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FACTS AND FANCIES



MEMORIAL



POEMS



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(S. Smith)

March 4



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FACTS and FANCIES

of

FAMILY HISTORY

by

Elizabeth Eunice Smith Marcy m

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

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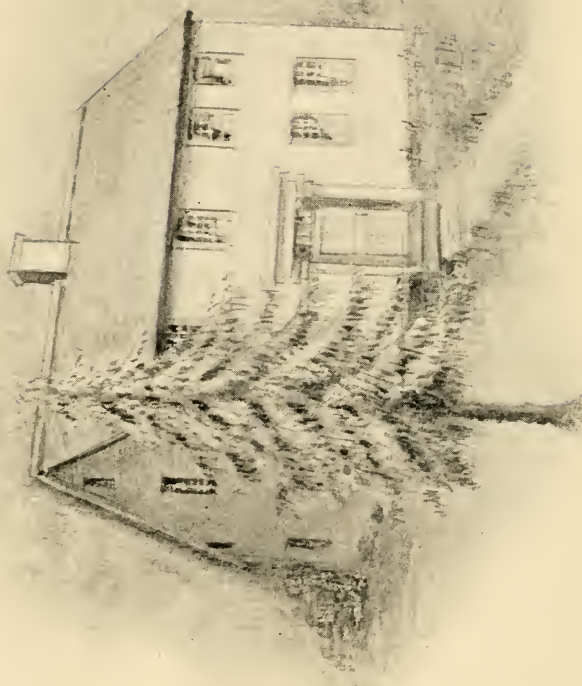
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Barry of ermine and gules. Lyon rampant, ermined sable, was confirmed to Jhn. Smith of Newcastle (under line) on the line in Stratfordshire, by Gilbert Detrich, garter, the 19th of December, 1561, in the 4th of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

REMEMBER THE
DAYS OF OLD,
CONSIDER THE
YEARS OF MANY
GENERATIONS—
DEUT. 32:7.

TO MY BROTHER
SPARROW,
AND TO ALL MY OTHER
BROTHERS,
AND TO MY SISTER
CHRISTIANA,
AND TO ALL, AS MANY AS ARE
AFAR OFF,
TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME:
GREETING



THE SMITH HOMESTEAD (See page 122)
"The house where I was born"

Facts and Fancies of Family History

We sketch the Old Homestead to fix a familiar point of departure for our narrative, which may, at best, prove to be only a series of random sketches.

It is, without doubt, the oldest remaining of our ancestral homes, and consequently of more vital interest to us all than any other.

It was built by our great-grandfather, Deacon Isaac Smith, about the year 1759.

Previous to this time, he had lived in a temporary structure (presumably a log cabin) at the foot of the hill, near the old grist mill site.

“It was a one story house, according to the fashion of the times. About 1800 the front was raised another story. The house, when built, was covered with rived white oak clapboards, about five feet in length, and painted red. It was built with a verandah, then called a stoop.”

This house is among the most noteworthy homesteads of that period and when raised to the second story, the interior woodwork, especially the mantels, above and below, were finished in very elaborate detail.¹

This home of Deacon Isaac Smith, our great-grandfather, stood a good half mile up the hill to the east of

¹ Tradition says this work was done by the son of the erstwhile infant Azubah, of the migration, who had just finished his apprenticeship as carpenter (1800).

the church site, while to the south the home of our great-great-grandfather, Rev. John Norton, was equally distant and elevated. These localities were easily accessible by diagonal "cross-lots."

In this house, our grandfather, Sparrow Smith, was born and lived and died. It was also the birthplace of our father, Nathaniel Clarke Smith, who gave us this history, and of his three oldest children.

Deacon Isaac Smith, who came to Connecticut about 1739-1740 from Eastham in the County of Barnstable, Province of Massachusetts, was a lineal descendant of our ancestor of the First Generation, Ralph Smith.

RALPH SMITH.

Ralph Smith of Hingham, England, our ancestor, came to America in the ship *Talbot*, landing at Naumkeak (Salem), June 22, 1629. Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation" contains the following account of his advent:

"I had liked to have omitted one other passage that fell out ye beginninge of this year. There was one Mr. Ralph Smith and his wife & familie that came over into ye Bay of Massachusetts, and sojourned at present with some straggling people that lived at Natasco (Nantasket). There being a boat from this place (Plymouth) putting in there, on some occasion, he earnestly desired that they would give him and his passage for Plymouth and some such thing as they could well carrie having before heard yt there was likelyhood he might procure house room for some time till he should resolve to settle there if he might or elswher, as God should dispose; for he was wearie of being in that uncouth place and in a poor house yt would neither keep him nor his goods drie.

So seeing him to be a grave man, and understood he had been a minister, though they had no order for any such thing, yet they presumed and brought him. He was here accordingly entertained & housed and had the rest of his goods and servants sent for; and exercised his gifts amongst them & afterwards was chosen into the ministrie; and so remained for sundrie years.”

Another account of his advent gives further light. “In the *Talbot* came Ralph Smith, another preacher, * * * * * but after his goods had been stored, it became suspected that he was a Separatist; accordingly the Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in England, sent Endicott, the Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony (in America), an order concerning Mr. Smith, “Vless he wilbe conformable to or (our) covenant you suffer him not to remain within the limits of or (our) grannt.” Endicott and his friends had been sent out to propagate the gospel of nonconformity and they were then denouncing the charge that they were intending to become separatists.”

These quotations show the ground of prejudice against Mr. Smith and the reason why, as soon as he was landed, he went to Nantasket, a settlement within the jurisdiction of the Plymouth Colony. He was a Separatist, and the colony of Massachusetts Bay were sent out as Nonconformists. This difference of opinion in that intolerant age was a sufficient occasion for persecution and ostracism. Endicott soon found, however, that “Separatism was not altogether bad”; and in six weeks after their landing, the Massachusetts Bay Colony were hand and glove with the Plymouth Colony and “there we no hesitation, when once the colonists were in their own home, in showing how they construed the Council’s advice to propagate the Gospel.” Thomas

Prince also makes the advent of Mr. Smith a noteworthy event. In his "Annals," compiled a century later, he gives particulars.

"In 1629 the Massachusetts Colony in London sent out four ships and four hundred passengers, among whom were four ministers with the avowed purpose of propagating the Gospel among the English and Indians in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, that particular portion of the country over which they had jurisdiction. The 'Annals' says: 'Mr. Ralph Smith, a minister, is also to be accommodated in his passage thither. Sometime in the month of June the first three ships arrive at Naumkeak (Salem). Mr. Smith goes with his family to some straggling people in Natasco.' "

A timber Fort, both strong and comely, with flat roof and battlements, was for many years the house of worship as well as the place where all public business was transacted.

The sabbath service at Plymouth in those days was not lacking in variety and interest. In 1632 it is thus described:

"On the Lord's day in the forenoon there was a sacrament, and in the afternoon, Rev. Williams, according to the custom, proposed a question to which the pastor, Mr. Smith, spoke briefly. Then Mr. Williams prophesied, and after (wards) the Governor (Bradford), of Plymouth, spoke to the question. After him the Elder (Brewster); then some two or three more of the congregation. Then the Elder desired the Governor of Massachusetts Bay (Winthrop) and the Rev. (John) Wilson to speak to it; which they did. When this was ended, the Deacon, Mr. Fuller, put the congregation in mind of their duty of contribution; whereupon the Governor and all the rest went to the box and then returned." ¹

¹ Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation."

The old Bay Psalm Book was the first printed copy of Psalmody. The book was sung in order, beginning with the first hymn, until it was gone through.

1633. It is a pleasant fact to record that for the last three years of his ministry Mr. Smith had for his assistant Roger Williams, who arrived at the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1631. This colony, as we have seen, accepted no one with opinions at variance with its own. His defection from their standard soon became apparent; and having, as Mr. Smith, passed through the fires of criticism, he found himself constrained to seek refuge in the more liberal air of Plymouth, among the pilgrims. Governor Bradford says of him, "Mr. Roger Williams, a man godly and zealous, having many precious parts (but very unsettled in judgment), came over first to ye Massachusetts, and upon some discontent left ye place and came hither, where he was entertained and exercised his gifts."

It is to Governor Bradford's credit that, notwithstanding his misgivings, he confesses, "His teachings have been well approved, for the benefit whereof I still bless God."

History has vindicated Roger Williams, and we are glad that it has also recorded the companionship in labor of our ancestor and the apostle of civil and religious liberty in America.

His "many precious parts," so suggestive of gifts and graces, might well supplement the "moderate parts" of the less fervid temperament; and in return the solid, stable, plodding purpose might well have been a salutary lesson in restraint to the more impetuous man.

Ralph Smith, a man of "moderate parts," if you will, probably lacking in rhetoric and oratory and the per-

¹ Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation."

sonal magnetism that accompanies or begets those gifts; not likely to be carried away with his imaginations; sober, grave, temperate;—the characteristics of some of the later generations—the old Smiths of my childhood—but his selection for important duties and offices shows the public confidence in his discretion and integrity.

1636. “It was ordered that Ralph Smith, John Doane, and John Young for the town of Plymouth, and others from other towns, should be added to the Governor and his assistants, as a Committee of the whole body of the Colony. ‘We met together the fifteenth of November at Plymouth, there to peruse all the laws and constitution of this Plantation within the government, so that those that are still fitting might be established, and those that time has made unnecessary might be righted, and those that are wanting might be proposed, and having read the constitution made at Cape Cod, November 1620, on board the Mayflower, performed the important work to which they were appointed.’ ”¹

This was the first revision of the laws of the Colony; and, as was said of another member of the Committee, so it may be said of Mr. Smith, who was first chosen, “to be appointed on this Committee was a mark of distinction.”

1636. “This year Mr. Smith layeth down his min-
istrie, partly by his own willingness, as thinking it too
heavie a burthen; and partly at the desire and persua-
sion of others.”

1637. This year he left Plymouth and appeared at
Hingham where “he drew a house lot.” This was in
the natural order of things. Most of the settlers of that
colony were from Hingham, England, his native town.
He soon, however, found his way to Eastham, which

¹ Bradford's “History of Plymouth Plantation.”

was fast being settled by some of the leading families of Plymouth.

1651. He was at Eastham. Positive historical statements concerning him after he left Plymouth are very meager. Various legendary and apocryphal tales are extant, but there is nothing really authentic outside the records made by Gov. Bradford. The town records of Orleans (then a part of Eastham) give simple data that only go to show that this was his permanent home after he left Plymouth, and that he was occupied with the common duties of a civilian.

They are confused by the highly improbable legend that another, bearing the same name (Ralph Smith) arrived at Eastham, from Hingham, England, and ran a parallel course, and disappeared about the same time; a case in actual life of "My Double, and How He Undid Me."

We subjoin the following summary of his life as recorded in the New England Genealogical Dictionary, Vol. 4, Page 128.

"Ralph Smith of Plymouth came in with Higginson in the *Talbot*, for supply of the Pilgrims from Leyden, as their first minister. He had been bred at Christ's Church, Cambridge, where he had his A. B. in 1613. But our governor and company felt some distrust of his tendency to separatism. * * * * He married, perhaps in 1634, Mary, widow of Richard Masterson, and for a time gave up his office, when the hope of obtaining John Norton was felt, but probably resumed it, * * * * and in 1655 was among the early settlers at Eastham."

A letter from the town clerk of Orleans, originally a part of Eastham, to our father (Nath. C. Smith), gives additional items concerning the Rev. Ralph Smith.

“Orleans, Apr. 28, 1871.

“Mr. Smith.

Dear Sir:—I have searched the records pretty thoroughly, and find a few additional items concerning the Smith family.

The oldest Ralph Smith was freeman, or voted, in 1648; had land granted for a farm in 1656; also land granted for a house lot in 1659. He was one of the Committee to superintend the cutting up of drift whales, 1660; surveyor of ways in 1666; also one of a jury to lay out a road, or highway, from Eastham to Nantasket brook in Brewster, in 1668. He died in 1692.”

THE CHILDREN OF RALPH SMITH.

But scant record has been preserved concerning the children of Ralph Smith. From the baptismal records of Hingham and other sources,¹ we gather the following:

The children of Ralph Smith and Mary Masterson were:

1. THOMAS, born June 16, 1637, m. Mary. Of this Thomas of Eastham, born at Hingham, we have documentary proof that he was our lineal ancestor. It is also recorded that he took the oath of freeman at Barnstable, Dec. 22, 1690. He died 1720.

2. SAMUEL, baptized July 11, 1641, m. Mary, June 3, 1669.

3. JOHN, baptized July 23, 1644.

4. DAVID, baptized March 2, 1647, m. Mary Young, March 3, 1676.

5. It is also known that they had a daughter, Elizabeth, born in 1648, who married Jabez Snow.

¹ “New England Genealogical Register.”

THE CHILDREN OF THOMAS OF EASTHAM.

1. RALPH, born Oct. 23, 1682, married Mary Mayo Oct. 23, 1712. He removed to Connecticut about 1739-1740. He died April 3, 1763, aged 82. His wife died July 12, 1744, aged 59.

2. REBECCA, born March 3, 1685.

3. THOMAS, born Jan. 20, 1687. Married Joanna Mayo, Nov. 8, 1709. He died Sept. 19, 1759.

4. DAVID, born March, 1691.

5. JONATHAN, born ——— 3, 1693. Married Thankful Prince.

6. ISAAC, born June 3, 1704. Married Sarah Higgins.¹

THOMAS SMITH.

This Thomas of Eastham was for a long time the missing link in our genealogical chain. It was known that there was a Thomas, son of the original Ralph, born June 16, 1637, who had a son Thomas, born 1687-8; but the connection had been lost, and the tradition had not been confirmed by any satisfactory testimony.

Some time about the middle of the Nineteenth Century there came to light long lost legal papers that were of unusual value as documentary proofs of important facts in our genealogical history.

One of these papers was the Bill of Sale of a negro woman, Hagar, by Mary, the widow of Thomas Smith of Eastham, to her son, Ralph Smith (1726-27).

The recovery of these old papers, the Bill of Sale and the Will of Ralph Smith, found behind the old wainscoting, when the house of Deacon Isaac Smith, Jun.,

¹ "New England Genealogical Register."

was undergoing repairs, established his identity and set the matter at rest.

I can imagine the hearty satisfaction with which our father heralded the first statement, "Thomas and Mary were the father and mother of Ralph Smith." 2nd.

We copy from our father's (Nath. C. Smith) records concerning this Thomas of Eastham.

"Thomas and Mary Smith were the father and mother of Ralph Smith 2nd, who came to Connecticut about 1739-40, with his sons, Isaac, Thomas, Enoch, Jonathan, Ezra, and Heman, from Eastham.

Isaac Smith married Mary Sparrow. Their children were Azubah, Ralph, Isaac, Mary, Sarah, Phebe, Asenath, and Sparrow." In this concise form the whole line is run at a glance, down to our grandfather, Sparrow Smith.

THE BILL OF SALE.

"To all people to whom these presents shall come, greeting:—Know ye yt I, Mary Smith of Eastham, in ye county of Barnstable in ye province of Massachusetts Bay in New England, Widow of Thomas Smith of said town, deceased, for and in consideration of the just sum of forty pounds in money, to me in hand alredie paid by Ralph Smith of the town and county aforesaid, yeoman, the receipt whereof full satisfaction and consent I acknowledge thereof, and any part thereof I do acquit and discharge the said Ralph Smith, his heirs and assigns forever, by these presents have granted, bargained and sold and confirmed unto the said Ralph Smith, his heirs and assigns forever, one negro woman, named Hagar, about thirty-six years of age, with her working clothes, to have and to hold the

above negro woman, with the above granted promises, unto him, the said Ralph Smith, his heirs and assigns forever, to his and to their use, benefit and behoof, binding myself, my heirs, executors henceforth, to warrant the aforesaid above granted, bargained promises, unto the said Ralph Smith, against the lawful claims of all persons, whomsoever, in witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 18th day of January, Anno Domini, 1726-7.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of
Isaac Mayo.

Theophilus Mayo.

Mary Smith."

At the same date and under the same legal form, with such variations as were necessary to the transaction, Zorah, the son of Hagar, a lad about thirteen years of age, was conveyed without price "to the said Ralph Smith, his heirs and assigns forever."

Proper form and ceremony was observed in the transfer, which was duly attested by witness. But he was not sold away from his mother.

The said Ralph Smith was "to have and to hold the aforesaid negro boy for his and their proper benefit, use and behoof, his heirs and assigns forever." This argues well for the humanity of the transaction. We accept our share in the boy's good fortune, thus indentured against "the lawful claims of all persons whomsoever"—we, the aforesaid "heirs and assigns, forever."

Ralph Smith, who was forty-four years of age at this time (1726), soon removed to Connecticut (1739), and we hear nothing more of our ancestor's traffic in "human chattels." The recognition of the "common brotherhood" seems to have been their accepted theory so far as we can ascertain.

No reference was made to servants in his will (1757), and this was probably the last transaction of the kind in the family.

It was in 1644, while Ralph Smith's family was located at Hingham, that an event occurred that was a marked epoch in the history of our family. That was

THE FOUNDING OF EASTHAM

THE FIRST CONSIDERABLE EXODUS FROM THE PLYMOUTH COLONY.

The Pilgrim fathers selected Plymouth as their place of residence under stress of circumstances, but they early made excursions into the surrounding country, especially the shores of the Great Bay (Cape Cod). Indeed, Nauset¹ had been visited and regarded with favor before they decided upon Plymouth. But an unfortunate encounter with the Indians thwarted their purpose.

They found the land about Nauset to be of "divers sorts; for the most part a black mould like that which groweth the best tobacco in Virginia. In ye bottome of ye Great Bay they found also great store of cod and bass." And Squanto, who proved a life-long friend and helper, lived thereabouts. He instructed them in the cultivation of corn, a cereal indispensable to their subsistence; and Massasoit, the true-hearted Sagamore of whom they had purchased the land, dwelt there.

This rich and fertile country of Cape Cod is said, at that time, to have been "well timbered to the water's edge." They found there all sweet-smelling trees, oaks, pines, juniper, and sassafras.

A devastating plague had left but a remnant of the natives. Such was Nauset, when, in 1644, our fore-

¹ See "New England Genealogical Register."

² Eastham.

fathers selected it for a place of abode; and thus brought the spies a goodly report both of the land and the sea.

A modern traveler describes the country at present as desolate and dreary and wind-swept, with stunted vegetation and treacherous, sifting sands. He says, "At Eastham everything tells of the sea even when you do not see its wastes or hear it's roar." The grandeur of the vast desolation is thus described: "Extending back from the very edge of the bank, rises fully one hundred and fifty feet, a vast, shining plateau of sand, seen far at sea, and called by sailors, "The Table Lands of Nauset."¹

Another, writing apparently *con amore*, says, "The quiet little town of Eastham, originally Nauset, has shared the hard fortunes of the lower Cape, with its remnant of less than five hundred inhabitants, it finds under the present stress a resource in the cultivation of asparagus for the Boston market. To this land industry the sea consents to contribute, the soil being dressed for 'Sparrow Grass' with sea weeds and shells. But no hardships can ever deprive Eastham of its history."²

The Nausets, who occupied this territory, had proved their friendship for the colonists in the starving time of 1622 by supplying them with "eight or ten hogsheads" of corn and beans, which grew at that time in great abundance on their fertile maize fields; and the site seemed so promising that talk sprang up in the early forties of transplanting the Plymouth Colony. A compromise was made by a branch settlement. To this place, then so desirable, and to the colonists endeared by so vital relations, came the restless settlers.

¹ Thoreau's "Cape Cod."

² "Historic Towns of New England."

One bright morning, gazing out upon Plymouth Harbor (we are told), one could see a company of some of the best men with all their household goods embarking for Nauset on the Cape, there to found the town of Eastham.

Governor Thomas Prince was among the leaders in this enterprise. Governor Bradford says, "Thus was our poor church (Plymouth) like an ancient mother, forsaken of her children."

With the hardships incident to the pioneer life at Plymouth, we can well imagine this expedition carried but little of worldly pelf; yet, promptly upon their arrival, arose their meeting-house, a structure "twenty feet square, with thatched roof and port holes."

Some significant facts, indicating the tolerant spirit of the Eastham colony, we note with pleasure.

From the beginning, they lived in amicable relations with the natives. The early ministers included them in their parochial work. It is said of one of them, "He was so well beloved that on his death his wild converts dug a long passage through the deep snow at the time, and bore him on their shoulders down the white archway to the grave."

"The Eastham colonists harbored and protected those who differed from them in opinion, so that the Quakers found among them a shelter from persecution."¹ They left unchanged what there they found,

FREEDOM TO WORSHIP GOD.

Among the legal voters of the town, May 22, 1655, four, including Gov. Thomas Prince, were in our ancestral line, while the other three, Josiah Cook, Ralph

¹ "Historic Towns of New England."



First
Congregational
Church,
Plymouth,
Mass.
Built 1620.

See page 14.

First Eastham
Meeting
House.
Built about
1644.



See page 24.



Old Meeting
House,
East Hampton,
Conn.
Built about 1750

See page 42.

Smith, and Jonathan Sparrow, bore familiar family names. We are emphatically from Eastham. There our ancestry abode and intermingled for nearly a century, till, in 1740, they removed to the valley of the Connecticut, and called the name of the place where they located Easthamtown, perverted to East Hampton. The parish of East Hampton was incorporated at the May session of the General Assembly, 1746. The names of our ancestors and the amount of their lists as stated in the Colony Records in 1743 are as follows: Jabez Clark, 39 pounds; Josiah Cook, 32 pounds; Isabel Smith, 26 pounds.

RALPH SMITH, 2ND.

Ralph Smith, our great-great-grandfather, was born at Eastham, County of Barnstable, Province of Massachusetts Bay, Oct. 23, 1682. He married Mary Mayo, Oct. 23, 1712. He removed to Connecticut about 1739 or 1740.

The story of the migration is as follows: He had six sons and two daughters. His oldest son, Isaac, was already married to Mary Sparrow; and they had one child, Azubah, the infant of the migration.

The five younger brothers ranged in age from five to seventeen. Probably in the same company came Hannah (Sparrow) Cooke, and her husband, Josiah Cooke, our great-great-grandparents on our mother's side. These two women were the daughters of Dr. Richard Sparrow, of whom it is recorded, "He had one son and seven daughters," "two of whom married, the one a Cooke and the other a Smith, and removed to Conn."

This last mentioned fact might have obscured their genealogical record had not their descendants at this end

of the line gathered up the facts and showed their numerous progeny.¹

The five remaining sisters are said to have "settled in Eastham."

This family, born in the atmosphere of the coast, when its maritime enterprise was at its height, full of the inherited instincts of the sea, must be guarded from her seductive wiles; and so we are told that the father, Ralph Smith, broke away while his sons were yet in their boyhood, and took them inland to the secluded valley of the Connecticut, a place of which it was rumored "it was good for plantation as well as trade." Their place of destination was Middletown, which at that time covered a tract of land lying on both sides of the river Connecticut, including the whole town of Chatham, and they settled on elevated land in the parish of Middle Haddam.

We are not to suppose that this was done without a struggle. The distance interposed between the families at that period was a serious matter, and the parting of those sisters was no doubt a last sad farewell.

Moreover, they severed themselves from the old associations and advantages already attained in the established institutions of a settled community.

Gov. Prince, who a century before had led their fathers to Eastham, brought with him the Old World culture, and probably did more than any other individual among the Puritan fathers to maintain a high standard of education. It is said of him, "He was a friend of learning, and secured revenues, against the opposition of the ignorant, for the support of grammar schools in the colony." Without such championship, the

¹ See the grand-children of Eunice (Clarke) Smith and Elizabeth (Cooke) pages 94, 104, 117.

results of a second removal were likely to be less propitious. Besides, the transfer of domestic belongings in those days was an important consideration.

Ralph Smith lived for a quarter of a century after the migration. The disposition of his personal estate in his will shows how few articles of furniture were considered indispensable in the daily routine of a comfortable individual subsistence; and yet we are not to suppose that the transportation of the necessary household stuff was a trivial affair, although it might lack much of the impedimenta of the present day.

Their cumbrous machinery for domestic manufacture was a necessary part of the luggage; for we are told that "the inhabitants have ever manufactured a large part of their clothing in the family, and the more necessary articles of furniture and husbandry have been made among ourselves."¹

This implies that they not only produced the fabric, but that they raised and prepared the material (wool and flax) from which it was made. This required a large amount of cumbrous furniture as well as other machinery for the products of the dairy. Farming utensils, looms and wheels, flax wheels, quill wheels, reels, swifts, and all the paraphernalia of domestic spinning, weaving, dyeing, were essential, and must be transported; and the churn, the cheese press, and the "appurtenances thereof"; the enormous kettles of brass and iron, so often mentioned in barter with the Indians, were also indispensable articles of furniture for two hundred years. And thereby hangs a tale:

I remember two large brass kettles, one of which has been a puzzling problem to me for a life-time, that never has been satisfactorily demonstrated to this day.

¹ Statistical Account of Middlesex County.

Constant and hard usage had shortened one diameter so that the form of the rim had become slightly elongated in one direction. The child thought was, Does the kettle hold exactly the same quantity as when the rim was a perfect circle? It seemed to me that it did, and yet, there must be a certain point where the capacity of the compressed kettle would begin to diminish. But where? Although I saw, in imagination, the kettle flattened beyond all recognition as a kettle, I was unable to solve the mystery of the relation between the rotundity and the capacity of the brass kettle.

But about the Migration: Plodding wearily along in thought, we ask in vain, "How was such a removal accomplished in those days of almost impossible transportation? How were these colonists fed and protected by day and sheltered and defended at night? No prophet of the "days primeval" has portrayed the pilgrim and his defenseless household making their devious way across the weary leagues that stretched on before.

No Joseph, controlling a monarch's retinue, has sent down wagons to convey the "little ones and the wives."¹ Much less had there transpired the miraculous transit of the Nineteenth Century, wherein are annihilated time and space, and the elements themselves are made subservient to the human will.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MIGRATION.

Prophecy has failed and knowledge has vanished away. No man is alive, no tradition is extant, explaining the manner of the migration. As we have pondered

¹ Wagons were not introduced into Middlesex County until 1760, ten years later. Field's "History of Middlesex County."

on this mystery there has come to us in memory an incident of over half a century ago.

There once sat by an open window upon a warm, midsummer day, a young woman, who, peering through the lattice that the straying vines in careless luxuriance had woven about the place, descried approaching on horseback, not a gallant cavalier in the courtly garb of the ancient troubadour mounted on a gayly caparisoned palfrey piping a plaintive roundelay, nor blazoned with warlike pomp rode he; nor yet with banners waving aloft, a triumphant victor, but forth he rode serenely in the somber livery of a cadet of the neighboring institution, and with the observant scrutiny that betokens the wayfarer.

He had that morning left Middletown with the avowed intent of making his way overland to his ancestral home on the Cape; a journey that was to cover the same line of travel (reversing the order) as that of the migration the century before (1740). This was about the middle of the Nineteenth Century (1843).

His ancestry was presumably collateral with some member of the migrating company (1740).

To make the parallel still more exact and complete, he drew rein directly opposite the old Cooke homestead, where abode, in a more recent structure, some of the descendants of Josiah and Hannah (Sparrow) Cooke,¹ who had made part of the migrating company of the century before.

None of the participants in that social hour were cognizant of these facts, nor did they know that they themselves touched, collateral lines, at this node of intersection, that ran through the centuries; nor was the young man in the least degree conscious of typifying a

¹ See Grandmother Strong's Ancestry, page 116.

deed of colonial heroism. But truth is strange—stranger than fiction—and life is full of symbols.

He dismounted, paused a brief hour and passed on, away to the north of east, where he traveled a road soon merging in the mossy turf of the forests that muffled the foot-falls of his horse; and the silence of the deep forest at nightfall settled down upon the day; and its events lapsed into the irrevocable past,

Like the lost legend of some harbored guest,
Or wraith of song that mocks our anxious quest.

A half century later (1900) when the question of *method* of the migration arose, we remembered the transient visitor; and the parallels that ran through the centuries came to mind, and those who unwittingly represented its history at this time; and we asked, "Was this unheralded messenger following the ancient trail, bidding a rapid moment, passing on into the shadows, a type of the mystery of the migration?"

That same midsummer's festive Fourth of July eve we marked a gracefully curving line ascending the molten sky. The moon still lingered behind the hills:

"There was no light in earth or heaven,
But the pale light of stars."

Up, up, and slowly up it rose, until it broke and fell, in mid air, a shower of iridescent light, and went out in the solemn silence of the stars.

"Let the dead past bury its dead." "Thus—" But lo! a cry in this wilderness of doubt, hitherto unheeded—the voice of the Old Chronicler. It reads, "The roads with few exceptions, were bad till within a few years. They were laid out to accommodate neighbors in going from one house to another, rather than for extended travel, were over rough and uneven ground; and the

communication with most parts of the country by water was so easy that feeble efforts were made to improve them."

"This gives us pause." They went by water. That part of Eastham where our ancestors dwelt (now Orleans) was situated on the Atlantic shore. All the domestic belongings, goods, furniture, machinery, live stock, even to the samp mortar, were easily loaded and stowed away and safely conveyed on a boat. Nothing was too frail or too large for this method of transportation. All conditions are met; all difficulties vanish; all circumstances harmonize, and the mystery of the migration is now solved in a moment's time by the force of a conviction. Weary and wayworn; foot-sore and bedraggled; we had gone hand in hand, with aching hearts, enduring the vicissitudes of the overland way, in vain imaginings, like feverish dreams that never could be made to take on the semblance of reality.

We gently set them all aside, and stepping on board our little pinnace we wave "Good bye" and trim and taut and ready for the voyage, the doughty craft, loosed from her moorings, launches out upon the billows, seeking the deep sea and avoiding the dangerous shoals that turned back the Mayflower in her first venture in these waters.—And giving a wide berth to Cape Malabar that stretched a threatening length into the southern sea—on and on, past the wide-mouthed bays, Buzzard, Narragansett, until they reach the sheltered waters of Long Island Sound—sometimes borne onward by a favoring breeze with all sails set; or becalmed at midday, no cloud upon the brazen skies above, and only the silent, molten deep pulsing beneath; sometimes scudding under bare poles, driven by adverse winds and tumultuous waves, yet instinct with nautical impulse, they frolicked with their

life-long playmate in all her changeful moods; these hardy children of the sea.

Entering the mouth of the Connecticut, they began to beat their way up against the headwinds that sweep down through the straits above, coyly tacking and balancing from shore to shore, as wishing to prolong a pleasant pastime, till finally becalmed near the western shore they heave to, and cast anchor awaiting the more propitious breeze of the morning to bring them to their destination on the bank of the river at Middle Haddam.

The land in this vicinity is considerably elevated above the river, but is low compared with the surrounding country, which rises into hills in the form of an amphitheater on the north, east and south. A recent writer has said of the locality, "It is unsurpassed in beauty by any river town in the state."

How pleasant for us and for them that the Old Chronieler had recorded the favorite method of travel in Connecticut in the middle of the Eighteenth Century.

The removal to the valley of the Connecticut probably failed in its main design. Tradition tells us that all but one of the boys went to sea. Of Jonathan it is recorded: "Died at sea," and the tombstone of another brother bears the title "Capt. Enoch."

It is said of Middlesex County in 1815: "Ship-building has been carried on here for more than a century, and for half that period has been a leading branch of business." During that year, forty-nine vessels were launched from eleven ship yards in that territory. The total tonnage of Middle Haddam, notwithstanding her comparatively small population, exceeded by far that of every other place in New England except one.

In 1819 Middle Haddam landing is reported as "The most important place in ship-building." This industry has now declined.

The children of Ralph Smith, 2nd, and Mary Mayo Smith:

1. ISAAC, born Nov. 17, 1716.
2. PHEBE, born May 4, 1720.
3. THOMAS, born June 14, 1723, m. Ruth Mayo, June 30, 1743.
4. ENOCH, born Nov. 10, 1725. His tombstone records, "In memory of Capt. Enoch Smith, who died Sept. 10, A. D. 1782, in the 56th year of his age."
5. MARY, born Nov. 7, 1728.
6. JONATHAN, born Dec. 30, 1730, died at sea.
7. EZRA, born Dec. 10, 1732.
8. HERMAN, born Dec., 1734. He died Jan 30, 1820.

Phebe and Mary both married Brainards in Connecticut. They are mentioned in the will in the bequest of one-third part of a grist mill in Eastham.

Ralph Smith died April 8, 1763, aged 82.

Mary Mayo Smith died July 13, 1744, aged 59.

COPY OF THE WILL.

In the name of God, Amen. This twentieth day of March anno 1757, I Ralph Smith, of Middletown, in the County of Hartford, Colony of Connecticut, being in a weak and low condition of body, but of a sound disposing mind and memory, blessed be God for it, not knowing the day of my departure out of this life, think this as my last will and testament which is as follows:

I do bequeath my body to the dust in decent burial and my soul to God that gave it, in good hope and assurance of a comfortable resurrection through the great mercy of my dear Redeemer unto life and glory.

Concerning my temporal estate that God hath blessed me with, I give, devise, dispose of after my debts and funeral charges are paid, in manner following, that is to say, my will is, that whatever debts and dues I do owe in right to any person whatsoever shall be well and truly paid by the Executor hereafter mentioned and named.

Item. I give and bequeath unto my son Thomas Smith fourteen acres and a-half land lying and adjoining southerly westerly on his land, northerly on Benajah Taylor's land, easterly on the high way, running east till it comes to Enoch Smith's landmark, to the said Thomas Smith, his heirs and assigns forever, and two shillings lawful money out of my personal estate, to be paid by my executor, heirs forever.

Item. I give and bequeath unto my son Isaac Smith, thirteen acres of land adjoining on the easterly side of the high way running southerly said high way until it come to the northerly fence of my orchard or homestead lot of mowland adjoining to my house, thence running in the range of said fence easterly taking the spring to a stake in the ground, in the range of Capt. Knowles' land bounded northerly on said Knowles, westerly on Ezra Smith's land, and westerly on said high way, to him, the said Isaac Smith, his heirs and assigns forever, and two shillings lawful money out of my personal estate and his heirs forever.

I give and bequeath unto my son Enoch Smith six acres of land adjoining to my house, beginning at the northerly corner bound of Capt. Knowles' land, on the easterly side of the high way, thence running easterly in the range of land to a stake in

the ground, being Isaac Smith's southerly corner bound thence running northerly in the range of the said Isaac Smith's land to a stake in the ground, thence westerly in the range of the said Smith's land to his orchard fence taking in said fence, still westerly in said range to said high way, thence southerly by said way to the first bound, to him, to his heirs forever and two shillings lawful money out of my personal estate to be paid by my Executor to him, the said Enoch Smith, his heirs forever.

Item. I give and bequeath to my son Ezra Smith fourteen acres of land on the lot I now dwell on near the good pasture bounded easterly on Heman Smith, northerly on Enoch Smith and westerly on Isaac Smith's land, northerly on Shepard land to him, the said and to his heirs and assigns forever and two shillings lawful money out of my personal estate to be paid by my Executor unto him the said Ezra Smith and to his forever.

Item. I give and bequeath to my son Heman Smith all my lands eastward of my boggy meadows that I have not given deeds of heretofore and two acres and a half an acre of my boggy meadow to him the said Heman Smith and to his heirs and assigns forever and two shillings lawful money out of my personal estate to be paid by my executor to him the said Heman Smith and to his heirs forever.

I give and bequeath to my four sons, namely, Isaac Smith, Thomas Smith, Enoch Smith and Ezra Smith all my boggy meadow that I have not disposed of heretofore to them the said Isaac Smith, Thomas Smith, Enoch Smith and Ezra Smith to them their respective heirs and assigns forever.

Item. I give and bequeath to (my) beloved

wife Lydia the bed in the best room with her furniture, one cow, four sheep, one swine, the little pewter basin, two spoons and two knives and forks and platter, two plates, together with all the goods and estate that I married with, which came to her by her former husband, always provided that she, my said wife, makes no further demands on my estate excepting what my sons are to do and provide for her after my decease, as may appear by our bond obligatory. My will is that I do give unto my said wife all as a bond is expressed to her and her heirs forever.

Item. I give and bequeath unto Bethyah Brown out of my personal estate the old feather bed and pewter porringer, and two pewter plates to her the said Bethyah Brown and her heirs forever.

Item. I give and bequeath to my two daughters namely Phebe Brainard and Mary Brainard, after my debts are paid and my funeral charges I say my will is that (I) do give and bequeath all my movable and personal estate excepting what I have heretofore disposed of to them, my said daughters, in equal parts, and to their heirs forever, excepting the warming pan and two chairs, which I do give and bequeath unto my wife (said) Lydia and to her heirs forever, and finally I do by these presents ordain appoint and make my well beloved son Isaac Smith my whole sole executor to this my last will and testament in witness whereof I do hereunto set to my hand and seal this — day of March.

RALPH SMITH.

Signed, sealed and pronounced
in presence of

WILLIAM DANIELS,
JOHN GREEN,
JOHN MARKHAM.

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE TOMBSTONES OF
RALPH SMITH AND MARY, HIS WIFE.

Here
lies the
Body of Mr.
Ralph Smith he
Departed this life April
8th A. D. 1763 in the 82nd
year of his Age.

Behold all you that do
Pass by. As you are now
so once was I. As I am now
so you must be. Prepare
for Death and follow me.

Here
lies the
Body of Mrs.
Mary the wife
of Mr. Ralph Smith. She
Departed this life
July the 13th A. D.
1744 in the 59th
year of her Age.

ISAAC SMITH.

Isaac Smith, our great-grandfather, was the oldest son of Ralph and Mary (Mayo) Smith. He was born in Eastham, Mass., Nov. 17, 1716. He married in Eastham, March 9, 1738, Mary Sparrow, born March 10, 1718.

They were married by Joseph Doane, Justice of the Peace.

They were among the migrating company from Eastham, and remained for a time in the parish of Middle Haddam, where they united with the church April 3, 1741.

The parish of East Hampton is included in the last three miles granted to Middletown. No settlement was made on this tract of land until 1743, when "Isaac Smith from the County of Barnstable, with five others from other localities, are mentioned as the first settlers."¹

The place where he first located is still pointed out; a slight elevation of land "about one hundred rods, more or less," from the old grist mill site, east. "And there Isaac's servants digged a well, whereof he drank, himself, his children and his cattle." And there it remains to this day:—

"Sparkling and bright
In its liquid light."

As other families from Eastham joined the settlement, it came to be called Easthamtown, and in October, 1746, the name was "decided upon," a most fortunate decision, linking our history with persons and places of renown especially Eastham, our family home. The old spelling, Easthamtown, gives the name the significance it has lost in the present orthography.

¹ Field's "Statistical Account of Middlesex County."

As in the removal of the forefathers from Plymouth to Eastham, their first concerted action was the establishment of the church and the organization of a society, so we find the first united effort of these early settlers was to build a sanctuary, a house of civil as well as ecclesiastical authority.

Isaac Smith held a conspicuous place in the plans and purposes.

His work began with his advent April 9, 1743, when we find his name appended to a petition to the General Assembly at Hartford, showing that they (the petitioners), "The most part of us live five miles, and some of us ten miles away from the place of worship whereunto we do belong (Middle Haddam), and the roads are very difficult to travel, especially in the winter and fall."

In 1752 they again report, "We have settled a minister among us, Rev. John Norton, to our good satisfaction, and have voted to build a meeting-house for divine worship, and have petitioned the honorable Assembly Court for a committee to fix the place to build and the committee has been sent to affix the place."

In reference to Isaac Smith's faithful public service it has been said, "He held important places of trust and honor. He was for a long time Clerk of the Society and also the Treasurer. He was frequently called upon to preside at meetings, and was for several years one of the Society's Committee."

These simple statements describe a remarkable public career. They indicate a well-trained mind, energetic purpose, sound judgment, and executive ability.

With all this we must remember that he redeemed a large tract of land from the primeval forest, built a handsome house and reared a vigorous family.

There have been among the descendants of Deacon

Isaac Smith several remarkable examples of scripture memory. The son of Azubah, the erstwhile infant of the migration, becoming blind in his old age, found that he had unconsciously committed to memory a large portion of the more familiar parts of the scriptures, which he was accustomed to recite at family worship.

One of his granddaughters developed a phenomenal facility for locating any text; and another of a still later generation, found no difficulty in giving the correct phraseology of any text required in any part of the scriptures, as well as long recitations from the gospels and the psalms.

DEACONS IN THE CHURCH.

Isaac Smith was one of the deacons appointed at the organization of the church, Nov. 30, 1748. Ebenezer Clark, his colleague chosen at the same time, removed from the settlement at an early date (1755) and his brother John was chosen in his place.

These two men, Isaac Smith and John Clark, served the church in this capacity until disqualified by the infirmities of age, a period of half a century (1798).

This office that they so long and honorably sustained has been kept up among their descendants of the later generations.

Moses Cooke, our maternal great-grandfather, and Isaac Smith, Jun., the son of Deacon Isaac Smith, were chosen to fill the place. They also served during life: Deacon Cooke for a period of fifteen years, and Deacon Smith for ten years.

In later times (1857), Allen Cushman Clarke, great-grandson of Deacon Isaac Smith, Sen., held this office in the church thirty-one years; and there are others still later; two in our time (Sparrow and Edwin, son of

Moses Smith), so that it may be said of the descendants of Isaac Smith and the allied lines, "There has not been wanting, in all the generations, a man to stand before the Lord forever."

THE CHILDREN OF ISAAC SMITH.

The children of Isaac Smith and Mary Sparrow Smith were:

1. AZUBAH, born at Eastham, Dec. 28, 1736, married Jan. 10, 1760, John Hineckley.

2. RALPH, born March 15, 1742, in Middletown, Conn. Baptized April 25, 1742. Married Hannah Hollister, Dec. 7, 1767. Responded to the Lexington alarm, 1775.

3. ISAAC, born Nov. 18, 1745, Middletown, Conn. Married Jerusha Brooks. His oldest son, Isaac, was a "successful physician" in Portland, Conn.

4. MARY, Feb. 6, 1747, Middletown, Conn. Baptized March 22, 1748. Married Dec. 3, 1767, Nathaniel Bosworth.

5. SARAH, born Jan. 27, 1750, Middletown, Conn. Married Hezekiah Sage.

6. PHEBE, born April 22, 1755, Middletown, Conn. Married Oct. 25, 1775, Ezekiel Wright.

7. ASENATH, born March 20, 1756, in Middletown, Conn. Married Jan. 11, 1781, John Markham.

8. SPARROW, born Aug. 14, 1760, in Middletown, Conn. Married May 3, 1787, Eunice Clarke.

Isaac Smith died July 29, 1802, as was said of him "full of years and full of honors."

Mary Sparrow Smith died April 17, 1785.

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

“In 1750 it was voted to build a meeting house.”

In 1898 this church celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. By request, I, at that time, evolved from memory a sketch of the old structure.

As it had been injured by fire and torn down more than fifty years before, there were few that remained living witnesses by whom I could test my own remembrance.

Uncle John Smith, the grandson of Deacon Isaac, was then living at the advanced age of ninety-two. It is said of him, “He was especially pleased with the resemblance.”

As a child I had been taken to its services from my earliest memory, and had observed all the changes that it had undergone, especially when the square interior pews gave place to slips. I remember the deacons’ seat in front under the pulpit, and the square pew at the left, where Aunt Eunice Norton used to sit, which had been accorded as the place of honor to the minister’s family from the beginning, and which she still occupied, long after her father’s pastorate had become a tradition.

I also remember the old broad stone steps at the south front door. The foot of untiring devotion, in constant attendance, had worn the edges to a smooth slant, so that if there ever were an angle, it had been obliterated by the attrition of a century.

It is a curious psychological fact that all these particulars, unconsciously impressed upon a childish mind and lying dormant for a life-time, arose again so distinct in detail that it was comparatively easy to reproduce their semblance. The vision was verified by correspondence with the few remaining that remembered the original.

In the mind's eye we sketch the square interior. Its main entrance was at the south; and directly in front, up the "Broad Aisle," against the north wall, stood the pulpit, the ascent to which was made by a short flight of stairs; above this was the hanging sounding-board, like a huge extinguisher. On the east and west double doors opened wide on warm summer Sundays; spacious and cool it seemed always.

A gallery extended its ample sweep on three sides, in tiers of seats rising one above another, to meet the square pews that lined the wall. The galleries were reached by winding stairs in the south-east and south-west corners. And perched above the stairs, was a pew, isolated from all others, for the occupancy of the negroes. It is a curious freak of memory that I cannot recall if I ever saw a colored person in either of these pews, although high aloft as they were, the "nigger pews" were the most conspicuous seats in the house. "Old Betty," who was old to a previous generation, presumably, from the time to which no man's memory runneth to the contrary, is said to have been a constant attendant at the church; but where she found "the meanest place" within the sacred portals deponent saith not. It could not have been from the sightly outlook designed by our fathers for her race; and no one else, as I remember, kept watch from those high towers of Zion.

In those distant days, when the building was planned, there were in New England men and women reputed to be in bondage.

One old woman who foraged on my grandfather's estate for nuts, at her own invincible will, and undeterred by remonstrances, replied:

"Yes sir, yes sir. Wal sir, wal sir; picks 'em up anywhere; jes where a min to," is probably a fair type of

her class; and whatever may have been her "previous condition of servitude," she had now set up for herself, "free, sovereign, and independent."

Our great-great-grandfather bought a woman, Hagar (a family transaction) from his mother, but we hear nothing more of the transfer or the people; and as the sentiment against the custom of holding men and women in bondage was increasing, slavery gradually died out, and only now and then an old retainer remained; and these, in my childhood, had become extinct.

The church of the fathers was a meeting-house, and all civil, as well as ecclesiastical business, was conducted there.

Certain bugaboos are connected with our childhood memories of the old church. It remained unoccupied during the week; not locked. No such carnal appendage as a lock ever violated its sanctity; for no real boy in wanton mood, would venture within its sacred precincts; certainly no timid girl who had heard that under the pulpit was a dungeon for "naughty children."

A door into this recess from the pew adjoining gave plausibility to the statement, with all its suggestive terrors.

This sketch of the interior of the meeting-house, as it was completed and as it remained until about seventy-five years ago (1835), few, if any, are alive to verify. In succeeding years, before its destruction, some slight modifications were attempted,¹ but in the main such was the church of our fathers, as they built it, and as it was then pronounced to be "a wonder of architectural

¹ As first built, the whole space covering the ground floor was one unbroken enclosure. At the time indicated, the broad aisle was partitioned off to make an entrance, and the square pews of the interior were changed to slips.

beauty." And, no doubt, it was a very creditable structure, severely plain in form but capacious, strongly built, and handsomely finished with quite elaborate detail. Its square pews were decorated throughout the house with a balustrade at the top, seven inches, perhaps, in height, which gave an airy touch to the finish. The pillars that supported the gallery were painted blue, as was the wood-work on the north wall.

There is a legend worthy of credence that one of our Clark ancestors, a carpenter, had charge of the construction.

Internal evidence favors this supposition. The fine filigree finish of the pew tops indicates the patient plodding genius of that clan.

The seating of the church according to rank and dignity, or position in society and all that, must have caused some jealousies, since human nature is what it is; but no jarrings of that kind have ever been transmitted to us. The custom was still in vogue in my childhood, and I do not remember any murmur of discontent. The children were expected to go into the galleries, to sit in rows, and to behave with decorum. These unwritten rules of conduct must have been very generally observed. At this moment I recall myself at the age of ten making my way into the gallery, "on the girls' side" and finding my own seat.

It was about this time that Abby Kelley came among us. She was in East Hampton with a sister occasionally in those days. She had an attractive personality, and as a child I admired her.

She was among the first pronounced Abolitionists. Being bred a Quaker, she exercised her gifts according to her convictions. I think her first address before a public audience was given in this old sanctuary.

She removed her bonnet before speaking, and made a little invocation. It certainly was a novelty that the ages had not witnessed (with us) hitherto; a bareheaded woman talking in front of the deacons' seat.

Nobody sung, as I remember—and this reminds me of a little episode in the life of our grandfather, Sparrow Smith, that it may not be out of place to relate in this connection, although the annals place it at an earlier date.

Music, in those times, did sometimes produce a ripple on the tide of tranquillity, even in country churches.

Some difference of opinion had arisen in regard to the music—the old and the new. The older members desired the old music; the younger members, the new, or modern.

Our grandfather was then a young man, the leader of the choir. It was agreed that the old music should be sung under the old leader, in the mornings. The young people in the gallery were to lead in the afternoon service.

Alack! and alas! the music of the morning, on one occasion, balked. It could not be made to go. Sparrow was watching from his seat in the choir—nobody's grandfather then—not he—but a spruce young man in the becoming garb of the times—knickerbockers—the costume of the old Continentals, straight as an arrow, his hair combed back from his forehead and braided in a queue behind.

We see him as he sat that day in the leader's seat, directly in front of the pulpit, his neck slightly craned, his slender hand upon his knee, as he waited with becoming modesty and sympathy, I hope, and ear attent, with eager expectancy, to catch the first faint prelude from below.

The leader gave an appealing look upward, caught his eye, and uttered one word, "Spahrer," not the soft word Sparrow as we speak it today.

All is well that ends well, and we believe the new music conquered a peace that day.

From that day on, while the old church remained, it echoed with the melodious voices of Sparrow Smith and his descendants. Each will recall their own—Ralph Smith, second son of Deacon Isaac and Mary (Sparrow) Smith, built a house that is still standing opposite the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was by common consent a sort of "Sabba Day House." In those primitive times, when the house of worship was not provided with heat, any one was allowed, during the midday intermission of the church service, to seek comfort under its roof, and was made welcome to a cozy corner where he might quietly indulge in his noonday lunch; and here the dames of the congregation replenished their foot-stoves with live embers for the afternoon services.

Afterwards in my childhood, when this property, in the lapse of time, had passed into other hands, the house adjoining the church on the east became the place of noonday resort; and singularly enough, it was occupied by a lineal descendant of Deacon Isaac Smith, Mrs. Maria Niles, a great-granddaughter, was the mistress of this parochial mansion, so that the service was perpetuated in the family as long as the exigencies of the times demanded it—a service worthy of record, when we consider that most meeting-houses of the period built an additional edifice for a comfortable noon-hour. We shall see this open house was no small gratuity.

MUSIC.

The very earliest music of our ancestors is not known. Much of their church music is said to have been chanting psalms. It is also said that the settlers of the Connecticut valley refused the Old Bay Psalm Book, and chose instead the Steinhold and Hopkins version of the Psalms, for quaint and queer as their rendition was, it was far preferable to the extreme crudities of the old Bay version, which was printed in 1640 and continued in use in the old South Church in Boston as late as 1740. Somewhat later, from 1760 on, the records show that certain men were "chosen to sett the psalms," "chosen quorister," etc.

Two old tune books have been preserved in the family. The first of these is entirely hand made. In this collection we find several chants for psalms, as for the 100th or the 108th. The old tunes, Canterbury, Brunswick, and Mear, appear on its diminutive time-worn pages. There are no words to accompany any of the tunes. There is nothing but its apparent age to show to what generation it belonged, but it must have been the property of one of Deacon Isaac Smith's generation. The other book bears marks of later date. Its first pages are printed though a large part of the book was left to be filled in by the owner. This book bears the legend, "Mother's Tune Book" and the tunes "pricked" in on the reserved pages show clearly the work of our father. The book contains also pages of introductory matter followed by exercises for the voice.

The pitch pipe, the only musical instrument of our infancy, was used only as a kind of call to order for the musical ranks. This soon gave place to other instruments, the bass viol which was no mean accompaniment, and the violin and fife.

HEMAN SMITH.

Heman Smith was the youngest of the pioneers, the small boy of the migration, being but five or six years old when they made the memorable journey from Eastham. He lived until 1820, and his life overlaps that of our father, Nathaniel C. Smith, twenty-five years. In this view we seem to be but a short step from the originals.

A visit that Father and Mother made to "Uncle Heman's," soon after their marriage, was often recalled with animated comment.

I passed the most of my eighth year in the old Ralph Smith homestead, with a friend of the family whom we were accustomed to call "Aunt," though she was not in the least related. She had no children of her own; she was fond of me, and so it came to pass, as one of the things of time and chance that happen to all, that unconsciously I trod in and out the old beaten paths of my ancestors of the century before.

It is pleasant to recall this combination of adventitious circumstances that made possible this episode of my childhood.

The home was located presumably upon the land first purchased by the father upon his arrival in 1739-1740.

Isaac and Ralph soon passed on to East Hampton. The father with the younger sons remained on the original premises, and his will of March, 1757, divides this landed estate among his five sons.

The scenery along the river bank in this vicinity is remarkably picturesque, and the neighborhood is described as being at one time in the last century "the most thickly settled in the town." Here, in 1740, their first church was built, to which the forefathers in East Hampton afterward wended their devious way with painful toil, whereof they made grievous complaint to the Gen-

eral Assembly at Hartford that they are "five, and some of them ten, miles away from the place of worship to which they do belong," and the roads are very difficult to travel, "especially in the winter."

There in this church was baptized, September 20, 1742, Moses (our future great-grandfather to be), the infant son of Josiah and Hannah (Sparrow) Cooke.

In this vicinity also was located the first cemetery, where reposes the dust of our pioneer ancestors, Ralph Smith and many of his family.

The Heman Smith house, as it came to be called by later generations, stood in the northwest corner of the cross roads leading to Middle Haddam landing. It resembled in external appearance the Cooke homestead, and, like a majority of houses of that period, was built upon the same general ground plan.

A huge chimney, constructed of unhewn granite, a rock that crops out abundantly everywhere in the locality, formed the center of the structure.

There were two square rooms in front, connected by an entry. In the rear was a large central kitchen, with an enormous, cavernous fireplace, to accommodate the immense logs "from the forest primeval," to be consumed. At one end of the kitchen was the stairway and pantry, at the other end a bedroom. In the more pretentious houses, a stairway occupied the front entry.

This plan, so largely in vogue at that period, was adopted in the main by all our ancestors, and all of the original dwellings were still standing in my childhood. It was a plan exceedingly compact, economical and convenient, and admitted of every variation of condition from the mansion to the cottage.

A fine specimen of this style of architecture still remains in Wilbraham, Massachusetts. It is a noble old



See page 38.

"THE OLD MILL"

They went along the path beside the mill,
 Where the swift waters, gathering, deep and still,
 Above the dam, in stealthy treacherous pause,
 Like deep, dark vengeance, with a frantic strength
 Their rocky barriers, leaping lull at length
 In the green mead below.



THE KITCHEN FIRE

See page 50.

mansion, with gambrel roof, in marked contrast with the little battened cottage that we built in 1850 or thereabouts. The chimney of this old house, when taken down, a few years since, furnished sufficient material for underpinning to a farmer's large barn; while in our little modern building two light brick shafts run up within the partition, did duty for chimneys.

The remnants of these formidable ramparts still stand in New England. We find them in remote localities, by unfrequented grass-grown roads, where the natural process of segregation has left them stranded, pathetic old monuments of the times gone by.

Where are they now who gathered in their glow;
The hardy children of the long ago?
Who saw the last faint, flickering tongue of fire?
Who watched at length the waning warmth expire,
And shuddering, rose from the lone bivouac,
Arose, looked round, went forth, and came not back?

Sometime in the course of the year, Grandmother Smith came to see me, riding, as was her custom, on horseback. She was at home in the saddle, and highways and byways were alike covered by her trusty little nag. This was an important occasion, for then and there was transferred from her person to mine the gold ear-knobs. They were of the deep ruddy tint of "Old English gold," and were heirlooms in the Clarke-Norton line. I recall the room in which the transfer was made, the southeast room. There was an old-fashioned buffet in one corner, and an outside door opened to the south upon a path leading to the garden.

"Uncle Lisha Niles, an old Revolutionary veteran, who lived not far away, called on us one day. He told stories of army life"—"Shouldered his staff and showed how fields were won."

He had some literary ability, and parried a suggestion of authorship to something that had been lately published in the local papers; though, child as I was, I could discern his satisfaction in the remark.

And this reminds me of an incident in my life—my earliest friendship, with a schoolmate of my own age, who was born and lived the sixteen years of her life in the Grandfather Norton house.

We first met in the public school; and in a class of six girls we soon became, by natural selection, fast friends. We were probably antipodal in other respects as we were in person. She was light-haired and fair, and I a brunette, with hair as dark as a raven's wing.

During the winter of 1829-30, while I was staying at the Heman Smith house, I wrote my first letter addressed to this friend.

The correspondence has been lost in the "wreck of matter," but one sentence, with which the letter closed, remains in memory, it having been repeated in reply, "I have got to South America in Geography." Future archaeologists, when all things have been restored, must not infer that this was an absolute closing compliment, it was simply a repetition.

Subsequently when we were again together in the same school, we made our first attempt at composition. The teacher had required some original expression in writing. I labored at a theme which I considered sufficiently lofty to be worthy the occasion and produced the following, "It is at school that we receive our instruction, and if we rightly improve our time we shall have our reward." My friend adopted my sentiment literally, simply substituting knowledge for instruction.

Thus the old house is endeared to me with an ever lengthening chain of childish memories.

Sometime in the spring we made our flitting. It was suggested, lightly, that some sentiment would be appropriate to the occasion.

Nothing could be more suitable, on my part, than a tribute to the memory of my ancestors, under whose sheltering roof-tree I had spent so many idyllic days of my childhood; but the things of which I now write were, at that time, to me a vision sealed. No voice had called to me from out the silence, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground; I am the God of thy fathers." And thus were severed, without a pang, the elusive ties that bound me to the ancestral home.

When about three-quarters of a century later I visited the place the old well still remained. It was the only thing that the natural forces of disintegration had not destroyed, and even that did not reflect the features of the little girl of eight.

SPARROW SMITH.

Sparrow Smith was born in Middletown, East Hampton Parish, Aug. 4, 1760.

Eunice Clarke was born May 4, 1768.

They were married by the Rev. Lemuel Parsons, May 3, 1787.

Our Grandfather, Sparrow Smith, was born, brought up, lived, and died on the homestead inherited from his father and, so far as we know, on land that had not been occupied by white settlers. This land was first redeemed from the native forest by his father Isaac Smith, one of the first settlers in this locality. It was an ample patrimony for the times, with all the appliances considered essential to a comfortable subsistence.

The log house period and days of pioneer penury

were past; and food and raiment, or the materials from which they were produced were abundant. This condition of plenty in turn gave place for times filled with less strenuous efforts for a bare subsistence and with more leisure for social amenities.

Our grandfather in his manners may have been considered a gentleman of the old school. A certain tone of high breeding marked the intercourse of society at that period, when both civil and ecclesiastical position were held in high repute. Men were deferentially courteous, and respectful demeanor was considered the prerogative of position as well as its inherent right. "Your servant, Sir," and "Your obedient servant" were frequent forms of salutation and signature.

Children were taught to say "Sir" and "Madam," in addressing their elders. Nothing servile implied; and who shall say that in the neglect of the outward forms we are not losing the inward grace?

Although slavery had long since died out in New England, in the homes of the gentlemen of those days were frequently to be seen as men of all work half breeds, remnants of the aboriginal inhabitants. Two such I remember, Bill Indian and Jonathan Indian, who during the winter months earned food and shelter as servants or retainers under grandfather's roof, giving a feudal air to that simple New England home.

Sparrow was by birthright the youngest—the natural recipient of many favors, and in the absence of any testimony to the contrary, we infer that his early boyhood was exceptionally uneventful, and that he grew up the center of affectionate regard. His unstinted admiration for his mother is among the traditions, and it goes without saying that the sentiment was reciprocal.

A sword must have pierced the soul of Mary Sparrow

when her cherished youngest born answered to the call for recruits. Slender stripling as he was, and carefully reared, the lithe, elastic lad, in the cumbrous accoutrements of the Continentals, shouldered his musket and went forth in the cold gray of an April morning, to join the ranks and share the hardships of the soldier of the American Revolution.

The Connecticut State records give the following account of the event: "As recruiting for the continental line progressed slowly, in the Spring of 1777, General Washington requested the government to send a body of militia to serve for six weeks at Peekskill, where General McDougal was then posted with a few troops. Three regiments were placed under command of Brigadier General Erastus Woolcott, vice General Wadsworth, first appointed. The companies were placed on duty at various points: White Plains, Crown Point, and Fort Montgomery."

Sparrow Smith joined Colonel Baldwin's regiment, April 7, 1777. He was discharged May 19, 1777. He was, at the time of his enlistment, but fifteen years and nine months of age. Ralph Smith, probably an older brother, joined and was discharged at the same time. They were members of Lieutenant David Smith's company.

Just eighty-five years afterward, almost to a day, one of Sparrow Smith's descendants, Norton Wadsworth Goodrich, of the same age, being fifteen years and five months old, enlisted in the service of his country for the preservation of the government which his remote ancestor had helped to establish. We subjoin a short account of this other boy.

"He was born in East Hampton, Connecticut, November 10, 1846. Came with his parents to Illinois at the

age of nine. He enlisted in Company K, Sixty-fifth Illinois Infantry, April 8, 1862, and was mustered out May 30, 1865. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, in '64, and for almost seven months was confined in Andersonville prison, where he nearly perished from starvation. He died June 10, 1890. In his enfeebled condition, consequent upon his suffering as prisoner of war, he was honored by his fellow citizens with positions of trust and profit."

This young soldier represented in his pedigree many lines of military service.

1. The Rev. John Norton, Chaplain in the French and Indian War (1744-49).

2. The Wadsworths. A name eminent in naval and military achievement from Colonial down to the present time. The Wadsworths were among the first settlers of the Connecticut Valley. The country west of the river was for a long time disputed territory. In 1693 an attempt was made to gain possession by the Governor of New York, who appeared at Hartford with a royal commission, as commander-in-chief of all the New England militia. The commanding officer of the fort was Capt. Joseph Wadsworth, whose men had been ordered on parade to listen to the commissioner. He defeated this project by a sharp, quick order, "Drum, drum! I say!"

It was he who preserved the charter of the colony by the perilous expedient of extinguishing the lights in the council chamber and hiding the parchment in the old oak. (Oct. 31, 1687.)¹

The old Clarke Homestead comes in for a share in these events. At the time of the Revolutionary War it lay on the main road to headquarters. It was a sightly place; and from a little knoll near by, looking south, could be seen the waters of Long Island Sound glistening in the sun.

When it was destroyed by fire a few years since, it

¹ See Norton Pedigree, page 95. Also "History of Connecticut," and Dictionary of American Biography.

3. Nearly a century later (1777), as we have seen, Sparrow Smith, his own great-grandfather, the soldier boy of the American Revolution.

was said of the old place, "It was a veritable landmark and saw intensely interesting times during the war of the Revolution."

The morning of April 7, 1777, was not the least of these, if we are to judge from our personal interest in those stirring events.

Here dwelt the damsel, Eunice Clarke, a child of nine summers. She had accomplished her appointed task of the morning, dancing in and out to feed the chickens, and was furtively watching Top Knot, the cunning little pullet, who had stolen her nest in the shrubbery, and who was at this moment prinking about in a circuitous route thereunto, with the same insurrectionary intent, chuckling to herself in deep gutturals of satisfaction.

Climbing an apple tree to get a peep at the robin's nest, Eunice descried in the distance troops rounding the corner.

With slightly dilated eyes she cast an inquiring glance at the raw recruits: "Yes, Sparrow Smith was there." She had seen him at meetin', down in the parish, last Sunday, "in the gallery."

Everybody was interested in the soldier boy, the Deacon's son. "He is going to the war! Where was that?"

She came down from her high perch, resumed her pirouette, took a pewter porringer and went out into the fields to gather spicy wintergreen berries and search in sunny nooks for blue violets, her favorite posey. But first she climbed the fiddle-back chair that stood in the chimney corner to get at the almanac that hung by the jamb.

This last movement of diplomacy was executed with due caution, for it was by no means a trivial affair to consult the almanac.

In the Clarke homestead the new year brought the new almanac, the current literature of the year, which was duly installed, and securely hung by a button-holed loop of linen thread, supposedly above the reach of children.

If the legend down the page of the April calendar ran:

“Expect
variable
weather
about this time,”

it is what might have been predicted of any month of April in the New England climate since the landing of the pilgrims, and did not interfere with the fixed purpose to go out.

The almanac of 1777 is not among those that have been preserved. The oldest is that of 1796, when artificial time-keepers were less numerous, the phenomena of the natural divisors of time, the sun and moon, were much more familiarly known. Even the child, Eunice, knew she was expected to be able to “discern the face of the sky” and to come in when the sun was half an hour high. So she went blithely out on her pleasant quest and returned at the appointed time.

It was Phebe Witherell that suppressed a little heart throb, almost unconsciously, perhaps, as the sun disappeared behind the western hills. They were “young folks together,” and the war was breaking into their circle and “Sparrow Smith, a favorite, was gone.”

The stream of time rolled on, and Phebe Witherell was carried downward by the flood. Eunice Clarke grew up a comely, sweet-tempered, sensible woman.

Phebe Witherell is not a myth. She is a memory, evanescent, intangible, elusive, it may be, to us, but, nevertheless, dainty, lovable, sacred. Phebe Witherell!

There is a plaintive tremolo in the syllables, like the refrain of the lone night bird in the distant woodlands at eventide when all the little song birds of daylight are hushed in slumber.

Sparrow Smith and Eunice Clarke were married (in this house?) by the Rev. Lemuel Parsons, successor to the Rev. John Norton, the bride's grandfather, May 3, 1787, the day previous to her nineteenth birthday. The trousseau of the bride has not been described to us. We only know that she wore her hair combed straight back from her forehead, as did our grandfather—a la Washington, with whom they were contemporary. This was their life-long coiffeur. Some at this period wore a roll in front, but this pompadour style, my grandmother told me, had been denounced by the clergy as savoring too much of worldly pomp and vanity.

In the absence of positive testimony, we go back to general principles and challenge the whole world to say that the bride was not handsomely dressed. The highest of all authority submits the proposition with an interrogative. "Can a maid forget her ornaments or a bride forget her attire?" To ask is to answer with the implied assent of "all men in all ages."

These young people belonged to families well-to-do, and there is no possible reason that they should be the exception that proves the general rule; and yet, how easy it would have been for any one of us to have said, "But Grandmother, what did you wear?"

Our grandfather was tall and our grandmother was not petite, but short, comparatively, as were the Clarkes, her race; and their relative height, the style of their coiffure and continental garb, can be pretty accurately conjectured from any picture of Washington weddings. Some simple jewelry worn is still extant.

The bride wore a string of gold beads about her neck and a plain gold ring, beautiful symbols of the occasion they adorned.

Her father, Nathaniel Clarke, wore a silver clasp in his shirt front and silver buttons at his wrists.

Metal buttons were then in vogue, and the groom's wedding coat was decorated with silver buttons, of which not one remains though when we were children some of them were in the family. One of his descendants, wishing to turn an honest penny, unwittingly sold the collection of old buttons at the foundry, when, lo! it was divulged, there "lurked in ambush there" the precious heirlooms, the silver buttons of the wedding coat! Eheu! The silver buttons of the wedding garment! But let us take courage.

Philosophers tell us that no atom of matter is ever wholly lost. Somewhere under the reign of infallible law it exists. So when we hear the limpid notes floating down from the upland pastures, where the kine are cropping the tender herbage, we may fancy we hear the silvery tinkle of the buttons of the wedding garment.

Most of us remember our grandfather as a man past his prime, sitting in an old-fashioned arm chair, in the cozy corner of the sunny southwest room, neatly dressed in navy blue cloth.

He became incapacitated for active employment in advanced life by a serious injury, and the quiet and orderly habits of the last twelve or fifteen years of his life induced an air of dignity and refinement that belongs to those aloof from sordid cares. He interested himself in the current literature of the times, such as was accessible, and in social intercourse with his friends. He read with avidity Goodrich's History of the United States, published about that time. He was a

man of thought and kept up in a degree with the advance of thought as well as its expression. A lifelong friend, in conversation one day, assuming that "a little pride was a good thing," asked, "If this be so; why is not a good deal of pride better?" Tacitly admitting the proposition, grandfather took him on his own ground, and replied in a level tone of voice, "There may be excess in anything."

He chaffed us youngsters on pronunciation, which at that time underwent considerable changes, especially noticeable in the sound of "u." We had, by common consent, from time immemorial, said, "Human nater," but now good form and polite usage required the sound of "y" in the last syllable and in all analogous combinations; and partly in jest, partly in earnest, by precept and anecdote, we were reminded of the approved pronunciation.

But very little remains that is personal to our grandparents. A letter written to our father, during a temporary absence, in his early manhood, still remains. This letter of nearly a hundred years ago throws unexpected sidelights upon our grandfather's career. It is an ample sheet that, when unfolded, measures twelve by fifteen inches, in marked contrast with the diminutive page on which Grandfather Norton composed his sermons a half century before, a little sheet of three by five inches.

The composition is stately and affectionate, and is full of delicate compliments to and from neighbors and relatives.

In coming to a close he says, "I am much drove in business; our court is coming on the second Tuesday in Dec." The second Tuesday of December, 1814, came on the fourteenth of December of that year. Our

grandfather was then in his fifty-fifth year, in the heyday of his manly strength, and was socially influential. All this we had inferred. This one little ungrammatical sentence, incidentally dropped in closing the letter to his son, touches with vivid light the picture that flashes out of the shadowy past. We see the man of affairs, of interest in public events, actively engaged in the peace and order of society. We see the relation he sustains to his fellow-citizens, who have honored him with a seat among the "Elders in the Gates."

The letter goes on to a close. Dropping the singular, he says, "We must conclude with wishing you health and prosperity till God shall bring you to your friends again," closing with the double signature, "Sparrow Smith, Eunice Smith;" two names that ever stood for one heart and one soul, under the immutable law of a "charity that never failed," till death them did part.

The tone of these old letters shows that the family occupied a high position. Our grandmother was no doubt the farthest removed from snobbery; at the same time she never forgot the *noblesse oblige* of her hereditary descent; although, with her, it was an unconscious sentiment, something intangible, due to family respectability, something to be guarded, protected and kept sacred, something that ignored pretence in the lofty while it recognized worth in the lowly.

A verse from an old hymn, copied in my album, is probably the only specimen of our grandmother's handwriting remaining.

We quote these passages from grandfather's records which have lately come to light:

"Mary, the wife of Isaac Smith, our affectionate mother, departed this life, April 17, 1786, in the 68 year of her age."

“March 23, 1788, we had a son born whose name we called Nathaniel Clark.”

“Nov. 1, 1792, we had a daughter born whose name we called Nabba Judd.”

“On the 22 of July, 1794, God was pleased in his allwise providence to send the messenger of death and summon him to appear in his presence. May we be silent and not murmur at the hand of God. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord” (referring to the child born in 1788).

“May 17, 1795, we had a son born, whose name we called Nathaniel Clark to bear up the name of his brother, deceased.”

“May 22, 1797, we had a daughter born, whose name we called Betsey May Sparrow.”

“April 12, 1806, we had a son born whose name we called John William Burke.”

“Our honored father, Isaac Smith, departed this life July 29, 1802, in the 86th year of his age. He died as is recorded of another, ‘Full of years and full of honors.’ ”

Our grandparents’ religious life was an inheritance. They “owned the covenant” the year following their marriage, June 8, 1788, and their children were all baptized under this dispensation. In 1818-1819, under the influence of the great awakening which passed over New England, they became members of the church by profession, July 5, 1818, thirty years after their legal connection with the church. The record of the event, given in the history of the church at that time, says, “The standard of church membership was raised. Fifty-two were admitted to the church; among them strong men, pillars in the church, of mighty influence in the

whole community." Among those thus designated were the names of Sparrow Smith and Nathaniel Clark Smith.

Sparrow Smith died July 14, 1842, aged 82.

Eunice Smith died February 11, 1850, aged 82 and nine months. We know not what has been engraven on her head stone, but two words might well be written there, "True" and "faithful."

The children of Sparrow Smith and Eunice (Clarke) Smith were:

1. NATHANIEL CLARK, who died July 23, 1794, aged six years and ten months.

2. NABBA JUDD, born Nov. 1, 1792. Married Nathaniel Markham.

3. NATHANIEL CLARK, born May 17, 1795. Married Charlotte Strong, May 23, 1816. She was born June 18, 1797.

4. BETSEY MARY SPARROW, born May 23, 1798. Married Amos Clark, Jr.

5. JOHN WM. BURKE, born April 12, 1806. Married Delia Elliot West, daughter of the Rev. Joel West.

We give below the names of the grandchildren, every one of whom found a place in her grandmotherly heart:

NOAH SPARROW MARKHAM, born Aug. 14, 1816.

CATHERINE CORDELIA, born July 8, 1818.

LEANDER AUGUSTUS, born Aug. 12, 1820.

ALEXANDER HOLLISTER, born May 22, 1822. Died in infancy.

ALEXANDER HOLLISTER, born March 1, 1824.

CAROLINE CORNELIA, born Feb. 18, 1826.

The Rev.
John Norton
Parsonage,
East Hampton,
Conn.

See page 57.



"The man who was to all the country dear,
And passing rich on forty pounds a year."



The Nathaniel Clark
Smith Homestead,
built by him in 1827.

See page 65.

EARLY HOME OF ELIZABETH EUNICE SMITH MARCY

NATHANIEL CLARKE SMITH.

It has been said that every man should have a vocation and an avocation.

It was recently asked, "Was your father a farmer?" The question induced a new train of thought.

Whatever our father did came to my apprehension so much as a matter of course that the results had never been reduced to a formula.

Besides, every one who was not absolutely indigent in those days had land that he cultivated for the comfort of his family. Therefore I answered with hesitation, "Yes, I suppose he was, in a way, but not in the sense of proprietor of a large, compacted tract of land from which he derived an income."

His farming was a means of livelihood, not a source of revenue. He owned and improved several irregular patches of land in widely separated localities, in the Parish of East Hampton. The center of all was the home lot, to which the outlying land paid tribute in kind: the woodlands and meadows and pastures, for summer's and winter's need.

By what piece of fortune, or misfortune, his possessions came to be so parceled out, I never thought to inquire. Some must have come by inheritance, probably, such as the woodlands and the potash meadow. This lot has its legend. It is said that "it always rained when Esquire Smith (our grandfather, Sparrow Smith) mowed the potash meadows." I think this calamity was entailed.

As a farmer our father had the domestic animals of a householder of those times: cattle and sheep, fowls and pigs, and a horse for family use. His equipage consisted of a capacious family wagon and a sleigh for

winter's use. There was also a two-wheeled cart for farm work and an ox sled.

There was always the farm work in all its details, as each season brought its annual rounds; the plowing and cultivation of the garden and orchard; the planting and pruning of trees and vines; apples, cherries, peaches, pears, and grapes; the chopping of wood for fuel; the mowing of the meadows; the gathering of the fruits and vegetables for the winter's store, for man and the dependent animals: but it all seems to me, as I recall it, a reciprocal relation of nature and man as indicated in the story of primeval man, for whom, we read, "the Lord God planted a garden eastward" toward the rising sun, in Eden, "wherein was every tree pleasant to the sight and good for food"; a working together of man with nature, in harmonious accord, to keep up our share of responsibility in the sustentation of life and health and happiness. It included the gratification of the esthetic sense as well as a useful purpose. It was the simple life of the times, when each family was largely dependent upon its own industry. All the fruits and vegetables of the farm we had in succession,

As season followed season, each apace,
Crowned with its own peculiar good or grace.

And then there were the aromatic seeds and herbs, then essential to the thrifty housewife's stores. Part were for salads, and for healing part.

Our decorous ancestors considered it perfectly good form to nibble fennel or dill and caraway in meeting, which they and their children did *ad libitum*.

And here let it be recorded that, amidst it all, Father found time to spade up and enclose for me a little flower bed. There, for years on years, stood a cinnamon rose-bush. It may be growing still under the middle

west window on the offset. All these things that the seasons brought in their annual round occupied much of the time and made a busy year.

Was this Father's vocation, or his avocation?

There were boys scattered along through the family that did each a boy's part, a mother of great efficiency, and girls, each of whom had her share in domestic duties.

We all went to school in the season of schools, either public or private. Most of us attended the singing schools, where we were taught by experts in this accomplishment. We sang naturally and spontaneously. Sparrow and Christie both intoned tunes before they could enunciate words. Gertrude, who died at twelve years of age, was a member of the church choir, and Anzolette was a leading singer. How her melodious voice rang among the rafters as she roused us from our drowsy pillows with the clarion call, "Awake! awake! arise, and hail the glorious morn!" And Edwin's bugle notes, the moment he struck the door step! The first notice we had of his homecoming, for his summer vacation, was the resonant note of his voice in the hall.

But I am wandering.

Our father was also a mechanic. My first recollection of him in this line is his partnership in a company that manufactured clock-bells and other small iron castings. This was as early as 1830, and he followed this occupation at intervals for several years. The life of a mechanic in those days among our people had none of the present conditions of labor. Nobody rushed headlong to his work nor was obliged to stand at attention and give a reason why he was five minutes late. A mechanic had time for a reasonably leisurely performance of the domestic duties of the morning. Mid-after-

noon brought him from his shop and his children from school, and work and books were left behind. A comfortable evening meal closed the day.

Was this his vocation or his avocation?

Our father was a civil officer from my earliest remembrance till he was far advanced in years. It may be said that, first and last, he held every office of trust and honor in the gift of the people. He died at the age of ninety-three. He was considered an authority and was consulted concerning the transfer of property and original boundaries and all those matters, as long as he lived. We copy the following from the local daily paper.

“The honor given to another member of the Connecticut Legislature calls to mind an old veteran of this place, who has six times represented his town (Chatham), in the General Assembly; the first time being in 1833. We refer to the Hon. Nathaniel C. Smith, who fifty-two years ago served in that capacity.

“Mr. Smith is now nearly ninety years of age, and is hale and hearty for a man of his years.”

“The confidence and respect of his townsmen is also shown in the fact that he held the office of town clerk for twenty-five years in succession.” (*Connecticut Valley Advocate*,¹ March 14, 1885.)

The record of his public service is as follows:

1. He was Constable from 1825 to 1829, a period of four years.
2. Selectman from 1831 to 1839, with the exception of two years; seven years.
3. He was a member of the Connecticut Legislature for six terms; first in 1833.
4. He was appointed Justice of the Peace in 1829,

¹ *Connecticut Valley Advertiser*, March 24, 1885.

and held the office continuously until seventy years of age, being appointed for his last term at the May session of 1864; thirty-six years.

5. He was Town Clerk from 1841 to 1867. Twenty-five years.

6. He held the office of Notary Public from seventy years of age to the end of his life at ninety-three, a period of twenty-three years, thus rounding out a full century of public service.

Our father was an excellent penman, and all his records were kept in the best form. I remember him at his desk at intervals always. In the long winter evenings he often took his writing to the living-room, where we were all gathered together.

Was his public life his vocation, or his avocation?

He collected statistics, and had considerable correspondence concerning our various lines of ancestry, and to him I owe the most of the more recent data for the several lines.

He had been, before my remembrance, a trooper, in those days when every able-bodied man was expected to be trained in some form for active military service. His old regalia and accoutrements—sash and banner and helmet, were tucked away in a closet where we loved to rummage on rainy days.

He was erect and alert in his movements, even to extreme old age though he was perhaps below the average stature.

Our father was an early riser. He loved the cheer and promise of the opening day. He used to say to us, "I like the birds that sing in the morning," and this was a literal expression of his enjoyment, as well as a figurative suggestion to us, both appreciative and admonishing.

There was one shibboleth that betrayed the man from the Cape, the name of the morning meal that he invariably pronounced *braekfast*.

As boy and man, Father never forgot his inborn instinct for the sea. One hundred and fifty years before, his ancestors had left the coast to escape the allurements and incentives to a sea-faring life, but the home environment of the Cape was full of maritime attractions. In those days the merchant ships went everywhere in their long voyages from our eastern seaboard. Sailing all seas, visiting all climes, they represented all that was picturesque and fascinating to the imagination of the adventurous boy. The strain was in his blood, and the boy "Thaniel," was "possessed to go to sea." There are to this day chalk drawings of ships on the rough wood-work between the rafters in the garret roof made more than one hundred years ago, outward expressions of the inward desire. At last the wish prevailed and he obtained consent to go to sea.

He told me the last time I saw him that the ship in which he would have sailed left port before he reached it and was "lost at sea."

He afterward made a short voyage to South Carolina and probably to the West Indies, but these simple sentences cover all that we know of his sea-faring life. "Amid the old lumber in the gallery" was a wooden box that we children called his sea chest.

He never forgot the sailor. When the fierce north-east storms came down upon us, his first thought was an expression of sympathy for the "poor fellows on the coast." But, fond as he was of adventure, he lived and died in his native town.

There were three children in my grandfather's family, about the same age. My father, a sister older and

younger; and I think they had rather lively times in their youth. The family were hospitable and genial, and the girls—especially Aunt Betsey—attractive. Aunt Nabby was more retiring, and a person all her life long of unvarying calmness of temper. She was a school-teacher. Father was lively, energetic, and daring.

The meager facilities for travel made it difficult to go from the sea-board. In his early manhood he made an excursion into the State of New York, where he taught school and visited relatives during the winter of 1814-1815. He was about to return by the way of New York City and Philadelphia, having apparently with some difficulty obtained the consent of his parents to the arrangement. The project was undertaken by embarking upon the Delaware River upon a raft which struck an island in mid-stream and went to pieces. The young man Nathaniel sprang ashore with a tea chest containing the provisions for the voyage. Thus ends the tale with me. He certainly survived the wreck.

The picturesque stage coach had not yet reached its heyday, and most visits were accordingly made on horseback. The young people of those early days and sparse population went thus to their evening festivities, often “riding double” as it was called. Betsey’s frock, after riding home on the bare back of some gallant’s steed, was next day to be seen flying from the top of the well sweep on which it had been elevated for the purpose of accelerating the process of laundering.

This method of locomotion then so prevalent included not only the intercourse of neighbors, but often journeys covering long distances and involving long periods of time. Emma Knight immortalized her name by going from Boston to New York on horseback in care of the post, a journey which she accomplished in six

days. Great care was taken in the raising and training of saddlehorses, especially on the Cape, where it was at one time a matter governed by legislation. The highest degree of perfection was reached in what were called pacers—animals trained to an easy ambling movement. It was in this manner that these young people undertook a journey up country to visit relations and friends who had removed to the “far west.” Genesee was to them at that time “the end of the world and the place where the sun goes at night.” The tricksome Betsey, duly padded and cushioned, performed various military evolutions on the greensward while waiting for Nabba to mount her steed. Then they set out in glee. The tale goes on to say that

Betsey came in “so bright and gay”
But guileless Nabba fainted dead away.

Some correspondence at that time, 1814-1815, vividly reflects the period and the family. We hear again the placid tones of Nabba, in her somewhat stately paragraphs, and the more vivacious Betsey’s sparkling gossip, full of the social gayeties of the period in which this trio of young people were active participants. There was a younger brother, the small boy of the family, who played his part in the drama by requesting Nabba to add in postscript: “C. S. is well and she attended the ball with Joshua Strong.”

Subsequently C. S. received from N. C. S. a heavy gold ring appropriately engraved on the broad flat surface where it widened on the back of the finger like a signet ring.

There is a little legend about the ring, as we have been told. It was lost for a long time, till finally some one called out, “Eureka,” or words equivalent, “Lottie’s Ring!” and it came out of its hiding-place, under

a stone at the back door. The "long time" may have been weeks or months, deponent saith not; but whoever transmits the tale should give the proper emphasis and inflection of time and loss, for thus has it been transmitted to us through the tradition of the elders. "Leave no stone unturned," may well be adopted as the motto and the insignia of our escutcheon henceforth.

We all went regularly to church, and in this respect our father was our exemplar. It was, apparently, the unwritten law of his life to be punctually in his place there until the infirmities of advanced age prevented participation in the service. His devout demeanor in the sanctuary was spontaneous and unaffected. As I recall the expression of devotion and simple credence that appeared and sat upon this man of affairs, it seems like a nimbus of reflected light, from a long line of devout men and women, who feared God and revered his law.

It was his habit to be with us during the remainder of the Sabbath, with careful attention to his personal appearance, in holiday apparel. The day brought rest and relaxation from ordinary week-day occupations, though there were no enforced rules of restraint. Home was our center, and quiet was the order of the day. The hush of the day seemed to lie all about us on everything, and I remember, as a child, wondering if the robins were carrying on their nest-building in the cherry trees.

I should not do justice to the memory of my father if I forgot to recall his interest in education.

He taught in the public schools in Delhi, New York, and afterwards at home. Later in life he opened in his own house a private school for the benefit of his children, which was carried on for several seasons and fur-

nished opportunity for the pursuit of advanced studies.

Clark T. Hinman, then a student at Wesleyan University, who subsequently became the President of the Northwestern University and the most active agent in the establishment of the institution, was one of the teachers. I began French with him in 1837-1838.

Whoso cast the horoscope for the Northwestern University for that year would have seen its future President to be, teacher of a company of young people, under the hospitable roof of Nathaniel C. Smith, Esquire, in the country village of East Hampton, Connecticut, and one of his pupils was a young girl destined to compose the dedicatory hymn for its first permanent building.

Many pictures that we love to recall now, growing faint in outline, come to us as we close this imperfect tribute. They are becoming indistinct in the lapse of time, and we touch them tenderly lest they be tarnished or blurred by an unfortunate phrase.

"There is many a true word spoken in jest," runs the old proverb; and it is equally true that there is many a prophecy unwittingly announced.

Tradition places the event we now record in the early childhood of our father and mother. "There is a little boy at home for one of these little girls," exclaimed the fond father, as he saw a young mother surrounded by a group of little daughters. Something had touched his esthetic sense, and in a vein of lofty emotion he forecast the future, and what was intended as a pleasantry became a prophecy.

And the angels above made the record of this unpremeditated utterance. Although the seed lay buried long in dust, they watched over its development until it took root and shot downward in the faithful hearted

earth, opening upward into the azure above. The bright morning dawn of May 23, 1816, witnessed the radiant beauty of its perfect bloom, and Charlotte Strong, one of the "little girls of the prophecy" fulfilled the decree and became the bride of N. C. S.

Thus have we gone in swift review from man to boy and boy to man again.

"The child is father of the man."

Our father should have been a physician. He was in every way adapted to this profession. His optimistic temperament, cheerful, sympathetic disposition, and rugged constitution admirably fitted him for such a calling; and he was called. The famous old physician, Dr. John Richmond, who held the situation for the whole region round, without rival, so far as we know, recognized Father's fitness for the profession and used his influence to bring it about, but it was not to be.

Charlotte (Strong) Smith, died July 12, 1864.

Nathaniel Clark Smith, died Aug. 25, 1888.

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when they sleep in dust."

Their children were:

ANZOLETTE DIANA SMITH, born March 7, 1818.

CLARK NORTON, born Dec. 25, 1819.

ELIZABETH EUNICE, born Dec. 22, 1821.

ROXANA MARIA, born Oct. 18, 1823.

HENRY STRONG, born Dec. 12, 1825.

EDWIN DWIGHT, born March 5, 1828.

MOSES COOK, born April 2, 1830.

JOHN CHARLES, born May 14, 1832.

LUCY GERTRUDE, born April 29, 1836.

SPARROW ADONIJAH, born Nov. 10, 1838.

SARAH CHRISTIANA, born Nov. 11, 1841.

The tabulated list of the descendants, in our line, of Ralph Smith, of Hingham, England, from Ralph 1st, to Sparrow Adonijah, youngest male child of the seventh generation:

FIRST GENERATION:

RALPH SMITH.

SECOND GENERATION:

1. THOMAS, born 1637.
2. SAMUEL, born 1641.
3. JOHN, born 1644.
4. DAVID, born 1647.
5. ELIZABETH, born 1648.

THIRD GENERATION:

1. RALPH, born 1682.
2. REBECCA, born 1685.
3. THOMAS, born 1687.
4. DAVID, born 1691.
5. JONATHAN, born 1693.
6. ISAAC, born 1695.
7. JESSE, born 1704.

FOURTH GENERATION:

1. ISAAC, born 1716.
2. PHEBE, born 1720.
3. THOMAS, born 1723.
4. ENOCH, born 1725.
5. MARY, born 1728.
6. JONATHAN, born 1730.
7. EZRA, born 1732.
8. HEMAN, born 1734.

FIFTH GENERATION:

1. AZUBAH, born 1740.
2. RALPH, born 1742.
3. ISAAC, born 1745.

4. MARY, born 1747.
5. SARAH, born 1750.
6. PHEBE, born 1753.
7. ASENATH, born 1756.
8. SPARROW, born 1760.

SIXTH GENERATION :

1. NATHANIEL CLARK SMITH, born 1788,
died young.
2. NABBA JUDD, born 1792.
3. NATHANIEL CLARK, born 1795.
4. BETSEY MARY SPARROW, born 1797.
5. JOHN WILLIAM BURKE, born 1806.

SEVENTH GENERATION :

1. ANZOLETTE DIANA, born 1818.
2. CLARK NORTON, born 1819.
3. ELIZABETH EUNICE, born 1821.
4. ROXANA MARIA, born 1823.
5. HENRY STRONG, born 1825.
6. EDWIN DWIGHT, born 1828.
7. MOSES COOKE, born 1830.
8. JOHN CHARLES, born 1832.
9. LUCY GERTRUDE, born 1836.
10. SPARROW ADONIJAH, born 1838.
11. SARAH CHRISTIANA, born 1841.

FIRST GENERATION :

RALPH SMITH.

MARY MASTERSON.

SECOND GENERATION :

THOMAS SMITH.

MARY ———.

THIRD GENERATION :

RALPH SMITH.

MARY MAYO.

FOURTH GENERATION :

ISAAC SMITH.

MARY SPARROW.

FIFTH GENERATION :

SPARROW SMITH.

EUNICE CLARKE.

SIXTH GENERATION :

NATHANIEL CLARKE SMITH.

CHARLOTTE STRONG.

DR. EDGERTON.

Francis Griswold Edgerton was born in Norwich, Connecticut, in 1797. He studied medicine with Philemon Tracy and Wm. Eaton of Norwich, and attended lectures in Yale College in 1824-5. His parents were Simeon and Lucy (Griswold) Edgerton; his ancestor, Richard Edgerton, was one of the first landed proprietors of Norwich. He married in middle life Marietta Daniels, a well-poised, capable, and energetic woman.

Dr. John Richmond is the only practitioner of medicine prior to the time of Dr. Edgerton of whom there remains extant any tradition. The legendary lore that has come down to us concerning him indicates a temperament dashing and daring.

His gentle wife, Sarah Wadsworth, was a descendant of the gallant family of that name, early settlers and defenders of the Connecticut valley.

They lived in the large old house, next door east of the meeting-house. They reared a large family of boys and girls, and their house was at that time the center of gaiety and hospitality. The house is still standing (1908), though the family is entirely dispersed.

The inherited traits of their ancestry cropped out in descendants of the later generation.

Dr. Richmond died, and Dr. Edgerton succeeded to his practice.

Dr. Edgerton was our family physician. As a community of relatives, our history would be incomplete without his.

He was a man of most genial disposition and tolerant spirit. With rare sagacity he introduced any variation of thought with such phrases as, "I am inclined to think," or "I had received the impression," for, however widely he might differ from an opponent, he was always tactful and deferential in the expression of an opinion.

He was a lover of learning and philosophic thought, and was awake to every interest in education and public progress, and he had the genius that adapts itself to the situation.

We first remember him in the public school, where we were in a class of little girls and he a member of that august body, the school committee, which sat in judgment upon our progress in education. He did not hold himself aloof; he came down to our classes and exercised us in cadence and inflection.

No snap-shot of memory could ever portray to the Twentieth century vision the picture. It was our first contact with that great and generous nature, and the bland, sonorous tones and chivalrous condescension are remembered still.

Although his practice was among a rural population, with the restricted opportunities of the period, and the lack of literature and libraries, he was observant and reflective beyond the limits of his profession.

He noted the luxuriant bloom of the wayside thickets in favored localities, as he plodded in the mechanical jog-trot of his old steed up and down, in all seasons

and at all hours; and he found everywhere opportunities for nature study in this picturesque locality.

For some years he rode in a two-wheeled vehicle, called a gig, which by some mechanical construction of his own, recorded the distance.

He had in his possession the few remaining books of the old public library (1799). Among them was Jonathan Edwards' "History of Redemption." I read it one winter in my early teens, at his suggestion. He afterwards said, perhaps by way of an apology, that he had thought it was the "Freedom of the Will."

Probably Dr. Edgerton had small natural aptitude for music, but he entered into its study as it was then taken up and carried on in country towns, and in the early years of his practice he was a member of the church choir; wrenching from some small instrument, presumably a fife, with evident contortions, the sacred music of the hour of worship.

It is said that about this time he began the construction of a pipe-organ.

Among the treasured relics, in the house of one of his descendants, hangs, above the mantel, his violin, forever silent and sacred to the memory of a man who throughout a strenuous public career, was never found too busy to discuss music or poetry.

Dr. Edgerton was of generous proportions, a most manly man; but if nature cast him in a somewhat ruder mould, she also balanced her ledger with a heart of gold.

He was possessed of a delicate and subtle humor, the result of his philosophic habit of mind and genial disposition. An incident will illustrate this trait. I was spending a few days at his house during convalescence from severe illness. Frank, the only child, was then a little fellow. Boiled eggs were served at break-

fast, and, childlike, he expressed a preference. "Well," said the doctor, "you seem to have detected a difference that has escaped my observation. However," and suiting the action to the words, "it is very easy to exchange."

He began tiptoeing upon his somewhat heavy foot-gear as soon as he approached the threshold of a patient. We all understood the clumsy attempt at quiet, and followed the suggestion.

His laugh was characteristic, spontaneous, a gurgling chuckle like the purling of the hillside brook over its rocky bed, the overflowing effervescence of good nature.

One incident recalls his scholarly habit of thought. When I was ten years of age my father had a long and dangerous illness. A consultation of physicians was called who dined at our house. The conversation at the table took a literary turn, and Dr. Edgerton quoted from Virgil, indicating the relation of sense and sound. The rhythmic syllabic movement remains in my mind still, though I have never heard it since.

Among the treasured relics, the old saddle-bag, so familiar to our childhood, grown rusty from long service, packed as he had arranged it for his last professional round, still remains the same.

He died in October, 1870, age 73. The hilltops were ablaze in their autumnal glory; a soft purple haze hung over the lowland; the strength and beauty of the ripened year lay all about us, and the tempered midday sunlight rested kindly on the landscape, but by every fireside through all the country round about sat those who mourned. 'Twas a carnival of grief, as from far and near they gathered for the funeral rites of the "beloved physician."

THE CLARK NAME.

The cognomen Clark has a worthy origin. Its first signification was scholastic. Any man that could read was called a clerk. For this reason the surname implies not only consanguinity but literary rank.

Subsequently it was applied to a writer, author, or scholar. The word has never lost its original significance. In any organization, the position of clerk is one of honor. He is still the writer or speaker; keeps the records, and is the exponent of its principles.

In process of time it became a surname and with the English pronunciation—Clark.

Those who inherit this name have had a large share in the settlement of our state (Connecticut). Several families of this name came into the valley of the Connecticut between the years 1630 and 1636. It is said that more than forty families of Clarks settled in New England before 1700. What influence this "natural selection" and "survival of the fittest" has had upon our civilization is a problem that may well interest the student of social phenomena.

Thomas Clark, the mate of the *Mayflower*, an heroic man and true, was the first of the name in the settlement of New England. He is supposed to have gone with the *Mayflower* on her return voyage, but came back with the *Anne* or *Little James*, in 1623, and was therefore reckoned a Pilgrim, as were the other passengers of these ships, being composed mostly of parts of the families of the *Mayflower*, detained on the first voyage. He, with some of his descendants, sleeps in the Plymouth burying ground, and others of the name were among the goodly company that went out of Plymouth to found Eastham.

So the Clarks have been with us from the beginning.

On March 2, 1633, John Winthrop and twelve others, began a settlement at Ipswich, Massachusetts. William Clark's name was the second on the roll. Of this William, nothing seems to be known except that "he had a wife, Elizabeth, and perhaps went elsewhere."¹

William Clark, one of the first settlers of Haddam, and the man from whom we trace our descent, is supposed to have been the same man, as the name disappeared from the Ipswich records shortly before the settlement of Haddam; and "it is known that several Ipswich men settled in Haddam."²

FIRST GENERATION.

William (I.).

Our veritable history in the Clark line begins with William Clark of Haddam, whose name stands among the twenty-eight original proprietors of a large tract of land, now included in the town of Haddam, purchased from the Indians, the 20th of May, 1662, for thirty "coats" valued, perhaps, at \$100. In the first book of Haddam records, William Clark's name stands third among those who received grants of land. He died in Haddam July 22, 1681. At his death there survived him his wife—name unknown. His children were:

1. THOMAS.
2. JOHN, our lineal ancestor.
3. JOSEPH, and
4. Four daughters, one of whom married a Wells, one a Freeman, one a Spencer, and one remained unmarried.

His will is among the Hartford Probate records.

¹ From "The Clarks of Ipswich."

² "History of Middlesex County."

SECOND GENERATION.

William (I.), John (II.).

John, son of William, called Sergeant. John went to Middletown between 1675 and 1680, and married Elizabeth, daughter of Captain Nathaniel White and granddaughter of Elder John White.

He appears to have been a man of wealth and influence. In his life-time he gave a homestead to each of his three sons. The one given to his son John is described as the "homestead whereon the said father and the said John now dwelleth." This homestead contained one hundred and thirty acres on the west side of the Connecticut river, in the northern part of the town then called "Upper Houses," the present town of Cromwell.

This same homestead is said to be in part occupied by the descendants of John to this day (1906).

He died August 27, 1711. The children of John and Elizabeth (White) Clark were:

1. NATHANIEL, born April 18, 1676.
2. JOHN, born June 14, 1678.
3. DANIEL, born August 3, 1685.
4. MARY, born —, 1690 (died young).
5. SARAH, born Sept. 8, 1691.
6. WHITE, born Nov. 4, 1693.
7. MARY, born May 3, 1695.

THIRD GENERATION.

William (I.), John (II.), Nathaniel (III.).

Nathaniel, the oldest child of Sergeant John, was our lineal ancestor. We owe it to the careful records of the Clarks Hill Chronicles, that we have his name and place in the line. They give the correct statement of

his birth, as well as that of his family (his brothers and sisters) and these are the only data concerning Nathaniel that we have been able to secure. All that tradition records, as far as we know, is that "some of his descendants settled in the vicinity of Clark's Hill, and remain there at present; but their line had never been fully traced up to this time." It is conjectured that Nathaniel lived and died on the west side of the river; as Had-dam was the birthplace of his son Jabez.

Nathaniel's brother John, the "Settler," was early on the ground. He was a farmer and carpenter, and is said to have been the first English settler (1737), to have built the first frame house in the parish (1754), and was on the committee to build the first meeting-house (1756). It was probably through the influence of this family that Jabez came to the new settlement.

Nathaniel died in 1771, in the 93d year of his age.

FOURTH GENERATION.

William (I.), John (II.), Nathaniel (III.), Jabez (IV.).

Jabez, the founder of our family, on the east side of the river, takes his place in the line with the simple statement of his birth in 1717. We find no other date concerning him until his marriage with Sarah Judd, August 5, 1742.

The old Theban Chronicles have this record concerning his prototype, the ancient Israelite of this name. The quotation seems exactly adapted to this vacant niche in the family history, as it is afterwards developed in the line of Jabez.

"And Jabez called upon the God of Israel, saying, Oh that thou wouldst bless me indeed; and enlarge my

¹ Connecticut Valley Advertiser.

coasts; and that thy hand might be with me; and that thou wouldst keep me from evil, that it might not grieve me: and God granted him that which he requested.”

The children of Jabez Clark and Sarah (Judd) Clark were:

1. NATHANIEL.

Jabez honored the name of his father by giving it to his first son, Nathaniel, born August 7, 1743, who also inherited the homestead.

2. EDITH, born April 24, 1745, oldest daughter of Jabez, married John Norton, the brother of Elizabeth Norton. They lived on Bevin's Hill and reared a large family of nine children, five of whom bore the euphonious names of Lorinda, Lucinda, Belinda, Chlorinda, and Melinda.

John Norton was for many years the teacher of the public school. Our father (Nath. C. Smith) was one of the pupils of "Uncle Norton." We have the geography that he studied at that time, a book without maps or illustrations of any kind, published at Hartford, 1795: the author Theodore Dwight: bought December 23, 1805. In treating "Of Massachusetts," the question is propounded, "Are there any slaves in Massachusetts?" In thunder tones of emphatic capitals stands the answer, "NONE." The book is well preserved and without dog's ears (1908).

After the death of John Norton at 65, his widow, Edith, married Deacon Moses Cooke, our great-grandfather, whom she survived, dying February 18, 1827, in the 82nd year of her age.

3. JABEZ, born Aug. 25, married Lydia Hall, 2nd wife, Ruth Hinkley.

4. HANNAH, born Jan. 1, married John Johnson.

5. SARAH, born March 25, 1752, married Isaac



Home of Deacon
Isaac Smith, Jun.,
where the will
was found.

See page 40.

Cook
Homestead.
Home of
Deacon
Moses Cook.

See pages 40-41.



"There has not been wanting in all the generations, a man to stand
before the Lord forever."



The Jabez Clarke
Homestead.

See page 87.

Bevin. She is one of the typical little old women of my childhood, whom I remember sitting in the cozy corner of her little room, by the open fire, in the mysterious balcyon calm of age.

6. AMOS, born Oct. 12, 1754, married Anna Sears.

7. ABNER, twin brother of Amos, died in prison ship, *New York*, in the war of the American Revolution.

8. MERCY, married Joel Wood.

These, the children of Jabez and Sarah (Judd) Clarke, took their places as heads of families and their descendants are probably more numerous than those of any other line of the Clarke's Hill family.

The intermarriage of the older children of Jabez Clarke with the family of the Rev. John Norton is a matter of interest to us, as it must have been to the whole parish when to the minister's family was accorded the highest social position.

THE JABEZ CLARKE HOMESTEAD.

The first dwellings of the forefathers, we suppose, were temporary structures of logs, which, in the case of the Clarks, soon gave place to more permanent buildings.

This house was strongly built with massive timbers, some of them eighteen inches square. In 1892 it was said of it: "It is still in good repair, and retains some of the original unpaneled doors, and remains in possession of the descendants of Jabez Clarke, a remarkable instance of uninterrupted occupancy by one family, through successive generations, for nearly a century and a half." In 1900, a few years after, when it had passed into the hands of aliens, it was destroyed by fire, at which time it was said of it: "The old house was a veritable land-mark, and saw many intensely interesting

times, during the War of the American Revolution, being on the main highway, and not far from the old Clarke tavern, a hostelry kept by the descendants of John the Settler."

There is a tradition that only the west end of the house was built in the early days; but however that may have been, we may well believe it to have overflowed with the abundant life of the thrifty family of boys and girls, four of each, and with the busy hum of industry that the period indicates when both clothing and sustenance were the product of domestic skill and industry.

JABEZ CLARKE.

Jabez Clarke, the first in our direct line of ancestry to come to East Hampton, was born in Haddam in 1717, and so far as we know he lived there until his marriage with Sarah Judd (1742), at which time he joined his kinsfolks on Clarke's Hill. His uncle John, the settler, who had preceded him by a few years (1737), had a large family of boys approaching manhood, for whose future welfare he wished to make provision.

The Clarkes had large landed estates on the west side of the Connecticut River.

One of the descendants of John the Settler says: "These Clarkes seem all to have been a thrifty, money-making family; and John the Settler, having disposed of his patrimony from his father (130 acres) on the west side of the river, for 620 pounds, bought the property on Clarke's Hill (300 acres), for 610 pounds and then had *considerable left*." Jabez seems to have inherited this spirit of thrift and enterprise as well as a large share of the patrimony on the west side of the river.

From the few circumstances that come to our observation, we infer that he was well-to-do. At the time of his marriage he was but twenty-five years of age. Two years later (1744) among twenty-eight names listed only eight were assessed a larger sum than he and the name of Jabez Clarke stands among the foremost of honorable and representative men of his time.

Jabez Clarke died in East Hampton, April 25, 1765, at the comparatively early age of forty-seven years and nine months. His wife, Sarah (Judd) Clarke, died and her death was recorded, but there being others of the same name, we cannot verify the exact date of her death.

FIFTH GENERATION.

William (I.), John (II.), Nathaniel (III.), Jabez (IV.),
Nathaniel (V.).

Nathaniel married, November 6, 1766, Elizabeth Norton, second child and oldest daughter of Rev. John Norton, who was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, December 17, 1740. She died May 18, 1770, aged 29, leaving an infant daughter, the one life that stood in the breach of our Clarke-Norton ancestry, the life of a child of two years, Eunice Clarke, our future grandmother Smith to be.

We have but few facts concerning Elizabeth Norton, but all that we do know suggests a woman much beloved. The young wife and mother died lamented in all hearts and was mourned in elegiac verse by the bard of Clarke's Hill.

Our grandmother preserved, to old age, the verses that commemorated her mother. I saw them once in my childhood:

“Time’s wrack hath ruined what was there essayed
In quaint archaic dialect portrayed.”

The two decades that followed her decease are without record in this family; and the silence of the dead past has settled over the long hiatus of nearly twenty years of widowhood.

A vague impression that the daughter spent much of her girlhood at her grandfather's (Rev. John Norton) is enhanced by these facts and figures.

Nathaniel married, before 1790, for his second wife, Dorothy Hale. They had two daughters:

1. ELIZABETH NORTON, born March 20, 1790. This child of advanced life, and bearing the cherished name, died in 1809, at the age of 19, leaving no legacy except a little jewelry that I have inherited with the name Elizabeth.

2. DOROTHY LOVEMAN, born June 23, 1793; married Calvin Hall.

THE CLARKES.

These Clarkes were apparently in the best sense of the word a carefully hoarding race, if we are to judge by the relics that have come down to us in this line, or it may have been in part the natural result of the continued occupancy of the premises by successive generations of the same family. From whatever cause it may have arisen, the most of our old treasures have been inherited in the Clark-Norton line.

A slat-seated, fiddle-backed chair is probably the most antiquated of these. It bears indications of having been hand made, and is finished with quite elaborate ornamental detail. It shows the effects of long usage, and the slats have a silvery sheen from the friction of the years. It is marked with the initials "N. C.", which we interpret to stand for *Nathaniel Clark*. If Nathaniel Clark whittled out this old chair with his jack knife, by

his own fireside, in the cozy winter evenings of the long ago, as we premise, at twenty-five years of age, the distance in time covers the space of nearly a century and a half. Elizabeth Norton was still with him, and the life of the infant Eunice, the connecting link in the Clark-Norton line, had but just begun.

As a companion piece to the chair we have a pewter platter accredited to our Norton ancestry, bearing the legend, "Rev. John Norton, Chatham, Conn., 1757," which simply indicates that it was in his possession at that time and place. Our grandmother had another that dated back to the time before I. and J. had been differentiated (1630) marked "I. N." for John Norton, of which there had been, from their advent in America, four successive generations of the same name.

These fine old salvers, we may well suppose, graced the feasts of many a festive occasion of the Clarks and Nortons.

A package of old almanacs, covering the years, with few exceptions, from 1796 to 1836, has been preserved. They are deeply dyed with time and the smoke of the chimney corner where they were hung, upon their advent into the home at the beginning of the year. This period embraces the regime of Dorothy (Hale) Clarke, and we attribute to her handicraft the button-holed loops by which they were suspended.

Notable men were the compilers of the almanac literature of that period. Nehemiah Strong, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, Yale, and Nathan Daboll, a famous mathematician of New London, a name associated with arithmetic in the mind of every school boy of New England for generations, with others, were among the compilers; but Andrew Beers, P. H. I. L. O. M., of Hartford, seems to have secured the largest

patronage from our ancestors of Clark's Hill. Each author has his retinue of retainers, whereby we ascertain by whom it is published, or printed, or sold; and added to its legitimate, astronomical calculations, a variety of useful and entertaining matter: "Wit, wisdom and philosophy," mental, moral, and natural, too.

Added to this, the earlier numbers of the collection, issued 1796, by Andrew Beers, P. H. I. L. O. M., shows in pictorial design, the vital relations of the human anatomy to the twelve signs of the Zodiac.

By some strange necromancy of fate this ill-starred curious being has held his place in almanac literature to the present time.

"For men may come, and men may go
But this goes on forever."

In 1821, a design is introduced illustrating the remarkable eclipse of that year. Besides this, in 1823, he gives us wood cuts—exceedingly wooden—illustrating the calendar for the successive months of the year. The December design is cozy in feeling, beyond compare, where in the rosy firelight of the winter's evening sits the spinner at her flax wheel. No rude attempts at art can dispossess this picture of its charm.

These types mark the incipient steps in the introduction of the prolific illustrated literature of the present time. In the absence of other periodical literature, we may well believe the almanac held an important place in the colonial household, but eagerly welcomed as it was and "conned with studious care," it was not the only literature of the period accessible to our grandfathers.

In 1799, the Social Library of one hundred and forty volumes, was opened in the parish. The books of this library were in circulation in the first quarter of the Nineteenth century. If we are to judge by the fragments

of literature that remain, we should say it was the best of the period.

The "History of Redemption," by Jonathan Edwards, that great epic in prose, represented its theology. This was the only remaining volume of the collection in our time. I read it in my early youth, drawn on by what seductive force I know not, unless it were the lofty theme and majestic thought of the great soul that was inditing the matter.

The library also contained the "Scottish Chiefs" that our grandmother Strong had read in early life, a fact that confirms me in the opinion that the book was the highest type of the Historical Novel.

"Charlotte Temple," I heard discussed by my forbears. I bought a reprint a few years ago, from sheer curiosity.

EPITOME OF THE CLARK LINE.

1. WILLIAM CLARK of England came to Haddam in 1662. He died July 22, 1681.

2. SERGEANT JOHN CLARK, his son, m. before 1676, Elizabeth White, daughter of Captain Nathaniel White and granddaughter of Elder John White, died August 27, 1711, at Middletown.

3. NATHANIEL, son of Sergeant John, born April 18, 1676.

4. JABEZ, son of Nathaniel, born in Haddam in 1717; m. Sarah Judd, August 5, 1742; died in East Hampton, April 25, 1766, aged 47 years and nine months.

5. NATHANIEL II., born August 7, 1743; m. Elizabeth Norton, November 6, 1766. Second wife, Dorothy Hale, died January 18, 1814, aged 70.

6. EUNICE CLARK, daughter of Nathaniel Clarke

and Elizabeth (Norton) Clark, born May 4, 1768. Married Sparrow Smith.

7. NATHANIEL CLARK SMITH, son of Sparrow Smith and Eunice (Clark) Smith, m. Charlotte Strong, May 23, 1816.

8. SPARROW ADONIJAH SMITH, son of Nathaniel Clark Smith and Charlotte Strong Smith.

SIXTH GENERATION.

William (I.), John (II.), Nathaniel (III.), Jabez (IV.), Nathaniel (V.), Eunice (VI.).

Eunice, our grandmother, the daughter of Nathaniel Clarke and Elizabeth Norton, closes the Clarke name in our line by her marriage with Sparrow Smith, May 5, 1787.

They had five children, four of whom lived to advanced life and confirm in a notable manner the tradition that the Clarks of our clan are a long-lived race. The children of Sparrow Smith and Eunice Clarke Smith were:

1. NATHANIEL CLARKE, born March 28, 1788. Died, aged 6 years.

2. NABBA JUDD, born Nov. 1, 1792, married Nathaniel Markham; died Aug. 7, 1880, aged 87 years and 9 months.

3. NATHANIEL CLARKE SMITH, born May 17, 1795. Married Charlotte Strong May 25, 1816. She died July 12, 1862. He died Aug. 25, 1888, aged 93.

4. BETSEY MARY SPARROW, born May 23, 1797. Married Amos Clarke, Jr., April 18, 1816; died Aug. 6, 1887, aged 90.

5. JOHN WILLIAM BURKE, born April, 1806. Married Delia Elliot West, daughter of Rev. Joel West, Nov. 22, 1827; died Aug. 3, 1902, aged 96.

OUR NORTON PEDIGREE.

John Norton (I.).

Our connection with the Norton line begins with the marriage of Elizabeth Norton, daughter of Rev. John Norton, to Nathaniel Clark.

John Norton, our colonial ancestor, was one of the earliest settlers of Branford, Connecticut, a seaport town near New Haven. He is believed to have been the son of Richard Norton of London and Ellen Rowley, his wife. His name appears upon the first page of the first book of records in the town of Branford as one of the eighty-four proprietors of the township. He removed inland to picturesque Farmington in 1659, and here he made his permanent home.

John (I.), John (II.), his son, was born in Branford in 1657.

John (I.), John (II.), John (III.), called Sergeant John, was born in Farmington in 1684(?).

John (I.), John (II.), John (III.), John (IV.), our great-great-grandfather, the Rev. John, was born in the parish of Kensington, present town of Berlin, November 16, 1715. He was the fourth son and child of John and Anna (Thompson) Norton of Kensington, grandson of John and Ruth (Moore) Norton of Farmington, and great-grandson of John and Elizabeth ——— Norton of Branford.

The family is of Norman descent, and the first of the name, La Seur de Norville (anglicised Norton), came into England from Normandy in 1066, with William the Conqueror, as his constable, at that time an office of high military rank. They settled in England at Sharp-ehow, a hamlet of Bedfordshire. The Rev. John, our great-great-grandfather, is of the sixteenth generation that has been traced in England and America.

He graduated from Yale college 1737, studied theology probably in Springfield, Massachusetts, and was ordained to the ministry, November 25, 1744, at Deerfield, first pastor of the church at Bernardston, Massachusetts.

There are still extant the order of exercises for the occasion, the sermon preached, and the addresses made at the time of his ordination. In 1755, after four years of service in his first pastorate, he accepted the position of chaplain on a line of forts on the Massachusetts frontier built as a defence against the French and Indians. On the morning of August 29, 1746, Fort Massachusetts, where he was at that time located, was attacked by a large force of French and Indians. After a stout resistance, the little garrison surrendered, and was carried captive to Canada. The country they traversed was, at that time, an almost unbroken wilderness. After striking the tributaries of Lake Champlain, the journey was made mostly in canoes. Upon arriving at Quebec, the prisoners were exchanged, and Mr. Norton reached Boston August 16, 1746, after an absence of about one year. The journal that he kept during his captivity was published soon after his return. A reprint was issued in 1870, with notes. He had exercised as far as possible his position of chaplain during his absence, and subsequently received some compensation. His wife and children, in the meantime, remained at Fort Shirley, which seems to have been the headquarters of the family. Here their little Anna died and was buried in a field near by. The rude stone that marked her grave, the inscription partly obliterated, is now preserved in the museum of Amherst College. On November 30, 1748, he was installed over the newly organized church in the parish of East Hampton (then), Middletown, Connecticut, their

first settled pastor, with a salary of one hundred ounces of silver. This sum was to be increased by an annual stipend of five pounds until it reached the amount of one hundred and thirty ounces, equivalent to forty-three pounds, six shillings, and eight pence, a little more than made the old divine of the classics :

“The man who was to all the country dear
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.”

There was also to be firewood unlimited from the forest primeval, brought to his door as a perquisite.

The amount voted him as a “settlement” over the parish, was equivalent to \$666.66. This seems to have been a gratuity that the new parson received upon induction into office.

He purchased a permanent home in 1752 for “800 pounds old tenor.” The property consisted of a house and barn and about twenty-three acres of land. It must have been at that time the most pretentious house in the parish, and in consideration of its elevated location, and beauty of the wide extended view, the most desirable. Far away to the west lay the wooded hill that bounded the valley of the Connecticut, whose fertile acres early attracted the settlers of the coast. The house remained for a hundred years thereafter practically the same. Here in my childhood lived my most intimate friend and school-mate, and all the details of the house were familiar to me, especially the little room above the entry that was called “the study.” This cozy little room was heated by a fire upon the hearth. Above the fireplace the wall was wainscoted. It was thus described by one who was born and bred under its roof, “In the study there was a strip of fluted wood about six inches in width which extended from the mantel to the ceiling. Each side of this was panel work, on the left, reaching to

the north wall, on the right, to the cupboard, which was about two and one-half feet in width. There was a cupboard at the top and bottom, with three drawers between, seven to eight inches deep, made of white wood and unpainted, with brass handles. The doors had brass knobs. There was a space of a few inches between the cupboard and the fireplace. The hearth was raised above the floor four or five inches, and was finished around with moulding.”

It is said that his library at the time of John's death consisted of twenty-nine books and ninety-six pamphlets, so that the whole paraphernalia of his literary labors found ample accommodation in these limited quarters. A few manuscripts, remnants of his literary production, remain, among them a sermon delivered first at East Hampton, April 24, 1757, afterwards at Kensington, Fort Ontario, and at Middletown.

Whether this diminutive specimen of literary achievement was indicative of the man or of the times, we cannot say; but the painful elaboration of the script, the marginal parsimony, the economy of time and space by abbreviations, all tell a tale incomprehensible to the present lavish generation; and they cannot be translated into modern media to an age overflowing with superabundant material. There is left the fragment of a diary, kept on an expedition to Crown Point, in which he again held the office of chaplain.

There was also at the time of the Anniversary (1898) a reprint of a sermon on the creation preached first at East Hampton, 1754, showing that he did sometimes venture into the region of speculative thought.

These are all so far as I know that remain to show in outward symbols “the thoughts that lived and fire that burned” within the compact quarters of the little

study. These remnants show a style severely plain and simple. It could not have been by the magnetism of his rhetoric that he held the hearts of his people as he went in and out among them for thirty years. There are left on record no traditions that indicate his peculiar traits or qualities; but there have been, through successive generations, living examples whose purpose and practice bear witness to the sterling qualities and gentle courtesies of the man who held the pastorate of the newly organized church, and the patient gentlewoman who walked by his side through all the varied vicissitudes of a pioneer life, and transmitted to his descendants qualities by which we judge him to have been simple, upright, hospitable, neither parsimonious nor extravagant, genial and affable—qualities that inhered in his race, and were undoubtedly the secret of the long and successful pastorate terminated only by his death. He was buried on his own ground. A simple slab of red sandstone marked the place for one hundred and fifty years with the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
THE REV. JOHN NORTON,
PASTOR OF THE 3RD CHURCH IN CHATHAM,
WHO DIED WITH THE SMALL POX, MARCH 22, A. D. 1788,
IN THE 63RD YEAR OF HIS AGE.

His wife died May 27, 1796. The stone has recently been removed to the cemetery and placed beside that of his wife.

He married Eunice, daughter of Luke and Elizabeth (Walker) Hitchcock, of Springfield, Massachusetts, who was born March 2, 1712-13. She died May 22, 1796, in the eighty-fourth year of her age. They were the parents of nine children, five daughters and four sons.

1. ASENATH, born Oct. 1738, married James Bill. He was very prominently associated with the affairs of the church and town. He was deacon of the church, and held offices of trust and honor from his townsmen. He was nine times elected representative to the General Assembly.

2. ELIZABETH, born Dec. 19, 1740, married Nathaniel Clark. See Clark genealogy.

3. JOHN, born 1743, married Edith Clark. See Clark genealogy.

4. ANNA, born Sept. 22, 1745. Died 1747 at Fort Shirley.

5. JACOB, born Dec. 15, 1748, died on prison ship, *New York*, War of Revolution.

6. ELIAS, born Oct. 21, 1750, died in November of the same year.

7. ANNE, born March 29, 1752, supposed to have died in youth, is mentioned on the church records, Aug. 13, 1769.

8. ELIAS and 9 EUNICE (twins), born Oct. 23, 1754. Eunice died in 1845 (unmarried) aged ninety.

Elias studied and practiced medicine. He died in Madison, Maine, about 1846, without descendant. Some of the descendants of the Rev. John Norton have occupied notable positions of trust and honor. Notwithstanding the large families of Asenath and John Norton and the numerous descendants of our grandmother Eunice Clark Smith, it was said in 1898 that there were only two living representatives of the family name, Norton.

ANNIVERSARY REPORT OF THE CONGREGA-
TIONAL CHURCH, EAST HAMPTON.

FIRST GENERATION :

JOHN NORTON I., of England and
ELIZABETH.

SECOND GENERATION :

JOHN NORTON II., and
RUTH MOORE.

THIRD GENERATION :

JOHN NORTON III., and
ANNA THOMPSON.

FOURTH GENERATION :

JOHN NORTON IV., and
EUNICE HITCHCOCK.

FIFTH GENERATION :

ELIZABETH (NORTON) CLARK and
NATHANIEL CLARK.

SIXTH GENERATION :

EUNICE (CLARK) SMITH and
SPARROW SMITH.

SEVENTH GENERATION :

NATHANIEL CLARK SMITH and
CHARLOTTE (STRONG) SMITH.

THE SPARROW LINEAGE.

FIRST GENERATION.

Richard Sparrow, the founder of the family in America, was born in England about 1580. He came to Plymouth in 1632 with his wife Theodora (not Pandora) and son Jonathan. He paid taxes at Plymouth in 1633. He left Plymouth in 1650 or 1651, and was for a time at Middleboro. In 1653 "he crossed the Bay to Eastham, where he built his first house near the old Eastham burying ground where his dust reposed for 217 years" (1877). He was representative in 1655 and 1656, and was sent to Plymouth in 1658 "to consult about the affairs of the Colony." He died January 8, 1660. His will of November 19, 1659, names his wife, Theodora, and his son, Jonathan, as executors. Some years after (1667) his widow and son sold their land and came to that part of Eastham known as Orleans, where his descendants now reside.

SECOND GENERATION.

Richard (I.), Jonathan (II.).

Captain Jonathan Sparrow of Eastham, son of Richard Sparrow, married at 21 years of age, October 26, 1754, Rebecca, daughter of Edward Bangs. She died leaving five children.

His second wife was Hannah, widow of Nathaniel Mayo and daughter of Thomas Prince and his wife, Patience (Brewster) Prince, and granddaughter of Elder William Brewster, of colonial fame, and his wife, Mary.

Hannah Prince was born about 1629, and died in 1698. The old chronicle says, "She was one of the Governor's fair seven."

Governor Thomas Prince, her father, was born in England in 1601, and came to Plymouth in 1621. He was a friend of learning, and secured revenues for the support of grammar schools in the colonies. He was described as a man of remarkable personal presence. He held the office of governor, at his own option, for eighteen years. He died at Nauset (Eastham), of which he was one of the first settlers, March 9, 1673.

The children of Jonathan and Hannah (Mayo) Prince were:

1. JONATHAN, born 1665.
2. ELIZABETH, who married a Freeman.
3. RICHARD, born 1670, married Mary Young.

THIRD GENERATION.

Richard (I.), Jonathan (II.), Richard (III.).

Richard, son of Jonathan and his wife, Hannah (Prince) Sparrow, was born at Eastham, March 17, 1669 or 1670. He married Mary Young, who died in 1724, aged 58.

This Richard was an herb doctor.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Richard (I.), Jonathan (II.), Richard (III.), Hannah (IV.).

Hannah, daughter of Richard III., and Mary Young, was born in Eastham October 12, 1711. She married Josiah Cooke February 11, 1730-31. "This family had one son, Richard, and seven daughters, two of whom married, the one a Cooke and the other a Smith, and removed to Connecticut about 1740." These two girls were Hannah and Mary Sparrow. Hannah married Josiah Cooke and Mary married Isaac Smith.

These girls were our ancestors on both the paternal and maternal sides. Hannah was grandmother Strong's grandmother, and Mary was grandfather Smith's mother. Hannah died September 21, 1784, when her granddaughter, Elizabeth Cooke, was ten years of age.

It is a curious coincidence that in the Sparrow-Cooke line there were three instances where it occurred that there were one son and seven daughters in the family. Elizabeth Cooke Strong, our grandmother, had one son and seven daughters; her grandmother Hannah Prince Sparrow was one of a family of one son and seven daughters; and Hannah Sparrow's grandfather, Governor Prince, had one son and seven daughters.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Richard (I), Jonathan (II.), Richard (III.), Hannah (IV.), Moses (V.).

Moses Cooke, son of Josiah Cooke and Hannah Sparrow Cooke, married Elizabeth Cone of Haddam. He died in 1818, aged 75.

SIXTH GENERATION.

Richard (I), Jonathan (II.), Richard (III.), Hannah (IV.), Moses (V.), Elizabeth (VI.).

Elizabeth Cooke, daughter of Moses Cooke and Elizabeth (Cone) Cooke, was married to Adonijah Strong, our grandfather, September 11, 1794. Our grandmother, Elizabeth Strong, died August 14, 1851, aged 77. Our mother, Charlotte, was one of this family of one son and seven daughters.



Home of the
Strong
Ancestry.

See page 110

ADONIJAH STRONG'S PLACE

Home of
Grandmother
Elizabeth
Cook
Strong.

See page 104



COTTAGE OF THE SEVEN SISTERS

SEVENTH GENERATION.

Richard (I), Jonathan (II.), Richard (III.), Hannah (IV.), Moses (V.), Elizabeth (VI.), Charlotte (VII.).

The Sparrow:

1. RICHARD SPARROW.
THEODORA.
2. JONATHAN SPARROW.
HANNAH PRINCE.
3. RICHARD SPARROW.
MARY YOUNG.
4. HANNAH SPARROW.
JOSIAH COOKE.
5. MOSES COOKE.
ELIZABETH CONE.
6. ELIZABETH COOKE.
ADONIJAH STRONG.
7. CHARLOTTE STRONG.
NATHANIEL CLARK SMITH.
4. MARY SPARROW.
ISAAC SMITH.
5. SPARROW SMITH.
EUNICE CLARK.
6. NATHANIEL CLARK SMITH.
CHARLOTTE STRONG.

THE COOKE NAME IN COLONIAL HISTORY.

FIRST GENERATION.

Francis Cooke came in the *Mayflower* in 1620 with one child, John, a boy of eight or ten years. His wife, Esther, came in the *Anne* in 1623 with Jacob, Jane, and Esther, so that he counted six in the division of land in 1624.

In 1626 was born Mary, and he had seven shares in the division of cattle. He was called by Bradford an old man in 1650 "who saw his children's children having children." He had married in Holland a native of the Netherlands of the Waldoon church. She died April 7, 1663. His children were:

1. JOHN, born in Holland.
2. JACOB, born in Holland.
3. JANE, born in Holland.
4. ESTHER, born in Holland.
5. MARY, born in Plymouth.

SECOND GENERATION.

Jacob, younger son of Francis, born in Holland, came with his mother on the ship *Anne* in 1623; married in 1646 Damaris, daughter of Stephen Hopkins. Their children were:

1. ELIZABETH, born June 18, 1648; married John Doty, 1667.
2. CALEB, born March 29, 1651.
3. JACOB, born March 26, 1653; lived to 1748.
4. MARY, born January 12, 1658.
5. MARTHA, born March 16, 1660; married Elkanah Cushman.
6. FRANCIS, born January 5, 1663; died young.
7. RUTH, born January, 1666.

Jacob died in 1676.

The outline of the genealogy of Francis Cooke, the mate of the *Mayflower*, has been given not only for its intrinsic interest to all descendants of the Pilgrims, but also from the fact that the internal evidence shows that the families are one or at least very closely connected.

This illusion is so strong that an adept in genealogy says: "An attempt has often been made to connect our family with this line."

There are glints and touches of light on times and places and circumstances of temperament that indicate a tribal connection.

The Cookes were among the early settlers of Plymouth, the founders of Eastham, and the emigrants to East Hampton.

The name is now extinct in East Hampton, although their descendants in various lines are numerous and are scattered over the continent.

THE COOKE LINEAGE.

FIRST GENERATION.

Mr. Josias Cooke, of Plymouth and Eastham, Massachusetts, born about 1616, died October 17, 1673; married September 16, 1635, Elizabeth (Ring) Deane, widow of Stephen Deane, and daughter of widow Mary Ring.

SECOND GENERATION.

Josiah Cooke, of Eastham, Massachusetts, a Narragansett grantee, for soldier service, in 1675, in King Philip's War; born —, died January 31, 1732; married July 27, 1668, Deborah Hopkins (born 1648), daughter of Gyles and Catherine (Walden) Hopkins, and grand-

daughter of Mr. Stephen Hopkins, a signer of the *Mayflower* compact, he and his son Gyles having come over in the *Mayflower* in 1620.

THIRD GENERATION.

Joshua Cooke of Eastham, Massachusetts. Born February 4, 1682-3; married February 7, 1705-6, Patience Doane (born April, 1682), daughter of Ephraim and Mercy (Knowles) Doane and granddaughter of Dr. John Doane, one of the noted men of Eastham.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Josiah Cooke of Eastham, Massachusetts, and Chatham, Connecticut, born August 30, 1707; married February 11, 1730-31, Hannah Sparrow (born October 12, 1711; died September 21, 1784), daughter of Dr. Richard and Mary (Young) Sparrow and granddaughter of Captain Jonathan Sparrow, one of the most prominent men of Cape Cod.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Deacon Moses Cook of East Hampton, Connecticut, baptized September 26, 1742, at Middle Haddam, Connecticut; died May 15, 1818; married December 18, 1765, Elizabeth Cone, daughter of Noah, and granddaughter of Caleb Cone, of Haddam, Connecticut, probable descendants of one of the first settlers, Daniel Cone (originally of Hartford), who was one of twenty-eight young men that purchased (May 20, 1662) land of the Indians and founded the town of Haddam.

Elizabeth, wife of Deacon Moses Cooke, died ———.

Moses Cooke died May 15, 1818, aged 75.

SIXTH GENERATION.

Elizabeth, daughter of Deacon Moses Cooke, and Elizabeth (Cone) Cooke (born —, 1774), closes the Cooke line in our family by her marriage with Adonijah Strong, Jr. (born May, 1773), a lineal descendant of Elder John Strong, who came to America in 1626.

They were married September 11, 1794.

He died June 17, 1809, aged 36.

She died May 14, 1851, aged 77.

Children of Adonijah and Elizabeth:

1. ELIZABETH, m. 1795, Bliss Welch, son of Elder William Welch.

2. CHARLOTTE, married Nathaniel Clark Smith.

3. LYDIA, born Dec. 15, 1798; died Oct. 16, 1844; m. Feb. 4, 1815, Henry Bush, born Jan. 22, 1794; d. Dec. 7, 1869.

4. LUCY, married Henry Strong.

5. HANNAH, born Oct. 8, 1802, was married by the Rev. Joseph West to Gilbert Hills, Jan. 29, 1825.

6. CHARLES ADONIJAH, born July 6, 1804; died June 19, 1881; m., first, Lucy Brainard Hurlbut, second, Sally Hurlbut.

7. JULIA ANN, born 1806; married Harvey Harding.

8. POLLY, born Nov. 3, 1808; died May 1, 1848; married George Kilbourne White July 4, 1827.

THE STRONG LINEAGE.

FIRST GENERATION.

Richard Strong, born County Carnarvon, Wales, 1561; died, Taunton, England, 1613, married —.

SECOND GENERATION.

Elder John Strong, born, Taunton, England, 1615; died April 14, 1699; married, 1630, Abigail Ford.

THIRD GENERATION.

John Strong, eldest son. Born in England, 1626; died Windsor, Connecticut, February 20, 1698; married (1) November 26, 1656, Mary Clark, who died April 28, 1663; married (2) 1664, Elizabeth Warriner, who died June 7, 1684.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Josiah Strong, born January 11, 1678; died April 5, 1759, at Colchester, Connecticut; married January 5, 1698, Joanna Gillett, born October 28, 1680.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Asahel Strong, born June 22, 1725; died; married June 27, 1744, Butrus¹ Crouch.

SIXTH GENERATION.

Adonijah Strong, born May 21, 1749; died May 17, 1825, at Chatham, Connecticut; married Mary (Polly) Kellogg, who was born September 23, 1749; died February 9, 1823.

¹ Butrus must be a corruption of Beatrice.

SEVENTH GENERATION.

Adonijah Strong, Jr., born 1773; died April 17, 1809, at Chatham, Connecticut; married in 1793, Elizabeth Cook, who was born 1774, died August 14, 1851.

EIGHTH GENERATION.

Charlotte Strong, born January 18, 1797; died July 12, 1862; married Nathaniel Clark Smith, May 23, 1816, who was born May 17, 1795; died August 25, 1888.

NINTH GENERATION.

Sparrow Adonijah Smith, born November 10, 1838.

MAYFLOWER ANCESTRY.

HOPKINS LINE.

FIRST GENERATION:

STEPHEN HOPKINS.

His wife ———.

SECOND GENERATION:

GYLES HOPKINS.

CATHARINE (WELDON) HOPKINS.

THIRD GENERATION:

DEBORAH HOPKINS.

JOSIAS COOKE.

FOURTH GENERATION:

JOSHUA COOKE.

PATIENCE DEANE.

FIFTH GENERATION:

JOSIAH COOKE.

HANNAH SPARROW.

SIXTH GENERATION :

MOSES COOKE.

ELIZABETH CONE.

SEVENTH GENERATION :

ELIZABETH COOKE.

ADONIJAH STRONG.

EIGHTH GENERATION :

CHARLOTTE STRONG.

NATHANIEL CLARKE SMITH.

NINTH GENERATION :

SPARROW ADONIJAH SMITH.

BREWSTER LINE.

FIRST GENERATION :

WILLIAM BREWSTER.

His wife MARY.

SECOND GENERATION :

PATIENCE BREWSTER.

THOMAS PRINCE.

THIRD GENERATION :

HANNAH PRINCE.

JONATHAN SPARROW.

FOURTH GENERATION :

RICHARD SPARROW.

MARY YOUNG.

FIFTH GENERATION :

JOSIAH COOKE.

HANNAH SPARROW.

THE NAME HINCKLEY.

Hinckley is a Cape Cod name, and deserves more than a passing notice. Azubah, the infant of the migration, daughter of Deacon Isaac Smith, married John Hinckley, January, 1760.

We give from the National Encyclopedia of American Biography, some account of the origin of the name among our progenitors of the Cape: "Thomas Hinckley, Governor of Plymouth Colony, born in England about 1618, came to America with his parents in 1635; settled in Barnstable four years later.

Immediately becoming active in the affairs of the colony, he was selected deputy in 1645, representative in 1647, and an assistant in 1648, holding that office twenty-two years. Upon the death of the Governor, Josiah Winslow, he succeeded to the office of Governor in 1680, and administered the affairs of the colony continuously (excepting the four years of Andrus' rule) from 1687 to 1691, until its union with Massachusetts Bay in 1692. From 1673 to 1692 he was a member of the Central Board of the two colonies, he being a committee of the two governments.

Governor Hinckley was a man of studious tastes and habits, and collected many papers relating to Plymouth, the volumes of which are now deposited in the Old South Church collection of the Thomas Prince Library.

SUMMARY.

The four families whose lineage we record came together in the picturesque locality of East Hampton in 1742-4. They were entire strangers to each other. There were no kindred ties and no preconcerted action. They were of the same race, with an affinity of religious

sentiment. The Smiths came to Plymouth in 1629, whence, a few years later, they joined the Eastham colony, where they remained for one hundred years.

Ralph Smith III., our great-great-grandfather, came inland with his six sons to divert them from the allurements of a sea-faring life. The oldest son, Isaac, was already married to Mary Sparrow. With them came Josiah Cooke and his wife Hannah (Sparrow) Cooke, a few years older than her sister, Mary Sparrow. These girls had in their ancestry Elder William Brewster, Gov. Thomas Prince, and Jonathan Sparrow, a leading man of affairs in the Eastham colony.

The ancestors of Jabez Clark were among the first settlers of Haddam and Middletown. In 1740 a large tract of land was purchased on the east side of the river, and John the Settler came with his five sons to occupy the favorable locality, Clark's Hill.

Jabez Clark, our lineal ancestor, settled near his cousin on Clark's Hill in 1742. The Rev. John Norton was installed as their pastor in 1748, and settled on Miller's Hill, and the Cookes eventually north of the lake, called at that time "Above the pond."

These families held a common religious sentiment, and their first united effort was the establishment of a church. Among the twenty-five names, "All of Middletown," petitioning the General Assembly concerning the matter, six of them bore our family names, and three were our lineal ancestors, namely, Jabez Clarke, Josiah Cook and Isaac Smith.

From the beginning they were leaders in its interests and officers in its service. The great-grandfather, Isaac Smith, was deacon from the first establishment of the church until 1798, a period of half a century. Ebenezer and John Clark were his colleagues.

At different periods up to the present time their descendants have held the same office, which, including the service of Deacon Moses Cooke, makes a period of an equal length of time, nearly two centuries, so that it may be said that hitherto there has not been wanting in any generation a representative of our class "to stand before the Lord forever."

Jabez Clark was foremost in every enterprise of church and state.

A great deal of interest gathers about this period when we remember that these enterprising people, thus providentially brought together, were people of about the same age. Jabez Clark was twenty-nine; Isaac Smith, thirty; Rev. John Norton, thirty-one; Josiah Cooke a little older.

It may not be out of place here to say that the descendants of Ralph Smith intermarried with the old families of Plymouth.

Our great-grandmother on our father's side, the wife of Deacon Isaac Smith, was Mary Sparrow. She had in her ancestry:

1. William Brewster: Ruling Elder in Plymouth Church, distinguished among the forefathers for learning, piety, and position, of whom it is recorded, "He was a man of culture, travel, knowledge of the world, and diplomatic experience, as well as of thorough integrity and deep piety. In any age and any conditions he would have been a man of mark."¹

Probably no member of the Plymouth Colony did more to shape its policy or determine its destiny than he. He was born in Scrooby; educated in Cambridge University, and trained in diplomacy by a high official of the English government, whom he served as secre-

¹ "Story of the Pilgrims," Morton Dexter.

tary. He was exiled with the Puritans in Holland, and came to America in the *Mayflower* in 1620.

2. Patience Brewster, his daughter:

The ships *Annie* and *Little James* brought over in 1623 about one hundred passengers, who were reckoned as pilgrims, being, many of them, wives and children of those who came over in the *Mayflower*. Among these was Elder Brewster's daughter Patience, who married Thomas Prince.

Thomas Prince was born in England in 1601, came to Plymouth in 1621. He died March 9, 1673. He lived at Nauset (Eastham) of which he was one of the first settlers. He was a friend of learning, and secured funds for the support of grammar schools. He was a man of remarkable personal presence. He held the office of Governor of Plymouth Colony at his own option for eighteen years.

Hannah Prince, daughter of Governor Thomas Prince and Patience (Brewster) Prince, married Jonathan Sparrow.

PEDIGREE OF OUR GRANDMOTHER (ELIZABETH) COOKE STRONG

AND HER DESCENDANTS IN THE SPARROW LINE.

FIRST GENERATION:

RICHARD SPARROW of England
and his wife THEODORA.

SECOND GENERATION:

JONATHAN SPARROW.
HANNAH PRINCE.

THIRD GENERATION:

RICHARD SPARROW.
MARY YOUNG.

FOURTH GENERATION :

HANNAH SPARROW.
JOSIAH COOKE.

FIFTH GENERATION :

MOSES COOKE.
ELIZABETH CONE.

SIXTH GENERATION :

ELIZABETH COOKE.
ADONIJAH STRONG.

SEVENTH GENERATION :

CHARLOTTE STRONG.
NATHANIEL CLARK SMITH.

EIGHTH GENERATION :

SPARROW ADONIJAH SMITH.

CHILDREN OF ADONIJAH AND ELIZABETH
(COOKE) STRONG.

1. ELIZABETH.
2. CHARLOTTE.
3. LYDIA.
4. LUCY.
5. HANNAH.
6. CHARLES.
7. JULIA ANN.
8. POLLY.

GRANDCHILDREN.

1. ELIZABETH AMANDA WELCH, born Feb. 16, 1812.
2. CHARLOTTE SELINA WELCH, born Sept. 26, 1813.
3. FRANCES AUGUSTA WELCH, born Aug. 9, 1815.

4. JAMES MONROE WELCH, born Feb. 6, 1817.
5. HENRIETTA SELDEN WELCH, born May 8, 1819.
6. ADONIJAH STRONG WELCH, born April 12, 1821.
7. LUCY ANN WELCH, born March 24, 1823.
8. WILLIAM BLISS WELCH, born March 29, 1825.
9. SARAH JANE WELCH, born May 13, 1827.
10. DEBORAH JEWETT WELCH, born April 12, 1829.
11. DWIGHT MOSELY WELCH, born May 5, 1831.
12. HENRY STRONG WELCH, born May 9, 1833.
13. ANZOLETTE DIANA SMITH, born March 7, 1818.
14. CLARK MORTON SMITH, born Dec. 25, 1819.
15. ELIZABETH EUNICE SMITH, born Dec. 22, 1821.
16. ROXANA MARIA SMITH, born Oct. 18, 1823.
17. HENRY STRONG SMITH, born Dec. 12, 1825.
18. EDWIN DWIGHT SMITH, born March 5, 1828.
19. MOSES COOKE SMITH, born April 2, 1830.
20. JOHN CHARLES SMITH, born May 14, 1832.
21. LUCY GERTRUDE SMITH, born April 29, 1836.
22. SPARROW ADONIJAH SMITH, born Nov. 10, 1838.
23. SARAH CHRISTIANA SMITH, born Nov. 11, 1841.

24. CHARLOTTE AMELIA BUSH, born Jan, 21, 1817.
25. LUCY ANN BUSH, born Feb. 24, 1819.
26. SELINA OLIVIA BUSH, born April 21, 1821.
27. ELIZABETH EMELINE BUSH, born Nov. 7, 1822.
28. WILLIAM HENRY BUSH.
29. CHARLES ADONIAH BUSH, born Jan., 1827.
30. ALFRED ELLIOT BUSH, born Dec., 1829.
31. TALMON CLIFFORD BUSH, born March 20, 1831.
32. PHILO PARSONS BUSH, born March 15, 1836.
33. EMMA ANTOINETTE BUSH, born July 21, 1838.
34. GILBERT MINER HILLS, born Feb. 18, 1824.
35. EMILY TOWER HILLS, born March 24, 1824.
36. ELIZABETH MARY HILLS, born Dec. 24, 1826.
37. FRANCIS MORTIMER HILLS, born June 15, 1829.
38. JOSEPHINE SOPHIA HILLS, born March 24, 1831.
39. HANNAH MARIA, born 1833.
40. SOCRATES TARBOX, born May 20, 1836.
41. JOSEPHINE SOPHIA, born Feb. 6, 1840.
42. THADDEUS NEWTON, born July 6, 1842.
43. OSMER COOKE, born Jan. 9, 1844.
44. LUCY ROSALIE, born July 30, 1847.
45. FRANKLIN DANA STRONG, born Aug. 29, 1828.
46. SARAH AUGUSTA STRONG, born July 7, 1830.

47. SARAH STRONG, born Dec. 24, 1834.
48. JESSE HURLBUT STRONG, born April 6, 1837.
49. LUCY ELIZABETH STRONG, born May 24, 1849.
50. CHARLES HENRY STRONG, born Feb. 10, 1843.
51. ELIZABETH BETSY HARDING, born April 18, 1824.
52. LORENZO DOW HARDING, born Feb. 30, 1826.
53. JULIA ANN HARDING, born Feb. 25, 1828.
54. MARIETTA STRICKLAND HARDING, born May 23, 1830.
55. DANIEL STRONG HARDING, born March 4, 1833.
56. FRANCIS GILLETTE HARDING, born Feb. 17, 1835.
57. LAVINIA WHITE HARDING, born July 24, 1837.
58. JANE ABIGAIL HARDING.
59. BETSY ANN WHITE, born June 24, 1828.
60. LAVINIA STRONG WHITE, born June 28, 1830.
61. SOPHIA ALMEDA WHITE, born March 7, 1832.
62. CATHERINE COE WHITE, born July 22, 1835.
63. GEORGE HENRY WHITE, born June 1, 1837.
64. BARZILLIA MONROE WHITE, born March 18, 1841.
65. JOSEPHINE POLLY WHITE, born March 25, 1844.

Of this prolific family Aunt Lucy was the only one who had no children of her own; but she adopted those of her sisters for a longer or shorter period as occasion offered.

She was a person of unusual strength and versatility, a lover of thought and of high ideals. The common round of household cares varied considerably with her, from the strict rule of methodical sequences; and she was not, I imagine, a methodical housekeeper of the puritanic type. She entertained much more than ordinary people of the times, and everybody enjoyed her hospitality.

The Golden Wedding Anniversary of Uncle Harry and Aunt Lucy was made a "surprise," when one hundred and fifty of their immediate relatives, brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces from the Atlantic to the Pacific, filled the air with congratulations.

HYMN FOR THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

("At Eventide it Shall be Light.")

I stood at nightfall on the strand
Where lapping waters lave the shore,
And on the pebble-sprinkled sand,
Soft music murmuring o'er and o'er.

A radiant trail far as the sight
Upon the weltering billows lay,
Whence canopied in clouds of light
Sank slowly down the orb of day.

Where the broad portals of the west
With the bright light flamed high and higher,
Till glowed the wave's responsive breast
Like molten glass and mingled fire.

Restless as with a sentient pain
Broke the near wave with trembling thrill;
While on the distant widening main
Fell the warm light serene and still.

Be yours the type; the wavering sheen,
The changeful light anear that lies,
Stretch onward through life's gathering e'en,
A shining pathway to the skies.

Till wafted to its utmost verge
With steady sail in some fair even,
The far horizon-line shall merge
The light of earth and light of heaven.

Uncle Harry and Aunt Lucy are asleep now in the old cemetery. The double headstone simply records:

“HENRY AND LUCY STRONG.”

A GOSSIPY CHAPTER.

After my father's marriage he occupied the north part of the house for several years; so this is

“The house where I was born.”

The place has always remained in the possession of the family until a few years past. The last time I was home Uncle John took me down to the old place. We went across the fields a short distance in the rear of the house, and looking to the east, we saw the distant towns ten miles and more away. To the northeast the near view is very beautiful. In front to the west the distant view is intercepted by “Barton” hill about a mile away. I remember once when a child as I stood looking out of the window at the deep valley suggesting the advantages to be gained if we could come “straight across from Barton hill.” This amused my grandpar-

ents very much, chiefly I think because Aunt Eunice Norton had projected the same scheme for lessening the distance. Railroads had not then been talked of, and they little dreamed that the Air Line would pass directly by them at the foot of the hill.

Aunt Eunice Norton was supposed to have some fanciful notions, as she had not always followed the beaten track of practical human life. She was the surviving daughter of the Rev. John Norton, my grandmother's grandfather. As I remember her in my childhood she was a tall, bent, white-haired, old lady, with nose slightly aquiline, who lived alone in a little house a mile and a half west of my father's. The Congregational church was pledged to her support and it was to inherit her estate when she had done with it. I fancy nobody looked very carefully after her comfort though she was a universal "aunt." The young people used to get together occasionally and make a holiday of going to see her, carrying such things as she might be supposed to need, probably consuming themselves much of what they carried after the fashion of a modern donation. She must have lived a scanty life but she never complained or asked favors. She always "borrowed" of my mother, and she on her part followed the scripture rule literally: to lend "hoping for nothing." Aunt Eunice might have had a permanent home at my grandfather's house if she had wished. One of the familiar sights of my childhood was her bent form coming over the hill. No wonder she sometimes wished for a bee line across the valleys. The early church records kept by her father were destroyed in the burning of her house. I remember, when twelve years of age, of riding round among the thrifty housewives of the church collecting yarn to be woven into a warm winter dress for Aunt

Eunice. As I am the only person who has inherited her name it seems incumbent upon me to perpetuate her history. Our lives combined cover the whole period of the parish history. She was born October 23, 1754, and died in 1845, so that our lives overlap twenty years. She was never married. She had many descendants in collateral lines. She was aunt, great aunt, and great-greataunt to these and in process of time became an universal aunt to the whole parish. She died at the home of her great-grandniece who ministered to her needs in her last sickness. This home chanced to be on the cross lots between the Rev. John Norton's house and that of Isaac Smith, the familiar old path of her earliest infancy. Strange to say our grandmother Strong was buried from the Norton parsonage so each eventually returned to the ancestral home. The coincidences of life that seem to us so casual are all ordained of heaven in whose hands are all the things of time.

My father moved from grandfather's before I was old enough to remember. My first visit there is of doubtful recollection. I have heard the circumstances related by my grandmother so many times that I do not lay claim to any originality in the matter myself. I think I was bareheaded, my hair flying, as I stood on the back steps too small to reach the latch. "Well, it was *comical* enough," and "You did look comical enough," a pet word with my grandmother. My greeting was, "Now Lisbeth, you have run away!" At that charge I "did look beat!" These are the faint outlines of the facts that go to make up the tragedy of my *first* visit to my grandfather's of which there is any historical record. How I was entertained, whether I was punished, or when returned, nobody will ever know. I have a dim recollection of a small mite of a person trying to creep

over the bars where their ends rested on the ground. This *point de resistance* of my *escapade* being accomplished, I presume the rest of the journey made little impression on my mind.

I remember being at my grandfather's house when quite small, and all the children and grandchildren were gathered home. We caroused after the manner of children of the old time who had their liberty to play "Hot beans well buttered," or any other noisy game with "Slipperty slap upon your back. Here's a good fellow that has good luck. How many fingers do I hold up?" And then I think the children had "to wait." This needs no explanation to those who remember the experience, and when we did come to the table somebody sat on a big book, I presume myself, to elevate her to sufficient dignity for the dinner. These occasions could have been but few after I was large enough to participate; for my grandfather received an injury when I was about seven years old that disabled him for the rest of his life and although he lived to be eighty-two he was never able to perform any active labor, but busied himself in a little shop in the rear of the house as well as he was able. He rode much and visited his old friends. He was exceedingly particular and neat in his personal appearance and habits. I do not think he used tobacco in any form. He had a silver snuff box that he always kept in a little cupboard at the right hand of the fireplace, but it was more in deference to the customs of the times than to the habit of using it. After his injury he never took a step without his cane, and I remember as distinctly as though it were audible today the sound of the step and the cane as he came in at the door.

We used to go from school to "stay all night." Some-

times then we slept in the "long" chamber, a room that took in almost the width of the house. It was the width of the front entry below and had a fireplace finished with elaborate woodwork as were the fireplaces in the north and south rooms below. The bed stood across the south end of the room. Grandmother always came to tuck us up, take away the candle, and say "Nighty." When I was seven years old I broke my arm. I was there when I was recovering. I remember my grandfather saying, "Poor little girl, I know how to pity you." As I was a special object of attention I had a couch prepared below, but my slumbers were not perfect, and the solemn tick of the tall old clock, and the racing of the mice as they rattled about the loose kernels of corn in the chamber floor, seemed to my childish imagination something ponderous and awful in the silence of the night.

When we were older we used to go down of an evening sometimes. The old tin lantern that lighted us on our way is hanging in the cellar at home "to this day." Grandmother always had doughnuts for our refreshment. I never saw cider, which was at that time the universal beverage. My grandmother had a little round candle stand that held the snuffer tray and her knitting. Hospitality was her charm and she was never so hurried or busy as not to give way to company. On either end of the mantel stood the fluted silver candlesticks. In summer evenings "at dusk" was always heard the shrill song of the cricket in the hearth, and from the associations of this room came this line:

"Smote through the silence with a trenchant trill."

My grandfather was a man of strict propriety of manner. He was tall and straight: and when I asked him about Washington and his personal appearance, he

replied they had been said to bear a striking resemblance to each other. He amused himself with the pronunciation that was then coming into vogue and chaffed us youngsters if we showed negligence in that regard. I was the only grandchild that was named for our grandmother and he was particular to invert the order of my names and call me both, *Eunice Elizabeth*. He had an evening and a morning form of prayer, which was so familiar to my mind that I could once recall much of it. They were different from most people's prayers—loftier in expression—they seemed filled with the spirit of reverence. The morning prayer began, "Great Parent of all mercies, the Giver of every good and perfect gift, we thank Thee Thou hast spared our unprofitable lives." Another expression was, "Bless the poor and the needy everywhere."

Both my grandfather and grandmother laughed heartily. My grandmother had the genial Norton disposition. I can see her now as she used to stand in the door to meet us when she saw us coming, as much delighted as could be apparently. Her greeting to me was, "Is this you Lisbeth!" and I presume she showed the same attention to her numerous other grandchildren.

My grandfather lived to see the youngest of his grandchildren, Sarah Christiana Smith. There were thirty-one grandchildren. It was remarked at his funeral that no other person in East Hampton had so many descendants to follow him to the grave. It may have been true with the exception of grandmother Strong who had sixty grandchildren.

Grandfather and grandmother both wore their hair combed straight back from the face. Grandmother had a large square head like my father's. Personally he was more like his mother than her other children.

When I was a child there were enormous old-fashioned pear trees growing on the place—one at the well and two beside the wall a little south of it. Besides these there was an abundance of apples and currents. Grandmother was fond of flowers. The native blue violet was a favorite, and it would have become her large grey eyes if it had been thought fit in those days to wear flowers. On the east side of the garden path was a large red peony that was an annual delight, and bright, frail poppies flaunted their gay drapery among the sterner vegetables and dill. Then there was the delectable fennel. The last time I saw her she gave me a handful of fennel and said, "Eat this and think of me." There was a big flat rock in front of the house at the entrance of the yard, such a one I fancy as the pilgrim fathers landed on. Above this rock grew in great profusion a bed of the old-fashioned day lily. The rock and the lily are both gone. Rocks in East Hampton are not considered ornamental.

My grandparents had a wide circle of acquaintances among the best people. They were hospitable and had a high sense of propriety and family self-respect. My grandfather was a great singer in his time, and led the choir when its broad wings spread out east and west in the gallery of the old square Congregational Church, and

"Tenor and bass, the alto and the air,
Flowed in mellifluous cadence everywhere."

He had the finish and decorum of manner of the old school. My mother used to tell a story indicative of the etiquette of those times. My grandfather and other gentlemen after his style served as school committee when she was a child. After certain exercises the teacher would inquire if that was "sufficient." "I should think it was sufficient, shouldn't you, Esq. Smith?" "I

think it is sufficient, Esq. Clark." "Sufficient, sir, sufficient." *All bow and say sufficient.*

It may be the glamor of distance conceals much that is disagreeable in the past, but it seems to me there must have been in the olden times a great deal of solid, substantial homely comfort—one thing we have to be thankful for in our ancestry. They were loyal to the right as they understood right. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches; and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

My father, I suppose, was a great "rogue" when he was little. This was my grandmother's pet name for little boys. She always called them little "rogues." Her warm motherly heart had great sympathy with innocent childish pranks. Children went barefoot in those days and the boy that sat next to "Thaniel" received an unexpected scratch. When the matter was investigated by the teacher, he said by way of apology that he "happened to have a pin in his heel."

I think of father as having been constantly checked in his ambitions. He wanted to go to sea—he wanted to study medicine, and he was in every way especially fitted for a physician, and yet his habit of deference to his parents' wishes was probably the preventing cause. He traveled through the Middle and Southern states, and once in early life made a sea voyage to Charleston, S. C. He came west on a visit once; but his home has always been within the distance of a half mile from his birth-place. Growing up there with his townsmen he secured their respect, and was successively elected to all the offices that the town confers. He held the office of town clerk for twenty-five years, and from my earliest childhood I remember of hearing him called Esq. "Thaniel" to distinguish him from his father.

When my father was a boy the large old-fashioned fireplaces of a century ago were still preserved and he had his place in the chimney corner after the custom of the times. These old remnants of the days of the "forest primeval" have mostly disappeared. Wood, which is now so great a luxury, was then a drug, and the great trunks of trees were consumed as "back logs" in the cavernous depths of the huge fireplaces. Another memory of the old home of interest to me is the garret. There is a huge bin in the form of a cask built originally as a receptacle for the grain in the days when each man raised the breadstuff of his own family. There are also outline ships drawn on the rough boards of the roof by the boy "Thaniel," when his mind was full of the images of the sea. On ordinary occasions my grandmother used a round tea table which after every meal was turned up against the wall. She had besides, for company that demanded it, a large dining table with leaves of immense proportions compared with the width of the top. This always stood in the southwest corner of the south room and on it lay the family Bible. What books other than the Bible my grandparents read I hardly know. There were in the house in my childhood some queer, old, old books with *f*'s for *ses* and other antiquated marks of style. It was gently hinted to me that they were beyond my comprehension, and no doubt advisedly so. My grandfather was much interested in Goodrich's History of the United States at the time of its publication, I imagined then, more particularly because he had helped to make its history, and through it reviewed the campaigns of his early life.

My mother was called "Lottie," the diminutive of her grandname, Charlotte, which was characteristic, she being a woman of great energy, dignity, and contempt

of "nonsense." In early life she was fond of dancing in which she excelled. Apropos to this thought there is an anecdote told of her girlhood. It used to be said when a younger sister was married that the elder unmarried one "danced in a pig's trough." This allegorical expression my mother took it into her head literally to fulfill, upon the occasion of this unscriptural procedure on the part of her sister next younger, and Aunt Lucy, who told me of it, described how she stepped through many measures in those narrow limits.

Among the relics most highly prized is the little flax wheel; of all domestic machinery the most graceful in design, and full of attractive movement. I remember the whole process when the wheel was brought out and the spinning began. As a child I must have been fascinated with the witchery of its operation.

The little instrument had a spirited and withal a dainty air. The rim of the wheel, about three inches in width, was decorated with handsome groovings. The spokes were elaborately turned. The distaff could not have been of a more graceful form, had "beauty been its only excuse for being." This was first prepared, the distaff being held in the right hand, the head of flax lightly in the left.

A series of deft movements revolving the distaff, and the transfer of the soft, silken, fluffy substance was accomplished; every part of the little flyer examined; a touch here and a movement there; and last the dip of the finger in the gourd that furnishes just the amount of moisture necessary to combine the flexible strands in a smooth continuous thread.

Mistress of the situation was our mother, with the perfection of adroit skillful movement; her light foot upon the pedal keeping time to the rhythm and elan of

the movement, while we stood around entranced by the matchless symphony of the performance.

Numerous other cares made this queenly occupation a rare delight, which still lingers about the little flax wheel, and I long ago adopted its symbolism in the motto:

“Get ready thy spindle and thy distaff, and God shall furnish thee flax.”

OUR GRANDMOTHER STRONG.

Our grandmother Elizabeth (Cooke) Strong was the daughter of Deacon Moses Cooke and Elizabeth (Cone) Cook, who was the daughter of Noah Cone, and granddaughter of Caleb Cone of Haddam, Connecticut. They were probably descendants of one of the first settlers, Daniel Cone (originally of Hartford), who was one of the “twenty-eight young men” that purchased, (May 20, 1662), land of the Indians for thirty coats, and founded the town of Haddam. It is interesting to note that another of these twenty-eight young men, William Clark, was among our ancestors. Our grandmother was born in the old “grandfa’r” Cooke house “above the pond.” That was then an important part of town, and had a good society. She lived there with a brief interval until the last years of her life. She had a remarkable fair complexion and soft yellow-brown hair that was but little changed in her old age.

She was small in person, and my grandmother Smith told me that she used to be called in her girlhood, “Little Lizzie Cooke.” She had eight children, the oldest only twelve at the time of grandfather’s death. He was a very handsome man, dark, large-eyed and tall. Our grandmother was retiring and sensitive, yet great energy

of character was displayed in rearing and keeping together her little family.

She probably had a literary taste surpassing most persons of her day. Her love of reading was gratified by means of a circulating library, which was established in the early history of East Hampton (1799), and she discussed the current literature of the day. Her only son, Charles Adonija Strong, was naturally a philosopher. He would tell you it "stands to reason" so and so, which I believe is now coming to be considered the "ultimate rule of right." Our grandmother Strong, mingled with great delicacy of feeling and gentleness of manner, great decision of character. She was courageous and brave, coming on horseback through the Somerset woods after nightfall, when prowling beasts haunted the forests, and weird voices of the night filled the wild woods. She was independent in spirit. She managed for herself and her little family in various ways open to persons dependent upon their own exertions. She cut and made men's clothes, as it was then the custom for women to do, going from house to house to sew. She seemed to be able to do everything equally well, and I think this business of tailoring was adopted by her in the emergency which made it necessary for the support of her family. I asked her once in my childhood if she learned the trade. She only replied with a look and a little shaking inward laugh at my simplicity. She never laughed aloud, but was always young in spirit, and sympathized with youth. The lines she wrote in my album in 1847 are so much like herself that they seem to me her own composition. I have never seen them elsewhere.

ELIZABETH.

Fragrant the rose is but it fades in time,
The violet sweet but quickly past the prime,
White lilies hang their heads and soon decay,
And whiter snows in minutes melt away.
Such and so withering are our early joys
Which time or sickness speedily destroys.

Chatham, June 23.

Elizabeth Strong.

Grandmother Strong was a woman of opinions in the days when opinions were less expected of women. She embraced the Methodist doctrines in their early times. She was a firm advocate of temperance, and I remember in my childhood having heard her close up an argument on dram drinking, in these words, "If a man stands up for it, *he loves it*," a proposition that contains about all there is in that phase of the subject.

The grandmothers were both at my wedding in black silk dresses and neat white caps.

In the old, old time the struggle with the forefathers seems to have been how to get rid of the wood, the accumulation of the centuries. On the long, cold winter evenings, sitting before the blazing logs whose flames roared up the wide chimney till they gradually charred and turned to ashes, the family finally, as "the clock told the hour for retiring," gathered the brands together, where they smouldered and kept the fire until morning. Persons who lived in those days remember the voices of the chimney, how it howled and bellowed on tempestuous nights as if battling with the storm god: and how peacefully and smoothly the flames darted up in a clear time.

Tradition tells us that "grandfa'r" Cooke, our great-grandfather, before his bright evening fire, regaled him-

self with oysters roasted on the half shell, a luxurious banqueting that I think has not been generally honored by his offspring. He was accustomed to pray for his descendants, so there are some prayers lodged in Heaven for us "even unto this day."

"Grannie" Strong, my mother's grandmother, was a Kellogg. She had distinctive characteristics. She has the credit of our dark complexion and black eyes for the Cookes were remarkably fair. They lived north of "grandfa'r" Cooke's, raised a large family, mostly stalwart boys, and were good livers according to the times. The busy noisy kitchen smoked with viands and vegetables. The roystering boys filled up the measure of their boyhood with unmitigated boyishness, and her characteristic check, "there, there, there," became proverbial in the family. Our mother resembled her in energy of character.

The fertile acres of the valley of the Connecticut early attracted the attention of the settlers on the coast, and the possession of this desirable locality soon became a matter of controversy among individuals, as well as the powers behind them, who were parcelling out the continent. The story of the struggle for its possession has been variously told, "According to the point of view of the narrator."

It is safe to say, probably, that in this favored locality, have been wrought out some of the most important problems of civil polity. This work was begun early in her career. "The Fundamental Orders" of Connecticut, adopted in 1639, formed the first written constitution known to history.

Motto—"Qui transtulit sustined."

We copy some statistics given by a citizen of the neighboring state, Massachusetts. He claims "there is

no spot on this continent which has produced so many eminent men—literary, intellectual and practical—as Connecticut;” and in support of all this he gives a variety of comparisons between the two states as proofs, taking Massachusetts because it is a state that is supposed to stand unrivalled.

“To begin with, who would say that Connecticut is a richer state than this? And yet, according to the last official returns, the property of this state divided among its inhabitants would give to each one \$530, while the property of Connecticut thus divided would give to each of its inhabitants \$980. We think we have been pretty patriotic during the war, and furnished our part of the troops; but while we have furnished one soldier to every 41 of our inhabitants, she has furnished a soldier to every 31 of her inhabitants.

“This writer also claims that his state has always furnished more than her proportion of the legislators of the country. And in proof of it he refers to Lanman’s Dictionary of the United States Congress, and out of 3,200 whose origin can be traced, he finds that 252 were born in Connecticut, and 222 in Massachusetts, when with a population two and two-thirds greater, 672 would have been her share.” The fact is also stated, which is certainly a remarkable one, that in the convention that revised the constitution of New York, in 1821, out of 126 members, 32 were natives of Connecticut. The celebrated French statesman De Toqueville, who visited America in the beginning of the Nineteenth century to study our methods both punitive and reformatory, found that “9 senators and more than 30 representatives were born there, and he says “dat leetle yellow state you call Con-nec-de-coot is one very great miracle to me.”



E. E. Mearns

In Memoriam

Elizabeth Eunice Smith Marcy

1821-1911

1. INTRODUCTION.
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"GET READY THY
SPINDLE AND THY
DISTAFF, AND GOD
SHALL FURNISH
THE FLAX."

INTRODUCTION.

The manuscript of the foregoing history was in the hands of the printer at the time of Mrs. Marcy's death. She had been engaged in its preparation for the last ten years of her life, and had found in the work that pleasant mental occupation, which was a vital necessity to her, and which helped to prolong her career. We cannot think of her now as other than the same eager radiant spirit as, when in a bodily form, she still moved among us.

It has seemed fitting to her many friends that a brief sketch of her life with its varied activities and unusual characteristics and also some of her poems should be appended to this volume. As these facts are largely embodied in the voluntary tributes of personal friends, in the press notices and appreciations, and in the funeral address of Dr. Terry, we are using extracts from these as the best *written* memorial to offer of a personality both rare and beautiful, and one to be cherished forever in the hearts of all who were privileged to know her. Marcy Home will, we trust, long remain as her best memorial.

The few selections made from a long list of her poems give such an insight into the mind and spirit of the Author as could be conveyed in no other way.

If this little volume shall bring pleasure to her relatives and friends, and some measure of good to a cause very dear to her, it will realize a most earnest desire of the last years of Mrs. Marcy's earthly life.

M. B. R.

Evanston, March, 1911.

MEMORIES OF MRS. MARCY.

Memories of Mrs. Marcy, and impressions of her strong personality are interwoven with the recollections of my earliest life in Evanston, but my intimate association with her began many years later, when I was for a time an inmate of the home where repeated bereavements had left her solitary.

The Family Record was then in process of construction, and quite by accident we discovered that we were descended from the same Puritan ancestor, and shared in common a great-great grandmother.

The relationship was hailed with mutual satisfaction. From that day she was my Cousin Elizabeth, and until her failing sight made writing difficult, a most enjoyable correspondent. I regret not having preserved her letters, full of wit, wisdom, quaint philosophy, and keen but not unkindly comment upon passing events.

With positive and well-defined convictions of her own, she was most hospitable towards those of other people, not with that charitable forbearance that is so much more exasperating than opposition, but with full recognition of their value and right to respect. Her quick sense of humor was not only a delight to others, but often illuminated and modified her own judgments. She never felt it necessary to defend her convictions, or explain her conduct, but many instances occur to me when she seemed to avoid taking too serious a view of a trying situation by turning upon it the light of her ready wit.

She had a genuine love of flowers, built perhaps upon her early scientific knowledge of them, but really a deep affection and sympathy not understandable to those who simply admire flowers as decorations.

She once said of a rampant weed that had filled the

end of the porch with its vigorous growth, "Yes, I know: it's nothing but a weed, but it was so *peart*, and so sure of itself I just enjoyed it. It didn't seem hardly fair to pull it up without giving it a chance to show what it could do."

To give the unfortunate a chance was an incentive that always appealed to her, enlisting her tireless energy and dauntless courage. Nothing that was worth doing seemed to her too difficult to undertake, and Evanston and Chicago can testify to the wisdom and perseverance with which she found a way or made one for the enterprises to which she set her hand.

I cannot expect to add anything of value to the tributes already brought to the character and work of Mrs. Marcy. I can bring only a simple remembrance of the friend I knew and loved.

I think of her literary gifts and poetic talent that found small outlet in her busy life—of her artistic taste and ability, evident in spite of the lack of training which might have made it a pleasure to herself and others—of the loyalty of her friendship—of the depth and tenderness of her affection, of the calm steady flow of a life in which she walked with the Master as the early disciples did, conversing of food and raiment and the exigencies of daily need, and of those deeper spiritual conflicts upon which the curtain was never lifted but which sometimes left her face transfigured.

And then I think how with the passing years her vision had grown dim—how one by one her best beloved had passed on to the communion of saints, and I can only be glad that she, too, has stepped through the open door and walks with them in light.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

A TRIBUTE TO A DOER OF GOOD DEEDS.

MRS. GEO. O. ROBINSON.

Mrs. Elizabeth E. Marcy is a name that is loved and honored throughout the wide domain of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her life of nearly ninety years was lived within the century in which woman's life has undergone reconstruction; fresh opportunities have been opened, larger capacities have been shown, and the co-operation of women in important organizations at the close of this century is an admitted advantage.

Mrs. Marcy was born a member of a Christian family, a family well known in New England; her ancestors were among the Pilgrims of the "Mayflower." Such an environment helped to stimulate the qualities that were hers by birth. The discussions in her home, and the lectures given in the Lyceums of old New England dealt with the burning questions of the day, Slavery and Intemperance.

Every good cause had in her a friend. When the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was formed she became active in its service, and ten years later when the Woman's Home Missionary Society was organized she at once shared in the hopes, the difficulties and the results of its founders and early leaders. I well recall her coming to the Woman's College in Evanston, asking permission to address the girls on this subject so dear to her. I also recall that at the Annual Meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society held in Cincinnati, October, 1882, Mrs. Marcy responded as the Corresponding Secretary for the Rock River Conference Woman's Home Missionary Society. At the Second Annual Meeting in October, 1883, Mrs. R. S. Rust called the at-

tention of the meeting to the subject of establishing a Training School for Missionaries. A committee was appointed to consider the subject of which Mrs. R. S. Rust was chairman and Mrs. E. E. Marcy was secretary. At the same meeting in October, 1883, the committee made a report recommending that the Woman's Home Missionary Society establish such a Training School for Missionaries and that this school be located in Chicago. It was she who made the motion which brought the latter question to a decision, and in commenting on this fact, a few years ago, Mrs. Marcy said:

“And thus was launched the great bark of Deaconness Work in America,—a little woman doing a little thing that nobody else wanted to do, at the same time ‘a little scared.’ ”

It has been well said of Mrs. Marcy, “She drew her inspiration from all goodly enterprises, looking to the elevation of mankind.”

The Mission founded by the Woman's Home Missionary Society in a needy district of Chicago in the center of a large foreign population was well named the “Elizabeth E. Marcy Home.” From small beginnings it has become a large and important Mission, extending its wholesome influence not only within its immediate locality but by prosperous branches in other parts of the city.

The memory of this good woman will be kept green through her good deeds. To quote from one of her own speeches, “We have indemnity from oblivion only in combined labor. He who links his memory to great issues lives in them. For ourselves alone there is not immortality of fame. As individuals we die and are forgotten, but great deeds are immortal.”

PRESS NOTICES AND APPRECIATIONS.

Full of years, loved, honored and admired, a saint in Israel, Mrs. Oliver Marcy went to her reward Thursday, January 26, 1911. Passing away at the advanced age of 89, she has spent almost the whole of her married life in Evanston and her intimate friends are numbered by the score. Everybody that knew her grieves that she is gone, yet so full was her life, so simply absolute to her were the facts of her religion, that grief is tempered by sweet recollection. She never knew a dull day, an idle one or a cheerless one. She radiated sunshine, and her quick wit and ready jest made her presence delightful, while the grace and charm of her was like a benediction.

Always a member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, there were none of its activities in which she did not have a commanding share. She saw the laying of the cornerstone of the old First Methodist Church building, was present when the box taken from that stone was opened last spring and at the laying of the cornerstone of the new building just completed.

The Elizabeth Marcy Home is a settlement house in the Bohemian district in Chicago which was founded through her efforts and has grown from small beginnings to be a very considerable factor in Chicago's regeneration. A fine new building was erected some time ago, the dedication taking place March 21, 1896. At that time Mrs. Marcy wrote a poem as a souvenir of the dedication.

Mrs. Marcy was a poet. One of her hymns is in the Methodist hymnal and the verse she wrote would fill a volume. She wrote many leaflets as well as poems, and a work that is now in the hands of the printer, upon

which she had spent years of effort and research, is a history of her family, tracing it from England to Connecticut in very early days. If her poems were published they would make a good-sized volume.

Mrs. Marcy was born in Eastham, now East Hampton, Connecticut, December 22, 1821, being one of an ancient and honorable New England family, and when she graduated became a teacher in Wilbraham Academy, in Massachusetts, where so many well-known Evanstonians have been pupils from time to time. It was there that she met Professor Oliver Marcy, who was also a teacher.

They were married there and came west in 1862. Professor Marcy had been offered the professorship in Zoölogy, just established, and they became residents of Evanston. Professor Marcy was one of the most beloved of the university professors. When the stone building was built and quarters given to the museum he became its custodian, and it was his loving work that built it up to its present proportions. He died March 19, 1899, full of honors and universally beloved.

While Mrs. Marcy was in possession of most of her faculties up to the very last, it was one of her trials that within a few years her sight had failed until she could no longer read nor write. That was a great deprivation for her. Ideas and inspirations came to her like a flash and she used to write down their substance and thus preserve something that was always worth while, but when she could no longer do that she bore her burden with a smile and a laugh, and no one ever heard her complain of her lot.

A long-time friend once asked of another friend of hers: "Did you ever hear Mrs. Marcy say she felt blue?" After a moment's thought the reply came:

"No, I never did but I have frequently heard her say that she felt 'pestered,' which was her Yankee way of expressing her feelings over the things that troubled her.

Mrs. Marcy was unconventional in small matters but without criticism of those who held a different point of view. She simply must follow after "the things worth while," as they were revealed to her.

Another friend writes: "She was an embodied protest against all kinds of snobbery—snobbery material—snobbery intellectual—and snobbery spiritual. She needed no Thackeray to help her realize its smallness or create the occasion for its inanities. She was content to be herself with no pretensions or apologies. She breathed her native air and was as sweet as a May morning."

At one time when remonstrated with for not doing more for her own bodily comfort she said: "Why, I do not get my enjoyment from *those* things!" And again in speaking of fashions in dress she said: "I am too busy preparing my robe of righteousness to find time to attend to fashions."

Mrs. Marcy was the third of a family of eleven, of whom two brothers and a sister still survive. To her two children were born who died at a very early age, and a daughter, Maud, who died at the age of thirteen. Her daughter, Anna, who became the wife of Dr. Frank H. Davis, died February 22, 1901. The children of Anna Marcy Davis are Mrs. Sidney Morris, Oliver Marcy Davis, Frank Howard Davis and one grandchild, David Davis Morris.

The funeral services were held at the home conducted by Dr. M. S. Terry and Dr. Timothy P. Frost. The hymn written by Mrs. Marcy, No. 427 of the Methodist Hymnal, was sung.

The pallbearers were old friends, Mr. Henry A. Pearsons, Professor Daniel Bonbright, Professor Thomas Holgate, Professor R. L. Cumnock, Professor H. F. Fisk and Professor A. V. E. Young.

The remains were taken to Wilbraham, Massachusetts, to be laid by the side of her husband and the children who had gone before.

DR. TERRY'S TRIBUTE.

Dr. Terry's tribute to Mrs. Marcy was as follows:

"We are all feeling and thinking, as with one heart today, of a beautiful and richly ripened sheaf gathered into the heavenly garner.

"A human life of nearly ninety years is quite exceptional; such a long life adorned with many virtues and abundant in good works is always powerful in its impressiveness. It must needs have touched so many other human lives and have left helpful impressions never to be forgotten.

"Mrs. Marcy's residence in Evanston has been almost coincident with the history of this place. Few were the houses here when she and her husband came in 1862, nearly half a century ago. She has survived nearly all of that noble company of early residents whose names are household words among us and whose good works are treasured as an inheritance of inestimable value.

"The ancestors of our departed friend were among the Pilgrims of the Mayflower, and no one of us who knew her well could doubt that she was a worthy descendant of sires like those who laid the foundations of New England civilization.

"Her early educational advantages were superior and were wisely improved. She was a student in the old

Wilbraham Academy, and an early pupil of Clark T. Hinman, who afterward became the first president of Northwestern University. Her cultured mind made deep and indelible impressions upon those who came to know her intimately, and to share her helpful friendship.

“A woman of her gifts and position could not be other than an efficient worker in many benevolent enterprises. She was active in the Woman’s Foreign Missionary society, the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union, and the Woman’s Home Missionary Society. For some fifteen years she was corresponding secretary of the Home Missionary Society of the Rock River Conference. Her excellent judgment and her zeal in every good word and work were everywhere recognized. She possessed, withal, a cheerful spirit and a quaint humor, which added not a little to the charm of her personality and to the efficiency of her labors. It was a fitting and a worthy tribute to her honor and the affection in which she was held that one of our most useful home institutions, that genuinely Christian social settlement in Chicago, which is shedding its wholesome influence upon one of the centers of foreign population in that great city should have been named the Elizabeth E. Marcy Home. Long may that goodly institution stand as a light in that part of the city and a fitting monument of her Christlike spirit and purposes.

“She felt the keenest sympathy with the toiling millions, the neglected children, the discouraged invalid, the homeless wanderer, and those exposed to manifold temptations. How deep her sense of life’s responsibilities! How tender her affection for all the true, and good, and gentle, and pure, and self-sacrificing!

“It was my lot to be close to Mrs. Marcy in two great bereavements, probably the two greatest of her life.

Twelve years ago there was a large gathering here to pay the last duties of affection and honor to her noble husband who, for more than thirty-six years, had been prominent in our university life and work. Not long after, the beloved daughter, Mrs. Davis, was taken from her—so untimely, as it seemed to us. But the deep, strong religious nature and the lofty spirit that had already learned to sing and cry, ‘out of the depths,’ was calm and very gentle in those trying days. She showed the faith that could

“ ‘Transcend the passing hour,
The transient pain and strife,
Upraised by an immortal power,—
The power of endless life.’ ”

“For days and weeks in recent months have I passed this house and seen her sitting in the sunlight near her south window, venerable in looks, and calm and beautiful in spirit, as if quietly waiting for her change to come. The sight of her bowed head and venerable figure always left me in a peculiar mood of meditation, and such words as mother, sister, saint, would come involuntarily to my lips. At such times I have found myself repeating the line:

“ ‘Her soul is like a star that dwells apart.’ ”

“Her strong Puritanical nature found expression in many ways. She drew inspiration from all goodly enterprises looking to the elevation of mankind. I remember her presence and interested look at the laying of the cornerstone of Science Hall, and somewhat later at the laying of the cornerstone of our Astronomical Building. It was not until years thereafter that I learned that she herself was the author of those lines of lofty sentiment and of faith and vision, which were sung in 1868 at the dedication of University Hall.

“We shall often think of her as a quiet, retiring, modest and somewhat peculiar nature, but also as a rare and radiant soul, a genuine prophetess, a devout disciple of her divine Master, and like Him, loving to go about doing good. How she yearned to bring in the outcasts, and care for the neglected ones, the homeless waifs, the poor and the needy! How she studied and worked in many ways to supply the wants of such!

“And what now need I say more! We all say with one heart, ‘Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.’ Our fathers, where are they? The mothers of our Israel, do they live forever? Their familiar forms pass from us, and we often yearn ‘for the touch of the vanished hand, and the sound of the voice that is still.’ But they are risen and alive forevermore. They may not come back to us, but we expect to go to them, and to be caught up together with them in the heavens of God, and to abide with them forever in the mansions of our Father’s house on high.”



ELIZABETH E. MARCY INDUSTRIAL HOME, 139 NEWBERRY AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

A FEW SELECTIONS

from

MRS. MARCY'S HYMNS AND POEMS

HYMN 427, METHODIST HYMNAL.

Out of the depths to thee I cry,
Whose fainting footsteps trod
The paths of our humanity,
Incarnate Son of God!

Thou Man of grief, who once apart
Didst all our sorrows bear,—
The trembling hand, the fainting heart,
The agony, and prayer!

Is this the consecrated dower,
Thy chosen ones obtain,
To know thy resurrection power
Through fellowship of pain?

Then, O my soul, in silence wait;
Faint not, O faltering feet;
Press onward to that blest estate,
In righteousness complete.

Let faith transcend the passing hour,
The transient pain and strife,
Upraised by an immortal power,—
The power of endless life.

OPENING OF THE E. E. MARCY HOME.

March 21, 1896.

"Call thy walls *Salvation* and thy gates *Praise*."

Except the Lórd the house should rear,
How vain were all our anxious thought!
Now let Thy glory, Lord, appear,
And crown the work our hands have wrought.

Our hope, who built these portals strong,
Upon thy faithfulness is stayed;
And shouting with triumphant song,
With joy the top-most stone is laid.

For while with gross material things
We fashioned with our human skill,
Lo, angel bands on hovering wings
Kept watch and ward to do thy will!

Our gifts we bring; but what are we?
Bless thou and keep this house we raise;
And let its walls *Salvation* be;
And let its hallowed gates be *Praise*.

Ourselves, our all we consecrate,
Obedient to thy sovereign will;
And prostrate at thine altar wait,
Till all the House thy Presence fill.

A DAY.

Oh, earth, earth, earth, where are thy vanished days!
Oh sapphire pearls, rounded with saffron eves,
And rosy morns, where hide your shattered rays,
Nor gold, nor penitence, nor prayer retrieves?
A day! a day! an evanescent dream,
A gem engulfed in night's abysmal stream,
A fragile flower unfolding to the sun,
Fading at twilight when his race is run,
A gleam from heaven that bides a little space,
Freighted with embassies of love and grace;
Jehovah's primal gift to perfect man:
When first with eve and morning time began—
What priceless ransom could a day redeem!

HYMN AT DEDICATION OF UNIVERSITY HALL.

1868.

Thee we adore, Eternal Power,
And humbly now Thy presence claim;
Regard in this auspicious hour,
Thy children gathered in Thy name—
As in the ancient Syrian wild,
Stretched on his stony couch at even,
Weary and worn and sleep-beguiled,
Thy servant saw the gate of heaven:
Open our eyes of faith to see,
Up from this sacred pile arise,
For men of high or low degree
Alike, a pathway to the skies.
Quicken our souls that we may hear,
With subtler sense than mortals know,
Down through the ages, year by year,
The serried columns come and go.
Till, gathered out of distant lands
The north and south, the east and west,
This labor of our willing hands
To earth's remotest sons is blest;
Till in these consecrated halls
Shall halt the mustering squadron, when
A thousand bucklers crown the walls,
And all the shields of mighty men.

"THERE GO THE SHIPS."

The White-winged ships are sailing all the seas,
'Neath every sky to every land and zone
By tropic zephyr, or by Arctic breeze
Borne onward; wandering pathless and alone.

Thus go the ships upon the gleeful waves,
The throbbing canvas pulsing in the gale;
Scathless above the hidden ocean caves
The silver crested seas they sail and sail.

Spices and gems, rich fabrics of Cathay,
The wealth of all the Indies is their store;
The gathered produce of the proud today,
The garnered treasures of the realms of yore.

And some fair starlit night, with regal pride,
Swift-winged, soft rocking in the offing near
They gather home, and lo! across the tide,
On the hushed air the signal guns we hear.

So ever on time's lapsing wastes there ride
The freighted argosies of thought all fair
And souls attent, at some calm eventide,
Will catch their signal in the upper air.

IMPROVISATION.

I dwell in a land of dreams,
A shadowy land, and bright;
And blest are the fountains that spring in that land,
And goodly the elm trees in beauty that stand,
And bright is the wavelet that kisses the strand,
In the land of love.

I walk in a path unknown,
A pleasant path, and fair;
A friendly hand leads me ever away,
A gentle voice bids me not delay,
And flowers and fragrance. Why should I stray
From the path of love?

I'm dreaming a dream of bliss,
A gentle dream, and sweet;
And wings of beauty are hovering near,
And garlands of roses in dew-drops appear,
And music is round me. Oh! waken me ne'er
From the dream of love.

HEPATICAS.

Where late the lingering snows, their farewell wept,
Seeking the glens remote, their grief to hide,
Spring's first frail children, all unconscious slept
In sisterly embraces side by side.

Serene amid the warring winter's dearth
And warm, within their downy vestures fold,
Close clustered to the faithful-hearted earth,
They patient bode the desolating cold.

And many a day the yet receding sun,
His pall of lengthened shadows o'er them spread;
And many a placid moon, her course did run,
And waxed and waned exultant o'er the dead.

But yestermorn, when o'er the eastern hills
The vernal sunshine stretched his golden rod,
Soft music rippled in th' enfranchised rills
And living beauty clothed th' insensate sod.

And silent thus, O man, within thy breast,
Pulseless, inanimate, unknown may lie
Through the long winter dearth of life's unrest,
The instincts of a loftier destiny.

And thou, frail soul, whose trembling heart-strings thrill
To the deep harmonies of purer spheres,
Abide in hope through time's strange discords still,
The prescient germs of good fill all the years.

THE LITTLE GRAVES.

The snow is lying soft and still
Today at eventide,
Upon two graves, two little graves,
Just up the mountain side.

The silent moon, whose silver gleam
Below the landscape laves,
Repasses with a kindlier beam
Upon my little graves.

Last morn we wove two little wreaths
Of the bright myrtle's spray,
Two chaplets for my little graves,
On the glad Christmas day.

Ah! many a radiant childish brow
May Christmas garlands wear,
And many a fond maternal heart
Bend over them in prayer.

And many a glad returning May,
Sunshine and song impart;
While through my life-long winter day
The snow is on my heart.

MANIFOLD.

Tw'as but a little heaven
The faithful housewife brought,
Yet quickly through the mass inert
The subtle essence wrought.

Tw'as but a tiny seed
Upon the insensate clod,
And lo! what plenitude of life
Sprang upward from the sod.

A word, a simple note
Upon the pulsing air,
And winged wind and balmy breath
Repeat it everywhere.

A cup: a cooling draught
Amid earth's heated strife,
That springs perennial and o'erflows,
A well of endless life.

Thy gift of earnest thought,
Thy gift of shining gold,
The heavenly Father waits to crown
With blessings manifold.

LINES TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Flower of the poets, I greet thee!
Last of thy beautiful race,
I waken with welcome to meet thee,
Friend of my earlier days.
Why closest thine eye, dewy blossom?
Rouse, brush from thee, tears of the night—
The stars have gone out in the ether,
And the day-king is up in his might.

Flower of the poets, I greet thee!
Last of thy beautiful race,
I waken with welcome to meet thee,
Friend of my earlier days.
Ha! open thine eye, dewy blossom,
The world is not always so cold;
Some hearts glow with kindly emotions,
Aye; treasures of goodness untold.

Flower of the poets, I greet thee!
Last of thy beautiful race,
I waken with welcome to meet thee,
Friend of my earlier days.
Thou teachest a lesson, fair blossom,
For the silent ones, sad and alone;
Whose sunshine is dim as September's
Whose dwelling place drear as thine own.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY HYMN, MARCH 29, 1847.

Thou dear Redeemer of our race,
To Thee with reverent hearts we bow;
Bestow the consecrating grace;
Inspire our prayer, accept our vow.
Hasten the long-predicted time;
Thy sons from distant nations bring,
And daughters out of every clime,
Thy power and wondrous love to sing:
Till every idol fame shall fall;
Till every tongue His name confess,
Who reigns enthroned high over all—
The Lord our strength and righteousness.

MY NEIGHBOR.

I sit the cheery grate beside,
And watch the ingle glow,
The while the trooping fancies glide
As feelings ebb and flow.

Abroad the wild, tempestuous wind
Shrieks through the branches bare,
Whose marshalled cohorts, unconfined,
War in the upper air.

And through the gathering shades without,
And through the sleety storm,
With mingled thought of fear and doubt
I mark a passing form.

I loved that boy: his early days
Were full of promise fair;
His honest, cordial, generous ways
Were beautiful as rare.

Ah me; we question, Who did sin?
Whence is the bitter wrong?
Have I my brother's keeper been?
Could he through me be strong?

Ah me; the latent laws who knows
That compass every man?
The good that each to other owes,
That binds our being's plan?

The evening wanes, and wanes the light;
From warmth and rest within,
We peer through the inclement night,
And question Who did sin?

EIGHT TEN TIMES.

TO MRS. MARY T. WILLARD.

Bring ye all fair and fragrant flowers!
With beauty crown these ripened hours!

Bring lily bells!

Sweet lily bells!

Oh lily bell

Of resonance impalpable!

Oh pearly notes

Of waxen throats!

Scatter the charmed mellifluous song,

The rhythmic silences among,

Ring lily bells your rhythmic chimes;

Ring softly out the eight ten times!

Bring asters; let their simple grace,

With radiant memories fill the place—

Of happy days

In childhood's time;

Of youth's fond hopes;

Of woman's prime.

Twin sisters of the shining train,

That ever chant in glad refrain—

In vibrant chords that hymn the years—

Th' eternal cadence of the spheres—

Sing ye with them in choral chimes!

Sing sweetly out the eight ten times.

Bring roses with their hearts of gold,

Whose flaming oracles unfold

Treasures of love,

Oh regal rose!

Oh rose all fair!

These be thy symbols

Rich and rare!

To love; be loved; in joy, and tears—

Oh roses all your sweetness shed,

Upon this time-anointed head;

Crowned with the garnered loves of years!

Oh rose! from all thy censers shower

Thy incensed fragrance on this hour!

In all thy chalices of gold,

Our fervid heart affections hold!

Breathe roses of all happy climes!

Breathe on this festal—Eight ten times.

THE SEA.

(Last poem written in 1910)

Go thou unto the sea, God's marvelous sea;
And meet its measure with thy feeble span:
Mark thou who holds it on His open palm—
Who hurls its tempests, who commands its calm,
Who speaks above its wild, tumultuous waves,
Who calls the dead from out its hidden caves.
Frail, puny man, the waif of wind and tide,
Lay thou thy hand in His to guard and guide.

Go thou unto the sea, God's marvelous sea;
Mark thou the billowy depths' immensity:
From the horizon's verge afar, afar,
The mustering hosts swift gathering for war;
The storm-tossed waves that mock thy puny hand,
Whose foaming courses charge the trembling strand:
Limitless, compassless, vast, unfathomed, free,
Go stand, O puny man, beside the sea.

Go thou unto the sea; behold, behold,
The priceless treasures that its caverns hold;
Cities submerged once famed in classic lore,
Great ships engulfed with all their priceless store,
Where rosy morn, and e'en meridian day,
Find in its silent depths no answering ray;
The deep, dark sea, unknown to human sight,
The rayless region of perpetual night.

The great wide sea, beyond whose frozen bars,
Alone in silence watch the patient stars,
Orion and Arcturus and the Pleiades,
The faithful wardens of the northern seas,
Shall he not compass all thy little life,
Shall he not say above its stress and strife,
Who spake above the Galilean sea,
"Peace, peace be still, and find thy rest in Me."

