

In 1882 it was clearly evident that the small reservoir was wholly inadequate to supply the rapidly increasing demands of the patrons on the new lines. Therefore a tract of land of thirty-two acres was purchased in this year, and in the following year a dam was constructed seven hundred and twenty feet long across the valley, thus creating the water over some twenty acres at an average depth of ten feet and upwards approximating sixty million gallons of water. All this water is supplied from springs, there being no break-contributory to the system. The two-inch main from the mountain to Main Street was displaced by a six-inch "Curt Iron Pipe" and the two-inch pipe was afterwards laid from Gay's Store to the residence of Mr. D. N. Barney and later to that of Mr. Wm. A. Hooker, the present terminus.

In the session of 1883 a charter of incorporation was obtained from the General Assembly, and in June following, the Farmington Water Company was organized under its charter with a capital stock of $300,000, divided into 800 shares of $375 each.

In September, 1884, a six-inch cast iron pipe was laid as far south as the Ridgley House.

In 1886 the one and a quarter inch pipe on New Britain Avenue was displaced by a six-inch main, and carried up the Avenue as far as the upper division of Mr. Redfield's, and a one-inch pipe carried as far as the "Flint Ponds" at the summit.

In 1890 a Filter Plant So by 100 feet was constructed below the main reservoir for the purpose of purifying and rendering wholesome the storage water during the summer months. The method employed is sand filtration, and this last season it gave entire satisfaction, removing every evidence of any contamination indicated either by taste or smell.

In September, 1890, the water company entered into a contract with the fire district for five years, to set and maintain two three fire hydrants at a stipulated price of fifteen dollars each. The water company in fulfilling this contract laid 1,700 feet of six-inch cast iron pipe on Main Street and 2,270 feet of four-inch cast iron pipe on the side streets and highways. They also set eighteen additional fire hydrants, making with the four at the south end and one on New Britain Avenue the total number of thirty-one, capable of withstanding a thousand feet of hose owned by the district, of protecting nearly every house in the borough. The dependence of a community upon hydrants for fire protection has been demonstrated, from the standpoint of promptness and efficiency, to be the most economical and satisfactory. Especially is this true in communities where relative high pressure can be obtained, capable of maintaining at least two effective streams sufficient to cover the highest structures. The hydrants in front of Miss Porter's School and the Congregational Church, at a test last November, demonstrated that a stream could be maintained covering both structures at the same time, thus realizing in practice what was predicted before the implantation of the present system, and the results cannot but be a satisfaction to all.

It can also be seen at once that the widely distributed hydrants form the basis of a more efficient system, when we consider the wealth and necessities of the District require the purchase and maintenance of a fire engine. With a wise and proper distribution of the hose at points in the North, South, and Middle Districts, where it can be obtained and promptly attached to the hydrant nearest the fire, the borough would be in a position to secure the greatest efficiency of the present system; and this system would meet every demand and necessity that might arise, within reasonable bounds, for many years to come, and be a substantial protection and safeguard to the inestimable property of the borough.

From the above it can be seen that the present Water Works System has been one of gradual and natural development, based on the growing demands and necessities of a prospering community, the members of which have at all times been ready to cooperate in its construction, and quick to avail themselves of its benefits.

In connection with the excellent separate system of sewers Farmington may be said to occupy a position from a sanitary point of view, equal to that of the most favored communities. A.R. Walesworth, in Farmington Magazine, May, 1890.
Peach Raising.

In 1892 the Root Brothers became interested in peach raising from talking with John B. Smith, manager of the Berlin peach orchard, and reading the Hale Brothers' of Clinton, New York, accounts of their success, decided to utilize a lot of poor pasture land 500 feet above sea level, covered with stone and brush. This was partially cleared and 250 peach trees set out.

In three years these trees bore such choice fruit that more trees were set out, more land purchased and cleared, till there are now twenty acres of this high land planted with peach, plum, cherry and apple trees in a high state of cultivation, bearing choice fruit.

In October, 1901, President Roosevelt visited his sister, Mrs. Win. S. Cooley, residing at Oldegate Park on the morning after his arrival. President Roosevelt, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Alice, and his niece, Miss Helen Roosevelt, Capt. Win. S. Cooley, Secretary of State, Dr. Rice and Mr. Ferguson walked up to Rattlesnake Mountain. On their way home they stopped at the Tenas Orchard, as the Root Bros had named it in memory of the Indians who once wandered over its wilds. During the nine years of development this land had become quite a tract, owing to the beautiful view from the lodge.

The President visited the terrace in honor of his yen, admired the view, and, examining the path, plunged over the cliff, followed by the whole party. Clambering to rock and trees, they went down a nearly perpendicular descent of 200 feet and reached Main Street in safety.

Mrs. Alice Roosevelt had been down the same place the year before, and wanted to see the brook. She, however, was unable to go, as she had been to Shady Swamps, and on the way part of the way were of a muddy and rough condition.

About five years after the Tenas Orchard was started, A. B. Wadsworth planted ten acres to peach trees near the Root Bros. on land that had already proved its value by growing excellent apples.

North of Mr. Wadsworth's lot, Warren Mason has several hundred peach trees in bearing, known as the "Peculiar Tree Barn" orchard. Still farther north, W. H. Phillips has set peach trees on the site formerly known as "The Devil's Rocking Chair," owing to an immense boulder poised there. This rock has now fallen and been crushed to dust, making one of our most needed good roads.

A. B. Cook and Albert Kline are among the successful orchardists on the heights.

All these peach orchards now bear fruit of rare quality, high color and fine flavor, and are spoken of as superior to any in Connecticut.

These very successful ventures encourage farmers owning land in this vicinity to make attempts to do likewise, but, owing to lack of facilities for spraying, the San Jose scale has worked havoc among their trees, and only the utmost diligence has protected the larger orchard.

Two years ago Prof. Winthrop Hill, of the Wisconsin University, decided to pursue agriculture instead of teaching. He made a tour of investigation among peach growers from Michigan to Maine and decided that Farmington had the soil, climate, accessibility to market, etc., necessary for successful peach culture. Accordingly, he purchased fifteen acres of mountain land and in the spring of 1906 planted 8000 young trees on the land formerly owned by the Herr Bros., and used by them for the successful raising of small fruit. This orchard has great possibilities from its situation and already has a most promising look.
"Hill-Stead"
Property of Alfred A. Pope.
FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

FARMHOUSE ON "HILL STEAD" FARM

COTTAGE ON "HILL STEAD" FARM

A DISTANT VIEW OF HILL STEAD

UNDERBRIDGE COTTAGE ON "HILL STEAD" FARM
TODAY RETURN to the days of raw

carpets and brick walls—will

scarcely be the choice of peo-
lace—would give them a

distinct pleasure to step into the pad

for a half hour, a pleasure that

is hand in the privilege given by Miss

Pope to go through the O'Ranker's

This, as may be known to all, is an old

farm house on High street, once be-
longing to Mr. O'Ranker, which passed

into Miss Pope's possession several

years ago and which she has fitted up

in perfect keeping with the customs of

the times in which the house was

built.

The outside shows the architec-
ture that was the outcome of necessity

for protection against Indian attack—the

overhanging second story. The inside

reproduces and follows faithfully in

most details the simplicity and severity

of even the prosperous household of

a hundred years ago. Nobody attempt-
ing to live in an old house nowadays

would dispense with the comfort of

modern heating and plumbing. These

are found here but they do not ex-
clude the fireplace or the quaint cor-
ner wash-stand. There are fine

specimens of four-posters with their

canopies and hangings and patch-

quilts of various gaity, and beside each is

found the demure candle-stand so priti-

tanical in suggestion that one would

hesitate to lay upon it the Dolly. Our

logees or the Confessions of a Free-lance

and the ancient tapestry coun-

trance on the wall only samplers and

good colored prints and the melodion

suggests the psalm singing that salua-

ted all the musical instincts of the

time.

All the furnishings are genuinely old

and the survival of the brilliant black

and red table cloth in the "settin' room"

is a triumph of vigilance against its

natural enemy. Its color and design

make one glad to live in the days of

Barton and Morris. The many im-

pressions one brings away of spacious

rooms, simple and elegant lines of fur-

niture, of light and air in every cor-

ner and an absence of small things that

crowd, make the survey a lasting

pleasure.

During the last twelve years, some

additions to the original structure have

been made and one room in the ell has

grown into a shop best described by its

sign, so modest that it has never ap-

peared, "Odd and End Shop"; where

every day soothing beverages that

invigorate in the cold winter and refresh

in the heat of summer are much sought

by Miss Porter's school girls and occa-

sional villagers and visitors. No

better summary of the resources of

this unique place could be found than

the lines set as a joke by a Hartford

lady.


dent—will not top.

And raise the hatch of this small shop

for pot pies by in restless haste.

Prep something here for every taste.

Mint sauce for both girls and boys.

Knitted riuns and other toys.

Hot roast peanuts, toothsome cakes.

Ginger snaps and Bagatelle dates.

Coffee too, which you must know.

Grows in sunny Mexico.

On far Esperanza's height,

Where the cacti cry by night

You'll find its flavor unsurpassed.

To crown the end of your repast,

Although you sail over seven seas,

Stopping anywhere you please,

If he bound, you'll never see

The equal of our special tea.

Named for England's ancient tow.

Symbol of her might and power.

Every day we serve it here

With cream and sugar, or just clear.

Should you want a dolly drest,

Or a golfer's hand made vest.

Or a rug of colors gay,

Leave your order now I pray.

True forthwith that I detail

All the goods I have for sale:

Come and see them, row on row.

Something you will find I know.

Should you hail from foreign climes,

Nor understand our English rhymes.

With pride, though made in pride I'll say

"For Madame, From Our Hands."
President Roosevelt’s Visit to Farmington.

(From Hartford Courant Wednesday, October 28, 1909.)

IN FARMINGTON—PRES. ROOSEVELT VISITS THE ANCIENT TOWN.

An Informal Reception—Guests Greet Chief Executive at Cowles Residence—Governor McLean and Senators Hawley and Platt in the Distinguished Company—Mr. McKinley Oak Planted.

Yesterday and last night the ancient and beautiful town of Farmington was honored by the presence of the President of the United States; and the hearty welcome and generous hospitality extended to him must have been a source of gratification to the chief executive of this country. The President and those who made the journey from Washington with him arrived in Farmington early yesterday morning. They went up from New Haven on the Northampton division of the Consolidated line. Those with President Roosevelt were Commander Wm. Shefield Cowles, his brother in law, Secretary Cortelyou, Dr. P. M. Rixey, Assistant Secretary Barnes and D. Mann, formerly of the Rough Riders. There were also four men of the government secret service who had been detailed from Washington to watch over the President’s person. At the station a number of townspeople were assembled and they cheered the President as he left the train.

Mrs. Cowles, the President’s sister, was also on the platform and extended a warm greeting to her brother. Besides there was a detail from the Hartford County sheriff’s office and the constabulary of Farmington, reinforced by special appointments for the day.

As soon as the greetings were over the distinguished visitors were driven to Oldgate, the home of Commander and Mrs. Cowles, where they were to be guests during their stay in Farmington.

The house is situated on Main street, and is a fine example of colonial architecture. Between the high posts in front of the main entrance hangs an iron gate of ancient pattern, and this feature gives the residence its name.

On the mile and a half drive from the station President Roosevelt occupied the first carriage, and with him were Commander and Mrs. Cowles, and in the second carriage were Secretary Cortelyou, Assistant Secretary Barnes, Dr. Rixey and Mr. Ferguson. Deputy Sheriff Egan of West Hartford, Cowles of Farmington, and Egan of Southington followed in a third carriage, and the rear of the procession was brought up by the four secret service men.

On the way from the station the President remarked the beautiful scenery of the mountain and meadows disclosed, and spoke enthusiastically of the attractive homes that line the borough streets. On reaching Oldgate Commander and Mrs. Cowles and their guests at once went inside the mansion and soon after breakfast was served.

In the meantime a guard was placed in front of the house to keep out intrusive visitors. Samuel Scott was placed in charge of the entrance gate and no one was admitted to the house thereafter during the day, except by the presentation of a card which had first received approval. The secret service men stationed about the outside of the house and several energetic borough constables kept the crowd, which had assembled in the streets, in proper order. The deputy sheriffs were also on hand to lend their assistance if needed.

After breakfast President Roosevelt changed the business suit in which he had traveled through the night, for the formal presidential garb of black frock coat and vest and dark mixed trousers.

At 10 o’clock Warden Adria R. Wadsworth of the borough of Farmington, accompanied by Burgesses A. V. Redfield, David R. Hawley, William Turburt, E. E. Hutchinson, T. H. Root and Clerk Charles Brandegee, called upon the President and when he had been presented by Commander Cowles, Senator Burgess Redfield delivered the address of welcome.

Mr. President, we are well aware that the occasion of your visit to Farmington is purely domestic and personal. Good manners dictate a prudent avoidance of any disturbance of the quiet you seek. We are therefore deeply grateful to you for consenting to receive the borough council of Farmington in this informal and kindly manner. On behalf of the people of this village and of the town of Farmington, as well, we bid you a cordial welcome. We beg you to believe that as our Chief Magistrate we entertain for you the highest respect and good will and as a representative American citizen you have our warmest
At noon, three carriages were drawn up in front of the entrance gate, and soon after the presidential party arrived from town by the same means. The President rode in one of the carriages, and the First Lady was driven in the other. As the President received the warmest welcome from the crowd and was taken down to the residence, the First Lady was driven in the carriage that had been reserved for her.

The President then made his way to the residence and was met by the First Lady and other members of the family. The President proceeded to the residence and was greeted by the First Lady and other members of the family. The President then proceeded to the residence and was greeted by the First Lady and other members of the family.

The reception continued until late in the evening, and after the guests had departed, the President passed the time smoking in the house and among the grounds of the home. He then expressed his pleasure at the reception given to him on the occasion of his visit to Farmington.

The evening was passed quite by the presidential party. Dinner was served at 7 o'clock and the function was a success.
McLean went to Farmington on the
moon train from New Haven and after
hurrying at the Country Club and meet-
ing President Roosevelt, went to the
park and placed the first shovel of dirt
about the tree. The governor also
made a short address in which he drew
a lesson from the life of the dead Presi-
dent. Addresses were also made by
Warden Wadsworth and Burgess Red-
field of Farmington, and Mayor Harri-
son of Hartford. While the ceremo-
ries were in progress President Roosevelt
drove about the park and witnessed the
planting of the tree. A large crowd was
present during the ceremonies.

The following citizens of Farmington
borough served as constables yesterday:
Frank Hawley, borough sheriff Samuel
Scott, F. Gilbert, Albert Bloom, Henry
Riman, Thomas Collins, John Rhodes,
Henry Gallaher, Anna Jans, Champ-
ey Griswold, Edward Miles, Keenan
Manion, Frank Harris, Harry Reed,
William Denning, H. H. Mason and
Frederick Hurlbut. Each constable
and deputy sheriff was designated by a
badge, which he displayed at any time
it became necessary to warn the crowds
back. The best of order prevailed and
no show of force was at any time
needed. Extra cars were run on the
Farmington trolley line and they were
crowded all day. Farmington streets
were thronged with visitors.

ComMANder William S.
Gowles, of the U.S. Navy,
has recently restored and
improved the line century
old homestead in this village
at the south end of Main Street, in
which he was born. Mrs. Gowles is
a sister of President Roosevelt. When
the President came from Washing-
ton to attend the bicentennial celebra-
tion of Yale University and to receive his
degree of LL. D., he fulfilled his promise,
made long ago, to visit his sister in
Farmington.

It was soon known that the Presi-
dent would be in town on the 22d of
October, and everybody was alert to
see him. The special train which
brought him from Washington reached
the Farmington station at half past
seven in the morning. The borough
had appointed special constables, and
they with a few friends were there
to welcome the distinguished guest. With
him were Mr. Cortelyou, his private
secretary, and Dr. Rice, whose names
had become so well known in connec-
tion with the sad tragedy at Buffalo.
They drove at once to the house of
Commander Gowles.

Soon after noon the President
drove through the town in line
of carriages being led by the mounted
the President and Mr. Cowles. The
horses had been decorated with ribbons
and the people stood in front of the
mansion, the school children on the
church green waiting to welcome the
President. His response was most heart-
and winsome.

From half past two until five there
was a quiet reception of invited friends
at the Gowles munition, in which the
hosts were aided by Dr. Johnson, Mr.
D. X. Barney and Judge Denning, also
by a few young ladies. As usual the
President charmed his callers by his
genial reception of them, always remark-
ing when possible on some association
of army or college or neighbors. The
Senator and Mrs. Platt, Senator and
Mrs. Hawley and Governor McLean
stood with the President in receiving
the guests.

The President’s visit to Farmington
will long live in the memories of the
people, and will take high rank among
the interesting traditions of the vil-
lag. From Farmington Magazine Dec,
1901.
For more than sixty year the name of Farmington has been synonymous with that of Miss Sarah Porter and her well known boarding school for girls. The work which Miss Porter did could hardly be duplicated either in its location or in its range of influence.

Miss Porter’s father was the Rev. Noah Porter, D.D., for sixty years pastor of the Farmington Congregational Church, and she was born in 1819, in the home where she died, a quarter of a mile from the school building. She attended the academy, and studied what the boys did in the same way as all men of those days, perhaps her favorite pastime was astronomy, and her first teacher was looked on as assistant in the academy, when she was nineteen years old. In 1832, when nineteen years of age, Miss Porter went to New Haven, and studied for a year the school of Dr. E. W. Andrews, the lexicographer, and distinguished Latin scholar. It was her one opportunity for advanced study and her only schooling away from home. She was an inmate of the family of Professor Goodrich of Yale College, and her brother, Noah, the late President Porter of Yale University, then twenty years old, was the master of the Hopkins Grammar School. After this she taught in Springfield, Boston, and Philadelphia, but finally, in Farmington, about 1843, she took up her own boarding school.

Her school began in an upper room of what was known as the “stone store,” Joseph R. Hayley, the late Senator Hayley, and Mr. John Hower occupying an office on the same floor. Mr. Thomas Glove, father of Captain W. S. Glove, (brother in law of President Roosevelt), another office and Miss Porter the space that remained.

There was at this time an unusual number of bright young women in the village who became the day scholars, and Miss Porter hired a few rooms in one of the houses on the main street and received a handful of boarders. Thus she began and developed her boarding school in her own distinctive way. From the beginning an important feature was Miss Porter’s reading aloud from English authors. Miss Porter would often pursue her studies side by side with her pupils in the hours allotted to study. The early growth of the school was slow; all things moved slowly in the forties and fifties. But every one of those early pupils had a large share of Miss Porter’s influence, and came to regard her with an affection and gratitude which words cannot describe. More and more it came to be realized how great and peculiar was the advantage which girls gained from Miss Porter. It was not merely that they studied while in the school, no doubt girls studied as hard in other
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

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COWLES I'LACi;—

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schools. Absolute, unqualified respect for Miss Porter was a great underlying fact. They loved her for that interest and sympathy which never failed. Children and grandchildren had heard her praises sounded, and found when they came under her influence that the half had not been told.

Miss Porter died, in her eighty-seventh year, on February 17, 1900. Her funeral, held on February 21st, in the historical Congregational Church in Farmington, was a memorable occasion. The ample audience room and boudoir galleries were completely filled with the town's people, the pupils of her school and with former pupils who came...
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

IN THE STUDY

"THE SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE HILL"

"THE INFIRMARY"

"SUMMER HOUSE"

"THE MUSIC COTTAGE"
from many parts of the country to do honor to her memory. After an impressive service conducted by the pastor of the church, Dr. Johnson, the Rev. Alexander McFarland of Harrisburg and Professor Frank E. Swisher of Yale, her body was borne from the church by President Franklin Carter of Williams College, Professor William M. Sloane of Columbia University, Professor Thomas D. Sumner of Yale, Professor John H. Wadsworth of Harvard, Mr. W. W. Farnham, formerly treasurer of Yale, and Mr. D. Newton Franck of Farmington. She was buried in the family lot in the Farmington cemetery.

The growth and prosperity of Miss Porter's School has always been inculcated by its material endowment. The main building, built as a hotel, but converted by Miss Porter for her school before the year 1850, with its recently added library on the south side, has always remained the school center and home, but not yet added a room went on, first, because of the policy of Dr. Whewell's. Its small initial endowment, it is known, to all generations of Farmington girls, as a "cabin," then the "Ward house" with its rambling addition, the "Thompson house," to which, in the last years of her life, Miss Porter added its commanding third story, and the "Francis Cowles house." As this volume goes to press in other houses for the school, under its present management, is rising upon the lot of the old "Judge Rice house" Studio and schoolhouse, gymnasium, music cottage and museum, all, her best witness to the development of the school under the guiding hand of Miss Porter.

Much as Miss Porter loved her school and devoted her life to its welfare, she was none the less attached with the village of Farmington. To her no other place could compare with it. She was its best citizen, and was ever foremost in plans for village improvement. In this she had the hearty cooperation of her pupils, and the village has many instances of her and its development, and of the coming out of her plans for the alumni and school girls. The additions to the school on New Britain avenue is an outgrowth of their delight in bringing their school to fulfillment. It bears a faint inscription deducible to Miss Porter and was erected by the school to give a building that would be an ornament to Farmington. The village on the line of the trolley road from Hartford to Uncasville, opposite the Elm Tree Inn, is another of her benefactions to the people of Farmington, in which Miss Porter was aided by her pupils to accomplish her purpose. Since her death it has turned as though their tuition had not affected the school's success. The beautiful and modern school built on Main street near the Congregational Church was built by Miss Porter's girls, and dedicated to her memory by "Lookings," at the southern end of the village, a house for working girls, established and maintained by her pupils, was due to Miss Porter's heart. She felt as did Professor Sloane of Columbia University, when he said, "there is no proof in the world, a more beautiful shrine than Farmington's. It is true, therefore, that it should be turned, dedicated to Miss Porter be the pleasing of a memorial tablet therein, by her girls, the year after her death.

One who knew Miss Porter well has summed up that character which has left such deep imprint upon succeeding generations of school girls. "I have spoken of Miss Porter's debt to her ancestors, and I could emphasize every word which I have said, if necessary, more strongly. But it is equally important to recognize that Miss Porter knew what she was. She was not a timid, timorous person, but a hard, strong, independent woman of great force and will, her love of her fellow-men, and sense of the sanctity of human life. A part of the meaning of her life seems to me to lie in the fact that she did not impress others with a brilliancy and with attentuations beyond the reach of other mortals. I know of no one of whom Wordsworth's word could more truly be spoken. A creature not too bright and not good for human nature's dull state, but solidly just and moderately eloquent, and a moderate ambition about her counsels which prevented it from seeming unnecessary.

Miss Porter's action seemed to be without emotion. She wished no time. Important things were done, with the same quickness and ease, as little things. She seldom spoke of being harnessed or impeded. Much of her work was done in the early morning. A picture rises to me of her dispatching a large part of her correspondence in the morning before her dinner in the school. It would seem that a long morning having her New England in Greek her desire, or whatever her love was, was more powerful than any sentiment. "Miss Porter's mental influence upon a great variety of pupils, was the large factor in the fact that she had something distinctive to give to each one whom she knew. It was she who translated life to a breadth and depth of her own nature. Her points of contact with people were very numerous. The secret of her being has been the making of a moral addition to her own knowledge. Her teaching never

The Village School.

B. Josephine Cassady

oh, don't you remember the village school?

When stood the church on the hill.
The great oak tree whose leaves fell UI to the floor.

Closely by it stood the school

And the old mansion where the large bells were hung,

And the use on every side

They have buried so much in that hard race

Gave some to the dear old town.

You have wandered to the heathen's grove

Where once the druid taught.

You have walked in unnumbered ways

But you won't find another like it for all the time you can stay.

When a young man fills the desk

In the room that now fills his heart.

Whose words are found in death's old book

In your own old native town.

Where are the children of olden time?

And the old schoolmistress

Who taught where the winds blow

In the grove old days?

The old school mistress

And count in this day of war

to build it up with lot.

You own dear village.

Eternally yours.

John Bullard, R.I.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

MRS. R. M. STEUB, N.Y.
Esther M. Beith

MRS. HORACE G. KING, N.Y.
Esther A. Benson

MRS. CHARLES S. CLARK, N.Y.
Esther Eldred (Hodgson)

MRS. ANNA F. ROSEMAN (Pennsylvania)

MISS ANNA KENT

MISS ANNIE KENT

MRS. WILLIAM M. ROBINSON, N.Y.

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE "COLONY" ABOUT 1853.
Training Day.

SIXTY YEARS ago every able-bodied man in town, of an able age, was required by law to present himself once each year on training day, armed and equipped as the law directed.

The town boasted of two companies of militia, one the Greenbacks with elegant uniforms, blue coats faced with white, white trousers, and Roman helmets ornamented with waving white plumes, a select body of men whose army

The officers were constantly diminishing as the ancient military glory of the town deceased. The other company consisted of all others who were liable to military duty and was locally known as the First Company of the Fourteenth Regiment of Infantry, but popularly as the "Bushwhackers." One of the old military orders has come down to us, with its wood cut of flags, drumheads, and other details of the pomp and circumstances of war, and the following order:

"Attention First Company, Fourteenth Regiment, Infantry. To either of the non-commissioned officers you are hereby appointed to give legal notice to all the members of our Company to appear on parade at the usual place on Monday, the first day of May next, at 9 o'clock A M and equipped as the law directs, for Company inspection and exercises. FRED S. COWLES, Captain Commanding."

Said at Farmington, the 14th day of April, 1837. We are requested to announce, that black cartridge, the long-drawn out affair of prime importance, as will presently appear, to remember with great diligence the cost of the peculiar military discipline, it not quite the fact that took place in our street. John Coates was captain, and Frederick Grade was his lieutenant. Both were

...
Colonial Inn ordered each town to provide one sufficient inhabitant to keep an ordinary for the occasional entertainment of strangers in a comfortable manner, and Joseph Root, of the village of Farmington, was appointed by the town to attend to this duty.

In 1892 an inn with its swinging sign, offering entertainment for man and beast, may have existed. It is well known that whenever the house was built—about 1790—it stood on the northeast corner of High street and New Britain avenue; faced south and was for many years the tavern of Captain Joseph Porter.

From an extract from “Farmington Two Hundred Years Ago” by Julius Gay, he says: “I have the tavern sign, which bears a picture of a house on one side and on the reverse side that of a goddess, armed with helmet, spear and shield, in apparel better befitting the heat of summer than the blasts of winter. She was doubtless the first goddess to bear on her shield the three grapes of New England.”

While this inn is of great historical importance, what is it in comparison with the Elm Tree Inn, with its modest swinging sign, so odd that the painting are almost obliterated on both sides by exposure to the weather.

This inn, owned and conducted by Mr. J. R. Ryan, a most genial host, who, together with his amiable wife, are always looking after the welfare and comfort of their patrons, is about two miles from Hartford by trolley cars. It is beautifully located on high ground in a pretty, spacious park of large elm, maple and other varieties of trees and shrubbery, overshadowing the main road and town park directly opposite.

The foliage and beds of choice flowers surrounding the premises of many acres, lending a most enchanting scene; the patron has every opportunity to breathe the purest country air.

Even some of the oldest elm trees have a history to themselves, well worth knowing.

General Washington, during the revolutionary war, passed through Farmington on his way to meet General Lafayette. The following extract from page 18, “Old Houses in Farmington,” by Julius Gay, says: “We will halt under the big elm which overshadows the little house where Matthew Curtis spent his life, long enough to see that his father, Simeon Curtis, in company with his wife, was married, brought home from a swamp, three elm trees. One was planted back of the Elm Tree Inn, one in front of the house of Mr. Curtis, and the third failed to live.”

The enormous stump of the tree, about fifteen feet high, is covered each year with morning glories and is a picturesque and interesting sight to visitors. The other still living and in a good state of preservation, stands directly opposite the premises.

From “Early Connecticut Houses,” by Isham and Brown.

“Few visitors to the Elm Tree Inn at Farmington are aware that a house of about 1800 is concealed at the center of the mass of buildings which form the present hostelry. At the end of the long hall which runs back from the entrance we come upon the stairs of comparatively modern date, just in front of which runs a passage at right angles to the entrance hall. These stairs occupy exactly the place of those in the ancient house. The present smoking room is the original hall as the summer overhead and the oven probably built into an older fireplace, as the parlour is now known.”

“The parlour is now absorbed in the dining room of the inn, but the sun never was able to look at the wall of the old room. As one stands in the presence of the front of the stucco, one will see, above you, with its own finish, the front of the old house, which is the oldest building which shows even to edge of the bottom board of the old stone work.”

“Here is also an old overhang of
Photograph of two blue and white Pilip Mugs that were used at the Elm Tree Inn by Mr. Seth Lewis, when he was proprietor. Now owned by his granddaughter, Miss Catherine L. Domine. The design on the mugs shows the Duke of Wellington on his horse.
the plan shows, which can be seen on the outside of the present smoking room. It is small, however, and there are no brackets now remaining under it.

"Who built the house we do not know. It may have been Captain William Lewis, whose son, also named William Lewis, one of the schoolmasters of Farmington, undoubtedly lived here in 1704. It belongs somewhere about 1660."

Many persons unacquainted with this famous hospitable supposes it is merely a summer resort where occasional clam bakes and sheep roast are given by the proprietor for the benefit of his patrons and invited guests. This is far from the fact. Many permanent boarders live here during the summer and winter months. While there may be more guests during the summer and autumn months, yet in the winter the inn is a great resort for sleighing parties.

The permanent boarders are a genial family by themselves. During the crisp, cold nights the ladies can be seen in the old rooms already mentioned, around the blazing log fires where hang the original cranes, with pots, kettles, etc., amusing themselves in various ways.

In the main office around another log fire are the men, boarders mingled with the villagers, discussing topics of the day and gossiping generally.

Many people of prominence from different states and the East do visit. Many parents, who have children at Miss Porter's well-known school for young ladies, make the inn their headquarters for longer or shorter periods during the year.

Many graduates return to the town, some who left twenty or more years ago. They come to see the old place and renew old association. They enjoy the inn.

From all that has been said about the Elm Tree inn it only goes to show that it is of the greatest historical interest, as well as a popular resort most excellently kept and managed.
Extracts from a Manuscript History of Farmington

By Samuel Richards,

THE FIRST POSTMASTER.

Through the courtesy extended by the Connecticut Historical Society, we publish the accompanying extracts from a manuscript history of Farmington, written by Mr. Samuel Richards, about ten years ago. Mr. Richard's letter to Mr. John Hooker concerning the manuscript is printed herewith.

Wells's Book, 1st Aug. 1789.

Mr. John Hooker,

Dear Sir, In the letter I send you a manuscript containing all the information I can find, in the point you requested; and I send you this early, knowing the time of my departure is at hand. I pray you to have the same deposited in the safe-keeping of those interested at the end, where it has been turned over from time to time made at the lease, etc. I have written to you before the winter is over. We hope the happy time of the year will give you pleasure.

Wishing you happiness in this world and the world to come, and with affectionate regards to both our parents and yours,

D. S.

From your Son,

Samuel Richards.

The second letter referred to by Mr. Richards in the preceding letter was from Mr. John Hooker of Farmington.

The information contained in the book is of great value, and it is hoped that it may be published at the earliest possible moment. The account of the town, which led me to attempt to collect what is on record, is a most interesting one. I have attached a map of the town, which shows the various roads, etc. The accompanying text is extracted from a manuscript of Mr. Hooker, and is probably of those who lived in the town.

The patent was obtained from the general assembly by a company consisting of 87 proprietors, being in part the original settlers of the town, and in part the successors of the first. The town was called Farmington, and was laid out on a gridiron system. The patent was signed by the Secretary of the Commonwealth, and the town was named in honor of Mr. Hooker, who was a member of the town council.

The soil of the land in the town is very rich, and the location was composed of rock of the bluestone kind, the foundation of which is a red sand, rock. The constancy of the moon is covered with some shingle, rocks, and stones. The location of the town is on a hill, and from the base of the mountain is principally mixed with rocks and stones. The soil is good, but hard, and a small mixture of clay and humus. Within half a mile on the east and northwest stands the Round Hill, elevated above thirty or forty feet, pretty steep, covered with a thick forest of trees, the top of which is approached by a steep path. The hill is covered with stones at various levels, and a considerable current, which has probably been worn into the sea by the pressure of the water from the west side of the flat to the sea, which is, with small hills, which contain water, wherever openings have been made, red stone. The forest trees are oak, ash, and maple, with a few pines, and on the north part, willow, with a few pines. The province is 12 miles square, and is common to New England, with a few hills, and some water. The orchards are abundant, and the beauty of the town has not been well selected for its situation. The location of the town is at the entrance of the valley, and is approached by a steep path. The location of the town is at the entrance of the valley, and is approached by a steep path.

The number of houses and inhabitants, the location of the town, and the appearance of the country, are all that are necessary to the location of the town, and will be principally examined in the description of the town. The numbers will be principally examined, and the location of the town will be examined by a subsequent examination. The numbers will be principally examined, and the location of the town will be examined by a subsequent examination.
The average number of deaths annually for the last thirty years has been about 30, which will be seen is one in a little over four, and is a proof of the healthfulness of the place, the air being very pure and water perfectly clear, fresh and good. A considerable quantity of grain, beef, pork, butter and cheese are carried to market and sold.

The buildings are all of wood, either to, except half a dozen of brick, but the time must soon come when brick and stone must be the principal materials for building.

Until about half a century ago abundance of fish and salmon were taken in the river in the center of the town, but now very few of any. But the river and small streams are well stored with small fish for angling.

The meadows were found to be a crying of cultivation that the inhabitants until very lately confined their pigs almost exclusively to them, but lately having turned their attention to the uplands, they find themselves ample, and rewarded, these lands being cleared and well pulverized, and moderately mowered, yield good crops in quantity and of excellent quality.

The roads or highways were in a very squalid and bad situation until since the revolution was war, instead of being "cast up" they were gullied down by the water running in the center. They are now kept in tolerable condition, the turnpike system having operated favorably in the repairs of the roads generally.

The bridges are generally of a poor quality. The ones over small streams are indeed miserable. There are two over the main river of about 120 feet long of timber; one on hard stone supports and piers and is tolerable convenient, the other is poorer. The one cost $2,650, the other about $600. It is much to be desired that these important parts of roads should be constructed on a better plan.

The Indian nations must have been very numerous in and around this settlement, when the whites came on.

When I first became acquainted here the number was about 1000, this was in the year 1764. In 1772 a committee were chosen, and the town ordered to fortify the house to be fortified, as also to defend against them. I remember three houses which were thus fortified. The doors were double plank, and made closely together on them, the windows high and small. At a meeting in March, 1764, seven houses were ordered to be fortified against the Indians, viz., beginning North, Honan-Ottos, William Howe, Habers Hart Lewis Wadsworth, Edm Hart, Samuel Wadsworth.

The revolutions war which commenced in 1778 and ended in 1783, seemed very much to change the state of society, was of all nations very kind for to be subject to the state of maturity for beyond what a sober Christian or even a philosopher would readily admit without strong demonstration. The effects of a depreciating paper currency, the intercourse with the depressed state of the British arms, as prisoners and other wise, so many of the youths serving for seven years in the arms, an illicit trade with New York to some extent, resulted in showing a people very different from what they were half a century ago. Meetings gained the attention of all the inhabitants for in the revolution was struggle, the people showed signs of agitation under the government, and almost every one thought himself capable of governing. Advance in refinement has produced its good as well as its evils, the greater views are in a good degree diminished from the better part of society. Probity and integrity are among the number, and especially improper manners between the sexes, liberties which were taken and admitted as in some manner of course, would not be tolerated by the ladies. No allusion is here intended to what is viewed directly criminal, but to those liberties which a comparative rude state of society permits, and a more refined state has corrected.

The spotted fever raged extensively in the village in the years 1808 and 1809. Many 30 died of it in 1888 besides 30 of other diseases. In 1815, 33 died of it, and besides 30 of other diseases. It attacked those in youth and middle age principally, and proved fatal in 23 or 24. It did not appear very contagious, though in some instances it would be pretty fairly traced to the patient of whom it was taken. A system of practice was pursued by the physicians, bleeding was avoided. In a number of cases, as soon as the patient was attacked, the whole system was restored and dissonance on used for a few hours.

The village of Beautiful Homes.

Procaine. On the east mountain, which belongs to the trap range of country, two miles north of the meeting house, and against the house of James Ambrus, procane is found in such abundance that wagon loads might be collected. The mountain here is precipitous, and large masses are continually detached by the influence of the weather, forming a mass of rubbles below. The procane may be seen in almost every crevice of the rock, forming as it were the cement by which the whole is bound together. But it is more easily obtained and in greater abundance, among the debries below. Every variety of this mineral described by mineralogists may be found here, and all the varieties specimens may be selected of innumerable beauty.

Sulphate of Borax. This mineral does not occur in quantity. At the procane locality there are evident marks of it.

Rock-salt. At the same locality I have found one specimen of crystallized salt.

At the face I have found one specimen of crystallized salt.

Boulders. Here is found the trap of the mountain in many places.

Late. Very fine agates are found three miles from the meeting house on the old road to Hartford. The agates are from the size of a butter nut downwards.

Toffee. Several stones from a place of gravelly nature were found in a secluded place on Tunxis Indian's house. It seems to be of considerable size, from time to time Andrew and Mr. Silliman for presentation. In him and me it is used as a bad and esteemed.

THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

23
FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

Old.—Half a mile east of the meeting house, on the triangular piece of ground belonging to Horace Cowles, a vein of coal was discovered two or three feet below the surface in the decayed trap which forms the node (knob) in the center of the lot. The vein lay north and south, horizontal, and several inches in diameter. Perhaps a bushel of coal was found and then the mine was exhausted. The specimens very much resemble the Newcark, are pure and burn with readiness.

Sandstone, of a glabrous form, from the sides of a building to a six pound shot are found in great numbers in north-ington near Ahmon Woodard's. On breaking them open, there is uniformly found a glabrous cavity, filled with concreted sand.

Names of the original Proprietors entered at the end of Mr. Richards', as per his request:


Their lot is 57-07-00.

I have given the spelling of the names as found in the "Proprietor's Book of Common Lands" p. 15.

J. Hooker.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

TRANSPLANTING A LARGE TREE UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF LEWIS C. ROOF.

"MOVING" FROM PLAINVILLE TO FARMINGTON.

LUCIUS F. DORMAN AND "CHARLIE JUDD."
Some
Borough Officials.

HERVEY L. CRANDALL, Assessor and Auditor

ADRIAN K. WADSWORTH, Warden

FREDERICK L. McKEE, President

JOHN A. SCULLIN, Clerk

DAVID R. HAMLYN, Burgess.
THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

WILLIAM H. DEMING, ASSESSOR, WITH A FUTURE CANDIDATE.

SAMUEL SCOTT, Collector of Taxes.

EDWARD H. DEMING, JUDGE OF PROBATE.

THOMAS H. COLLINS, THIRD SELECTMAN.

FRANK E. DORMAN, Sheriff.

WILLIAM L. HERBERT, JUDGE.

WILLIAM CAY, SECOND SELECTMAN.

JUDGE CHARLES W. RUB.

TIMOTHY H. ROSE, DEPUTY.
The Country Club.


The old Col. Fisher Gay Homestead was arranged to meet the requirements of the club, and was used as the Club House until its destruction by fire, May 4th, 1891.

In the Farmington Magazine of June 13, 1877, Mr. Judah G. Deane describes the old Col. Fisher Gay House in detail, and it seems appropriate to repeat his description here, as it must be of interest to the citizens of Farmington and of particular interest to the members of the club.

To the generation of the dwellers at Farmington street, it had been a familiar object. It was built for Col. Fisher Gay, but Capt. Judah Woodbridge, a negro workman, laid the village foundations of its older houses. Tradition, for which I know no authority, asserts that Col. Gay made a journey to Maine, no considerable undertaking, and bought at the same time, lumber for his contemplated home and for the meeting house of the village. The latter was built in 1761 and the account books of Col. Gay, showing very lengthy and minute dealings with Capt. Woodbridge, under the date of Oct. 10, 1766, give him credit for 125 days’ work of himself Jonquering £2.5s. by 86 days, by Prayor £116s. and by Davis, 45 days, £2.5s. Other credits follow. The foundation of the house was a foot square, the cellar extending under the whole building, while below all was a sub-floor with stone shelves for the storage of butter and cream, before the days of ice and refrigerators. Though nearly as deep as the well a few feet east of the building, it was never wet. The construction of the house was peculiar instead of upright timbers, a skeleton of two-inch oak planks set on end, now north, as hard as iron, surrounded it, on the outside of which the clapboards were nailed, and on the inside the lath for the plastering. The which was proof against rats, mice, and Indian bullets. The chimney was laid on clay, mortar being used only above the roof. The kitchen was in the north-east corner and was supplied with two brick ovens, between which was the big fireplace. The house remained until, in consequence of the ill health of Mrs. Frances Gay, his son Fisher, the grandson of Col. Fisher, was called home from the south where he was engaged in lucrative business, to assist in the care of the family. Most rooms were modeled for two families and a gambrel roofed structure was added to the rear, with lines at right angles to those of the main building. It contained two kitchens and pantries for the two families. No cellar was ever built under it. On the east side was a gable porch with a door leading into the kitchen on the west, and a board seat running the whole length of the north side over which was a window giving light to the pantry. On the east side, across a path, stood the post of an ornamental wall sweep. The ell running out from the northwest corner, built the kitchen of the Club House, was added, also a bed room. About the year 1872, the owners of the Country Club House moved the whole structure back several feet, and somewhat further to the east, adding a porch to the front; a veranda to the west side, and a paneled chimney to the northwest corner. The general effect of the outside was carefully preserved. The present southwest corner occupies the site of one of the corners of the old Lewis house which came to Col. Gay with his wife Phoebe Lewis.
the broad, flat corner-stone of which was until lately religiously preserved. In this ancient colonial mansion were born two of the children of Col. Gay, and all the children of his son Erastus, and of his grandson Fisher. It was Mr. Erastus Gay who planted along the street lines the fine old maples, some of which still survive. In front was a row of lindens which when measured about the year 1820 had attained the height of 93 feet. When built, the house faced on a fine broad street which ran west to the north meadow gate and was for many years unincumbent by stores or churches. The road to Waterville had not been cut through the ample grounds, but ran along the eastern bank of the river. Now within a few years all the surroundings are changed, the formal garden, the fruitful orchard, the farm buildings, all have gone, every line of which comes back to memory as vividly as the familiar faces found a moment absent.

The Hartford Daily Courant of May 20, 1891, notices the burning of the clubhouse as follows:

"The handsome home of the Country Club of Farmington caught fire early yesterday morning, and is a total loss. The kitchen and north porch is all that is left. The main structure is nothing but a shell, with everything burned in it reduced to ashes.

It is thought that either the chimney became overheated or a spark got into the attic and ran down an alarm. Part of the town's supply of houses kept at the "Club House" next door, and a stream was soon turned on, but the water supply proved ample, and three streams of water were used for a couple of hours, but they were not of much aid, as the fire ran all over the building, through the partitions, and as fast as apparently put out in one place, would break out in another. That anything was saved was due to the energetic work of the villagers, the building and its contents were worth in the neighborhood of $10,000, and there is an insurance of about $3,500.00. Practically nothing in the building was saved."

The Country Club has been noted for the quiet atmosphere of the place, and with its admirable cuisine has become known as one of the best dining clubs in this part of the country. It is a social place for entertainments, and many parties of ladies and gentlemen have enjoyed the hospitality dispensed. There is an excellent golf course connected with the club property.

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THE VILLAGE OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES
GAY'S STORE AND THE COL. FISHER GAY HOME AND BY 1851

OLD COUNTRY COURthouse - AFTER THE FIRE

NEW COUNTRY COURthouse
Unionville.

Here nature in its forest garb is at its primitive best. The Joosakée's domain makes it a rule that there shall be allotted to a garden vegetable or cultivated shuttle will be allowed to invade the sacred precincts of Nepahwin.

The Muskadasha damns in the thicket of Hemlocks. The Wawonaissa waits in the twilight from the darker copees. The Opeechee and Owaissa sing a morn song from the yellow birches when the Waabasso flits like a shadow.

The molder Wepamana murmurs from the eel-tongue to his leaf; and the Kabasna builds his nest un molested in the giant oak. The Sheowskée ripples to the still waters of the Gitche-Gumee, where skims the feathered Cheeniami while we seek the game of the peaceful ranges of Saubwa in the pools or watch the Shingcbis in his flight. The trail leads to Ko-sa-koh, and from there to Sht Shub-a-sht, after skirting a Muskada where wild flowers grow unmolested, we come to the pass Nagow Wunhee where from the wide verandas of Pekwaim one can watch the Moos flight to Little Phillip beyond Awan to Wetegna. We take our leave from the deadly Suggun in this altitude where repose is as natural and restful as the scenery is grand and beautifule.

Glossary.

To the Reader.

This little publication has no preface, but a few words in conclusion seem imperative. We have done the best that we could to make this work accurate and interesting. There is not much doubt but that in spite of the great care that has been exerted, that mistakes have occurred, and we crave the indulgence of our readers in this respect. If the work is a success, it is because of the help given to the publishers by the town-people of Farmington. Instead of trying to rewrite or write a new article upon most of the subjects treated, it has been thought wise to publish the best that has already been written about the various topics. We feel that particular thanks are due from us, and through us, from the public at large, to Mr. Julius Gay, for so kindly allowing us to reprint his valuable and interesting articles while they are historically correct to the minutest detail; they are at the same time treated in a style fascinating as the most popular works of fiction. Without Mr. Gay's assistance, our little history would have been much less valuable. Farmington has a history that is intensely interesting, and will amply repay any study that may be given to it. We would like to devote much more space to the subject of Miss Porter's School, but the private nature of the institution has compelled us to treat it very briefly. Thanks are due, among many others, to Miss Catherine L. Deming, Mrs. Channcey Deming, Rev. Quinney Blakely, Mrs. R. P. Keep, Postmaster E. E. Scott, John A. Skaglund, Town Clerk Charles Bradlee, Mrs. T. A. Root, Mr. J. B. Ryan, Mr. Wm. A. Hooker, Miss Julia S. Bradlee, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bradlee, Mr. John Reilly, Mr. A. R. Wadsworth, and Mrs. Karl Klunker.

In fact from the very commencement of our work in Farmington, everyone who has been requested, without a single exception, has aided us in our work, and our task has proved a most pleasing one.

We bespeak a kind reception for "Farmington, Connecticut, The Village of Beautiful Homes."
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