

MEMORIES
OF
WALTER HOLCOMB
OF
TORRINGTON
LITCHFIELD COUNTY, CONNECTICUT

WITH A FEW DEPARTURES IN GENEALOGY,
PUBLIC RECORDS, CUSTOMS, ETC.

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1935

FOREWORD

THE following lines are, not only my recollections of boyhood days and farm life in my youth, but also references to the Holcomb genealogy and father's farm with scattered references to matters within my ken. They are submitted simply to preserve them and for what they are worth. Other than mere references, I have not put down a host of memories surrounding my St. Paul experiences of some twelve years, my occupancy of the Torrington Borough Court bench for thirteen years and my experiences of seventeen years as States Attorney for Litchfield County. Those are left for others to pass on, if they are worth passing on.

WALTER HOLCOMB.

Torrington, Connecticut
August 16th, 1935.



EDITH A. HOLCOMB

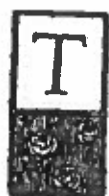


WALTER HOLCOMB AT 82



WALTER HOLCOMB AT 7 AND "OLD PETE"

MEMORIES OF WALTER HOLCOMB,
OF TORRINGTON, LITCHFIELD COUNTY,
CONNECTICUT, WITH A FEW DEPARTURES IN
GENEALOGY, PUBLIC RECORDS, CUSTOMS, ETC.



THE Holcombs are descended from Granby stock and came from Thomas Holcomb, who arrived in this country from southwestern England near Wales in 1630 along with other Puritans and Dissenters. He made the trek with other non-conforming Puritans through the wilderness and among Indians and aided in effecting the settlement of Windsor Colony. The genealogies speak of him as "having numerous progeny". I reckon he was correctly designated, as Granby and the adjoining town of Barkhamsted are dotted with Cases and Holcombs. Father was of that ancestry and the family Bible tells me that he was born November 18th, 1810, and died January 2nd, 1895, in New Hartford, Litchfield County, Connecticut.

Mother was Adah Lavina Bushnell, a daughter of Isaac and Orpha Bushnell. She was born in southwestern Hartland, September 18th, 1815, and died in New Hartford May 3rd, 1904. They were married in Hitchcoxville, (now Riverton) May 8th, 1838, and the marriage was celebrated by Rev. Isaac Bushnell.

Harvey was their first born on March 19th, 1839, but he died October 13, 1839, and was buried in the Colebrook River cemetery next to the graves of Isaac and Orpha. His grave is marked with a head stone inscribed "Harvey", and, if I remember cor-

rectly, it states that he was the child of Carlos and Adah Holcomb.

Other children followed:

Hiram Barzillia, born in New Boston, July 30th, 1840, and married when he was nineteen to Louisa Fancher of Barkhamsted on June 16th, 1860. He died in New Hartford, February 8th, 1920, and Louisa died in New Hartford, February 8th, 1924. They are buried in the Pleasant Valley cemetery in Barkhamsted, Connecticut. When Hiram contemplated marriage, he spoke to father and said he thought he was going to marry Louisa shortly and wanted our "Hog Lot" to build on. That was the notice our family had of Hiram's contemplations of marriage.

Next was my brother, Carlos Orestus who was born in Barkhamsted June 19th, 1842. He married Sarah Eliza Baker of Bakersville in New Hartford on January 3rd, 1866. She died in New Britain, Conn. on November 19th, 1921, and he died in New Britain the following day. They are buried in Marcus' lot in Oak Hill cemetery, Southington.

Then followed three others, Marcus Hensey, born Thanksgiving day, November 28th, 1844; Adah Adaline, born May 31st, 1851, and Walter, October 13th, 1853, all born in New Hartford.

Marcus married Sarah C. Bennett, October 16th, 1872, and had one child, Marcus Hensey, Jr., who died within a few hours of his birth. Sade died December 3rd, 1901, and Marcus on March 5th, 1932, both in Southington. Father and mother, Marcus and Sade and their child, Sterrie, Adaline's husband, Orestus and Eliza, my own wife and our second born, Dorothy, are all buried in Marcus' lot in Oak Hill cemetery, Southington.

Marcus settled in the practice of law in South-

ington, and became judge of the local court, Judge of Probate, representative in the General Assembly from Southington, Senator from the old Fifth District, attorney for Hartford county and its County Commissioners, State Comptroller, speaker of the House in 1905, Attorney General, World war Governor and Judge of the Superior Court. Naturally we all enjoyed his political advancement, but to us he was always, "Marcus", to mother "Hensey" and to Adaline, "Deacon".

Adaline married my old school mate, Sterrie A. Weaver who was born in New London, March 16th, 1853. He died in Westfield, Massachusetts, April 20th, 1904. Sterrie was the original author of sight reading of music and is so recognized by the musical profession.

He was not good at dodging a contest, and on one occasion he and Marcus had a five dollar bet that Sterrie could not "pig back" Marcus out of town into Barkhamsted. Sterrie won the bet.

Adaline and Sterrie had one child, Bessie Mae Weaver, who is interested in painting in oils, water colors etc. She made oil paintings of several of our Governors, which hang in the Judiciary Building in the State Library, where all of our Connecticut Governors have portraits. Bessie is a teacher in art in the Holyoke schools. She and her mother live at 61 Western Avenue, Westfield, Mass.

I was the youngest and was born October 13th, 1853, in New Hartford. I sincerely hope I may find a resting place beside my wife in Marcus' burial lot in Oak Hill cemetery.

We have two children, Carlos Sanford Holcomb, born in St. Paul, Minn., August 14th, 1889. He is now a lawyer and Trust Officer of the First Nation-

al Bank in Hartford, and is married to Olive Jones. They live at 550 Farmington Avenue, Hartford. Also, wife and I have a daughter, Adah Caroline Roberts, who is married to David Stewart Roberts (commonly called Stewart) and they live at 415 Everson Place, Westfield, New Jersey. Stewart is the construction engineer for the New Jersey Standard Oil Company. They have three children, Adah Grace, born October 9th, 1921, Marcia Holcomb, born July 30th, 1927, and David Stewart, jr., born February 4th, 1932. Their summer home is at Tunxis Lake in Tolland, Massachusetts.

Wife and I had a daughter, Dorothy, born in St. Paul March 6th, 1894, and she died there January 7th, 1895, 8 months and a day old.

So much for the family Bible.

Father's Farm

Father's farm on Holcomb hill in New Hartford, so commonly called, where Marcus, Adaline and I were born, is still in the family. It was the old Gillet farm, or so much thereof as had not theretofore been sold. It was acquired by father by two deeds; one from Major Sanford Brown for 100 acres on the east side of the fifth highway with dwelling house and barn thereon. The other was from Darius B. Smith, guardian of Maj. Brown's minor son. There was where the "Gorman Lot" so called, was created. The first deed was dated July 1st, 1843, and is recorded in Vol. 16 page 264 of New Hartford Land Records, and the other was dated July 8th, 1859, and is recorded in Vol. 20 page 540 of the same land records. Smith married Major Brown's daughter.

So much for the Land Records.

Houses

Marcus, Adaline and I were born in house No. 1. This was an old-fashioned house with a roof sloping to the west, or street, with front door at the southwest corner facing south, just outside the highway fence and with long sloping roof to the east toward the well down two terraces. The well had a well sweep and bucket. Later that was replaced with a windlass and curb. Nearby was an old black-heart cherry tree and large iron kettle and also nearby was mother's hogshead for wood ashes for making lye for soap which she mixed with fats, and other soap ingredients. They were all within a radius of some ten or twelve feet.

I remember distinctly the front or living room with its fireplace and the kitchen on the east side of the house, out of which led a path down to the well. That old well is used now, more as a refrigerator as we patronize the one at the old barn, sometimes called the "sheep well", which has excellent water.

Father must have possessed some artistic sense, for when he built house No. 2, he selected a site scarcely two rods distant, but commanding a splendid view of the villages of New Hartford, Pine Meadow, Puddle town, Satan's Kingdom and, on clear days the distant trap dykes of Meriden as well as "Huckleberry Hill" in Collinsville. House No. 2 burned to the ground with all its contents in January 1876 at noon. The folks from New Hartford, Pine Meadow as well as elsewhere, flocked up the hill and formed a bucket brigade, but the flames had progressed so far that the house could not be saved. I was in New Haven at the time. As quickly as Marcus heard of the fire he appeared, took charge and up went house No. 3 on the same foundations as house No. 2.

I remember very well when we moved from house No. 1 to house No. 2. My brothers had gone off to the pond for a swim. Mother had a woman, Susan Griffin, working for her, and Susan would not allow me to go until I had moved some small crocks. This I did under protest, and then skipped for the pond, much to the disgust of my brothers for they had me to look after.

It was then or on some later occasion that Colby Case taught his brother, Bennett, to swim. Bennett sat in the stern; Colby had the oars. Suddenly he jerked the boat and Bennett tumbled over backward. Of course he had to swim, sink or drown. Well, he swam. Of course Colby kept his eye on him but Bennett learned to swim.

The cellar to that old house remained after the house itself was torn down. Adaline and I went out one fine day in winter. The snows had drifted into that cellar and we were attracted. So, we jumped out into the middle of that drift of snow. That was easy, but to get out was quite another matter. We struggled and the more we struggled, the deeper we sank. We looked at each other and our childish minds were convinced that resort to prayer was our only hope. I cannot tell if it was the Lord's prayer or "now I lay me", or if it was the rest we had during our devotions, but the next time we tried, we wiggled out and made our escape by way of the gangway at the southeastern corner. I always gave the Lord credit.

Father was a Democrat, but he was always a good American. In that Republican town, he was elected first selectman in 1867. While he was known as a Democrat, I strongly suspect that he not infrequently split his ticket. He remained in that political faith

till his death and I would not for the world have had him change his faith. I sometimes doubt if he was wholly popular, but the land records in the town and the probate records show he was quite active.

It was sometimes said that no one dared to die in that region unless Carlos Holcomb was their administrator; drew their wills and looked after those remaining.

Church

Sunday was supposed to be a day of rest; but our parents always saw to it that we were scrubbed, dressed in our best bib and tucker and made ready for church. Family devotions were the rule, conducted by father. When I was a lad we went to church in Pleasant Valley, a church of the Methodist persuasion where the congregation, when not otherwise engaged, had the pleasure of listening to three sermons a day; one in the morning, one in the afternoon and one in the evening.

Between the first and second the women and children resorted to Sister Eno's and had doughnuts and caraway cookies, and the men sought the horse sheds in the rear of the church to comment on the sermon, settle the affairs of state and arrange for exchange of stock the coming week. Later, I attended the Baptist church in New Hartford; was baptised in Southington, transferred to the Summit Avenue Congregational Church in St. Paul and to the Center Congregational church in Torrington.

I recall one time when I attended the Baptist church in New Hartford, Colby Case, Sterrie and I were up on the flats playing ball with some of the mill boys, but when the noon hour arrived, we beat it for Sunday School. We came in all sweaty, but Sterrie was superintendent, Colby was librarian

and I was high private. Exercises went on as if there had been no ball game. I trust we have all been forgiven.

Elder Atwell

There was an interesting figure in Pleasant Valley in the person of Elder Atwell, a Baptist. He knew no church creed when it came to the question of a livelihood, for every year he levied on all regardless of creed, for all kinds of grain, wood, hay and farm produce. On one occasion he gave father notice that he would have to call on him for a little hay. Father told him to drive around at any time, for he knew the Elder well. So, the old man, one Saturday appeared driving his mouse colored old horse drawing a wagon with hay rack and the Elder was garbed with Lincoln stove pipe hat set on the back of his head which was crowned with an adjustable wig. The Elder drove into the hay lot where father and the boys were haying. Father told the boys to "load up the Elder" and this they promptly proceeded to do. Father, casting his weather eye out, noted a cloud in the sky and remarked to the elder in a jocular way that the cloud looked like rain, but he supposed that Baptists did not mind getting wet. The old Elder was ready and said "no, but they do not like being sprinkled". The old man had scarcely got out of the lot before it came down whole water and the reverend gentleman was obliged to spend the next day in tedding out his hay.

The old gentleman was a Mason and belonged to Northern Star lodge, now Amos Beecher lodge. It was customary to have an annual banquet with each installation of officers. The Master reserved the Elder till all were seated and then produced him to say grace. On this occasion the Elder, after adjusting

his wig, running out his tongue several times, addressed the throne of grace, saying "Oh, Lord, Adam ate too much; Noah drank too much, help us to be temperate in all things", after which he brought his blessing to an "Amen" and fell to with the other brethren.

Preparing Corned Beef And Hams

The preparation of corned beef and hams was simple. The former were merely placed in a barrel of brine and salt with a flat stone on top.

The hams and bacon, after being treated with salt generously were put in a barrel or hogshead with lighted cobs; set fire to and nature did the rest. That was our smoke house.

Living

In the old days farmers and their families were accustomed to provide for the future. A barrel of corned beef was put down and also a barrel of salt pork. Hams and bacon were smoked and hung up for family needs. Sausages were prepared and laid down in a large crock with lard poured over them so as to cover them to keep out the air; head cheese was made from the meats of the calves heads and carefully covered with hot lard in some receptacle. Potatoes, carrots, parsnips and cabbages were stored for food. Preserves were prepared and cheeses were prepared for use. Herbs were gathered and hung up to meet family diseases. Wood was sawed, split and piled away to fend off the cold of the coming winter. Barns were filled with all kinds of grain and with hay and the necessary farm products were all carefully harvested and stored away for food for stock. We cared for our own roads; shoveled the snow from the roads. No one ever thought of calling in the selectmen to do these things

for them. Mother made her own cheese and butter; knitted socks and stockings and mittens as well as comforters for the family. She spun her own yarn and made most of the clothes for the family. She also made good soap, at least we thought so when tub day came. Pleasures and joys and sorrows were all shared.

These matters were no exception in my family; but were common to all families. Every father was a king and every mother a queen.

Memory brings back one scene when I was a boy. My brother Orestus had taken the grass on the Henderson farm, south of the southeast corner of West Hill Pond, to harvest. We had a man by the name of Alec Pinney working for us. He was six feet, five and $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, tall. Long of limb and short or normal of body. I was tedding out. It was herds grass and heavy. The mowing men had been down once; turned the double swath and squared away for the next stretch. Alec was third in line. It was considered a reflection if one mower could throw grass upon the heel of the next man's scythe. Suddenly I heard a yell and glancing up from my boy's work, I saw the air full of legs, a scythe and a black snake. It was Alec. He had run onto a black snake. The latter evidently considered that its presence was not wanted and it fled over the previous swathes in the direction of the brook at the foot of the meadow.

Boy On The Farm

How many, many times have I hung around when Mother was making cheese on the back porch or stoop, watching her squeeze the curds through her fingers and finally put the curd in the cheese cloth and into the hoop and apply the follower to run off the whey. To get the parings for me she would deft-

ly cut off where the curd squeezed up between the hoop and the follower. Also when she made pies, there was sure to be an excess of pie crust, which she baked for the boy.

It was also the custom to wash the dishes after each meal, wipe them and put them away. There was always a squabble between Adaline and myself as to which should wash and which should wipe. Well, she won, because she washed. The boy on the farm is a sort of necessary cog in farm affairs. He runs after the cows; milks them when he is old enough; turns grind stone for a 200-pound man "bearing on" with his scythe in order to stick the boy. He does a thousand and one things necessary to be done.

Uncle Hiland

We had an "Uncle Hiland", brother of my father's father and hence my great uncle. He was one of those ne'er-do-wells, who made a practice of going from one relative to another and of staying as long as his welcome held. He was a great hand to tell Indian stories and the story never lost in his telling. The minute I saw him coming I corralled him and directed what Indian story I wanted. All these yarns I built around Indian cave, a shelving rock just over the Barkhamsted line.

I well remember one set of incidents when Uncle Hiland lived in a well done off room in the basement of our house. He occupied this room which had a fireplace and was as good a room as was in our house, with an old man by the name of Leonard Tucker, if I remember correctly. Father was conservator over Tucker. The latter had a trunk in which he kept a half pint bottle of whiskey, which he said the doctor told him he ought to take for his



FATHER
CARLOS HOLCOMB



MOTHER
ADAH L. HOLCOMB

physical well being. So, he would unlock his trunk; take out that half pint bottle; just wet his lips and put the bottle back and lock the trunk. Uncle Hiland watched this proceeding for some time, and finding that no invitation came his way, he resorted to father with the statement that he was not feeling very well and he thought if he had a little liquor, it would do him good. So father finally got him a pint bottle of whiskey and the old gentleman proceeded to demonstrate that he also had whiskey as well as Tucker, but he was not satisfied with wetting his lips. He took good healthy drinks, which only increased his bravery and he would come at Tucker with his fist doubled up with little finger sticking out, so that every bone in it would be broken by a fair blow. However, he got poor old inoffensive Tucker down and many a time has Marcus gone down stairs to restore peace.

Finally Tucker went either to some relatives or died and the quarrels were at an end. Uncle Hiland went to Tariffville, where, as my memory serves me, he died. Those were days in the past and they linger only in memory.

While Uncle Hiland was at our house, the boys had set a trap for a woodchuck, but instead of getting a woodchuck, the trap caught a skunk. Urged by the boys, Uncle Hiland armed himself with a last year's bean pole and proceeded to tackle the skunk. The old man was rather near-sighted and, making a pass at the skunk, missed it but he did succeed in breaking off about a third of his pole. Still jeered on by the boys, who called him a " 'fraid cat", he advanced on the skunk and succeeded in breaking his pole in two. Now he had a good club, and, throwing aside all caution he advanced on the poor

beast and beat it to death. When he approached the house, mother caught a smell of the skunk and refused to allow him in the house. She threw out some clean clothes and directed him to bury his old ones to get rid of the smell. Uncle Hiland obeyed and finally got himself presentable.

Probably Uncle Hiland was without a peer in the State as a liar. He posed as a drummer and claimed he was a drummer in the regular army. He told of his being paid off in Spanish milled dollars for a long period of time and of his carrying this money from Fortress Monroe on foot, back up to Connecticut. Father knew what a Spanish milled dollar would weigh, and by a simple process of reckoning, noted that the money Uncle Hiland declared he received and brought back, would weigh some fifty or sixty pounds. When father began to ask him if he carried it in his trousers, and what kind of gallusses he wore, and informed Uncle Hiland how much it would weigh, we heard no more of that story.

Father's Oxen

Father had a most willing pair of oxen. The nigh one was willing to draw all the load and the off one was willing he should. This condition induced father to trade the off ox for another. As the boy of the family it was my duty to run the cows and oxen into the long stable when milking time came. I was engaged in this duty, when that new ox turned on me, lowered his head and came for me. Uncle Hiland stood on a pile of boards just outside the barn yard, and he let out a yell that could be heard in Barkhamsted. The new ox turned, being scared, and bolted into the stable. Had it not been for Uncle Hiland, I doubt if the writer would now be spinning this narrative.

In The Woods For Logs And Tending Cows

It was a gala time for me when father went off into the woods for logs or fuel. I did nothing but ride. Nevertheless I was happy. Also in haying time I was required to rake after the cart. When the hay was on, my compensation was a ride to the barn, but once there, it became my lot to be placed in the far corner and mow away.

Also, like many another country boy, it was one of my tasks to go after the cows, which were accompanied by one cow with a bell. They were sure to be found in the most remote corner of the pasture from whence I could hear the bell.

Later, when I was big enough, I learned to milk and, with others I would bring in pails full of foaming milk which mother would carefully skim off and strain into pans. These pans she set away in the north pantry for the cream to rise. In the morning when the cream was skimmed off by mother, the remainder went for pudding and milk or bread and milk, all with berries added, and the rest went to the hogs.

Transportation

Those old times were long before the advent of bicycles and automobiles. Transportation was by horse and wagon or buggy. Heavy farm work was usually done by oxen in this county. The farmer who used horses save for travel, was the exception. When I was a boy the railroad came only to Collinsville, and the Connecticut Western (now the Central New England) came much later. Now the latter is used only in short stretches and mostly for freight.

I have been told that when I was ten months old, father and mother, with Uncle Amos Osborn, went to Ohio to visit relatives. Having filled our visit we

returned and got as far as Collinsville where I was taken with cholera morbus. Hiram was telegraphed to meet us and to come prepared to take me back in a box. Mother was something of a blue ribboner, but my uncle always went prepared. He had with him a bottle of French brandy and finally persuaded Mother to try it on me.

This was done, for she held the welfare of her offspring was paramount, and, as a fact, and, possibly as a result, I was soon creeping around the floor, and Hiram's box was not called for. However, here I am.

Meals

And the meals mother would get! Corn meal mush, hasty pudding, home made bread, Johnny cake, ginger cake, old fashioned loaf cake, hash, ham and eggs, creamed cod-fish or dried beef, pies, corned beef, and cabbage, pickles, canned fruit and preserves, and, on Thanksgiving day there was the chicken pie or turkey done in the heated brick oven down stairs, etc., etc. Well, we lived and I suspect we were just as content as our peers of to-day. Stick candy at a cent a stick was a luxury. Of course the daily cooking was on a stove, but on feast days the brick oven down stairs was required for more extended preparations.

Preserves and Canning and Herbs

All preserves were made in their season and put away. Fruits were canned as stated. Nuts were gathered and stored for the winter. Popcorn was hung up for use. All farm produce were put in barrel and bin beyond the reach of cold. Herbs such as penny royal, catnip, spearmint, sweet fern, lobelia, tansy, yarrow and numerous others, were gathered

and hung up in the attic to serve through sickness and health through the days to come. Mother was the family doctor save in case of severe illness.

Hiram's Medical Tendencies

My oldest brother, Hiram, had wonderful confidence in his ability to operate as a surgeon and perform such operations. So, on one occasion, when Marcus was chopping wood and buried the bit of the ax in his foot, Hiram did not hesitate, but sewed up the wound with a darning needle and woolen thread. In the mean time, our family physician, Dr. E. D. Curtis was called. When he came he viewed Hiram's work and pronounced it fine, but he was careful to substitute plasters for woolen thread. Marcus was laid up on crutches for some time, and until Adaline, a bouncing girl, running around the chimney, plumped down on the wounded member, burst open the cut again. From that time it was a race around the chimney with Marcus carrying his crutches; hopping on one heel and kicking Adaline at every jump. Dr. Curtis was called and fixed Marcus up and he was soon on the road to recovery.

The doctor was always grateful for a small loan father gave him to buy a horse when he first came to New Hartford, whereby he was enabled to start in the practice of his profession. Whenever any of us were ill it was he who was called. When father was on his death bed, the doctor assured him that he would be on hand if needed in the morning.

But, in the morning father had passed the Great Divide.

Singing

We were more or less a singing family and many a sing have we had, accompanied with the old Day-

ton melodian which Adaline now has. This was long before the age of "jazz". Marcus usually took the bass and I essayed the tenor while Orestus and Hiram filled in and Adaline added her girl's voice. We used to sing the old songs, among which were "Larboard Watch", a duet; "America", "Old Oaken Bucket", "Hurrah for Old New England", "The Old Mountain Tree" and Hymns. The "Old Mountain Tree" ran as follows and was in 2 sharps:

1

Oh, the home we loved by the bounding deep,
Where the hills in glory stood:
And the moss grown graves where our fathers sleep,
Neath the boughs of the waving wood;
We remember yet, with a fond regret
For the rock and the flowery lea,
Where we once used to play thro the long, long day
In the shade of the old mountain tree,
In the shade of the old mountain tree!

2

We are pilgrims now in a stranger land
And the joys of youth are past
Kind friends are gone but the old tree stands,
Unharmd by the warring blasts;
Oh the lark may sing in the clouds of spring,
And the swan on the silver sea,
But we mourn for a shade where the wild bird made
Her nest in the old mountain tree,
Her nest in the old mountain tree!

3

Oh! the time went by like a tale that's told
In a land of song and mirth,
And many a form in the church yard cold,
Finds rest from the cares of earth.
And many a day will wander away,
O'er the waves of the western sea
And the heart will pine and vainly pray
For a grave by the old mountain tree,
For a grave neath the old mountain tree.

And there was "Seeing Nellie Home", and the Civil War melodies, Darcy songs, Kerry Dance and a host of others. It may be that I am a little obsolete,

but it really does seem as if the songs we sang were superior to the songs of "jazz" we hear today, and especially so when we add the oratorios with which we were familiar.

Sterrie

My sister Adaline, married Sterrie A. Weaver, a musical instructor, born in New London, March 16th, 1853. He was one of my chums, a school mate. He conducted singing schools in northern Connecticut and southern Massachusetts; studied in Germany and, as previously stated, was the discoverer of individual sight reading of music.

In conducting these singing schools he "boarded round". About once in a year, he carried me along and I took pot luck with him. Many of these experiences were pleasant and some not.

Sterrie was a great smoker, and, not infrequently he would swear off; throw away his pipe until he swore on again. The farmers in that region came to note that Weaver had been that way when they ran onto his abandoned pipes. Many a time have I seen him get father in a corner with his pipe of clay or corn cob, and direct him to smoke up so that he could inhale the smoke. That was always a preliminary to Sterrie's swearing on again.

When he was casting sheep's eyes at Adaline before they were married, he came up and found me milking in the long stable. He edged in where I was busily engaged and remained for a short time until he became weary of watching me, when he started to retreat. He did not go slowly, but ran, and every cow kicked, and from where I was milking I could see the cows' heels fly out as he passed along the line. He was not injured, but his exit was rapid.

Sliding

In the winter time, Sterrie, Colby Case and I would take our sleds and glide over the encrusted snow all over the lots. Colby's father was an expert carpenter and outside man on timber and wood for Greenwoods Company, and, Colby himself, was an experienced carpenter, and constructed himself a rapid sled and we could start at father's house and slide clear to New Hartford bridge. During one recess I had taken my pigsticker and repaired to the "Office Hill". Several boys had taken the sled of Henry T. Smith used by him for delivering stoves and were ready to slide. I started ahead "belly bumper". The heavier sled overtook me at the foot of the hill as I attempted to cross the road on to the side walk, and ran over my leg. I sustained no material damage and I forget whether I was late or not. One time on Colby's sled on our way down from father's house, I was on belly bumper and Colby on top. We could steer the sled all right except when it was in the air, going over a "thank-you-ma'am". On that occasion, the sled shot straight ahead and my cranium came in contact with a pine tree, but my head was tough and I suffered no particular harm.

Schools And Education

I attended the Greenwoods District school, commonly called the "Dublin school". This was a one story red school house, where the teacher taught branches of common school, from the primer to higher arithmetic, grammar, geography, spelling and naturally the younger children heard the older ones recite and absorbed quite a little of what was to come, so that, as the smaller ones advanced, they found a not undiscovered country.

We had to walk half a mile going down hill and a like distance up back home. We never dreamed of calling on the Selectmen to carry us.

Once when I was a little fellow, I was occupying a front seat with other children, when Hiram, who was in a back seat, complained to the teacher that mother found a louse as big as a turtle in my hair from sitting with those children down in front. My seat was changed back with Hiram to remove me from such vermin. Stories never lost anything when Hiram told them and I question if the change was to my advantage.

We were pretty well grounded in the fundamentals, and it was the practice in spelling, for the children to range themselves in a row, toeing a crack, and if one mis-spelled a word and a scholar lower down spelled it correctly, he "jumped" the unfortunate ones. On one of these few occasions, I had somehow or other reached the head of the line. Well, nature has a way of asserting itself and when I raised my hand and asked to "go out", the teacher refused and as a result, a stream flowed down the hollow of the board floor in front of the other children. The teacher promptly told me I could go out, but I told her then, that I did not want to now.

Usually pupils dropped out at the end of school, but a few wishing a higher education attended the "Academy", which was our high school, in preparation for college. Many of these Academy buildings now stand. One is in Goshen, one in New Hartford and I doubt not such higher school buildings still stand in other hill towns. These Academy buildings were tuition paying. There is just now a strong move in Hartford to return to the District system. Who shall say that a system which grounds pupils

in the fundamentals is or is not superior to the systems of today?

Literature

In those schools, the scholars were familiarized with the best in literature and poetry and the older poems of the Scotch, English and Irish and, of course our own part and parcel of the detailed curriculum, such as Marco Bozaris, our own leather stocking tales, Thanatopsis, and later Elizabeth Alger Allen's "Rock Me to Sleep" which ran:

1

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night,
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore,
Kiss from my forehead the furrroughs of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

2

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my soul wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

3

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O Mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass had grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I, to-night, for your presence again.
Come from the silence, so long and so deep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

4

Over my heart in the days that are flown
No love like mother love ever has shown;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours—
None like a mother can charm away pain

From the sick soul and the world weary brain.
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

5

Come, let your brown hair just lightened with gold
Fall on your shoulders again as of old,
Let it droop over my forehead to-night
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny edged shadow once more
Haply will throng the sweet vision as of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

6

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song.
Sing them and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasp to your breast in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

*(I quote these lines, not only as a tribute to my mother,
but to my wife, to whom they are just as well applicable.)*

Holidays

In our family we were strangers to Christmas trees, but we would borrow mother's stockings and hang them up over the fireplace and dutifully retire, hoping that our record of conduct during the past months had been such that Santa Claus and his reindeer would be tempted to pay us a visit. My brothers, full of mischief, would insert in the toe a potato, but mother, always watchful for her brood, would supply the deficiency by means of molasses candy, pop corn balls, a warm pair of mittens and, with tender love, see that we were not disappointed in the morning. Father would likely provide a sled or a pair of skates, a doll for Adaline and other things which would appeal to the children's wants and happiness. Not infrequently Adaline and I would remain wakeful and, if we

heard any noise, tip-toe around and peer to see if our hopes were well founded. There was never a question in our minds of the existence of an honest to goodness Santa Claus.

The mittens, I must say, bore a strong resemblance to mother's knitting. These things always came whether we had been good or bad. The parental love was constant.

Thanksgiving called for separate treatment. That was a day for general and genuine thanksgiving for the blessings of the past, the day when mother baked the chicken pie in the heated brick oven down stairs.

When we had turkey it received like treatment, though it required frequent bastings. It was a day of harvest home coming, when the family would gather from far and near under the home roof tree.

Fourth of July was always celebrated in patriotic fashion and was hailed with the discharge of fireworks, crackers, torpedoes and bonfire, which was a sort of rival of the tar-barrel bon-fire annually conducted by Capt. Jones.

We were of Methodist stock and knew little of the holy days of the Episcopal church.

After the Civil War, of course we commemorated the departure of our soldier dead.

While I was a little fellow, I well remember the boys in "wide awakes" marching and marching until mustered in. Then the anxiety attending the fraternal slaughter. Finally the end came; bells rang, whistles blew; Black Republican, Copper Head, Nigger Lover, Rebel, Secessionist and many other epithets flew back and forth in most all towns.

Church services were held to give thanks to the Throne of Grace for protecting our flag and pre-

serving our Nation. And then, the homecoming of the boys in blue. Much has been written of that chapter in our national history, but I apprehend now that the South and the North together would unite against any foe which threatened the stars and stripes. Wherever we go in this broad land of ours, we find a memorial erected to the memory of our soldier dead. The same is true of the South. I prophecy that we will see like monuments erected to the memory of our World war dead.

Politics never led father astray. When services were held in our New Hartford Congregational Church to commemorate the death of Lincoln, our martyr president, he attended and joined with others in an expression of sorrow at our country's loss.

Entertaining The Elders

In some way or other, the Methodist elders, an itinerent tribe, found it convenient, not infrequently, to make their periodical calls on the hospitality of our house and they were always solicitous for the welfare of their own palates.

I have in mind one time when mother had been out in the fields gathering strawberries for a short cake the following day, one of those birds showed up and indicated that he supposed that all farmers had lots of milk and that strawberries were plentiful, and he would be satisfied if he could have a bowl of bread, milk and strawberries.

Like a good Christian, mother produced her strawberries and that itinerant chap ate up all her strawberries and then remarked that all the desires of his appetite were satisfied. Mother's short cake went glimmering. I cannot help but wonder where he is, up or down.



HOUSE NO. 3 ON HOLCOMB HILL, NEW HARTFORD



PRESENT RESIDENCE, TORRINGTON, CONN.

Visiting Places

We had our favorite visiting or calling places. Largely they centered around Hartland and particularly West Hartland, where mother was born and where both father and mother went to school, and where father spent his teens up to his majority with Ridout More, who married Vashti, father's aunt. Mother had a sister, Laura, who married Amos Osborn and they lived in West Hartland; had a maple grove, farm, trout brook and kept bees. Perhaps we visited Uncle Amos, the most, although we visited Uncle Jerome Terry's, who lived just south of the More place (Ridout More Corners we called it, now it is called Nelson Corners). Uncle Jerome had sons, two of whom, William and Frank, later conducted a cigar store in Torrington and William was, at one time, our tax collector. Uncle Jerome was half brother to father. Hartland was familiar stamping ground for us.

I recall on one occasion in the spring when I was a boy, I was at Uncle Amos's in sap season. He allotted me several maple trees near the house and road; built me a stone furnace and sap pan to boil down the sap; helped me set the trees and provided wood for fire. I was all set and went to work collecting sap and boiling it down, until a young fellow about my age called "Charlie Dutchman" presented me with the joys and pleasures of fishing.

I do not think I was hard to convince, for off I went with him on a fishing trip, only to learn later that Uncle Amos had discovered my absence; collected my sap; boiled it down and did all those things which I ought to have done. Boy like, I tried to pay him, but the only way I did that was by Uncle Amos and Aunt Laura loading me up with maple sugar and syrup when I returned home.

On another occasion when I was a little fellow, I was at Uncle Amos's and wended my way out to the bee hives. My head just came above the level of the hives.

Finding that the bees did not disturb me, I just crushed a bee with my little fist and soon found myself a very busy young lad crushing bees until one came home and, evidently discovered what I was up to, and gave me a good one right under the eye. I ran into the house screaming and Aunt Laura fixed me up with cream and salve until the pain was gone.

An incident not concerned with my youth was when I settled in Torrington after my sojourn in St. Paul, Minnesota. I guess I had been working pretty hard and needed a vacation and rest from law practice.

I vetoed all suggestions of going to Goshen or the sea shore, and finally I blurted out that I wanted to go home and go alone. Wife agreed although I now have a feeling that she was as much entitled to have a vacation as I was. However, I loaded up with a single barrel shot gun; walked to Winsted and thence to New Hartford and stayed with Hiram over night and the next day I lit out for Hartland on foot.

I went through Riverton, past the Barkhamsted Light House and up over "Hogs' Back" to the Uncle Amos house. Young Amos lived there with his second wife. I did not stay long, but wended my way over to Carl Osborn's my second cousin, and learned from his wife, Ida, that both Carl and his brother Frank, were down at the barn, husking corn.

Down I went; seized a sheaf of corn; sat down and husked corn and chewed the rag with the boys. I remained there two nights and then, as Carl was

going on his egg and milk route to Winsted, I rode with him to Center Hill in Barkhamsted and from there walked down to Hiram's past the old Holcomb home, and from there I returned to Torrington. While I shot off the gun several times, I doubt if I hit even a chipmunk, although I scared it. That was the best vacation I ever had. It was just what I wanted.

Schools And Meanderings

As before stated, I went to the Dublin School. About 1869 or 1870, I went to Connecticut Literary Institute in Suffield. Father needed me on the farm and so, although I had registered, I missed the first half year or term there and the same thing happened the following year.

I was never a shark or book worm and I suffered from these omissions as it was difficult to catch up. When I returned home the second year I found father had engaged for me to teach in the Dublin School.

While I was away, two young women had found it difficult to manage the boys. It was a little amusing to watch the boys and girls trying to discover whether there was any change in the boy they had known. I guess they soon discovered that it was the same old boy they had known so well.

The older boys were those who had been just back of me when I attended there.

It first was a struggle to see who was going to be boss, the boys or me. That being once settled with the aid of a fine black walnut ruler which Colby had made, we got along very well. I finished out the year and then went to Lewis Academy in Southington where Marcus was practicing law. William M. McLaughlin, a Scotchman, was principal and I re-

mained there until I passed my examinations and entered Sheffield Scientific School in the fall of 1874. That was the Yale Scientific. I took the Civil Engineering course and graduated in 1877, when I returned and became principal in the South Center School in Southington for three years. I was serving there when I received a telegram from a Sheff classmate that I could go on a construction engineering corps, on the Missouri, Arkansas and Southern RR, then going through from southwestern Missouri to Fayetteville, Van Buren, Ft. Smith to Paris, Texas. I accepted and went and was there a little short of a year, when I returned and became principal of South Center for a year and it was there and then that I met my wife who was a teacher in that school.

I had then concluded to follow the law and devoted my reading to that subject with my brother Marcus. I passed my law examinations and was admitted to the bar in Litchfield. By the end of that year after I taught there, I received a letter from my college chum, George L. Wilson, that I could have the instruments of the St. Paul Water Works from Vadnais Lake, if I would come on. I went and remained there for a little less than a year, when I found desk room with O'Brien & O'Brien, lawyers, and crammed up on Minnesota practice. I first opened an office in the old Second National Bank building. I practiced in St. Paul from 1884 to 1896, Cleveland's second administration, when I returned and settled in Torrington.

Speaking of railroad building, I am reminded that there was many a man who had some antipathy against railroads and sought to keep ahead of them, but finally the very thing which has developed this country and eliminated space, got all around him,

and the very thing against which he fought, proved itself a blessing.

The early 90's were hard times; every wholesale house in St. Paul went to the wall. Every bank except the old Second National which was the Government Repository and the Germania, closed their doors. The Court Docket fell from a thousand cases to two hundred and fifty.

Litigation consisted largely of damage suits, and divorce suits. The bill board of the sheriff, ten or twelve feet in length, was covered with foreclosure notices. That was St. Paul in the eighties and nineties.

My Inspiration

My brother Marcus has been my inspiration from the cradle to his grave. It was he who stood by when house No. 2 went up in smoke with nearly all its contents which father and mother had gathered through the years. It was he who kept up my courage in Southington, New Haven and elsewhere, it was he who stood much of the expense, all of which father could not handle. I owe him much. The chief satisfaction I derive is that he lifted himself by his own boot straps.

Father First Selectman

A search of the town records of New Hartford, discloses that father was first selectman of that town in 1867. Of course, as selectman he had charge of the poor; had the roads and bridges to look after; took care of the town's finances. The position was not lucrative, but that mattered less in those days than now. Once I went with father behind the old gray "racker" over to Rainbow, looking after some pauper case.

The town records disclose that he was rather active in real estate.

I appreciate that much of this narrative does not relate to my youth, but these lines do chronicle some of my meanderings and recollections.

Pets

It is said that every boy has his fads and pets. When I was a youngster, we had a full blooded, black Newfoundland dog named "Pete".

Wherever I went, there was Pete. On one occasion there was a hue and cry as to my whereabouts. A search was made and it was found that I was under an apple tree in the North lot fast asleep with my head on old Pete. Once I had a daguerreotype taken by one of those travelling photographers, and I was dressed in clothing cut down from father's but I was afraid unless old Pete was present. It was July and hot and old Pete would not sit up, but lay down and my fingers were intertwined in his wool. Pete was a dog who would not pick a fight, neither would he run away from one. One Elijah Mills had an English bull dog and they had many a battle. On one occasion down by the river, old Pete was gradually shoving that old bull dog out into the water with the evident purpose of drowning it, but Mills capitulated in order to save his dog, and the two were separated.

One frosty night, in butchering time, some miscreant who only wished to procure something for nothing, prepared some poisoned meat in order to secure a ham. Naturally Pete ate the meat and in the morning we found him stretched out in death and the ham was gone.

Every farmer has what is called butchering time, when the hogs are corraled, slain, dowsed in boiling water to loosen the bristles; scraped; insides carefully removed and cleaned and the carcass then hung up to cure on some convenient tree, when it is cut into hams, bacon, pork for salting, sausages and fresh fries.

On one of these events, I remember that I was hovering around the large iron kettle, covered with scraps of board, and I was resting my hands on the warm boards, when they gave way and in I went into the boiling water. Of course I ran screaming to mother who fixed up my blisters with flour and salve and dispelled the pain, but I can see those blisters to this day. She was a wonder.

When I was in Lewis Academy, I acquired a habit of gathering fossils and snakes; pickling them in alcohol. Some one threw my pets away and I think I have recovered.

Father's Habits

We farmers were in the habit of rising at break of day. It was not uncommon to swing the scythe and have a good crop of grass cut before the sun dissipated the dew. We knew no hours. The job had to be done.

It was time to rest when that was accomplished. Mother would bring into the hay lot a pail of ginger water sweetened, or half and half water and milk, or lemonade, but the comfort and welfare of the men folk were looked after. It was my task to ted out hay in the swathes made by the men folk. When their scythes were dulled by contact with stones in the field, I was the one to turn the grind-stone. When the hay was dried it was the boy who "raked after".

When it rained, that was the time to go fishing.

Many a roach, perch, pickerel, bull head and trout have I caught. Fly fishing is all right, I suppose, but the real way to fish, is to offer bait which appeals to the appetite of the fish, not to deceive it.

My mother, like many a farmer wife, possessed a faculty of making things tasty; corn meal mush, Johnny cake, old fashioned loaf cake, root beer, all kinds of pies, strawberry short cake, and numerous other dishes from recipes well known to them or according to their own tastes.

Chicken pie and, in butchering time, fresh fries, all were common, including tasty morsels from the cellar. In short, we lived off the soil. About the only things to eat, which came from the store, were coffee and sugar, a barrel of flour and spices from the tropics.

We raised our own rye and buckwheat and had them ground into flour in the mill down next to the lower cotton mill; made our own maple syrup, preserves and canned fruit. We gathered all kinds of nuts in the fall for the cold days to come, and winter evenings were the time when corn was popped and molasses candy pulled.

In some way or other, at barn dances, a red ear was always found, and, naturally and possibly not unwillingly, the girl paid the price. Perhaps later she became the mother of a family.

When the spring opened and the circus came to Winsted, father usually had business there. I remember one time when that event occurred, father, in order to appease my entreaties, promised to bring me a gun if I would stay home. I agreed and he fulfilled his contract. It was a cap gun, but it had two barrels and that was one more than I had been accustomed to. However, no sooner did he appear

and produce the gun, than I loaded it and went down to the woods. I very soon discovered two partridges together, and I took careful aim and dropped one of them. Fearing that it would get away from me, I forgot the other barrel, and dashed for the bird. Of course, the other one flushed.

Our Doctor

In my boyhood days, our family doctor was Dr. E. D. Curtis in New Harford. He took us children through all the diseases known to childhood. Later, when I was in Southington, it was Dr. James O. Osborne, and in St. Paul we had Dr. Charles Wheaton, and later, when Dorothy died, his brother Robert, and here in Torrington, Dr. Thatcher S. Hanchett and his son Harry. All were the best in their profession.

Dentists

In my childhood, my first experience with dentists was rather novel.

I was just getting my second set of teeth. I had tooth ache and it became necessary to remove one off my first growth. So, Uncle Giles Manchester, who was a jeweler by trade and who married my mother's sister, Lucy, was called in with his "cant hook" or "turn key". He came and it appeared to my childish eye as if the executioner had arrived. After trying to induce me to approach, father and Uncle Giles took after me around the chimney. Naturally my mouth was open. The two men overtook me and got me down in a corner, where Uncle Giles cut the gums with his jack knife, and proceeded to turn out the tooth.

I did not know when it came, but the tooth ache stopped and mother fixed me up as a brave boy.

My next experience in the dentist line was in Southington, where Dr. Ephraim H. Andrews was located as a dentist, but had a variety of occupations, such as janitor, night watchman, lawn mower, etc., etc.

I had a tooth ache and I went to him to take out the tooth. I took along my own chloroform and administered it, for I would not trust him. He was possessed with false teeth, upper and lower; eyes which stood out prominently and was altogether quite some fellow. The tooth was a wisdom tooth and, having given him the nod to go ahead, he fastened on to that tooth and pulled. His efforts brought out not only the tooth, but the alveola surrounding it. When he saw what he had done, and saw the blood from my mouth, his false teeth gave way; his eyes bulged out and, altogether, he looked more like a skeleton. "Eph" grabbed his hat, fearing that he had committed homicide, told me to get mine and follow him. He made a bee line across the park, then called "pig weed park", for Dr. Osborne's office to have him look me over. Dr. Osborne gave me one glance and remarked: "He is all right." He then began to comment on the curiosity which Eph showed him of the wisdom tooth and adjoining alveola.

Later in Southington, a young dentist from New Britain, I think, did a lot of filling for me and it has remained to this day. In St. Paul, I first came in contact with modern dentistry.

Social Activities

The church and school and our visiting around among relatives, were our centers of social activity. These supplied the news and gossip of the day, but so far as attending theatres and movies, there were

no such things in our rural communities. We supplied our own entertainment. The home was the center and the church and schools provided what outside entertainment there was. We were happy and suffered no loss.

What the heart did not know, it did not grieve about. Even today, the entertainment must be pretty good to attract me.

Stage Coach

Those were the days of the stage coach, or as our present president has called them, the "horse and buggy days". My standard excuse for getting down town was to "get the mail". We regularly took The Hartford Times, an Agricultural Magazine, Women's Magazine, Frank Leslie's Weekly in Civil War times and sundry letters and local papers. So I was there when the stage from Hartford came on a run over Burr's hill; bugle blowing, up to the tavern. The passengers had an opportunity to stretch their legs, swap the news, etc. Outside the centers, the horses were allowed to drop down to a more moderate rate of speed.

Our excursions abroad were largely to the Connecticut river for shad or alewives ("Alewhops" as they were called).

Public Men

It is but natural that we took a lot of interest in our representatives and senators both in our General Assembly and in Congress. They were the ones who enacted the laws which govern us; they were men of mark. It was not so much what the job paid, as what use could such men be to their Town, City, State and Country, Representative men from all parts of our Nation were the ones who framed for

us our Fundamental Law; fought the Revolution and established freedom. I am reminded of certain lines written by Joseph Gilbert Holland, quoted from page 730 of Familiar Quotations:

God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sure crowned, who live above the fog
In public and in private thinking.

That is the kind of men who, many and many a time, have stood in the breach and saved our nation from disaster.

It is with quite some timidity that I express an opinion of some of our men of distinction. However, I have an opinion and speak only what is my opinion and that is that party leaders, who themselves are large enough, are not compelled to surround themselves with men of a light calibre. Where party leaders are large enough to meet on a level men of like mental equipment, they have nothing to fear. No man has absorbed all the wisdom there is of party management. The counsel of equal minds is necessary in steering the straight course. God alone makes a man great. This applies to all our public men, in or out of office.

My thoughts revert to those lines by Kipling upon the death of Theodore Roosevelt:

GREAT HEART

1

Concerning brave captains,
Our age hath made known,
For all Men to honor,
One standeth alone.

Of whom, o'er both oceans,
Both peoples may say;
"Our realm is diminished
With Great Heart away".

2

Plain speech with plain folk,
And plain thoughts with plain things,
Plain faith in plain dealing
'Twixt neighbors and kings
He used and he followed,
However it sped . . .
Oh, our world is none more honest
Now Great Heart is dead.

3

The heat of his spirit
Struck warm through all lands;
For he loved such as showed
'Emselves men of their hands,
In love as in hate,
Paying home to the last,
But our world is none more kinder
Now Great Heart hath passed.

4

Let those who would handle
Make sure they can wield
His far reaching sword
And his close guarding shield;
For those who must journey
Henceforward alone
Hath need of stout convoy
Now Great Heart is gone.

It is just such men this country is in need of today. We have passed through many a storm but the people have kept the faith and I have hope of tomorrow. As Kipling, in his Recessional says:

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget".

The Old Squire

In almost all these hill towns, there was some individual, to whom people went with their difficulties. He was the Old Squire. What he said was so. Usually he was not a lawyer, but a business man

or a farmer who possessed a large amount of common sense. Many a law suit has been avoided by his interpretation of what was right and what was wrong.

Sports

Boys will be boys and girls will be girls and youth will seek its own pleasures. When I was a boy the principal sports which absorbed our attention were baseball, old fashioned foot ball, hunting, fishing, dancing, quoits, wrestling, home-made shows, charades, checkers, cards, and so the list might be multiplied. Of course girls had their own avenues of enjoyment. In winter when the sun was down and chores done, the sled and skates for both boys and girls, came into play.

It was a fortunate lad who could "See Nellie Home".

Family Bible And Devotions

We were a God fearing people and nearly every family possessed a family Bible, wherein the record of family births, marriages and deaths, were recorded. When father died, Marcus took up that duty. When he died I attempted to carry it on. As stated before, family devotions were the rule, conducted by the head of the house.

All are now gone but Adaline and me. Those who have departed are sleeping 'neath the clods of the valley. Perhaps their spirits are near as I write these lines. I appreciate that the foregoing pages are not simply a narrative of my boyhood experiences, but rather a chronicle of my life. Many memories cluster around my twelve years in St. Paul, thirteen years on the Borough Court Bench, seventeen years as States Attorney of Litchfield

County, but of them I say nothing save this simple reference. Of those matters, others may speak, but not I.

I will be 82 years of age if I live till October 13th, 1935.

In closing these lines may I not quote the lines of Shakespeare in Act IV Scene 1, of his "Tempest" where he puts into the mouth of Prospero the following:

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on;
And our little life is rounded with a sleep".