

H. Walter Chidsey's Book,
Compiled by his sister
Lydia M. Chidsey Bradley.

Commenced in 1872

This book was given to Ivahlou Bradley Stone

TIDGEMAN—In Middlefield, March 19th, 1877.
Tidgeman, aged 73 years.
Funeral Friday at 4 P. M.

Cheshire.

Emeret Brady, only daughter of Harry Brady, died in Cheshire, June 19th, at twenty-one years. Miss Brady, at the time of her death, was the teacher of the district school, Cheshire street, where her parents resided. She had been a teacher in the town for several years. Although a member of the Methodist Sunday school at the chapel in the neighborhood she belonged to the Congregational church, Cheshire. She was comely in person, cultivated in mind and manners, and devoted to Christ in spirit and labors. Her funeral was attended at her late home by both the Methodist and Congregational ministers, with both the schools of her connection. Her remains were then carried to her church in Cheshire, where there was a very large attendance. At the church an impressive funeral service was conducted by her pastor. The members of her schools, to whom she was greatly endeared, after the ceremonies were over strewed flowers upon her grave.

Man Killed.

Yesterday the Shore Line train ran over Mr. John Chidsey, about sixty-three years old. The train was in this city at about half-past one o'clock, and when running over the lake bridge in East Haven, Mr. Chidsey was seen on the track, but not in time to prevent his being run over at the Saltonstall cut. Conductor Fowler saw him and found that the unfortunate man's leg cut off and the other leg being ground to pieces. He was then alive and Mr. Chidsey was taken to the hospital for treatment, but he died on the train a few minutes after having been taken on board. On arrival in this city the remains were taken to the morgue and the undertaker took steps to have the remains sent to East Haven, where Mr. Chidsey resided. The body was taken to the residence of Mr. Chidsey, taken to the residence of Mr. Chidsey, taken to the residence of Mr. Chidsey.

Coroner's Inquest in East Haven. On Saturday afternoon Dwight W. Tuttle Esq., a justice of the peace in East Haven, held an inquest over the body of John S. Chidsey, who was killed on the Shore Line track near East Haven on Friday. The jury, composed of the following citizens: Samuel T. Andrews (foreman), Edwin Grannis, F. Foote Andrews, Grove J. Tuttle, John S. Tyler, James Thompson, Grove J. Tuttle was appointed secretary. The jury viewed the body and the scene of the accident, and then commenced to take testimony at the residence of Constable Andrews. The engineer, conductor, brakeman and fireman of the train were examined, together with other witnesses of the accident. On the strength of their testimony the jury rendered a verdict of accidental death and exonerated entirely the railroad company.

The Chidsey Inquest.

An inquest upon the body of John S. Chidsey, aged 61, an East Haven farmer who was killed and killed by a Shore Line train on Friday afternoon, was held in East Haven on Saturday afternoon. The jury was composed of the following citizens: Samuel T. Andrews (foreman), Edwin Grannis, F. Foote Andrews, Grove J. Tuttle, John S. Tyler, James Thompson, Grove J. Tuttle was appointed secretary. The jury viewed the body and the scene of the accident, and then commenced to take testimony at the residence of Constable Andrews. The engineer, conductor, brakeman and fireman of the train were examined, together with other witnesses of the accident. On the strength of their testimony the jury rendered a verdict of accidental death and exonerated entirely the railroad company.

The following is the verdict:
We, the undersigned jurors, duly impaneled and sworn to inquire into the cause and manner of the death of John S. Chidsey, late of East Haven, do find that the deceased came to his death by being struck by a locomotive on the Shore Line road, while walking on the track, and we impute no blame to the employees in charge of the train.

Dated at East Haven, this 7th day of November, 1872.

SAMUEL T. ANDREWS,
JAMES THOMPSON,
F. FOOTE ANDREWS,
EDWIN GRANNISS,
JOHN S. TYLER,
GROVE J. TUTTLE,

Jurors.

Dwight W. Tuttle, a justice of the peace, held the inquest.

From "The Afterglow."

THE old man digs the infant's grave
With all he hath of trembling strength,
His mind and limbs in that small cave
Are busy but with depth and length.

His thoughts quiesce in narrow range,
By few comparisons beguiled,
To follow seemeth nothing strange
The death steps of the little child.

It is to him no wondrous case,
And his are nigh to eighty years;
More babes than men have found a place
Of refuge here from pain and tears.

It seems he wiser is than we,
When, as he pats the binding sward,
He only saith, "The child will see
The loving kindness of the Lord."

By him no more is thought or said,
Who, having roofed the low abode,
Shoulders his mattock and his spade,
And totters on his cottage road.

But we who toll not at the flint,
With fancies fluttering where they please,
Find in these fulnesses and stints
Of years, perplexing mysteries.

No whit our questioning avails,
Of life or death the truth is one,
One wonder at which wisdom quails
As eyelids in the dazzling sun.

Judge life but twilight, death the day,
Follow the star thy Lord assigns;
There comes a sunrise in whose ray
The heart shall read time's darkest lines.

Thus, thinking more have peace no less
Than this gray servitor of death,
Pass to thy work, and Heaven will bless
The wisdom of a patient faith.

SHANNON—In East Haven, Sept. 20th, after a long and lingering illness, Rev. O. Evans Shannon, Rector of Christ Church, in the 60th year of his age, died. The funeral services will take place in Christ church, East Haven, Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

SHANNON—In East Haven, Dec. 19th, 1888, very suddenly, Margaretta P. Shannon, widow of the late Rev. O. Evans Shannon, in her 73d year. The funeral services will be held in Christ church, East Haven, on Friday at 2 o'clock p. m.

DEATH OF MRS. SHANNON IN EAST HAVEN.

Mrs. Margaretta P. Shannon died quite suddenly at her home in East Haven yesterday morning, aged 72 years. She was the widow of Rev. O. Evans Shannon, a former rector of the East Haven Episcopal church who died twelve years ago. Mrs. Shannon came to East Haven from Pennsylvania in 1853. She leaves two sons—Henry M. Shannon, for many years a clerk in A. L. Chamberlain's store in the Annex and formerly registrar of vital statistics in the old town of East Haven, and William H. Shannon, with Ogur & Tuttle. Mrs. Shannon was a lady much respected, and her death will be lamented by very many friend and acquaintances.

DIED.

CHIDSEY—In East Haven, April 28th, John Ives, only son of Willys and Emily E. Chidsey, aged 23 years and 5 months.

Funeral from the residence of his parents on Friday, April 30th, at 4 o'clock. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend without further notice.

VENNS—In East Haven, Aug. 31, at the residence of Mr. F. Foote Andrews, Rev. D. William Havens, aged 75 years, pastor of the Congregational Church in East Haven from 1847 to 1877.

Funeral services will be held at the Congregational Church on Monday afternoon, Sept. 2, at 2 o'clock. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend without further notice.

Rev. D. William Havens, who died at the home of F. Foote Andrews in East Haven Saturday, at the age of seventy-five years, residence of Constable Andrews. The engineer, conductor, brakeman and fireman of the train were examined, together with other witnesses of the accident. On the strength of their testimony the jury rendered a verdict of accidental death and exonerated entirely the railroad company.

He has been residing of late in the East Haven, where all the other pastors or ministers are buried. These pastors were Rev. Mr. Hemingway, Rev. Samuel Clark, Rev. Mr. Street and Rev. Stephen Todd. Dr. Haven was an earnest, vigorous, active pastor during all his service in East Haven and left a mark of usefulness there which time cannot efface. John Hill the well known janitor of the Woolsey street school house, and family are

CHIDSEY—In East Haven, June 5, 1888, Hattie August, widow of Horace L. Chidsey, aged 68 years.

Funeral services will be held at her home 7 Park place, Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Friends are invited to attend. sat, sun.

BRADLEY—In East Haven, July 31, Lewis I. only child of Ives and Lydia Bradley, aged 21 months. Funeral services will be held Thursday, August 2d, at 4 P. M.

A little son of our old friend John Ives Bradley, at the age of one and a half years, breathed his life away early this morning, and the attractive light in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley is quenched. The bereaved couple have the warm, real heart sympathy of the people. The little one has been a severe sufferer, and in this parents set great store, being their first-born. We are sad because of their loss. May their hearts, now bowed in grief, soon become light, may from their home soon pass the dark shadow.

The funeral of the son of Lewis Ives Bradley will occur from his parents' residence Thursday at 4 p. m. - SALTONSTALL.

Best.

[For the American.]

Mother, I see you with your nursery light,
Leading your babies all in white
To their sweet rest;
Christ, the good Shepherd, carries mine to-night,
And that is best.

I cannot help tears when I see them twine
Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls shine
On your warm breast;
But the Savior's is purer than yours or mine,
He can love best.

You tremble each hour because your arms
Are weak—your heart is wrung with alarms,
And sore oppressed;
My darlings are safe, out of reach of harms,
And that is best.

You know over yours may hang, even now,
Pain and disease, whose fulfilling, slow,
Naught can arrest;
Mine in God's gardens run to and fro,
And that is best.

You know best of yours, your feeblest one,
And dearest may live long years alone,
Unloved, unloved;
One are cherished of saints, around God's throne,
And that is best.

You must dread for years the crime that sears
Dark guilt, unwashed by repentant tears,
And unconfessed;
Fine entered spotless on eternal years;
Oh, how much the best.

But grief is selfish, I cannot see
Always, why I should so stricken be,
More than the rest;
At I know that, as well as for the
God did the best.

BRADLEY—In East Haven, Aug. 12th, Mrs. Eunice, widow of the late John S. Bradley, aged 85 years and 6 months. The funeral services will be held from the residence of her son, John I. Bradley, Monday, August 13th, at 4 p. m. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend without further notice.

Mrs. Eunice, widow of the late John S. Bradley, of East Haven, died on Saturday of the good old age of 85 years and 6 months. The funeral will be attended from the residence of her son, John I. Bradley, this afternoon at 4 P. M.

On Friday evening of last week after a lingering illness of several years, Miss Jennie E. Stent, daughter of the late Asahel Stent, died at the residence of her brother Edmund E. Stent at Brushy Plain. Miss Stent had been a victim of that dread disease consumption, for several years, and had been failing very fast for the last five, and was finally relieved from all suffering on Friday evening. Miss Stent was 38 years of age, a member of the Congregational church, and a highly esteemed young lady, and had borne her long period of suffering with a calmness and patience that is seldom seen. Her funeral took place from the residence of her brother on Sunday at twelve o'clock, the Rev. C. P. Osborne officiating. Miss Stent leaves a brother, and sister, Mrs. Samuel B. Hoslev, who have the sympathy of the community in their sad affliction. The remains were taken to the Center cemetery for interment, followed by a large number of mourning friends.

1883

THOMPSON—At Saltston Lake, East Haven, Jan. 17th, Leura Woodward, widow of James Thompson, in the 81st year of her age. Funeral services will be held from her late residence at 3 p. m. Tuesday. Relatives and friends are invited to attend without further notice. 2t*
FRAT—In this city, Jan. 17th, Hon. Martin

of Mrs. Leura Woodward Thompson.

The many friends of Mrs. Leura Woodward Thompson of East Haven will be pained to learn of her decease Saturday afternoon. She had been something of an invalid for several years but went to her eternal rest painlessly and without fear at the advanced age of eighty years. Her husband, James Thompson, was for many years prior to his death in April, 1882, a selectman of the town of East Haven and a prosperous merchant of this city. The deceased was born in Woodwardtown, June 12, 1810, in the house which stood on the corner of Townsend and Forbes avenue, which is now owned by the East side Methodist society. She was sixth in descent from Rev. John Davenport and Rev. John Woodward, original settlers of New Haven and was twin sister of the late Lyman Woodward of Grand avenue, Fair Haven. She is the last one of the several families of the name of Woodward of half a century ago.

Mrs. Thompson was a woman of most exemplary Christian character, gentle of nature, patient, a mother whose home was her throne, a member for half a century of the old Stone church, one whose tongue never spoke ill of anyone, and who was dearly beloved by all who enjoyed the honor of her acquaintance. But one son survives her, J. Woodward Thompson, ex-member of the legislature from East Haven.

The funeral services of the deceased will be held from her late residence, to-morrow (Tuesday) afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

ALMOST A CENTURY OLD.

Mrs. Sally Gillett, daughter of the late Dr. Elkanah Hodges of Torrington, Ct., and widow of the late much-respected Rev. Timothy P. Gillett, is now living at Buckland, Franklin county, Mass., with her grand nephew, Rev. Alpheus C. Hodges. She was born March 29, 1787, and lacks but about ten months of one hundred years of age. Late reports show that she is well preserved physically and mentally. The Rev. Timothy P. Gillett was ordained pastor of the Congregational church in this town June 25, 1808, it being his 28th birthday, and remained pastor until his death Nov. 5, 1865, a period of over fifty-eight years, a little over seven of which period he was pastor Emeritus. Mr. and Mrs. Gillett were married Nov. 29, 1808 and during the greater part of their life in Branford they resided in the house now occupied by Dr. Zink. Although it is nearly twenty years since Mrs. Gillett removed from Branford and almost a new generation has arisen, still there are those that recollect him well and would be pleased to celebrate with her the one hundredth birthday. May God grant it.

DIED AT A GOOD OLD AGE.

Death of Mrs. Bishop, one of the Oldest Ladies in East Haven, Aged Ninety-two Years.

Mrs. Harriett Hemingway Bishop, one of the oldest residents of East Haven, died yesterday at her home in that town in the South Haven portion, at the advanced age of 92 years, 3 months. Deceased was the widow of John Bishop, for many years a well-to-do farmer in East Haven, who died twenty years ago. She has lived for 75 years in the house in which she died, and which is over one hundred years old. She was born October 23, 1797, in the house, near Saltston Lake in which lived Hon. John Woodward Thompson, who corresponded for various papers years ago under the non de plume of "Bogmine." She was married in that house January 5th, 1815. She was a very estimable lady, always ready to lend a helping hand to neighbors in hours of sickness or affliction, and was a kind-hearted affectionate neighbor, wife and mother. She was a member of St. James' church, Fair Haven, of which Rev. Dr. Vibbert is rector, and was a regular attendant there until within a few years, or until the growing infirmities of age prevented. She was the mother of seven children, only one of whom is living, John Bishop, of Aurora, Ill. There are living seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. She lost a daughter last March, the wife of Councilman George W. Bromley of this city, and in December last she lost a grandchild, Miss Charlotte E. Bishop, for many years a teacher in New York city. She was a sister of the late Gen. Merritt Hemingway, who was for many years a noted silk manufacturer of Watertown, Conn. She had been in fair health of mind and body up to last Christmas, since which time she has been growing weaker owing to heart failure. She retained her consciousness until within a few moments of her death. Rev. Dr. Vibbert, the pastor, visited her a few days ago. The arrangements for the funeral are not yet completed, but the interment will be in East Haven cemetery by the side of her husband, who died November 10th, 1869.

HER NINETY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. Polly Farron, East Haven's Oldest Resident, Celebrates Her Ninety-Fifth Birthday — Four Venerable Friends Take Tea With Her.

Mr. Polly Farron, the oldest resident of East Haven, celebrate the ninety-fifth anniversary of her birth on Thursday the 13th inst. Mrs. Farron is a native of East Haven where she has spent her life, and brought up a large family, being a widow many years ago. She sprang from the well-known Andrews stock, so noted for longevity. She survives a brother and three sisters, all of whom, with one exception, reached a ripe old age; nearly ninety years. For the last four years she has made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Ackland Walker. Her mind is clear and vigorous; if any doubt arises concerning past events appeal to her is final. Her knowledge of the Bible is remarkable, and she rests with perfect composure in the divine promises.

In recognition of her advanced years, several of the oldest ladies in town, early associates, were invited to take tea with her. Five of them responded, their ages ranging as follows:

Mrs. Clark, mother-in-law to Mr. Stephen Bradley, with whom she now resides, aged ninety-four years and three months.

Mrs. Chidsey, mother-in-law to postmaster, Mr. C. C. Kirkham, aged ninety-one years.

Mrs. Blackstone, aged eighty-nine years.

Mrs. Jerusha Tyler, aged eighty-four years.

Miss Eliza Bradley, aged eighty-four years.

School girls were never more free in conversation than were these aged dames during the few hours they were together. They departed at an early hour gratified with the occasion.

In weeks issue of the TIMES, we had a note of John I. Chidsey's dangerous illness, but we were led by favorable reports up to the very hour of his death to believe his case not hopeless, news of which we were heart pained to hear, for to us he always appeared cheery of heart and of jovial good nature. His was an illness of short duration, typhoid pneumonia which attacked the brain, hence was required for a few days the strong arms of watchful nurses to attend him; but a few moments before he expired he was rational and calling his parents and sister to his bedside, told them he was to die, asked his sister to stay by him, then breathed his last, and last Friday at 4 p. m. he was borne to the tomb in the old cemetery, dressed in the new uniform never worn and that day for the first time donned by the East Haven cornet band, of which he was a very active member.

His funeral took place from the residence of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wyllys Chidsey, on Hemingway avenue, which was very largely attended, at least one-half of the town being present. Appropriate remarks were made at the house by his pastor, Rev. Clayton Eddy of the Episcopal church, the Rev. Daniel J. Clark of the Congregational church, making a short prayer. Leading the procession to the cemetery marched the cornet band, solemn music discoursing, and also at the grave they played appropriately, the Rev. Mr. Eddy closing the services. The bearers were brother members of the band, Henry Jude, Walter Potter, H. C. Steppe, Charles Bartlett, Clifton Smith, William Chidsey. The occasion was a sad one indeed, and Johnnie will be much missed, for he was generally liked. We feel sad for his early death, and in common with all we condole with his parents for the loss of their only son, and sorry too, that so early in its history death has invaded the ranks of the cornet band.

Before these lines will meet the readers eye the inanimate form of Mrs. Mabel Upson, of Townsend avenue, will have been placed beside the partner of her early life, the late Julius Upson. For some time she has been a sufferer, it being seven weeks at her death since she was able to occupy her bed, a sitting position being more to her comfort owing to her dropsical trouble. She was anxious to go, for to her the pleasures of this world were but a fleeting show. For her mourn the six children borne to her, one son and five daughters, (for she was one of the best of mothers), and four sisters—Mrs. Harriet Tuttle, Mrs. Mary Linsley, Mrs. Sarah Bradley and Mrs. Julia A. Barnes. Her funeral occurred on Tuesday and the entombment was in the old East Haven cemetery, the Rev. D. J. Chidsey officiating. The attendance was

Court Notes.
 A claim in the estate of the late Mrs. S. Farron of East Haven was heard yesterday. Mrs. Farron died April 15, 1889. For many years she occupied her home in East Haven and for twenty-four years her son, James D. Farron, and his wife lived with her. They have presented a claim against the estate for \$1,448.07. The administrator, Henry P. Bradley, is contesting it. They claim that between the years 1877 and 1889 they paid out \$13 in taxes for Mrs. Farron's property, insurance to the amount of \$7. They claim for Mr. Farron's board, washing and for over five years from January 1, 1884, the sum of \$1,373.63. The administrator claims that

er a brief illness, she died at her home, slumbering Mrs. Olympe Poole Andrews, stone passed to her final rest at 8:15; Wednesday, the 9th instant. She was born in Northford, North Branford, Conn., March 28th, 1801. In her early life she was an instructress, teaching in the East Haven East district term in 1824, where she met with Mel Andrews, whom she married March 11, 1825, who was postmaster and town clerk of East Haven for a score or more years, also was deacon of the Old Stone church from March 5th, 1852, until his death, which occurred April 5th 1864. Of the church Mrs. Blackstone was admitted a member July 3d, 1831, she being next oldest in membership at the time of her death—Miss Betsy F. Bradley having joined the church March 4th, 1827. From her seat in the sanctuary rarely was she absent. Her last attendance there was the second Sabbath previous to her death. As we remember Mrs. B. in our little years, she was tall and stately, of pleasing face, but not over robust make; but she survived her husband nearly three decades. In 1866, December 16th, she was a second time united in marriage and to Augustus Blackstone of Branford, who departed his life Feb. 18th, 1878. By her first husband she bore seven children, four of whom are living; viz., Mrs. Noah Bradley of Westport, Mrs. John Augustus Blackstone of Branford, Francis Foote Andrews and S. W. F. Andrews of East Haven. She also leaves ten grand, and four great-grand children. Her funeral was held on Friday, at 2 p. m., and from the church, the Rev. D. J. Clark, her pastor, officiating; who, after reading several of her favorite passages of scripture, spoke very fittingly and feelingly of the dead mother in Israel. Besides the immediate relatives there was a goodly attendance of neighbors and friends at the obsequies, many from out of town being present. The bearers were Ruel, Lincoln and Fred Andrews, and Chas. A. Blackstone, grandsons of the deceased. Burial was in the family plot in the Old Cemetery, H. W. Crawford having charge of the solemnities.

Monday, November 14, 1892.

OBITUARY NOTES.

Death of Mrs. Webster, Widow of the Late Chief of Police Webster.
Many friends are called to mourn in the death of Mrs. Jeanette M. Clark, widow of the late ex-Chief of Police Charles Webster. She died at about 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon at her residence, 152 Whalley avenue, after a lingering ill health of two years' duration. She had been ill with gastric fever, but the immediate cause of her demise was a paralytic shock which she suffered shortly after her return home from a visit to a neighbor Thursday evening. Since then her condition rapidly grew worse. Friday afternoon Dr. Tuttle, who was attending Mrs. Webster, called in consultation Dr. Hawkes. The physician could give no hope and she died at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

The deceased was seventy-three years of age and was the eldest daughter of George B. Clark of Farmington, Conn. Her husband, the late Charles Webster, who was several years chief of police in this city, died six years ago. He was for many years in charge of New Haven county jail and was a very efficient man in the position. Two daughters, one the wife of ex-town Agent Theron A. Todd and the other Miss Sarah Webster, survive.

DEATH OF

The death of Edwin A. Brooks, senior partner of the firm of Brooks & Co., took place at his home, 11 College street, shortly after noon Saturday, after an illness of but two weeks' duration. He has not been in the best of health for the past two years, and owing to severe and unremitting attention to business his nervous system became completely undermined. He took a trip to southern California, which benefited him for a time. He was a very hard worker all his life and his death was due to a complete exhaustion of his nervous forces.

Mr Brooks was born in Bethany in 1844, and when a young man went to live in East Haven. While there the war broke out and he enlisted in the Tenth Connecticut volunteers, and served with honor until he was shot in the right arm, the injury impairing the use of the member to such an extent that he was discharged from the service. Returning to this city he started out to make his way in life, his principal capital being his good character and courteous manner. He secured employment as conductor on the Fair Haven and Westville horse railroad, and while in this capacity his attention and politeness to the patrons of the road laid the foundation of his successful career in life. One of the regular patrons of the road was an elderly lady named Mrs. Prout, who lived on Whalley avenue. She rode frequently on the cars and Mr. Brooks made it his universal practice to assist her to get on and off the cars and to show her every attention which his duty in his position demanded. Mrs. Prout was not the only person who was treated so courteously by Mr. Brooks, for it made no difference to him whether a passenger was rich or poor he always treated her or him with equal attention and politeness. Mrs. Prout appreciated the courtesy and when she died she left a bequest of about \$10,000 to Mr. Brooks.

At the time of her death he was not in the employ of the railroad company, having entered the store of P. S. Crofut, located on Chapel street. After being in Mr. Crofut's employ only a year, Mr. Brooks was appointed head clerk, his business ability and worth being readily recognized by his employer. When he received the legacy left him by Mrs. Prout, Mr. Brooks secured an interest with Mr. Crofut, and remained in the firm some time. Selling his interest he bought out the long famous hat store of our townsman, C. A. Bradley, at the corner of State and Chapel streets, long known as the "corner hat store." Mr. Brooks formed a partnership with his brother, Friend E. Brooks, in 1874. In 1879 F. E. Brooks became interested with S. A. Stevens, and from that time until about a year ago Mr. Brooks conducted the business alone. Realizing that his health was failing Mr. Brooks took into partnership W. L. Robertson and F. W. Canada, who had long been prominent in his employ, and after that time he was not so actively engaged in business matters, leaving the management of the store largely to the two partners. Among the business men Mr. Brooks was always held in high esteem, his credit and character as a business man being above question. His strict integrity soon made him highly respected and trusted and gained him a very large number of regular customers. In private life Mr. Brooks was a large giver to worthy objects and gave much that was not known to charity. He was for a number of years a vestryman of St. Paul's church and a member of Hiram lodge. He leaves a widow and one son, Morgan P. Brooks, who is a junior in the Scientific school. Mr. Brooks' fortune was estimated to amount to between \$75,000 and \$80,000.

The funeral services will be held tomorrow afternoon.

3
The death of Helen M. Houghton, widow of H. Sturtevant Chidsey, died. She had for a long period been ill, but throughout her illness was a most patient sufferer. She was the second wife of Sturtevant, and was born in Evansville, Indiana. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Nightingale. She was left a widow Sept. 9th, 1875—her husband dying at the age of 60. He was the son of the late Capt. Samuel Chidsey, and was born on what is now known as Streets avenue in the house known as the John Keefe place. In his early days Capt. Chidsey was a rover of the sea. He was one of the best of men, his word could be relied upon, and like father was Sturtevant, and one of the best of women was the wife of Sturtevant, whose death and burial we are sorry to record. Her funeral was held on Thursday week at 5 p. m., from her late residence on Thompson avenue, and was largely attended by relatives and friends. The Rev. D. J. Clark officiated at the funeral solemnities. The bearers were L. F. Richmond, Albert Forbes, James H. Hawkins and Merrick Russell. Her entombment was in the Capt. Samuel Chidsey family plot in the Old Cemetery, H. W. Crawford having charge of the interment. Now, Sturtevant gave full empower by will to his wife of the Thompson avenue property, and should at her death anything remain it was to be divided equally between his nieces and nephews. Within the bounds of the last two years of her life the widow saw fit to raise \$1,000 by mortgage of the place. The equity after all bills are paid is easily estimated at \$1,200; and should the property be handled rightly \$1,800 is a safe estimate. Possessed of property in her own right, the late Mrs. Chidsey willed to her niece, Carrie Simpson, of Evansville, Ind., who was with her the last weeks of her illness, \$500. To the Hansom children, whose parents tenanted under her roof, for their kindness to her she gave the two \$100 each; also more or less of the household furniture. To Emily, wife of Willis Chidsey the last remaining of the Chidsey family, she gave \$100. To town of East Haven she gave \$100 to keep the Chidsey grave lot in order. All the rest and residue of her estate which consists of real estate out west, etc., she divided equally between her niece Carrie and her brother, value of which is not known. Judge D. W. Tuttle is executor of her estate. In leaving to East Haven the sum she gave for care of the Chidsey graves, the late Mrs. Chidsey has set an example well to emulate. The Old Cemetery, but for a narrow strip on the west side owned by the Street family, is a burial place free to all; and it would be more creditable to those who bury their dead therein if they would see to keeping the grave mounds in neat order instead of at expense of the town of East Haven.

OCTOBER 31, 1893.

PATCHEN—At the New Haven Hospital, Sunday, October 30, Helen M. Boughton, wife of John W. Patchen, aged 61 years. Funeral services will be held at the Westville Methodist Church, Tuesday, November 1, at two o'clock p. m. Relatives and friends are invited to attend without further notice.

MRS. J. W. PATCHEN.

The death of Helen M. Boughton, wife of John W. Patchen of East Haven, occurred yesterday afternoon at the New Haven Hospital. Mrs. Patchen had been in ill health for some time and was taken to the hospital last Tuesday. Her husband, John W. Patchen, was employed for many years at the shops of R. H. Brown & Co., but about four years ago was obliged to give up the business on account of ill health. He then went to East Haven to live.

Mrs. Patchen was a daughter of the late Stiles Boughton of Westville and a niece of the late Nelson Hotchkiss. She leaves a sister, Mrs. Harriett Christie, who lives in Bridgeport, and a brother, Stiles Boughton, who lives in the South. The funeral services will be held at the Westville Methodist Church tomorrow afternoon.

PATCHEN—In this city, July 13, 1906, John Patchen, in the 1st year of his age. Funeral services will be held at the rooms of The W. H. Graham Co., 1026 Chapel street, on Monday, July 14, at 8 o'clock.

Wednesday, November 8, 1893.

ALMOST A CENTURY OLD.

DEATH OF MRS. GRACE M. WHEELER.

Peaceful Termination To-Day of a Life That Went Farther Back Than the Stirring Times of 1812—A Thrilling Reminiscence in Which a Cannon Ball Figured.

Mrs. Grace Munson Wheeler, aged 99 years, 6 months and 4 days, died at 5 a. m. to-day at her residence, 87 Wooster street. Old as she was her faculties were almost as keen as they were half a century ago. Up to within two months she had been moving about the house with fairly vigorous energy for one of her years. About two months ago she became ill and was confined to her bed. Last night only a few hours before her death she was uncommonly cheerful and bright for her remarkable age. Her death was free from pain, a sort of falling off into a peaceful slumber, as one of her relatives described it to-day.

Mrs. Wheeler was born in New Haven at the corner of State and Fair streets and was the daughter of Maj. William Munson, who for 33 years was surveyor of the port of New Haven. He held the office until his death. Maj. Munson was one of the first worshipful masters of Hiram lodge.

her of State and Fair streets and could see away down the harbor. There were no buildings in the way then. At one particular window fronting the harbor, many used to sit. One day when she was not there a cannon ball from a British vessel away down the harbor came in through the window and, rolling across the floor, broke into the fireplace. My father had it built into the hearth and there it remained for a great many years.

"My father was in command of the Dobb's Ferry when Andre was hanged, and commanded a regiment of militia during the retreat from Quebec. He was appointed to the head of the custom house here by George Washington.

"When I came to live here there were but three houses on the street and the view to the harbor was at most unobstructed."

At that birthday celebration a party from Hiram lodge, F. and A. M., consisting of Past Master James D. Dewell, the late ex-Mayor Henry G. Lewis, Charles E. Peck, Lewis D. Chidsey, Attorney Julius Twiss, Dr. William Mailhouse, George Newcombe and N. G. Osborn, with David Thomas of Wooster lodge and F. M. Lum of George Washington lodge, No. 82, of Ansonia, visited Mrs. Wheeler. They had a special reason inasmuch as her father, Maj. William Munson, had been a prominent Mason in his day. Ex-Mayor Lewis introduced each one to Mrs. Wheeler and Mr. Dewell then presented her with an elegant plush rocking chair on behalf of Hiram lodge. The rocker is of quartered oak and is in the sixteenth century.

Mrs. Wheeler was a member of Trinity church. The funeral services will be Saturday at 2:30 p. m. She will be buried in the Grove street cemetery.



MRS. GRACE MUNSON WHEELER, AGED 99.

The deceased had resided at 87 Wooster street for 60 years. Her husband has been dead for 23 years. He was Capt. Stephen Wheeler, who distinguished himself in the war of 1812, and who was in command of a gunboat in that strife. About three weeks ago the daughter of Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Grace A. Glenney, died in this city. She was the last of the children of Mrs. Wheeler.

The deceased, August 14 last, was 99 years old and there was a celebration at her home. Many called upon her that day. To a REGISTER reporter with whom she talked on that occasion, she was thus reminiscent:

"When I was a little girl I used to go up to my father—daddy and mammy we called our parents—and said: 'Daddy, can I come into your cubby-house?' And he would move his knees so that I could toddle in between them, placing my arms upon them."

John H. B. Chidsey of Westville testified the Morris Cove railroad fight in the superior court yesterday. He is ninety-three years of age and knows much of East Haven territory, where he lived for many years.

THE LATE J. H. B. CHIDSEY.

Had Resided in Westville All His Life—His Funeral at East Haven Stone Church To-Day—Was in His Ninety-Seventh Year.

J. H. B. Chidsey, one of the oldest men living in this section of the state, died Saturday morning at the home of Henry Bassett in Derby. The deceased had been a resident of Westville all his life, and a son of a pioneer of this part of Connecticut.

He felt quite well up to two weeks ago, when he came out from his home in Westville to visit Mrs. Bassett, who is a relative. The deceased was blessed with a long life, being in his ninety-seventh year when he died. He leaves many acquaintances who will read the news of his death with sorrow.

The deceased leaves one son, Abram Chidsey, living in Westville, as well as a wide circle of relatives. Miss Minnie Chidsey, stenographer at the office of the Derby Gas company, a granddaughter of the deceased, George Blakeman of the East Side, Derby, is the only man living in that town who was older than Mr. Chidsey.

The funeral is in charge of Undertaker C. E. Lewis of Ansonia, and will take place this afternoon in East Haven. The remains will leave Mr. Bassett's home at 2 p. m. Services will be conducted in the East Haven Congregational church and interment will follow in the cemetery at that place.

JANUARY 1903.

ADLEY—In East Haven, January 14, Louise A. Smith, widow of Edwin S. Bradley, aged 96 years, died at her residence. The funeral will be held at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. H. Walter Chidsey, Friday, January 16, at two o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend without further notice.

LOUISE A. BRADLEY.

Louise A., widow of Edwin S. Bradley, died at East Haven yesterday in the 96th year of her age. She made her home with her daughter, Mrs. H. Walter Chidsey, whose residence is on the east side of the town. She was a native of East Haven and had always made her home there. Mrs. Bradley was for many years identified with Christ P. E. church and was its adfast friend. She was a woman highly respected by all. The funeral will be tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock, at the residence of Mr. Jackson, of Christ church, officiating.

Mrs. Louise Bradley, widow of Edward Bradley, is critically ill at her home in East Haven. On Sunday, Mrs. Bradley had a stroke of apoplexy and her condition since has been gradually growing worse.

The monthly entertainment given by the ladies of Christ church guild, East Haven, which was planned for this evening, is indefinitely postponed on account of the serious illness of Mrs. Louise Bradley, the vice-president of the guild. Mrs. Bradley was stricken with apoplexy on Sunday evening. The physician in attendance gives no hope of recovery, owing to her advanced age.

On account of the critical illness of Mrs. Louise Bradley, the vice president of the Ladies' guild of Christ church, East Haven, the entertainment announced to take place this evening has been postponed until further notice. Mrs. Bradley was stricken with apoplexy and her physician says her recovery is only a question of hours.

Mrs. Malachi Linsley, or as she was more familiarly known, "Aunt Nancy," proprietor of the Double Beach house, died last Friday morning after an illness of about three months at the age of 65 years. She had a complication of diseases which baffled the skill of her attending physician, Dr. C. W. Gaylord, of Branford, as well as that of his consulting physician, Dr. W. H. Thomson, of Fair Haven. "Aunt Nancy," who was such a favorite both with young and old, has had, first and last in her different hotel enterprises, guests from all parts of the country.

The deceased was the daughter of Capt. Wm. Bryan, one of the most respected of Branford's former inhabitants. At the early age of 16 years she was married to Mr. Morton, who, forty years ago, was the proprietor of the Branford Point house. Her brother, Wm. Bryan, jr., has been the proprietor of the Montowese house at Indian Neck, and the Morton house at Niantic. In 1865 the deceased married her second husband, Malachi Linsley, who died three years later. After the death of Mr. Linsley, his widow kept a boarding house in New York for about ten years. Returning to Branford Mrs. Linsley leased the Double Beach house, since which time to her death she has been its popular proprietor. Her house has been a favorite resort for summer guests, Mrs. Linsley having been possessed of those characteristics which won the good will of all those with whom she came in contact. Her services as reader have in recent years been in considerable demand at festivals and church entertainments. On Sunday the funeral services were held at the Double Beach house, a large number of people being present. There was a number of friends from New Haven present. Rev. Mr. Bailey, rector of Trinity church, Branford, officiated. Among the bearers were, Mayor Holcomb, S. H. Holcomb and Andrew P. Hotchkiss, of New Haven. N. G. Osborn and Mrs. Osborn, and Judge Samuel A. York, of New Haven, sang an appropriate hymn. The burial was in the Branford cemetery.

FUNERAL OF LITTLE THELMA F. UNDERHILL.

The funeral service of little Thelma Foote Underhill, aged five years, took place at the residence of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Lézelle Foote, 74 Sea street, City Point, yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, attended by a large assemblage of sympathizing friends. There was a very beautiful array of floral tributes. Rev. Mr. Weston, pastor of Howard avenue M. E. church, officiated, and his remarks were peculiarly fitting and consolatory. The child was very bright and promising, and her death is deeply deplored. Her death was caused by cerebral apoplexy. She had been an invalid for two years. The interment was in Evergreen cemetery. Stahl & Son were the funeral directors.

Monday, December 22, 1890.

DIED IN EAST HAVEN.

His Funeral Yesterday—A Venerable and Thoroughly Conscientious Instructor—Formerly for Years a School Principal in New Haven—The Late Jonathan Dudley.

Mr. Jonathan Dudley, whose death occurred in East Haven Friday morning, was an old, well known and highly esteemed gentleman, who for many years was a resident of this city, having taught school here for quite a long period, which concluded at about the time of the inception of the graded schools here. For a number of years he taught what was then popularly known in New Haven at "Dudley's" school, which was situated on Wallace street opposite the rear shop of the L. Candee Rubber company. The old building is still standing, but has been moved about two hundred feet front to the line of the street. Mr. Dudley was one of the foremost and most thorough instructors of his day in New Haven, and withal the strictest kind of a disciplinarian. He was a firm believer in the motto, "Order is heaven's first law," and carefully endeavored to thoroughly imbue the minds of his pupils with the same idea. He resided for years while in this city on Greene street, next to what is now the Eaton school. During the latter part of the time that he taught here the late Hon. James F. Babcock was chairman of the board of education. About thirty years ago he removed to East Haven, where he conducted with success a private school. He was actively engaged in teaching up to about twelve years ago, when, on account of his advancing years, he gave up teaching and settled down to a quiet and peaceful old age on a farm, where he lived to the ripe old age of eighty-five years. His death, which occurred Friday morning at 2 o'clock, was quite sudden, heart disease being the cause thereof. He had been quite feeble for a month past in consequence of a severe cold which he contracted election day, the last time he was out of the house. During the last night of his life he was more than usually restless, changing from his bed to a chair several times during the night. His daughter, Mrs. E. M. Warner, was with him at the time of his decease. He passed away very calmly and peacefully, sitting in his chair. Mr. Dudley was a most conscientious and pious old gentleman, whose whole life was molded and fashioned after the law of God, and whose aim in life was to do good to his fellow man in every way possible and live uprightly.

The funeral services took place from his late residence yesterday afternoon and were largely attended. The services were conducted by Rev. D. J. Clark, pastor of the Congregational church, who paid glowing tribute to the exemplary life of the deceased. The interment took place in Evergreen cemetery, this city. His daughter, Mrs. Warner, is his sole survivor. His wife died two years ago. She was a very estimable wife and mother and since her death Mr. Dudley's health has steadily failed. Mr. Dudley was a member of the Congregational church, East Haven. During the years that he taught school in New Haven he had over twelve hundred different pupils under his charge.

And hardly had the secretary's eyes closed when they were called upon to admit of the passage to the final resting place the inanimate form of one of East Haven's most estimable and exemplary young men—Irving Nickerson aged 21—eldest son of engineer Richard Nickerson of the Saltonstall lake pump-works, and his assistant there. For two weeks and over he had been sick with diphtheria, one of the most dangerous of ills; and though he had the attendance of physicians skilled, and the best of attention paid to him, the approach of the invisible messenger could not be stayed, and he succumbed to the inevitable Sabbath morning at 3 a. m. Owing to the nature of the disease, it was thought advisable to hold the funeral the afternoon of day of death, and so a short prayer was said at the house at 3 p. m. At the grave the chief obsequies were performed: "Asleep in Jesus" was sung, "Earth to earth—Ashes to ashes" was said, the Rev. D. J. Clark officiating, who next Sabbath morning will deliver from the pulpit a commemorative of Irving's death. Besides the parents to mourn a dutiful son's loss, two sisters and a brother—Jessie, Clara and Herbert—are bereft of an affectionate brother; a son and a brother devoted and true. The pall-bearers were Archy McKennel, Clifford Smith, Charlie Coker, and Augustus Van Sickles—young friends of the deceased. H. W. Crawford had charge of the funeral.

Memorial Resolutions

On the death of Bro. Richard Irving Nickerson, as a member of Fidelity division, S. of T.

Whereas, the hand of Providence has removed our beloved brother from the scene of his temporal labors, and from our Division, and in view of the loss we have sustained by the death of our friend and brother, and of the still greater loss sustained by those who were nearest and dearest to him, be it

Resolved, that we deeply mourn his untimely departure and sincerely regret the loss of his faithful services as a co-laborer in our temperance work, taking refuge in the thought, however, that after having ended his earthly strife he has at last joined the blessed society of the redeemed in heaven.

Resolved, that we unanimously join in the expression of our affectionate regard for one who went in and out among us exemplifying and upright and blameless life and to the best of our knowledge and to the best of our knowledge and belief abstained from every evil way. That we thank God for the example which he set before us, and pray that we may have grace so to live and labor that we may reach the same happy rest which we believe he has now entered.

Resolved, that we tender our earnest and heartfelt sympathies to the afflicted family, and commend them for consolation to him who orders all things for the best, and whose chastisements are dealt by a loving hand.

Resolved, that the above resolutions be entered upon the minutes of the Division, and a copy thereof be placed in the hands of the parents of the deceased.

D. J. Clark, W. H. Robinson, F. B. Street, committee.

Accident on Train.

An accident occurred at the Branford station, Tuesday, which caused a thrill of horror to run through the community. Samuel F. Stent, brother of Judson Stent, farmers living at Brushy Plain, attempted to drive across the track (going south), at the foot of Rogers street, and was struck by the 12:30 express train from New Haven, which was going at full speed. Stent was thrown from his wagon, one of the car-wheels cutting off the upper part of his skull, killing him instantly. One leg was also badly crushed. Both shoes and one stocking were torn from his feet. The fore wheels were torn from the wagon, which was a heavy farm-wagon, the rattle and noise of which evidently drowned the noise of the approaching train, which struck both horses fairly, tearing them from the wagon. The eight horse banded caught up on top of the other, which was firmly held on the front of the engine; both being carried to the signal-tower, where one horse was dropped without its head; the other was ground to fragments and strewn along as far as the foot of Church street, nearly a quarter of a mile, where the train was brought to a stand still.

Stent was driving at a fair road gait, and had his cap pulled down over his ears; and according to eye-witnesses did not see the train until it was within a few feet of him, the horses being directly in its path. He gave a sudden wrench and brought them back upon their branches, just as the train struck them.

Dr. C. W. Gaylord, deputy coroner was notified, and after making an examination reported to Coroner Mix of New Haven, who came out Wednesday; and by his order Dr. Gaylord notified station agent Tomlinson, and baggage-master Johnson, Daniel Linsley, S. V. Osborn and Mrs. Paul Schenck, three witnesses of the accident, to appear at his office in New Haven, Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, for the purpose of placing the lame of the accident where it belongs. The law of the road is that all express trains are to be flagged. This was not one to the 12:30, Tuesday; had a flagman been at the crossing, there is little possibility of the accident having happened. The blame for this negligence lies between the station-agent and the baggage-master. If the bridge ordered by the court had been built, the whole matter would have been averted, one life saved, and no one to sorrow over this neglect; but public property and life are not things for which railroad companies seem to hold much respect, sometimes. We are also informed that there is also a law which says trains not flagged shall stop.

The funeral of Mr. Stent took place Thursday afternoon, at two o'clock, in the Centre cemetery. He leaves a wife.

The death of Mr. Stent is a public loss; he was a man whom we believe was respected and beloved by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

The funeral took place from the house, and notwithstanding the storm of rain and snow which fell a good share of the afternoon, a long line of carriages followed the hearse to the last resting-place of the deceased. The bearers were Benjamin Hosley, Wm. Hosley, John H. Hosley, Edward K. Hosley, Edward S. Hosley, and Eugene C. Hosley.

DEATHS.

CHIDSEY—In East Haven, March 7, Chloe Stent, widow of the late John S. Chidsey, aged 79 years and 3 months. Funeral services will be held at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. John Ives Bradley, on Saturday, March 9, at 2 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend.

PASSED AWAY.

Death of Mrs. Chloe Chidsey of East Haven. Mrs. Chloe Chidsey, widow of the late John S. Chidsey, died at her home in East Haven yesterday, aged seventy-nine. The deceased was a beloved wife and mother, a kind neighbor and excellent Christian lady, whom to know was to esteem highly. She was a general favorite with all the good people of the town. Her death is sincerely mourned in the community in which she had spent the greater part of her long life, and her children have lost one of the best of mothers. She was one of the oldest members of the Congregational church, East Haven. Her native place was Branford. She leaves three children: Lewis D. Chidsey, the Church street merchant, this city; Walter D. Chidsey, of East Haven, formerly of this city, and Mrs. John Ives Bradley of East Haven, with whom she resided. The husband of deceased died a number of years ago. Mrs. Chidsey leaves also a twin sister, Mrs. Hannah Shepard, mother of Harvey Shepard, of this city. Mrs. Chidsey was taken ill about three weeks ago, and her death is due chiefly to a breaking up of the vital forces. She sank peacefully away to rest. The funeral services will be held at the residence of her son-in-law, John Ives Bradley, to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

EAST HAVEN.

Mails open 8:30 A. M. and 6 P. M.
Mails close 8:30 A. M. and 7 P. M.
Mrs. S. W. F. Andrews P. M.

The great variety of weather, clouds, rain and sunshine the 9th inst, the day of Mrs. Chloe S. Chidsey's funeral, was emblematic of the journey of human life. The funeral services were held at the residence of her son-in-law J. Ives Bradley on Boston avenue, Rev. Mr. Clark officiating. The services and his address were very impressive. The pall bearers were John S. Tyler, Francis F. Andrews, John W. Thompson, J. H. Hawkins, Leverett S. Bagley and C. W. Bradley. Mrs. Chidsey was the widow of the late John S. Chidsey, and was one of the oldest members of the Congregational church. Her maiden name was Stent, her parents being residents of Branford and her life's story covers a period of seventy-nine years. A twin sister, Mrs. Hannah Shepard, one daughter, Mrs. J. I. Bradley and two sons, Lewis D. and H. Walter Chidsey survive her.

Sunday, July 10, 1898.

CHIDSEY—In East Haven, July 10, Emily E., wife of Willys Chidsey, aged 66 years. Funeral services will be held from her late residence on Tuesday, July 12, at three o'clock. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend without further notice.

BAGLEY—The funeral services for Mrs. Elizabeth Bagley, widow of Mr. Leverett Bagley, were held yesterday afternoon at her late residence, 1 Park Place, East Haven. Mrs. Bagley was in her 80th year.

CHIDSEY—In Westville, February 27, Caroline Welton, widow of Harvey Chidsey, aged 67 years. Funeral services will be held at her late residence, No. 178 Mountain Street, on Friday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Friends of the family are invited to attend.

APRIL 3, 1898.

SHEPARD—In this city, April 1, Hannah Stent, widow of Benjamin T. Shepard, aged 82 years. Funeral services will be held at the residence of her son, Harvey G. Shepard, No. 189 Blatchley Avenue, on Tuesday, April 5, at two o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend without further notice.

Mrs. Hannah Shepard, aged 82, whose death occurred at the residence of her son, Harvey Shepard of New Haven, was an old resident of Branford, where she was highly respected and had many friends. When here she was an active member of the Baptist Church. Mrs. Shepard was one of the most devoted of mothers, and hers was one of the homes to which the war of the sixties brought much sadness and gloom. Three of Mrs. Shepard's sons went to the front. One died in Andersonville prison, and another contracted consumption and died, while the third, Harvey Shepard, was discharged owing to illness. Those were times of deep sorrow to Mrs. Shepard, yet her faith was unflinching, and she patiently submitted to the divine will. Two sons and one daughter survive. The burial will be in Branford to-morrow afternoon.

Friday, March 20, 1896.

CHIDSEY—Entered into life eternal, on March 20th, Mrs. Sarah A. Chidsey, in her 97th year. Services will be held at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. C. C. Kirkham, in East Haven, on Sunday, March 23, at 4 o'clock. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend without further notice. Please omit flowers.

DEATH OF MRS. HORACE CHIDSEY OF EAST HAVEN, AGED NINETY-SIX.

Mrs. Sarah Chidsey, widow of the late Horace Chidsey, died of old age and the effects of a paralytic shock in East Haven yesterday, aged ninety-six years. Mrs. Chidsey was the oldest resident of the town of East Haven, was born in the town, and lived there all her life with the exception of the time she visited her brother, Horace Lanfier, in Baltimore. Mr. Chidsey died forty years ago, leaving his widow in comfortable circumstances, which were made more so by a bequest from her late brother, who left her a snug fortune. In recent years she lived at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. C. Kirkham, in East Haven.

Mrs. Chidsey was a lady esteemed by all, and had a disposition which endeared her to all who knew her. She was a devout member of Christ Episcopal church and took an active interest in its affairs.

Her children are George Chidsey of Buffalo, N. Y., Horace Chidsey, the re-ELIZABETH PRATT BUSHNELL.

Elizabeth Pratt Bushnell, widow of William Hull of Clinton, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. John H. Post, No. 36 Edwards Street, yesterday morning. The deceased was the daughter of Col. Aaron Bushnell of Westbrook, who was a shipbuilder at Westbrook and a colonel in the State militia many years ago. Mrs. Hull's husband was a deacon of the Congregational church in Clinton for 37 years. Mrs. Hull had been in failing health for a number of months, and for the last two months had been prostrated by disease and the infirmities of old age. Her age was 87 years and 3 months. Since the death of her husband she had resided in New Haven. She leaves two daughters, Mrs. John H. Post and Miss Sarah A. Hull of this city, and one son, William H. Hull of New Britain. The funeral services will take place to-morrow morning at 9:30 o'clock. Rev. Dr. Phillips of the Church of the Redeemer will officiate. The interment will be in Clinton at noon to-morrow. Her granddaughters are...

MAINE FOLK, 75 OR OLDER, MAKE MERRY

1,200 Members Of Three-Quarter
Century Club Gather At
Portland Outing.

Portland, Maine, Aug. 31. (AP)—Old fashioned square dances and waltzes on the green and the singing of old time songs closed the annual gathering of the Maine Three-Quarter Century Club at Deering's Oaks today. It is estimated that more than six thousand persons were present, with more than 1200 members of the club.

The happiest member was Henry Lord, Bangor, 81, the new president. He did not hesitate to say that he was prouder of his election as president of the club than he had been over being chosen speaker of the Maine House of Representatives in 1878 or president of the Maine Senate in 1889.

To Portland and Cumberland County went the awards for the checker and knitting contests. Edward K. Chapman, 86, Portland's checker champion, defeated H. H. Harvey of Augusta, 87, in two out of three games, after eight other contestants had fallen by the wayside.

Oldsters Have Games.

From a field of 50 skillful knitters from all over Maine, Mrs. Sarah L. Larrabee, 80, received the prize at the hands of Burleigh Martin, speaker of the Maine House of Representatives, for the smoothest and most even work. In this contest, Abbie Perkins of Bath, 79, was second, and honorable mention was given to Frances Smith of Gardiner and Ruth A. Chase of Brunswick.

An enthusiastic gallery of barnyard golf fans watched the finals of the horseshoe pitching between Frank Beal, of Veazie, the champion of last year, and George W. Choate of Hallowell, 78. The former won, receiving a gold plated horseshoe offered by Colonel William Tudor Gardiner of Gardiner.

Motion picture men got their biggest thrill from two Auburn folks, who proved to be the oldest couple on the grounds, but appeared to enjoy the event quite as much as any one present. They were Dr. and Mrs. Horatio B. Pulsifer of Auburn. Dr. Pulsifer is 92 years old, his wife is 90, and they have been married 66 years.

Henry W. Spratt of Gorham, 92, shared with Dr. Pulsifer the honor of being the oldest person present. Mr. Spratt was present with the dancers on the green.

The Reason Why.

The good health of the club members was explained in this resolution adopted today:

"Whereas: We are besought on all sides to give the so-called secret of long healthful life—which has been extended far beyond the average span so far as members of our club are concerned, therefore:

"Be It Resolved: That we attribute our extended life span to our many hours in the clear and sparkling fresh Maine air, to simple habits of diet, to ample hours of rest, to a sustaining courage and cheerfulness in the hours of adversity and to an unflinching trust in the wisdom and in the mercy of Almighty God."

2-5765-9 L.F. T.L

BANQUET FEATURES TOWN HALL OPENING

Over 400 Attend Big Celebration In East Haven
—Judge John L. Gilson Urges Return To
Patriotism Of Sort Practiced By
Early Founders.

EAST HAVEN

The banquet and celebration Saturday night which marked the dedication of the new East Haven town hall will go down in local historical annals as one of the greatest events ever held in this town. More than 400 men and women sat down to the sumptuous turkey dinner served by the ladies of the Civic Service association and afterwards listened to speeches from prominent guests including Lieut. Governor J. Edwin Brainard, Judge John L. Gilson of the New Haven district probate court, Clarence G. Willard secretary of the Republican State Central Committee, Acting Mayor Harry B. Kennedy, of New Haven and First Selectman Robert Gerrish.

Invocation was asked by Rev. D. J. Clark pastor emeritus of the Old Stone church.

Thousands At Opening

Thousands visited the town hall during the reception in the afternoon and the interior arrangement of the hall and its tasteful furniture and equipment was a revelation to the townspeople.

As Lieut. Governor Brainard expressed it at the banquet East Haven can boast now of one of the finest town halls on the post road between New York and Boston.

All of the town officials were in their offices in the afternoon where they guided the citizens around the new quarters. Many of the desks were decorated with flowers sent in as complimentary gifts to the various officers.

Well Laid Out

From the main entrance which lies between the two wings of the attractive building designed in the colonial period of architecture, wide halls lead to the rooms of the Board of Finance selectmen and town clerk on the one side, and to the rooms of the assessors, tax collector and building inspector on the other.

To the rear and directly in line with the main entrance lies the big and very artistically decorated auditorium with its splendidly polished dance floor.

Stairs lead below to the basement where a particularly attractive and well appointed court room is located with rooms adjoining for the prosecutor, town counsel and trial justice.

Fine Police Offices

On the Thompson avenue side of the building one entrance leads to the auditorium on the ground floor, while another leads to the lower floor where the police department under the direction of Chief of Police Hugh J. Farrell is domiciled. This police station is one of the best appointed groups of offices in the whole building. There is the

ories, for this very month registers the 284th anniversary of the coming to East Haven of those sturdy, God-fearing founders, whom we today should especially reverence—under the leadership of intrepid Thomas Gregson, who in the summer of 1644 laid the foundations for his house at Solitary Cove and together with the first Samuel Hemingway, Matthew Mouthrop, John Thompson, John Chidsey and Thomas Morris formed the first settlement that later became the East Haven Parish of the Colony of New Haven. East Haven continued as a parish of the Town of New Haven until the winter of 1785, when it was established as a separate town by the Legislature. The record discloses that Thomas Gregson, the founder of East Haven embarked on the famous "Phantom Ship" of 100 tons built at New Haven and freighted with a supreme effort in 1646 by the colonists which was completely swallowed up, sending back no signs of its fate but the phantom apparition which two and one half years later so deeply and weirdly agitated the community and sent a thrill of awe throughout all New England.

Rigorous Life

Theirs was the rigorous life of the pioneer, where every man provides for his own needs. Although filled with discomforts it developed that splendid independence which comes only from being sufficient to your own needs. They held the strong untainted blood of a stalwart race, for generations fighting the arduous battle of existence against the wilderness and savage. They loved liberty, religious and civil; they loved fireside and family and friends and country with an insuperable love; and they loved God. With astounding patience and unquestioned confidence they had abandoned almost everything that the world values to worship God after their own fashion, yet they were the first in all the world to establish religious toleration.

They were poor—yet their poverty proved a real advantage. Most of the moral and intellectual giants of the universe have been nourished amid the struggling myriads of the poor. But they possessed a tenacity of purpose, a lofty and inflexible courage and an unbending will that never flinched, however harsh a problem presented itself, however keen the sorrow and suffering they encountered.

What wonder then that these constant, courageous and reverent forbears brought forth sons who, enduring hardships, could yet conceive and led these pioneer youths to

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1915

'PRETTIEST GIRL'S' 10 RULES FOR BEAUTY

BEAUTY RULES of Miss Gertrude M. Fisher, of Philadelphia, pronounced "the most beautiful girl in all America" by the National Photographers' Association.

1. Sleep eight hours every NIGHT.
2. Use plenty of soap and water. Fancy soap and expensive toilet preparations are unnecessary.
3. Take a bath every day.
4. Take plenty of outdoor exercise, with all the sunshine and fresh air you can.
5. Help with the housework and sing while you work.
6. Eat plenty of plain food. Take a light breakfast, a substantial dinner, and a light cold supper, with plenty of vegetables.
7. Avoid candy, alcoholic drinks and "New York hours."
8. Go to dances and enjoy yourself. But try, on most nights, to be in bed by 12.
9. Don't worry, keep your temper and keep busy.
10. Sing, sing, sing!

THIS IS ACID-FREE PAPER

"My rye, ain't it," the farmer said, "and my sheep, and when you see my sheep in my rye, what business is it of yours?"

Today in Zoar Bridge and Ragged Corner there is hardly a descendant of the older people left. Even the names are almost forgotten. Going toward East Village there is Bagburn Hill, which got its name after a lot of bags stored in the only building of that time were destroyed by fire. In my boyhood days there was in this neighborhood eleven clusters of farm buildings, four of which have since been burned down. There were three families of McEwens, not one left; the Burr family is gone, the Plumbs, the Wells, the Rikers and Springs. Of the older family only W. A. Curtiss remains. In East Village not one of the older generation or a descendent is left. East Village church still stands out there are not enough people to require a resident pastor. Yet in the early days at times the church was crowded. It may interest you to know that the good people of the early days went to morning service at 10:30, Sunday school at 12 and heard, to some, an interesting sermon that lasted for an hour or longer. People would surely have been good if long sermons could have made them so. This church in Monroe was dedicated in the early days as "Nanawaug" with the customary liquid.—"Nanawaug it is and Nanawaug it shall be."

A Long Service.

Mention of the old church brings to my mind one recollection which will never grow dim. I was a small boy at the time, and a local preacher was substituting for the pastor. "Firstly," he began, his sermon and continued on for over an hour in a vein far from interesting. The minutes dragged and it seemed as if every sentence must be the last. Finally he drew a great breath, "and secondly—" he said. I shall never forget the sinking feeling which I experienced at those words.

There was in my early days a half breed Indian named Phile Pan in Monroe, and like many others of his race and ours was fond of exhilarating liquids. While decidedly under the influence of the stimulant one night he attended an evangelist meeting. These revivals were held frequently, and it was the custom at that time for different members of the gathering to stand up and express their views.

Probably, Phile Pan could never have told how he got to the revival meeting at all, but once there he gave a good account of himself as will be presently seen. Things went well enough until the name of one woman was called whose reputation was not of the best. At the mention of her name, old Phile rose from his seat and in a drawling voice that was loud and plainly heard he said: "There are some things I don't know, and some things I do know,—but one thing I do know—and that is that if old granny—joins this church, I'll be a——d if I do!"

FIREMEN PRACTICE.

Candidates for the Echo Hose baseball team enjoyed the initial workout of the season last night at Lafayette field, where quite a few candidates warmed up for the first time. Practice will be held again Sunday afternoon there, and every candidate is asked to attend, as the Naugatuck Valley Volunteer Firemen's league starts its season May 22.

To protect the community from inexperienced ex-surgonsmate and field operatives of the revolution, the New Haven County Medical Association was founded in 1784 at a meeting of doctors in the Coffee House on the site of the present post office. This is the same society that exists today, it being the second oldest medical organization in America which has enjoyed continuous existence since its founding.

Dr. Barker tells of the life and work of the medical men of this period. There was Dr. Hubbard and Dr. Munson and Dr. Darling. The last named physician's "tooth-ache avenger" is now on exhibit in the rooms of the New Haven Colony Historical Society. Dr. Barker calls Dr. Nathan Smith, president of the medical association in 1819, the "most distinguished physician New Haven has had."

In 1829 the physicians adopted the first definite fee table as follows:

"For ordinary visit—\$0.34; Visit by night—\$0.84; Consultation visit—\$1.00; Mileage—\$0.17; Ordinary cases of parturition—\$3.00; Venesection—\$0.25; Cathartic—\$0.17; Emetic—\$0.17."

At Ragged Corner.

Down farther along that same brook is a place called Ragged Corner. Here there used to be a woolen grist, saw mills and a winkum mill where cider brandy was made. The man owning the brandy mill in order to save the cost of barrels for the storage of the cider from which the brandy was made, built a large square cistern to hold the liquid. One day the holder sprang a leak and before it could be stopped the contents was practically emptied in the Housatonic river. It was the talk of the country side for many days.

At Stevenson lived a man (name not mentioned) who had quite a large farm. Reuben Spring, who by the way had a son, George Spring, who was a butcher in Derby years ago, and another son, Edward Spring, who was a mason, and one day in the early spring he was going past a field of rye nicely started on the land of this farmer. As he passed he saw a large flock of sheep industriously eating up the rye. Good man that he was, he turned about without further delay and walked about a mile to tell the farmer that his sheep were spoiling his rye.

THE EVENING

NATIVE OF MONROE 'REMEMBERS WHEN'

Tells of Incidents Half a Century
Old Relating to Adjacent
Village.

Poem of Oscar Beardsley Prompts
Many Requests for More "Recollections"—Church Sermons Lasted
for Hours, Says Native of Monroe.

Following the recent publication of a poem by Oscar Beardsley, containing recollections of early Monroe, there have been numerous requests for more writings along the same line. A native of that place, who has now reached the venerable age of 73 years, has prepared the following which will no doubt be of interest to many Shelton people, particularly older residents to whom East Village and Monroe probably hold as many interesting memories as the few which follow here:

In the piece of poetry relative to the old Monroe hills which our old friend of a life time recently wrote, he mentions Hammertown where the Sharpe families lived and where the scythes and axes made for the farmers in those early days gave the place its name. I recall one instance concerning the place well. On a brook there was a grist mill where the farmers had their grain made into flour. It so happened that one farmer took his grist (as bags of grain were called at that time) to be ground and on the morning following, the miller discovered that the grist had disappeared. He said not a word to anyone, but some little time later a man whom he had suspected all along of the theft came to him and asked casually if he had ever found out who had stolen the grist. "No" replied the miller. "Not until just now. I never told anyone, and no one knows that I lost the grist but myself and the man who stole it. You are the thief. Pay up or I'll have you arrested."

He got his money.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1928

Will Distribute Yale Tires

P. H.

East Haven LIBRARY OPENING ATTRACTS MANY IN EAST HAVEN

Dignity and poise marked the formal reception and opening of the Hagaman Memorial Library, which was held last evening with many distinguished guests present, as well as a very large attendance of the townspeople and their friends.

The following program, which was presented at 8:30, was excellent, and thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by the large number assembled, after which the guests were invited to make a tour of inspection throughout the building: Invocation, Rev. Daniel J. Clark, Pastor Emeritus of the Old Stone Church; Introduction, Mr. John D. Houston, President of the Library Board; Mr. Henry H. Bradley, Chairman of the Building Committee; Mr. Robert H. Gerrish, First Selectman, Town of East Haven; Mr. William B. Noyes, Superintendent of Schools; Miss Lottie E. Street, the Library; Honorable Thomas A. Tully, Mayor of New Haven; Music by the Holt Trio.

Many exclamations of admiration were heard among the crowd as they approached the brilliantly lighted building which is designed in the Georgian Colonial style and built of Connecticut face brick for the exterior, with Indiana Limestone for trim and cornice work. The roof of slate.

The grounds, which have been most tastefully and attractively laid out, under the direction of a well-known landscape architect, with their velvety lawns and shrubs, make a most attractive setting for this beautiful Public Library.

The first floor has a large circulating room, elliptical in shape in the center of the room, with the East wing the Adult Reading Room and the West wing the Children's Room.

Each one of these rooms has a large fireplace, cream color decoration, indirect lighting effect, priceless antiques from the Hagaman Homestead consisting of candleabra, clocks, vases, candle-

Dr. E. C. Sage collection of 207 volumes which were bequeathed by Dr. Sage, who was the first president of the Board of Trustees, and the rare collection of Isaac Hagaman. Encyclopedia, reference books, Dictionary on its own special stand, magazine and newspaper racks, card files and everything to be found in a well equipped and up-to-date library.

On the rear of the building and opening direct from the circulating room, is a large Stock Room fully equipped with olive green steel shelving to store a full capacity of 20,000 books.

The Cataloguing Room is also provided on the rear, opening from the stock room and circulating room and is attractively furnished with mahogany office furniture.

The Librarian's Office, which is just off to the left from the charging desk in the circulating room, is most complete and dignified; that to, has a bit of the Hagaman antique a clock noting both the date and hour, arrests one's attention as they enter the room.

Miss Elsa Krailing has resumed piano teaching at her studio, 94 Thompson Avenue. Phone Beacon 763.—Adv.

The mezzanine floor contains a Sheraton table, sofa and chair and some very old books from the Hagaman Home. The stained glass window in the dome reflecting the softened rays of light down on the rotunda—the attractive electroliers together with the indirect lighting all give out the sense of perfect harmony in every detail.

A room for the Board of Trustees is also provided on this floor and this room is completely furnished with Hagaman in his own sitting-room also the mahogany chairs upholstered in black horse hair. In fact one of the most fascinating features of the library is the touch of the old antique furniture, bric-a-brac, here and there—priceless candle-sticks, pitchers and vases strewn with artistic touch in just the right place.

In the basement is a Lecture Hall with fireplace, comfortable chairs and piano, boiler room, toilets, custodian's room, receive room where cases of books and received, unpacked and sent upstairs on the dummy, repair room and club room, the latter containing more of the Hagaman antiques which set the room off to perfection.

It is supposed that the Old Hagaman Homestead, from which these antiques were taken, was built in 1784 and it is the only known overhanging house in the town; it is now removed

to Library Square and placed on a new foundation.

Isaac Hagaman was the first chief to be elected for the East Haven Volunteer Fire Department. He lived alone in the old Homestead and at his death he left \$300,000 to East Haven for a Public Library and Maintenance Fund. This will was contested but was finally compromised and after settlement the Town of East Haven received \$85,000 to build the library and \$125,000 for its maintenance.

The Building Committee are as follows: Henry H. Bradley, chairman; Ellsworth E. Cowles, Sherwin T. Haskell, John D. Houston, John A. Hunter and Frank H. Redfield.

The Library Board: President, John D. Houston; secretary and treasurer, Ellsworth E. Cowles, Mrs. H. H. Bradley, Warren M. Crawford, Harold H. Davis, Sherwin T. Haskell, Harry E. Page, Mrs. John W. Stone and Clifford H. Street.

The Staff: Librarian, Miss Lottie E. Street; assistant librarian, Miss Mabel I. Davis; extra assistants, Mrs. Olive Haskell and Miss Dorothy Bishop.

Custodian: Abram G. Mallinson. Architects, Davis and Walldorf. Builders, The H. Wales Lines Company.

sticks, etc. Comfortable Windsor chairs, tables, etc., all combine to make these reading rooms not only extremely attractive, but all that could be desired in atmosphere and tone as a place for reading and study.

In addition to the hundreds of books in the cases along the side walls, there are many valuable books, such as the

PHYSICIANS TELL ABOUT EARLY PRACTICE

The early history of the practice of medicine in New Haven has been chronicled by two local physicians in a booklet just published by the New Haven Medical Association. Dr. Herbert Thoms tells about "The Beginnings of Medical Practice in New Haven Colony" from the time of the founding of the community to the end of the 17th century. Dr. Creighton Barker in "The Practice of Medicine in New Haven Following the Revolution" carries the story from 1783 through the first quarter of the 19th century.

Dr. Thoms has discovered that Mr. Thomas Pell was the first medical man in New Haven colony. He was here in 1642 and may have been a resident before that date. Mr. Pell combined the practice of law with that of medicine. Mr. Nicholas Augur who was granted a lot at the corner of Elm and Church streets, was the next doctor on record; he too engaging in other pursuits, notably that of trading with the different colonies.

The distinguished scholar and physician John Winthrop, was one of the early New Haven doctors. In 1627 he was elected governor of Connecticut; William Westerhouse, Richard Williams and a Frenchman by the name of Chayes were other early physicians.

Dr. Thoms brings out the fact that New Haven even up to the last century had a reputation for malarial fever. There was also much of smallpox and yellow fever. Of the medicines then in use Dr. Thoms says: "The early doctors had a great fondness for the use of the lancet and patients were bled in sickness with almost the regularity that the physician of today feels the pulse. Medicines in that day were difficult to secure, either being imported or made from wild herbs. Honey or molasses was used as a syrup or vehicle for the more unpleasant drug. Some of the mixtures contained as many as 75 substitutes, the ancestors of what we now call 'hot-gun' prescriptions. . . . Boiled toads, eels and other unsavory and nauseating materials often entered into the horrible mixtures. Feather beds, night caps and warming pans all had their place; we fear a disadvantageous one. Baths in winter were avoided and to wash the feet in January was supposed by the English to be particularly dangerous to health."

In Dr. Barker's sketch of New Haven medical practice following the revolution, it is pointed out that until after the war of independence there were no physicians in New Haven with a degree of medicine. Nevertheless, he says, the profession was on a high plane and its members were honest and conscientious.

THURSDAY MORNING,

Our Contemporaries

ELIAS HOWE

(Bridgeport Post)

Inclusion of Elias Howe, jr., of Bridgeport, inventor of the sewing machine, in the Hall of Fame, is a matter of pride not only to Bridgeport with whose history Howe was particularly associated but to the State of Connecticut which is thus honored in having one of its great inventors recognized.

A bronze statue of Howe stands in Seaside park in this city, as a testimonial of the regard in which he was held by his fellow citizens. The fact that his great contribution to the comfort and welfare of mankind has been recognized by the advisory committee of the Hall of Fame, may serve to attract national attention to Howe.

The sewing machine was but one of a long line of inventions and contributions to science or industry associated with Connecticut. It is of interest to note that only recently the national research council, engaged in looking up data for the Chicago World's fair, called attention to some other facts concerning Connecticut, not generally known.

Connecticut is given credit for the first copper mine on this continent, established at Simsbury in the early 1700's.

In these days of electrical refrigeration it is interesting to learn that the first patent for an ice machine was issued to A. C. Twining, a citizen of New Haven, in 1850. His machine used ether or some other compressed gas as the refrigerant.

The first manufacture of condensed milk was carried on in Walcotts-ville in this state by Gail Borden in 1856, according to the records. Three years previously Mr. Borden had applied for a patent on the process of evaporating milk under a vacuum.

Of course everybody knows that Eli Whitney of New Haven invented the cotton gin. But not so many realize that three boons to household management, the sewing machine, condensed milk and mechanical refrigeration—were the work of Connecticut pioneers.

AGAIN THE MOR

fine June morning, in the center of the hall of the State house, facing the west.

They came in by thousands, a human scream, flowing in at the south door and passing out of the north. He was guiltless of the folly of shaking hands with the multitude, but stood upright, with his hands behind him, and bowed gracefully at regular intervals, with pauses between so as to take in about thirty of the staring, curious people at each bow. As we appropriated our share, the thirtieth of a bow, we saw before us a six foot tall, wiry old man, visage long, thin, melancholy, solemn as that of the knight of the rueful countenance. His face was very red from the sunburn of recent travel, having bowed, bareheaded, riding in his carriage, to enthusiastic, shouting multitudes in many cities through which he had lately passed. In striking contrast, his hair, snowy white, stood upright, bristling from every part of his head. It was a common saying, in that day, "Yes, his hair stands up bristling all over his head just like General Jackson's." He wore a tall white hat, the lower half buried in crepe, in mourning for his deceased wife, upon whom he had doted, and in defense of whose good name, we believe, he once fought a duel and killed a man.

After leaving Washington on this tour he was assaulted on board of a steamboat, while stopping at the wharf in Alexandria, by Lieut. Randolph, a fiery, hot-headed Virginian, who had just been dismissed from the navy. Randolph, smarting under a sense of wrong, rushed on board the boat, designing to pull General Jackson's nose; but had just begun the assault when the bystanders interfered and dragged him away. Taken by surprise the aged warrior, in a torrent of passion, sprang from his seat and rushed for his cane to "chatise the rascal." Years after, we made the acquaintance of Randolph, living in a common country tavern, in an obscure village in the interior of Ohio—a pitiable object, old, poor and seedy, a disgraced and fallen man; living in bitter memories, existence scarce endurable; but withal his air was of one born to command, and you saw in that tall, imperious presence a gentleman from one of the proudest, most honored families of Old Virginia.

The President, when here, stopped at the Tontine. His servant daily, after shaving, bathed his sore, sun burnt face in milk, and then rubbed the old gentleman's head in soothing manipulation until he passed away in slumber in his easy chair; and ahe flies continued to buzz; they always did around "Old Hickory."

SHARON ESTATE CONCEALS TALE OF REVOLUTION

Farmers Ground Flour And
Forged Iron By Night To
Aid Continentals.

BROOKMONT IS NOW
CARSE SUMMER HOME

Old House Converted Into Fine
Residence, But Colonial Rel-
ics Are Retained.

(Brookmont, the summer home of David Bradley Carse, in Sharon, was bought a score of years ago by Mr. Carse and J. Henry Roraback for water power development. Mr. Carse took over the place as his residence, and since then many persons from New Haven and other Connecticut communities have inquired of the history of the famous old estate. To satisfy these, the Journal-Courier presents this article on Brookmont in colonial and modern days.)

In that part of the Berkshires in Connecticut, where the scenery is very rugged and wild, just south of West Cornwall, the Housatonic rushes through a gorge in a succession of rapids for two miles. Mountains precipitously rise to an elevation of four hundred feet above the river. On the west side of the river is the new state road with a cut at the gorge, through solid rock over one hundred feet high.

For more than a mile on the river and road is the property of David Carse of New York, who 21 years ago, bought it for waterpower development. He was so charmed with the old farmhouse, sitting high above the river, with a trout brook forming a pool at its side, that after putting in modern improvements he used it as a residence summer and winter, and later as a summer home.

Through the northern part of the estate is the Forge Brook with a drop of 300 feet to the river, with many pools among the virgin pines. It is the best trout brook in the state.

Secretly Aided Rebels.

On the brook, flour was secretly ground at night for the Continental army during the Revolution, and the old mill stone is still there. In 1780 iron was melted and forged by the brook on the estate; the high stone dam with its open center for an overshoot wheel is still in good condition.

At the southern limit of the property, George Washington built a bridge across the river and a road across the land that now forms part of the estate, as part of a highway for the transportation of troops and cannon to the Hudson.

Near the road is an immense cliff, its side toward the river rising 130 feet like a wall. Old inhabitants relate that two men once had a tavern on the highway, and for some time made a practice of robbing their guests who had frequented the bar too often for their own good, making a cache for the money and jewelry in a cave high up on the face of the cliff. Very suddenly, the two tavern keepers disappeared, evidently in fear that authorities were about to arrest them.

corated with a hunting scene. The shelves of the cabinet, as well as the plate and cup rack, bear blue china dishes.

An old, large, rusty iron lantern hangs from a beam in the center of the room, and a rusty forged hook on a post holds horseshoes for quoits. The coarsely woven window curtains are held back by iron hooks, and blue and white bed covers are used as hangings in the door ways. Fine pictures hang on the rough green, yellow and brown tinted walls of the living room.

Sturdy Furniture Went West

The furniture, including the clock and spinning wheel, was taken by some of Mrs. Carse's family from Lyme, Conn., to New Lyme, Ohio, and brought back to its original state by her when she moved from her birthplace to the East.

The property is noted for its immense maples. There are more than one hundred that will take five sap buckets, and which have produced two thousand pounds of sugar in a season. Some of the maples completely shade the house and add charm to the dining and sleeping porches.

The water supply for the house, lawn and garden comes from a reservoir formed by the spring-fed brook at the foot of the mountain, and is so much higher than the property it serves that a good pressure is always available.

Upstairs in an old barn that is used for a garage, is a large room with a clear floor for dancing and roller skating. A window seat runs the entire width of the building. This room, with its hewn timbers exposed, contains a collection of relics from the farm, including the old flail, churn and bob-sled.

Many a good time has the Carse family had, with its six children and friends, on rainy days in this part of the place so reminiscent of the early life of the hardy settlers of the state of Connecticut.

Found Loot And Left

Many years later, two sons of a farmer, moved by adventure, lowered themselves from the top of the cliff by a rope, discovered the cave, and to their great amazement found a large store of money and gems. Their family secured the loot, and as suddenly as the pilfering tavern keepers, left for parts unknown.

The residence of two-and-a-half stories on the estate was built in 1762, and thirty years later an addition of two stories was made. Both parts were built of hewn white oak timbers, oak studding and lath.

The fine old timbers and floors are exposed in the living and dining rooms, the former having a field stone fireplace with the original cooking utensils, and the latter an old Franklin stove. The dining room has also the old iron kettle, jug, lantern and similar implements that were used years ago, and over a door is the oxen yoke which was used for more than a hundred years on the farm.

Old Appointments In Use

These rooms furnish a good example of the modern use of an old house, for a wall cabinet, is used for having a secret cabinet, is used for the telephone; the gunrack with its 22-inch wide wall board and wooden pegs, for fishing rods, baskets, guns and animal traps.

Below the gunrack, on the floor is a clay pigeon trap. A long shelf, with a hewn pole for hanging articles, is used for skis, hockey sticks, skates and equipment for football and baseball.

On top of the built-in china cabinet, with its wide dark boards, are a stuffed pheasant, old brown tea kettle, and a fine example of a pitcher, made in England and de-

TWO MEMORIAL LIBRARIES.

TWO recent gifts—memorial libraries—carrying untold benefits to local provinces of the Greater New Haven merit attention. They make reassuring and gracious oases in the desert of municipal bickerings and in an era of solicitude and alarm that shall clear away. Some time ago it was announced that the widow of Willis E. Miller, an honorable name in Hamden town and New Haven industry, had bequeathed \$100,000 eventually to make possible a public library in the former district where husband and wife were born, and where Mr. Miller began the career in the carriage industry that made him and it very widely known. In sense, integrity, in constructive, sympathetic touch with his fellows, he was one of a group of citizens, now much depleted by time, who made possible the prosperity and welfare that are the common possession of great numbers who know not even the names of their benefactors. Mrs. Miller, noble wife and helpmeet, did a thing characteristic of them both. She made permanent his example of civic spirit and human outreach when she made possible this enlightening and ennobling agency for great numbers, to carry on bracing influence for state and home for all time.

Mr. Isaac Hagaman's benefaction is to benefit East Haven. Here we have one who came to the community from away—born near Poughkeepsie, the last of a Dutch family. Identified with East Haven as a young man, he came to love the place and its people, and eventually retired there to spend his last years. The present tiny collection of books and their modest shelter hardly suggest a library to cost a quarter-million dollars but the prophetic sense is not absent. One need not go to a new West to dream futurity. The old man saw where now are scattered homes and the open fields a teeming population—an extended city, and it cheered his late years to reflect in silence on the good his money would do when he was gone. Both libraries are to bear the family names of their founders, as is fitting.

There is something dignified in great projects like these. They suggest the right use of money, rich completions of careers, lofty thoughts and noble dedications that, though kindled by time and place, yet project beyond the generation of which the generous givers were a part and take on a majesty unrelated to years, linking up with humanity itself.

NATHAN HALE STAMPS GO ON SALE AT LOCAL POST OFFICE APRIL 4

Announcement was made here yesterday that the Nathan Hale stamps which will be of the one-half cent variety, the first half-cent stamps ever printed in the United States, will be placed on sale in this city April 4. This will be the first time that the advance sale of any postage stamp issue has been begun in New Haven and naturally there will be a rush here of philatelists who will vie with each other in being the first to secure the new stamps. The earliest post mark after the date of issue will naturally make the stamp of much more than ordinary value to collectors. New Haven was chosen as the place to issue the Nathan Hale stamps because it was here that Nathan Hale lived prior to the Revolutionary War in which he gave his life as a martyr to the American cause.

A drive was started at the post-office yesterday to get rid of 40,000 one-cent stamped envelopes between now and April 15 when the

new postal rates go into effect and patrons who purchased two-cent stamped envelopes were offered the former envelopes to which had been affixed one-cent stamps.

New Haven is the distributing center for the district of Connecticut of postage stamps and postal supplies and it is said that many more thousands of the present variety of envelopes will have to be disposed of.

The general impression that postal cards are to cost two cents each after April 15 was corrected yesterday afternoon by Postmaster Birely, who stated that the government postal cards will remain at the one cent price.

However, all of the privately printed cards commonly known as "post cards" and which are the usual souvenir cards sent out on holidays, birthdays and also those upon which are printed scenic views will cost two cents after April 15. This also applies to privately printed advertising cards.

SOLITUDE

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh! It is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train;
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain."

LOVE AND LAUGHTER

By Colonel John A. Joyce

(Dedicated to George D. Prentice, 1863.)

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
This grand old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,
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But no one can help you to die.
Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go—
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe."

BRANFORD NOTES.

Peculiarly Sad Event—Burial Yesterday of Mrs. Sliney—Burial of Landlord Lindsley.

The funeral of Mrs. Ellen Sliney will take place to day from her late residence in Branford. Mrs. Sliney's death was a peculiarly sad one. Her son, John T. Sliney, was to have been married at 10:30 o'clock Wednesday morning to Miss Hannah Buckley. Everything had been put in readiness for the occasion and just half an hour before the time appointed had arrived Mrs. Sliney was taken sick and died in a few minutes. Heart troubles were found to be the cause. The wedding took place privately at the residence of Father Martin at 2 o'clock that afternoon. Mrs. Sliney was one of the most respected residents of Branford and was very well connected there. She has numerous friends in this city who were shocked and grieved to hear of her sudden death.

Gilbert Linsley, the late proprietor of the Linsley house in Branford, was buried yesterday afternoon in the Branford cemetery. The funeral was attended by a large number of friends. Funeral services were held at the house, and prayers were said at the grave by Rev. Mr. Whitcomb. Mr. Linsley leaves four daughters and three sons. Two of his daughters are married, as are the three sons. The bearers were Oliver Hall, Hiram Hinckley, Thomas Brown and Hiram Hamilton. Many beautiful floral offerings were left on the

DEATH DUE TO HEART DISEASE.

Samuel Forbes Had Been a Sufferer For Some Time From the Trouble.

Medical Examiner White has decided that the death of Samuel Forbes, who expired while riding on a load of hay yesterday afternoon, was caused by heart disease. Mr. Forbes has had rheumatic troubles of the heart for three or four years and it undoubtedly was the cause of his sudden death. This trouble has at times incapacitated Mr. Forbes for work, his arm being so afflicted that he could not use it. On Friday he drove to Branford in the rain. When he returned his clothes were wet through by the exposure in the storm. Yesterday he appeared to be about as usual, but his wife noticed that his right arm troubled him. However, he went with his men to his lot, where there was some mowing to be done. While there he worked quite hard loading hay. When he started to drive home he had not made any complaints of feeling badly, but before he reached his barn he expired. The death of Mr. Forbes removes from the Annex one of the wealthiest men of that part of the town. His ancestors have lived in that section for generations. Mr. Forbes' father was a ship builder and the deceased inherited many of the traits of his thrifty parents. Mr. Forbes had spent his life as a farmer, and by his thrift he accumulated a fortune which is estimated to be nearly \$200,000. At one time Mr. Forbes dealt extensively in milk, one of his best customers being the New Haven umbroast company. The company used sell his milk on their boats, and it had such a wide reputation for its delicacy and purity that many persons came from this city by boat in order to draught of this milk. The deceased leaves a wife and two children, Mrs. Dr. Eliot being his daughter. Selectman Forbes his son.

For the third time, within the compass of three years, the inexorable messenger, Death, has envaded the Church house, which is within view of the writer's abode. The first to pass over the river was Daniel M. Church, Oct. 6th, '89, Eliza his wife, March 20th '92; and today, Tuesday at 5 p.m., the funeral of Louise, wife of James R. (son of Samuel and Eliza), from her late residence on East Main street was held, Mrs. Church was of Rhode Island origin, and was born of a similar surname of that of her husband.

For a long time she had been an invalid with that dread disease consumption, of which affliction three sisters had preceded her to the grave. She was a most patient sufferer; throughout her sickness not a murmur escaped her. She made a grand brave fight against the inevitable, to which she at last succumbed. A most amiable lady she was. At her obsequies many friends were present, at which the Rev. D. J. Clark officiated, who spoke feelingly and appropriately of the dead. The floral offerings were many and beautiful. The interment was in the family lot in the old cemetery, the bearers being Charles T. Hemingway, Henry Townsend Thompson, Fred J. Coker, Isaac Hagerman, William and John Hosley; H. W. Crawford having charge of the ceremonies. BOGMINE.

OLDEST PERSON IN TOWN

DEATH OF MRS. EUNICE SANFORD

She Was 98 Years, 9 Months, and 16 Days of Age—Only a Few Evenings Ago She Recited Verses at a Public Entertainment Which She Had Committed to Memory 85 Years Ago.

Mrs. Eunice Sanford died this morning at the home of her daughter Mrs. Charlotte E. Baker, 142 South Front street at the age of 98 years, 9 months and 16 days. She was the last survivor of a family of 11 children, her father being the late Matthew Rowe, a farmer who resided in East Haven. Her husband the late Thomas Sanford was for many years a West Indian captain out of this port. In 1821 the couple were married by Rev.



THE LATE MRS. EUNICE SANFORD.

Mr. Dodd, a well known clergyman in his day in East Haven. The house in which the old lady died had been her home for 65 years. It is 85 years old, and she remembers when another house stood on the site. Her husband died in 1829. Two daughters survive, Mrs. Charlotte E. Baker and Mrs. Elizabeth Fields. A son, Jairus Sanford, met his death at the East Pearl street engine house by falling, several years ago.

John Sanford, 2d. Mrs. Bertha Howard, George Fields, Miss Lottie Baker and Mamie Hooghkirk. The great grandchildren are Walter Sanford, Mrs. Viola Fields Brown and George Fields, jr.

Mrs. Sanford retained all of her faculties up to the time of her last illness, which was of only four days' duration and resulted from a cold. She did not wish any doctor, as the physician who was employed in the family many years, Dr. William H. Thomson; died a few days ago. She could read without glasses, had a very retentive memory and would occasionally recite some verses on John Rogers, an English martyr, which she committed to memory 85 years ago. Only a few evenings ago she recited these lines at an entertainment given in Central hall, near her home.

She was not born until after the war of the revolution, but remembered hearing her mother repeat stirring stories of that period. Events in the war of 1812-15 which came under her notice she remembered very well.

Of recent years her relatives have gathered at her home to celebrate her anniversary, occasions which she enjoyed very much. Mrs. Sanford was the oldest person in this city.

WAS THE OLDEST PERSON IN NEW HAVEN.

Mrs. Eunice Sanford, who died yesterday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Charlotte E. Baker, 142 South Front street, at the age of ninety-eight years, nine months and sixteen days, was the oldest person in town. She was the last survivor of a family of eleven children, her father being the late Matthew Rowe, a farmer who resided in East Haven. Her husband, the late Thomas Sanford, was for many years a West Indian captain out of this port. In 1821 the couple were married by Rev. Mr. Dodd, a well known clergyman in his day in East Haven. The house in which the old lady died had been her home for sixty-five years. It is eighty-five years old and she remembers when another house stood on the site. Her husband died in 1829.

Two daughters survive. Mrs. Charlotte E. Baker and Mrs. Elizabeth Fields. A son, Jairus Sanford, met his death at the East Pearl street engine house by falling, several years ago.

The grandchildren are Edward Sanford, John Sanford, 2d, Mrs. Bertha Howard, George Fields, Miss Lottie Baker and Mamie Hooghkirk. The great grandchildren are Walter Sanford, Mrs. Viola Fields Brown and George Fields, jr.

Mrs. Sanford retained all of her faculties up to the time of her last illness, which was of only four days' duration and resulted from a cold.

Harry Sears, clerk for D. M. Welch & Sons, who has been unable to attend to his

Tuesday, April 7, 1896.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN E. E. LANE.

Funeral to be Held To-morrow Afternoon—A Former Sea Captain.

The death of Captain Edgar E. Lane occurred at his residence, No. 81 South Water street, Tuesday evening, after a week's illness, from pneumonia. Captain Lane was fifty-nine years old and a native of Clinton. He had been a sea captain for many years, but recently had been engaged in the oyster business. He leaves a widow.

The funeral will be held from his late residence to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock and the burial services will be conducted by Wooster lodge of Masons, of which the deceased was a member. Electric car service from the house to the cemetery will be provided.

Captain Lane was a man of amiable traits of character and was widely respected for his integrity. He leaves, besides his wife, an adouated daughter, Emma Wright Lane.

JULY 3, 1891.

The Old Stone Church was filled to overflowing last Tuesday evening to witness the uniting in wedlock of Louis E. Smith of New Haven to Miss Evie F. Bradley, only child of Jane and the late Daniel H. Bradley of East Haven. The church was very handsomely decorated with palms and other floral plants. Two little chits preceded the bridal couple to the altar and were quite an attraction—Master Leroy P. Kirkham and Miss Emma E. Street—who, when they reached the end of the aisle, removed a floral bar

to admit the bridal pair to the altar. Rev. D. J. Clark performed the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom standing under a large bicycle of flowers of many hues. The bride was charmingly dressed, but being an old bachelor we won't attempt to describe how the dress was cut knowing nothing—not the least bit—entrain, and neither are we able to tell whether it was white corded silk.

Miss Bertha M. Church of New Britain was maid of honor and looked sweet pretty, and George H. Parkinson of New Haven was best man. George C. Kirkham and Frank Thompson of East Haven and Robert McArthur and W. P. Booth of New Haven were the ushers.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Mira Forbes, aged 86. Numerous and valuable presents the couple were the recipients of. Mr. Smith, the groom, is an employee of Messrs. Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor. After a bridal tour to the popular resorts the newly married couple will make their residence in New Haven.

The Journal and Courier in speaking of the Smith-Bradley wedding has the following in regard to the costumes: "The bride looked charmingly in a dress of white satin trimmed with Bedford cord and duchess lace, and wore pearl ornaments and a veil decorated with orange blossoms. She carried a large bouquet of bride's roses. Miss Church, the maid of honor, wore a handsome dress of lavender-colored India silk, with chiffon trimming and pearl ornaments, and carried a floral basket of pink roses and mignonettes. Mrs. Bradley, mother of the bride, wore a black armure silk dress, with passementerie trimmings. Master Kirkham was dressed in a black velvet suit trimmed with point lace. Miss Street looked very pretty in a dress of white tulle, with a crown of daisies."

THE BRIDAL DRESS.

Obl the rustle to it and the glisten to it!
Pray thee, listen to it.
It is white and bright, with a shimmer of light.
Like the moon on the snow on a winter's night.
'Tis from Worth, they say.
Who is he, I pray?
Here are pearls sown over it.
And the laces which cover it—
Nay, there ever such lace—like the daint white trace.
Of the frost on the pane? of such wonderfull grace;
Was it ever woven by human hand,
Or was it the gift from a fairy's wand?
Then the orange blossoms so white and sweet,
Fit to garland my lady from head to feet.
O! the whiteness of it,
O! the brightness of it.
Yet none too white
Or none too bright.
My bride is the daintiest maid that I know,
The dearest and fairest and sweetest, I trov
Not said of in song or story,
In tales of glory.
True words.

Care, of St. Louis, Mo.

Another notable wedding was that of Miss Jennie Ivanlou Bradley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ives Bradley, of East Haven, to John Wesley Stone, of this city.

The announcement of the marriage of Attorney Homer H. Shepard, son of the Alderman Harvey Shepard of the Eleventh Ward, to Miss Helen May Gilbert, daughter of Mrs. Georgia Gilbert and the late John D. Gilbert of 90 Dwight Street, which was made yesterday, comes as a surprise to their many friends in this city. Miss Gilbert studied at the Hillhouse High School, but left to take up the study of stenography in the Pratt Polytechnic institute, Brooklyn, where she was a student when married. Mr. Shepard was exceedingly popular when in the High School and was an honor man in the class of 1899 at the Yale Law School. He was married before he graduated last June.

Friday, November 5, 1897.

WEDDING LAST EVENING.

At the Howard Avenue Methodist Church.

At the Howard avenue Methodist church on Howard avenue, corner of Fourth street, at 7:30 o'clock last evening occurred the marriage of Miss Winifred May Orr, daughter of Sergeant and Mrs. Jonathan H. Orr, and Mr. Frederick H. Newman. The church was well filled with intimate friends and relatives of the high contracting parties. Rev. Mr. H. F. Kastendeick, the pastor, performed the ceremony. The attendants were Miss Mable Lane and Mr. Ulrich Eberhardt.

Mr. Harry Eberhardt and Miss Henry Reusch of Newark, N. J., and Mr. Victor Kowalewski, Yale '99, and Mr. Elmer Parmelee were the ushers. The church was beautifully and profusely decorated with palms and cut flowers.

Immediately after the happy couple were made man and wife they were driven to the residence of the bride's parents, 194 Lamberton street, where a reception was held in their honor.

Beside this there was observed the thirty-seventh wedding anniversary of Sergeant and Mrs. Orr; also the twelfth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Shepherd, the latter being the eldest daughter of Sergeant Orr. This date, November 4, has been a very prominent one in the Orr family, there having been three weddings on it in the past thirty-seven years.

After a wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Newman will reside at 154 Howard avenue. The groom has been in the employ of E. M. Munger, the Orange street jeweler, for several years.

Miss Winifred May Orr, daughter of Sergeant Orr, of the Howard avenue precinct, and Mr. Frederick H. O. Neumann of Greenwich avenue, will be married by the Rev. Kastendeick Thursday at 7:30 o'clock at the Howard avenue M. E. church in the presence of a large congregation. The bride will have for her attendant Miss Mabel E. Lane, and for his best man the bridegroom has chosen Mr. Ulrich Eberhardt of Newark, N. J. The ushers are Mr. Harry Eberhardt, Mr. Henry Ruesch, both of Newark; Mr. Victor Kowalewski of Yale '99 and Mr. Elmer H. Parmelee, both of this city. Champion will be in charge of the decoration and the wedding music will be by Mr. Frederick Warren, organist of the church. Reception at the bride's home, 194

Another wedding today around which considerable interest creates is that of Mary Lewis Warner, daughter of Mrs. Harriet Chittenden Warner, who will be married at 4 o'clock at her home, 10 University Place to William Henry Hosley of East Haven. The invited guests to the ceremony include only the immediate family and the young girls who are to assist at the wedding.

The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Dr. J. Brinley Morgan, rector of Christ church, who will use the Episcopal service.

The bride will be attended by her maid of honor, Miss Margaretta Simpson, of this city, while Mr. Leonard Thompson and Mr. Hobart Brockett, also of New Haven will act as ushers. The bride will wear a gown of white organdie over white taffeta with in-

sections and trimmings of lace. The maid of honor's gown is also of white organdie trimmed likewise with ruchings and flounces and lace and she will carry a large bouquet of violets. During the ceremony music will be furnished by Miss Gallagher who will play the harp.

Following the ceremony a reception will be given invitations to which have been extended to about three hundred friends, the reception hours being from 4:30 until 6:30 o'clock.

The home has been elaborately trimmed for the occasion, roses and carnations having been extensively used throughout.

In the parlor where the ceremony will be performed ropings of smilax extends crosswise of the room making a very unique and pretty effect. Palms in profusion have also been used here as in other parts of the house. The diningroom is in pink and white rows and smilax being also used in profusion. During the reception hours six young friends of the bride will preside here. These include Miss Tuttle, Miss Bulford, Miss Fleetwood, Miss Ten Broek, Miss Sperry and Miss Hotchkiss, who will look after the welfare of the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Hosley will leave this evening for a short wedding trip returning from which they will make their home in East Haven. Champion decorated.

1903

A very pretty wedding which took place last evening at the Park Methodist church, Morris Cove, was that of Miss Grace Shepard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shepard, and Mr. Charles Scobie Johnson of this city. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Mutch of the Howard avenue Congregational church, in the presence of about 200 guests.

The bride's gown was of white silk. She wore a veil and carried white roses. Her bridesmaid, a cousin, Miss Florence Shepard, also wore white, and carried white carnations. The best man was Mr. Elmer Johnson and the ushers were the Messrs. George H. Hoey, Albert Scobie of Orange, Irving Countryman and Ned Hastings.

A reception followed at the home of the bride, which was beautifully decorated with palms and cut flowers, the work being in charge of Monroe. Mr. and Mrs. Scobie left for an extended wedding trip and upon their return they will live at 250 Spring street.

1906

The marriage of Miss Ella May Marston and Philo J. Linsley, both of this place, was quietly solemnized at the Congregational manse, Stony Creek, by the Rev. Franklin Countryman at 7 o'clock Wednesday evening.

The bride, who wore dainty white, was attended by her sister, Miss Charlotte Fritze and the groom had for his best man Andrew Corcoran.

Mr. and Mrs. Linsley will make their home with Mr. Linsley's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Linsley, Harbour street.

Uncle Sam's Colonies
in the Pacific
Pictures of Weird Rites and
Strange Social Customs in
the Philippines
TO-MORROW'S
SUNDAY WORLD.

The



World. EXTR.

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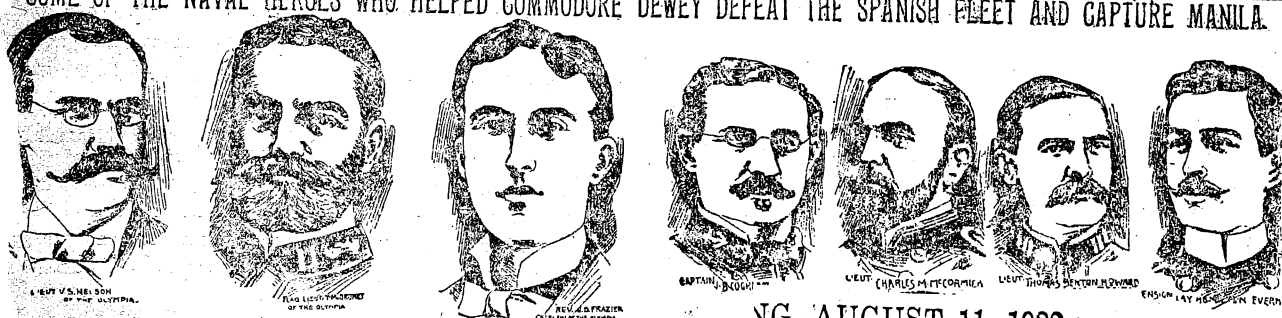
DEWEY'S FLEET LOST NOT A MAN; ONLY 6 WOUNDED. 300 SPANIARDS WERE KILLED AND 400 HUR

World's Special Correspondent The Spanish Fleet of 11 Vesse
on Board the McCulloch Destroyed in the Engage-
Sends America Its First ment at Manila--The
Authentic News. Americans Uninjured.

HONG KONG, May 7.--I have just arrived here on the United States revenue cutter Hugh M
Culloch with my report of the great American triumph at Manila.
The entire Spanish fleet of eleven vessels was destroyed.
Three hundred Spaniards were killed and four hundred wounded.
OUR LOSS WAS NONE KILLED AND BUT SIX SLIGHTLY WOUNDED.
Not one of the American ships was injured.

E. W. HARTDEN, World's Staff Correspondent.

SOME OF THE NAVAL HEROES WHO HELPED COMMODORE DEWEY DEFEAT THE SPANISH FLEET AND CAPTURE MANILA.



NG, AUGUST 11, 1928

COMMODORE DEWEY'S LIFE

TOWN SHARES GENEROUSLY IN TUTTLE ESTATE

Fund For Library Books, As Well
As Playground And Park,
Left In Will.
EAST HAVEN

A study of the will of the late
Judge J. Tuttle which is now before
the probate court in New Haven
shows that the town of East Haven
benefits generously in its provisions.

In addition to leaving the old
homestead property on Thompson
avenue to the town for a park and
recreational playground, Judge
Tuttle also leaves the sum of \$3,000
to the town for the purpose of lay-
ing out and putting the park in
order. The only provision of the
bequest is that the old homestead on
the property "must be preserved and
kept in decent repair."
This old building can easily be
made into a community house, it is
said, being located in the midst of
a growing residential community
and is ideally located for this pur-
pose, adjoining what will be a fine
recreational park. The park grounds
take in the big lot which Judge
Tuttle so generously donated a few
years ago to the young folks for
use as a football field.
Leaves Library Fund
Judge Tuttle also made provision
for the new Hegaman Memorial
Library by leaving a bequest of \$11-
000 for the purchase of books for
the new library. In addition he
leaves his own personal library,

son property is attracting much
favorable comment.
aside from his law books to the
Hegaman Library.
The hearing on the will before
Judge John L. Gilson will take place
on August 28.
Town Hall Dedication
Dedication exercises of the new
East Haven town hall will take place
this afternoon and tonight and plans
have been completed to make this
big event one of the most notable in
East Haven in recent years. The
Civic Service association has spared
no pains to make the dedication
memorable. There will be a fine
turkey supper at which more than
350 will be served and at which
there will be a large number of dis-
tinguished guests and speakers.
An entertainment is to follow the
dinner tonight and there will also
be dancing. Preceding the dinner
from 4 to 6 o'clock the town hall
offices will be open to the public
and the officers of the town will be
glad to greet the townspeople.
The new building, located at the
corner of Main street and Thompson
avenue on the old E. Foote Thomp-

of the Narragansett and sent to the Pacific Coast survey, where
he remained nearly four years.

- 1876-77
- 1882-83
- 1884-85
- 1885-86
- 1888-89
- 1893-94
- 1896-97
- 1897-98
- 1898-99

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. LINES

Historical Review of the Career of John Brown.

HIS GREAT HATE OF SLAVERY

An Interesting Paper Read Before a Church Society at Hartford, by the Rector of St. Paul's Church of This City.

The Rev. Dr. Edward S. Lines of St. Paul's church read a paper on the "Career of John Brown" before the Men's club of the Church of the Good Shepherd at Hartford Thursday evening.

Dr. Lines said the paper was the result of a visit to John Brown's old farm in North Elba, in the Adirondacks last Summer, which stimulated interest in the man and the stirring times of the last years of his life.

"Forty years ago last October an attack on the arsenal at Harper's Ferry stirred up the country and created great excitement. Brown was a remarkable man. He was more than a raider and in his death did more than by his life to settle the great question of slavery. He was a typical New England Puritan and had lived in Cromwell's time would have been one of the great commoners' followers. He was the first in descent from his progenitor to come to this country and Windsor. He was severe, rising and self-sacrificing, born in West Torrington 100 years ago and when five years old came to Hudson, O., where the old Bacon and he were schoolmates. He was married at 20 and had children by his first wife and by his second partner. In 1816 he came back to Torrington and returned with a herd of cattle from Hartford and returned with sheep which started his wool merchant. In 1846 he returned to Europe in the wool trade in which he had become an expert. On his return from Europe he bought a farm at North Elba, N. Y., which became a station on the "underground railroad," the last this side of the Canadian border. He was a strong anti-slavery man and for the previous 20 years had meditated an attack on slavery, an attack or invasion of the South. He felt that war was to come and wanted to be in it.

"While in Springfield in 1847 he opened up his plan and proposed to have slaves run away from their owners in the South, which part of his plan Fred Douglass favored. In 1854, the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill by Congress caused the beginning of the great struggle in Kansas to make it a free state. The New England Aid Company was formed with headquarters in Boston and the late Amos A. Lawrence, the father of the present Bishop Lawrence, was treasurer of the company. It soon developed that efforts were being made to supply the New England settlers in Kansas with arms which were conveyed in barrels and disguised packages. Meetings were held in Springfield, New Haven and Hartford and one notable meeting at New Haven was addressed by the Rev. 'H. W.' Beecher of Brooklyn. Brown was active and visited this city and other towns in the State, speaking at Canton and Collinsville where he received \$30 for the cause. At Canton he saw the headstone of his grandfather at the neglected grave and had it removed to

the Adirondack home, where it now stands with his name added to it. He gave an order to Charles Blair of Collinsville for 1,000 pikes to send to Kansas, which were subsequently sent to Harper's Ferry. He made appeals for \$25,000 for the Kansas emigrants but was much disappointed at the amount received. W. H. D. Callendar, cashier of the State Bank of Hartford, was Brown's treasurer for this part of New England and in 1857 reported to Brown that Hartford had contributed \$260 to the cause and New Haven \$25. Four of Brown's sons, the eldest, went to Kansas as settlers on farms. Brown had a sort of contempt for even United States authority when it supported slavery, although the settlers of Kansas were told not to get into conflict with the national government on any issue. The great blot on John Brown's character, Dr. Lines said, was when in Missouri he caused five pro-slavery men to be taken from their homes and killed in cold blood, murdered. Although Brown did none of the killing, he assumed responsibility for his connection with the foul deed. His son was afterwards killed as a result of that crime. Brown's idea was to make slaveholders afraid of the free soilers, and in this he was partially successful.

"Brown made his will in 1857 at Springfield and W. H. D. Callendar of Hartford was one of the trustees named, with General Russell of this city, whose school one of John Brown's boys attended. Before the will was executed, Mr. Callendar's name was erased. All this time Brown was planning the raid on Harper's Ferry. Many of those who helped him didn't care to know his plans so as not to be accused of being party to them. It is probable that his raid on Harper's Ferry was delayed a year through the treachery of an Englishman named Forbes who was one of the intended party and betrayed the scheme. As the result of killing a slaveholder in March, 1859, Governor Stuart of Missouri offered a reward of \$3,200 for Brown, dead or alive. A short time after, Brown was the guest at Boston of the late John Malcolm Forbes and Governor Stuart was Mr. Forbes' guest on the day after Brown left. In July, 1859, preparations for the raid on Harper's Ferry and the capture of the arsenal were completed. Men began to gather in Harper's Ferry and occupied the Kennedy house where Brown made his headquarters, arms, etc., being sent to them in barrels and other unsuspicious packages. He took sixteen white and five colored men with him, six of whom were sons and five sons-in-law. They appear not to have had much confidence in the success of the raid as one of the sons said, "We

must not let our father die alone." The day of the attack was made a week ahead of time apparently. Brown's plan included the seizure of the arsenal, the freeing of slaves and the taking of prominent men as hostages. The idea of an attack seems to have been wholly Brown's and those who knew of it, including Fred Douglass, advised against it. In August, Secretary of War Floyd received an anonymous letter advising him of the raid but paid no attention to it. Brown made the attack with twenty-one men and Harper's Ferry was in his possession for a day, during which time he and his men might have made their escape. The little company when imprisoned in the engine house made a gallant resistance and Brown was merciful in not killing men who were at his mercy. He had opened a war and was too merciful. Of his party, ten were killed, seven were executed and five escaped. On the other side, eight white men and one negro were killed and five were wounded. He had a fair trial and was hung on December 2, 1859, three others on December 16, and three others on March 16 in the following year.

"Governor Wise, who refused to interfere with the sentence of Brown, said that he was a remarkable, a great man, and was not insane."

Through the courtesy of J. W. Eldridge of Hartford several relics of John Brown were exhibited. They included an autograph letter. John Brown's sword, the handcuffs which he wore, his pocketbook taken from him when he was captured, views of his home and his birthplace, and a commission issued by the band of men who were to free the slaves in the South.

An interested listener to Dr. Lines' story was ex-Councilman William C. Augur of Hartford, who as a boy witnessed the scenes at the time of John Brown's raid. His father, the late George L. Augur, was living at Harper's Ferry at that time, being employed at the arsenal, and Mr. Augur was then nine years old. He saw John Brown taken out of the engine house, wounded in the forehead, by one of the marines under the command of Lieutenant Robert E. Lee, who was in command of the detachment of marines which captured Brown and the rest of his party. One of the marines, named Quinn, was killed. Brown was taken to Charlestown, Va., and Mr. Augur's father was one of the guard when Brown was hung. James R. Graham and Grant Wilson of this city were also at Harper's Ferry at the time. Among the men who were captured with Brown were Cook, Shields, Green and Coppick. A man named Lehman was shot while trying to get across the river. One of the party named Thompson tried to get across the river to the Maryland side and was thrown over the bridge and afterwards shot, and a man named Kagi was killed while trying to get across the river. The first man Brown killed was a negro named Shepherd who was on the Baltimore & Ohio bridge as the night watchman.

JOHN BROWN'S OLD SAFE FOUND

Discovered at Old Orchard. Held Slavery Documents.

Springfield, Mass., Sept. 21.—An old-fashioned safe or strongbox, formerly the property of John Brown, and used by him as a receptacle for documents relating to the understanding between Brown and Massachusetts men that resulted in the former going to Kansas and playing a part in the "border ruffian war" of 1858, has been discovered in a pile of debris in an old barn at Indian Orchard. The relic is positively identified as the former prop-

erty of Brown by the son of the man who took it for a debt. It is expected that some historical society will obtain possession of the safe.

Isn't a penny, and then growl because the church costs so much to maintain and because religion is such an expensive luxury.

"I wonder how much such a Christian will weigh when God weighs him up at the final judgment?"

"Men will spend their money for personal luxuries, and midnight suppers, and gaudy apparel, yet when asked to give to Christ a small fraction of what is justly due Him, they turn their backs upon the Master, and continue to squander their substance upon self, and the churches go begging because of the parsimoniousness of Christians who deny Christ a place at the banquet and offer him instead the rinds and the peelings.

"Oh, Christian heart, awake. Let the scales drop from your eyes. Render unto God the tribute that is justly His and let not self-indulgence stand between you and the welfare of your immortal soul.

"God is swinging His balances in our midst to-night. On the one side He places our evil passions, our miserly gifts, our hatred of others, our bitterness of heart over real or fancied wrongs, our petty jealousies, our unfaithful service and our multitudinous sins. On the other side of the balance He places each individual life. Weighed in the balance are we and art found wanting.

"God help us to so regulate our lives that the good deeds may more closely counterbalance the evil, and forgiveness may come through Christ our redemption from sin."

The experience meeting followed, led by Rev. D. W. Stoddard, the church's pastor.

Saturday, February 8, 1896.

FRUITFUL YEARS.

This seems to be an age of triumph in discoveries and the utilization of great natural forces. It was only about eighteen years ago when the people of the country awoke to find themselves able to converse with individuals in other towns by means of electricity and only a little later when the name and fame of Edison began to spread over the civilized world in connection with the electric light. It was a night of great interest to New Haveners when, at Dr. Skiff's opera house, the first public demonstration here of the utility and efficacy of the telephone as a sound transmitter was made and when the noted and revered Rev. Dr. Bacon, the "Nestor of Congregationalism," conversed with General Joseph R. Hawley over the wire, the latter being in Hartford. A talk with Springfield came a little later and now, as all know, it is just as easy to talk by telephone with Philadelphia or Chicago as to chat with the neighbors at one's fireside.

Also for instance only about fourteen years ago New Haven awoke to find electric lights illuminating a portion of the old green. Speedily the electric light found favor in the world and its use grew and multiplied exceedingly. The use of electricity for the propulsion of street surface railway cars has come in very recently and New York's great elevated railway is preparing for a similar equipment of its lines. Prof. Rontgen in the last week or two has come

East Haven

H. W. CHIDSEY FORMER GROCER OF EAST HAVEN DIES

A very wide circle of friends in East Haven and throughout the state will interm with deep regret of the death of Mr. Walter Chidsey which occurred Thursday morning at the New Haven Hospital, where he underwent an operation two weeks ago.

Mr. Chidsey was born near the Old Mill in Main Street, on March 28th, 1850. His father was John Street Chidsey and his mother Chloe Street Chidsey.

In the early years of his life, Mr. Chidsey was engaged in the grocery business in New Haven, being a member of the firm Stone & Chidsey.

On September 27th, 1883 he married Nellie Louise Bradley, daughter of Edwin Bradley of East Haven, who died April 25th, 1925, just four years to the day earlier than the deceased.

On his retirement from business Mr. Chidsey located in East Haven and engaged in the work for which he will perhaps be best remembered by the people of this place and New Haven, the development of East Lawn Cemetery, which will be a permanent memorial to the memory of Mr. Chidsey and his wife, who through their interest and untiring efforts made it the beautiful spot it now is.

Mr. Chidsey is survived by his son, L. A. Chidsey of the Southern New England Telephone Company, a sister, Mrs. J. Ives Bradley, of East Haven, two nieces, Mrs. J. W. Stone of East Haven, Mrs. Leander C. Higgins, Jr., of New Haven, and a nephew, John Chidsey, of Bombay, India. His only brother, Lewis Chidsey, died several years ago.

Mr. Chidsey was a man of sterling character, a friend to everyone and by his generous, genial and kindly disposition endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact.

Funeral services were held this afternoon at 2:30 from his late home, 39 Park Place.

Rev. Nile W. Heermans, rector of Christ Church, of which the deceased was a member, officiated.

The bearers were Messrs. Leland Thompson, John T. Murphy, William H. Hosley, James MacKinnel, Samuel B. Hanover and George M. Chidsey.

On Tuesday about 6:45 P. M., Paul to be utilized for the funeral services.

SATURDAY MORNING,
APRIL 27, 1929
East Haven

Funeral services for H. Walter Chidsey, whose death occurred Thursday, will be held at his late home in Park place this afternoon at 2:50 o'clock. Mr. Chidsey leaves a son, LeRoy Chidsey. Mrs. Chidsey died some time ago.

The will of the late Mr. Chidsey was filed for probate in the probate court in New Haven yesterday and will exceed \$10,000 in value according to the statement.

East Haven

Funeral services were held on Saturday afternoon for the late J. L. Walter Chidsey at his home, 39 Park place. The Rev. Nile W. Heermans of the Christ Episcopal church officiated and the bearers were Leland Thompson, John T. Murphy, William H. Hosley, James MacKinnel, Samuel B. Hanover and George M. Chidsey. The death of Mr. Chidsey followed an operation at New

Francis' church at 3 o'clock. CHIDSEY—In East Haven, Conn., April 25th, 1925, Nellie Louise Bradley, wife of H. Walter Chidsey in the 69th year of her age. Funeral services will be held at her home in East Haven on Monday, April 27th at 2:30 p.m. (D.S.T.) Friends are invited to attend.

ROGOWSKI—Suddenly in West Haven, the most important railways of New England and many of the shorter routes will be paralleled by electric roads dependent on water-power. Many new routes have been surveyed or provided for by charter, running through regions hitherto remote from railroad advantages; for the electric line can surmount grades impracticable for steam

lines. What is true of New England is also true of the Middle States, of the South, and of the Alpine and Transalpine West in those new conditions of nature which make electro-mechanics the solution of the problems of manufacturing and transportation.

Even assuming, however, that steam, with its ultimate source in coal, will remain the key of values in the greater cities and on the main trunk lines, the vast sum total of auxiliary enterprises which can be made contingent on running water is such as to stagger one's mathematics."

John Ives Bradley Dies In East Haven

John Ives Bradley, a member of the original Bradley family, among the first settlers of East Haven, died at his home last night, from infirmities of old age. He was 86 years old. He had been an assessor and selectman of the town and for years a vestryman in Christ church. He was a farmer, active until the late years, and a life long democrat. He leaves a widow and one married daughter, residing Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Bradley is a sister of H. Ives Chidsey of East Haven and D. Chidsey of this city. The services will be held Thursday noon at 2 o'clock.

Ives Bradley of East Main street is reported as being very low, and on Friday it was thought he would not survive the night. Yesterday, however, he was reported as much better and he was more comfortable. He is one of the older residents of the town, and it seems to be a breaking up of old age, he being a man nearly ninety years of age. His daughter, Mrs. John Stone, is home helping to care for him, and Mr. Stone was summoned Friday.

SHEPARD—In West Haven, Conn., May 29th, 1927, Harriet Plasket, widow of Charles B. Shepard, formerly of 106 Morris avenue, Morris Cove, in the 84th year of her age. Funeral service will be held in the parlors of Beecher, Bennett & Lincoln, 100 Broadway, Tuesday afternoon, May 31st at 3 o'clock (D.S.T.) Friends are invited to attend.

October 14, 1895.

THOMPSON—In East Haven, Oct. 12th, Cora M., wife of Henry T. Thompson, aged 50 years. Funeral services will be held from her late residence Monday, Oct. 14th, at 4 o'clock. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend without further notice.

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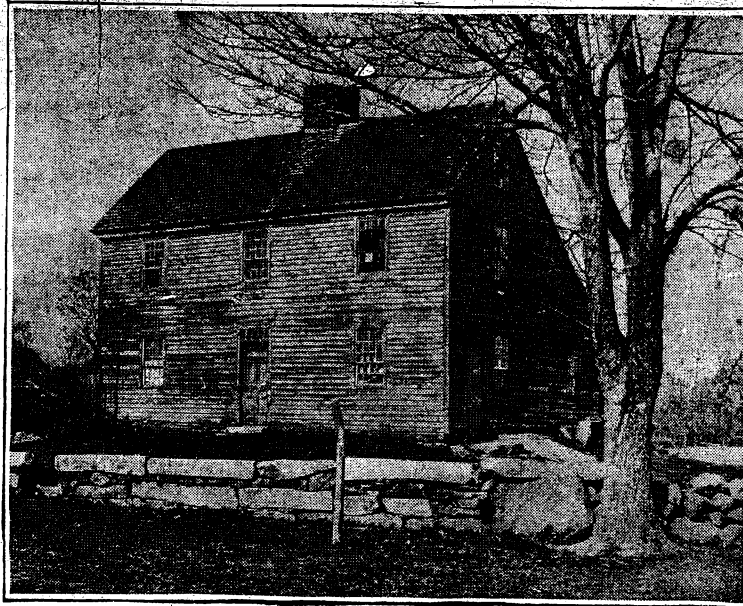
JOHN BROWN'S MONUMENT.

BY GEO. D. BRINTON.

WE often hear about the great majority, and but little about the great minorities. There never yet was a great reform or revolution that began with the majority.

When John Brown, whose soul was on fire with zealous indignation on account of the wrongs of slavery, attempted almost single handed to attack the gigantic crime, he was one of the great minorities. He expected success and no doubt when he was executed for insurrection and treason, December 2d, 1859, in Charleston, it seemed to him as if his effort to free the slaves ended in failure, but "his soul" was marching on, in the mighty throbs of sympathetic hearts in the North, and did not halt until Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

On the 21st of last July, on the farm in Adirondack region where John Brown reared his stalwart sons and inspired their hearts with his own hatred of slavery, a monument was unveiled which



JOHN BROWN'S BIRTHPLACE, AT TORRINGTON, CONN.

HENRY BRADLEY PLANT DEAD

Founder of the Great Transportation System Passes Away.

WAS A NATIVE OF BRANFORD

Heart Disease the Cause of Death, which Came Suddenly and was Quite Unexpected—Visited His Old Home in Connecticut Last Saturday—His Wife Prostrated.

New York, June 24.—Henry B. Plant, founder and head of the famous Plant system of railways, steamships, and hotels and president of the Southern Express Company, died suddenly of heart disease at 2:45 o'clock yesterday afternoon at his residence, 586 Fifth Avenue. His death came as a shock to his friends, and even to his family, the deathbed being attended only by his wife and family physician, Dr. G. Durant of 12 West Forty-sixth Street. Morton F. Plant, his only son, was on a yachting cruise, and was reached by telegraph at Newport last night and notified of his father's death.

Mr. Plant had been enjoying the usual health and strength given to a man of his advanced years, but had not visited his office, at 12 West Twenty-third Street, in several weeks until Thursday afternoon, when he appeared there in good spirits. In answer to casual inquiries as to his health he remarked that he felt very well indeed. After holding a conference with various officials, he left the office in company with G. H. Tilley, Secretary and Treasurer of the Southern Express Company, and the two made a series of business calls through the down-town district, consuming the greater part of the afternoon, returning to the general offices of the system. Mr. Plant left for his home in his usual spirits.

Soon after reaching home, however, Mr. Plant complained of feeling ill and Dr. Durant, the family physician, was summoned. The physician, although not considering the case serious, remained at the residence throughout a greater part of the night, as a matter of precaution, but left yesterday forenoon, intending to call again early in the afternoon to note his patient's condition. Mr. Tilley, who was a life-long friend of Mr. Plant, and a business associate for 34 years, called at the residence at 10 o'clock and

The patient was cheerful and conversed on a variety of topics. Mr. Tilley left at noon, intending to return during the afternoon, and at 1 o'clock Dr. Durant called. At that time no apprehension whatever was felt by the physician or Mrs. Plant, but at 2 o'clock the patient began to show signs of exhaustion and sank rapidly until the end came.

Mrs. Plant was completely prostrated by the shock, and it devolved upon Dr. Durant to notify the officials of the Plant system of the death.

R. G. Erwin and F. Q. Brown of the Plant system and Mr. Tilley of the Southern Express Company visited the residence, but there was little to be done except to notify Morton F. Plant, the son, who is summering with his family near New London, Conn.

It was learned that Mr. Plant had left New London with a party of friends on his yacht Ingomar for a cruise up the coast. He was finally communicated with at Newport, and left there for New York by the first train. All further arrangements for the disposition of the body were held in abeyance until the son's arrival. It was thought probable last night, however, that the remains will be interred in the church yard at Branford, Conn., the birthplace of Mr. Plant.

Mr. Plant had visited his old home in Branford last Saturday in company with his friend, Mr. Tilley. Mr. Tilley in referring to this trip last night said that Mr. Plant took the keenest pleasure in pointing out the objects of interest around the old town associated with his childhood, and seemed in perfect health and spirits.

John Brown's Children.

(From the Chicago Evening Post.)

Two children of old John Brown of Harper's Ferry are spending their declining years in the friendly climate of the Pacific coast. Sarah Brown is in her seventieth year, and Salmon Brown, her brother, is a decade older. "I have given up in regard to all work and am now a drone in the hive," he writes. But at eighty there are excuses. Salmon Brown is said to be the last survivor of those who took part in the Potawattonie executions of May, 1856, following the sack of Lawrence by Atchison and the Missourians. In his old age he retains his faculties to a remarkable degree, and his memory still recalls vividly the stirring scenes of his young manhood.

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CADDE

THE EAST HAVEN SCHOOLS

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SUMMER VACATION.

Interesting Exercises—Patriotic Address to the Scholars of the Highest Grade in the Union District School by Secretary C. W. Bradley.

East Haven during the present year, like New Haven, comes to the front rank in having the public schools opened forty weeks; that is, from the first week in September until the last week in the following month of June. Most towns in the state do not exceed thirty-eight school weeks, and some have the schools opened only thirty-six weeks. Foxon, the north school district, has a comparatively new school building—more pretentious than the barn-like structure that stood by the wayside, and was contemporaneous with the Declaration of Independence by the thirteen original colonies.

Miss Mary M. Irwin, a native of Baltimore, Md., has been teacher of this school fifteen consecutive years—a remarkable record that few obtain. Last Monday, the 28th ultimo, the school was visited by members of the board of the education, consisting of Grove J. Tuttle, president; Charles W. Grannis, recently a town representative; ex-Sheriff and Town Constable Frank M. Sperry and ex-Superintendent of the New Haven Almshouse and Secretary Charles W. Bradley. If there had been a few more scholars and an additional number of officials the little one-room building, which is picturesquely located with Saltonstall mountain near by and also Farm river winding lazily along to the deep blue sea, would have hardly contained them all.

One thing, with many others, is creditable to the management. The flag—a new one is needed—flies from a nice liberty pole on the park instead of hanging down from some window, as if it should not be over all and above everything.

The exercises on the day mentioned were exceedingly novel and interesting. Webster's academic dictionary, Schuyler's logic and other valuable books and prizes were distributed. For writing the best essay—subject, "Town of East Haven"—Mabel M. Thompson, a young lady of fourteen summers, and the eldest daughter of ex-Selectman Eugene S. Thompson, stood at the head of her class in the list of awards. Her prize number was sixty.

Exama Goodrich, a bright young lady and advanced in school work, also a farmer's daughter, was a close second. Leroy Russell Page, son of George D. Page, and grandson of the late Barlow Russell, was third in the list. All of the maps connected with the essays were excellent.

Other prize winners were Lyman Hall Goodrich, Jennie Hurlburt, Minnie E. Prout, Estella R. Palmer, Arthur Hurlburt, Merton A. Goodrich, Bessie McCarthy and John J. McCarthy. One of the subjects for which prizes were given was "The Governors of Connecticut."

The present superb condition of the school in all particulars reflects credit on the Hon. Chas. W. Grannis, the district committee and Miss Irwin, the teacher.

the following Tuesday, the last day of the term, the three departments of the Union district school were officially examined by Grove J. Tuttle and C. W. Bradley, president and secretary of the board of school visitors. The janitor of this school, Calvin C. Kirkham, and the chairman of the district school committee, William H. Robinson, always second their efforts. Martha E. Coe, Olive Foote, Andrew Carl M. Peirson, Harold D. Clark, Walter W. H. Curtis, Marguerite Grannis and Nettie McLay were prize winners, scholars in Miss Lord's department, with the exception of one or two.

The following is Secretary Bradley's interesting and instructive address to the scholars of the highest grade on "The Last Day of School."

My young friends:—A continual change is written on everything with which we are familiar. It is believed that this is a rule having no exception. The forest, the valleys and the hillsides are now clothed with luxuriant foliage but in a few months the autumnal frosts will appear, then it will all begin to fade, reminding us that we shall not always continue as we now are.

These changes are fraught with interesting instruction, and to learn their full meaning is a work of patient investigation.

The thoughtful and diligent student will not only endeavor to solve all of the problems connected with the laws of nature, but those also that will soon confront the professional and business man or woman in the many active walks of a future life.

As language is the product, the instrument and the embodiment of thought, so will your success in life in years to come be a result to a great degree of your school days. If the hours that you spend within these walls are well improved it will be well and to your future advantage. On the other hand if you have allowed the time to pass by and become lost forever, without having a true conception of the importance of an educated mind, you will surely be handicapped in the race that is set out for everyone to run.

Many scholars and students take almost everything for granted; that is, they assume that what appears to be correct must be so. In their opinion an investigation is not necessary and no studious efforts are required in order to divest truth from error.

Others are too largely heedless and indifferent and slight the work that they may have in hand at every opportunity. The ancients were governed altogether by appearances. They could not believe that the earth was round or that it moved; they could, however, readily and erroneously believe that the sun, moon and the stars revolved round the earth every twenty-four hours, because such is the appearance. Their text book did not explain the fact that the earth has two motions, one daily and one yearly, and that the earth's rotation constantly whirling new places into the light and sweeping others into the shadow, thus producing the succession of day and night. They could not comprehend—to them an inexplicable—the fact that while the earth is turning on its axis, it is also revolving in its orbit, or path round the sun, and that one such revolution is completed in a period, which is called a year, or about 365 1/4 days.

This is the season of the year when the summer widower begins to brace up.

When the moon is viewed through flying clouds, it seems to be moving and the clouds seem at rest. But is that appearance?

FEBRUARY 8, 1897.

KEEPER OF OLD LIGHTHOUSE

CAPTAIN ELIZUR THOMPSON DIED LAST EVENING.

Kept the Light for Thirty-five Years—Ill But a Short Time—Was 88 Years of Age—Appointed by President Lincoln—Was at the Wreck of Steamer Chief Justice Marshall.

Captain Elizur Thompson, for thirty-five years keeper of the old lighthouse at Lighthouse Point, died at his residence there at about 6 o'clock last evening, after a very brief illness. The captain had been in failing health for three years, but had been able to keep about his business until last Thursday. Ever since then, however, he had not been confined to his bed but was up and about at supper with the family Friday evening, and was sitting up at 5:30 yesterday morning.

Captain Thompson was eighty-eight years of age, and had been during his entire life up to three years ago in first class health, rarely seeing a sick day. His constitution was a remarkably strong one. He was born in East Haven and attended school at the old school house in that village and was later a scholar at Mr. Lovell's famous old Lancasterian school. He was one of the '49'rs and mined in California for one year, returning then to New Haven. In 1862 he was appointed keeper of the lighthouse by President Lincoln. He was one of those who saw the wreck of the steamer Chief Justice Marshall on the rocks just off South End, that steamer being at that time one of the largest and finest steamers on the sound. The captain frequently related the story of the wreck and had in his house a picture of the steamer on the rocks and also several mementoes of the occurrence.

Captain Thompson married Elizabeth Bradley of East Haven, who died in 1871 at the age of sixty-one years. He later married Mrs. Prince of Avon, this state, who survives him. By his first wife he had seven children now living. They are Henry C. Thompson, who is keeper of the new lighthouse; Mrs. Lyman A. Grannis, Jason B., Sidney B., George A., Stephen E., and Theodore H. Thompson, all of this city.

In later years the captain had kept a sort of summer hotel at his residence at the Point, and usually had a house full of guests during the summer season, among them being a considerable party from Amsterdam, N. Y., and others from various inland towns of Connecticut.

The deceased had been for the greater part of his life a member of East Haven Congregational church. The funeral will be held from the late residence at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. Rev. D. J. Clark will officiate and the interment will be in the East Haven cemetery.

The captain by his genial disposition had gained a host of friends. He was famous as a good entertainer, and few men had such a fund of interesting reminiscences to relate. All who knew him were interested in his vigorous personality and moved to respect his honest, upright character.

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And at 2 p. m. of the same day, funeral services were held for Mrs. Ann Della Tuttle Hemingway, relict of the late ex-postmaster Stephen Hemingway, at her late residence, corner of Main street and Thompson avenue; the Rev. J. W. Van Ingen, assistant rector of St. Paul's church, New Haven, and pastor in charge of Christ church, East Haven, officiating. Besides the relatives, there were a large number of friends assembled at the funeral. The service was of the plain Episcopal form, both at the house and at the grave. No address was made. The floral tributes were many and beautiful, among which we noted: a handsome pillow of roses and violets, with "Mother," worked in immortels, from her children; then there was a profusion of Easter lilies and callas and roses from relatives and friends. The bearers were, Charles T. and John Hemingway, son and step-son; and Seth Shores and J. William Thompson, brother-in-law of the deceased. Master of ceremonies, at the house, Fred J. Coker; H. W. Crawford, chief in charge. Since the death of her husband, July 7th, 1889, Mrs. Hemingway had not been in very good health, but it was only recently that fears were felt for her safety. Heart failure was the cause of her demise. She was the granddaughter of Eleazer Hemingway, and died in the house formerly owned and occupied by him and which in the old stage-coach days was known far and wide as Hemingway's Inn. The grandfather was a sterling man, a large land-holder, a forehanded man, the father of eleven children; and eleven times he was chosen to represent East Haven in the General Assembly. By the grand-daughter's death, a son, Charles T. (now serving his eleventh term as town clerk of East Haven), and a daughter, Miss Charlotte, who resided with the mother, have met with a bereavement which by lapse of time they may grow to feel less and less, but the void created by a good mother's death can never be filled.

Owing to Mrs. Sally Thompson's advanced age (84), mother of tax collector J. Wm. Thompson, with the prevailing disease she has got about her, fears are had of her not long to remain here; but we hope for the better.

Mrs. Mary Bradley, our good neighbor, ever-ready to help in cases of sickness, has been very ill, but she is a little better.

And then there are Henry P. Bradley, Henry T. Thompson, Mrs. Willis Chidsey, Albert Smith and George Kirkham are on the sick-lists; and lots of others have made the acquaintance of Mr. La Grippe, all of whom we hope may soon shake him off, and that soon it can be said in East Haven there is not to be

Tuttle Will Filed

Under the will of the late Judge Grove J. Tuttle which was filed yesterday in the probate court at New Haven the old Tuttle Homestead and lands surrounding it is left to the town of East Haven for a recreation field and playground. The property is located on Thompson avenue in the heart of a fast growing residential district.

The will was filed by Attorney H. Frederic Day, law partner of the late Judge Tuttle and in it the Union & New Haven Trust company is named as the executor. The estate is valued at more than \$75,000.

The Judge left no immediate family his wife having died some years ago. Heirs at law are nieces and nephews. These are provided for in the will and bequests are also made to friends and business associates. The will also leaves a fund of the Episcopal church the income to go to Christ church here. He also provides two memorial windows in the church, one in memory of himself and wife and the other in mem-

Again a grave has been opened in the Center cemetery, Branford; and therein was laid the mortal remains of Charles J. Harrison, one of Branford's oldest and most respected native sons, the burial taking place from Trinity church (Episcopal) at 2 p. m., last Monday. Mr. Harrison's death was due to pneumonia. He was brother-in-law of the late Bradley Chidsey, whose funeral occurred Monday day, Dec. 21st, from this church, and it was while in attendance upon Mr. Chidsey that he contracted the disease. The brothers-in-law thought a deal of each other, and were much together, Mr. Chidsey having married Mr. Harrison's sister, and vice versa. In their deaths, Branford has lost two of her most upright citizens. Old-fashion they were, true in their friendships. Both had been honored repeatedly by the town, Mr. Chidsey having twice sat in the General Assembly, while Mr. Harrison occupied a seat in the lower house in 1858-59-71. His age was 77.

The late Bradley Chidsey of Branford made a will, several years ago, by which a niece (a daughter of his brother Roswell, deceased) residing in California, will receive \$600. To Mrs. Watrous Grant of Stony Creek, since deceased, he left \$500. To his wife he gave \$1,000, out and out, and besides she is to receive income from residue of estate her lifetime; then it is to pass to his sister, Mrs. Peck, and his brother Ralph, who reside in Milford—share and share alike. Deacon A. M. Babcock of Branford is named, in the will, executor and trustee. Mr. Chidsey left an estate, the lowest estimate to which is \$15,000. Also, by the death of her brother, Charles J. Harrison, who left no will, Mrs. Chidsey being his only near relative falls heir to an estimated \$30,000.

Monday week it was our pleasure to meet and greet Bradley Chidsey, Esq., of Branford, in Chapel street; with him we rode homeward-bound in Beach's 4 p. m. stage, and a very pleasant converse we had with him on the way, of other days, of men and things relating to East Haven. We little thought then that in one week from that day we should stand by the side of his coffin remains and be a witness to his sepulture. Long almost as we can remember, we have known Mr. Chidsey, and as a child we thought a deal of him for his affable ways; and as we aged, that feeling never waned. Twice he represented his native town in the General Assembly—years 1862 and 1863; and in 1865 he was run for Senator for the 6th district. He was an honest man, sterling and true, his word was as good as his bond. In a certain sense he was of East Haven, since his grandfather, Roswell Chidsey, was of the manor born, while his mother, Olive Bradley, was of East Haven parentage, and he ever felt a great interest in the welfare of the town. Sorrow sincere we feel for his death, and for her who is left childless by the death of an only child, (a son, a young man grown, many years ago), and is now called upon to tread life's pathway alone, in her great hour of bereavement with a warm heartfelt feeling we condole.

ory of his parents. A memorial gate in memory of his wife is provided for the Green Lawn cemetery.

Nephews and nieces are left bequests of from \$600 to \$1,500 while the niece of his late wife, Agnes Stillman of California, receives \$10,000 outright together with the residue of the estate.

There will be

Killed By the Grip.

BRANFORD, Conn., Dec. 30.—Melinda Hosley, aged 40, who for a number of weeks, was the housekeeper for Charles Harrison, who died last week from an attack of grip, died this morning from the same disease. She had been ill but three days.

JANUARY 1892

And it was only by chance that we learned of the death and burial of "Aunt Betsy," as she was familiarly called by us children before we had entered our teen years. Betsy Spinks was her maiden name, and she was born this side of Long Hill, Branford, eighty-seven years ago. She was the relict of William Davidson of this town, who died in 1861. It is many years since Aunt Betsy has lived in East Haven, but there are lots of natives here who have kindly remembrances of her. In many a home she has cared for those needing a good nurse. And then how handy she was at preparing for the church fairs! And good Episcopalian as she was, she was just as ready to oyster-stew or bake goose for the Presbyterians (for in the days we are talking of Congregationalism was not known in East Haven). Well, poor old soul, we are glad the last few days of her life were made smooth for her, and that her surroundings were made brighter for her passage over the river, her death occurring at the New Haven Hospital, Tuesday week, and her funeral from Christ church (Episcopal) the afternoon of Thursday, the Rev. Mr. Lines of St. Paul's church officiating. H. W. Crawford had the burial in charge; interment in the Old cemetery.

Friday, February 5, 1897.

Great Success.

At the Old Stone church in East Haven, a hymn tablet of considerable historical interest has been placed on the walls at the right of the pulpit. The material for the tablet was taken from an oaken panel removed from the pulpit of the church that stood on the green. The panel was presented by L. Leverett Bagley to the pastor, Rev. L. J. Clark, who had it made into the tablet and gave it to the church. The panel is thought to be about 175 years old.

THE FINAL OBSEQUIES.

The Solemn and Impressive Funeral Ceremonies Over the Nation's Dead.

An Eloquent Funeral Discourse
Delivered by the Rev.
Isaac Errett.

An Imposing Pageant, Testifying to

James A. Garfield, President of the United States, shot by Charles Julius Guiteau, Washington, July 2, 1881; died from his wounds Sept. 19, 1881; Guiteau convicted of murder in the first degree Jan. 26, 1882; sentenced Feb. 8; hanged June 30, 1882.

CLEVELAND, September 24.

The funeral train arrived at Euclid Avenue Station, this city, at 1:17, and was met by an immense concourse of people. The police arrangements were admirable, so a crush was prevented. The locomotive was heavily draped in deep black on the boiler-head, and all the cars were elaborately draped. After the train stopped the ladies were escorted to the carriages. The wives of the Cabinet officers went first; then the distinguished widow, supported on one side by Secretary Blaine, and on the other by her son Harry. The ladies, having been placed in the carriages, were sent to the places provided for them at private residences, Mrs. Garfield and children being the guests of the Mason. Grandmother Garfield and the younger sons, besides other near relatives, are at the house of General Sheldon.

The body of the late President was then taken from its car by a detachment of the regular army, under Lieutenant Weaver, and borne on their shoulders to a special hearse in waiting, followed by a distinguished guard of honor, marching two by two, an army and a naval officer abreast. General Sherman and Rear Admiral Nichols were first; then General Sheridan and Admiral Rodgers, General Hancock and Admiral Porter, and Generals Drum and Meigs passed, with other naval officers not named. Then followed Chief-Justice Waite and other Supreme Court Justices, members of the Cabinet, Governor Foster and staff and escort, and the committee. At 1:37 the coffin, on which were palms and a large wreath fragrant with tuberose, was placed in a hearse, and the line of march formed in the following order:

Colonel Wilson and staff, Silver Greys' band, First City troops.

Hearse and horses, guarded by Knights Templars, in column of threes, and flanked by ten horses of the City troop on each side. Cleveland Grays and 42d Ohio volunteers.

The Cabinet, General Sherman and aids, and guard of honor composed of officers of the army and distinguished guests.

While the procession was forming, the band played a solemn dirge. The march was by the nearest route, down Euclid avenue to Erie street, then to Superior, and then to the park, to the pavilion, where the remains were placed without special ceremony, to lie in state, the casket reposing on the dais, surrounded by costly and elaborate floral pieces.

SEPTEMBER 25.

The Nation's dead lay in state to-day on the flower-wreathed catafalque in Monumental Park, while from early morn till far in the night a steady stream of sympathizing humanity filed into the pavilion, gazed lovingly and tenderly on the casket which inclosed his dust, and passed on to make room for the remainder of the living, ever-moving line. In the meantime, thousands on thousands of persons were wending their

way to La... of history, or history, of the loving... from the lips of reverent men, who recounted the goodness and the virtues of the stricken chief and sought to reconcile the ways of God to man.

Special trains from every direction poured their living freight into the already overcrowded city, and still the crowds came, eager to pay the last tender tributes of love and homage to him whom the Nation itself had loved and revered the most.

Last night's work on the arches, the pavilion and the catafalque practically resulted in the completion of the decorations, though it was not until tonight that the drapery was hung over the pavilion dome and allowed to fall in graceful festoons down its star-bestudded surface. The one beautiful object on which the eyes rested to-day as the crowds approached the park from the west, in addition to the manifold beauties disclosed yesterday afternoon, was a striking model of decorative art over the arch which spans the west entrance. This veritable thing of beauty was a floral ladder about four feet in length, composed of immortelles and resting against the black covering of the arch on a slant towards its apex. Between the rungs were the significant legends:

"Martyr."
"President."
"U. S. Senate."
"Congress."
"General."
"Colonel."
"U. S. Senate."
"Army."
"U. S. Senate."
"U. S. Senate."

A more graceful or beautiful expression of the records of a busy and honored life could scarcely be conceived. Golden sheaves with intertwining flowers hung on either side of the majestic arch, while a draped flag with its falling folds caught in an eagle's beak, and a large red Maltese cross set off with a small floral wreath, surmounted the ladder of progress and formed a pleasing contrast to the virgin white. But the ladder and the cross were not the only new features which the day brought forth. A miniature canal, now twined with graceful sprigs of smilax, was attached to the lowest rung, and completed this silent but eloquent picture of the dead President's humble origin and glorious progress to the topmost round in the ladder of public life. A red, white and blue shield, draped in black and surmounted by a white dove, completed the decoration and rounded a picture which was as striking as it was beautiful.

SEPTEMBER 26.

Promptly at 10:00, the hour appointed, the ceremonies at the pavilion began, in the presence of thousands of distinguished guests, and the immense multitude blocked all adjacent streets for squares around. The immediate members of the family and near relatives and friends took seats about the casket, and at each corner was stationed a member of the Cleveland Grays, each of whom stood like a statue during the entire programme. The members of the committee about the pavilion were almost cloaked in crape, their drappings being very heavy.

States steamer Michigan formed parallel lines from the east side of the pavilion to the east entrance to the park, through which the casket was borne on the shoulders of the United States artillerymen, under command of Lieutenant Weaver, to the funeral car, followed by the mourners, who took seats in the carriages. Grandma Garfield bore the services remarkably well, as did also the widow of the President.

THE PROCESSION.

The entire line was two and one-half hours passing a given point. The length and magnitude of the column was such that when the advance division had its van beneath the arch of the entrance to the cemetery, the rear had not passed Erie street, and the ranks opened, forming two compact lines, between which the cortege moved. This was equal, then, to a line of men four abreast ten miles in extent. There were nine chief divisions, each embracing a number of societies and organizations, military, civic and religious.

The First Division was made up entirely of military organizations. There were seventeen detachments, each making a good-sized company.

The uniformed Masonic and Odd Fellows' Societies that came next were very effective and impressive.

The next division was devoted to the Veteran societies—those soldiers whose regalia is their scars and whose insignia is their wounds—men who had breasted the tidal wave, holding their hearts before the leaden flood that would have beaten down the grand structure of National integrity, and among the number were all that are left of the once splendid Forty-second Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, the men among whom General Garfield won the laurels of military glory, and who swept with him where ball and shell rained down at Chickamauga. Not less attention than their thinned ranks did the shreds of banners they carried receive—old battle flags of the fierce conflicts into which they had plunged many times again, until their silken folds were torn and slotted by minie ball and shell.

In the Fourth Division a corps of students represented Williams College, from which institution the late President had honorably graduated.

The Fifth Division was made up of Catholic societies. Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmore, a warm personal friend of President Garfield in his life, rode at the head of the division, his kindly eyes full of sympathy and deep concern.

The Sixth Division was made up of citizens of Detroit and Canton, citizens of the Nineteenth Congressional District, and organized bodies of visiting citizens, including the Aldermen of Chicago and the Commissioners of Cook County.

The Seventh Division was that for which all eyes were eagerly expectant, and upon which the tender regard of all hearts lovingly centered. It was the funeral escort surrounding the car. In advance came the Marine Band, their scarlet coats brightly reflecting the rays of the sun, finely playing a soft-pleasing hymn, that charmingly, soothingly contrasted with the blare of unmeaning tunes blown out by most of the bands. Colonel J. M. Wilson, U. S. A., mounted on the most beautiful horse seen in the procession, commanded this division. Around the funeral car, as the guard of honor, were another detachment of Columbia Commandery, composed of the President's special friends; the Cleveland Cavalry, yellow-plumed, who formed the body guard of General Garfield on the day of his inauguration; a detachment of the Second United States Artillery, under command of Lieutenant Weaver; and the Cleveland Grays. It made a most inspiring spectacle. In the center was the great funeral car, built on the same plan as that in which the remains of Napoleon were borne to their final resting place in France.

WAS A FORTY-NINER SENIAL CAPT. ELIZUR THOMPSON.

A Story of the Venerable Lighthouse Keeper's Voyage to California in Search of Gold. The Schooner Emma Packer Chased by Pirates—A Trip Full of Interesting Incidents.

Of the army of "gold hunters" who flocked to the Pacific coast from this city in '49 in the search for gold there are few survivors. Many of them have died; others have removed from this city.

One of the "forty-niners" is Capt. Elizur Thompson, the venerable keeper at the government signal station at Lighthouse Point. Capt. Thompson was one of a number of East Haveners who set out from this port in the schooner Emma Packer, a small Fair Haven vessel, owned by Capt. G. A. Dowd. The boat was fitted out for the voyage and after several days' preparation she sailed out of this harbor on the morning of Sept. 26, 1849, and with a stiff southwest wind headed down the sound with a lot of inexperienced mariners on board, all full of expectation, the vision of shining gold was before the packer's crew and there was no thought of seasickness on board. At 9 o'clock that night the vessel passed out to sea by Montauk point.

Then, according to the ship's log, now in the possession of Capt. Thompson, the trials of those on board commenced. A heavy sea was running and nearly all on board were taken ill. The storm continued for several days, and during that time the unhappy mariners tasted little of the ship's principal article of food, gingerbread, a liberal quantity of which was taken along. The gale died away on October 1, and then for several days there was favorable weather, and the Packer made great headway. The next five days the voyage was without incident. On October 10 a brig was sighted standing off to leeward. It was at first supposed by those on board the Packer to be the Tarquina which was owned in New Haven. The brig changed her course soon after and bore down to the Packer. As the unknown brig approached the New Haveners saw at once that it was not the New Haven vessel they at first supposed her to be.

Capt. Thompson remarked that the strange brig was probably a pirate ship, and for the purpose of ascertaining whether this was not true, the stars and stripes were run up the foremain mast of the Packer. After waiting for half an hour the strange brig failed to run up her colors and it was concluded that the brig was none other than a pirate ship. Capt. Thomp-



CAPT ELIZUR THOMPSON.

He looked through the glass and saw men on board of the brig, while three or four more were in the foretop looking out.

The brig was steadily making the Pacific, and this was realized by those who were on board the New Haven vessel. There was an exciting time after the discovery that a pirate ship was in pursuit, and every effort was made to leave the pirates far astern. The brig was less than two miles astern then, and as there was only a light breeze blowing it seemed a hopeless task for those on the Packer to try to escape. It was expected that the pirates would board the vessel within a short time; as she was bearing down upon them every minute and was then less than a mile astern.

Capt. Dowd ordered every man on

board to prepare, and it was not long after the order was given when every one of the crew stood at the bulwarks, each provided with guns or revolvers.

Capt. Thompson declares that it was the most exciting period of his life and he believed as the others did that he would be captured by the pirates. He had about given up all hope of reaching the Pacific coast, much less of ever getting back to his old home, and several times that night he expressed the wish that he was home with "Sidney."

The pirate ship did not overtake them that night, and early the following morning a four-knot breeze sprang up northeast, which filled the sails of the Packer and sent her skipping along at such a rate that the pirate craft was left far behind before noon.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the Packer's crew sighted a ship and she bore down towards her. It proved to be a United States man-of-war.

On Sunday, November 11, the Packer fell in with a number of vessels, all of which were bound to the West Indies and kept them company for a long part of the voyage.

The following week the Packer dropped anchor off St. Catherine's, Brazil. Some time was spent in sight-seeing, and two days later the Packer got under way again, and on December 8, after many days of rough weather, was off the coast of Patagonia, which was found to be a very desolate country and inhabited by three tribes of Indians. The sea was kicking up terribly and sleep was out of the question. Capt. Thompson was knocked about in the ship like a chip of wood and many times during the night he wished that he had as comfortable a place to sleep as his East Haven "home." In passing through the Straits of Magellan, the Packer rescued a New England man who had been held a prisoner by the natives and who had escaped.

St. Elizabeth's bay was made on New Year's day, and while there the Packer's crew found the New London schooner Ames ashore. The vessel was boarded and the prize cargo secured. The last port in the straits was reached on Sunday, January 6, and four days later the Packer sailed out into the Pacific. The most severe hurricanes were experienced but the staunch New Haven vessel rode all of them out safely.

Off the island of Santa Cruz, Capt. Thompson saw a sea serpent which he described as being 30 feet in length. The body of the monster was 12 feet in diameter and was of a light amber color. Its head was shaped like a snake and it had a wicked appearance. "Much has been said of such sea serpents," says Capt. Thompson. "But whatever may be the conclusion of others, I am certain that there are such animals in the sea."

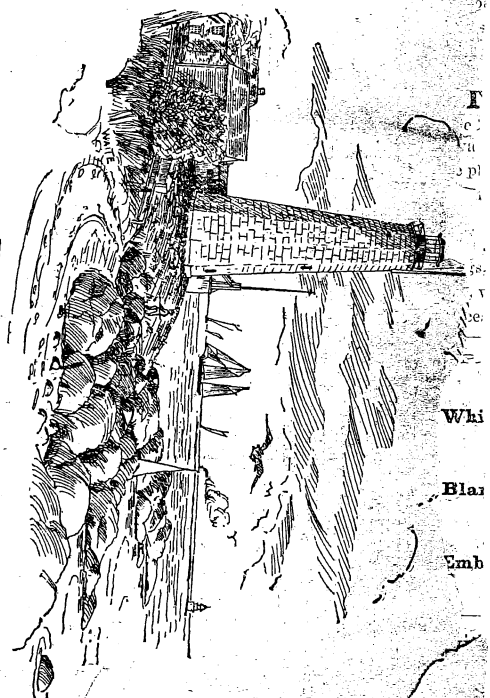
When the western point of Santa Cruz was reached a schooner, which proved to be the Sierra of Sag Harbor, Long Island, was spoken, and after getting some information regarding the destination of the Packer, the schooner continued on and arrived at the "Golden Gate" on March 16. Head winds prevailed and it was found that the vessel could not enter the harbor then and she stood off the harbor during the night. The next day she headed in and dropped anchor in the harbor of San Francisco after a seven months voyage. Capt. Thompson found it a lively port at that time, and he counted 500 vessels of all descriptions. There were not more than 700 houses in the town, but there were

hundreds of tents. The city was very muddy, and it was almost impossible to get along. The city authorities were actively engaged in grading the streets and building sidewalks. Thousands of people were engaged in some sort of speculation, and eating houses, hotels, stores and all sorts of gambling houses, were in operation. There were several religious meetings held during the day, but they were all poorly attended. Courts of justice had been established and the law carried out to its utmost extent. Capt. Thompson lived on board the schooner Friendship from the 19th until March 26, when he took the steamer for Sacramento City, and then left for home.

On the trip to Panama on the steamer from San Francisco the Asiatic cholera broke out among the passengers and there were 64 deaths within four days. Capt. Thompson's experience during the voyage was a thrilling one, and it was wonderful how he escaped being taken down with the plague. One morning when he awoke he found his bedfellow lying dead on the pillow beside him. The passenger had died from the cholera, but Capt. Thompson did not catch the disease. The alarm on board the ship became so great that the sick were neglected and where they fell sick, they laid down and died. As a prudential measure the dead were cast into the sea. The last night on board the ship Capt. Thompson saw 14 bodies lowered over the bulwarks, and dropped into the sea. It was a terrible voyage and one which Capt. Thompson will remember for the rest of his days.

While in California Capt. Thompson operated in the gold fields, and he has some of the quartz which he dug on exhibition at his home at Lighthouse point. He has also among his collection of curiosities, the rattles of a rattle snake which he found in his bed one night during his stay in California. The reptile was fully seven feet in length and the rattles, which Capt. Thompson removed after killing the snake, measured four inches long.

About the only other survivor of the party which set out from this port on the schooner Emma Packer, is John Brookett, who resides in North Haven.



THE OLD LIGHT

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brought with her the flowers which Guiteau had asked for. They were taken to the prisoner. The flowers were also brought two handsome flower-pots, a cross and an anchor.

LAST SCENES IN THE CELL.

Precisely at 11 o'clock, as the sentries were being changed, the prisoner's dinner was taken to him. It consisted of a liberal amount of beefsteak, an omelet of four eggs, buttered toast, coffee and potatoes, very little being left when he was through eating. He then sent for the prison bootblack, and gave him his shoes for the last shine. Dr. Hicks was with him conversing on religious topics. The prisoner broke down completely, bursting into tears and sobbing hysterically, but under the soothing talk of Dr. Hicks he regained his composure. About 11:50 the final preparations were begun. "The soldiers formed in the rotunda, bringing their muskets to parade rest. Guiteau was greatly disturbed by the rattle of the musketry. He seemed to be overcome with emotion and wept freely. At five minutes past 12 o'clock General Crocker read the death warrant to the prisoner in his cell. The only persons present were General Crocker, Deputy Warden Rush and the Rev. Dr. Hicks. After the death warrant had been read the prisoner became much composed, and turning away began to brush his hair with his old apparent sang froid.

THE PROCESSION TO THE SCAFFOLD.

At 12:25 the procession to the gallows was taken up, the signal being given by the blowing of a loud steam whistle. Warden Crocker first made his appearance, and a moment later the familiar figure of Guiteau was seen. His face was pallid, and the muscles about his mouth moved nervously; other than this there were no signs of faltering. The procession moved quickly to the scaffold, and Guiteau ascended the steps with as much steadiness as could be expected from a man whose arms were tightly pinioned behind him. At the last step he faltered for a moment, but was assisted by the two officers who walked one upon either side.

THE SCENE ON THE GALLOWES.

Upon reaching the platform Guiteau was placed immediately behind the drop facing to the front of the scaffold. Captain Coleman stood upon his right, Mr. Robert Strong upon his left, and Mr. Woodward directly behind him. Mr. Jones took position on the north side, near the upright of the beam. Warden Crocker took his position at the southeast corner of the structure. Guiteau gazed about him, taking in the crowd and all the paraphernalia. When the crowd, at a signal from the warden, had bared their heads Mr. Hicks made an invocation asking divine mercy for the prisoner, Guiteau meanwhile standing with bowed head. Mr. Hicks then opened the Bible, and Guiteau, with firm voice, read the tenth chapter of Matthew, from the twenty eighth to the forty first verses inclusive. His intonation showed little if any nervousness. Dr. Hicks then produced the manuscript prepared by the prisoner, and held it before him while Guiteau read. While Dr. Hicks was arranging the manuscript Guiteau exhibited a slight nervousness, and moved several times from one foot to the other. He soon recovered his composure, looked over the sea of upturned faces, and said: "I am now going to read to you my last dying prayer." He then read in a loud tone and with distinct and deliberative emphasis the following:

"My dying prayer on the gallows: Father, now I go to thee and the Saviour. I have finished the work thou gavest me to do, and I am only too happy to go to thee. The world does not yet appreciate my mission, but thou knowest it. Thou knowest thou didst inspire Garfield's removal, and only good has come from it. This is the best evidence that the inspiration came from thee, and I have set it forth in my book that all men, sad and know, that thou Father didst inspire the act for which I am now murdered. This government and nation by this act I know will incur thy eternal enmity as did the Jews by killing thy man, thy Saviour. The retribution in that case came quick and sharp, and I know thy divine law of retribution will strike this nation and my murderers in the same way. The diabolical spirit of this nation, its government and its newspapers toward me will justify thee in cursing them, and I know that thy divine law of retribution is inevitable. I therefore predict that this nation will go down in blood, and that my murderers, from

scattered, and then passed on, viewing the body. John W. Guiteau had stood during the scene just within the line of officers at the bottom of the steps, fanned his dead brother's face to keep away the flies. At 1:40 the remains, inclosed in the coffin, were borne to the chapel, where arrangements were made to let Mrs. Scoville view the body.

A RUMORED PLOT TO CHEAT THE GALLOWES.

A startling report was put in circulation that the bouquet which Mrs. Scoville sent to Guiteau was saturated with a deadly drug. There was a difference of opinion in the analysis of the flowers. The final report has not yet been made. It is believed, however, the suspicions of attempted poisoning will not be sustained.

MRS. SCOVILLE AFTER THE EXECUTION.

John W. Guiteau has done a good deal of talking in public since the execution, saying he is glad it is all over and using other expressions which caused much comment. Mrs. Scoville retired to her room immediately after learning that the execution was over. She seems quite overcome by the reaction from the mental and nervous strain of the past few weeks.

THE AUTOPSY OF THE BODY.

Preceding the autopsy Dr. Loring examined the eyes, but found them too much suffused with blood to enable him to form an opinion as to their condition or expression. A later examination of the body showed beyond doubt that the neck was broken. The brain was removed at the preliminary autopsy this afternoon by Drs. Lamb, Sowers and Hartigan, a conclusive examination being deferred until this evening at the Army Medical Museum. In addition to the physicians above named were present Drs. Young, Reynolds, McDonald, Elliott, McKim, Murphy, Nichols, Surgeon General Wales of the navy, Surgeon General Barnes of the army, Godding, Witner, Patterson of St. Elizabeth's Asylum, D. C., Patterson, the coroner of the District, Kleinschmidt, Birdsall and Parish. Dr. Hartigan, the deputy coroner, who made the autopsy, says there was no manifest disease of the brain, but a peculiar condition of the membranes that would be apt to raise a doubt in the mind of those who lean toward the insanity theory, although the same appearances have been found in persons never suspected of insanity. An abrasion of the surface in the line with the rope was found. The hyoid bone was found to have been torn from its attachments. Death was produced by strangulation. The only abnormal condition discovered was an enlargement of the spleen. There was a slight flattening of the skull on the right side with a corresponding prominence beneath. Photographs of the convolutions and fissures were taken and microscopical examinations will be made. An official report will be given to the press to-morrow night.

THE BURIAL OF THE REMAINS.

The body of Guiteau will be buried privately to-morrow. The place of burial has not yet been decided upon, but it is expected that Rev. Mr. Hicks will ask permission to have the remains interred in the jail under the stones in the corridor where the gallows stands and the government will not object. Mr. Hicks is far too much exhausted to attend to the details to night, but will meet Guiteau's relatives and the warden at the jail to-morrow to make the necessary arrangements. It is expected the body will be temporarily interred at the jail anyway. Mr. Reed did not witness the execution. The drop was sprung by George Winters, one of the keepers who has been one of the worst during the past two weeks. It is said he had no objections to performing this duty, generally deemed so obnoxious. The warden was glad to obtain his services. Deputy Warden Russ was in the cell with Winters at the time. The rope was hidden after the body was cut down and the relic hunters who hoped for pieces have been disappointed.

At several points he half passed, and endeavored to impart an increased emphasis to his words by a peculiar facial expression, so often observed during the trial when he was angered by something which was said or done. This was peculiarly noticeable when he alluded to President Arthur, and when he declared that this nation would "go down in blood." When he had finished reading his prayer he again surveyed the crowd and said, still with a firm voice:

"I am now going to read some verses which are intended to indicate my feelings at the moment of leaving this world. If set to music they may be rendered effective. The idea is that of a child babbling to his mamma and his papa. I wrote it this morning about 10 o'clock.

He then commenced to chant these verses in a sad, doleful way:

I am going to the Lordy;
I am so glad;
I am going to the Lordy;
I am so glad;
I am going to the Lordy;
Glory, Hallelujah! Glory, Hallelujah!
I am going to the Lordy!

I love the Lordy with all my soul,
Glory, Hallelujah!
And that is the reason
I am going to the Lord.
Glory, Hallelujah! Glory, Hallelujah!
I am going to the Lord.

Here Guiteau's voice failed, and he bowed his head and broke into sobs. But he rallied a little and went on with his chant:

I saved my party and my land;
Glory, Hallelujah!
But they have murdered me for it,
And that is the reason
I am going to the Lordy.
Glory, Hallelujah! Glory, Hallelujah!
I am going to the Lordy!

Here again his feelings overcame him and he leaned his head on the shoulder of Dr. Hicks and sobbed pitifully. Still he went on:

I wonder what I will do when I get to the Lordy?
I guess that I will weep no more when I get to the Lordy.
Glory hallelujah!

Here there was another interruption caused by sobs and emotions which he was unable to repress. He wept bitterly, and then with quivering lips and mournful tones he went on to finish his ditty:

I wonder what I will see when I get to the Lordy.
I expect to see most splendid things beyond all earthly conception.
When I am with the Lordy, glory hallelujah.
(Raising his voice to the highest pitch that he could command.) Glory hallelujah, I am with the Lord.

This closed the chant, and then the Rev. Dr. Hicks gave Guiteau his final benediction and farewell, saying, "God, the Father, be with thee and give thee peace forever more." The attendants then pinioned his legs, held the noose over his head, and carefully adjusted it about his neck. Mr. Strong placed the black cap over his head, and as he did so Guiteau called out in loud tones, "Glory! Glory! Glory!" Instantly the spring was touched, the drop fell and Guiteau swung in the air. The body turned partly around, but there was not the slightest perceptible movement of the limbs, or any evidence of a conscious effort to move them. When the drop fell there was a shout from persons inside, which was taken up by the hundreds outside and soon swelled into a loud and lusty hurrah. The drop fell at 12:40. Guiteau's neck was broken by the fall, and death ensued instantly and was apparently painless. The

body, after hanging half an hour, was cut down, the black cap was removed and the face exposed. The features were pallid and composed. About the mouth there was considerable moisture. After the body had been arranged in the coffin, Warden Crocker ascended the steps of the scaffold and addressing the crowd, which were kept back from the scaffold by a line of officers, said that those who did not pass along the side

THOMPSON AFTER A SCALP

County Commissioner Says He'll Break
Supernumerary Who Arrested Him

GRAPHIC STORY OF THE AFFAIR

His Relief That Bob Eaton Was Not
"Pinched" Also—Declines to Listen to
McGann's Efforts to Make Peace—He Is

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1901.

County Commissioner E. F. Thompson is on a history-making crusade. He is determined to secure the stripes of supernumerary Policeman Thomas Dunn, and to this end will prefer charges against the officer at the next meeting of the Board of Police Commissioners. Today's is but the second chapter of the Yale-Princeton football game and the commissioner is, as he himself says, "mad clean through. The humiliation heaped upon him Saturday night by the policeman was bad enough but when the policeman made a brief but potent speech to the crowd gathered about the police headquarters and the fact of the arrest was published in the papers, Mr. Thompson put on his war paint and is out for a scalp and nothing will stop him. He said this morning:

"It's the darndest outrage you ever heard of," said Mr. Thompson, "why, they would have pulled in Bob Eaton if he hadn't taken his car when he did. They are around now trying to square the matter up, but I'm no quitter and they will find it out before I get through."

Commissioner Thompson was arrested by Supernumerary Policemen Dunn at the corner of Chapel and Church streets at 10:45 Saturday night and taken to the station house, but was immediately released by Chief Wrinn. It is believed the officer did not know who his prisoner was, but, of course, that would not make any difference.

Mr. Thompson's story as told to the reporters this morning is as follows, shorn of the profanity which he alleged the officer used:

"Bob Eaton and I went to the Grand Saturday night to see the fun, as we always do on football night. They had 'rough house' and when the curtain fell and we saw that the show was over, I said: 'Let's get out before the rush.' They were raising Cain then. We left the auditorium, and on the first landing stood a policeman, I do not know his name, but his number is 112. There was nothing doing on the landing as all the other cops were busy in the theater. Two students, or I took them for students, were passing out and this policeman was using the vilest language I ever heard and I'm no spring chicken. He was letting out a whole string of it and hollering it out, too. I said: 'Officer, those students are not what you called them. They may be acting like rowdies, but they are not that. It's no kind of language for you to use in uniform.'

"He asked 'who the h—l' I was and what business it was of mine. I told him that it was my business and that I'd report him to Commissioner Corey. He said, 'What the h—l do I care for Corey.' Bob and I left and walked up to Chapel street and talked with a lot of fellows and a little after halfpast 10 Bob took his car. By golly, if he hadn't they would have pinched him, too."

Intermingled with Mr. Thompson's grief and anger was this oft expressed feeling of relief that Dairy Commissioner Robert O. Eaton was not arrested with him.

"I was making a good clip and had taken about a dozen puffs and standing on the corner when this policeman with two other men in citizen's clothes forced his way through the crowd and grabbed me by my coat collar pulling off two buttons. He said: 'You're the —that tried to put up that big bluff in the Grand Opera House, you— I have half a mind to smash your face in,' and he drew off and pushed my cigar down my throat. I said, 'hold on there, don't you use any such tactics on me. If you want to arrest me go ahead and I'll go to jail with you willingly, but don't you push my face in.' He took me by the arm and pinched me. When we got to the Tontine Hotel some other policeman passed and said something to him and he let go of my arm. I had told him on the way that he would only get himself in trouble but he only repeated the vile language. After he let go my arm he wanted to drop the matter, but I said, 'No you don't. I'm going to make my bluff good and you just come along with me and we'll see Chief Wrinn.'"

It appears that at the door of the station house, Mr. Thompson turned the tables and arrested the policeman, for he led the officer into the Chief's office. "Chief Wrinn," said Mr. Thompson, continuing the narrative, "said 'Hullo, Commissioner Thompson, what brings you in here?' You ought to see that policeman wilt when he found out who I was. Well the Chief told the policeman to go about his business and that was all. The policeman, durn him, went out on the steps of the station house and told the crowd that he had me behind the bars. That made me mad. I didn't get very mad though, until this morning."

Just at this stage of the narrative James E. McGann was seen coming toward the county commissioners office. "There comes Jim McGann to square it. You stay right here and hear me trim him." Mr. McGann entered and proceeded immediately to business. "What is this trouble, Ed," said he, "you don't want to push the matter; Dunn is a good fellow and I have been trying to get him on the force. Why he is one of the best natured men and a wit. I've seen him entertain a whole room full of men with his original sayings. He wouldn't hurt a flea. He was born up Congress Avenue and is one of the nicest fellows you ever met. Now you don't want to press this charge."

Mr. Thompson rose while Mr. McGann was talking and waited patiently until the latter paused for breath. Then emphasizing his remarks with vigorous pounds upon the railing Mr. Thompson said, "Jim McGann, I'm no quitter and I'll be darned if I'll let this matter drop until I have broke that fellow. I don't give a darn what his name is, his number is 112. He called me the vilest names you ever heard, he pushed my cigar down my throat, he used language unfit for ears and he tore my buttons off and then he wound up by making a speech saying that he had me behind the bars. Let up on him? Never. I'm no quitter. I'm in this thing to the end. You can come around here and try to square it but you don't know who you are up against. Why that fellow would have pinched Bob Eaton if Bob hadn't got his car when he did. I have my buttons that he tore off in my pocket now. I wasn't mad until this morning when the thing was in the papers. I'm out for that man's buttons now and I'll get them. I'll break him, so help me Moses."

Commissioner Brewer and former Commissioner Hart D. Munson entered at this juncture both out of breath. "Why Ed," said Mr. Brewer, "we have run all the way from the station to the police office to go bail for you. We just heard of the affair. Were you locked up over Sunday?"

Mr. Thompson paid no attention to his colleague but turning to Mr. McGann continued, "Police Commissioner Manning told me to press the charge. That 112 is not fit to be on the police force. Wait until I tell Dave Corey what he said and I guess he'll get broke all right, all right."

Former Sheriff Charles Tomlinson and Lawyer P. W. Chase had entered and both gentlemen expressed sympathy at the humiliation of Saturday night. Mr. Thompson warned them that he was deaf to all entreaties for pardoning the officer or for letting up on him. The only time the commissioner smiled was when Mr. Chase said, "Ed, you are bound to be famous. You just got through with Benny Silverthau and you get defeated for delegate by two votes, then you raise the rent and lose a tenant, and now you are arrested. It's too bad."

Mr. Thompson cleared the office and resumed his figuring.

Supernumerary Dunn says that the arrest of Mr. Thompson was the result of mistaken identity. The supernumerary says that when he saw the county commissioner at the Grand and at Church and Chapel Streets he supposed that he was a man with whom he had had trouble earlier in the evening. He substantiates his statement by quoting a remark which he made that a certain Congress Avenue saloonkeeper would bail him (Thompson) out in the morning. Thompson admits that Dunn made the statement and he was much puzzled at the time to know what he meant.

The policeman denies that he used any undue vehemence in his language.

Wednesday, October 28, 1896.

THEIR SILVER WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Dorman Happily
Surprised By a Host of Friends.

Levi Dorman and his wife crossed the silver line of their married life last Monday and their many friends planned and executed a very pleasant surprise upon them at their home at 716 Dixwell avenue, corner of Bassett street. Mr. Dorman was enticed away to Branford, where he spent the day visiting with friends.

On his return from Branford town the old gentleman found himself in the ambush which his friends had prepared for him, who surrounded him and fairly took his breath away with the warmth of their greetings.

The couple were recipients of many beautiful and valuable gifts, mostly of silver, which were presented to them in behalf of the donors by Mr. Harvey Shepard in a very happy presentation speech, which was responded to by Mr. Dorman in fitting words. The evening was spent in an enjoyable social time. Among those present were: Harvey G. Shepard and wife and two sons, Judson Stent and wife of Branford, Lezelle Foote, the State street merchant, and wife, Mr. Calvin Russell, Charles Shepard and wife, Ives Bradley and wife and daughter, Harry Shepard and wife, Burton H. Dorman and wife of Bridgeport, William Cadwell and wife, Master Harold Dorman, Miss Ella A. Dorman and about forty others.

Mr. Dorman is now retired from business, after a long and honorable business life, and is still hale and hearty and is possessed of ample means to render him comfortable.

representative of all hearts and lives in this land, and not only the teacher but the interpreter of all virtues, for he knew their wants, and he knew their condition, and he established legitimately ties of brotherhood with every man with whom he came in contact. I take it that this law lying at the basis of his character, this rock on which his whole life rested, followed up by the perpetual and enduring industry that marked his whole career, made him at once the honest and the capable man who invited in every act of his life and received the confidence and the love, the unbounded confidence and trust, of all who learned to know him. There is yet one other thing that I ought to mention here. There was such an admirable harmony of all his powers; there was such a beautiful adjustment of the physical, intellectual and moral in his being; there was such an equitable distribution of physical, intellectual and moral forces, that his nature looked out every way to get at sympathy with everything, and found about equal delight in all pursuits and studies; so that he became, through his industry and honest ambition, really an encyclopedia; there was scarce any single word that you could touch to which he would not respond in a way that made you know that his hands had swept it skillfully long ago, and there was no topic you could bring before him, there was no object you could present to him, that you not wonder at the richness and fullness of information somehow gathered; for his eyes were always open, and his heart was all open; and his brain was ever busy, and interested in everything—the minute, the vast, the high and the low. In the creeds of men he gathered up the store, and the variety of the most valuable and practical knowledge, that made him a master in one department, but in all rounds, everywhere his whole beautiful and symmetrical life and character. * * * The great lesson to which I desire to point you can be expressed in a few words. James A. Garfield went through his whole political life without surrendering for a moment his Christian integrity, his moral character, or his love for the spiritual. Coming into the exciting conflicts of political life with a nature capable as any of feeling the force of every temptation, with temptations to unholiness, with unlawful prizes within his reach, with every inducement to surrender all his religious faith and be known merely as a successful man of the world—from first to last he has manfully adhered to his religious convictions and found more praise, and gathers to him in his death all the pure inspirations of the hope of everlasting life.

[The speaker here hastily reviewed the remarkable career of the illustrious dead, as he, step by step, and without any place-seeking on his part, gradually rose, from one degree of eminence to another, until he was, unsolicited on his part, placed in the highest position known to our country. Mr. Errett then added:]

"Now, gentlemen, let me say to you all, those of you occupying great places of trust who are here to-day, and the mass of those who are called upon to discharge the responsibilities of citizenship, year by year, the most invaluable lesson that we learn from the life of our beloved departed President is that not only is it not incompatible with success, but it is the surest means of success, to consecrate heart and life to that which is true and right, and rise above all questions of mere policy, wedding the soul to truth and right, and the God of truth and righteousness in holy wedlock, never to be dissolved. I feel, just at this point, that we need this lesson, in this great, wondrous land of ours, this mighty Nation, in its marvelous upward career, with its every-increasing power, opening its arms to receive from all lands the people of all languages, all religions and all conditions, and hoping, in the warm embrace of political brotherhood, to blend them with us, to melt them into a common mass, so that, when melted and run over again, it becomes like the Corinthian brass, and in one type of manhood, thus incorporating all the various nations of the earth in one grand brotherhood, presenting before the nations of the world a spectacle of freedom and strength, and prosperity, and power beyond anything the world has ever known." But let it be said that this permanency of the work and its continued enlargement must depend on our maintaining virtue as well as intelligence, and making dominant in all the land those principles of pure morality that Jesus Christ has taught us. * * *

"It is of all things the saddest and most grievous blow that those bound to him by the tenderest ties in the home circle are called to yield him to the grave, to hear that voice of love no more, to behold that manly form no longer moving in the sacred circle of home, to receive no more the benefit of the loving hand of the father that rested upon the heads of his children and commended the blessings of God upon them.

"The dear old mother, who realizes here to-day that her four-score years are, after all, but labor and sorrow—to whom we owe, back of all I have spoken of, the education and training that made him what he was, and who has been led from that humble home in the wilderness, side by side with him in all his elevation, and assured him the triumph and the glory that came to him step by step as he mounted up from high to higher to receive the highest honors that the land could bestow upon him. Left behind him, lingering on the shore where he has passed over to the other side, what words can express the sympathy that is due to her, or the consolation that can strengthen her heart and give her courage to bear this bitter bereavement.

"And the wife who began with him in young womanhood, who has bravely kept step with him right along through all his wondrous career, and who has been not only his wife but his friend and his counselor through all their succession of prosperities and his increase of influence and power, and who, when the day of calamity came, was there his ministering angel, his prophetess and his priestess, when the circumstances were such as to forbid ministrations from other hands, speaking to him the words of cheer which sustained him through that long, fearful struggle for life, and watching over him when his dying vision rested upon her beloved form and sought from her eyes an inspiring gaze that should speak when words could not speak.

"And the children, that have grown up to a period when they can remember all that belonged to him, left fatherless in a world like this; yet, surrounded with a Nation's sympathy and with a world's affection, and able to treasure in their hearts its grand lessons of his noble and wondrous life, they may be assured that the eyes of the Nation are upon them, and that the hearts of the people go out after them. * * *

Dr. Errett was listened to with a close and earnest attention. He spoke for forty minutes, and when he closed a hush for a moment hung over the vast audience.

Mr. Garfield's favorite hymn was beautifully sung by the Vocal Society, as follows:

"He, reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade
Until the night draws round thee
And the day begins to fade?

"Why stand ye idle waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

"Thrust in your sharpened sickle
And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
And noon will come again.

"The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered
And waste upon the plain?

"Mount up the heights of wisdom
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.

"Be faithful to thy mission
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward."

Written for and Copyrighted by the Boston Globe.
After the Burial.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I.
Fallen with autumn's falling leaf
Ere yet his summer's noon was past,
Our friend, our guide, our trusted chief,—
What words can match a woe so vast.

And whose the charter claim to speak
The sacred grief where all have part,
When sorrow saddens every cheek
And broods in every aching heart?

Yet Nature prompts the burning phrase
That thrills the hushed and shrouded hall,
The loud lament, the sorrowing praise,
The silent tear that love lets fall.

In loftiest verse, in lowliest rhyme,
Shall strive unblamed the minstrel choir;
The singers of the new-born time
And trembling age with outworn lyre.

No room for pride, no place for blame;
We fling our blossoms on the grave
Pale, scentless, faded—al, we claim,
This only: what we had we gave.

Ah, could the grief of all who mourn
Blend in one voice its bitter cry,
The wail to heaven's high arches borne
Would echo through the caverned sky.

II.

O happiest land whose peaceful choice
Fills with a breath its empty throne!
God, speaking through thy people's voice,
Has made that voice for once his own.

No angry passion shakes the State
Whose weary servant seeks for rest,—
And who could fear that scowling hate
Would strike at that unguarded breast?

He stands; unconscious of his doom,
In manly strength, erect, serene,—
Around him summer spreads her bloom,
He falls,—what horror clothes the scene!

How swift the sudden flash of woe
Where all was bright as childhood's dream!
As if from heaven's ethereal bow
Had leaped the lightning's arrow gleam.

Blot the foul deed from history's page—
Let not the all-betraying sun
Blush for the day that stains an age
When murder's blackest wretch was won.

III.

Pale on his couch the sufferer lies,
The weary battle ground of pain;
Love tends his pillow, science tries
Her every art, alas! in vain.

The strife endures how long! how long;
Life, death, seem balanced in the scale,
While round his bed a viewless throng
Await each morrow's changing tale.

In realms the desert ocean parts
What myriads watch with tear-filled eyes,
His pulse-beats echoing in their hearts,
His breathings counted with their sighs!

Slowly the stores of life are spent,
Yet hope still battles with despair,—
Will Heaven not yield when knees are bent?
Answer, O Thou that hearest prayer!

But silent is the brazen sky,—
On sweeps the meteor's threatening trail,—
Unswerving Nature's mute reply,
Bound in her adamant chain.

Not ours the verdict to decide
Whom death shall claim or skill shall save;
The hero's life though Heaven denied
It gave our land a martyr's grave.

Nor count the teaching vainly sent
How human hearts their griefs may share,—
The lesson woman's love has lent
What hope may do, what faith can bear!

Farewell! the leaf-strown earth enfolds
Our stay, our pride, our hopes, our fears,
And autumn's golden sun betholds
A nation bowed, a world in tears.

...sides, rising high above the heads of those
...role beside it. The handsome casket,
sustained midway between base and the
canopy by the rich catafalque, the square
top rising to a massive crest, crown-shaped,
was supported by six columns, three
upon each side, wound round with
folds of white and black crape. At the
top and over the corner-pillars were
heavy plumes of black body and white
top, so heavy that the winds scarcely
seemed to stir them. The car bed was
square and flat, the sides and ends being
concealed by heavy drapery that hung
down low enough to form a curtain for the
iron wheels. The platform was 8x16, flat,
long, and the height of the car was twenty
feet. The lantern of the canopy was sur-
rounded by wreaths of white immortelles.
The whole height was crowned by an urn.
At each corner of the platform were stands
of colors, battle memorials. This car was
drawn by twelve fine black horses, four
abreast, arrayed in covers of black broad-
cloth, with silver fringe. At the heads of
the outer horses were the six colored
grooms, who officiated in a similar capacity
on the occasion of Lincoln's funeral. The
car was curiously watched as it passed
along its way.

Following behind the soldiers came the
carriages containing Mrs. Garfield and her
bereaved family. It was a rich barouche,
with silk crape blinds closely drawn, to
which were attached two white horses with
black trappings. A similar carriage con-
tained the mother of the President. There
were carriages closely following containing
the members of the Cabinet, Senators,
members of the Diplomatic Corps, Judges
of the Supreme Court, Governors of the
several States, members of Congress, and a
carriage containing ex-President Hayes.

The remaining division was the military,
under the command of General S. B. Smith,
being the Ohio National Guards.

A succession of heavy showers so delayed
the funeral procession that the line had to
be broken before it reached the cemetery,
and, forming in files on either side of the
avenue for nearly three miles, the military
and the civic societies made way for the
funeral car.

After arriving at the Lake View Ceme-
tery, the band played "Nearer, My God, to
Thee" as the military escort lifted the
coffin from the car and carried it into
the vault, the local Committee of
reception, Secretary Blaine, Marshal Henry,
and one or two personal friends standing at
either side of the entrance. Rev. J. H.
Jones, the Chaplain of the Forty-second
Regiment, who went out with General Gar-
field, then offered some feeling remarks,
after which the Latin Ode of Horace—"In-
tegrum Vitæ"—was sung by the United Ger-
man Society. The President's favorite
hymn—"Ho, Reapers of Life Harvest"—
was again sung, and the exercises closed
with the benediction by President Hinsdale,
of Hiram College.

FINAL INTERMENT.

General Smith, the Adjutant-General of
the State, will furnish a guard as long as
the body remains in the vault. The sexton
thinks it will be but a few days until the
final interment takes place.

At Mrs. Garfield's suggestion, the casket
containing the late President will be inclosed
in an iron cage. Then a cement wall will
be built around this of sufficient strength to
resist all attempts to remove the body, and
of dimensions large enough to form the
foundation for the proposed monument. The
Mayor of the city has detailed a police force
to be on duty continually until the final in-
terment.

Dr. J. P. Robinson, President of the
ceremonies, announced that the exercises
would be opened by the singing by the
Cleveland Vocal Society of the "Funeral
Hymn," by Beethoven, whereupon the
hymn was sung, as follows:

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not
deplore thee;
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the
tomb,
The Savior has passed through its portals be-
fore thee.
And the lamp of His love is thy light through
the gloom.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Bedell, of the Episcopal
Diocese of Ohio, then read the greater por-
tion of the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians,
after which Rev. Ross C. Houghton, pastor
of the First Methodist Episcopal Church,
offered a feeling and earnest prayer.

At this point the Vocal Society sang as
follows:

To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit:
Who breakst in love this mortal chain:
My life I but from Thee inherit.
And death becomes my chiefest gain.
In Thee I live, in Thee I die;
Content, for Thou art ever nigh.

Rev. Isaac Errett, of Cincinnati, then de-
livered an eloquent discourse, taking for his
text the following:

And the archers shot at King Josiah, and
the King said to his servants: "Have me
away, for I am sore wounded." His servants,
therefore, took him out of that chariot and
put him in the second chariot that he had, and
they brought him to Jerusalem, and he died
and was buried in one of the sepulchers of
his fathers, and all Judah and Jerusalem la-
mented for Josiah, and Jeremiah lamented
for Josiah, and all the singing men
and the singing women spake of Josiah in
their lamentations to this day, and made
them an ordinance in Israel. And behold
they are written in the Lamentations. Now,
the rest of the acts of Josiah, and his goodness
according to that which was written in the law
of the Lord, and his deeds, first and
last, behold, they are written in the book
of the Kings of Israel and Judah. For
behold the Lord, the Lord of Hosts, doth
take away from Jerusalem and from Judah
the stay and the staff, the whole stay of
bread, and the whole stay of water. The
mighty man and the man of war, and the
prophet, and the prudent, and the ancient,
the Captain of fifty, and the honorable man,
and the counsellor, and the cunning artificer,
and the eloquent orator. The voice said
"Cry!" and he said, "What shall I cry?" All
flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is
as the flower of the field. The grass wither-
eth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of
the Lord bloweth upon it. Surely, the peo-
ple is grass. The grass withereth, the flower
fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand
forever.

In the course of his address, which was
very lengthy, Mr. Errett said:

"There was never a mourning in all the
world like unto this mourning. I am not speak-
ing extravagantly when I say, for I am told
it is the result of calculations carefully made
from such data as are in possession, that cer-
tainly not less than 800,000,000 of the human
race share in the sadness, and lamentations,
and sorrow, and mourning that belong to this
occasion here to-day. It is a chill shadow of a
fearful calamity that has extended itself into
every home in all this land, and into every
heart, and that has projected itself over vast
seas and oceans into distant lands, and
awakened the sincerest and profoundest
sympathy with us in the hearts of the
good people of the Nations, and among all
people. It is worth while, my friends, to
pause a moment and ask why this is. It is
doubtless attributable in part to the wondrous
triumphs of science and art within the pres-
ent century, by means of which time and space
have been so far conquered that Nations once
far distant and necessarily alienated from
each other are brought into close communica-
tion, and the various ties of commerce, and of
social interests, and of religious interests
bring them in a contact of fellowship that
could not have been known in former times.
It is likewise unquestionably partly due to
the fact that this Nation of ours, which has
grown to such wondrous might and power
before the whole earth, and which is, in fact,
the hope of the world in all that relates to
the highest civilization, that sympathy for
this Nation and respect for this great power
lead to these offerings of condolences and ex-
pressions of sympathy and love from the
various Nations of the earth, and because they
have learned to respect this Nation, and recog-

nize that the Nation is stricken in the fatal
blow that has taken away our President from
us. And yet this will by no means account
for this marvelous and world-wide sympathy
of which we are speaking. Yet it cannot be
attributed to mere intellectual greatness, for
there have been and there are other great
men; and, acknowledging all that the most
enthusiastic heart could claim to our beloved
leader, it is but fair to say that there have
been more eminent educators, there have been
greater soldiers, there have been most skillful
and experienced, and powerful legislators
and leaders of mighty parties and political
forces. There is no one department in
which he has won eminence where the world
might not point to others who attained higher
and more intellectual greatness. It might
not be considered more righteously here than
in many other cases; yet, perhaps, it is rare
in the history of men and in the history of
nations that any one man has combined so
much of excellence in all those various depart-
ments, and who, as an educator, and a law-
yer, and a legislator, and a soldier, and a
party chieftain, and a ruler, has done so well,
so thoroughly well, in all departments, and
brought out such successful results as to in-
spire confidence and command respect and ap-
proval in every path of life in which he has
walked, and in every department of public ac-
tivity which he has occupied. Yet I think when
we come to a proper estimate of his character
and seek after the secret of their world-wide
sympathy and affection, we shall find it rather
in the richness and integrity of his moral
nature, and in that sincerity, in that trans-
parent honesty, in that truthfulness that laid
the basis for everything of greatness to which
we do honor to-day. I may state here what
perhaps is not generally known as an illus-
tration of this. When James A. Garfield was
yet a mere lad in this county, a series of re-
ligious meetings were held in one of the towns
of Cuyahoga County by a minister by no means
attractive as an orator, possessing none of the
graces of an orator, and marked only by
entire sincerity, by good reasoning powers,
and by earnestness in seeking to win souls
from sin to righteousness. The lad Garfield
attended these meetings for several nights,
and after listening night after night to the
sermons he went one day to the minister
and said to him: 'Sir, I have been
listening to your preaching night after
night, and I am fully persuaded that, if these
things you say are true, it is the duty and the
highest interest of every man, and especially
of every young man, to accept that religion
and seek to be a man. But really I don't
know whether this thing is true or not. I
can't say I disbelieve it, but I dare not say
that I fully and honestly believe it. If I were
sure that it were true I would most gladly
give it my heart and my life.' So, after a long
talk, the minister preached that night on the
text, "What Is Truth?" and proceeded to
show that, notwithstanding all the various
and conflicting theories and opinions in ethi-
cal science, and notwithstanding all the vari-
ous and conflicting opinions in the world,
there was one assured and eternal alliance for
every human soul in Christ Jesus, as to
the way of the truth and the line that
every soul of man was safe with Jesus Christ;
that He never would mislead; that any young
man giving Him his hand and heart and walk-
ing in His pathway would not go astray, and
that whatever might be the solution of ten
thousand insoluble mysteries, at the end of
all things the man who loved Jesus Christ and
walked after the footsteps of Jesus, and real-
ized in spirit and life the pure morals and the
sweet piety, that he to-night was safe if safety
there were in the universe of God; safe what-
ever else were unsafe; safe whatever else might
prove unworthy and perish forever. And Gar-
field seized upon it after due reflection, and
came forward and gave his hand to the min-
ister in pledge of acceptance of the guidance of
Christ for his life, and turned back upon
the sins of the world forever. The
boy is father to the man, and that pure
honesty and integrity, and that fear-
less spirit to inquire, and that brave
surrender of all the charms of sin to con-
viction of duty and right, went with him from
that boyhood throughout his life, and crowned
him with the honors that were so cheerfully
awarded to him from all hearts over this vast
land. There was another thing. He passed

all the conditions of virtuous life, between the
log-cabin in Cuyahoga and the White House,
and in that wonderful, rich and varied experi-
ence, still moving up from high to higher, he
has touched every heart in all this land in
some point or other, and he became the rep-

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LOST AND FOUND

Chicago House Wednesday

"Had a party in your house last night, didn't you?" said a Chicago board of trade man to another, as he appeared on the floor Wednesday morning.

"O, only a little blow out, on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of our wedding. I beg you not to mention it, as I suppose I made the most colossal fool of myself that ever was since Adam dug angleworms in the garden of Eden, and put them in an old tomato can and went fishing for bull-heads. It makes me ache to think of it, and I am sick."

"Well, tell us about it, in confidence," said the friend, winking at a few other fellows around a flour table on the floor of the main room.

"If it is in strict confidence, I don't mind," said the victim, as he took off his plug hat and wiped the perspiration from his bald head. "You see, I don't believe in parties and would not go to St. Louis at a moment's notice if I knew there was going to be a party. My wife knows this, and she seldom goes out. I have so much business that I don't think of anything else, and to go to a party where you can't talk about wheat makes me sick. Why, I went to a party two years ago, and talked with the women for two hours on fashions and things, and I got so nervous a friend had to take me to the smoking room, and I think I would have died if a friend had not taken compassion on me, and bought 40,000 May wheat of me, right there. I couldn't have lived five minutes more. Well, Monday my wife said that the next day was our 25th anniversary, and wanted to know if we couldn't have a little party. I kicked on it in a minute and told her I would give her a check for \$1,000 to get anything she wanted, but for heaven's sake not to have a crowd of people around to drive me mad. She took the check, and that day and the next she was driving around spending it, and I thought it was a cheap way out of the affair. Tuesday night I went home and she was as smiling, as a basket of chips and dressed up to kill. After supper we went to our room, and she asked me if she wasn't as pretty as she was when I married her, and I told her she was. You know we have got to live some in our business. Then she told me, better put on my dress suit, and I flared up and asked her if she had been inviting in a gang of people, and she said no, but several knew it was our anniversary, and they might drop in to congratulate us. So I went and harnessed up like a dude, and perfumed myself, and combed the hair over the bald spot, and looked like a 'lo the bridegroom cometh.' Then she said, better go down and light the gas in the parlor, and I went down and scratched a match on my leg, and the brimstone fell off on the carpet, and I stepped on it and swore a little, and said matches were not near as good as they were twenty-five years ago, and I made facetious remarks about people coming to a house prowling around after cold victuals when they were not invited, and my wife said 'h-u-s-h,' and I took another match and scratched it on my leg four or five times, and it wouldn't go, and I swore a little more, and said I didn't believe there was half as much electricity concealed about our persons as there was twenty-five years ago, and my wife came into the room and pulled my coat-tail and said 's-s-h-h,' and finally I got a match that would light, and when I went to turn the gas burner it wouldn't turn, and then I said some more harsh words, and burned my fingers on the match and threw it down and stamped on it, and was going on to give my opinion of parties in general and people in particular who did not know how to stay at home and let decent people alone, when my wife said 's-s-h-h,' and I scratched a match and she knows where it is."

Well, you could have knocked me down with a crow bar. If there was one person in the room there were a hundred, and they burst out into a roar of laughter that shook the building, and the chair my wife stood on tipped over, and she went down kerfummux into a clothes basket full of dishes the surprise party had brought. O, I thought I should sink, but I didn't have any sinker, so I floated around on the surface of society, and every man and woman was laughing. After my wife got out of the basket, and a neighbor had wiped the chicken salad off her dress, where she had sat down in the basket, and got the ice cream off, where she run her arm clear up to the elbow in it, I tried to apologize, but my tongue seemed clove to the roof of my house. I just stood there and perspired my boots full, and everybody seemed to enjoy it. The worst of it was the minister of our church sat within four feet of me when I was talking about the matches, and when I thought of my class in Sunday school, and how the minister had wanted me to be superintendent, I felt sick. You know I am not a bad man notwithstanding the business I am in, but when I saw the pain on the minister's face, and noticed how his wife looked at me as though she thought I was a South Chicago rough, I would have sold May wheat at ninety cents and thrown myself in. It was the worst case of misplaced confidence that ever was, and I wonder that I am alive."

"How did it turn out? Did they get mad at what you had said, and go away," said his partner.

"Mad? Did they go away? Not much. I will bet some of them are there yet. They took possession of the house and had the biggest spread you ever saw. I opened up the wine cellar to show that there was nothing mean about me, and they drank the wine to show that there was nothing mean about them, and we had a lightning time. I was ripe about 3 o'clock this morning and my wife picked me off the banisters, and when I hugged the minister and his wife, as they went away, and wished them many happy returns, they had changed their minds about me. I thought I was a blue grass thoroughbred. But that settled it. No more anniversaries for me. Lordy, how my head jumps. How's wheat?" and the man went into the wheat pit as though he had been shot out of a cannon. —Peck's Sun.

The following ode, written by a lady of this city, has been set to music and is to be printed in sheet form:

DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE.

Dedicated to the memory of Jennie Cramer, who was found dead on West Haven beach August 6th, 1881.

Hark to the wind's gentle whisper
In the grey misty light of the dawn,
And the waves, who re-echoing murmur
She has gone; darling Jennie has gone
Like a bark adrift on the ocean,
Without anchor, without compass, or guide,
She heeded not the storm fast approaching,
But gaily drifted on with the tide.

CHORUS.

Darling Jennie, home's brightest treasure,
Found drifting, floating with the tide;
Floating alone in the morning,
For death had claimed her as his bride.

Ah! What was her heart's true emotion
As clouds gathered fast o'er her view,
When sinking in the waves of destruction,
As death stamped her brow with its dew,
Ah! With pity and with tenderness judge her,
This bright flower lent us by God;
Alone with her Maker at the seashore
She sleeps in His care 'neath the sod.

Mothers-in-Law.

After all the abuse and fault-finding, and fun that has been going on, from time immemorial, about mothers-in-law, it is time some one should say a good word for them. I'm speaking more of "his mother" than of hers, now, and I have often wondered whether girls who marry men with mothers, ever have any appreciation of the mother's feeling—ever understand how it might be that the dear old lady who has petted her boy so, who remembers him as her own little baby, who thought he would never leave her, but always love her better than any one else in the world, should feel hurt and grieved and astonished when he chooses to leave home to live with some pretty girl whose bright eyes and pretty ways have charmed him.

Jealousy is a part of love of any sort. A mother cannot help being jealous. Often she must hate her rival in her son's affections, "for a little while." She knows it is wrong, and if she is wise she will hide it, and after awhile it will pass off, and she will find that she has a daughter as well as a son, and laugh at herself for feeling as she did.

But "at first"—oh, daughters-in-law, you should be pitiful! Don't blame the old lady if she is very glad that her son does not like your gingerbread as he does hers, or that you have forgotten a button. Human nature is but human nature. And when you are older, and a little wiser, upon your knees, you will beg to know how much your son's mother had to bear, when he first chose to cleave unto his wife. —Mary Kay.

SEPTEMBER 28. 1904

Last week the twentieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. H. Walter Chidsey was observed by a surprise party tendered by about thirty of their New Haven friends at their home in East Haven. The evening was spent most pleasantly with games and music, and as a token of esteem a handsome book case was presented in behalf of the company by Mr. H. C. Shepard, the response being made very gracefully by Mr. Chidsey. Among the guests were Mr. H. G. Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Shepard, Mr. Norman Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. John Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Benham, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis D. Chidsey, Mr. and Mrs. Leander Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. Ives Bradley, Mrs. Wesley Stone, Mrs. Calvin Russell, Miss Emma Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Dorman, Miss Ella Dorman, Mr. and Mrs. Cadwell and family and Mr. and Mrs. Loretta Foot.

SEPTEMBER 26 1908

The Park Place Whist club, which numbers about twenty, learned late Saturday afternoon that it was the 25th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Chidsey and they became busy with the aid of the telephone, and soon notified all the members, and at nine o'clock marched in upon the bride and groom of a quarter of a century, and to say they were surprised expresses it mildly, as they had been congratulating themselves that it was an affair unknown to any one. A most delightful evening was spent, however, and a dainty lunch was served before their

departure. Mr. and Mrs. Chidsey were the recipients of a dozen cut glass tumblers from the club of which they have been members for several years.

A memorial fountain in memory of H. Walter Chidsey and his wife Nellie L. Chidsey, and given by their son, Leroy A. Chidsey has been opened in East Lawn cemetery. Mr. Chidsey was for many years the sexton of this cemetery which adjoins the Old East Haven cemetery on what was at one time a part of the Bradley farm.



Charles Guiteau

From POLICE GAZETTE, New York, Richard K. Fox, Prop.

EXIT GUITEAU.

Garfield's Murder at Last
Avenged.

LOSING SCENES IN THE TRAGEDY

The Murderer's Last Night
on Earth.

IS BEARING ON THE GALLOWES.

ing as He Lived A Specimen Crank.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Garfield Avenged—His Murderer's Life Offered in Atonement—The Last Scene in a Crank's Career—Characteristic Conduct on the Gallows—Praying and huddling in the few minutes—His Brother Present at the main entrance. A Scoville Dissuade amidst of the asser—What the Auto. He day of a cra

WASHINGTON, June 30.—The curtain has fallen on the great act of the national tragedy. Within two days of twelve months after General Garfield's body received the bullet from Guiteau's pistol, his assassin has been slain on the altar of justice and given up a life that was worthless when weighed in the balance with that which went out from the wound he inflicted. The city to-day wore an air of a great event being enacted in its midst. But it was in the District jail, where the final act in the great drama was being enacted, that the tension was at its height. Here were gathered the officials who were entrusted with the task of execution, and all who either from personal or public reasons were associated in the act. After a restless night the prisoner rose shortly after 5 o'clock, breakfasting at 6:30, for which he ate steak, eggs, potatoes and other breakfast dishes. He then had a talk with Rev. Mr. Hicks, in which he said: "I don't think I can go through this ordeal without weeping—not because of any great weakness, for the principle in me is strong, but because I am nearer the other world. I hold to the idea that God inspired me."

GUITEAU'S LAST NIGHT ON EARTH.

Guiteau's last night on earth was one of the most beautiful ever seen in Washington. The broad, slanting shadows of cornice and abutment formed weird shadows on the dusky walls, and the whitewashed tree trunks on the neighboring fences as if the ghost-prisoner were the in the during

yells and shouts suggested dire possibilities. The keepers on a constant tour of inspection. Her conduct incited many others, and out in the still night rang shouts like the following: "See dat goblin; he come for Guiteau sure." "Oh my king I see glad I ain't going to be hung to-morrow." "Pray de Lord dat rope may break." "Good enough for such trash anyhow," and many more far less worthy of repetition. The mania burst into a fit of unintelligible boisterous laughter, so loud and long that it became almost unbearable. A guard spoke briskly from below: "Stop that noise." Down came the reply: "Shut up, fellah, I laff 's much 's I please. Tse God's woman, I am." "No use," said the guard, "they are all God's own, now, man and woman." Guiteau was restless and nervous. He asked his watch what those hideous noises meant. The death watch, Thomas Johnson, said they were caused by a crazy woman. "Poor thing," said Guiteau, "tell the guards not to let her hurt herself."

IN AND AROUND THE JAIL.

The scene about the jail was unique. The office of the jail was given completely up to the large corps of newspaper reporters, and a squad of them scribbled away on every table, window sill and every projection that offered a rest for paper. Many newspaper reporters remained all night. The private office of the warden was transformed temporarily into a telegraph office, and before 9 o'clock eight instruments were clicking a merry accompaniment to the gloomy preparations going on inside the jail. At 9 o'clock there was a constant stream of persons coming into the jail. The scene outside was like that of some great gala occasion. Some enterprising colored men had erected booths, from which they dispensed lemonade, cakes and other refreshments to the weary and thirsty people who began before 9 o'clock to assemble in the road in front of the jail. Mounted messengers speeding to and from the city, and carriages bringing visitors to the jail, kept a continual cloud of dust hovering over the road that winds through the wide common that lies between the jail and the city. At 10 o'clock Guiteau took a bath, none but the "death watch" being with him at the time. At 10 o'clock about seventy policemen, mounted and on foot, under command of Captain Vernon and Lieutenants Boteler, Austin and Guy, arrived in front of the jail. The crowd was very high and quiet.

GUITEAU'S BROTHER AND SISTER ON HAN.

John W. Guiteau arrived at the jail about 9 o'clock, and had a consultation with Warden Crocker and Rev. Mr. Hicks regarding the disposition of the body. The three afterwards examined the scaffold, John W. ascending the steps and carefully examining the structure, handling the rope and carefully inspecting all the fixtures, both above and below the platform. He wanted to see the assassin, but the latter stubbornly refused to have an interview with him. At 10 o'clock a sensational and painful incident occurred on the arrival of Mrs. Scoville. Her presence at the jail was not expected, as she had yesterday expressed her intention of not visiting the jail again. Her manner was excited, and she appeared to be laboring under great excitement. General Crocker declined to admit her unless the prisoner specially requested it. John W. Guiteau, who was sitting in the rotunda at the time, was informed that his sister was upon the outside, and at first started up to go to her, but after a moment's hesitation decided not to interfere, saying, "I will leave the whole matter with General Crocker." After a short conference with Warden Crocker John W. Guiteau went outside the jail to see his sister. He found her in great excitement bordering upon hysteria, but after a short time he succeeded in calming her and dissuading her from any further attempt to gain admission. She acknowledged the propriety of such a course, but said that she could not possibly remain in the city during all the wretched hours of the morning. She

or Robinson's Detailed Account of the Attack—He is Living in California, and for Thirty Years he has Avoided Interviewers About the Night of Terror—Consented at Last. Major G. F. Robinson, the only person on the Pacific coast who has had a vote of thanks from congress for a meritorious act, one of the very few persons who has a gold medal given by congress for bravery, and one of but two men who were ever promoted at once from private to major in the United States army, lives quietly here with his family among the orange groves and on an avenue of palms.

At the same moment that Abraham Lincoln was shot to death in Ford's Theater in Washington, on April 14, 1865, and when, but for a change of plans, General U. S. Grant would doubtless also have been killed, Major Robinson, unarmed and unprepared, grappled with the armed and desperate assassin, Lewis Payne, in the darkened sick room of Secretary Seward.

Major Robinson has studiously avoided through some thirty years interviews by newspaper and magazine writers. Last week, however, he permitted an interview by a fellow townsman and a personal friend. "I have never known," said Major Robinson, "how I came to be detailed to act as nurse at the home of Secretary Seward, in April, 1865. I had been confined to the hospital for several months by a gunshot wound in my leg.

"The evening of April 14 was beautiful and clear. At a little before 10 p. m., when the secretary was sleeping easily, the house was closed for the night. Mrs. Seward had gone to her sleeping room. Frederick Seward, second son of the secretary, had retired. Miss Fannie Seward, a daughter, and I sat in the sick chamber on the third floor. Miss Seward was near the bed. Her father lay propped up in bed. Just before ten the sound of a man was heard down in the hall. It was afterward learned that the porter saw a tall young man on horseback dash up to the stone curbing. He claimed to be Dr. Verdis' assistant, and pushed his way into the house. The first that I knew of the assassin in the house was when the front door closed. Miss Seward heard the sound of some one coming heavily up the front stairs, and remarked upon the carelessness of any one who would so noisily approach a sick chamber. At the top of the stairway Frederick Seward met the supposed messenger.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Seward, in a low tone.

"Dr. Verdis sent me with this medicine for Secretary Seward," was the man's reply. "It must be taken immediately. I am the doctor's student, and must tell Mr. Seward how and when to take the medicine.

"Frederick answered that he would see if his father was awake. Then he opened the door of the secretary's room and tiptoed over to the bed where his father lay. He went back and remarked that he would not disturb the patient at that hour. As he spoke he closed the door behind him. In a trice there came the sound of blows, as if one had been struck by a rattan. Not a word was spoken. I sprang from my chair, threw open the hall door in time to see a very tall, powerful, beardless man about to open it himself, and back of him Frederick Seward, covered with blood from wounds on his head.

"The stranger jumped through the door at me. I saw a knife flash in the feeble gaslight. He dealt me an awful blow on the scalp and forehead. I fell backward, while blood started down my face and beard. The stranger, wearing a long light-colored overcoat, a slouch hat and cavalry boots, gave Miss Seward (who had taken alarm and

started to call for help) a thrust that threw her aside. He pounced upon the bedside. The assassin had his now broken navy pistol in his left hand and a long, heavy knife in his right. He leaned over and across the bed, and, placing his pistol on Secretary Seward's chest, struck madly and frantically at the head and neck. I saw, a thousand times quicker than it takes to tell it, the assassin strike at the secretary's head, and lay open a gash in his right cheek and in the side of his neck. I leaped upon the bed beside the stranger from the rear, caught his arm as his right hand gripped the knife for a surer and more powerful stroke, and thus diverted the blade. The knife went into the secretary's neck on the side nearest to us as I pulled him from the bed.

"Then began a terrific hand-to-hand grapple. The assassin gave me a deep cut in the right shoulder as I pulled him backward from the bed. A second later he gave me another cut. In a twinkling he turned on me with the ferocity of an enraged tiger, while Secretary Seward rolled off the further side of the bed. The assassin struck at me several times, once giving me a slash in the left shoulder. I clinched my arms about him with my utmost strength, while he was trying to force me away so that he could use his arms either to thrust his bloody knife into me or to beat me into insensibility by blows with his big pistol. Meanwhile Miss Seward had pushed up the window in the sick room and had screamed 'Murder! Murder!' Although weak from my hospital experience and my use of crutches for six months previous, I was naturally a strong young man at the time.

"My antagonist vainly tried to raise his hands to beat or stab me. He suddenly dropped his pistol and tried to push me from him or to throw me. I clung to the man with even greater intensity. All I saw was my desperate big antagonist and that knife blade. I grasped the assassin's right wrist. He ceased for a brief second his stabbing tactics and tried to throw me. Then, summoning all my strength, I tried to throw him. My wounded leg gave way and I partially staggered. The assassin made a vain snatch at my throat.

"The despair of the moment brought back my full strength, and I tripped the villain somewhat off his feet. While I had him in that position I urged him a few feet across the room toward the hall door. When we were about half way across the room and in fierce grapple I felt some one taking hold of me from behind. It flashed into me mind that here was an accomplice of the murderer. Then I saw in the dim light that it was Major A. H. Seward. He had heard his sister's shrieks, had sprung out of bed and had come into his father's room to find, as he first thought, two drunken soldiers scuffling in the darkness.

"I called to him: 'Hold that man's hand; get that knife;' but the major reached around me from behind and got his hands on the assassin's shoulders, so as to push him along through the hall door. The assassin came against the woodwork of the door, and thereby regained a firm footing. As quick as lightning he freed himself from my grasp and gave Major Seward several stabs about the head and shoul-

ders. He bounded down the stairs. Hansel, a messenger in the department, was running down the stairs to get help. The fellow overtook Hansel and gave him a slash down back. Then the assassin went out the front door like a rocket, leaped his saddle, and, striking his spurs, his horse's flanks, was off in the darkness.

"The whole affair occupied probably not over three minutes. When the assassin was gone, I turned to find Secretary Seward on the carpet at the other side of the bed. His daughter was bending over him. The secretary was bleeding profusely. The pool of blood in which he lay, the gaping gash in cheek, the wound in his neck, and ghastly pale face, all made a dread sight. We lifted the patient to his bed and found that his heart still beat, though he seemed to be pulseless. Boston Advertiser.

JANUARY 26 1909.

EDWIN STREET.

The death of Edwin Street occurred Saturday night at his residence in New York city. He was 97 years of age, and the end came quietly, his family finding him dead on going to arouse him in the morning.

Mr. Street was the son of Rev. Nicholas Street, who for 50 years was pastor of the Old Stone church, East Haven. He was born in East Haven, May 18th, 1812, and spent considerable of his life in that town. He was made a deacon in the Stone church.

He had for many years been a member of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational church, Brooklyn, and the old Sunday school teacher in point of service in the church. He accepted a class of young ladies 50 years ago, and

since that time has made no change. The class has grown up with him and he shall at the time of his death numbered fifteen, all of whom are over 70 years of age. The funeral will be held this evening from his late home at 8 o'clock.

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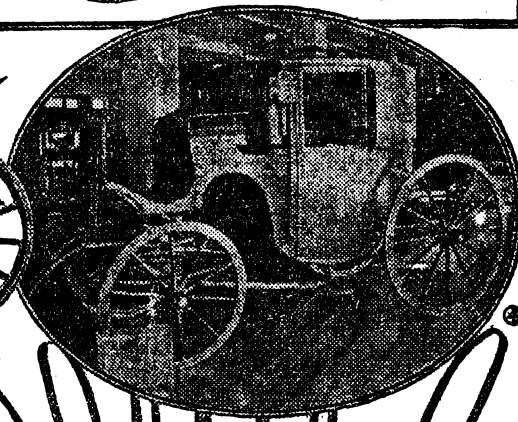
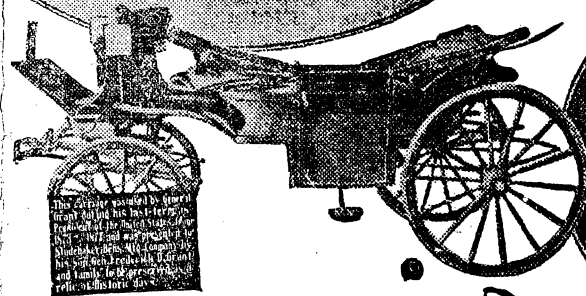
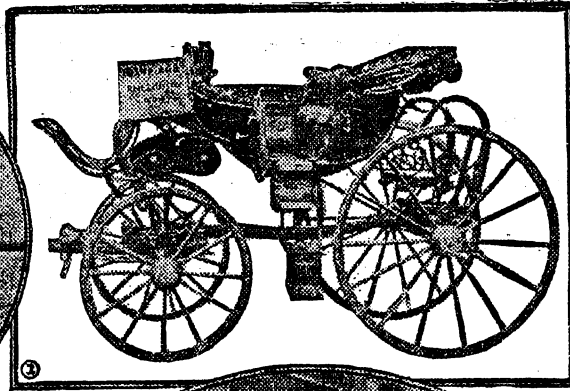
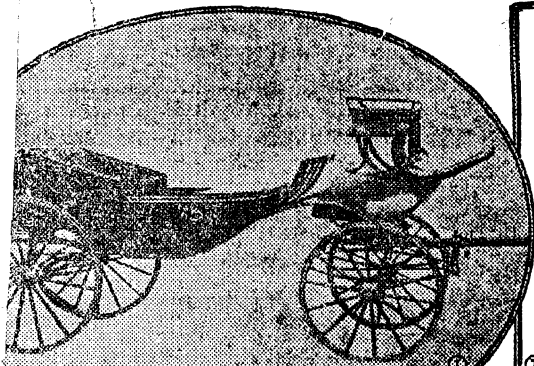
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VENERABLE CARRIAGE RE MINDER OF FRENCH HERO'S VISIT TO UNITED STATES JUST CENTURY AGO



Photos from Studebaker Museum, South Bend, Indiana, and reproduced through courtesy of Studebaker.

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

TAKE THINGS AS THEY COME. on.
Take things as they come. The sadness
Pretty soon gives way to gladness,
And the trouble and the sorrows
Seem to melt with our to-morrows.
Yesterday is gone forever,
And the cares it brought will never
Come again to fret or grieve you.
Every dismal thought will leave you.
Life's journey, ever-changing,
Now the stony steeps we're ranging,
Then the valley where the clover,
With the blue skies bending over,
Makes you want to spend a day there.
But it's vain to hope to stay there.

When the Lord sends you a glad day,
Just forget about the bad day;
Drop your whining and complaining
Of the time when it was raining.
Let your soul stretch out to beauty
Just as though it was your duty
To refresh your mind and body
With kind nature's sparkling today.
Drink the sunshine and the breezes,
Take the joy until it squeezes
From your system all the hateful
And the mean things and ungrateful.
You'll have many a day to boast of
If each smile you'll make the most of.

Though your burdens may be many,
There'll be days you haven't any,
And it's then your time for laughter.
Troubles may be coming after;
Troubles may lie thick behind you,
But when gladness comes to find you,
Welcome it with arms extended
And until the visit's ended,
In your heart fling wide the guest room,
Let it occupy the best room!
Joy's a transient friend; so take it
When it calls on you and make it
Be a day to long remember.
It shall brighten life's December.

Never a grain to sew or reap;
Never in dreams to roam or sigh,

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- 1—President Lincoln's Carriage. Used by him the night he was assassinated.
- 2—Carriage presented by the United States Government to General Lafayette for use during his visit to this country in 1824.
- 3—General Grant's State Carriage, used during his last term as President.
- 4—This Carriage served President Harrison when he was in the White House.
- 5—Canastota Wagon or Prairie Schooner built in 1830 by John Studebaker, father of the five brothers who established the Studebaker business.

They sang of home by the Rapidan,
When rifle pits were yawning,
But shot and shell were all forgot
As well as battle's morning.
That song recalled familiar scenes,
Brought back each gentle feeling;
Down cheeks that battle ne'er could
blanch
Teardrops were slowly stealing.
They saw again their own loved homes;
Received their mother's blessing;
Warm kisses thrilled upon their lips,
Dear ones were then caressing,
Deem them not weak—they led the
charge,
Amid the cannon's rattle;
Yet tears bedewed each manly cheek
The eve before the battle.

and now they lie.

91 ST. BIRTHDAY

Relatives and friends of Aunt Lydia Harrison met on Friday, January 10, at her home on Bare Plain, North Branford, to celebrate her 91st birthday. Those who lived at too great a distance to come remembered her by birthday gifts and letters.

Mrs. Lydia Chidsey Harrison is the youngest child of Capt. Samuel Chidsey of Foxon, and is the only one living of 11. She has a social nature and delights in friendly intercourse.

Her eyesight and memory are good and she is as much interested in current events as ever.

Living not far from her is her life-long friend, Mrs. Sally Jacobs, who has reached the age of 92.

They frequently get together to talk over the happenings of their young days.

Mrs. Harrison's husband, Jerome Harrison, died a few years ago, at the age of 91.

LEY—Sept 27th, at the residence of the parents in East Haven, by the Rev. Eddy, H. Walter Chidsey, of New Haven, Nello L. Bradley, only daughter of L. H. Eddy.

Wedding in East Haven.

Last evening at the residence of the bride's parents in East Haven, Miss Nellie L. Bradley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Bradley, and Mr. H. Walter Chidsey, of the firm of L. D. Chidsey & Co. of Church street, this city, were united in the silken bonds of matrimony, Rev. Mr. Eddy, rector of the Episcopal church, officiating. The wedding was attended by the relatives and immediate friends of the happy couple. A bountiful collation was served. The wedding gifts included a number of handsome and costly mementoes of regard and affection. The happy pair left for a wedding trip to be absent about a week. They have the best wishes of a large circle of friends for their prosperity and happiness.

Last evening at 6 o'clock H. Harrison Weed of this city and Miss Harriette H. Bagley were married at the residence of the bride's parents in East Haven. Rev. Mr. Samson of Calvary Baptist church officiated. The floral display at the wedding was magnificent. A large number of friends of the contracting parties, principally from New Haven and Branford, witnessed the ceremony. The bride wore a pink satin dress, cut en traine, and trimmed with white lace. The couple left East Haven on an early evening train for Pennsylvania, where the honeymoon will be spent.

Master Lawrence Howard and Miss Elma Bradley, the little nephew and cousin of the bride stood up with them. The ushers were: I. D. Weed, brother of the groom; A. E. Howard, brother-in-law of the bride; C. T. Weed and A. I. Ward. The presents were numerous and beautiful. After the ceremony a bountiful collation was served. The bride and groom, with New Haven friends, left on the 8:40 train for New York.

MARRIAGES.

FRANCIS—STENT—In Northford, April 29, by the Rev. Henry S. Snyder, Courtland E. Francis, of Killingworth, and Miss Venelia B. Stent, of Branford.

To Spend Christmas in East Haven.

At the residence of Stephen Hemingway in East Haven, on the evening of the 22d, Miss Lillian E. Hemingway and Walter Niles Gillette of Manistee, Mich., were united in marriage under a floral horseshoe by Rev. Clayton Eddy. Master Leeland Thompson and Miss Leila May Forbes, cousins of the bride, stood up with the happy pair. It was a very pretty ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Gillette returned this afternoon from New York and will spend Christmas at East Haven. In about four weeks they will go to Michigan to reside. Their presents were numerous and costly.

Friday, November 3, 1893.

EAST HAVEN.

A Pretty Wedding Last Evening—Miss Grace Bradley and Mr. R. J. Allen.

A very pretty wedding took place last evening at the residence of Mr. Stephen Bradley in East Haven, that of his only daughter, Miss Grace, to Mr. Robert J. Allen of this city.

The ceremony was performed in the presence of a large number of friends by Rev. D. J. Clark of the East Haven Congregational church. A collation was served after which Mr. and Mrs. Allen left on an extended tour, including Washington and points south.

They will be at home at 7 o'clock on November 15.

Guests were Mr. and Mrs. B. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Hosley.

Wedding in Fair Haven.

Marriage of Mr. William Cornwall, of Chicago, and Miss Laura D. Gates.

A very pleasant wedding party assembled at the residence of Mrs. M. M. Howell, No. 225 Lombard street, last evening, when Mr. William W. Cornwall, of Chicago, and Miss Laura Della Gates were united in marriage by Rev. S. M. Hammond, pastor of the M. E. church. The happy pair were escorted by two couples of beautiful children who acted as the bridal aids. The floor was covered with a handsome rug of thousands of thousands of pieces, wrought by the hands of mother Cornwall. The marriage ceremony was performed beneath a huge umbrella of flowers, indicating that the storms of life were never to descend upon the bride and groom. Over the door was a handsome horse shoe made of delicate cut flowers, indicating good luck. Other pleasing decorations were visible at every turn, but many no doubt appreciated the elegantly spread tables affording refreshment for all. We could not think of naming the gifts or the donors, only to say they were immense. Mr. and Mrs. Cornwall are to reside in Chicago and the best wishes of their friends go with them.

Among those present were, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Russell, John G. North, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. North, James Johnson, wife and daughter, Thomas Forsyth, wife and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Sanford, John Disbrow, Misses Nellie and Flossie Disbrow, Miss Stiles, William Cornwall of Milford, Miss Minnie Bradley, Miss Hattie Seeley, Miss Bartha Sanford, Miss Elta Avery, Mrs. L. Potter, Misses Hattie and Laura Deming, Miss E. Whitlock, Arthur Rowe, Miss Jennie Forsyth, Miss Hattie Barker, Miss Ida Welch.

BRADLEY-ANDERSON.

Married by the Same Minister Who Married the Bride's Parents Over Thirty Years Ago.

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon Miss Hattie L. Bradley, daughter of Mr. D. R. Bradley, and Mr. George Thrall Anderson of Brooklyn, L. I., were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's parents, No. 86 Wooster street, Rev. Hiram Stone of Litchfield, Conn., officiating. After the ceremony a reception was held from 4 until 7 o'clock, at which the intimate friends and relatives of the couple were present. The happy couple left on the 8 o'clock train for a wedding tour of about two weeks to the South, after which they will return to Brooklyn, L. I., where they will reside. A large circle of friends join in wishing them all happiness. Rev. Hiram Stone also married the bride's father and mother thirty years ago.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Shepherd, York and Crown Streets, last evening, their daughter, Miss Shepherd, was united in marriage to Sidney Benham, by Rev. Dr. Vail. The best man was Wallace Benham, brother of the groom, and the bridesmaid was Miss Orr.

Last evening at 5 o'clock at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Leander Johnson, the parents of the bride, at 43 Clinton Avenue, Miss Mary E. Johnson and Edgar L. Foster, a motorman on the Winchester Avenue Railroad, were married by Rev. J. H. Hand, pastor of the East Pearl Street M. E. Church. Mr. and Mrs. Myron Johnson stood up with the couple.

Monday, August 31, 1896.

BRANFORD PEOPLE MARRIED.

Sarah J. Greene of this city and Eugene C. Hosby of Branford were married by Rev. Mr. Dickerman yesterday. The couple will reside in Branford.

Rev. W. E. C. Smith Joins Nettie Estelle Lovesy and Harry H. Vaughn.

The brilliantly lighted parlor of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lovesy, at 57 East Springfield street, presented a gay and animated appearance last evening, the occasion being the marriage of their daughter, Miss Nettie Estelle Lovesy, to Harry Havelock Vaughn. The marriage ceremony took place at 7:30, being performed by Rev. W. E. C. Smith of Emanuel Church. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of white braided silk, trimmed with lace, a long train, V cut corsage, white tulle veil, and carried a large bouquet of June roses.

After the ceremony a reception was held by the newly-married couple, at which among others present were F. L. Keene, L. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Bradley, Connecticut; A. H. Lovesy, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Randall, Mr. and Mrs. Gettruzit, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. N. P. H. Ho King, Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Young, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Hall, Miss C. I. Young, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Studley and Miss Studley, Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Smith, S. G. and Miss Hardig, C. F. Dairy, Mrs. Danielson, Mrs. L. K. Hardy, Mrs. O. M. Burrill, Mrs. L. M. Bright, Mrs. E. Taylor, Mrs. L. M. Jenkins, Mrs. F. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Richardson, Mr. J. W. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fitzgerald, C. E. Clark, Miss M. N. Gault, Will Chalmer, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Ingersoll, Miss Emma Towne, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. F. R. Keene and many others. The presents were numerous and costly, including silverware, parlor lamp, marble clock, a handsome writing desk, etc., etc.

The couple will, on the conclusion of their wedding trip, which will include a visit to New York, Washington, etc., reside at 57 East Springfield street, where they will be "at home" after Aug. 15.

Friday, November 13, 1891.

LANE-EBERTH.

A very pretty wedding occurred at the home of H. C. Eberth, 222 Greenway avenue, last evening. The contracting parties were Anna A., his daughter, and Frank T. Lane. Only the immediate friends of the bride were present. The parlors were beautifully trimmed with cut flowers and potted tropical plants.

At 7:30 the bride, in a beautiful white dress, carrying a bouquet of pink chrysanthemums, and leaning upon the arm of the groom in regular dress suit, entered, when the nuptial knot was tied by their pastor, W. P. Arbuckle. The bride is a member of the Howard avenue M. E. church, and a soprano in its choir. The groom is a prosperous and well-known oyster dealer of this city. Many beautiful presents were received. The wedding tour will be in the near future, and for the present the happy couple will be at home at 73 South Water street.

LEIR SILVER WEDDING.

Mrs. Leonard R. Andrews of East Haven Surprised by Many Friends.

The 25th anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard R. Andrews of East Haven which occurred last evening was not forgotten or allowed to pass unnoticed by more than 100 of their friends and relatives, who arranged for them a genuine surprise and walked in upon them in a body just as the question of retiring was being considered. A more completely surprised couple could scarcely be imagined and it was some time before Mr. and Mrs. Andrews recovered sufficiently to realize that they were "in the hands of their friends" for one night at least and that they had been handsomely remembered on their arrival at the 25th mile post of a happy wedded life.

The first number on the program was of course the replenishing of the inner man, which was accomplished in a manner highly satisfactory to all present.

A few well chosen remarks by Rev. Mr. Clark in which he dwelt at length upon the noble lives of the bride and groom of 25 years, were followed by a poem, written for the occasion by Mrs. Lewis, which was well received.

There were presents galore, many that were costly, elegant and useful. The party ended at a very late hour, all united in wishing for Mr. and Mrs. Andrews a long and happy future.

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A Fine Paper on the Early History of New Haven and East Haven Read by Dr. William Havens Before the Historical Society - The Strife Between the Two Towns Ended With the Revolution.

One of the most interesting papers read before the Historical society this season was that by Rev. D. William Havens of Meriden last evening upon "The Relations of the Village of East Haven to the Town of New Haven." Dr. Havens is a fine old gentleman with portly presence, long white hair and flowing white beard. His paper and conversation afterwards was highly entertaining and full of knowledge of the affairs of New Haven and East Haven in the early days of their existence. Dr. Havens was for twenty-five years pastor of the Congregational church in East Haven and was a resident of Kansas for ten years before his return recently to this State.

In beginning Dr. Havens stated that the paper which he would read was composed of extracts from a history of East Haven which he had written some time ago. His remarks in brief may be here perused. "After the organization of a church," he continued, "the political constitution was the most important thing before the community. The constitution of the New Haven colony was formed on a different ground than the Saybrook, Hartford and Massachusetts colonies. They recognized no authority that did not originate in themselves. They were, according to their own view, what philosophers would call a State-nation. Not a foot of land occupied by the New Haven colony was gained by fraud. There is no evidence that any aboriginal tribe was permanently settled in this vicinity. The purchase was not completed, till autumn of 1638, and included all the plain lying west of the Quinnipiac river. The Indians received in payment articles of clothing and other utensils which were deemed suitable and fair. There were, however, certain conditions connected with the exchange that were of great advantage to the Indians. A tract of land east of the Quinnipiac river, in the town of East Haven, was set apart to them for a planting ground. It was long known as the Indians' field. This was the first mention of East Haven that occurs in the records of the colony of New Haven. Previous to 1644 no actual land was acquired by the colonists for agricultural purposes. In this year Thomas Gregon petitioned that his allotment might be made at Solitary Cove. To him belongs the distinction of being the first white man that settled in the town of East Haven. Shortly afterward he was appointed agent of New Haven colony to London, but perished in the passage, his ship being wrecked.

In 1645 it was ordered by the town that Rev. Mr. Davenport, pastor of the church, should have his choice of a tract of land on the east side of East river. It was not till 1730, however, that any of Mr. Davenport's descendants took up their residence upon it. It is still known as the Davenport farm.

It was not till 1680 that East Haven can be considered to have been permanently settled. About 1678 occurred an event of great interest to the town of East Haven. It was the organization of a separate of worship. It was due to the great distance and difficulty of communication from New Haven. They petitioned the town for exemption from public worship and freedom from the church tax. The town people readily agreed, but stipulated certain conditions. The East Haven people were aroused, organized a parish and established their own system of worship. In 1680 the people of East Haven were permitted by the proper authority to conduct their own affairs. They had no idea, however, of stopping at that point but wanted to be free from New Haven and exist, in fact, as a separate town. The first intimation that New Haven had of this aim was the election by East Haven of a whole

East Haven, and the strife between the two had hardly ceased then. It must, however, be admitted that the right was with New Haven. The common, undivided lands were unquestionably the property of the whole town. East Haven, by its incorporation, could not possess any of this common property. Yet the people of East Haven gained, and the people of New Haven acceded, the common land.

It was not till a church was organized, Oct. 8, 1711, that the religious and secular interests of East Haven became identified. The people were really till that time members of the New Haven church and were forced to recognize it in the principal religious rites and services.

The most noteworthy and surprising thing in connection with these early affairs was that the population of East Haven numbered only 127 persons. It was evident that these sturdy yeomen had a higher religious principle than those of the present day.

The ecclesiastical controversy being settled by the establishment of a separate church the political progress must be noticed. At a village held March 9, 1684, the question of surrendering the village charter and joining with New Haven again was brought forward and voted down. In the failure of their attempt at self-government there was shown a stagnation in the affairs of the village.

In 1706 New Haven, ignoring the village organization, assessed the old taxes on every resident. This of course was resisted. Suits of law were brought and property attached but the spirit of the men of East Haven arose with the difficulty. Six hundred acres of land were set aside to carry on the conflict. The village offered to support its own poor if the common lands were exempted from the unjust tax. This was rejected and the people of East Haven then took the bull by the horns and boldly petitioned the general council at Hartford that they might be incorporated into a town distinct from New Haven and having the liberties granted to any town whatever. They were to be fully free from paying any taxes to the town of New Haven. One right was not mentioned, that of sending a representative to the general legislature. The people at once proceeded to the election of their town officers to provide for their own poor, and other independent actions. It appears from the records that the town of New Haven took serious exception to these measures.

Shortly after Governor Saltonstall was elected to the gubernatorial chair he took up his residence in East Haven, and from that time the misfortunes of the village were greatly increased. His relations with his neighbors were such that upon his renomination in 1708 he did not receive a single vote in the village. Shortly afterwards the legislature passed an act which practically made the charter of East Haven as valueless as the blank paper upon which it was written. At every annual meeting after that a committee was present from East Haven to ask that their old village grant of 1707 should be restored. New Haven, however, continued its enmity, and against her many enemies East Haven was powerless to gain her rights. She was placed completely in the power of the town of New Haven in matters of taxation and otherwise. Yet the people of East Haven took the decree of the legislature with equanimity and continued their efforts.

In 1713 a committee was again appointed to present the petition of the village for a town charter. It was again refused, but immediately after this New Haven was suddenly taken with a benevolent turn and declared at a town meeting in December that East Haven should be exempted from all taxes upon school and ministerial matters. Soon after this Governor Saltonstall

made an effort to remove the college from Saybrook to this city in 1716. Still the preponderating influence of New Haven in the general council precluded all hope of East Haven to have a town government of its own. They were refused in 1758 as usual, and it was not until the iron tyranny of Great Britain began to weigh heavily upon the country and the first blast of hostilities had sounded that East Haven finally received a separate charter. At the close of the war in 1783 she received one of the most luminous charters that she could desire, and at the same time New Haven was raised to the dignity of a city.

At the ending of Dr. Havens' paper a vote of thanks was voted him by the society. The curator reported the following additions to the society's property since January 7th: Nine volumes, 120 pamphlets, a fine old punch bowl from Samuel G. Higgins, which formerly belonged to his father, and a portrait of Thomas R. Trowbridge.

MARCH 10, 1919.

"Lew" Chidsey Dead, Was Once a Prominent Business Man Here

Lewis D. Chidsey, for years a prominent business man of New Haven, died at Grace hospital at 10 o'clock today from the effects of a shock he suffered two years ago. He was in his 76th year.

Years ago Mr. Chidsey was one of the best known and most popular men in New Haven. For 25 years or up to 20 years ago, he conducted a grocery store at Church and George streets which was liberally patronized. Subsequently he went about the state giving food exhibitions on a large scale. He was afterwards for eight years a turnkey at the county jail under High Sheriff A. E. Durham. The deceased was a man of original wit and humor, and a charming story teller. He was born in East Haven of an old family and had been engaged in the grocery business most of his life. His last employment was at Fairlea Farm in Orange.

Surviving Mr. Chidsey are a daughter, Mrs. L. L. Higgins of 21 Hobart street, and a son, John L. Chidsey of New York. The funeral is to be held Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at 21 Hobart street. Friends are invited.

"Lew" was the friend of everybody, and was liked by all who knew him. He was whole-souled, generous, honest—kind.

MORE THAN SHE HAD.

WHAT MISS THOMPSON'S HEIRS AL-
LEGE SHE GAVE.

Mrs. S. H. Barnes and W. H. Thompson In-
tend to Contest Their Aunt's Will On the
Ground That She Was Mentally Incapaci-
tated.

The will of the late Laura Thompson, who died a few months ago in Southern California, has been offered for probate in the New Haven court and a contest is to be made before it is admitted. Miss Thompson was a former resident of this city and is a native of East Haven. She owned a house in Fair Haven, some land in East Haven and common stocks, which are alone worth \$9,000. Several years ago Miss Thompson went to Pendleton, Ore., to live and later took a trip to Southern California, where she died. On Jan. 11, 1893, she made a will in which she divided up her property among her brothers, sisters and neices. She also made one public bequest. It was the sum of \$1,000 to the trustees of the Society on Donations and Bequests for Church Purposes of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Connecticut. She provided that the income of that amount should be devoted solely to Christ church, East Haven.

Miss Thompson failed to mention Mrs. Samuel H. Barnes, wife of ex-Alderman Barnes, who was a niece and gave William H. Thompson, a nephew, only \$100. Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Barnes will contest the will on the ground that Miss Thompson was mentally incapable of making a will. To substantiate this they will try to prove that Miss Thompson stated that she did not think that she could make a will which would stand. They believe that Miss Thompson has exceeded her assets in making her bequests and will cite that as an evidence of mental incapacity. County Commissioner Hiram Jacobs is named as executor of the will, and will endeavor to have the will sustained.

The instrument itself has had three trips across the continent. The first one was when it was sent from Oregon to Mr. Jacobs. It was then sent back in order that the witnesses to the will might be sworn to and then it came back to New Haven. Mr. Jacobs took the precaution to have the will copied and left in the probate court before it was returned to Oregon. It was three weeks after it had been shipped for New Haven by express that it reached the executor and it was only found then when a tracer had been put onto the case.

The will of the late Mrs. Laura Woodward Thompson of East Haven was given to probate yesterday morning. J. Woodward Thompson, son and only heir of the deceased, is administrator, and Selectman John S. Tyler and J. I. Bradley of East Haven were appointed appraisers. The property consists of a valuable farm near Lake Saltonstall, bank stock and other securities.

GRANDFATHER SNOW.

Grandfather Snow came down one day,
And what do you think?
And what do you think?
He's as old as the hills, but his heart is gay,
And over the country he sped away.
His hair was white as a cotton ball;
And what do you think?
And what do you think?
He gaily pranced o'er the highest wall,
For his dear old legs weren't stiff at all.
Wherever he went he raised a breeze;
And what do you think?
And what do you think?
He climbed to the tops of the tallest trees,
As cool and nimbly as ever you please!
A train went thundering over the ground,
And what do you think?
And what do you think?
Old Grandfather after it went with a bound—
Sly old fellow! he made no sound.
He caught the cars, and he held on tight;
And what do you think?
And what do you think?
The train had to stop in the road all night,
And couldn't go on till broad daylight.
Old as he was, he stayed out late!
And what do you think?
And what do you think?
He sat on the posts of the door-yard gate,
And danced on the fence at a high old rate!
But the children cheered for Grandfather still,
And what do you think?
And what do you think?
He spread himself out on the top of a hill,
And they all coasted down on his back with a will!
He was none too old for a grand go-bang!
And what do you think!
And what do you think?
To the tops of the highest roofs he sprang,
And down on the people he slid with a whang!
He had no manners, 'tis hard to say!
And what do you think?
And what do you think?
For a chap like him to get in the way,
And trip up people by night and day!
But his heart was white and pure within:
Now what do you think?
Now what do you think?
To be glad and jolly is never a sin,
For a long-faced Granther I care not a pin.
We none of us know what we should do;
Now what do you think?
Now what do you think?
If we only came down for a month or two,
And couldn't stay here the whole year through!

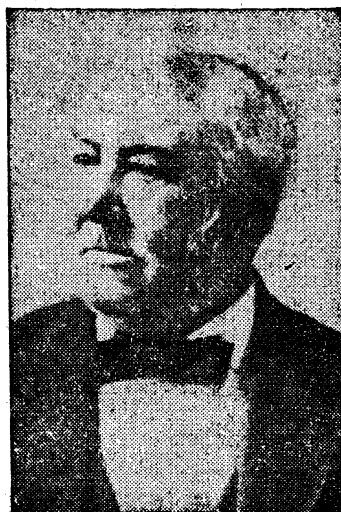
1904.

OLD EAST HAVEN RESIDENT DEAD

Francis Foote Andrews, Member of the
Legislature of 1897.

Familiarly Known to His Colleagues
as "Pop" Andrews—Death Due to
Heart Disease—Interesting Facts
Regarding His Birthplace.

Francis Foote Andrews, an old and well known resident of East Haven, died last night at his home of heart disease. He had been in poor health for three years. Mr. Andrews was born in East Haven, March 18, 1828, and received his education in the schools of his native town and in New Haven. His father Ruel Andrews was born March 18, 1800, father and son



Francis F. Andrews.

being born on the same day of the month in the same town. The old Andrews homestead stands on Main street, just east of the East Haven postoffice.

Mr. Andrews was always an enthusiastic republican, and was elected as a member of the general assembly from the town of East Haven serving in the session of 1897. In that branch of the legislature he was affectionally called "Pop" Andrews because of his seniority. His ever genial good natured qualities made him universally popular. Mr. Andrews' wife, who was Mary A. Hemingway died September 10, 1894. She was the daughter of Hervey Hemingway.

Mr. Andrews was also an assessor and a selectman. He leaves two sons, Francis Ruel Andrews and Hervey Lincoln Andrews.

EAST HAVEN.

We are sorry to record the serious illness of our old friend, and, since our young childhood, next-door neighbor, Mrs. Chloe Chidsey. For some time she had been afflicted with malarial troubles, and had been making her home with her daughter, Mrs. John Ives Bradley; but was feeling so well that she had expected to return to her old home last Friday, but at 5 a. m. Wednesday she was seized with a violent pain at the heart and soon after went off into unconsciousness, rallying by nightfall and is now more comfortable, having, however, lost the power to use her right hand. She is a twin sister of Mrs. Hannah Shepard of Branford, and so near do they resemble each other that, it was hard to believe, who, on entering a shop, and seeing her own profile in a full length mirror, addressed with outstretched hand and greeted herself with, "Why how do you do,?" We sincerely hope the sick one soon regain the full use of her limb, and that the twins may live to see many returning springs.

MARCH 4. 1895.

DEATH OF JUSTIN BRADLEY.

Justin Bradley, a well known and esteemed old citizen of East Haven, died yesterday. Mr. Bradley was taken with a grip about three weeks ago, which afterwards developed into pneumonia. Mr. Bradley was, it is said, the richest farmer in East Haven. Years ago he represented the town in the legislature.

MOURED BY MANY FRIENDS.

The Late John Woodward Thompson. The death of John Woodward Thompson, son of East Haven, which occurred last Sunday, brings sorrow to many hearts. He was a man whom to know was to esteem highly for his genuine worth of character. He was a devoted friend, a good citizen, a man who loved his country, his state and every inch of his native town and who had a great knowledge of its history. He served his town well and faithfully as its representative in the general assembly in 1875 and in other capacities. He was a good son, devoted to his parents and ever ready to serve others to the extent of his power. Many will miss him and his genial greetings and sincere friendship. He was the son of James and Leura Thompson, and was born in East Haven July 20, 1833. He was a descendant of John Thompson, who came from England and settled in East Haven in 1647, and also of Rev. John Davenport, one of the founders of New Haven, John Woodward, pastor of the church at Norwich, Conn., in 1699, and Deacon John Chidsey.

He commenced his business life as entry clerk in a New York dry good house. For many years and until 1871 he was engaged with his father, the late ex-Selectman Thompson of East Haven, in the grocery trade, successor to his uncle, Stephen Thompson, on the northwest corner of Grand avenue and East street in this city. Lewis D. Chidsey, the well known merchant, had his first experience in business as clerk with Mr. Thompson's father.

At one time he was associated in business with Charles Bishop, a former well known wholesale dealer in groceries on State street. He was a cousin of ex-Judge James Thompson, who is now in Arizona. His grandfather, James Thompson, represented East Haven in the Connecticut legislature for eleven terms. John Woodward was the town's representative in 1875 and was nominated and elected by the republicans, yet he frequently voted the democratic ticket.

He possessed a good education and was of quite a literary turn of mind. For some time previous to his last sickness, which was primarily nervous prostration, and which lasted for more than a year, he was the regular correspondent of the Shore Line Times over the nom de plume of "Bogmine." This was the name given to some iron works in the vicinity of his home—also the former residence of his parents—which existed in the early history of East Haven. Under the nom de plume of "Bogmine" he contributed for years East Haven correspondence to the "Journal and Courier," all of which bore the stamp of originality and versatility distinctly his own.

Mr. Thompson was left a fine property on the shores of Lake Saltonstall. The old homestead where he died was near the foot of the hill just west of the lake. The next of kin are cousins. He never was married.

Tall and erect, with a dignified, courteous and gentlemanly bearing, Mr. Thompson resembled the late Governor English in this respect. According to a memorandum in his own handwriting, left with his friend, Mr. L. D. Chidsey, he made a will, naming Governor Morris as his executor. In this writing he requested that the Congregational church toll his age—which was done Sunday morning—as was the custom years ago. He also directed

that no unnecessary expense be incurred at the time of his funeral. Lewis D. Chidsey is named to direct the funeral obsequies. Mr. Thompson selected the following persons for bearers: Lewis D. Chidsey, Leverett S. Bagley, John Ives Bradley, Leonard R. Andrews, John William Thompson, John S. Tyler, Francis Foote Andrews and Charles M. Bradley. The funeral will be held this afternoon at 4 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Clark officiating. The interment will be in the family lot in the old cemetery, south of East Haven green.

EAST HAVEN EVENTS.

J Woodward Thompson's Will.

As there has been printed in the daily papers several distortions of the will of the late J. Woodward Thompson, we herewith give to the readers of THE TIMES an authentic copy of the same: Mr. Thompson, after directing that his debts and funeral expenses be paid, and if no monument shall be erected in the family plot at his death, appropriating not less than five or more than six hundred dollars for that purpose, goes on and makes the following bequest:

He gives to his uncle Lizzar Thompson, \$100.

To each of his cousins of the first degree, he leaves \$50.

To the New Haven Orphan asylum, \$3,000.

To the First Congregational society of East Haven, \$500.

To Christ (Episcopal) church, of East Haven, \$250. (In making this bequest Mr. Thompson says: I give and devise to the East Side Methodist society at Woodwardtown, \$1,000, provided it owns the property bounded south on Forbes avenue and east on Townsend avenue at my death, and continues to use the same for religious purposes. Here it was my dear departed mother first saw the light,—and in loving memory of her I do thus give and bequeath

Home of the Friendless at Fair Haven, \$1,000.

Connecticut Industrial school for girls, \$1,000.

All the rest, residue and remainder of his property and estate, of every kind and wherever situated, is given to the Middle School district, and to the East School district, in the town of East Haven, for the following purposes; viz., that said two schools districts, shall within three years after his death procure a suitable lot, at some point convenient for the children of both districts, and erect thereon a building for the purposes of a graded school, to accommodate the school children belonging to said two districts, and shall from that time onward continue to use the same for those purposes. The locating of said lot and the plans for said building shall be subject to the approval of the executor hereafter named.

Luzon B. Morris is named as executor. The will was signed and witnessed January 26th, 1891, the witnesses being Luzon B. Morris, Edward B. Wells, and G. A. W. Ford.

Of the cousins of the first degree living, there are just twenty; viz. Henry Thompson, Mrs. Nettie Granniss, Jason D. Thompson, Sidney B. Thompson, Geo. A. Thompson, Stephen E. Thompson, Mrs. Ella Thompson, James S. Thompson, Edward T. Thompson, Mrs. Ellen T. Rogers, Cleveland S. Thompson, Mary I. Pardee, Susan A. Pardee, Chas. L. Pardee, Frank I. Thompson, Chas. P. Thompson, James E. Thompson, Frederick N. A. Thompson, Edward M. Woodward, and Sara Isabelle Woodward.

A hearing upon the proving of the will will be held Tuesday, Sept. 4th, at 9 o'clock, in the Probate office in New Haven.

HARLES T. HEMINGWAY.

THE CRISIS ENDS IN HIS DEATH.

Sick for Several Weeks With Typhoid Fever.
One of the Best Known and Best Liked
Young Men in This Vicinity.
His Political Career—Ex-
Member of the Grays.

Charles T. Hemingway of East Haven, who had been suffering with typhoid fever for several weeks past, died at his residence in that place this morning at 9:30 o'clock.

About five weeks ago Mr. Hemingway was taken sick with the disease and during all this time he had battled manfully with it but gradually grew weaker. There had been a slight improvement in his condition for a day or two past and it was hoped that the crisis which comes in 28 days in such cases would turn for the best, but yesterday when the crisis was reached it turned for the worse and hope for his recovery was practically abandoned, for with the turn of the disease he gradually sank and last evening it was not expected that he would survive the night.

He was a strong robust young man and his vitality endured the ravages of the disease until this morning when he passed peacefully away. During his illness he had the best of medical attendance, Dr. Hutchinson of East Haven, and Dr. Robert Ives of New Haven being his attendants and doing all in their power to check the progress of the disease.

Mr. Hemingway was a very popular young man and was well-known in this city where he had a host of friends who will sincerely regret his demise. He was 36 years of age and was the son of Stephen Hemingway, who died a few years ago and who was also widely known having the distinction of having been a postmaster for a longer consecutive term under varying administrations than probably any other postmaster in the country, considering the size of the town and importance of the office. Although a democrat, Stephen Hemingway served under the republican government and was kept in office when Grover Cleveland came into power and from the time of his first appointment he continued as postmaster of East Haven until his death, which occurred during the administration of President Harrison.

His son, who has just died, succeeded him as postmaster, filling out the unexpired term of his father. Stephen Hemingway was engaged also in the grocery business in East Haven and this business had been conducted by Charles T. Hemingway since his father's death. About two years after his father's death Mr. Hemingway's mother died, and of his father's family only Charles T.'s sister now survives, she being Miss Charlotte Hemingway, who has resided with her brother on the old Hemingway homestead in East Haven. About three years ago Mr. Hemingway married Miss Selmser of Johnstown, N. Y., and as a result of this union a child was born, the child and wife surviving him.

Both socially and politically Mr. Hemingway was prominent in this section and in local politics of East Haven he was one of the leaders of his party. Inheriting the political faith of his father he did yeoman service for the democratic party, and for several years past was honored with the office of town clerk, which he filled not only with fidelity and skill but to the entire satisfaction of the residents of that place, in whose hearts he held a strong place, regardless of political affiliations. He had also been very prominent in the selection of delegates to the various conventions year after

year, and on more than one occasion he had taken an active part in the conventions called to nominate county and state candidates as a delegate himself. About a year and a half ago he was appointed by President Cleveland an inspector of immigration, which position he held up to the time of his death. His principal work in this office was to see that immigrant labor was not employed by the manufacturers of this state and he had brought to light several cases where the law in this respect has been violated and had succeeded in compelling manufacturers to send back their imported labor. At the time he was taken sick he was busily engaged in working up a very great abuse of the law in a certain section of the state, but his sickness compelled him to abandon it, but on the reports he made the work will undoubtedly be continued. Socially he was one of the most companionable of men and about eight years ago he became a member of the New Haven Grays and served a full enlistment of five years, leaving the company about three years ago, having risen to the rank of a corporal. Upon the reorganization of the Second company, Governor's Foot Guard, he became a member of that organization and had been connected with it ever since, taking an active part in all its affairs and doing his utmost to promote its welfare.

The funeral will take place from his late residence Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

MR. HEMINGWAY'S FUNERAL.

Delegations of the Foot Guard and Grays to Attend—Mr. Hemingway's Career.

Delegations of the Governor's Foot Guard and the New Haven Grays, of both of which organizations deceased was a member, will attend the funeral services of the late Charles T. Hemingway, which will take place this afternoon at 4 o'clock at his late residence in East Haven. The delegations will leave this city in a Saltonstall Lake special car leaving the old green at 3 o'clock.

The news of the death of deceased brought a pang of sorrow to many hearts. He had been so vigorous, so active, so full of buoyant health, and, withal, so friendly and popular, that his death, when not yet in the full noon-tide of his powers, seemed peculiarly sad and lamentable. He made a gallant but fruitless fight against the insidious disease which overcame his naturally vigorous frame and constitution, and ended a career which had been successful and had given promise of further honorable achievements. In New Haven as well as in East Haven, his native place, his friends were very numerous, and general and sincere sorrow is felt at his death.

The deceased was thirty-six years of age and was the son of Stephen Hemingway, who died a few years ago, and who was also widely known hereabouts, having the distinction of having been a postmaster for a longer consecutive term, under varying administrations, than probably any other postmaster in the country, considering the size of the town and the importance of the office. Although a democrat, Stephen Hemingway served under the republican government and was kept in office when Grover Cleveland came into power, and from the time of his first appointment he continued as postmaster of East Haven until his death, which occurred during the administration of President Harrison.

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Both socially and politically Mr. Hemingway was prominent in this section, and in local politics of East Haven he was one of the leaders of his party.

Deceased has served his town as town clerk for a number of years, and for the last year and a half had been an inspector of immigration—appointed by President Cleveland.

There will no doubt be a large attendance at the funeral.

LOVED, LOST AND WON

After Twenty Years' Separation, Miss Golden Weds Her Former Lover.

HE NOT AS FAITHFUL AS SHE

Married After Leaving Westville, but When His Wife Died He Yearned for the Sweetheart of His Childhood. He Found Her Waiting.

A marriage that is tinged with romance was solemnized in the chapel of St. Joseph's Mission in Westville, Tuesday morning. The parties united were Miss Margaret Golden, whose family resided in Westville for many years, and William Dixon, a former resident of the place, but now a prosperous farmer in Lebanon, a town in New London county.

Years ago, when in youth, Miss Golden and Dixon were companions and their friendship led Dixon to one day "pop the question." Everybody in Westville knew (William Dixon to be an industrious fellow and when the engagement was announced the residents pressed forward with the congratulations for future happiness for the couple.

But an unfortunate incident occurred that dissolved the contract and separated the couple for many years. Miss Golden's parents were ageing fast and she decided that it was her duty to stick to them and care for them in their old age. Dixon wandered away from Westville to Windham county and there was married twenty years ago, but the fire that was in his heart still lingered for his old love.

Some time ago Mrs. Dixon died. Then Dixon looked up his former sweetheart and found her still in the old homestead on Main Street in Westville, where he used to visit her years ago. Dixon declared that he was ready to make Miss Golden Mrs. Dixon and the proposition being acceptable to the former, arrangements were made at once for the wedding.

They were married by Rev. Father Curtin.

The news was not heralded through Westville, but the unusual gathering at the little mission on Tuesday morning aroused the curiosity of the residents in the neighborhood. It was then announced that William Dixon had come back to Westville after an absence of nearly a score of years and claimed his bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixon are on their wedding trip. They will make their home in Lebanon.

Antiques Exposition Will Open³⁷ Tomorrow in Plantations Club

With several important loan exhibits by private collectors and displays arranged by more than 30 dealers from five different States, the annual Providence Antiques Exposition will open at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning in Plantations Auditorium. Every booth on the exhibition floor has been engaged, and the show is expected to be the most comprehensive and most successful held here in many years.

An outstanding feature will be the exhibition of the collections of antique dolls and miniature tea sets assembled by Mrs. John E. Smith of Providence. These collections are among the largest of their kind in New England. The tea sets are particularly intriguing. Some of the most famous potters of the Old World reproduced their finest patterns in miniature and Mrs. Smith has acquired many rarities.

Will Exhibit Antique Baskets

Another notable exhibit will be the collection of antique baskets owned by Mrs. John W. Stone of Providence, ranging from early Indian baskets to glass baskets made by the craftsmen of Sandwich.

The show this year will be a three-day affair, continuing until Wednesday night. It will be open daily from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. It is under the direction of Paul A. Revere, of Newburyport, Mass., who managed the exposition last year.

For many years, antique exhibitions were held annually in Providence, under the auspices of local organizations, and they were highly successful. During the depression, when finances and interest ebbed, they were omitted for two years be-

cause no group had the resources to back them.

Last year, a group of Providence antique dealers took a chance on public support and organized a show of their own under Mr. Revere's direction.

And, while it was not a howling success from a financial standpoint, the response was encouraging enough to warrant a repetition of the experiment this year. It is hoped that the exposition this week will reveal a revival of the old-time enthusiasm and that it will be possible to make next year's show entirely a Rhode Island project.

To that end, the antique dealers of the State are forming an organization to be known as the Rhode Island Antique Dealers' Association. It will be formally launched at a meeting to be held in Plantations Auditorium at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning when permanent officers will be elected. D. R. Sexton is serving as temporary president of the association and Adolph C. Erichsen as temporary secretary.

The list of exhibitors at the show will include Millman's Antique Shop, D. R. Sexton, Adolph Erichsen, Hazel O. Leonard, Mrs. Norman Mayo, Mrs. Carl Sawyer, Grant's Hobby Shop, all of Providence; Mrs. Eleanor Wilkinson, East Providence; Nora March, Plainville, Mass.; Don Jordan, Attleboro; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Yorke, Wells, Me.; Helen O. Henderson, Hampton, N. H.; Ione Harlow, Dixfield, Me.; Rose Janse, Newton Centre, Mass.

Lawrence Romaine, Middleboro, Mass.; Marietta E. Corr, Franklin, Mass.; Leo Walfield, Lynn, Mass.; Gladys Jump, Newton, Mass.; Marks Antique Shop, Arlington, Mass.; Howe's House of Antiques, Boston; Helen Rutledge, Wakefield, Mass.; Augusta H. Smith, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; Alice M. Brewster, Portsmouth, N. H.; Rosa Blodgett, Rowley, Mass.; Mrs. A. M. Wheeler, Rockport, Mass.; Currier Antique Shop, Newburyport, Mass.; Archie Conn, Melrose, Mass., and Dedham Antique Shop, Dedham, Mass.

FOURTH PROVIDENCE Antiques Exposition and Sale Plantations Auditorium

MON., TUES., WED.
MARCH 1—2—3

10 A. M. to 10 P. M. Daily

30 Antique Shops
Under One Roof

Exhibitors From Five
States

EVENING BULLETIN, PROVIDENCE, FRIDAY, MARCH

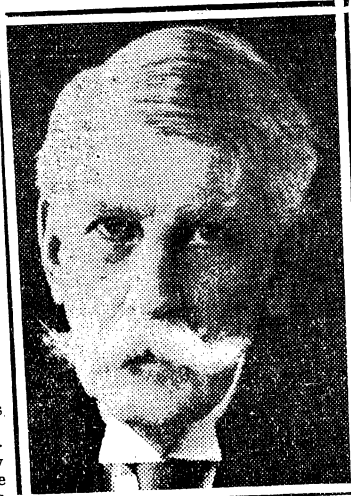
Oldest Man Ever to Sit On Supreme Bench Is 88

Justice Holmes Civil War Veteran, Works As Usual

Washington, March 8.—(UP)—Oliver Wendell Holmes, grand old man of the Supreme Court, celebrated his 88th birthday today by going to work as usual.

Holmes, the oldest man ever to sit on the Supreme Court bench and one of the two Civil War veterans still surviving in high official life, was born in Boston, Mass., March 8, 1841. He has served in the Supreme Court since December, 1902. He was wounded three times during his services as an officer in the Civil War and his body still bears some of those bullets, it is said.

Holmes's mental faculties are unimpaired and he has attended nearly every session of this term. His picturesque white mustaches and bushy eyebrows make him a marked figure, and only his bent over figure reveals his advanced age.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A Hundred Years from Now.

The surging sea of human life forever onward rolls
And bears to the eternal shore its daily freight of
souls,
though so bravely sails our bark to-day, pale Death
sits at the prow,
and few shall know we ever lived a hundred years
from now.

O mighty human brotherhood! why fiercely war and
strive,
While God's great world has ample space for every-
thing alive?
Broad fields, uncultured and unclaimed, are waiting
for the plow
Of progress that shall make them bloom a hundred
years from now.

Why should we try so earnestly in life's short, nar-
row span,
On golden stairs to climb so high above our brother
man?
Why huddle at an earthly shrine in slavish homage
bow?
Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hundred
years from now.

Why prize so much the world's applause? Why
dread so much its blame?
A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of fame;
The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn that dyes
with shame the brow,
Will be as long-forgotten dreams a hundred years
from now.

O patient hearts, that meekly bear your weary load
of wrong!
O earnest hearts, that bravely dare, and, striving,
grow more strong!
Press on till perfect peace is won; you'll never
dream of how
You struggled o'er life's thorny road a hundred years
from now.

Grand, lofty souls, who live and toil that freedom,
right and truth
Alone may rule the universe, for you is endless
youth!
When 'mid the blest, with God you rest, the grateful
laud shall bow
Above your clay in rev'rent love a hundred years
from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall. Time! like breakers
on thy shore;
They rush upon thy rocks of doom, go down, and are
no more.
The starry wilderness of worlds that gems night's
recliant brow
Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred years
from now.

Our Father, to whose sleepless eyes the past and fu-
ture stand
An open page, like babes we cling to thy protecting
hand;
Change, sorrow, death are naught to us if we may
safely bow
Beneath the shadow of thy throne a hundred years
from now.

[For Pomeroy's Democrat.]
ONLY A SMILE.

WE AVE NIK.

She was a stranger, rich, handsome and glad,
I was only a servant, lonely and sad;
She passed through the room where I plodded
so low.

Her heart lightly bounding, her face all
aglow.

She paused when she saw me so humble and
poor.

She glanced at the work and the untidy floor.
Then, turning, she gave me a rare smile so
sweet.

My heart gave a bound her kindness to greet.
She passed on and left me with my plodding
alone.

But I no longer thought of the work to be
done.

A beautiful halo was shed on my way,
A lingering touch from that one golden ray.

It was only a smile, yet its sympathy true
Lightened all of my burdens the weary day
through.

She passed on through the room, and out of
my life.

Her face is forgot in the world's care and
strife;

But that smile which she gave me so clear
and so bright

Lives still in my heart, like a beacon of light.
It was only a smile, yet its radiance pure

Was marked by the angels of Heaven—I'm
sure.

A Pastor Wanted.

The following, notwithstanding its an-
tiquity, applies with equal significance to
the present day.

We have been without a pastor
Some eighteen months or more;
And though candidates are plenty—
We've had at least a score,
All of them "tip-top" preachers,
Or so their letters ran—
We're just as far as ever
From settling on the man.

The first who came among us
By no means was the worst,
But then we didn't think of him,
Because he was the first;
It being quite the custom
To sacrifice a few,
Before the Church in earnest
Determines what to do.

There was a smart young fellow
With serious, earnest way,
Who but for one great blunder
Had surely won the day;
Who left so good impression,
On Monday one or two
Went round among the people
To see if he would do.

The pious, godly portion
Had not a fault to find;
His clear and searching preaching
They thought the very kind;
And all went smooth and pleasant
Until they heard the views
Of some influential sinners
Who rent the highest pews.

On these his pungent dealing
Made but a sorry hit:
The cost of Gospel teaching
Was quite too tight a fit.
Of course his fate was settled;
Atter the parsons all!
And please the sinners,
If you would get a call.

me a spruce young dandy,
are his hair too long;
Another's cut was shabby,
And his voice was over strong;
And one New Haven student
Was worse than all of those,
We couldn't hear the sermon
For thinking of his nose.

Then, wearying of candidates,
We looked the country through,
Mid doctors and professors,
To find one that would do;
And after much discussion
On . . . should bear the ark,
With tolerable agreement,
We fixed on Doctor Parke.

Here then we thought it settled,
But were amazed to find
Our flattering invitation
Respectfully declined.
We turned to Dr. Hopkins
To help us in the lurch,
Who strangely thought that college
Had claims above the Church.

Next we dispatched committees
By twos and threes, to urge
The labors for a Sabbath
Of Rev. Shallow Splurge;
He came—a marked sensation,
So wonderful his style,
Followed the creaking of his boots
As he passed up the aisle.

His tones were so affecting,

His gestures so divine,

A lady fainted in the hymn

Before the second line;

And on that day he gave us,

In accents clear and loud,

The greatest prayer ever addressed

To an enlightened crowd.

He preached a double sermon,

And gave us angel's food

On such a lovely topic—

"The joys of solitude."

All full of sweet descriptions

Of flowers and pearly streams,

Of warbling birds and moonlit groves,

And golden sunset beams.

Of faith and true repentance

He nothing had to say;

He rounded all the corners,

And smoothed the roughest way

Managed with great adroitness

To entertain and please,

And leave the sinner's conscience

Completely at its ease.

Six hundred is the salary

We gave in former days;

We thought it very liberal,

And found it hard to raise;

But when we took the paper

We had no need to urge

To raise a cool two thousand

For the Rev. Shallow Splurge.

In vain were all the efforts—

We had no chance at all—

We found ten city churches

Had given him a call;

And he, in prayerful waiting,

Was keeping them all in tow;

And where they paid the highest

It was whispered he would go.

And now, good Christian brothers,

We ask your earnest prayers

That God would send a shepherd

To guide our church affairs,

With this clear understanding—

A man to meet our views

Must preach to please the sinners

And fill the vacant pews.

—THERE was recently on exhibition at Port-

land, Oregon, a botanical wonder, known as the "baby

plant," and said to be indigenous to Japan. The flower

is star-shaped, having five petals of a handsome brown

and yellow color. The calyx encircles and protects a

tiny little figure that bears an exact resemblance to a

nude baby, its little arms and legs outstretched and

eyes distinctly marked. Hovering over this diminutive

form is a small canopy, angel-shaped, having extended

arms and wings, and peering closely into the face of the

infant. The family of plants of which the "baby" is a

member produce perfect imitations, if such they can be

designated, of different animals, insects and birds. Mrs.

Mark Hopkins, of San Francisco, has one of the latter

varieties, for which \$300 was paid. The plant grows to

be about three feet in height, when fully matured, and

when in full bloom will look like a shipwrecked found-

ling hospital.

Capt. Lorenzo D. Baker, a Cape Cod

native, who has just died in Boston, at

the age of sixty-eight, raised the banana

from the position of a coastwise luxury

to that of a staple. In 1870 a few hundred

bunches of the fruit came to the United

States; the annual imports now are val-

ued at something like \$5,000,000. For the

remaking of old Jamaica plantations and

the building up of new ones involved in

this expansion of demand the British gov-

ernment and the city of Kingston have

expressed gratitude to Captain Baker

with honors and silver plate.

CHRISTIAN BURIAL.

A Discourse at the Grand Avenue Congregational Church Yesterday Morning by Rev. J. Lee Mitchell—Subject, "Our Barbarous Funeral Customs."

1 Thess. 4:13-11: But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning these which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope.

"Christian burial" we call it, and all its customs are heathen. Christian burial we all say, and one thinks it is not Christian unless there be a large number of hacks, and another unless the Episcopal service is read over the dead. One thinks it is not Christian unless there is an expensive casket and heaps of flowers, and another unless there is a minister to pray and talk and pronounce benedictions, and we all agree in making the occasion as irrational, as gloomy, as despairing—in short, as barbarous as possible. We shudder at the Hindoo widow burning herself on her husband's funeral pyre, and smile at the Roman so anxious to bury his dead lest they should have to wander a hundred years by the banks of Styx, and then ourselves do things fully as cruel, and irrational, and far more sinful for the Pagan dwelt in the night and we live in the day. First to be denounced as utterly contrary to the spirit of christianity and a barbarism is this making everything as black as possible; draping our houses, our bodies, our hearts in black—a relic of the time when the ancients went wailing and howling about the streets covered with sack-cloth and ashes. The question simply is, are we Christians or are we barbarians; a question which it would be very hard for some of us to answer, we cling so tenaciously to the old heathen superstitions. If we are Christians then it is blasphemy, it is giving the gospel the lie, to surround a dead Christian with all the blackness of gloom. In the career of him whom we call dead it is the brightest day of his life, the day when he died. We make death a defeat, not a victory. Whenever I enter one of these thoroughly blackened houses I always think of Edinburgh after Flodden, the greatest defeat in her national history.

"Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying this is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land!"

"Woe, woe and lamentation,
What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children
Shrieking, sobbing in despair!"

"O, the blackest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before!"

That is the picture of hopeless despairing defeat, irreparable loss. Is that what death is to you? Then are ye barbarians and not Christians. For the Christian death is victory. If anybody wants to hang crape on my study door now, I have nothing to say, it is appropriate, for I get defeated many times each day, but let no one hang it there when I am dead for then for the first time in my life I have passed beyond the reach of defeat. Most appropriately might we all wear black now, and our friends dress in black for us, if they want to show sympathy, for we all are daily sad and defeated, but let them not wear black for us when we are dead, for then we are happy, victorious. There is nothing in all our lives becomes any of us like the leaving them. Let there be a uniform for mourning if you will, but not black. Flowers are most beautiful and most appropriate at funerals, daughters all in white because they make them bright, the flowers are so full of sweetness and promise; laurels ought to be wreathed around the head and coffin of every dead Christian. That would be Christian burial.

Still those very flowers would have given more joy if used some other way perhaps. I suppose when I die all my friends will send some flowers. I wish they would send them now so that the public and I could get some pleasure out of them; maybe that is selfish though. Well, I must pass on to some more practical considerations for I have not much hope of changing crepe and alpaca into green laurels and sunny white. But I have a little hope of persuading some family not to impoverish themselves over the funeral of a relative who loved them too well to wish that they should do that. The display which we make at our funerals everybody knows is a relic of heathenism, paganism, barbarism.

A death in a poorish family is a dreadful thing. How shall they get the means to bury the dead in the way they call decent? There is but one way, and that is to impoverish themselves, to incur a debt which it may take half a lifetime to pay. Why, old people are accustomed frequently to save with all their mights that there may be a little something to bury them with. People seem to have an idea that the costlier the funeral the more it shows their love. You can't show love to a dead person. Alas, no; you must show men and women love before they die if it is to do them any good. All that at best you can do is display your love before the world. While everybody knows that costly funerals are half the time only desperate efforts to hide a lack of love, to soothe a guilty conscience. The expense is monstrous from beginning to end. A woman, the wife of a man who was by no means rich, drew from the bank the other day \$800 to buy half a lot in Laurel Hill cemetery to bury her husband. Of course that was in the city; figure on it here and see how it comes out: Fifty dollars is moderate for a casket, \$4 for the hearse, five carriages at least \$3 apiece, and see what a dreadful expense a working-man has to meet when his child dies, and all the time he is haunted by the thought that his child, which he loves just as dearly as the rich man loves his, cannot have as nice a burial. Oh, it is terrible to think of the anguish these things cause, to say nothing of the long areas of debt they leave behind. It costs some men more to die than to live. Before the funeral of a poor man killed on the railroad in Michigan a collection was made for the family. The lumbermen and railroad men gave generously, but the wife insisted in putting every cent of it into a casket in which to display the dead. It was useless to plead with her that the living children needed the money more than the dead father, and that the dead father would much prefer that they should have it. Into the ground went every dollar. Many a man who was solvent while he lived has become insolvent when he died. Is not death bitter enough but that we must add to it these manufactured terrors of pecuniary embarrassment? Many families have actually been reduced to pauperism by their efforts to meet this barbarous and wicked custom, having buried their last dollar in the ground.

The piteous wail of the poor, the Macedonian cry of the heathen, is heard on all sides and yet annually the useless display at funerals is costing fabulous sums. Dr. Charles A. Purdy of Chicago investigated the subject a short time ago and found among other startling facts that one and one-fourth times more money is expended annually in the United States for funerals than for schools. More money for moth and corruption than for the living souls of the children. In 1880 the funerals of the country cost enough to pay the liabilities of all the financial failures of the country and give each ruined man a capital of \$8,630 to start on again. Some expenses are necessary of course, but not one-twentieth of the expenses we make, and some of them are so meaningless, so senseless. The plate on a coffin

costs five dollars at least, which it would take a poor man some time to save out of small wages, and what does it mean? Is it that God may know who is sleeping under it, or is it that we may know that it is our friend who is dead? A well-known business man remarked naively to his family that they should put no plate on his coffin; the people that came to his funeral would know who he was. I am not speaking these words to criticise our customs, but, if possible, if only for one heart, to make the burdens of a burdensome time more merciful to you. If people are poor these customary expenses are dreadful cruelty to them; if they are rich it is dreadful waste to commit to the dust that which might be used for the comfort of many a burdened heart, and the conversion, actual conversion to God of many an erring soul. Is that honoring the dead? It were well enough to bury some hard-hearted, selfish man that way, but not the kind and the generous, for it belies their lives, which were never thoughtless, never unkind. And oh, my friends, what can you take away from the power of death by these mummeries; what can you add to the splendors of the resurrection? Nothing is grander than death itself; nothing more beautiful than the emancipated soul. Anything which detracts from these great thoughts is not only poor taste, but unchristian.

Let me plead with you gently and with myself, for it is not your custom, but ours, that I am condemning for the removal of one more of our ancient barbarisms, and that is the custom of viewing the remains. I would not dare to relate here the scenes that I have beheld. It is dreadful to see the curious, the heartless and those with that morbid taste for death file

around the coffin of a helpless man and woman. Would they have dared to stare at that face that way if it had been protected by its once vigorous life? The guardian of the face is the eye. When that eye is closed the face is off its guard. To look at it then is to take it at an advantage, which no fair-minded man would do. If those who were indubitable friends would like to look once more on a face they had loved, then let them call privately at the house and do so, but no face ever ought to be exposed in public. There ought to be every effort made to spare the nerves of an already too nervous people. The radiant spirit has flown. It was that you loved, and you love it still, and shall love it forevermore, and shall one day clasp it again. The clay, though it still retain for a few days the form of the immortal shape, is not either the man that was, or the man that is, or the man that is to be. It is nothing, and it should be put away as simply and swiftly as possible. Some families seem to enjoy keeping themselves on the rack and their friends allow them to do it.

Then there is the funeral sermon so much decried now. I am not altogether in sympathy with the desire to banish it; it is a good time to preach life to the living. Of course the bombastic enlog of a bad man is infinitely out of place, belittling to the minister of the gospel, and pernicious in its influence. But when a good man dies in the Lord, no man shall forbid me to glory in his life, and in his death, and in his God. I am somewhat of the dying Hamlet's mind also. "Horatio, I am dead; Thour livest; report me and my cause aright to the unsatisfied." The trouble when there is trouble is not with the funeral sermon, or with the few simple words spoken by the minister, but with the minister's presence there at all. I always feel as though it were taking a mean advantage of a man, who never loved God, or the church, or anything connected with religion, to sneak into his house after he is dead and pray and preach the gospel over him. From this incongruity it seems to me not from any intrinsic impropriety or unpleasantness in the funeral sermon; in its place, has arisen the opposition to any words at all by the coffin of the dead. What is due the d-

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author of "Betsey and I are Out," one of the most popular ballads in English literature, a modest, unassuming young man, still considerably on the right side of thirty. A resident of Hillsdale, Michigan, and by profession a journalist, Mr. CARLETON had achieved a very fair reputation in the West as a writer for the press, and the author of occasional poems of considerable merit and promise, before the publication of "Betsey and I are Out" made his name familiar to the reading public from one end of the country to the other. Few single poems have achieved greater success than was the meed of this pathetic ballad. It was copied into nearly every newspaper in America, and the author soon began to taste the bitter as well as the sweet fruits of fame. He was accused of having stolen the ballad from a spiritual medium of New York, who professed to have written it several years before its publication under CARLETON's name, and to have given a copy of it to a gentleman through whom it fell into our author's hands. On page 658 our readers will find a letter copied from the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, in which this controversy is handled with great clearness and impartiality; and we think no one can rise from perusal without the conviction that the charge of plagiarism brought against CARLETON has not the slightest foundation to stand on. Such charges are easy to bring, and not always easy to disprove; but in this case the evidence in favor of the authenticity of CARLETON's claim is so clear and direct as to leave no doubt in the mind of a candid reader. As the writer in the *Inter-Ocean* well says, the "claimant" on the other side, while constantly asserting her ability to substantiate her claim, has thus far entirely failed to put in a particle of real proof. Her extensions rest solely upon unsupported assertions. Mr. CARLETON enjoys the entire confidence of all who know him, and his friends have never entertained the slightest doubt of his literary integrity.



WILL CARLETON, AUTHOR OF "BETSEY AND I ARE OUT."

The publication of "Betsey and I are Out" was followed by that of several other Western songs, in which the author sought to delineate the phases of rural life and character as he knew them in the great West. His success was less decided in these than in the first of his songs. "Out of the Old House, Nancy," and "The Hills to the Poor-House" contain a good deal of humor and pathos, and at once popular with readers of all classes. Few songs of poetry, unaided by the prestige of names, have had greater success than the collection of these ballads and a number of other poems, under the general title of *Ballads*, issued a few weeks ago by HARVARD. Several editions of this

S SOUL IN A COLT?

Migration May Account for This Horse's Strange Affection.

DAVIS THE FAVORED ONE

Woman Smiles at All Questions Evidently Has Faith in the Possession of Her Dead Sweetheart to Visit Her Always.

Migration of the soul? If not, an account for the actions of Ellerson's horse toward Miss Davis, who lives a few miles from the village. There is some discrepancy between their ages, for he is a three-year-old, while she is 24. He has a remarkably gentle disposition, and intelligence that has won him a reputation throughout the neighborhood. Ellerson lives about four miles from Miss Davis' home and the horse was born on his farm. He was much afraid of strangers, and when he approached he would gallop

one day while Ellerson was on his way to Whitney's Point with the colt, and was stopped by a leading strap to the wagon. He stopped to take in Miss Davis. The colt heard her voice and acted in the strangest manner, as if at the halter as though to free himself. At last his efforts were suc-

cessful and he broke the strap, but instead of running off cavorted around the wagon, and when Miss Davis alighted thrust his nose into her hand and refused to leave her. When she again mounted the seat he made clumsy efforts to follow her, and when the Point was reached, and she parted company with Ellerson, the colt whinnied and made desperate efforts to follow.

On other occasions when she saw the animal he acted in a similar manner, and at last Mr. Ellerson sold it to her for a nominal sum. The animal shows many of the attributes of a human lover. If the pasture bars are let down he will escape and spend the night under her chamber window. He has been broken to carriage driving, but is fractious with any one except Miss Davis. She can drive anywhere with a loose rein. While doing some shopping at the Point recently Miss Davis left the horse in charge of a friend. A passing train frightened the animal and he tore down the thoroughfare toward the creek but Miss Davis hearing the approaching noise went to the door, and seeing the flying animal, stepped into the road and waved her parasol. The horse saw it, stopped almost instantly and trotted up to her.

When she was 18 years old Miss Davis was engaged to be married to Jesse Sherman, a young man who lived near her parents' home. The couple were exceedingly fond of each other, but he took a sudden cold, which terminated in pneumonia. Before his death Sherman called the girl to his bedside and told her that, though he must leave her, he would always be with her in some form or other. He did not know what it would be, but he would do his best by a demonstration of affection to make her realize his presence. Sher-

man was a firm believer in transmigration, and his friends say that his spirit has entered into the horse for a brief period until a better habitation can be found for it in some individual to be born in the years to come, and that by his demonstration he is trying to acquaint his sweetheart with the fact.

When asked about the story Miss Davis smiled and shook her head, but it is noticeable that no horse has received the treatment she accords this steed. It has been named Jesse, after her dead lover, and occupies a room built on to the house and adjoining her bedroom. It is kept scrupulously clean, the girl doing the work herself, and Jesse's coat shines like a looking glass.

Recently a young man has been escorting Miss Davis home from church and choir practice. Last Sunday afternoon he attempted to hitch the animal up for a ride, but Jesse seemed to realize who he was and the young man barely escaped several vicious kicks that would have ended his earthly career had they struck home. Miss Davis says she would not part with the animal at any price, but will keep him as long as he lives. -New York Press.

BRIDGEPORT'S GREAT LOSS.

Death of the Great Showman P. T. Barnum—The End Peacefully Comes in the Presence of His Grief-Stricken Family—Those Present at the Death-Scene—Sketch of His Eventful Life—The Funeral Arrangements.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., April 7.—The great showman P. T. Barnum passed away at 6:22 o'clock this evening in the presence of his grief-stricken family. During the period of Mr. Barnum's invalidism and confinement to the house, which began twenty-one weeks ago last Friday, there have been frequent fluctuations in his condition, from each of which he rallied, although in each instance with a slightly lowered vitality. The change for the worst, which occurred last night, however, was so much more pronounced than the previous attacks had been, that it convinced the attending physicians that their patient had not many more hours to live. During his confinement to the house he has been down stairs only twice, although sitting up much of the time and being cheerful and conversationally inclined in his waking moments. After the attack, which came shortly before midnight, Mr. Barnum suffered a good deal of pain. He seemed to realize that he could not live much longer and spoke of the approaching end with calmness.

During his illness the physicians have been careful about administering morphine or sedatives of any kind through a fear that they might produce ulterior ill-effects. Last night Mr. Barnum spoke of this, and said when all hope was gone he wished to be given sedatives which would allay his pain and make his death as peaceful as possible. Dr. Hubbard promised compliance with his wishes in this respect. The first sedative was given at 10:10 o'clock this morning. It was understood by the patient and his family to mean that the end was near. Mrs. Barnum remained at her husband's bedside throughout the night. In alternate spells of dozing and in conversation which showed his brain to be as clear as ever Mr. Barnum passed the hours until about 4 o'clock this morning, when he sank into a lethargy, which was a condition of stupor, rather than of natural sleep. To arouse him from this state of unconsciousness was difficult. A faint gleam of recognition alone indicated that he had knowledge of his surroundings, or knew the familiar and sympathetic faces grouped about him. Thus matters went on until about 10 o'clock this morning. He was again aroused and his mental faculties, which appeared to be brighter than at any time during the several hours previous.

Among the sorrowing group then in the room were Mrs. Barnum, Rev. L. R. Fisher, pastor of the Universalist church; Mrs. D. W. Thompson, his daughter; Mrs. Clarke of New York, his granddaughter; Mrs. May Reade, his niece; Mrs. W. H. Buchtelle of New York, another daughter; Clinton H. Seelye, his grandson and principal heir; Benjamin Fish, Mrs. Barnum's brother and treasurer of the Barnum & Bailey show; Dr. Hubbard, Mrs. M. L. Tikeman, the housekeeper; C. B. Olcott, trained nurse from Bellevue hospital, who has been Mr. Barnum's attendant since his illness, and W. D. Roberts, for many years Mr. Barnum's valet. The scene in the dying man's chamber was deeply pathetic. Mr. Barnum was fully awake and conscious although his nearly exhausted physical powers made it impossible for him to talk. The affectionate messages he conveyed with his eyes to the weeping attendants were more expressive than words. With the exception of himself all were in tears.

Previous to the arrival of several of the relatives from New York on the 10 o'clock train Rev. Mr. Fisher bent over the dying man and spoke words of religious consolation. Mr. Barnum's eyes brightened as the scriptural promises were recalled to him and he half nodded his head in assent. Shortly after 11 o'clock he took a sedative from Dr. Hubbard, and soon afterwards sank into a peaceful sleep. Mrs. Thompson, his daughter, sat by the bedside holding his hand in her own from the time of her arrival in the sick room. She could not hold back her tears. Mrs. Barnum also endeavored to restrain her feelings and present to her husband a cheerful countenance.

At 3:30 this afternoon Mr. Barnum sank into a comatose condition, from which it was evident there would be very little hope of his again returning to consciousness. When the end finally came it was peaceful and to all appearances painless.

The physicians say that Mr. Barnum had no organic disease whatever, the enfeebled heart action which had been apparent for the past few months being due to a gradual failure of his general mental powers, resulting from old age.

In a general way Mr. Barnum has prescribed directions for his funeral. He wished it to be of a private and unostentatious character as possible. Of show and parade he said he had had enough during his life, and his commitment to his last resting place he wished devoid of all ceremony beyond the simplest tribute of affection and respect. He directed that the interment should be in the Mountain Grove cemetery, where several years ago, he erected a massive granite monument of simple design.

The funeral will be held Friday afternoon in the North Congregational church and will be conducted by Rev. L. B. Fisher, the Universalist pastor, assisted by Rev. Charles Ray Palmer of the North church. Mr. Barnum had an intense horror of embalming or of having his body placed on ice after death. The remains will therefore be kept in a dark, cool room in the house. The body will then be enclosed in an hermetically sealed metallic casket. This is in exact accord with Mr. Barnum's expressed wishes. There will, no doubt, be an effort made to induce the family to have the obsequies public, but from present indications, however, the family will probably strictly adhere to the wishes of the deceased.

A SKETCH OF BARNUM'S CAREER—ITS VICISSITUDES.

Phineas Taylor Barnum was born in Bethel (near Danbury) on July 10, 1810. His father was an inn keeper and country merchant, who died in 1825, leaving no property. From the age of thirteen to eighteen the son was in business in various places, part of the time in Brooklyn and New York city.

Having accumulated a little money, he returned to Bethel where he opened a small store. Here he was successful, especially after taking the agency for a year of a lottery chartered by the state for building the Groton monument opposite New London. When the lottery charter expired he built a larger store in Bethel, but through bad debts the enterprise proved a failure.

After his marriage in 1829 he established and edited a weekly newspaper entitled "The Herald of Freedom," and for a free expression of his opinions he was imprisoned sixty days for libel. In 1834 he removed to New York, his property having become much reduced. He soon after visited Philadelphia, and saw there on exhibition a colored woman named Joyce Heath, advertised as the nurse of George Washington, 161 years old. Her owner exhibited an ancient looking time colored bill of sale dated 1727. Mr. Barnum bought her for \$1,000, advertised her extensively and his receipts soon reached \$1,500 a week.

In a year Joyce Heath died and a post-mortem examination proved that the Virginia planter had added about eighty years to her age. Having thus acquired a taste for the show business, Mr. Barnum traveled through the south with small shows, which were generally unsuccessful. In 1814, although without a dollar of his own, he purchased Scudder's American museum, named it Barnum's museum, and by adding novel curiosities and advertising freely, he was able to pay for it the first year, and in 1848 he had added to it two other extensive collections, besides several minor ones.

In 1842 he first heard of Charles S. Stratton of Bridgeport, Conn., then less than two feet high and weighing only sixteen pounds, who soon became known to the world under Mr. Barnum's direction as General Tom Thumb, and was exhibited in the United States and Europe with great success.

In 1849 Mr. Barnum, after long negotiations, engaged Jenny Lind to sing in America for 150 nights at \$1,000 a night, and a concert company was formed to support her. Only ninety-five concerts were given, but the gross receipts of the tour in nine months of 1850 and 1851 were \$712,161, upon which Mr. Barnum made a large profit. New Haven was one of the places where Jennie Lind sang, and old residents well remember the furore created here by her concert.

In 1855, after being connected with many enterprises besides those named, he retired to an oriental villa in Bridgeport, which he had built in 1846. He expended large sums in improving that city, built up the city of Bridgeport, made miles of streets and therein planted thousands of trees. He encouraged manufacturers to remove to his new city, which has since been united with Bridgeport. But in 1856-7, to encourage a large manufacturing company to remove there, he became so impressed with confidence in their wealth and certain success that he endorsed their notes for nearly \$1,000,000. The company went into bankruptcy, wiping out Mr. Barnum's property; but he had settled a fortune upon his wife.

He went to England again with General Tom Thumb, and lectured with success in London and other English cities, returning in 1857. His earnings and his wife's assistance enabled him to emerge from his financial misfortunes, and he once more took charge of the old museum on the corner of Broadway and Ann streets, New York, and conducted it with success until it was burned on July 13, 1865. Another museum which he opened was also burned. He then, in the spring of 1871, established a great traveling museum and menagerie, introducing rare equestrian and athletic performances, which, after the addition of a representation of the ancient Roman hippodrome races, the elephant Jumbo and other novelties, he called "P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth."

Mr. Barnum has been four times a member of the Connecticut legislature, and mayor of Bridgeport, to which city he presented a public park. His other benefactions have been large and numerous, among them a stone museum building presented to Tufts college near Boston, Mass., filled with specimens of natural history. He has delivered hundreds of lectures on temperance and the practical affairs of life. He has published his autobiography [New York, 1855, enlarged edition Hartford, 1869, with yearly appendices] "Humbugs of the World" [New York, 1865] and "Lion Jack," a story, [1876.]

He presented to his native town an elegant fountain which is highly prized by Bethel people.

The crowning gift of his life was his donation of \$250,000 for the erection of a building in Bridgeport to be devoted to science and history. The Bridgeport Scientific society and the Fairfield County Historical society will occupy the building, which will be a magnificent structure.

He was a prominent Universalist, and many times donated sub-

Is the Oldest House Now Standing in New England?

The partial burning of the noted "Old Stone House" in Guilford was announced in Tuesday's Courier. Fuller accounts show that the famous old structure is not irreparably damaged—the chief injury being in the roof—and that the historic house can be made, at no great expense, as good as new. Guilford's "Old Stone House" was built in 1639, and, if not the oldest, is certainly one of the oldest houses in the United States. Santa Fe, New Mexico, the oldest and queerest-looking town in the United States, seems to possess an older building than the Guilford house, for its "Governor's Palace," with walls five feet thick and still used for the residence of the territorial governor, was built in 1598; and the old church was built about 1550, but was destroyed by the Indians and rebuilt in 1710. St. Augustine, Florida, was founded in 1565 and is called the "oldest city" in the United States. Until about 1870 it still possessed at least two of the old original coquina houses (coquina is a natural concrete of shells cemented with shell-lime) that stood along the water front near the sea-wall. One of them was built in 1620 and the other a year or two later. But both were torn down about 1870, together with a third old coquina house built about 1630.

Guilford's old house, built of stone, as constructed not only for the residence of the Rev. Henry Whitfield, the pastor and leader of the settlers of Guilford, but also to be used (as it was used for several years) as a place of refuge and for defense against the Indians. It has on its west side an enormous old stone chimney. The house has in modern times had additions built on to it. Very recently the Society of Colonial Dames caused a bronze tablet, announcing the age and character of the structure, to be placed in the front wall.

The house is at present occupied by Seymour W. Tarr. Its owner is Mrs. Cone of Southbridge, Mass.

The stone of which the house is built was quarried from a ledge about a mile distant and laboriously carried to the site. The cement is said to be harder, now, than the stone itself. In this old house, says John Warner Barbour, occurred the first marriage that ever took place in Guilford. The wedding supper consisted of "pork and peas."

We believe that Dedham, Mass., claims a house asserted to be as old as the "Old Stone House in Guilford." If this claim is well grounded, then the Guilford house is one of the two oldest houses still standing in New England. But the oldest house in the United States seems to be (as above indicated) the "Governor's Palace" in Santa Fe. In it General Lew Wallace wrote his story of "Ben Hur."

Probably the oldest house in Hartford is one of the two ancient residences still standing on the north side of Retreat avenue and dating back, it is said, to about 1712, the date of Boston's "Old Corner Bookstore."

The walls of the Guilford house are said to be three feet thick.

By S. Ward Loper.

This ancient building by earliest settlers reared,
Should be to every patriotic heart endeared,
For every stone which forms its massive walls
A sacred story of the past recalls
Of men and women brave to do and dare,
Upheld by simple faith, and love, and prayer,
Of pious Whitefield, so tireless in his zeal,
In true devotion to his people's weal.

These walls once echoed with their holy songs
Filled with the fervor which to faith belongs,
And, in the love an earnest Christian knows,
Their heartfelt prayers here pleadingly arose,
Thankful for the scant comforts that they knew
They much enjoyment from those blessings drew,
Praising God for freedom—life's dearest gift,
And day by day gained cheerfulness and thrift.
How different then from what is seen to-day
Was all that round this ancient building lay,
Instead of pleasant homes on well-kept streets,
That now on every side the vision meets,
A few rough dwellings were scattered o'er the plains,
Each reached by well worn trails or grassy lanes.

Upon the plains the ploughman, as he turned the sod,
Felt some danger in each step he trod,
And for the need a moment might demand
He kept his trusty rifle close at hand.
And from the stone house, upon every side,
The watchful sentinels for foes intrusive spied,
And loudly beaten drum, or signal gun.
The warnings gave unheeded then by none.
What strange experience of life was known
In those early days within this house of stone,
Within these walls how many things took place
That touched the future our fathers dared to face,
And through all in God they placed their trust
And felt that everything was right and just;
Felt that the hand that led them to this shore
Good purpose for the future held in store.
Fair was the landscape that around them lay,

More charming, even, than it is today,
Beautiful in its ever-varied scene
Of hill and dale, of stream and meadows clean.
Beyond the meadows Long Island Sound
In sparkling setting all that landscape bound
Where rolling waves, by sunlight silvered o'er,
Made murmuring music on the rock-ribbed shore.
When sunset glory was flaming in the west
On Summer evenings the people came to rest
Upon the grassy slope before the stone house door,
And there they sat and talked their prospects o'er,
Talked of the pleasant homes they all once knew
Before those hours of trial they passed through,
And there, perchance, stretched out upon the ground,
A savage from the forest might be found,
Silent, but listening with sense intent,
Though only half divining what they meant.

Whitefield, the pastor, no doubt was often with them there,
In all their social intercourse to share,
With all his happy conversational art
With the wittiest keeping up his part.
But if any of his flock in suffering lay,
How quick his sympathies came in play,
How near he drew to help them all their troubles bear,
How comforting his words of love and prayer.

In the old stone house the day of rest
Was over, then, of all the days, the best.
From every home the people all drew near
Their pastor's pleading, kindly voice to hear.
Sweet were the hymns and earnest were the prayers
That voiced their needs, their hopes, their cares,
And from those prayers a full fruition grew
Whose blessings later generations knew.

And such the memories the old house recalls,
And fitting it is that all should reverence show
And sure protection around it throw,
That it may stand for many centuries more,
An honest relic of the days of yore.

MAY 17, 1910.

Deacon Follin C. Smith of Perkins street has a vivid recollection of that shower of stars, which preceded the appearance of Halley's comet in 1835. "I was about seven years old then and I lived near Southington. My folks sent me into town to have my boots soled and heeled and before the job was completed night set in. I started for home and while on the way the shower came in full force. The ground was covered with snow and soon it seemed to turn a fiery red. Was I frightened? Was there anybody who wasn't frightened? I don't just remember the comet, although I was 10 or 11 years old when it was here. I was born in 1824 and will be 86 years old next Tuesday."

1910.

BRANFORD

MRS. HOSLEY SERIOUSLY HURT IN A RUNAWAY

Special Correspondence.

Branford, March 25.—An accident that resulted quite seriously for two persons occurred at Brushy Plain last evening. Edward Hosley and Mrs. Hosley of Lyme and Mr. Hosley's father, Samuel Hosley, were driving home in the early evening, when the horse took fright at a paper held by Henry Linsley, who stood in the road. The horse ran, throwing out all the occupants of the concord. Mrs. Hosley suffered a broken shoulder, and the other shoulder was dislocated. Mr. Hosley suffered a dislocated shoulder, and Samuel Hosley escaped with a badly bruised face. A spring of the concord was broken. The injured were carried into the home of Lawrence Mannix, and Dr. Gaylord was called. After making the patients as comfortable as possible, Dr. Gaylord took Mrs. Hosley home in his automobile, and Mr. Mannix hitched up and by that time Walter Hosley, a brother of the injured man, arrived and drove the team in which had been placed his father and brother. The accident occurred near the Mannix home, and not far from the destination of the injured party.

Mr. Hosley has been working here for his uncle lately and he and his wife have been staying at the Hosley homestead.

DIKEMAN—In this city, August 23, 1922 Charlotte A. Childs, wife of Horace B. Dykeman of 313 Fountain street, age 62 years.

Funeral service will be held in the parlors of Beecher & Bennett, 180 Broadway, Friday afternoon, August 25th at 3 o'clock daylight saving time. Friends are invited to attend.

BAD MATTER TO SETTLE

CHARLES R. HEMINGWAY'S ESTATE.

Many Claims Have Been Filed and it Looks as if Some East Haven People Would Lose Their Money—How a Mortgage Note of \$600 Was Obtained From E. H. Morse. Other Peculiar Transactions.

The administrators of the estate of the late Charles R. Hemingway, Town Clerk of East Haven, who are Lemuel H. Bates of this City and John Hemingway of New Britain, half brother of Mr. Hemingway, are having a difficult task in settling up his affairs. A great many claims have been brought against the estate which few of his friends or relatives ever dreamed existed, and they have been much astonished on learning how some of them were brought about.

The estate is further complicated by the fact that the estate of Stephen Hemingway, father of Charles Hemingway, who inherited the larger part of it, has never been settled because the two children of a nephew of Stephen Hemingway, who live in the west, hold an interest in the property by inheritance from their father, and until that has been disposed of the estate remains in a position where it is difficult for the administrators to handle. It will be remembered that Mr. Hemingway died last August, after a terrible illness from typhoid fever. Great sympathy was expressed for both him and his family by East Haven people, and very little reference was made to his business affairs, but lately there has been a good deal of talk and a number of serious matters have been brought to light. An old resident who knows a good deal about Mr. Hemingway's affairs said last evening: "If Mr. Hemingway was alive to-day he would find himself in a tight fix."

One of the things that the administrators have to face is a matter of record on the Town books which Mr. Hemingway himself kept as Town Clerk. It appears from this record that one Silas Pardee, an old resident of the Town secured a mortgage note of \$600 from Elliot H. Morse, Treasurer of the Connecticut Savings Bank, on a piece of land which is in reality a portion of the Hemingway estate. How Pardee ever came into possession of the property is a mystery, as there is no record to show that he owned it and his sole income consists of a pension from the Government which supplied his wants and when he died, which was shortly before Mr. Hemingway's death, the Town took charge of the interment of the remains. In securing this loan Mr. Hemingway acted as agent for Pardee, according to the records. The note was given a year ago last December, but no one knew that Pardee was the owner of a piece of the Hemingway estate and the inference is that he did not own it, and instead of Mr. Hemingway acting as an agent for Pardee to secure him a loan, Pardee acted as an accomplice, innocent or not it would be difficult to determine, for Mr. Hemingway so that the latter could obtain the money. In the record Pardee is quoted as swearing that the property was free of all encumbrances, when as a matter of fact as the property stands as a part of the Hemingway estate it has a mortgage upon it.

It seems that Mr. Hemingway transacted all the business for Pardee and when the interest became due went himself to the bank and paid it. But on one occasion when Mr. Morse demanded that Pardee appear to him before the loan was made he did bring the old man into the bank and the latter declared that he owned the property.

The thing might have remained a mystery to this day had not Charles Baldwin of Lake Saltonstall tried to purchase the property. In looking up the records the one who was searching them accidentally stumbled across the record of Pardee's transaction and he immediately became suspicious. Further investigation brought the whole matter to light. Mr. Morse had filed a claim for \$600 against the estate along with many other claims that have been filed. A New Haven lawyer said last evening that he had about \$1,000 in claims against the estate and he thought that not that much would be realized from them.

As trustee of a number of estates Mr. Hemingway saw quite a good deal of money pass through his hands and in some instances he offered to invest it for the parties to whom it was due and give them his note for the money. Now all they have left is the note.

Certain funds which were set apart for the payment of the assistant pastor of St. Paul's Church, this City, who supplied the pulpit at the East Haven Episcopal Church, are so tangled up in Mr. Hemingway's affairs that the clergyman has not received his money.

The serious difficulties which Mr. Hemingway involved himself in, it is believed, were the cause of the fatal termination of his illness, as he was a robust man of vigorous constitution. He could not keep his business affairs off his mind. On one occasion he sent for a friend and asked him to take up a note which he had drawn and which was liable to get him into a serious difficulty. The note was for \$200, and the friend at first refused, saying that Mr. Hemingway already owed him a good deal of money, and he did not feel as if he could afford to do it. But Mr. Hemingway pleaded and there was quite a scene at his bedside. Mr. Hemingway promised that he would pay it back the first thing when he got on his feet again, and finally the friend promised to take up the note. He did so, and now has a claim for \$200 against the estate besides that which was previously owed him.

The Town records were found in bad shape when Dwight Tuttle and Augustus Stevens, his successors took hold of them. Many of the records of deeds, etc., were not properly attested and some of them were only partly filled out so that many East Haven people have been obliged to go to the Town Clerk's office and have the records of their property transactions adjusted so that in case there should be any need of them the records would be found to have been legally kept.

The Hemingway estate if free from all encumbrances would be worth about \$6,000. The wife and child of Mr. Hemingway, who survived him, are now living in Johnstown, N. Y.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

WIDOW OF THE EMINENT DIVINE DEAD.

The End Came Yesterday at the Home of Her Daughter in Stamford—It Was Not Unexpected as the Distinguished Patient's Condition Had Been Critical Some Time.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, widow of the great divine, died at exactly eighteen minutes of eleven yesterday forenoon, at the residence of her son-in-law, Rev. Samuel Scoville, pastor of the Stamford Congregational church, in Stamford, aged eighty-five years. A singular fact in connection with the death of the aged woman is to be found in the information that it is just ten years ago yesterday that Henry Ward Beecher passed away.

Mrs. Beecher had been sinking steadily since Saturday noon, and during the twenty-four hours preceding her demise had been unconscious. William Beecher, a son of the aged woman, reached Stamford Saturday evening, and re-

acted, but her nerve so frequently enabled her to rally, serious sinking spells that her deemed it safe to leave his mother bedside until he was recalled.

Mrs. Beecher came to Stamford from Brooklyn in early November to spend the Thanksgiving season with her daughter, Mrs. Scoville. During the night of November 29 the aged woman arose and in some manner sustained a fall. A deep gash was cut in her head, and she was shortly after found unconscious by members of the family. With great vitality she rallied from this shock and continued to improve until December 20, when during the night she again fell, breaking her hip. The physicians found that the break was of a character which would forever prevent the victim from walking, even if she should recover. Since December 20 she has been the victim of many sinking spells and many times it was thought that death was imminent. For two weeks these spells have been more frequent and of longer duration. As a climax came extreme pain induced by excruciating bed sores, which with other complications rendered her condition a fearful strain, not only upon the patient herself, but upon the friends at her bedside.

On Saturday Mrs. Beecher was seized with another sinking spell, which yesterday proved to be the final one.

Eunice Beecher was born in August, 1812, in Sutton, Mass. Her father, Dr. Bullard, besides attending to his duties, was the owner of a large farm. His children comprised seven sons and two daughters. Most of them were given a liberal education, all of the sons being sent to college except two or three, whose health prevented them from taking a college course.

Miss Bullard was married to Henry Ward Beecher at her home in Massachusetts, August 3, 1837. Mr. Beecher had not then been ordained, but had received a call to the pastorate of a little church at Lawrenceburg, O., and wrote to his fiancée suggesting that their marriage take place after his ordination. Soon after he started east and arrived twelve hours after mailing the letter. The marriage ceremony took place five days after Mr. Beecher's arrival, in the presence of the members of the Bullard family and a few neighbors.

After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Beecher started for Lawrenceburg, where they remained for three weeks, afterwards removing to Indianapolis, where they stayed for six years. Then Mr. Beecher received a call to Plymouth church of Brooklyn as its pastor, of which he became world famed. Mrs. Beecher wrote a book in which she described the experiences of the noted preacher and herself while Mr. Beecher was engaged in his ministerial work in the west.

Of Mrs. Beecher's eight children few are now living. The oldest is the wife of the Rev. Samuel Scoville, pastor of the First Congregational church of Stamford, with whom Mrs. Beecher spent much of her time after the death of her husband. The other children are Colonel Henry Barton Beecher of Brooklyn, N. Y., Henry, a lawyer of New York city, and Herbert, who is in the steamship business at Port Townsend, Wash.

Arrangements have been practically completed for the funeral of the late Mrs. Beecher at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Samuel Scoville, in Stamford. There will be private services at the Scoville residence here Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and later the remains will be taken to Brooklyn, N. Y., where the remains will lay in state in Plymouth church, where Mrs. Beecher's husband was pastor. At 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon there will be services in Plymouth church, Rev. Lyman Abbott officiating.

What if my soul, passed out and sought that bliss
Where the wicked cease from troubling, the
wary are at rest?

Would angels call me from above and beckon
me to come
And join them in their holy songs in that eter-
nal home?
Would they clasp their hands in gladness when
they saw my soul set free,
And point beside my mother's to a place re-
served for me?
Would they meet me as a sister, as one of preci-
ous worth
Who had gained a place in Heaven by holiness
on earth?
O God: I would not have my soul go out upon
the air
With all its weight of wretchedness, to wander,
where—oh, where?

THE MAIDEN FOR ME.

Just fair enough to be pretty,
Just gentle enough to be sweet,
Just saucy enough to be witty,
Just dainty enough to be neat,
Just tall enough to be graceful,
Just light enough for a fairy,
Just dress enough to be tasteful,
Just merry enough to be gay.

Just tears enough to be tender,
Just sighs enough to be sad,
Tones soft enough to remember,
Your heart through their cadence made glad.
Just meek enough for submission,
Just bold enough to be brave,
Just pride enough for ambition,
Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

A tongue that can talk without harming,
Just mischief enough to tease,
Manners pleasant enough to be charming,
That puts you at once at your ease.
Disdain to put down presumption,
Sarcasm to answer a fool,
Cool contempt enough shown to assumption,
Proper dignity always the rule.

Flights of fair fancy ethereal,
Devotion to science full paid,
Stuff of the sort of material
That really good housewives are made.
Generous enough and kind-hearted,
Pure as the angels above—
Oh! from her may I never be parted,
For such is the maiden I love.

EPITAPH TO A HOMELY HOUSEWIFE.

WRITTEN BY A SAILOR.

Here rests a wife, who in her life,
Was frugal, kind, and proper.
She never spent an idle cent,
Nor lost a careless copper.

Her freckled face and want of grace
To thoughtless eyes were homely;
But to the kind, discerning mind
All gentle things are comely.

Her homely eyes were all unwise
In lace, or silks or sables;
Yet none could be more skilled than she
In garnishing her tables.

She lacked the art that snares the heart
By feminine bewitching.
Her only "airs" were household cares,
Her "sentiment" was kitchen.

On earth, her kind but common mind
Was in her home, and homely;
Now is her rest among the best,
Where all good souls are comely.

A GENUINE Down-Easter was lately essaying to appropriate a square of exceedingly tough beef at a dinner, in a Wisconsin hotel. His convulsive efforts with a knife and fork attracted the smiles of the rest, in the same predicament as himself. At last Jonathan's patience vanished, under ill success, when, laying down his utensils, he burst out with, "Strangers, you needn't laugh; if you ain't got any regard for the landlord's feelings, you ought to have some respect for the old bull!" This sally brought down the house.

FROM LITTLE BUTTERCUPS.

At a recent Sabbath school concert, a little boy stood up to say his piece, and forgetting the words of the text, hesitated a moment, then, with all the assurance possible, said: "Blessed are the shoemakers."

"What's the use of keeping all those kittens?" asked a father of his little four-year-old daughter, whose pussy had recently presented her with five pets. "So we can have lots of new *newsie*, pa!" was the triumphant reply.

A clergyman passed a boy weeping bitterly, halted and asked: "What is the matter my little fellow?" The boy replied: "Before, I could hardly get enough to eat, of anything, and now what shall we do? for now there's another one come." "Hush thy mourning, and wipe off those tears," said the clergyman, "and remember that He never sends mouths without He sends victuals to put into them." "I know that," said the boy, "but then He sends all the mouths to our house and the victuals to yours."

There is a little railroad at Bayou Sara, Louisiana, that runs to Woodville on a very uncertain schedule. A stranger came in the other day and inquired how often the steam cars made trips to the country. The party interrogated said "Tri-weekly." "What do you mean by tri-weekly?" The answer was, "It goes up one week and tries to come down the next."

An Upsetting Sin.

Dr. McCosh (now President of Princeton Seminary) tells the story of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins." "Brudder," said one of his friends at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got to de hang of dat ar word. It's 'besettin', not 'upsettin'." "Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so, it is so. But I was a praying in de Lord to save us from de sin of intoxicification, and if dat ar ain't a upsettin' sin I dunno what am."

What is the reason—can you guess—
Why men are poor, and woman thinner?
So much do they for dinner dress,
That nothing's left to dress for dinner.

Johnny was telling his ma how he was going to dress and show off when he was a man. His ma asked: "Johnny, what do you expect to do for a living when you get to be a man?" "Well, I'll get married, and lodge with my wife's pa."

TIT FOR TAT.

In a small town on the Schuylkill river, there is a church in which the singing had run down. It had been led many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical powers had been gradually failing. One evening the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was in an odd measure, rather harder than usual, and the deacon led off. Upon its conclusion, the minister said:

"Brother B— will please repeat the hymn—as I cannot pray after such singing."

The deacon very composedly pitched it in another tune, and the clergyman proceeded with his prayer. Having finished, he took up the book to give a second hymn, when he was interrupted by the deacon gravely getting up, and, in a voice audible to the whole congregation, saying:

"Will Brother— make another prayer? It would be impossible for me to sing after such a prayer as that."

DIDN'T WANT ANY.—A few evenings ago, two young men dropped into St. Rose, where the usual high mass of Christmas was being celebrated. One of them had never been inside a Catholic church before, and was altogether unacquainted with the usages. As there was a very large attendance, they could scarcely get inside the door, but they stood on the threshold, the inexperienced one spoke to the other:

"Say, Ben, what do they all crowd around that bowl over there for?"

"Why," was the answer, "that's a bowl of champagne punch. All that come are welcome to a drink, it being Christmas Eve, and I'll warrant it's mighty good, too!"

"Is that so? Well, I'm going to try some of it, if I do get squeezed to death."

And off went verdancy toward the designated spot. Presently he returned, with a look of intense disgust on his face. His companion, highly amused, inquired:

"Well, did you try it?"

"No," was the reply. "Just as I got there, and was looking for the cup, an old woman came in, and stuck her hand into it, and I wouldn't have drank it, after that, if I knew it was made by an angel!"

Sacramento (Cal.) Paper.

Facetious Folio Talk.

A very small man, who is blessed with a very large wife, that, instead of looking up to him in admiration, is in the habit of looking down upon him with something akin to contempt, once called her, in her presence, "my better half." "Your better half!" you had better say "your best three-quarters;" you are not more than one-fourth of the joint concern, no how!

AY ignorant Irishman, seeing a sensible man to whom he had several times written, and told him that he could not read with any of them. "Can you read at all?" asked the merchant. "No," was the reply; "if I could, sir, you think I would be such a fool as to buy spectacles?"

A young man went into a florist's store on Washington street to buy a rose-bush for his affianced. Several nice cuttings were the price asked. "Will it be five dollars?" asked the young man. "Yes, a long while," replied the florist. "Then you may keep it," said the young man. "Then you may keep it," said the young man.

"IF YOU LOVE ME, TELL ME SO."

An advertisement from the Birmingham Post, which has and there a reader may like to scrutinize for some use:

If you love me, tell me so;
I have read it in your eyes,
I have heard it in your sighs,
But my woman's heart replies,
"If you love me, tell me so."

Should I give you Yes or No?
Nay, a girl may not confess
That her answer would be "Yes,"
To such questioning, unless
He who loves her tells her so.

Where a man is kept. The housework and cooking all done by the members of the family. The gentleman of the house rises early, but prepares breakfast himself. All the washing is put out, and the kitchens provided with every comfort and luxury. Cold meat and ham studiously avoided. Wages no objection to a competent party. References and photographs exchanged.

If you love me, tell me so;
Love gives strength to watch and wait,
Trust gives heart for any fate,
Poor or rich, unknown or great,
If you love me, tell me so.

A THRILLING STORY.

The Adventures of a Printer.

The following story, which was written by M. Quad, will be found quite interesting and entertaining:

This was what I heard:

"Halt! Halt there, you Johnny Reb, or we'll blow your head off!"

This was what I saw:

Six bluecoats in the underbrush, three on each side of the narrow road, muskets all held to cover me.

I bent down and dug the spurs into my horse, but he had not made six leaps when he fell on his knees, rolled over, and was dead in a moment, falling in such a manner as to hold me fast by the legs.

"Confound it! Didn't we tell you we'd shoot?" exclaimed one of the Federals, a corporal, as the six came up and began heaving at the horse to set me free. "You ought to have batted when we shouted, and thus saved a good Confederate horse for Uncle Sam."

It was near Cynthiana, Kentucky, and on the morning of the same summer day when Morgan fought a battle and lost so many good men. I had started out on a foraging expedition soon after daybreak, and in returning had ridden directly upon the Federal "fellers," who were cautiously creeping down to attack Morgan, backed by a force which ought to have eaten him up in ten minutes.

How I came to be in Confederate uniform, to be a member of Morgan's command, to think and act with Confederates, is a matter which I shall not bring up here. I am going to relate my adventures, without fear of politicians or care for what has passed.

It was no great job to get my leg free, and then two of the men were detailed to conduct me to the rear, or back to the advancing army. They were jolly good fellows, having no thought of malice or word of taunt. They had captured me fairly; there was no chance for me to escape, and I made the best of it. I had received a Lieutenant's commission not two weeks before, and it was rather hard to be captured just as I was sliding gracefully into position. But it's victory to-day and defeat to-morrow in war, and soldiers were nearly all philosophers.

I was greeted with cheers and shouts as I reached the main body, being the first armed "reb" which some of the men had ever seen. Their criticisms were good-natured ones, their conduct courteous, and I was rather sorry when a guard came for me to report at headquarters. Headquarters were on the move, and had only time to take my "pedigree," when the guard was ordered to conduct me along.

Passing from hand to hand, always closely guarded, I at length ascertained that my destination was Johnson's Island, opposite Sandusky, Ohio, which was a great depot for captured Confederates during the war. En route to Sandusky, I having been joined by ten others of the command, we were well treated by the guards, but they at the same time kept a close watch of our movements.

From the first moment of capture I had been constantly looking for a chance to escape, but none offered until we were approaching Sandusky, about five o'clock in the evening. The rear door of the car was open, and we were in the last car. I sat nearest the door, and observing that the guard was reading, that the train was moving slowly, and that there were no stumps along the track, I made up my mind to spring to the door and leap off.

Carefully gathering up my legs, and watched by two of my friends, I at length made a bolt. I had all the advantage, and should surely have made the jump, but that my coat caught the handle of the door as I went by, and the guard had time to seize me.

"We went over him sure!" I exclaimed, attempting no resistance, but pointing my hand at the track. "We must have been the first fellow caught in the act."

"What was it?" inquired the guard, astonished at my passiveness and beginning to think that I had not intended an escape. I informed him that I saw a bloody mare on the track, leaped to see what it was, and that some one had been ground beneath the wheels. As I took my seat and continued to talk about the "fearful accident," the guard was blinded, and the circumstance was forgotten in the bustle of reaching the city. I do not know what rule was practiced in other cases, but in ours we were hustled out of the cars, marched out of the depot, and then allowed to march along at our own pace, part of the guards being in front and part behind.

My friends had given up all hope of escape. At our journey's end, in a Northern State, as good as landed on the island, they believed that any attempt would be useless. Not so with me. If I could once elude the guard, I believed there was a chance of getting away altogether. I knew that the only way to get free was to make a sudden dash down some street or up some stairs. I therefore looked keenly about me as we passed along.

I have not told you that I was a printer. Such was my profession before the war, and I was called a fast type-sticker wherever I worked. Therefore, as we passed along and I saw the sign of the *Daily Register* over a hall door, it was natural enough that I should spring off the walk and dash up stairs, as I was determined to dash somewhere.

The rear guard shouted "stop him!" as they saw me leave the walk, but there was some little confusion, which gave me an advantage. I bounded up the steps, two at a time, reached a hall, turned to the right, and was in the composing room. It was empty of life, the men being at supper. Just as the guards struck the first step below, I jerked off my coat, thrust it into the big coal stove, off with vest and hat, leaped on to a stool that stood in front of a well-filled "case," and when the soldiers burst in the door I was putting up the type for dear life.

"Where is he? Where did he go?" shouted three of the men at once, rushing around the room in their anxiety.

"Where did who go? What do you mean?" I replied, turning around on my stool as I spaced out my second line.

"Why, one of our Reb prisoners is up here somewhere—he made a dash from the walk, and must have come in here."

"Can't be possible," I returned, commencing on another line. "I have been here for the last half hour, and have seen no one. I heard a great racket on the stairs a few minutes ago, and perhaps that was he."

Not a word more, and at once the soldiers rushed down and began a search of the building, continuing it for an hour before returning. I then came back and reported that the man must have slipped out in some way.

"But he can't escape," exclaimed one of the men, pulling a paper from his pocket. "Here is his description: 'Five feet ten inches, auburn hair, blue eyes, mole on right cheek, scar on right hand, one front tooth gone.'"

It was the greatest effort of my life to reach out that right hand with the "scar" on it after a figure "8," thrusting it right under the man's nose, but I did so. His eyes were within two feet of the "auburn hair, blue eyes, and mole," but they were as blind as those of an owl in a July day. I promised to make a "local" of the circumstance, and to give the bolter's description, and the three went out, just as four or five of the men returned from supper.

"Hello! tramp, where are you from?" exclaimed one of the compositors, looking me over.

"Dropped down from Toledo," I replied. "I didn't find any one in the office, and thought I'd have a turn at this manuscript, just to see if I'd forgotten how to decipher snider tracks."

"He'll be shot if he hasn't been setting up the old man's manuscript, and he has got it right, too!" replied the man, glancing at the lines in my stick.

The writing was the worst I had ever seen, but I had a peculiar *forte* of reading what no one else could read. What had bothered the men was plain as day to me. To increase their surprise, I picked up two or three pages and read them right off. The foreman, whose name was Ten Eyck, if I remember right, came in at this time. After asking my name, where I was from, and so forth, he told me that I could have a "sit" for a few days, as he had never before seen a compositor who could "jerk sense" so readily out of the chief editor's scrawls.

When the boys understood that I had no money, they gave me a lunch. I took a "case," and was soon as much at home as any of them.

I pondered quite a while over my promise to make an item in regard to the escape of the prisoner, but finally concluded that it would divert suspicion to do so. The city editor coming along, I detailed the circumstance, and later in the evening I had the manuscript to set up. It was rather odd, my putting in type, to be scattered over the city and country, an account of my own escape, but I set it up exactly as written.

The night passed off quietly, and when the boys started for home at three o'clock they "threw in" till I had money enough to get a bed and breakfast. I went to a small hotel, turned in, and was at the office at eleven o'clock the next day, to "throw in a case" with the rest.

We had been at work half an hour, when the apprentice boy picked up a copy of the morning issue and read the item about my escape, reading it aloud. Nearly all the men made comments, and none of them were complimentary to me. My left-hand man had said nothing, but I suddenly saw that he was looking sharply at me. He saw everything but the mole on my right cheek, and he soon took occasion to make sure of that. I felt in my bones that he was mentally comparing me with the description, but I worked on as if suspecting nothing.

"I don't feel well this morning," he remarked, after having his "case" about half in. "If you'll throw in a copy of the column of 'solid,' over there on the stone, for me, I'll give you half a dollar."

I agreed; he handed over the money, and then hurriedly wasted up, put on his coat, and went out with a step altogether too quick for a sick man. He was going to betray me, and I knew it.

I put down my type, raised my hands, borrowed a dollar from the foreman, telling him that I wanted to send a telegram to my mother; and in going out I somehow got into a linen coat belonging to one of the men. The compositor was not five minutes ahead of me in getting down stairs. Hardly knowing which way to turn, I walked over to a hotel on a corner, called the West House. As I stood for a moment in the hall door, I caught sight of the compositor and two soldiers coming down the street. As they would have to pass me, I went farther in, walked up two flights of stairs, and went boldly into a room.

"What in the devil do you want here?" growled a voice, and I caught sight of a man writing at a stand.

"O! ah! excuse me!" I replied, and shut the door and passed on. After trying several doors, I found another unlocked, and this time met no opposition.

My first thought had been to secure a hiding-place, but the sight of several good suits of clothing hanging up decided me to make an exchange. Locking the door, I threw off my suit, and was soon standing in another and much better one. There was a Sunday silk hat on the stand, and it was a good fit for me. In throwing off the old clothes a pocket-book dropped from the compositor's coat, and I opened it, to find myself ten dollars better off. I was sorry to take the man's money, but there was no safe way to return it.

found me something to do to pay my passage. Reaching the dock at Buffalo, I beckoned a boy and his skiff alongside, and was off up the river before the Owego had been made fast. It was easy enough to get from Buffalo into Canada, but

fore the men had drawn me in the compositor for leaped after me, but fell into the water, and was choking and gasping when the boat moved off. When I drew up some of the men, I asked one of them, but were sent

And Peter told them stories till they slept upon his knee.
I showed Lucy the things I'd been makin', and told her she needn't despair;
That when Peter and I were through, then she would have her share;
But we'd talked the matter over, and agreed 'twas the wisest plan
To keep what we'd got while we stayed, and make as much more as we can.
Lucy she smiled as she used to, and there was reconciliation at last;
While Peter blessed them like Jacob of old, as he leaned on the top of his staff.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

The following ballad, written by Will M. Carleton, of Hillsdale, Michigan, we commend to the consideration of those wretched couples who agree to disagree:

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout,
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.
We who have worked together so long as man and wife
Must pull in single harness the rest of our natural life.

"What is the matter?" say you? I swan! its hard to tell;
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman—she has no other man,
Only we're lived together so long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey and Betsey has talked with me;
So we've agreed together that we can't never agree.
Not that we're caught each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a time;

There was a stock of temper we both had, for a start;
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart.
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone,
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something about heaven—a difference in our creed.
We argued the thing at breakfast—we argued the thing at tea;
And the more we argued the question, the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cool;
She had picked the back of her chair—*the question was only—how?*
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
It full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke;
It was when I scolded because she howl;
I was mean and stingy, and hadn't a soul.

That bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
So that blamed cow-critter was always comin' in,
And so that heaven we arg'd no nearer to us got;
It gave us a taste of something a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept working, and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to argue, and somethin' sharp to say,
And down on us come the neighbors, a couple 'o dozen strong,
And lent their kindest service to help the thing along.

And there has been days together, and many a weary week,
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin' the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't be all.

And I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine,
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live stock, that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it through many a weary day,
It's nothin' more than justice that Betsey's her pay.

Give her the house and homestead, a man can thrive and roam;
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home,
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Be say never should want a home, if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tolerable pay—
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sic, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap sir, but I take no stock in such.
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young,
And Betsey was always good to me, excepting with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she miterned a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of them was flustered and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon;
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I had seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur,
That when I'm dead at last she bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy—before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me;
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven I wouldn't think it queer,
If we loved each other the better because we have quarreled here.

Fallen.

The iron voice from yonder spire has hush'd its hollow tone,
And midnight finds me lying here, in silence all alone.
The still moon through my window sheds its soft light on the floor,
With a melancholy paleness, I have never seen before.

And the summer wind comes to me with its sad Zolian lay,
As if burthened with the sorrows of a weary, weary day;
But the moonlight cannot sooth me of the sickness here within,
And the sad wind takes no portion from my bosom's weight of sin.

Yet my heart and all its pulses seem so quietly to rest,
That I scarce can feel them beating in my arms, or in my breast;
These rounded limbs are resting now so still upon the bed,
That one would think, to see me here, that I was lying dead.

What if I were so? What if I died as I am lying now,
With something like to virtue's calm upon this pallid brow?
What if I died to-night? Ah, now this heart begins to beat—
A fallen wretch, like me, to pass from earth, so sadly sweet!

Yet calm—as calm as clouds that slowly float and form;
To give their barren tears in some un pitying winter storm;
As calm as great Schuyl'er the kindest sweeps its waste—
As the ocean, o'er the billows all its miles of beat, have laced.

Still, still, I have no tears to shed; these eyelids have no store—
The fountain once within me, a fountain is no more.
The moon alone looks on me now, the pale and dreadful moon;

She smiles upon my wretchedness, through all the night's sweet: oon.

What if I died to-night—within these gilded, wretched walls,
Upon whose crimson tapestry no eye of virtue fails
What would its soulless inmates do when they had found me here,
With cheek too white for passion's smile, too cold for passion's tear?
Ah! one would come, and from these arms unclasp the tangle bands;
Another wrench the jewels from my fairer, whiter hands,
This splendid robe another's form would grace,
Oh, long before
The tender moon-beam shed again its silver on the floor.

And when they'd laid me down in earth where pauper graves are made,
Beneath no drooping willow-tree in angel-haunted shade,
Who'd come and plant a living vine upon a wretched grave?
Who'd trim the tangled grasses wild, no summer wind could wave?
Who would raise a stone to mark it from ruder graves around,
That the foot fall of the stranger might be soft upon the ground?
No stone would stand above me there—no sadly bending tree,
No hand would plant a myrtle vine above a wretch like me.

What if I died to-night!—and when to-morrow's sun had crept
Where late the softer moonlight in its virgin beauty slept,
They'd come and find me here—oh, who would weep to see me dead?
Who'd bend the knee of sorrow by a pulseless wanton's bed?
There's one would come—my mother! God bless the angel band
That bore her ere her daughter fell, to yonder quiet land!
Thank God for all the anthem-songs that gladdened angels sung,
When my mother went to heaven, and I was pure and young!

And there's another too would come—a man upon whose brow
My shame hath brought the winter snow to rest so heavy now.
Ah! he would come with bitter tears all burning down his cheek—
Had reason's kingdom stronger been when virtue grew so weak!
My sisters and my brothers all, thank God! are far away!
They'll never know how died the one that mingled in their play;
The one who smiled whene'er they smiled, who cried whene'er they cried.

For him that sought a spotless hand, and lives to see my shame,
In such a place I'd tear the tongue that dared to speak his name.
The cold sea-waves run up the sand in undulating swells,
And backward to the ocean urn when they have kissed the shells;
So, there's a torrent in my breast, and I can feel its flow
Rush up in crimson billows on a beach as fair as snow;
And backward, backward to my heart, the ocean takes its tide,
My cheeks and lips left bloodless all, and cold, as if I died!

I'm all alone to-night! How strange that I should be alone!
This splendid chamber seems to want some rone's passion-tone!
Yon soulless mirror, with its smooth and all untarnished face,
Sees not these jewelled arms to-night, in their unchaste embrace—
Oh, I have had the fever of that heated, crowded hall,
Where I might claim the highest-born and noblest of them all;
Where I might smile upon them now with easy, wanton grace,
Which subdues the blood of virtue that would struggle in my face.

I hate them all—I scorn them as they scorn me in the street;
I could spurn away the pressure that my lips too often meet;
I could trample on the lace that their passion never spares;
They robbed me of a heritage of greater price than theirs.
They can never give me back again what I have thrown away,
The brightest jewel won, or wears throughout her little day!
The brightest, and the only one that from the cluster riven,
Sluts out forever woman's heart from all its hopes of heaven!

What if I died to-night!—and died as I am lying here!
There's many a green leaf withered ere autumn comes to sear;
There's many a dew-drop shaken down ere yet the sunshine came,
And many a spark hath died before it wakened into flame.
What if I died to-night, and left these wretched bonds of clay
To seek beyond this hollow sphere a brighter, better day!

From the Boston Courier,
OLD TIMES AND NEW.
Read at the New England Society's Festival,
New York, Dec. 22, 1894, by ALLEN C. SPOONER,
Boston.

"I was in my easy chair at home,
About a week ago,
I sat and puffed my light segar
As usual you must know.
I mused upon the Pilgrim flock
Whose luck it was to land
Upon almost the only rock
Among the Plymouth sand.
In my mind's eye I saw them leave
Their weather-beaten bark—
Before them spread the wintry wilds,
Behind rolled ocean dark.
Alone that little handfast stood,
While savage foes lurked nigh,
Their creed and watchword, 'Trust in God,
And keep your powder dry.'
Imagination's pencil then
That first stern winter painted,
When more than half their number died
And stoutest spirits faunted.
A tear unbidden filled one eye,
My smoke had filled the other;
One sees strange sights at such a time,
Which quite the sencer bother.
I knew I was alone—but lo!
(Let him who dares deride me)—
I looked, and drawing up a chair,
Down sat a man beside me.
His dress was ancient, and his air
Was somewhat strange and foreign—
He civilly returned my stare,
And said: "I'm Richard Warren!
"You'll find my name among the list
Of hero, sage and martyr,
Who in the Mayflower's cabin signed
The first New England charter.
"I could some curious fact impart—
Perhaps some wise suggestion—
But then I'm bent on seeing sights,
And running over with questions."
"Ask on," said I, "I'll do my best
To give you information,
Whether of private men you ask,
Or our renowned nation."
Says he, "First tell me what is that
In your compartment narrow,
Which seems to dry my eye-balls up,
And scorch my very marrow."
His fingers pointed to the grate—
Said I, "That's Lehigh coal,
Dug from the earth"—he shook his head—
"It is, upon my soul!"
I then took up a bit of stick,
One end was black as night,
And rubbed it quick across the earth,
When lo, a sudden light!
My guest drew back, uprolled his eyes,
And strove his breath to catch—
"What necromancy's that?" he cried—
Quoth I, "A friction match."
Upon a pipe just overhead,
I turned a little screw,
When forth with instantaneous flash
Three streams of lightning dew,
Up rose my guest: "Now heaven me save,"
Aloud he shouted, then
"Is that hell fire?" "Tis gas," said I,
"We call it hydrogen."
Then forth into the fields we strolled,
A train came thundering by,
Drawn by the snorting iron steed,
Swifter than eagles fly.
Rumbled the wheels, the whistles shrieked,
Far streamed the smoky cloud,
Echoed the hills, the valleys shook,
The flying forests bowed.
Down on his knees, with hands upraised,
In worship, Warren fell—
"Great is the Lord our God," cried he—
"He doeth all things well."
"I've seen His chariot of fire,
The horsemen, too, thereof;
O, may I never provoke His ire,
Nor at His threatenings scoff."
"Rise up, my friends, rise up," said I,
"Your terrors all are vain—
That was no chariot of the sky,
'Twas the New York mail train."
We stood within a chamber small—
Men came the news to know,
From Worcester, Springfield and New York,
Texas and Mexico.
It came—it went—silent but sure—
He stared, smiled, burst out laughing,
What witchcraft's that?" "It's what we call
Magnetic telegraphing."
Once more we stepped into the street;
Said Warren, "That is that
Which moves aloft across the way
As soft as a cat."

"I mean the thing upon two legs,
With feathers on its head—
A monstrous bump below the waist,
Longer as a feather bed,

"It has the gift of speech I hear;
But sure it can't be human?"
"My amiable friend," said I,
"That's what we call a woman."

"Eternal powers! it cannot be,"
Sighed he, with voice that faltered;
"I loved the women in my day,
But oh! they're strangely altered."

I showed him then a new machine
For turning eggs to chickens,
A labor-saving hennerly
That beats the very dickens.

Thereat, he strongly grasped my hand,
And said, "Tis plain to see
This world is so transmogrified,
'Twill never do for me."

"Your telegraphs, your railroad trains,
Your gas lights, friction matches,
Your hump-backed women, rocks for coal,
Your things which chickens hatch,

Have turned the earth so upside down,
No peep is left within it,"
Then, whisking round upon his heel,
He vanished in a minute.

Forthwith, my most voracious pen
Wrote down what I had heard,
And here, dressed up in doggerel rhyme,
You have it, word for word.

AUNT MARTHA'S STORY OF LEAVING AWAY THE FARM.

BY E. A. WOODHULL, SUN PRAIRIE, WIS.

We began life with a will, Peter was young and strong,
And I had a faculty for savin' and helpin' to go along;
The family was growin' upon us, we didn't get rich very fast,
But we toiled and struggled along, and paid for the farm at last;
And when the work was a crowdin' and Peter was gettin' behind,
I would follow the cradle, for I knew how to rake and to bind.
And so we worked and contrived, and prospered for many a day,
Till the children, all but the youngest, had married and gone away.
Lucy you know was the youngest—we always had made her a pet—
Her hair curled just like her father's and her eyes were as black as jet;
The neighbors all said she was handsome and we tho't if she settled in life,
The man who married our Lucy would be sure to get a good wife.
It's strange how young folks get acquainted—I never knew how't begun—
But from all the meetin's and quillin's Ambrose Lincoln was settin' her hom.
I never set much by the Lincoln's, folks said they were selfish and small—
If anything was to be divided they seemed to covet it all.
But Ambrose didn't look enough like the rest to be of the Lincoln tribe,
People said he took back to his grandfather on his mother's side.
Although the win'er was over, 'twas plain for us all to infer
That she couldn't live without Ambrose, and Ambrose couldn't live without her,
And so we made 'em a wed'n, and invited for miles around—
Folks said 'twas the biggest wed'n ever they had in town.
She had her settin' out—we'd got it already to give,
But as Peter and I was alone, she'd better come home to live.
Ambrose always said grace at the table, and to Peter and I was good—
He wouldn't let Lucy milk or bring in an armful of wood.
He did all the chores for Peter, we hadn't nothing to keep us at home,
And we spent the happiest winter we had since we were young.
We had been married fifty years, yet the time seemed short to me,
I was sixty-seven and Peter was seventy-three.
The summers appeared to be shorter and the winters seemed more cold,
And 'twas plain, when we come to consider, that Peter and I were old.
I was lame in the shoulders, and Peter was lame in his knees—
He couldn't fodder the cattle, and I couldn't make butter and cheese;
So we talked the matter over and thought that 'twould work like a charm
To take a paper for our support and give Ambrose a deed of the farm.
Lawyer Reeves came an' drew up the writin'—we tho't we'd done for the best—
And took the paper for our support, and Ambrose put the deed in the chest.
The horse and the carriage we had, and some money to do as we would,
But we didn't put it into the writin', Ambrose was always so good.
Before the summer was over things didn't go as they should—
Lucy got out of flour, and Peter must cut the wood;
And Uncle John Peckham told me, in less than a year there'd be
A durned sight harder fightin' than Grant had with Gen' Lee.

I remember 'twas Sunday night, we all sat eatin' our supper.
Ambrose said that he milked six cows, he didn't know what come of the butter—
That some people seemed to take pride in seein' how much they could eat,
But he was bro't up by his mother not to eat butter with meat.
I tho't (for it riled me a little) that as good as he sent I would give.

And I told him that he and his mother were a little too stingy to live.
Next he got a notion of tradin'—he sold all the hay in the barn,
And he swapped off the cows and the colts, till there wasn't much left on the farm.
I told him he hadn't no business a tradin the cattle away,
And if he was any farmer he wouldn't sell off the hay;

That he hadn't any faculty for tradin, and the farm was a runnin' down,
And soon there wouldn't be nothin' left, and we should be on the town.
He said, ever since they were married to kick up a fuss I had tried;
I pointed my finger at Ambrose and told him straight that he lied.

Next mornin' he started early and went to see old Paul Grey,
And swapped off the horse and carriage, and took an old reaper for pay.
The storm then came on in a hurry—it didn't either cease or remit
Till Lucy felt down a faintin, and I was picked up in a fit.

Dr Banty he called it hysterics, Dr Verd said 'twas fever I had,
But I didn't care what they called it, to tell you the truth I was mad.
Well, I'd been lyin' a bed, it must have been more than a week,
When Ambrose opened the chest and was lookin' for an old receipt;

Just then some one drove up in a hurry, and came to the door and knocked;
And Ambrose went to the door leavin' the key in the lock;
I've always tho't 'twas an Angel directed me how to proceed,
I tho't I must go to the chest, and there on the top was the deed.

I grasped it like one that is frantic—it was all done quicker than said—
And slippin' it under my night-gown, softly crept back into bed.
Next mornin' I talked with Lucy; I told her I was wastin' away—
I didn't know how long I should live, a month, a week, or a day;

But I wanted to talk to Peter, and I felt that I could not wait,
And if I should put it off it might probably be too late.
So Peter came in with the Bible, and was just beginnin' to read,
Don't know but I hurried the matter, but I handed him out the deed.

At first it seemed to confuse him—he didn't know what to say—
But kneelin' down by my side said, "Lord, teach us to watch and to pray."
And he prayed that all things might be for the best, and our sins be all forgiven,
And the recordin' Angel forget our deeds, as Ambrose forgotten his'.

If ever he prayed in the spirit, Peter was in it then,
And I wept as I hadn't wept for years, when he came to the final Amen.
When Peter had finished his prayer, he seemed to have strength for his deed,
And walking out to the kitchen stove, into it put the deed.

I had been weak and nervous—for days I could not sleep—
But I rested more that night than I had rested before for a week.
Ambrose now began to grow nervous—he didn't seem to get rest—
He was always a rumblin' over 'en over the papers that lay in the chest;

The Dr said that his symptoms were just as mine were from the first,
And the sickness he had was a catchin, and Ambrose had got it the worst.
Whether the Dr was right, I never pretended to know;
Though I got along pretty quick, yet Ambrose was awful slow.

Peter grew mighty ambitious—he said 'twas easier to work than play—
He could do quite half as much as ever he could in a day;
He had cut all the winter's wood, and done all the chores at the barn,
And he seemed, if his health was good, he would try and run the farm.

I told Peter I hated to quarrel, and I hated to see Ambrose's eyes,
But things had come to a pass that either Ambrose or I must leave.
And so they talked it over, and was settled that very day.
That we should keep the farm, and Ambrose should move away.

Time had dealt gently with me, and Peter was young again,
Though he counted the years of his life and they numbered three score and ten.
We talked the past over together, and perhaps we'd been to blame,
And I tho't it would do us good to see Lucy, and sue and the children came.

When we asked 'em all home at Thanksgiving, but Ambrose didn't come.
Lucy didn't know what was the reason—some business had kept him at home.
She looked tired, and sad, and careworn, and the children of us were shy.
And we saw an occasional tear that she brushed from her fading eye.

But we talked and cheered her up, and the children grew more free,
And we saw an occasional tear that she brushed from her fading eye.

1894

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Over the Hill to the Poor-House.

The following much admired ballad, by WILL M. CARLETON, which appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, of June 17th, 1871, is reprinted by permission of the Publishers.

Over the hill to the poor-house, I'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray,—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a-toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heape'n on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout;
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' han'some—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'Taint no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
An' I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together; and life was hard but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the child'r'n, and raised 'em every one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to 've done
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's child'r'n's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!—
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And God he made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing: when our boys an, girls was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone!
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts he come one day an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frow,
Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile,
She was quite conceited, and carried a heap o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an' edication, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carryin' things too far
An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick)
That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-bintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with child'r'n th'
I was easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas's buildin's'd cover the half of an acre lot;
But all the child'r'n was on me—I couldn't stand their saunce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old,
And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and alighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my child'r'n dear, good-by!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God 'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray
That you shall ne'er suffer the half I do to-day.

Picking up an ivory headed cane, I sallied
out. I met no one until I reached the front
door, and then caught another glimpse of
the printer and the soldiers. Other soldiers
were also hurrying around, and the idlers
at the corner seemed considerably excited.

"O, they'll catch him—no fear!"
said one of the group as I passed. He
played the game pretty well, for they are
at the depots, down at the docks, and will
have him before he is an hour older!

I had intended to go to the depot, but
this remark showed me that it would be
unsafe. I must either hide in the city until
the excitement had passed, or else tramp
into the country, and I decided on the
latter course. Taking one of the streets
running south, I walked along at a
gaît, and was soon outside of the
circles. I soon came upon a man sitting
in the door of a carpenter shop, eating his
dinner. He looked up as I passed, and
had not gone ten steps when he called me
back.

"Let me see that cane?" he command-
ed, reaching out and taking the stick.

"Hail where did you pick this up?"

"In Toledo," I replied, beginning to see
trouble ahead. "Why, what of it?"

"That cane belongs to Burt Leonard!"
he continued. "See, here are my initials
—S. J. S.—as I cut them before giving
him the stick. And I'm a sinner if you
haven't got on his new Sunday suit, hat
and all!"

I endeavored to make him believe that
he was mistaken, but he would listen to no
explanations. He stated that Burt would
soon be back, and contended that if I was
not a thief I would at least sit down and
wait until his friend came. This I agreed to,
and we both went into the shop. My
only chance was to quiet him, and I made
up my mind to do it. As we reached a
point half way down the shop I suddenly
jumped and struck him behind the ear,
knocking him over a bench. Before he
could rise I hit him on the head with a
plane, and he fell back stunned. I knew
that he was not badly hurt, and so made
haste from the shop, passing at the door
two small boys who had been witnesses of
the blow.

Getting into the street and finding it de-
serted—it being the hour of dinner—I ran
south three blocks and then turned west.
As I made this turn I heard a shout, and
looking back saw two men and two boys
after me; looking ahead three blocks I
saw five or six men loading something in-
to a wagon. Capture was certain if I kept
to the street, and so I entered a gate,
passed around a house, through a gate in a
division fence and entered the summer
kitchen of another house. Part of the
dinner was on the stove, but no one was
in sight. Entering the real kitchen, I
crossed it and went into a bedroom to the
left, just fairly getting in as a servant
came from the dining-room.

The woman screamed, the servant girl
screamed, and the man of the house told
the men to make an immediate search.
Now they would find me! There were
half a dozen dresses hanging in the closet,
and I backed into the corner, pulled them
in front of me, and waited. One of the
men came into the bedroom, looked under
the bed, and then cautiously pulled open

"He isn't here!" he remarked to him-
self, and went away, leaving the door open.
The rest of the crowd had gone through
into the hall, and I had some hope of es-
cape, when the frightened servant girl came
into the room. She looked into the closet,
and then attempted to take down one of
the dresses which concealed me. I pulled
and she pulled, but I was not shaken. As
she persisted, I saw that I must be dis-
covered, and so I made a sudden jump, and
had my fingers on her throat before she had
scarcely seen me. Holding her just tight
enough to prevent her from screaming, I

"I am that rebel! If you attempt"
scream out I shall stab you to the heart
If you do as I say, I shall go right out and
not hurt you!"

Although my grasp could not ha-
pained her much, the girl was nearly dea.
I thought sure that I had made either
lunatic or an idiot of her. I heard
men up stairs, and so I let go my gras-
sipped out, turned the button, and he
reached the shed, when she gave sever-
screams which could have been heard thr-
blocks away. I heard the men runn-
and I dodged out into the yard, ran thro-
a barn, and was probably four blocks aw-
before the girl had given any correct in-
formation. I ran south two or three block-
and then east four or five, meeting plen-
of people, but giving them no heed.
thought I was getting along finely, when
heard shouts behind me, and knew that
pursuers were on my track.

I was then near a church. Leaping t-
fence, I made a short cut into a street ru-
ning south, ran about a block, and the
dashed into the open door of a priva-
dwelling. There was no one in the room,
which was the parlor, and I tossed my-
into a corner, seized a magazine from a
table, and sat down on the sofa. I had
not yet got over puffing and blowing, wh-
a boy came in from another room, start-
a little at the sight of me.

"Bub, is your father at home?" I
quired, giving him a pleasant smile.

He informed me that his mother was
widow, and went off to call her. She
came in directly, when I introduced my-
self as "Mr. Jones," and informed
that I was soliciting Bibles, tracts, ly-
books, and other proper reading matter,
the benefit of the ungodly rebels languish-
ing in confinement on Johnson's Island.
She was about to reply, when some one
came up the steps and inquired:

"Say, Mrs. Weaver, have you seen a
one run by here?—a red-headed man with
a pug hat on?"

Both mother and son replied in the ne-
gative; and when the man had gone the
widow went to hunting up books. In
half an hour she brought me seven. It
now between 1 and 2 o'clock, and I
wanted to kill time I made arrangements
for dinner, and after the meal sat and
talked until 4 o'clock. She then re-
minded me to another neighbor, and, in
brief, it was dark before I went beyond the
block.

At the last house I complained of the
of my hat and of the headache which
gave me, and the lady made an exchan-
with me, giving me a felt hat but lin-
vorn. As soon as I got into the street
threw away the coat, stuck my pants in
my boot tops, deposited the books in a yard
and walked right into town. As no one
paid me any attention I made my way
the wharf, and lounged up to where
propeller Owego was loading.

I was certain that the depots would
watched, and so made up my mind to go
off on the vessel if possible. After ascer-
taining that she was bound to Buffalo, and
watching the roustabouts a few moments,
went into the warehouse, caught hold of a
barrel, and rolled it up the plank. The
mate did not notice me from the rest, and
the men took me for a new hand.

Fifteen minutes after, the planks were
hauled in, and the boat was ready to start.
I had not yet got on board, and the mate
sang out for me to cast the bowline off, and
I rose up and heaved the line off the post,
some one seized my arm. I looked up, and
stood face to face with the compositor who
had left the office to betray me. Coming
down the dock, not thirty feet away, were
three or four armed soldiers.

It was all the work of an instant. I
the man a blow in the face,
made the longest jump

THE JUDGE'S BOND.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

"If you don't work lively, Hester, you won't make your ten knots to-day."

Hester stopped short in her walk, and the buzzing of the big wheel ceased. There was a mass of soft rolls, and the brown reel by her side, with the results of her morning labors in blue stocking-yarn. She held the wheel firm in one hand, and in the other a long slender thread attached to the spindle.

"Well, mother," said she, quietly turning her face toward the window, "I suppose the sun will rise and set just the same if I don't spin my ten knots a-day."

"I s'pose it will," said Mrs. Preston. She was a spare old lady, and sitting with her back bent to the shape of the rocking-chair hooped over. Her sharp elbows stuck out, and her rather large and coarse shoes projected beyond the skirt of her gown. "You know your father likes to see things moving indoors and out," she went on, holding her knitting needles suspended. "He hates lazy folks like Canada thistles."

"And I hate to be driven as if I was a pack-horse," retorted Hester, almost bitterly. "I tell you, mother, I won't wear my life out digging and drudging as you have yours."

"La, Hester, how you do talk. I never thought I was brought into the world for nothing but to cook three meals of victuals a day, and to 'tend to the dairy work. Now, you make a fuss because you have a little chore of stocking-yarn to spin; but it ain't so many years since I made all the cloth for the family wear, and did every stitch of my own sewing at night. Why, that year your father was sent up to the Legislature I made him a set of twelve fine shirts. He was perty pertickler in them days; and I did all the stitching, after the rest of the folks had gone to bed, with my foot on the cradle. Sylvester was a baby then, and a dreadful hectoring child. Every day I wove a full stent on linsey wolsley, for it was almost impossible to hire help; and I got up regular at five in the morning and milked four cows before I went about breakfast."

"What is the use of having a soul if you've got to slave in that way?" said Hester, as she gave a little sharp jerk, and broke her thread. "You might as well be a machine and done with it."

"I don't expect you'll do as I have done," responded the old lady with a sigh. "Folks shirk now-a-days to beat all. Your father, when he was younger, was a dreadful driving man. Folks must keep doing as long as they could stand; and none of his boys now can begin to do a day's work equal to his'n. I don't s'pose you mean to follow your sister Nancy, either, for she has had a pretty hard row; but I tell you what, Hester, you'll have to run off more than ten knots of stocking-yarn a day if you marry Joel Selfridge, for he haint got a mite of ambition. He makes me think of my old speckled hen setting out there on sunny eggs. I should n't be a mite surprised to hear her begin to cackle; and I don't see where he gets his shiftlessness from, for there's the Judge, his brother, a regular money catcher, smooth, and plausible, and fit, but with his eye always out for business. I s'pose, Hester, you've 'bout made up your mind to take Joel, for you don't seem to favor any other young man, and he's been coming here fiddy for the last year. Your father says it costs him four quarts of oats, and two or three good square meals every week, and he talks about sending a bill for board and horse feed in to the Judge. You know he will never give his consent, and I tell you again, Hester, if you mean to marry Joel Selfridge, you and work had better not fall out."

"Mother," said Hester, with a troubled face, leaving her wheel, and going over by the hearth, "you do Joel injustice. It is father's opposition that makes him neglect his business, and takes the spirit out of him. If he could marry me he would become another man."

"Hester," said the old lady, emphasizing her words with her knitting-needles, "what's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh. You can't make a whistle out of a pig's tail."

"There's good stuff in Joel," cried Hester, her color rising, and eyes flashing. "If the whole world was against him I'd stand true. Folks may say what they have a mind to, but give Joel a chance, and he will show that he can support a family, and be a man among men."

"Hity, hity!" retorted the old lady, incredulously. "Haint the Judge boosted him, and kep' a boosting of him, and now he's sot him up in the drug business, and every few days he looks the shop and comes over here a courting, and Basset gets all his custom. I tell you, Hester, when I was your age I wouldn't have looked at a young man that fooled around when he ought to have been to work. Love is a good thing in its place, when it's got a house and garden spot free of incumbrance, and plenty of firewood, and a full meal chest and flour barrel attached to it, but it never was meant to go alone."

Hester hung her head. Her mother had the good hard sense on her side, and she had only the faith of love to offset it. She did not say what she thought, that the chance Joel needed was herself; but she leaned against the chair, and touched her mother's gray head, and her voice was pleading and eager.

"O, mother," said she, "don't you go against me. I shall never come back begging to the old door, but when I leave home I want to have all things pleasant, and not give the neighbors a chance to talk. Mother"—and suddenly the girl threw her arms around the wrinkled, old neck—"you can think how it was when you were young; how your heart beat, and your cheek flushed for just one man. You wanted to go to the world's end with him, and not with another. If you saw his faults, you could forgive them, for your heart-strings were somehow twisted and tied with his, and could not be undone. In those days, mother, you didn't think so much about the potato-bin and flour barrel."

"La, child, you go on to beat all," returned the old lady, drawing the back of her hand across her eyes. "The Bible says a man must leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and I s'pose it's the same with a woman; but I tell you, Hester, it's mighty handy to have worldly goods to cleave on to besides. I always agree with your father on all p'int. He expects it of me; and if he should say black was white, laws, I should say so too, but I think just as I've a mind to inside. I always said no man should tyrannize over me. A woman can squint round a corner handier than a man can, and she can find ways of getting her will, and I guess I've ruled the roost as much as the Old Square has after all's said and done; but he don't know, and I wouldn't have him find it out for the world. I don't say I shall enkeridge Joel, but if you have made up your mind there's no use arguing, for you're a regular born Preston, and they all hold on like a dog to a root. I shall try to ease off things; that's all I can promise, but I must confess, Joel is a pleasant creature, and you can't help liking him if you try."

Hester kissed the old lady's wrinkled cheek rather more impulsively than was necessary, and then, in a half-coaxing, shamefaced sort of way, she said:

"Mother, I expect Joel over this afternoon, and I thought if you didn't mind I'd put a little handful of fire in the sitting-room stove."

"No, you'd better not," said Mrs. Preston, decidedly. "Your father won't like to have any under-hand courting going on. It will only rile him the more. He and I did all our courting business up by the kitchen fire. Mother thought it was economical. Every Sunday night he came like clock-work (we used to keep Saturday night in them days), and there he sot and cored apples, and I strung um, and we killed two birds with one stone as neat as any thing you ever saw. Joel had better be treated in an everyday sort of fashion. In your father's present state of mind it won't do to waste candlelight and firewood on him. And, Hester, you had better stir up some fritters for supper. The Square is fond of fritters. I haint lived with him all these years without finding out that a good meal of victuals makes considerable difference with his feelings."

Hester knew her mother was wise in her day and generation—an experienced woman; so she set her wheel away, and went up to her chamber—a little, cold, neat room, with sloping wall. The high-post bed was covered with a blue and white worsted counterpane, and looked soft and fluffy with feathers. There was a tall bureau with brass knobs, and dimity-covered dressing-table, with old-fashioned fringes. The place was chilly, for it was still March, and from her window Hester could look down the valley road and see patches of snow in the angles of fences, and along the borders of the bleak woods. Not a furrow had yet been drawn across the hill-sides, but bluebirds were beginning to twitter about the brown fields. Hester could trace the winding road Joel was to come. It ran past her sister Nancy's place, and the peaked gable of the farmer's house, with three Lombardy poplars in front, was plain in sight. She knew how Nancy slaved there from morning till night—with scarce a touch of grace about her life—in the service of a somewhat coarse and loutish husband. She thought how Nancy had lost her beauty and sprightliness, and had faded and withered, and grown gray and bent before her time, and the determination not to follow in Nancy's footsteps rose strong in Hester's bosom. She was hungry for a different sort of existence. Joel read books, and played the flute. He took an interest in something beside raising stock, and fattening pigs. Hester was willing to work, but to the end of making her days beautiful and rich. Joel could satisfy her tastes and feed her affections. She meant that marriage should make her more, instead of less, as it did the majority of women about her. She did not intend to sink to the level of a husband's drudge, but to rise to the level of the helper and companion of the man she loved.

These thoughts went around in Hester's head, not very coherently, as she slipped off her calico gown, and put on one of dark green stuff, to the neck of which was basted a little ruffle. This she fastened with a knot of pink ribbon, and smoothed her curly hair. Though her heart was in no small flutter, her cheeks were rosy, and her dark eyes bright and glad with anticipation.

Joel came driving to the gate. The air was nipping, and spiteful gusts of wind whirled along the valley. He fastened his horse to the fence, and blanketed him carefully. The boys, Hester's brothers, had gone with lumber to the mill village, and would not be back until late, if at all, that night. The Squire was in the barn, tinkering away at his sap buckets. The cold weather had kept back the sugar season, but a thaw might be looked for now at any moment. The old man was short and stocky, with an eagle face, and iron-gray hair. All his motions were brisk, and his words exploded something after the fashion of

fire-crackers. Now a grim sort of smile puckered the old face, as he thought that long-tailed gray of Blackie's, the livery-stable keeper, might stand there in the cold time doom's day for all him. Then rub-a-dub-dub on the sap buckets. Hester met Joel at the door demurely enough. He was good-looking, tall, and slender, and unconsciously elegant and refined in appearance. The young man drew up to the fire with his overcoat on, and Mrs. Preston engaged him in talk about the weather and the neighbors. The kitchen was large and light, with a floor unstained, and a braided mat, and comfortable chairs, and a great clock ticking in the corner. There were pots of p'tamas and "hen and chickens" in the window. The bit of grocery made a pretty back ground for Hester, who, seated in a low chair, took out her company work, some old-fashioned pieces she was knitting, which uncoiled and foamed over her black silk apron. She was anxious as she glanced out at Joel's horse, shivering under his blanket, when the cold did not sting him unto positive uneasiness. The young man still sat with his overcoat on, fingering his hat and muffler, while Mrs. Preston talked away about Sally Millin's cough, and how the Selkirk child had all come down with the measles. Hester saw how uncomfortable Joel was, not knowing whether to stay or go, so she ran out with a shawl over her head, set the long-tailed gray free from the fills as quietly as possible, and led him into the barn. She knew all the ins and outs of horse tackle, and could harness and unharness as handily as a man. It was not long, therefore, before the gray was munching oats in state. The old squire saw Hester do this high-handed thing under his very nose, so to speak, and the strokes on the sap bucket grew more savage than ever. When the girl went back into the house she was much relieved by hearing her mother say:

"I guess the Square has put up your horse, Joel, and you had better stay to supper, and spend the night with us."

Hester had spread the tea-table, not with the best napery and dishes from the keeping-room cupboard, for her mother had hinted that it would be impolitic to make any change on Joel's account; but everything was clean, wholesome, and appetizing. There was the platter of sliced meat, the snowy bread, and golden butter, and the dish of clear honey for the fritters. The old man came in, and gave a sort of snort when he detected Joel sitting snugly ensconced in a warm corner by the fire. He drew his chair directly to the supper-table, without reference to anybody present, and his shaggy gray eyebrows met in a twisted frown—always a most decided storm signal. With something which emanated from his throat between a grunt and a growl, he pushed the various dishes toward the unwelcome lover. It is a mild statement to say that Joel was literally on pins and needles. Hester's face was very red, but she maintained herself bravely by the frying kettle, and in a few minutes slipped a fritter, brown, puffy, hot, with little sprangles and crisp bits clinging to its edges, on to the old gentleman's plate. His face relaxed slightly, and a sort of juiciness crept into the dry wrinkles about his mouth. Presently two more delectable brown puffs took the place of the one that had already vanished, and the mollified look stole up to the knobby old nose, and higher still to the keen gray eyes, and softly untied the twisted knot of the eyebrows. "Wal, Joel, how's the Judge?" in a pacific growl.

Joel almost sprang off his seat, the question was so sudden and startling.

"O, the Judge; he is well," stammered the young man, turning several shades of red in quick succession.

"Making money hand over fist, I'll warrant."

"Yes, he is doing pretty well," replied Joel, so painfully confused that he dropped a lump of salt into his tea in place of sugar.

"Them lawyers have got long hair, and sharp claws," said the Squire. "The best way is to give 'em a wide berth. There's an old saying I used to hear when I was a boy: tell the truth and shame the devil; but I guess the devil don't often get shamed that way by lawyers. There's one thing I will say for the Judge, though; he's the likeliest of the lot, and he freezes rights snug to his business; but that ain't a family trait, is it?"

"What, honesty?" returned Joel. "O, yes, I never knew a dishonest Selfridge."

"Humph," grunted the old Squire, "did you know a shiftless Selfridge? But there air' asking that question. Everything has fangled name. What are lazy folks called, Hester? You have taught 'em a good lesson, be acquainted with fashionable names."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Hester, head down over the fire.

"Now I recollect. They're called a leisure. If the Judge can afford to keep without work, why it's a mighty fine thing and I don't know as it's any business, and with a metallic sound in the chest, I have been either a laugh or a chronic cough man arose from the table, set his hat down upon his head, and went away out of the his evening chores.

The lamp was lit, the fire well trimmed; Hester brought forth a large pan of ro apples (Baldwins) to pare for the last batch of pies. The keen knife glanced and shone, red rings slid down from her comely hands. Preston was at work on a long gray as anybody might know belonged to the old they had seen it in China. Joel had taken pocket the joints of his flute, and was se-

"Come, now, Joel, give us General Greene's March, or Yankee Doodle. There's the Squire coming in, and he's fond of music, too."

"You can't eat it or drink it," growled the Squire, as he took his own particular arm-chair, and drew it up to the fire, and, pulling off his heavy boots, held his stocking-clad feet to the genial blaze.

"But your ears can drink it," responded the old lady, not knowing she had made a pretty speech.

Joel played one old air after another, and the walls echoed the strains pleasantly which seemed trying to bring the different heart-beats there under the roof-tree into consonance and harmony. When the music ended, the old man, who had been pondering with his chin sunk in his stock, drew back a little, and laid his hand rather heavily upon the table, and said, breaking out suddenly:

"I s'pose the up-shot of the business is, young man, you want to marry my girl. You've kept running here pretty nigh a year and a half, and the matter must end some time or other. Tain't my fashion to damb much with untempered mortar, and I tell you plainly what I've got against you is your want of stiddiness and propensity to fool away your time, and live on other folks. I don't propose to support no son-in-law with my hard earnings. Everybody round me must use his own hands and feet, and put in as much as he takes out. Now that's the long and the short of it, and I'm prepared to hear your views."

Joel, thus summoned, looked, as if he would much rather run away, but he stood his ground and spoke with his eyes cast down, and his face slightly pale, while the Squire's shrewd, keen countenance was turned attentively toward him.

"I do want to marry your daughter," he began, "and I should have asked for your consent long ago, but I knew you were prejudiced against me, and opposed to taking me into your family. It don't seem quite fair to condemn a man before he has had a trial. Hester shall not repent if she marries me."

"Fine promises never raised a hill of potatoes," said the old man sarcastically. "I know good clean timber when I see it, and I know a crooked stick. I tell you, young man, you've got to put by your fine airs and buckle down to hard work before you earn a living for a family. I'm agin shiftlessness, tooth and nail, and always was. But, Hester, what have you got to say?"

Hester had held the apple she was paring suspended in her hand. The color varied in her cheeks, and now a tide of crimson swept over them. Her voice faltered, and almost broke at first, but it gathered strength and went on, so clear and distinct, that it seemed as though the old clock in the corner even stopped to listen. "Father," said she, "I hope you won't oppose us till the last. I have tried to please you, and be a good daughter, but there comes a time when a girl must listen to her own heart. I have faith in Joel, and so I am willing to go with him any

where in the world. Whatever is against him now will all come right. We will make our way together, and what he has to bear and suffer I will bear and suffer with him. You never shall hear any complaints, father, from me. If our cupboard is empty, it won't keep you awake nights; but don't ask me to give him up. I am too much like you, father, I hold on till death."

"There it is," said the old man in a heat, "you are obstinate, and willful, and headstrong, and mean to have your own way if the sky falls. You'd a little rather get the consent of the old man than that clothed ye, and schooled ye, and kep' ye ever since you was born; but if you can't get it, no matter; take the bit between your teeth, and ride right over the feelings, and ideas, and wishes of them that brought you into the world, and then see where you'll be."

Hester covered her face with her hands, and the hot tears began to make their way through her fingers. The old man got up, and sternly took his boots in one hand and a long tallow candle in the other, and marched away to bed without another word.

Mrs. Preston, who had been mixing emptyings in the buttery, with the door on the crack, came out now, brushing the dust of flour from her apron.

"La, children," said she, "the old Squire is more dangerous when he don't say nothing, and sets in a brown study. It looks to me as if the wind was changing a few pints. It has been blowing north-east about long enough, and I should n't wonder if it got round south'ard. You see, I come from down the coast way, and there ain't much about a weather-cock and the old Squire's disposition that I don't understand."

The next morning was cold and windy, but the vernal sun sent a feeling of gladness over the world. Nobody but Mrs. Preston would have detected that her husband was more placable than he had been the night before.

"You heard him scold about his coffee," she whispered to Joel; "it's a good sign. I always heard say jest as long as a child cries out hearty it aint a-going to die, and jest as long as the old Squire can find fault with his victuals he aint a-going to do bloody murder."

Joel's horse was at the door. The old man got into his big top coat. "I guess I'll ride up to the village with you, Joel," said he; "it will save tackling my horse, and then I'll chance it to ketch a ride back with one of the neighbors."

Hester stood at the window and watched them drive away up the creek. She knew how it would all end. She knew she should never falter. Having put her hand to the plow, it was not Hester's way to turn back. She was brave and strong, but a kind of mistiness crept up over her dark eyes, as the wonder rose in her mind why the course of true love never did run smooth.

The village was just one long street for stores, flanked by the Town-hall and "First Church." It was full of gardens and neat cottages, and, in Summer time, very shady and pleasant.

"Drive me to the Judge's office," said the old man, as they got down on Main-st., "and I'd like to have you step in and witness to a little business I'm going to transact."

They drove up to a small building, displaying a conspicuous sign. The Judge met them at the door. He was a tall, stiff man, well dressed, with heavy watch seals. His small eyes were keen and inquisitive, and the iron-gray hair was scrupulously brushed around his temples.

"Good day, Squire," said he, "I'm sorry I haven't had time to make out the papers in that cow case."

"O, taint a cow case, Judge; it's a love case," responded the old man, with a species of snort which made Joel's heart sink. "You're a lawyer, Judge, and if there's a knot-hole in any subject you'll be sure to take a squint through it. I don't expect to pull the wool over your eyes. Set right down, Joel; I want you to pay particlerlier heed to what I am going to say. You see there are several pints to this here love case. In the first place, Joel is your brother, and you naturally want to see him do well. You've tried to help him forrard, I know. Love is a cur'us kind of distemper, specially when its took the natural way. Joel has got it pretty bad. He's been coming round my place now for a considerable spell, and I don't know but he would go on courting forever if I didn't feel called upon to put in a stay of proceedings. You see, Judge, Hester, my girl, means to marry Joel. When she's once got her heart sot on a thing, there aint no whoa. Hester is tidy, and snug, and economical, and you know a good wife is sometimes the saving of a young man like Joel. Now, come to sum up, you see how it is, Judge. You make ten dollars where I do one. I'm an old man, and what little I have scraped together must be divided equal among my children. You're right in the prime of life, and hain't got a child in the world. I'll give Hester a good setting out, and if you want to help Joel, you can step right over there to your desk and draw up a paper to the effect that you'll never see my girl come to want. Your bond is as good as gold. Put your name to it, have it all legal and reglar, and you shall never hear another word of opposition from me."

Joel sprang to his feet, his face fairly quivering with indignation: "Do you mean to insult me?" he cried. "I won't have this wretched bargaining over my affairs. Hiram, if you draw up that bond, I'll never touch another dollar of yours as long as I live. I'll show you I can support a wife without anybody's help, even if I have to do it by days' works."

"That's right, that's the kind of talk I like to hear," said the old man, chuckling. "Hove you will stick to that mind. Nobody's going to hinder; but just draw up the bond, Judge. It won't do a mite of harm."

"If you draw that bond," broke out Joel furiously, "I shall consider everything over between us. You have no right to shame me in such a way as that. It sounds as if you thought me an idle, shiftless, good-for-nothing fellow, and as if Hester was going to throw herself away. I'll let you know what there is in me. I'll show you that I can stand on my own feet and hoe my own row without the help of anybody."

"That's right," shouted the old Squire. "Spoken like a man—shows real grit. But don't mind him, Judge; just you make out the bond. I like to see things down in black and white."

The Judge had reluctantly put pen to paper, and he now handed the document to the old man, who scanned it through his silver-bowed specs. "That'll do, Judge," with a complimentary nod, and then he drew out a great leathern wallet, and folding the paper slowly put it away with an air of entire satisfaction.

For a long time Hester and Joel Selfridge have lived in a pretty cottage in the village, embowered in roses and honeysuckles. When the windows are open in Summer time, what with music, and laughter, and the sound of children at play, it seems like a veritable music-box. The old Squire has grown garrulous and a little childish within these years. He often goes to this son-in-law's store, and watches the merchant's brisk motions and quick eye with peculiar pride. "Made every dollar of it himself, Sir," he is apt to say to any stranger who happens to be about, and more than once, much to the annoyance of Hester, he has opened his wallet and shown a paper, old, yellow, cracked at the creases. This is the Judge's bond. There are people who say that this same bond gave the needed spur to Joel's rather easy nature, and made him the man he is; but there are others, with clearer eyes, who perceive that the unflinching love and encouragement of a true wife laid the foundations of his best prosperity.

"Bridget, what did your mistress say she would have for dinner?" "Broiled lobster!" "Are you sure, Bridget?" "Entirely; get the gridiron. Mary got the gridiron and placed it on the fire. Intermission of five minutes after which the logue resumed as follows: "Did you broil the lobster, Mpry?" "Divil the broil! The more I poked the fire the more he walked off. The baste's haunted I'll try no more. No good will come from cooking a straddle-bug like that." "And where is the lobster?" "Divil know I, the last I saw of him, he was going out of the door with his tail at half-mast."

THE BLACKSTONE TRAGEDY.

Particulars of the Horrible Affair.

The Philadelphia papers of March 31st publish full particulars of the horrible tragedy and suicide in that city, which resulted in the death of Mrs. Isabella Lee Blackstone, her two children Lee Blackstone, aged over seven years, and Catharine Blackstone, aged three years, and James Lindsey Blackstone, the husband and father. From the details of this fearful deed of blood we gather the following particulars: When the police entered the house in which the tragedy was committed, they found the body of Mrs. Blackstone was lying about two feet from the range, her head to the south and her feet to the north, the body being straight, and one leg drawn up. She was attired in a red figured delaine, trimmed about the breast with black velvet; was fully and warmly clad, and her dress was complete in every particular, both shoes being carefully laced. Her right hand was across the left, just over the finger containing her marriage ring.

Lying just below her hip was the body of her fair-haired boy. He was upon his stomach, the left side of his little face being on his mother's dress; his left arm was under him, and the right extended. Lying upon his arm, her head also resting against and above the other's hip, was the little girl. The boy had a white night dress and the girl a figured night wrapper. Their little feet were close together, and as white as the driven snow. The poor mother's head was almost severed from her body, and the wounds in the children's heads were frightful.

A pool of blood ran from the mother's neck towards the door on the east. The perpetrator of this triple deed of murder meant that this horrible tell-tale fluid should not escape under the door and run into the yard. A table-cloth, carefully folded, was packed against the lower portion of the door, so that not a drop escaped from the room. A slight coagulation had ensued, but there was the blood from the arteries and heart of a fond wife and devoted mother. On the north side of the furnace resting against it and the jamb of the door, the west, was an axe smeared with blood.

The wounds inflicted on the mother were as follows: A contused wound on the back of the head, left side, over the left ear, made with the pole of the axe. A contused wound, on and a half inches long, over the right ear. A contused wound, one and a quarter inches long, on the back of the head, upon a level with the ear, and extending downward, gaping wound, four inches long, cutting through the jaw-bone in the middle, and extending down the neck diagonally from the left side of the mouth downward under the ear, cutting the root of the tongue, and extended into the spinal column. Beneath this and further to the left was a wound four inches long and two and a half inches deep dividing the windpipe and gullet. There were also two or three wounds in the neck, cutting through the dress, but of a slight character.

The examination of the bodies was made by Dr. Shapleigh, who, in lifting the body of the little girl to place it on a table remarked "Poor little thing, its head is all mashed pieces." The night-cap was removed from its head, when a horrible wound was found in the right side of the forehead. The doctor inserted his finger in the wound its full length. The hole was one and a half inch long over the right eye, the bones of the skull being driven into the brain. The back of the head was crushed in and there were also two marks of blows near each eye.

The right temple bone of the boy was badly fractured. A large contused wound, three inches long, the bone fractured beneath the axe having glanced downwards. On the left side of the head, over the ear, the bone was cracked and a half inch long. On the back of the head, below the bones were all knocked in, and the